

Vol. V.]

AUGUST, 1886.

[No. 8.]

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AUG 19 1886
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

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 Psychical Effects.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS; \$1.00 PER YEAR.

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

PUBLISHED BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Corner Bosworth and Province Streets.

P. O. Box 3539.

BOSTON, MASS.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

LEAVES BOSTON.	ARRIVE AT ONSET.	LEAVE ONSET STATION.	ARRIVE IN BOSTON
8.00 A. M.	10.21 A. M.	8.15 A. M.	9.50 A. M.
9.00 A. M.	10.41 A. M.	8.35 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
1.00 P. M.	2.34 P. M.	11.30 A. M.	1.10 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.35 P. M.	3.30 P. M.	5.50 P. M.
4.05 P. M.	5.45 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	7.10 P. M.
SUNDAYS ONLY AT		SUNDAYS ONLY AT	
7.30 A. M.	9.20 A. M.	6.31 P. M.	8.30 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAIN from Middleboro and way stations to Onset: —

Leave Middleboro at	8.15 A. M.
Arrive at Onset	9.01 A. M.
Leave Onset at	6.37 P. M.

LEAVE PROVINCETOWN FOR ONSET BAY (except Sundays), 6.00 A. M. and 2.10 P. M.
LEAVE ONSET BAY FOR PROVINCETOWN (except Sundays), 10.41 A. M. and 5.45 P. M.

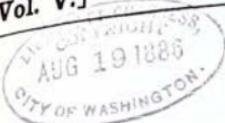
LIST OF SPEAKERS:

Sunday, July 11, A. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.
" " " P. M.,	Miss JENNIE B. HAGAN.
Tuesday, July 13, A. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.
Saturday, July 17, A. M.,	Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES.
Sunday, July 18, A. M.,	REV. J. H. HARTER.
" " " P. M.,	Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES.
Tuesday, July 20, A. M.,	REV. J. H. HARTER.
Saturday, July 24, A. M.,	Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.
Sunday, July 25, A. M.,	MR. CHARLES DAWBARN.
" " " P. M.,	Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.
Tuesday, July 27, A. M.,	MR. CHARLES DAWBARN.
Saturday, July 31, A. M.,	Mrs. A. M. GLADING.
Sunday, August 1, A. M.,	MR. A. B. FRENCH.
" " " P. M.,	Mrs. A. M. GLADING.
Tuesday, August 3, A. M.,	MR. A. B. FRENCH.
Thursday, August 5, A. M.,	MR. A. B. FRENCH.
Saturday, August 7, A. M.,	Mrs. M. S. WOOD.
Sunday, August 8, A. M.,	MR. GEORGE A. FULLER.
" " " P. M.,	Mrs. M. S. WOOD.
Tuesday, August 10, A. M.,	MR. GEORGE A. FULLER.
Saturday, August 14, A. M.,	MR. DEAN CLARKE.
Sunday, August 15, A. M.,	MR. DEAN CLARKE.
" " " P. M.,	Mrs. NELLIE T. BRIGHAM.
Tuesday, August 17, A. M.,	Miss M. T. SHELHAMER.
Saturday, August 21, A. M.,	Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS.
Sunday, August 22, A. M.,	Rev. J. K. APPLEBEE.
" " " P. M.,	Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS.
Tuesday, August 24, A. M.,	Rev. J. K. APPLEBEE.
Saturday, August 28, A. M.,	Mrs. H. S. LAKE.
Sunday, August 29, A. M.,	Mrs. H. S. LAKE.
" " " P. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.

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FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Post-Office Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

L. L. WHITLOCK, EDITOR.

All editorial or personal matter should be addressed to L. L. WHITLOCK.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Copies, 10 cents; \$1.00 per year.

Postage free to all parts of the United States. To all places which belong to the Postal Union, 24 cents per year. To all places not included in the Postal Union, 48 cents per year.

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

We are always glad to receive descriptions of any phenomena suited to our magazine.

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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MRS. H. V. ROSS.

FACTS.

AUGUST, 1886.

A SHORT-HAND TEST.

By Mr. RANNEY, Newton, Mass.

Two years ago, when I was at Onset, I was sitting on the steps of the Caffrays' cottage waiting for the circle to begin, when Mrs. Caffray came out with a paper and pencil, and asked me to write a question, and fold it up tightly, letting no one see it. Years before, a German lady at our house told me the German word for wife, and ever after I called my own wife "frau." So I wrote my question in short-hand, which my wife and I had both known and used during our courtship and married life, as follows: "Will my frau write her name for me?" I rolled the paper up tight and gave it to them to have it answered with the rest. Mrs. Frank Hacker, of Providence, put a bit of pencil between two slates, which she cleaned thoroughly. Caffray took them and held them in full sight upon the shoulder of each of us. The sound of writing was heard, and after a few moments the slates were opened. Mr. Caffray read one message after another, till finally he said: "Hello! some old Chinaman must have got in here and made all these scratches and higgledy-piggledy things; I cannot read it." "Let me see it," I said; and there was written in the Ben Pitman short-hand: "Yes, your frau will write her name for you,—
EMILY R. RANNEY."

TRANSPORTATION OF A FEATHER-BED.

By Mr. J. J. MORSE, of England.

In the early part of 1871 I was engaged in the office of the English *Medium and Daybreak*, and on the particular day in question a spirit, claiming to be "Katie King," controlled me for the purpose of desiring that Mrs. Amy Burns (the wife of Mr. James Burns, the editor and proprietor of the above-named journal) and Mr. Morse should go to the rooms of Messrs. Herne & Williams, two celebrated English media, who were then associated together. Accordingly, about three o'clock p.m. of the same day Mrs. Burns and I duly presented ourselves at the rooms of the media, being received at the door by Mr. Herne, who, somewhat astonished at the arrival of his unexpected visitors, asked: "Why, good gracious, whatever brought you folks here?" The reason having been stated, the three proceeded up stairs, encountering Mr. Williams upon the first landing in their progress to the seance room. Just as we were about entering the room, the sound of money falling upon the floor was heard, inspection discovering the fact that a quantity of gold, silver, and copper coin was apparently falling from the ceiling. It was suggested that probably this was the contents of the gentlemen's cash-box, especially as the amount closely tallied therewith. The cash-box was fetched from the bed-chamber above, and, on being unlocked in the presence of all, *was found to be perfectly empty!*

The seance room was the rear parlor on this floor, and was an ordinary back room, opening by a side door onto the stair landing, which was lighted by a large window, and communicating with the front room by large folding doors; in the front room were three windows, and at each window was a row of flower-pots containing geraniums, fuschias, etc. The fireplace of the back room was completely blocked up with sacks crammed into the chimney, while the only window had the solid inside shutters closed securely, and a large strip of drugget nailed from ceiling to floor over the entire window space.

The sitting was held in the back room, and the usual incidental phenomena of table movements, raps, "spirit" lights, carrying and playing a large music-box, and the direct voice, occupied some time. These were succeeded by a death-like silence which,

lasting several moments, was broken by an awful crash upon the table close to Mr. Morse's finger-tips. It was discovered then that a flower-pot containing a plant had thus been placed upon the table. After the seance was over, it was found that a flower-pot from the outer window of the front room was gone. Mr. Herne was levitated, and various little matters occurred, when again the death-like stillness fell upon all, and in the midst of the silence there dropped upon the table a large, soft, and cold-feeling something that, covering all four sitters, forced their heads violently down upon the surface of the table. Amazed and startled at the suddenness of the descent of this curious body, the sitters struggled from beneath its weight, and, the spirits assenting, a light was obtained, when, to the utter amazement of all, the "thing" was seen to be A LARGE, FULL-SIZED FEATHER-BED! Its weight could not have been much less than sixty pounds, while its dimensions were suited to a bedstead six by four and a half feet. The seance was held between three and four p. m., broad daylight. The opening of a door or window would have at once let in a flood of light. I had my chair back against the back-room door, and ingress or egress was impossible there, while the slightest opening of the folding doors would have been instantly noticed. The rooms were thoroughly searched before the seance began, and no sign of a bed of any sort was to be seen; the only inference is that, in some way we cannot understand, the spirits, to show what they could do, dropped the bed onto the sitters, and, as it was the one the mediums slept upon, it was thus easily manipulated in the manner described. A detailed account was published in the English *Medium and Daybreak* at the time the unique phenomenon in question occurred.

HOW BIG SHE WAS.

By Mrs. CARRIE E. S. TWING, Westfield, N. Y.

During the past summer while I was in Buffalo, N. Y., I was invited to attend a seance at the home of Mrs. Fisher, of that city, to be given by Mrs. Swain, a medium who has been for some time sitting for select circles of friends for materialization. There were many manifestations of the same nature as those exhibited

at Mrs. Maud Lord's dark circles, but in this case the medium sat in the circle joining hands with those on either side of her. Spirits came and talked, hands were felt upon our heads, etc.; but although I am clairvoyant, and sometimes see the spirits in such seances, I saw nothing, clairvoyantly or otherwise, this time. But my little girl came and talked with me, while other voices were heard, and Mrs. Swain's among them, at the very same moment. I said to her, in reply to her greeting of "Mamma, baby is here," "I know you are, darling, but my eyes are held, and I cannot see you in this darkness. Tell me, how large are you?" The little elbow leaned a little more heavily on my knee, and the little voice whispered clearly: "Why, I am just about as big as Georgie Kelsey." Now, to me, this was a real fact, for Georgie Kelsey is now in my own home, a child of the same age as my own, and I make no doubt my baby had been there, had seen the little one in her own old place, and knew how big she was, though no one else in the room, except myself, knew anything about it.

A SPIRIT YET IN THE BODY SEEN BY THREE WITNESSES.

By Mrs. CARRIE E. S. TWING, Westfield, N. Y.

About six years ago I was on board a train on my way from Niagara Falls to Suspension Bridge, when, happening to look back toward the door, I saw my mother coming toward me, holding her satchel, which I also recognized as her own, and smiling upon me. I sprang to my feet, exclaiming: "Why, there's mother," and started to meet her. But she had vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. I asked the brakeman who was near the door: "Where is the woman gone with the white satchel?" He replied that, just as he saw her, and was about to offer to take her satchel, she was gone. Turning to a lady who sat near me, I said: "Did you see her?" "Yes," she replied, "but in a moment she was gone."

I was much concerned, feeling sure something had happened to my mother, and on arrival at the station sent a message, asking: "Is mother well?" To which I received a reply, stating that she had been very seriously ill, but had begun to recover.

I afterwards learned that on the day and about the hour at which we three people saw her in the car near Suspension Bridge, she lay ill in bed at Westfield, many miles away, and was dreaming of being with me in the cars.

SOME OF MR. EDGAR EMERSON'S TESTS AT ONSET, IN JULY, 1886.

Mr. A. W. Cook, of Buffalo, says: The first morning after I came to Onset, a stranger to all around me, I sat in the auditorium listening to Mr. Emerson, when he said: "I am taken in a sort of cloud toward the West, as far as Buffalo. I see a spirit lady [describing her] who calls for Alphonso, and calls herself Lucia Cook." That was my wife's name, and she called my own. A little later he described perfectly and gave the name of Mr. Charles Daniels, who was an inveterate story-teller, who said, calling me by the nickname I have not heard for years: "Phon! if I had time I could *tell you a good story.*"

At the Temple, on Thursday morning, in the few minutes he occupied, Mr. Emerson gave descriptions of spirits seen near ex-Mayor Lowe, of Chelsea, with names, in one instance describing the fall from a cherry tree, in consequence of cramp, which was fatal; in another, describing the odor of gas, by which the spirit manifesting made himself known as being connected with the gas company in the city where he lived, etc., names being given in full, and, in some instances, dates.

At the Fact Meeting, the following Friday, Mr. Emerson related the following interesting fact, which we cannot give in his own words, which were eloquent with the gratitude and relief from doubt and apprehension which this hitherto almost infallible medium had experienced for some days. Mr. Emerson said substantially as follows:—

"I had been traveling in the South, but about two weeks ago went to Sunapee Lake to attend a convention, and give platform tests. I will call no name, but a gentleman with whose name most of you are familiar received what he said was the finest *test description* he had ever received,—the first ever received from

me, though I have known him for years, and he had always considered me a good instrument for spirit return. But he did not know his brother-in-law, who was described as a professor at Yale College, was dead. I have been much distressed ever since, constantly asking myself why have I been permitted to make a misstatement? What will become of me if my mediumship becomes false? What does it mean? My friends, too, said many things which troubled me more, and I have been unhappy and disturbed ever since I have been here. But my control, whom I have never before had reason to doubt, kept saying: 'Wait and trust, you will see why this has been permitted to be by and by.' A last I could bear it no longer, and on Tuesday last wrote to the president of Yale, whom I supposed to be in New Haven. Yesterday and today, as no reply came, I grew more and more anxious, but with the last mail came this postal-card from his son, saying that the president was away from home, and this paper from him, sent from Charleston, S. C., announcing the death of Prof. — in that city, just as I had described it. Since these arrived, I have been happy once more in the knowledge that my faithful guides are still as ever to be trusted, and that in following their direction I can be sure they will not lead me to utter falsehoods, or disgrace the cause of Spiritualism, to which my life is devoted."

Mr. Emerson then proceeded to give descriptions of spirits, with characteristics and attendant circumstances by which every one was recognized.

A FATHER'S GUIDANCE.

By Mrs. O. L. PENNELL, Onset, Mass.

Two years ago I was on my way to Portland and Bancroft, N. H. Arrived in Portland, where I was to stop first; it was dark and stormy. I was about to leave the car, when somebody touched me on the shoulder. I had come upon a pass given me by the Masons and Odd Fellows of Boston, and supposed the person who touched me was the conductor, who was a member of the order. I turned, and, to my surprise found, not the conductor, but my father, who has been a long time in the spirit world. He said: "My child, do n't stop here. Go on to Bancroft. You will

meet some one there whom you will be glad to see, and it will be a good thing for you to go there first, in more ways than one."

I went to Bancroft, reached the town where I had never been before, and where I knew no one, without money, and not knowing where to go. But my father led me up and down until he brought me up into a Masonic hall, in the entry to which I met a gentleman who asked me what I wanted. I said: "I do not know," and the little spirit who controls me came in and told him my story. He showed him the emblems of the orders which I have worn since my dying father pinned them on my dress, warning me never to let any impure deed tarnish the brightness of my soul; and the gentleman opening the door of the lodge-room pointed to a picture hanging there of—whom do you suppose? My own dear father, in his full regalia as a Mason! I was taken to the home of the gentleman I met so opportunely, made welcome, and tenderly cared for by the members of the lodge, and today have to thank my father who led me to Bancroft on my first visit there, for the good that came into my life in consequence of that visit.

From the *Louisville Times*.

THE TESTS THAT RESULTED IN THE CONVERSION OF A NEW YORK MAN.

By Mr. CHAS. DAWBARN, New York.

I am naturally inclined to be skeptical, and it was only after I had gone through crucial tests that I was converted. I sat alone an hour each night in the darkness of my room for eighteen months, and experienced wonderful things, but still I was not convinced. My right arm would grow cold at times, and move involuntarily, until I became frightened and thought I was about to be paralyzed. I was at that time a broker near Wall Street, in New York, and doing a large business. I was sitting at my desk in the office one day writing. Suddenly that peculiar sense of numbness came over my arm, and my hand moved the pen across the paper, and I had no power of resistance. I wrote in large, bold letters: "You are being robbed; count your cash." I had not dreamed of such a thing, and was completely dumbfounded. A

PROPHECY.

By Mrs. AUGUSTA DWINELS.

Editor of *Facts* :

In the year 1881, from the month of April, my guides prophesied great woe to happen to America, woe so great that other nations would mourn in sympathy. When asked how this would happen, and where, the reply was: "*It will strike first at the head of your nation, at your Great Father*" (meaning the President), for it was by my Indian band this prophecy was given. Then I knew when President Garfield was shot his work while in the physical form was nearly finished.

On the nineteenth day of August Mr. T. E. Stuart called. He had been in the habit of consulting my guides for a number of years. While conversing with one of my guides (a Seminole Indian, called "Panther"), he inquired if the President would live. Panther replied: "No, he go home [meaning he would die]: no use to make him suffer more; he go home one month from this day,"—the nineteenth day of September, verging on the 20th. Mr. Stuart called out: "Hold on, Panther; let me write this down in my note-book."

The next day Mr. S. C. Perkins, of Brockton, called. The prophecy was given to him in these words: "President Garfield will pass away on the nineteenth day of September, near the 20th."

Mr. Chase, a well-known manufacturer, called. The same prophecy was given to him, and to many other people. Mr. Chase tried to convince me I was wrong, as the physicians held out strong hopes of his recovery, as also the papers. My reply was: "At the risk of all I hold dear, we must prophesy thus, for my guides come not to prophesy what the people or the papers say, but they come with prophecies from the power divine."

 MATERIALIZATION UNDER TEST-CONDITIONS.

By Dr. H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass.

Several years ago, Mrs. Boothby gave many seances in Boston, some of which were satisfactory, others not so.

A gentleman friend of hers, Mr. Geo. Mansfield, who was my

informant, obtained her consent to hold a number of seances, each to be attended by the same parties, without any change, and under strictly test-conditions. The medium sat in a small apartment between two parlors. In this connecting room was a register through which some persons thought clothing might be pushed. To guard against this, or confederacy in any form, the carpet, register, and all were covered with cotton-cloth. The medium was divested by the ladies present of all her clothing, and dressed by them in that which they provided; a surgeon's plaster was put over her mouth; a perfect net-work of thread was tied around her; her dress was sealed to the floor and chair, and between herself and the audience Mr. Mansfield covered the aperture with mosquito-netting, which was tacked to the floor, top, and sides.

Spite of all these precautions, almost immediately after the heavy curtains in front of the medium were dropped, a voice was heard saying: "We can talk just as well now as we could before you sealed her mouth." And two small children appeared, running out before the audience, seeming to come through the netting, as did all the forms which appeared later.

DR. POWELL, THE SLATE-WRITER.

The following we clip from the *Cleveland Plaindealer*: At a seance with a private party some evenings ago with Powell, the slate-writing medium, of Philadelphia, quite a curious thing happened. Those present were well-known people of this city. The manner of Dr. Powell conducting his pellet-test has been described in these columns, and need not be repeated. It is sufficient to say that the pellets, with the name of the spirit to be evoked written upon them, are prepared without any knowledge of the medium. In this case one of the gentlemen present had a lady friend who was not present write a name on a slip of paper, and having folded it up gave it to him. He did not know what name was written there, and the paper was surreptitiously introduced among the other papers during the services. Dr. Powell touched the folded billet to his forehead. The result was startling. A horribly ghastly look came over his face, and, throwing up his hands, he

fell backward prone upon the floor, striking his head upon a chair. The fall was the fall of some one stricken by sudden death. He laid for a moment as if stunned, and then slowly arising, with his eyes open, but fierce and glaring, took one of the ladies present by the hand, and said in a low, fine voice, speaking with apparent difficulty: "Tell Hattie [the lady who wrote the billet] that it was not accidental, and was not suicide, that caused my death. It was a foul murder, and my husband did it. There are letters in existence that will fasten the crime on him, and these letters will be found. I am Mrs. Sallie Laner."

That was the name written on the billet, and the person referred to was the woman who a few days before had been shot in Omaha, whether by herself or by her husband was not at that time clearly known. She was a Cleveland lady, an acquaintance of the lady who wrote the billet. There is a sequel to this story that may be related at another time; but the point raised here is: by what means could the medium have come into possession of the knowledge displayed in the answer given? He did not open the billet. He knew nothing of the circumstances; the contents of the billet were unknown to any human being in the room. Yet the phenomena, as above described, followed the touching of the folded paper, for a mere instant, to the forehead of the medium. The name was correct; the answer, whether correct or not, was pertinent and direct, and the next day the husband, Laner, was arrested, charged with the murder of his wife. There was no previous knowledge, no collusion, no guess-work, and the theory of mind-reading will not apply. What intelligence, then, was manifested? Was it the spirit of the woman who had been killed? And if not that, what was it?

THE BABY DEMATERIALIZED.

By Mr. RANNEY, Newton, Mass.

I commenced thirty-five years ago to investigate Spiritualism, and about seven years ago to investigate materialization, with Mrs. Ross for the medium. My sister came to me at Mrs. Ross's circle, at first vapory in appearance, and I could not recognize her. She promised to study the laws governing materialization,

and the next year could talk, and year after year grew stronger, and after awhile other members of my family came, till finally my wife and children came all at once. My wife had told me she had a little baby in the spirit world, which had been given her to care for. When all the rest came, I asked her: "Where is the baby?" She said she would bring it, and going back to the cabinet soon returned with a little baby in her arms; and when I had admired and kissed it, the baby slowly dematerialized from her arms, and in a few minutes my wife bade me good-bye, and dematerialized, too.

Reported, *verbatim*, at Onset, for the *Facts* magazine.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Dr. BLAND, Washington, D. C.

In June, 1868, I visited Mrs. Josephine Keignin, of Jeffersonville, Ind., then quite noted for independent slate-writing, and for independent voices. She was not a public medium,—that is, did not accept pay for her services, but freely allowed all comers to witness the phenomena gratuitously. I did not introduce myself, but waited for the spirits to inform her as to my name and residence.

It was in the forenoon; the day was bright, doors and windows all open, when Mrs. K—— and I sat down on opposite sides of a small table standing in the center of the parlor. A slate lay on top of the table, with a small pencil upon it. By request, I examined the slate, washing it carefully; then I held it under the table to Mrs. K——, who grasped it with her left hand, her right being on the top of the table. She asked: "Who is this gentleman?" Immediately I heard the pencil moving over the slate as if writing. After a few seconds taps were given on the table, then the pencil fell and rattled. Mrs. K—— drew out the slate, and read upon it: "This gentleman is Dr. Bland, of Indianapolis, Ind." I then said I should be very much obliged for the name of the spirit who introduced me. The answer came on the slate: "I am Miss Debby Bradley, formerly of Indianapolis." "I never knew you, Miss Debby," I answered. "No, but I have seen you at my pa's often since I passed over."

I then said to Mrs. K——: "I know Judge Bradley, and I know that he has a daughter Debby, so this is a good test to me." I then said: "If there are any of my personal friends present, I should be glad to hear from them." I then put the slate under the table, holding it with my right hand. Mrs. K—— grasped the other end with her left hand, and allowed her right hand to rest on the top of the table. We could hear the pencil moving across the slate, writing line after line, dotting i's, crossing t's, etc., for some minutes. When the signal of three raps, and falling of the pencil, was given, I withdrew the slate, and observed that the surface of the slate was entirely covered with a lady's delicate hand-writing, upside down to the medium, as though having been written from my side of the table. It was a personal message from my mother, who passed to spirit life Jan. 16, 1850; the first sentence: "My darling son Tommy," and closed "Your spirit mother, SARAH A. BLAND."

It was, in many respects, such a message as only my mother could have written. In the course of it she referred to having met me, and talking with me, at Dayton, O., a few months before. She said: "You, my son, have had all the evidence you need to convince you of the truth of immortality and spirit communion, but other members of our family have not had your opportunities; for the sake of them, rather than to gratify you, I desire you to have my picture (my mother had died without leaving any portrait of herself); and if you will go to any photograph gallery and sit for your picture with this lady, I will come and have my picture taken with you."

On showing the message to Mrs. K——, she expressed a willingness to join me, and test it. We proceeded at once to the nearest gallery. We simply said to the artist: "We wish to sit together for our pictures," and asked for a gem picture, or tintype. On bringing the picture from the dark room, the artist expressed great astonishment at seeing three pictures. When informed that one was a spirit, he dropped the picture and trembled as though very much afraid. On looking at it I found, between Mrs. K—— and myself, the form of a lady whom I did not recognize. I asked the artist to seat us again, but at that time he refused to do so. We then returned to Mrs. K——'s. I was introduced to her husband, who invited me to dine with them. On holding the

slate, and asking whose picture was on it, Mrs. K—— got the following: "I am Maggie ——, formerly of this city. I was trying to assist Mrs. Bland to get her picture. My picture is an accident." I deem it proper to add that this picture was recognized by many citizens of Jeffersonville.

While we were at dinner, little Mamie, seven years old, daughter of Mr. K—— by a former wife, and herself a slate-writing medium, held the slate under the table, in my presence, and received this message: "Go to the gallery again after dinner, and you will get my picture. Your SPIRIT MOTHER."

We went as desired, and succeeded in overcoming the fears of the artist, and he seated us again, and between the heads of Mrs. K—— and myself appeared the face of my mother, and her form, to the waist, covered a portion of our forms, she being in front of us. It was very good, yet so thin that our forms showed perfectly through hers. I recognized my mother's likeness at once, though she seemed slightly younger, and much healthier than when I had last seen her, eight and a half years before.

A few days later, by an understanding with my mother, but without informing the medium or the artist of my purpose, I sat again with Mrs. K——, and got a likeness of my mother, with a different collar and pin from the first. This was for a test to skeptics, who believed the first was copied from an old picture. I subsequently got three other pictures of my mother, each differing from the other in some marked particular, yet all good portraits of her face. The pictures have been seen by many of her former friends, not Spiritualists, all of whom recognize the portrait.

Soon after obtaining the picture of my mother, Mrs. Col. Cavins, of my native village, Bloomfield, Ind., visited us at our home at Indianapolis, Ind. During the last seventeen years of my mother's earth life Mrs. Cavins had been her most intimate friend, hence I deemed it proper to show her this picture. I did so without explanation, simply saying: "Did you ever see any person who resembled that picture in the center of the group?" She at once exclaimed, on taking a good look at it: "Why, that is your mother! Where did you get it?" I told her the story of the picture, and the good old lady said: "I shall never doubt Spiritualism again, for I know this is a picture of my old friend, your mother."

CLAIRVOYANCE OF A DYING MAN.

By Mrs. JOHN MORSE, North Ashford, Conn.

Z. N. Allen was a shoe merchant and hotel-keeper, and an intimate acquaintance of mine for many years, and I knew him to be a rank infidel, believing in no existence whatever after death. He died in North Ashford, Conn., about twenty years ago. The family were called around his bed to say farewell, and he passed quietly away, and was apparently dead; but in a few minutes he regained consciousness, exhibiting signs of great suffering, and said to his wife: "I see my father and your father here; they stand by my bed waiting for me." They had both been in spirit life several years. Soon after he breathed farewell, and was gone.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY.

By Prof. FORREST SHEPHERD, Hartford, Conn.

Mountains may be removed, but facts cannot be undermined; they stand forever.

The light of truth can never lead astray, but, like the path of the just, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Years since, at Portsmouth, N. H., the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, being in ill health, called his congregation together, took an affectionate leave of them, and, with Mrs. Buckminster, took stage for Saratoga, in order to regain his health. At the same time his son, Rev. Joseph Buckminster, was a preacher in Boston. Reaching Vermont on his way, Mr. Buckminster, growing more feeble, stopped at a hotel, and lay in a stupor for a week or more. In the meantime Mrs. Buckminster received a letter from her son Joseph, in full health, in Boston. Some time after, Mr. Buckminster, still in his drowsy stupor, suddenly exclaimed: "Joseph is dead!" "No," says Mrs. Buckminster, "Joseph is well; we have a letter from him from Boston." Mr. Buckminster exclaimed again vehemently: "Joseph is dead; his spirit has just passed me!" He never spoke again, but immediately followed on after Joseph. This account I received in 1822 from Madam Haliburton, of Exeter, N. H., who had gathered the particulars from her relatives in Portsmouth, N. H.

SAVED BY HER SPIRIT-FATHER.

By VIRGINIA C. MOON.

The following was related to me by a lady patient, whose name I withhold. I give as near as possible her own words: "A few nights after leaving your place, I was awakened in the middle of the night by the voice of my father, saying: 'Girl, girl, get up, your life is in danger!' Springing to my feet, I saw the lamp in my room blazing high above the top of the chimney, and the room so full of gas I could hardly breathe. Then I fully realized that our loved ones watch over us from the life beyond, even as in this life."

From *Mind in Nature*.

TELEPATHY ILLUSTRATED WITH A DOUBLE INSTANCE.

By H. D. VALIN, M. D.

The Facts: April 26th, of the present year, at 2 a. m., I awoke at the ring of my electric bell, having just had the following dream: I was talking with some ladies on a sidewalk in the city, in daytime, when a police officer in uniform came and arrested me, and I awoke on the way to the station. My wife awoke about the same time from a dream in which she saw a policeman arresting me, and dragging me to the station. The electric bell is within ten feet of our bed, and a window, open at the time, looks down on the hallway of the story below, where stood a policeman pressing the button of my bell. I arose, spoke to him, and knew him, for I had been to his house once a couple of months before. He was dressed in citizen's clothes, and asked me to go with him to see a sick child. This was the third time in the last six years that persons waking me had appeared to me in dreams just before waking. But my wife did not remember any former instance of the kind in her case. It is well here to state that most physiologists are agreed that dreams are generally instantaneous, and it is a common observation that the noises which awake a person often suggest certain dreams which are experienced in the act of waking, and the two precedent dreams were obviously of that nature. But how is the fact of our two similar dreams of policemen, while one of them was ringing my bell, to be explained, if not as a plain case of telepathy?

From the June number of *Sphinx*, published in Leipzig, Prussia.

DEVELOPMENT IN A SPIRITUAL FAMILY-CIRCLE.

[Facts gathered from the Letters of the Father, a well-known Advocate, said by the editor of the *Sphinx* to be of undoubted reliability and capability of judging.]

Translated from the German by Mrs. JULIA A. DAWLEY.

My spiritual circle is composed of my own family, consisting, beside myself, of my wife, my daughter, and my son Karl, who is a law-student and also a soldier. I am a practicing attorney-at-law. We four persons are entirely sound in mind and body, and claim to be considered normal people in all respects as regards culture.

Although born Catholics, we were, until two years ago, dyed-in-the-wool atheists and materialists, with the most careless comprehension of life. At that time we became acquainted with Allan Kardec's writings, and proceeded to make experiments to obtain spiritual manifestation. To our surprise, the mediumship of my son became apparent. Following Kardec's instructions, we witnessed during the ensuing six months all the occurrences described by him, except materialization, viz., moving of the table, psychographic writing by the medium, independent writing, and inspirational speaking by the medium.

The table around which we sit is of soft wood, a circular top of seventy-five centimeters diameter, and two centimeters thick, resting upon a turned pedestal with three feet. The movements of this table are horizontal shaking or rattling, or perhaps only a vibration of the surface, perceptible only by the sense of touch, really like nothing else, because it is a more complicated movement than ordinary swinging,—for example, that of a string. This movement of the table, without change of position, differs from the movement of the table from its place. This last frequently occurred, breaking through the circle, and either shoving or tipping over, with more or less exhibition of power.

But of more weight than these exhibitions of physical strength is the manifestation of intelligence through these movements.

This is shown through the tipping of the table, lifting and falling back upon its feet, thus pounding upon the floor, by which means and the calling of the alphabet, a system of communication was intelligently established. . . . Besides all this, an intelligent movement of the table kept time to music, and finally the table lifted bodily into the air, holding it suspended, and swaying like a balloon. The undoubted power with which the table was often so upheld led us to wish we could measure this power. We four persons tried with all our bodily strength, and our entire weight, to hold it down, but were worsted in the encounter, the table being lifted breast-high in spite of us.

Psychographic writing occurred only when my son was ordered, through the "tippings," to grasp the pencil. Afterward we received direct independent writing in different ways. At first a slate was employed, but as we could not take a new slate for every new writing, and yet wished to preserve what we received, I made a successful attempt to have a sheet, or pad, of drawing-paper prepared upon a small board, to be written with pencil. When one such leaf is written full, it can be removed, and another substituted. We found, as Allan Kardec has already said, that it is entirely superfluous to lay a lead pencil beside the paper to be used. The best thing for this purpose seems to be graphite. When the independent writing begins we generally hear the noise of writing, but not always.

Such direct writing usually required darkness, although we, by way of exception, received slate-writing in the light, if the medium held the slate under the surface of the table. At other times the slate, or pad, would be held by my son, but usually the direct writing appeared upon these while they lay quite untouched upon the table. We also sometimes received a few words in direct writing upon the table-top, or on paper, cards, or in an album which had never once lain upon this table. Once, for example, we were told to remove three sheets from the perfectly new and clean block of paper deposited upon the table. On the fourth we found independent writing. Another time we were directed to look for such a message in the portfolio upon the writing-desk, and so on. The hand-writing in these cases had no resemblance whatever to that of any one of the four members of our circle, and the style, manner of expression, and poetic flow of thought were entirely

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foreign to us. It is at the same time worthy of mention that these writings, in all respects, resembled those which belonged to a deceased young lady of noble character and thorough culture. Letters from this lady, proving this, are in my possession.

The controlling intelligence in our sittings purported to be the spirit of this lady, thus far introducing herself with no other personality other than the messenger during the frequent interviews with these intelligences, whom we came to welcome as spirits.

The inspirational speaking finally commenced when the spirits announced that if they wished to speak through my son they would give me a sign by twelve tips of the table, when I must stretch out both hands to him until he should fall into a complete trance, after which this being spoken through him, and when the discourse was ended, I had, as a rule, to awaken my son by breathing upon him. . . .

It will be seen none of us had any but the highest interest in following up these investigations of this power, year after year, and no temptation to mystify the others, or inclination to bind each other's hands, and the like. . . .

In a sitting which we held on April 19, 1884, my son perceived the first appearance of a spirit, at which, though he is usually courageous enough, he was visibly frightened. But he remarked that he saw it perfectly, even with closed eyelids. This incident awakened in him the recollection of a vision which he had seen some time before, and which, as he declared, this appearance resembled. During this sitting, he described it to us, as follows:—

“I was awakened at the university, a few weeks before, and saw in the perfectly-dark chamber a beautiful girl, in shining white raiment, lying upon a sofa. The apparition gazed kindly upon me. In doubt whether I was awake or dreaming, I dipped my fingers in the glass of water upon the light-stand, and rubbed my eyes. But the apparition did not melt away, and only disappeared after I had become quite sure I was not dreaming. Now, I say, I believe in the possibility that this earlier appearance might have been of an objective nature, and it would be of interest to receive information from it.”

(To be continued.)

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. H. V. ROSS.

THOSE readers of *Facts* who have been interested in the accounts given from time to time in this magazine and in the *Banner of Light* of the wonderful manifestations which occur in Mrs. Ross's seances will be glad to have a likeness of her in this number of *Facts*.

Mrs. Ross is a native of Rhode Island, having been born about sixteen miles from Providence, which city is now her home. She has been a medium for materialization only about six years, although she has always been conscious of clairvoyant vision, having, as she supposes, inherited from her grandmother this gift of "second sight."

Her first knowledge of mediumship came most unexpectedly. A gentleman came to her with a proposition that she should sit for materialization, she having been told by a spirit that she had in her the elements necessary for materialization. She had, she tells us, no idea at that time what he meant, but on consulting her friends resolved to try it, sitting for eighteen months without results, until at the end of that time a little form appeared. Since then her powers as a materializing and test medium have steadily increased, and her seances are constantly gaining in interest.

There seems in each cabinet for materialization to be some feature peculiar to itself, even though the general routine is the same in all. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Mrs. Ross's seances is the fact that so many little forms of children appear there. Even tiny babies, in arms, which, after being handed about, kissed, and admired, sometimes dematerialized as though they vanished into thin air, and are seen no more, and we do not remember to have heard of any other cabinet from which, after it has been pronounced utterly impossible for confederates to enter without detection, eleven forms have issued, and been out in the room with the sitters at the same moment. The question of confederacy once being disposed of in such a case, there seems to be no inference possible but that Mrs. H. V. Ross is one of the most wonderful and successful materializing mediums we have known, and the experiences related by those who have conversed with these beings from the other world, who claim to be their friends and kindred, indicate that her control. "Bright Star," is an efficient helper, a shrewd observer, and a faithful friend to her chosen medium, whose test-mediumship is also shown in these seances to be of no small assistance to the spirits who desire to make themselves known.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WHITLOCK'S OPENING ADDRESS
AT FACTS MEETING.

THE phenomena of Spiritualism are of interest to all, though many persons who have been made Spiritualists by the phenomena have left all interest in manifestations behind them and lost sight of their importance, while they have gone deeper and higher into the philosophy or religion, which is to them the true realm of Spiritualism. They make the mistake made long ago by the church, which owed its existence to the phenomena of Spiritualism produced by and through the great mediums Christ and his disciples; but which now declares that the age of miracles is past. We say it is not, but we as Spiritualists are in danger if we leave behind us and despise the phenomena, while we set up our own pet "isms" as a religion. But we are not responsible as Spiritualists for all the manifestations which are produced in the name of Spiritualism, nor for the mediums whether good or bad. I am sorry to know and to be obliged to acknowledge that a man may be as great a fraud, as unworthy of respect as possible, and yet be God's agent, an agent for angels, as a genuine medium. In view of my own personal experiences of these things, I cannot look to mediums and say a person must be holy to be a medium. Holding in my hand this bottle, precious to me because I bought it, placed the blank card in it, sealed it with these strips of cloth, and never for an instant let it out of my hand or sight till the writing was produced upon the card as it now appears; all this done in the presence of eight responsible people in a light seance, with Joseph Caffray for the medium, — can I doubt the genuineness of his mediumship, even though I am forced to believe he and his wife were guilty of fraud in New York? No, all this does not deteriorate one particle from the fact that this writing was a true and honest manifestation.

Artists, sculptors, and philosophers may be of questionable morality, not such persons as I would take by the hand and introduce into my family circle as good and noble men, yet be best and ablest exponents of the truths they do present in the works they produce with the brush, or chisel, or pen.

It is difficult with mediums to tell where one power begins and another ends; to separate the identity of the control from that of the medium, and to decide which is responsible for the manifestation given. Not one of us knows enough about Spiritualism to decide in all cases where fraud leaves off and spirit comes in; and a medium is not dishonest, being as he is a mere channel for other streams, if he gives the impurity which may come from our own thought or that of others around him; nor dare we feel disgust for the medium who perhaps gives only a reflex of our own mind. As searchers for and compilers of *Facts*, we are not hunting for fraud, but for

genuine mediumship, and to that end we invite to our platform at these meetings, and to a place in the pages of our magazine any and all who have a fact of genuine mediumship to record.

THE FACTS CONVENTION

of July 28, 29, and 30, 1886, at Onset, was a decided success from first to last. The Facts Meetings were fully attended, and the crowd about the stand seemed loath to be dismissed. A whole volume of *Facts* would not contain all the interesting things related at these meetings, but we shall publish many of them in future numbers when our reporter has had time to arrange her notes, and our friends have sent us their own reports, as they have promised them to us.

The socials, and exhibitions of mediumship in public; the astonishing results obtained by investigators of different phases of manifestations; the interesting speeches and interchange of kindly greetings; the wholesome comparison of opinions and theories; in short, everything combined to make the season of 1886 at Onset one to be remembered with pleasure and profit by all concerned.

Fine pictures of the audiences were obtained each day, copies of which will, no doubt, be treasured in many distant homes.

The opening speech at the Facts Meetings this season, of which an abstract is given above, struck the key-note. The invitation to mediums and investigators to compare and collate their facts was responded to very heartily. On every occasion there were more speakers ready to speak than time to listen, and yet every minute was full of interest.

The subject of materialization was taken up on Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Sherman, of Providence, related some of his experiences at Mrs. Ross's seances, of which he said he had attended one hundred and five; Mr. Thompson, of Missouri, told of his with the medium Mott, lately of Kansas City; Mrs. Sutcliff described some evidences of Dr. Rothermel's mediumship, seen by her during the week; Dr. Aspinwall, of Minnesota, said that he had sat with sixteen different materializing mediums between Boston and California, and while he had found all of them genuine mediums, he had also, in many cases, found evidence of fraud, generally by use of confederates. Unlike one of the preceding speakers, who said the subject was an easy one to understand, he could not possibly understand it, but gave some descriptions of manifestations he believed to be beyond question. Mr. M. T. May, of New York, spoke of different classes of proof he had received; Rev. Mr. Sherman, rising again, described a seance with Mrs.

Bliss, which was supplemented, and his belief in the genuineness of the communication strengthened, by a visit to Dr. J. V. Mansfield; Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter described some of the phenomena occurring in her home,—the old home of her father, E. V. Wilson, and the indication that he has frequently been able there to materialize a body which was visible not only to his family but to the horses and dog which loved him, and the tenants upon the place, and gave a description of a seance with the medium Williams at Clinton, Io., in which her little daughter saw her beloved grandpa even more clearly than she did.

Mrs. Townsend-Wood and Mrs. Kate Stiles followed with accounts of a recent seance with Mrs. Bliss, at which both saw Mr. E. V. Wilson's form; Mrs. Stiles also telling of a very fine test-communication received through Dr. Mansfield's mediumship, and an exhibition of the power of spirits to control matter, as shown by stopping a watch and setting it in motion at their will.

This question opening up a wide field of discussion and explanation, Dr. Hopkins arose and gave his views upon it, speaking at some length after the time for closing had arrived, and many who had made arrangements for a sail at five o'clock had to leave the grounds. This sail upon the beautiful bay at that hour was one of the many enjoyable features of the day, and the four pretty yachts, full of merry voyagers, keeping close together down the bay and back, no doubt made a pretty picture from the shore.

The entertainment at the Temple, the Facts Social, which was held in the evening, was a fitting close to a busy day. The varied and interesting programme, arranged and carried out without a hitch, consisting of solos and recitations, followed by dancing, was heartily enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Stratton's rendition of "The Threshers," a piano solo, was a beautiful introduction. Mrs. Abbie Hervey, of Boston, astonished and delighted the audience with her brilliant execution and beautifully-trained voice, perfectly adapted to the selections she sung, which a friend of ours described as vocal gymnastics or pyrotechnics, and no less so to the simple little ballad in which we heard it on the closing evening. Little Miss Fannie Whitlock sang "Tit-for-Tat" with childlike ease and grace. Miss Esther R. Stratton, the well-known elocutionist, recited "Woman's Rights" in a manner that brought down the house, and Mr. Sweet sung an Irish song, in costume. Miss Bennet, of New York, sung beautiful songs in a style so unaffected, with a voice so pure and true, and so exceptionally sympathetic, as to call forth a hearty *encore* from behind as well as before the scenes, as was also the case with Mrs. Hervey. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing recited one of her own beautiful original poems, of which she has written so many, several of which have been published. Mr. Charles W.

Sullivan sung "From Shore to Shore," and, in response to an *encore*, gave a comic recitation, with great *eclat*, and to the amusement of all.

On Thursday afternoon even more interest was evinced than on the opening day of the Convention, the crowd gathering about the stand for the meeting as soon after dinner as possible. A couple of photographs having been secured, the Facts Meeting was called to order, Mr. A. A. Wheelock being first to speak, giving some of his experiences after paying a tribute to the zeal and industry of the fact gatherer, whom he declared to be a public benefactor, and warning people as to the use they make of "facts" when gathered.

Madame Dis De Bar, who came upon the platform at this time, being called upon to speak, gave a graphic account of the seance of the preceding evening at Mrs. Ross's, and afterward, in response to an urgent invitation to do so, spoke of the *modus operandi*, and the results of the sittings she gives for psychographic mediumship, answering questions propounded, as far as it was possible, with amiable and becoming modesty, and saying frankly, "I do not know," when it was not.

Mrs. Drew, of Stoneham, exhibited a painting she had just received, as illustration, describing the circumstances of its production.

Mrs. Stevens, of California, related the story of the production of the picture of her guide, and the confirmation of trance mediumship which it afforded, which was very interesting.

The peculiarly fascinating phase of mediumship exhibited by Madame Dis De Bar is the theme of the hour; and, indeed, each hour from five o'clock in the morning till night some new manifestation of it is exhibited and commented upon in all directions. Nothing more astounding and puzzling has been seen, and the medium is kept continually busy in her tent, which is crowded most of the time with sitters, the manifestations occurring in broad daylight. We understand she receives from five dollars upward for a single sitting, if anything comes for the sitter. It is impossible to describe, or even hint, at all these wonderful exhibitions, and they must be seen to be appreciated, or even believed in some cases. We remark in passing that it would be well for all who desire to investigate this phase to make terms and appointment in advance.

After the close of the Thursday meeting, an invitation was extended to all to come forward and examine the loan collection of independent writings, paintings, drawings, etc., displayed for that purpose.

The evening entertainment at the Temple, though interspersed with songs, was composed of exhibitions of mediumship, any one of which was well worth the price of admission.

Mrs. Twing who, on the preceding evening, brought tears to the eyes of her listeners with her recitation of her original poem on "The Two Pic-

Bliss, which was supplemented, and his belief in the genuineness of the communication strengthened, by a visit to Dr. J. V. Mansfield; Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter described some of the phenomena occurring in her home,— the old home of her father, E. V. Wilson, and the indication that he has frequently been able there to materialize a body which was visible not only to his family but to the horses and dog which loved him, and the tenants upon the place, and gave a description of a seance with the medium Williams at Clinton, Io., in which her little daughter saw her beloved grandpa even more clearly than she did.

Mrs. Townsend-Wood and Mrs. Kate Stiles followed with accounts of a recent seance with Mrs. Bliss, at which both saw Mr. E. V. Wilson's form, Mrs. Stiles also telling of a very fine test-communication received through Dr. Mansfield's mediumship, and an exhibition of the power of spirits to control matter, as shown by stopping a watch and setting it in motion at their will.

This question opening up a wide field of discussion and explanation, Dr. Hopkins arose and gave his views upon it, speaking at some length after the time for closing had arrived, and many who had made arrangements for a sail at five o'clock had to leave the grounds. This sail upon the beautiful bay at that hour was one of the many enjoyable features of the day, and the four pretty yachts, full of merry voyagers, keeping close together down the bay and back, no doubt made a pretty picture from the shore.

The entertainment at the Temple, the Facts Social, which was held in the evening, was a fitting close to a busy day. The varied and interesting programme, arranged and carried out without a hitch, consisting of solos and recitations, followed by dancing, was heartily enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Stratton's rendition of "The Threshers," a piano solo, was a beautiful introduction. Mrs. Abbie Hervey, of Boston, astonished and delighted the audience with her brilliant execution and beautifully-trained voice, perfectly adapted to the selections she sung, which a friend of ours described as vocal gymnastics or pyrotechnics, and no less so to the simple little ballad in which we heard it on the closing evening. Little Miss Fannie Whitlock sang "Tit-for-Tat" with childlike ease and grace. Miss Esther R. Stratton, the well-known elocutionist, recited "Woman's Rights" in a manner that brought down the house, and Mr. Sweet sung an Irish song, in costume. Miss Bennet, of New York, sung beautiful songs in a style so unaffected, with a voice so pure and true, and so exceptionably sympathetic, as to call forth a hearty *encore* from behind as well as before the scenes, as was also the case with Mrs. Hervey. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing recited one of her own beautiful original poems, of which she has written so many, several of which have been published. Mr. Charles W.

Sullivan sang "From Shore to Shore," and, in response to an *encore*, gave a comic recitation, with great *eclat*, and to the amusement of all.

On Thursday afternoon even more interest was evinced than on the opening day of the Convention, the crowd gathering about the stand for the meeting as soon after dinner as possible. A couple of photographs having been secured, the Facts Meeting was called to order, Mr. A. A. Wheelock being first to speak, giving some of his experiences after paying a tribute to the zeal and industry of the fact gatherer, whom he declared to be a public benefactor, and warning people as to the use they make of "facts" when gathered.

Madame Dis De Bar, who came upon the platform at this time, being called upon to speak, gave a graphic account of the seance of the preceding evening at Mrs. Ross's, and afterward, in response to an urgent invitation to do so, spoke of the *modus operandi*, and the results of the sittings she gives for psychographic mediumship, answering questions propounded, as far as it was possible, with amiable and becoming modesty, and saying frankly, "I do not know," when it was not.

Mrs. Drew, of Stoneham, exhibited a painting she had just received, as illustration, describing the circumstances of its production.

Mrs. Stevens, of California, related the story of the production of the picture of her guide, and the confirmation of trance mediumship which it afforded, which was very interesting.

The peculiarly fascinating phase of mediumship exhibited by Madame Dis De Bar is the theme of the hour; and, indeed, each hour from five o'clock in the morning till night some new manifestation of it is exhibited and commented upon in all directions. Nothing more astounding and puzzling has been seen, and the medium is kept continually busy in her tent, which is crowded most of the time with sitters, the manifestations occurring in broad daylight. We understand she receives from five dollars upward for a single sitting, if anything comes for the sitter. It is impossible to describe, or even hint, at all these wonderful exhibitions, and they must be seen to be appreciated, or even believed in some cases. We remark in passing that it would be well for all who desire to investigate this phase to make terms and appointment in advance.

After the close of the Thursday meeting, an invitation was extended to all to come forward and examine the loan collection of independent writings, paintings, drawings, etc., displayed for that purpose.

The evening entertainment at the Temple, though interspersed with songs, was composed of exhibitions of mediumship, any one of which was well worth the price of admission.

Mrs. Twing who, on the preceding evening, brought tears to the eyes of her listeners with her recitation of her original poem on "The Two Pic-

tures" moved them to laughter tonight under the control of her quaint "Ikabod." Mr. Joseph D. Stiles recited a rhymed greeting from spirit E. V. Wilson, and under control of "Swift Arrow" gave a hundred and sixty names, only seven of which were unrecognized. Mrs. Marie Wheeler, widow of the late Ed S. Wheeler, played a composition, or improvisation, upon the piano, and Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter gave an exhibition of the fire-test, under control of that one of her guides known as the "Ancient Fire-Worshiper," which was watched with intense interest; and after which the committee of gentlemen appointed by the audience reported through their chairman, Mr. Charles Dawbarn, that although she had been literally playing with fire for nearly half an hour, and had held close against her cheek and arms for seventy-four seconds the heated glass which none of the committee could bear to hold for five, not a sign of burning was upon her, nor a hair singed, and no acceleration of pulse produced.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield gave an illustration of the manner in which he is enabled to answer sealed letters, answering correctly two which were handed to him for that purpose, reading the communication given through his "phenomenal forefinger" as readily as a telegrapher reads from the sounder.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel gave one of his convincing and interesting seances in the light, the simple preparations for which were made in full view of the audience. The manifestation which occurred would have required at all times at least two pairs of hands, and sometimes three, and as the medium's own were *securely* fastened to his own knees by sewing and tying, so that they could not be his, the question among the spectators who saw such an exhibition for the first time: "Who played the zither, and held it up?" was a pertinent one.

The Facts Meeting on the closing day of the Convention was, perhaps, most interesting of all. Such marvelous stories were told, such hearty expressions of good-will heard on all sides, and such a desire to crowd all the matter possible into the session, broken up by the taking of the final pictures. During a momentary pause, Mr. J. J. Morse made a graceful, kindly speech, alluding to the remark of one of the speakers of the day before, that the "fact gatherer is a public benefactor," and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Whitlock and his efficient helpmate. In seconding the motion, Mr. Britton, of Providence, spoke most kindly and earnestly of the manner in which the conductor of this magazine, and these meetings, has for years spared neither time nor strength nor means to bring before the public the facts of such value to all investigators and Spiritualists. Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York, followed in some well-chosen remarks, in which he likened the collection and arrangement of all these facts to the preparation and laying the foundation of a beautiful temple.

The vote being unanimously carried, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock returned thanks, Mr. Whitlock saying that his was a labor of love, prompted, as he really believed, by the spirit of his honored father, who, for so many years, was known as a teacher in various colleges, and in the pulpit of the Methodist Church, and whose zeal in bringing the New Light to "the people who sit in darkness" is no less on the other side of life. While Mr. Whitlock was speaking, that one of Mrs. Whitlock's guides whom her friends have learned to know only by his own self-given name of "Silence," assumed control, and when Mr. Whitlock had finished, this exalted spirit pronounced a most appropriate and eloquent peroration, which fell like a benediction on the assembled company, and was a fitting close to the formal exercises of the Convention, although the little groups which gathered about were not easily to be dispersed so long as one would speak to them.

So closed the Facts Convention for 1886, which will be long remembered by all who were present, and the pleasures of which will, we hope, be repeated in the next season at the same beautiful spot.

The next number of *Facts* will be very interesting with descriptions and illustrations of phenomena which have occurred during the Facts Convention at Onset and other camp-meetings.

To all who have contributed in any way to the success of the meetings, we return our hearty thanks once more, as we did on the last evening at the Temple, and hope to meet them often in the future.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN.

By A. E. G.

Only a woman? Still there is need
 Of food, clothing, and shelter for head;
 But the busy world pays little heed
 To a woman earning her bread.

Only a woman! Yet her spirit will long
 For the beauties of nature and art;
 Will struggle through sorrow, hardship, and wrong
 For the culture of mind and heart.

For each has a soul of immortal wealth
 To cultivate, cherish, and grow;
 But burdened, crowded, and broken in health,
 Little sunshine or comfort they know.

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 Of food, clothing, and shelter for head;
 But the busy world pays little heed
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Only a woman! Yet her spirit will long
 For the beauties of nature and art;
 Will struggle through sorrow, hardship, and wrong
 For the culture of mind and heart.

For each has a soul of immortal wealth
 To cultivate, cherish, and grow;
 But burdened, crowded, and broken in health,
 Little sunshine or comfort they know.

And where is the premium to womanhood sweet,
With good honest worth,—is it found?
Will modesty, purity, ever compete
While the showy and fast so abound?

Consider, oh, man! how much has been done
To make woman false and vain;
Each time, as a victim, she ever is won,
She repays with interest again.

Your homage, so sweet to a true woman's soul,
Your honor (she loving) will trust;
Her fine tender feelings you may easy control,
But suffer with her you must.

It is only when woman can stand by your side,
With power to be and to do,
That each in the other can feel honest pride,
And both shall be loyal and true.

Together you stand, together you fall,
For nature's more perfect than man;
And God, in good time, will do justice to all,—
We are only fulfilling His plan.