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FACTS

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Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Mesmerism, Trance,
Inspiration, and Physical Mediumship; Prayer, Mind, and
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HEALTH PAPERS.—The above is the title of a new book published by the *American Spectator* Publishing Company, of Boston, Mass. It is printed on fine paper. It contains a very fine picture of Dr. R. C. Flower, and several interesting essays upon important subjects of health, as its name indicates. It is well worth the price asked, 50 cents.





Yours truly
Fred L. H. Willis.

FACTS.

DECEMBER, 1886.

THE MEDIUM'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. HARRIET E. BEACH, New York.

Edith Cadwell, who was a lovely character, and who for two years has assisted at her mother's circles, at 242 W. 39th Street, New York City, passed to spirit life on October 1st, ult., at the age of eighteen. Her funeral services were held on Sunday following, conducted by an Episcopal clergyman, after which Mrs. Cadwell was controlled, while standing by the casket, by her own spirit mother, who said to the friends gathered around her: "The Lord hath given, but not taken away, for Edith will stay with her mother in spirit. As I have watched over my child, so Edith will guard her mother," and added: "I received the new-born spirit in my arms." When she had finished speaking, all sang "Jesus, lover of my soul." Mr. Horace M. Richards pronounced a spirit benediction, to which all responded Amen, and the beautiful body was laid away arrayed in the flowers she loved best. The service was beautiful and impressive, and was the prelude to the return of the spirit daughter Edith.

On November 3rd, just one month later, she stood before us in a private circle for materialization, her mother being the medium. All present recognized her. She thanked me for flowers placed around her body, and for those sent her mother on her birthday, saying: "Roses will dispel the thorns in her pathway." She stood there veiled, all robed in white, a beautiful spirit. The sister was called for from another part of the house. She came and conversed with her spirit sister, who remained ten or fifteen minutes in her material form. This circle was the most remarkable one I have ever attended. The spirit mother spoke beautifully; and the spirit daughter sang in an independent voice which we recognized.

(From *Mind in Nature*.)

PREMONITIONS.

My attention being recently directed to a copy of *Mind in Nature*, I venture to send you some experiences of my own, which have occurred during the past twenty-five years of my life as a locomotive engineer in the south; for which I do not attempt an explanation. Some of them appeared at the time to be to me miraculous, and all of them border on the supernatural. I am not a Spiritualist, but believe in a "Divinity which shapes our ends," and when you have read my story, you will admit that I have good reasons for so believing. Six times has my locomotive been overturned while running at high speed; and each time I have dreamed of it two nights before; each time in the dream I saw the exact place, direction in which the engine was going, and the side on which the engine turned over. I have, in numerous instances, prevented collisions and saved many lives, and much property, by premonitions. Not desiring any undue notoriety, being a plain, unlettered man, I desire to tell my story, and let others search after the philosophy of it, if there is any in it. The manager of *Mind in Nature* can furnish my name and address to any who may wish to ask any questions, or desire any other information in regard to myself or my life.

One of my first experiences occurred before I was employed on any railroad, and before I knew anything about trains or their management. I was sick with a severe attack of mumps, had been confined to my room for three weeks. Feeling a little better, one rainy morning, without knowing why or wherefore, I started out, against the advice of my friends, as the weather was not fit for me to go out. I wandered toward the railroad depot, and reached it just as the construction train came along, which I boarded and "dead-headed" for twenty miles, where the train took a side track to let an express train pass, which was nearly due, and passed this point at full speed, making no stop. The conductor told a brakeman to go forward and open the switch, meaning of course *after* the express train had passed, and then went into the caboose car with the engineer. The brakeman went direct to the switch and changed it, which would side-track the express, and throw it into the construction train. Hearing the express coming, and seeing

that the switch was wrong, and the brakeman standing by, I tried to induce him to change it. Finding that he would not do so, I ran to do it myself. Being quite weak, I fell down, and had barely time to get up and change the switch just as the engine reached it. The engineer of the express, seeing that something was wrong, stopped his train as soon as he could, and backing down called to the conductor of the construction train to know what he meant; but neither he or his engineer knew anything about it, or how narrow an escape they had had. Puzzled to know what it meant, they asked who changed the switch. I told them I had. They asked who I was, and what I was doing there. I told them I was a "dead-head," and did not know what I was doing there, as I ought to have been at home, twenty miles away, not being fit to be out in such weather; but it was evident to me I had come along to change that switch. The engineer of the express said: "You have saved my train and many lives, and this construction train had better carry a 'dead-head;'" but the railroad company never thanked me for it.

Some years after I was firing a locomotive,—a fine, new passenger engine, built for speed, and just from the shop. I thought myself lucky to be on such a fine engine, and was proud of my position. One night I dreamed that the train ran through a shallow cut and came out on a high stone bridge, over which the train passed, and then the engine turned over down the bank, some seventy feet, into the river. I mentioned my dream the next morning to the family with whom I was living. The lady told me that I was going to be killed, but I told her that in my dream I had assurance that I should not be hurt. On the second morning after my dream we were sent over a part of the road with which I was not familiar, and presently came to a shallow cut, and I saw a number of men ahead on the track. The engineer was near-sighted, and did not see them. I called to him to stop the engine; he tried to do so, but the track was wet, and seeing that part of the track ahead had been taken up, he jumped from the engine. I remained on it and tried to stop it. Before this could be done we were on a stone bridge, and I could not get off. The engine left the track, and at the other end of the bridge turned over twice before it reached the bottom, and I with it, receiving but a small scratch, *how* I do not know. I climbed the

bank, and looking back saw just what I had seen in my dream. The bridge was 200 feet long, with five stone arches, 54 feet high, and the bank down which the engine rolled 70 feet.

At another time I was in charge of a construction train, being engineer, conductor, and gang-boss combined. One night I saw in a dream the collision of an express with a through freight train at the station where I stopped. The engines and coaches were badly used up, with many killed and wounded. The dream was very vivid, and distressed me all the next day. The second morning my train was ready to start, but the through freight was late, which came along passing the station seven minutes on the express time, a very reckless thing, as it was in a cut, with a sharp curve, through which the express always came at full speed, the whistle of which I at that moment heard. It recalled my dream at once. Seizing the red flag, I signaled the freight train, and ran down to the curve to flag the express, whose engineer reversed at once, and the engines came to a halt within ten feet of each other. As it was not my duty to flag other trains, or to pay any attention to them, had it not been for the dream and its effect on my mind, causing me to be doubly on the alert at that time, there would have been a serious collision, as the express had nine very full coaches. Some considered it a lucky coincidence, but these in my experience have been too frequent, and the dreams too real for me to consider them as such.

Later, I became engineer of an express train. A new express train being put on, it was necessary to change the time card, which also made a change in several important rules; these were not made as explicit as they should be. The new train was to meet mine at the point where I took it. When the first day came for us to meet it, the new train was not there. After waiting the usual time for variation of watches, the conductor gave the signal for me to start. I shook my head. He stepped into the office and reported me to the superintendent, who was there at the time, saying he would not have an engineer that would not start when signaled. The superintendent came out, and asked me why I did not start. I replied I had no right to go, according to the time card. He replied that he had made the time card, and knew what it was, and what it called for; my *will* had said the same thing, and that I ought to go, but just as the conductor gave the signal

there came an impression that I must not go, and I could not, although I knew I was liable to discharge at once for disobeying orders. To gain time, I started an argument, and asked for the reading of the rules, and an explanation of them, and thus delayed them until I heard the whistle of the other train. Why I had done so I could not tell, only I knew that this *impression* was to me a more sure reliance than my reason. That it had always proved true, and had saved my life and those with me many times, and I must not disobey it.

One more instance I very clearly remember, although it occurred many years ago, when I was an engineer on a western road. About twelve o'clock Saturday night I arrived at the west end of my run and retired. I dreamed I was coming west with my train, running at full speed, trying to make up about one hour lost time. About half way between two stations, eight miles apart, on the smoothest track on the whole road, the engine jumped the track, and turned over on the north side, and when it stopped I was sitting on one of the driving wheels, with my legs between the spokes; and a person in white came down from the sky, with a span of white horses and a black carriage, picked me off the engine, placed me in the carriage, and drove up toward the sky in a south-easterly direction. I awoke, but the dream distressed me so that I slept very little more that night. I did not mention it to anyone, but I could not get rid of the impression all through the Sabbath. Monday morning I took my train back to the other end of my run, where I lived, arriving there at 1 p. m. At 9.40 p. m. my time came to go west again. The train was 54 minutes late. As usual, the conductor said to me: "Make up all you can," equivalent to saying: "Run as fast as you dare." When about 40 miles out, running as fast as ever I ran,—something more than a mile a minute,—just at the point I had seen in my dream, the engine struck a horse, which threw the forward truck off the track. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw. I instinctively reversed the engine, but did not shut off steam. The engine soon turned over on the *north* side of the track, and slid over fifty feet on the level ground before it could be stopped, when I found myself sitting on the driving wheel, my feet between the spokes, my under jaw and three ribs broken, and a deep gash on each side of my face, with eighteen inches of the throttle lever broken

off in my hand, which I had not let go of all the time ; but the person with the horses and carriage was not there. I had not mentioned my dream to my wife. They telegraphed her that I was killed, but she would not believe it. I reached home the next day at 5 p. m., fully persuaded there was something in *my* dreams, but the mystery to me was that it should come so true to the letter to the point where I should see the man with the horses, and they not appear.

The dream had so impressed me that at one time on Monday I made up my mind not to go out that night, but at the same moment came the *impression*, more distinctly than if uttered by an audible voice, giving me the assurance that I should not be killed, that He to whom I always committed my life when starting, and who has never failed me in all times of need, and who had always brought me safely out of all accidents, would keep me this time, and not allow me to be seriously injured.

(Extract from a letter from the author of the above.)

Editor of *Facts*:

. . . . I have reasons for not wanting my name published. I am no writer ; and am not one of those who want everyone to do and think as they do. I care very little about making converts to my belief, but firmly believe in an eternal existence beyond this life, though not "beyond the starry skies." . . . From childhood I have had my mind powerfully worked upon to discover why the great Creator was so far from us as regards any communication impossible to find, . . . and we must go back for hundreds of years to get the last communication from Him.

. . . . One reason for not wishing my name to appear is that I have *no belief in modern Spiritualism*, and do not want to be mixed up in it in any way, while I believe in ministering spirits and guardian angels. . . . What I have written, or may write hereafter, are facts, and I give them as such. I do not believe because I have not been everywhere and seen everything since the creation of man, miraculous or supernatural, that all men are liars whose words cannot be proved in a court of justice, but I do believe these things occur with some very often ; with others they never happen ; why I cannot tell. In running a locomotive nearly twenty-five years, many such unaccountable things have

transpired, while many other men of my acquaintance engaged in the same business pass along through life without anything worthy of note.

I have many incidents of more or less interest noted down which I could send you if they would interest you.

Very truly yours, J. W. S.

We are sure our readers as well as ourselves will be very much pleased to hear further from Mr. S., whom we thank very much for his frank and prompt reply to our note of inquiry.—Ed.

SOME EXPERIENCES AMONG MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS.

By PROF. J. B. CAMPBELL, Cincinnati, O.

We tested some of the materializing mediums at Lake Pleasant. We found Mrs. Huntoon and her brothers, the Eddys, gave good satisfaction. The wonderful medium, Mrs. Diss Debar, among the best, was at Onset with her mysterious, invisible spirit painters of portraits of the loved and gone before. . . .

I did try to test the materializing mediums, many of whom I found at Onset, and all giving good satisfaction. The first I called upon was Mrs. Bliss, whom we had already very satisfactorily tested in our own house in Cincinnati some seven years since, and whom I yet think among the best materializing mediums, though, like the other old ones, she seems not to have made any improvement in the way of light and ventilation. I do not say this to harm, but for her good and the benefit to health and happiness of her patrons. Nearly all mediums for materialization are equally at fault in this matter of small, air-tight rooms and dark, smoking lamp, against which, as a physician, I must protest on behalf of the people.

Next night I went to see Mrs. Beste. . . . She must be a wonderful ventriloquist if *she* said and sung all that was done that night, and some one must have handed her lots of *illuminated* clothing to enable her to dress up so many forms as came out at the same time.

Next night I went to see Mrs. Ross. As many as five forms came out at a time, and in the dim light looked natural as life; but I did not get close enough to any of them to ascertain whether they were flesh and blood, or whether they "wore corsets" or not. I recognized none of them. They were not my friends, I suppose. Still others seemed satisfied, and I need not complain. Mrs. Ross did not do it all herself, for two forms came out of the cabinet at the same time with her, all three being seen at once; and, if she employs confederates, a good many are required to personate all who come, especially when so many are out at once, as I am told eleven have been.

Last, but not least, I went to the Berry sisters. We had a good sitting. Many forms appeared, and some were recognized by their friends present. A man at my right hand, although a beginner in investigation, recognized friends, was thoroughly convinced, and made a good Spiritualist in an hour. Others were nearly as fortunate. Dr. Aspinwall's daughter came out and called him papa; and he had a familiar talk with her, and kindly introduced her to me. I took her by the hand, which felt warm, soft, and natural as life. She did not seem afraid, nor try to pull away; nor was she a fleeting shadow for man's illusion given, but a real human being, seemingly from the courts of heaven. Many more forms appeared, were recognized by their friends, and at last came one for me. Margaret, as she called herself, appeared in all her loveliness, walked some ten feet across the room, took me by both hands, embraced me as a long-lost lover of my youth, and conversed with me on our early love affairs. Wishing me to be sure it was *she*, the visitor led me close to the light, holding her face fairly up to it, so I could plainly see it, which I did. After remaining some time in my fond embrace, she said she must return to the cabinet a moment for more strength, but would come again, which she did four successive times, each time speaking of the joy of our meeting, and saying she was ever with me,—my guardian and spirit wife. She bid me good-night, and returned to the cabinet. Other forms came to sitters; one gentleman was conversing with a male friend, others were walking about, when presently, behold! a little white mist is seen on the floor just outside the cabinet. All eyes watch as it rises higher and higher, seemingly out of the floor, and finally assumes a lovely form, a thing of life and beauty. It

came directly to me, and again embraced me. It was the same *Margaret* come for one more good-night.

Whose was this lovely form? Can mediums and confederates do all this? True, we did not have a chance to examine the cabinet, nor to put the medium under any test conditions, nor even to see her after the seance, as I requested the manager to be allowed to do.

All the other spiritual manifestations and methods of communing with the *departed* are rational, and easily understood; but a fully-materialized human form, full flesh and blood, living, palpitating, substantial, dressed in the clothes of a woman,—to see these forms arise seemingly out of the floor, before your very eyes, is almost too much for the infidel, materialist, or the Christian to believe. It may be all true,—I wish all of it that is true may be made manifest, and Spiritualism be put on a solid basis, that its light may shine throughout all the world, and be a blessing to humanity.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT KITTERY.

By DR. WM. CRICHEY, Portsmouth, N. H.

According to agreement, I have at last succeeded in obtaining *facts* about the haunted house in Kittery, Maine. I have waited patiently that I might get them from the lips of the witnesses of these midnight visitants, or *ghosts*, as they call them here.

For the last twenty or thirty years, the Rice house in Kittery has had the name of being haunted, and all sorts of stories have been told about the place; but of late these spirits have made themselves manifest in a number of ways in the family of Mr. Darling, sergeant of marines, who lived in the house a number of years. These ghosts, or, as Mrs. Darling says, a tall man in a dressing gown, and a lady dressed in white, appeared to her, and sometimes to the rest of the family, at different times.

The family of Sergeant Darling kept the matter to themselves for a long time, until the sergeant, being no longer employed in the navy yard, they moved from the house.

A gentleman (whom for convenience we will call Mr. X) and his family moved in. Mrs. X and her sister Maria, who is quite

a medium, though a member of the Baptist church, began to see these vapory forms flit across the hall, and on the stairs; and on many occasions, when Miss Maria was alone, an old man in a long dressing gown would appear to her, and she would run out of the room. Then the lady in white would appear to her, and her sister also. They went to see Mrs. Darling, asked her if she had seen anything unusual in the house while she lived there, and she described the same lady in white and gentleman in the long dressing gown.

Some six months ago Miss Maria died in the house, and then, as Mrs. X says, new trouble began. There would be all sorts of noises in the house and barns, sounds of persons going up stairs, opening doors, etc. etc. Mr. X was obliged to leave his business earlier than usual, owing, as he said, to the nervousness of his wife, but really on account of these occurrences.

One night the old man appeared at the bedside of Mr. X. There was a lighted lamp on the table. Mrs. X awoke, saw this man looking at her husband, and awoke the latter. The man seemed to go into the closet. Mr. X took the lamp, went to the closet, and found no one there. At other times the children, as well as the mother, saw these strange visitants. At one time, not long before her death, Maria was sitting in the parlor reading, when some one walked into the room. Thinking it was her sister, Maria did not look up until the person stood beside her, when she saw it was the white lady. She started to leave the room, when the visitor vanished. That evening Mr. and Mrs. X and Maria sat in the sitting room and heard "them" in the hall and on the stairs. Mrs. X proposed to her sister to carry the lamp, and they would go up and shut both chamber doors. They did so, but in fifteen minutes both doors were wide open. Mr. X said they might have blown open, so they *locked* them, but they were again opened.

I asked Mr. X how he accounted for these phenomena, to which he replied he did not know. He was not afraid of them, but his wife and family were. I have waited to see Mrs. X, and hear from her own lips the story of her trouble, as she calls it, which has resulted in the family moving out of the house, no servant being found who would stay more than one or two nights in the house, because, as they declared, they "saw ghosts." Mrs. X was ill with lung fever for three months after leaving the house, and it

was not till Sept. 14th last that I had the pleasure of hearing her recite her experience in the haunted house in Kittery.

P. S.—Please not use Mr. and Mrs X's name, as they are church members.

We have complied with our correspondent's request, though we fail to see why church members should be afraid or ashamed to tell the truth.—ED.

MRS. WHITLOCK'S PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

By MRS. JULIA A. DAWLEY.

During the past year, in which I have been associated with the work of *Facts*, I have had many opportunities for observation of the psychometric power possessed by Mrs. Whitlock, many demonstrations of which, being of an entirely personal and private nature, cannot be used for illustration in a magazine article, although they afford excellent and convincing proof of the efficiency of this method of "getting at the soul of things."

This gift of psychometry, Mrs. W. tells me, began to develop about three years since, when, being at that time in the house with Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Buchanan, she, at the doctor's suggestion, used to try to read from articles held over her head, describing her sensations at the time, which in most cases proved correct. In this way pictures selected at random from an album in the dark were often accurately described; the characteristics, habits of action, even of thought, of the originals were shown; and sometimes, in case of friends who were deceased, the scene at the death-bed depicted. As may be supposed, the consciousness of such a gift and its exercise gave its possessor much pleasure; and when, about a year ago, a small sealed package was sent her by Mr. Samuel McCleary, of Watervliet, N. Y., with the request that she would submit it to some psychometer for a reading, she resolved to attempt it herself. She did so. The result of the reading, written from notes taken at the time, is given below:—

"I get two influences, one strong, hearty, and cheerful, the other quiet and earnest. The first I should say is Mr. McCleary (of whom and whose family and home a description was given at some

length). I should say there was but *one* article in this package, but I sense *two*. . . . I sense a queer feeling in the head, and a very strange circumstance. I should say the *object was a tooth*, and I sense *spirit power with it*, of a very marked character. I now sense three spirits gone out of your family, and the word *Latin*, whether the party studied for a teacher or not I cannot say. I find another tooth. . . . I believe a left "eye tooth," or one back of it, and one from the lower right side, third from the back.

The package was found to contain one of two teeth taken from the jaw of a skeleton which Mr. McCleary had unearthed in digging through a portion of his land, the other tooth having been retained by him and carried in his vest pocket. Hence, the influence described as "one in his pocket." The Latin mentioned seems to have been accounted for by Mr. McCleary as that of his father, who was a Latin scholar, a physician, whose prescriptions were, of course, given in that language.

It may be added that the same package, being submitted to two psychometrists in Boston, one pronounced it "shaped like a pig's tooth," the other that it contained something "belonging to the stone kingdom, but not a stone."

Mr. McCleary being pleased with the result of this reading, sent for a second one a sealed envelope, to all appearances an ordinary letter, the psychometrization of which, written at the time of reading, described the surroundings and mental condition of the sender with great accuracy. The envelope enclosed in the first a queer combination of figures and circles, known as the thirty-four puzzle, the invention or discovery of Mr. McCleary, and lastly, the tiny scrap of cloth cut from the garment of a "materialized baby" in the arms of a "transfigured medium."

In the spring of the present year a gentleman in Providence handed Mrs. Whitlock four sealed envelopes, with a request that she would describe the writers of the letters enclosed in them. She did so, giving the peculiar characteristics, home surroundings, etc. etc. of each, three of which—being the sister, mother, and friend of the gentleman—were declared perfectly satisfactory and correct. The reading of the fourth brought forth a warning, the influence from it being entirely different from the others; and some characteristics and events of which the gentleman was entirely ignorant were brought to light, which later developments

proved true. The reading probably changed the whole tenor of his life, for he married the friend instead of the one whose description, to his own surprise, at the time disbelief, was so unfavorable. The same gentleman afterward handed Mrs. Whitlock an article to psychometrize, which she traced directly to England, even into court circles, and which it appears had come into his possession by direct descent from the family of an English earl.

An amusing instance occurred in June, while Mrs. Whitlock was at her former home, in Providence. A sealed envelope was enclosed in a letter to her, with a request that her psychometric reading upon it be addressed to M. C. Brown, care of *Banner of Light*. In due time the reply was written at Providence, and Mrs. Whitlock, who had come home meantime, was about to copy it to send to the supposed Mr., Miss, or Mrs. Brown, saying: "It seems high time this was sent," when Gray Eagle spoke through Mr. Whitlock, saying: "Me think it too bad, squaw. You have enough to do without writing all that over. That belongs to my medie,"—whose characteristics, habits, and experiences were very well set forth by the evidently completely unsuspecting medium, who however finished her report with these words:—

"Spirits draw very near to me in this, why I cannot say, for the name of the person to whom I am to send this is entirely strange to me. I sense a joke in it, as though some would have a good time over it. Certainly they will if there is not a word of truth in its reading. I sense the feeling so strongly that I want to laugh myself."

We who were in the joke did laugh heartily at the amazement of Mrs. Whitlock when she discovered the *ruse*.

MEDIUMSHIP IN THE OLDEN TIME.

By MR. SYLVESTER SCOTT, Rockford, Ill.

Editor of *Facts*:

I am one of the first who investigated Spiritualism in this country. Our first circle was formed Sept. 11, 1856. My grandmother, then nearly eighty years of age, was our first medium. She was born at Dennis Creek, Cape May County, N. J., in 1778. When she was at the age of ten, her elder brother died very suddenly

from the effects of skating, becoming overheated and too suddenly cooled. He was engaged to be married. Feeling that the last summons was near, he motioned his mother to his side, and struggled to the last to tell her his wishes, but his spirit was gone, and all they could know was by his anxious look and hopeless struggle.

The second night after the funeral, just at dusk, grandma was out in the yard, and, looking up, saw her brother leaning on the fence a short distance away, looking earnestly at her. She was sadly frightened, and ran into the house.

Grandmother told me of many things that occurred at her old home. She was one of seven sisters. They lived in a log house, and slept in a loft. They often heard footsteps in the room, and noises as though some one was being drawn over the floor. Sometimes the clothing would be suddenly snatched from the bed, and the poor children left quaking with cold and fear. A pot of cream was taken from a shelf in the pantry and turned bottom upward upon a table near. At times, they heard sounds like whetting a scythe, or, again, as though some one was running their spinning wheels, which were kept up stairs. In those days all these manifestations were called witchcraft, but now Spiritualism teaches and proves that it is the work of departed friends, in their various stages of development.

Since those days, when my grandmother was our medium, many a dear one has gone to the Summer-Land, and I have not a single regret that I so early sought this great and consoling *truth*.

MY BROTHER'S DEATHBED.

By MISS S. E. WHITTIMORE, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

The transition of my brother Frank to spirit life took place on May 20, 1886. A few hours before he passed away he seemed unconscious for a time, and it was thought he would not recognize his friends again. Suddenly his face lighted up, consciousness returned, and he said: "Oh, how *beautiful, beautiful!* Do n't you see them all in white around us?" His sister said: "Frank, it repays you for all you have suffered." "Oh, ten thousand times more would I suffer," was his reply, "rather than lose the

sight I now see." His children came in weeping, to take leave of him, when he said: "Why, my little daughters, what are you crying for? This poor, old, worn-out body is not papa. Papa is not in his body; take it away."

In a little while his face lighted up again. His last words were to his spirit sister: "Mary, I come, I come," and a few hours later, when nature loosed her hold, his spirit passed on into the Summer-Land.

WITH MRS. MAUD E. LORD AT TROY.

By MR. SAMUEL McCLEARY, Watervliet, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

While Mrs. Lord was holding meetings in Troy last, a neighbor of mine by the name of Campbell went to one, at which his father announced himself, gave his name, and said: "You have a silver watch, a keepsake, which did not come into your possession by direct purchase; have you it with you?" To which my neighbor answered "No." The watch, as I am informed, was left in pawn by another son now in spirit life, and redeemed by the father's payment of that sum. Mrs. Lord went on to describe the father's likeness, hanging upon a nail in a certain room in my neighbor's house six miles away, giving the description far more minutely than he could have done, and even giving points which he had never noticed.

Mr. Campbell's mother, at that time living in Troy, was also led to attend some of Mrs. Lord's meetings, when the same watch and other things belonging to the family were faithfully described, neither mother nor son aware that the other had been to the meeting, until they compared notes after Mrs. Lord had left town.

CURED BY HER OWN HAND.

By MR. J. S. KIMBALL, North Burke, Vt.

Mrs. Jennie Roundy, wife of Elmer S. Roundy, of West Burke, Vermont, a lady thirty-eight years of age, discovered about a year ago that there was a small bunch coming on her left breast. It soon

developed itself as a cancer. She employed a physician, who, after he had done all he could, told her the only remedy was to use the knife. This she refused to have done. About September of this year it had become very bad. It pained her night and day. Sharp, darting pains were felt, and at times it was so much enlarged as to show through her dress. She had to wear loose clothing, as everything touching it hurt her very much. About the last of September, one night, upon retiring, she was thinking of the horror of passing away with a cancer, when she was told by her spirit guides that they would cure her. She was then influenced to make passes with her hands over the cancer, and soon fell asleep. She had no pain that night, and, upon arising in the morning, all traces of the cancer had disappeared. Mrs. Roundy is a fine medium, and an excellent woman. Since she was cured, she has gained ten pounds in weight.

SPIRIT SURGERY.

By Dr. DEAN CLARKE.

In 1870, at Hampton Falls, I visited a family named Dow. The father was a farmer. He had three daughters, the second of whom was an invalid, at that time convalescent. I asked for a statement of the case, which was given me as follows:—

Physicians had said she was suffering from aneurism, or breaking of the interior coat of an artery. She had been engaged to marry a physician, who died before the time set for the marriage. Through a medium, he had given a message that, if an older sister and the hired man, who was mediumistic, could hold her hands for twenty-four hours, spirit surgeons would be enabled to draw the broken membrane of the artery, and hold it until it would draw together. It was done, and the cure was said to have been performed by the deceased lover, and the eminent English surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, assisted by the magnetism and mediumship of the spirit-chosen attendants, who believed it to be a wonderful manifestation of spirit power.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

NEARLY thirty years have passed away since the so-called Harvard investigation was held. During all that time Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis and thousands of the friends of Spiritualism have been waiting for the report of the committee which carried on that investigation, which report was never forthcoming. One by one the members of the committee have departed to the land beyond the veil, and the generation which has arisen since those days and the survivors of the elder generation which was new then had almost forgotten or never cared that such an investigation was held. But meantime Spiritualism has gone on and grown till its avowed followers, to say nothing of its secret ones, are numbered by millions, and the subject of our sketch, and of the picture we present in this edition of *Facts*, who was at that time a young student in the school of theology at Harvard, is now known far and near as one of the most brilliant and eloquent inspirational speakers of the age. The mere stripling in whose presence so many strange things occurred to astonish and confound the faculty of Harvard, and all who were cognizant of them at that time, on account of which he was practically dismissed or expelled from the institution, and ostracized by the Church, whose strange mediumship brought about the famous investigation of which we have spoken, has become a famous instrument for the use of higher powers, with a most diversified mediumship, the development of which belongs to the history of Spiritualism in New England. True to himself and his convictions, with intellectual power, manly bravery, and fine culture, he has made himself appreciated wherever his voice has been heard.

And now, after all these years, the gentlemen who were used as the means of driving the youth from his home and his chosen vocation,— Prof. Felton, Agissiz, Prest. Walker, Prof. Pierce, and others who were connected with the investigation,— have, through the mediumship of the venerable writing-medium, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, to whom they were at the time no less unjust, apologized and explained to Dr. Willis their connection with the affair, and the motives which actuated them, in a series of letters addressed to our venerable friend, and the stanch defender of Spiritualism, Rev. Allen Putnam. Nor is it strange that this gentleman should have been chosen as one to whom such communications should be addressed, he being the only graduate of Harvard who was identified with the movement at that time, and interested in the investigation on behalf of the gifted medium.

Mr. Putnam has recently issued a book in which the history of this correspondence is given, with copies of the letters, which throws much light upon the subject. He cannot be too highly complimented for his services in this direction. That his experiments are not only honest but scientific in their arrangement, there is no doubt. The high personal character he sustains as a gentleman and a scholar, combined with his long experience as an investigator of spiritual phenomena, should gain for his word the credence due to perfect truth, and we have no question of the genuineness of these letters, knowing as we do that thousands of questions have been answered by Dr. J. V. Mansfield under the most absolute test conditions, and the tenor of the communications all point to their entire truthfulness. We hope our venerable friend will receive the hearty support of all Spiritualists, and that they will send for this book, "Post Mortem Confessions," which may be procured for 50 cents (paper), or 75 cents in (cloth), of Colby & Rich.

An extended notice of Dr. Willis's earlier mediumship will be found in the March, 1883, number of *Facts*, quarterly, price 50 cents.

MIND-READING OR THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE, AND MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

THE people of Boston have again been treated to a *scientific* (?) mind-reading thought-transference sensation, described and commented upon in the columns of the daily, and noticeably of the Sunday, papers, as though Irving Bishop were one of the wonders of the world.

Venerable M. Ds., D. Ds., authors, and scholars, men who claim for themselves special scientific ability, joining the grotesque procession through the streets of the Back Bay, following the blindfolded medium's lead in search of a pin, or performing, or "assisting," as the French say, at his exhibition in Music Hall, have become enthusiastic over the illustration of the phenomenon to which has been given the above name.

No doubt, Mr. Bishop, like Stuart Cumberland, is a well-developed sensitive or instrument for the special class of mediumship. Both these men have for some years been playing childish psychological games with which most advanced Spiritualists have long since been satiated, and which experts in psychological phenomena long since learned to regard as mere kindergarten teaching, or A B C, so to speak. We have not time nor space to allude at length to the performances, all exceptionally fine experiments, of Mr. Bishop, but will give a brief synopsis of them:—

The first experiment was that of detecting the whereabouts of a knife which was to be previously hidden by one of the audience, and to repeat a blow which one of the audience would deal with the knife to somebody

else chosen for the purpose. Meanwhile, he himself would be blindfolded and in charge of a committee selected by the audience in some remote room. When he was brought in blindfolded, he made the attempt and failed; tried again and again with no better success, frequently stopping to remonstrate with the gentleman who hid it, and assuring him that he was not carrying out the imposed "conditions," because he did not keep the hiding place constantly in mind. Repeating the experiment with two other gentlemen for subjects, he was perfectly successful, diving down into the pocket, finding the knife, and enacting the role of assassin. He then stood at a black-board, upon which he drew several squares with chalk. Requesting the subjects to fix their minds upon the several digits composing the number upon a given bank note, and to imagine each digit occupied one of the squares, he took the arm of one of the subjects and began to figure upon the board. The result was wrong. Taking the arm of the other subject, in a few seconds he produced the number.

While this was being done, the committee having the out-door test in charge secured a little gold pin from Mr. Bishop, and getting into a carriage drove away to hide it. Driving through several streets, they went into a house, up a flight of winding stairs, and into a front chamber, hid the pin in a pile of kindlings under the wood in an open grate. Wrapping the medium's head in cotton batting, silk handkerchief, and over all a black alpaca wrapper, tying a piece of wire fifteen feet long around his wrist, which was then wound round the wrists of both the gentlemen who went to hide the pin, they put him on the front seat of the carriage, and with one other gentleman to complete the party, though not "in the circuit" with the wire, set off. Mr. Bishop drove with one hand, blindfolded as aforesaid, up and down through the streets followed by a crowd, and creating a decidedly novel sensation in the aristocratic precincts of the Back Bay, till finally, calling a halt, out they all got, and after sundry halts and rubbings of his own head, he ran up the steps of the house and was at once admitted. Up the stairs into the front chamber, and over to the grate he rushed, dragging his companions after him, and began to fumble among the kindlings. In doing so he threw some paper over the hidden pin so that his companion could not see it. It being one of the "conditions" (even mind-readers must have conditions, it seems) that the person who does the hiding must have a picture of the hiding place in his mind, the "conditions were disturbed," and the pin could not be found by Mr. Bishop till he had been led from the room, and the hider returned, dug out the pin, and placed it where he could see it himself, when Mr. Bishop, being brought in, still blindfolded, found it in less than a minute.

It astonished us, however, to find that the Medical Society of Boston in its discussion of the subject, as reported in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of

December 9th, should show such utter ignorance of it, and so little respect for absolute truth. Speaking of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, of London, which has published volumes of reports, the Medical Society would have the reader of the *Advertiser* believe that little or no evidence had been gained by the London Society beyond the simple fact of thought-transference or mind-reading, which does not however point to any other or higher source of intelligence. If the reporter for the *Advertiser* conveys the correct impression, these scientific gentlemen do indeed show a complete ignorance of what has already been done by the Pyschical Society, as they have published a large amount of evidence which shows conclusively the presence of disembodied intelligence of individual character. We believe that the faculty of mind-reading, thought-transference, or psychological control, exists not only in one, but in all spheres of mental activity, and that the evidences already compiled by tens of thousands prove by indisputable fact that this faculty belongs to intelligence in physical bodies as well as to disembodied intelligence. That it may have existed, as was suggested by Prof. Royce at this meeting of which we speak, in a lower stage of man's existence, or in a lower animal life, we are not prepared to deny.

Col. T. W. Higginson is reported to have made the following statement:—

“This mind-reading, like the phenomena known as Spiritualism, will be found to run on a low intellectual and low moral plane. In 30 years no more has come out of Spiritualism than was manifest at the start. An exceptional few possess the power. Those who have the power in the greatest degree will not submit to any adequate tests, and in those who will submit it is invariably found on testing scientifically that they do not possess the power.

“He did not expect much from investigation, therefore, and remarked that the old Greek proverbial expression applies in respect to scientific investigation in this line: ‘The hook will not stick in such soft cheese.’ He thought it well that medical men should investigate the matter as throwing possibly further light upon mental delusion, wherein in various ways their patients are often victims.”

At the time of the excitement in Cambridge, about 30 years since, which grew out of the mediumship of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, and gave rise to the so-called Harvard investigation, Rev. T. W. Higginson came out with a sworn statement concerning his experience with this medium,—clear, concise, and to the point,—which made a profound impression. The full account was published in the *Banner of Light*, May 31, and June 7, 1879, and republished in *Facts*, March, 1883. We will here give only his summing up, as follows (see p. 55, Vol. II, No. 1):—

“I might make these statements still more wonderful by going more into detail, but have probably gone so far already beyond the credulity of my

readers that I had better stop. If any refuse to believe these facts on my testimony, I can only say that I should have found it hard to believe them on theirs. *Like them, I prefer to verify novel facts by my own observation.* I can only say for myself further that I have been all my life a student of the natural sciences, and have earned, by this time, some confidence in the carefulness of my own observations, and the accuracy of my own senses.

"The question of the spiritual origin is not now raised; it is a simple question of fraud or genuineness. *If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomena, which I have just described, then there is no such a thing as evidence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a mass of imposture.* And when I find, on examination, that facts similar to these have been observed by hundreds of intelligent persons, in various places, for several years back, I am disposed humbly to remember the maxim attributed to Arago: '*He is a rash man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible.*'"

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

"Worcester, ss., April 15, 1857.—Subscribed and sworn to before me,
HENRY CHAPIN, *Justice of the Peace.*"

But this was thirty years ago, since which time, if Mr. Higginson is to be believed, "no more has come out of Spiritualism than was manifest at the start." It is passing strange that a man whose position should entitle him to be believed should make such a wholesale statement. That it is absolutely false millions of Spiritualists all over the world know, and there is no man or woman of average intelligence living in Boston who may not have ample opportunity to investigate and know for him or herself. The very best evidence shows that a large proportion of intelligent persons have within themselves a latent power which, if developed, would make them more or less successful in just such psychical experiments; and so far as we can judge from the thousands of experiments we have made, every possible mesmeric subject will produce in the same degree (if properly developed) some special phase of mediumship.

It is not surprising that the medical profession desire by all possible means to suppress the facts which are accumulating every day in support of these phenomena, since in Boston alone, to say nothing of similar instances all over the country, it is safe to say there are hundreds of persons who, without contact with the individual, with no guide whatever save a lock of hair, a scrap of writing, a handkerchief, or any little thing which by use has become sufficiently a part of one to establish identity, can diagnose disease, tell the condition, mental, physical, and moral, age, sex, and personal characteristics of persons at any distance. So perfectly and to such an extent is this being done every day that the regular M. D., who has no such ability, stands small chance of success in his profession compared with an equally well-educated person of either sex who has this gift of intuition.

If these were simply theories or fancies, Col. Higginson would be entitled

at least to credit for honesty of purpose, but when he asserts that in all these years no advance has been made, and that on investigation these sensitives refuse to submit to adequate tests, he has evidently not given the necessary attention to the subject, for thousands of letters are written daily by persons unknown to mediums to whom they write which bring in answer wonderful proofs of the ability of these sensitives, and in most instances absolute individual tests of disembodied spirit presence.

We have never as yet in our experiments found a psychic or medium for *mental* phenomena who has refused any condition desired, while, on the contrary, hundreds of experiments have been made in our presence and under our own conditions.

We believe this power exists in all individualized human intelligence from its earliest intelligent existence, receiving, expanding, in accordance with these laws, not only during the life in the physical body, but crossing the narrow stream called death, and existing still by the same laws, having the same intelligence and capacity for growth, it goes on to higher and still higher grades of development and power.

Why do not these gentlemen who claim so much superior intelligence for themselves form investigating circles, as Spiritualists do, and develop among themselves sensitives whom they can trust? If the facts claimed by modern Spiritualists *are* facts, they should be accepted, understood, and taught, and the members of the medical profession have the advantage which would accrue to them from these phenomena; if not true, then it is clearly the duty of these would-be dictators of public opinion to investigate, not only to convince themselves but the world of the fallacy of these teachings. A person who sets himself up as authority on any subject is unworthy of consideration if he is ignorant of that subject, even though he be well educated in other directions. *Scientific investigation* will not admit superstition, prejudice, or ignorance, and we venture the assertion, Col. Higginson to the contrary, notwithstanding, that those who accept Spiritualism are in the aggregate persons who have examined the phenomena as carefully and critically as the graduates of Yale or Harvard have studied the sciences in which they have gained their diplomas.

We say again, as we have often said, these phenomena belong altogether; they are not preternatural or supernatural, but simply natural, and are dependent on natural laws, and he who is sufficiently desirous to know the truth, to study them as he would any other, will have no difficulty in proving to himself beyond question the existence of the phenomena here, and of individual intelligent and exalted spirits who have left their physical bodies for an existence beyond, the only difference between this and the teachings of the Church being that they may still communicate with and through mortals.