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FACTS

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Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

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

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

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

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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W. J. COLVILLE.

FACTS.

AN AWFUL VISION.

By MR. ARCHIBALD GORDON, *New York World* Office.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—I knew Charles Foster, the medium, who died last week, very well indeed, says the above writer in the *New York World*. When I first met him he was an authority to whom Joe Jefferson and Edward Sothorn, the actors, used to refer all the strange questions about futurity which bothered them. Between Foster and Jefferson, in particular, there existed a cordial personal friendship. I spent one winter — that of 1873-74, I think — down South. I was traveling from town to town, and every once in a while I found that I was putting up at the same hotel with Foster. We used to meet under such conditions every evening in the bar-room. He was an exceptionally sociable fellow, who never “talked shop,” and, without drinking very much, loved to be convivial with cheerful company. He was on a professional tour, giving seances at \$5 a head, and even in the impoverished South thought nothing of \$200 or \$300 as a day’s income. On this tour he was accompanied by a slight, shapely, fair-haired young man from Boston, whose name, if I remember right, was Bartlett, and who had a soft, unearthly, spookish, manner.

While we were talking one night, Foster and I, there came a knock at the door. Bartlett rose and opened it, disclosing as he did so two young men plainly dressed, of marked provincial aspect. They were ordinary middle-class Southerners. I saw at once that they were clients, and rose to go. Foster restrained me.

“Sit down, he said,” “I’ll try and get rid of them, for I’m

not in the humor to be disturbed. In any case they are only commonplace chaps, and I'll soon be through with them."

I stayed, and it was the first and only seance of Foster's that I, in my character of unbeliever, ever took part in.

By this time the young men had ascertained from the courteous Bartlett that the great medium was disengaged, and they entered. Foster hinted that he had no particular inclination to gratify them then and there, but they protested that they had come some distance, and, with a characteristically good-natured smile, he gave in. What followed I shall describe as minutely as I can, for the whole scene is to this day as vividly impressed upon my memory as if it had taken place only yesterday.

In the room I have pictured, Foster sat as far from the table with the marble top as two feet at least. Bartlett had returned to his sofa and his *Banner of Light*. I sat by the door, and the two young men, with awe-stricken faces, sat by the table, one of them resting his arm on it. Foster lolled back in his chair, voluptuously watching the smoke of his cigar. His left hand was in his trousers pocket, his right was free and toying constantly with his mustache. One leg was thrown over the other. On the table were several long, narrow strips of paper, about the width of the margin of a newspaper, and a couple of short pencils. The young men looked furtively round the room and at Foster. It was easy to see that one of them was inclined to unbelief. "Now," said Foster, in his usual indolent manner, "it will be necessary for you (to the skeptic) to think of some person, now in the spirit world, in whom you have confidence. Ah! as I speak to you some one has arrived. It is a woman,—perhaps your mother. She is going to communicate with you."

And at that instant there came a rap upon the table, apparently in the lower edge of the marble, so loud and so distinct that three of us started,—the young strangers and myself.

"Take this card," proceeded Foster, his eyes shut and his expression one of delicious drowsiness. "It contains all the letters of the alphabet. Spell out, letter by letter, in silence, the name of any spirit you may expect."

Then followed what to me seemed a most extraordinary incident of telegraphy. As fast as the young man struck the right letter, an invisible something smote the marble with a ringing tap.

"Do you recognize the spirit?" inquired Foster, still drowsy and uninterested.

"It's my aunt, sir," replied the countryman, very white, but with a resolute face, as became a brave young fellow who was bound to stand any revelation, no matter how tremendous.

"You are sure of it?"

"That's her name."

"She is standing between us looking at you. She is tall and thin, dark hair, mixed with gray, very wrinkled, and her smile is very gentle."

"It's my aunt!" cried the lad, with eyes dilated.

"Take one of those slips of paper," continued Foster, twisting his cigar in his mouth. "Write on it whatever question you want to ask of her. Then roll it up in your fingers as small as possible and give it to me."

It took the man a few minutes to think out and then compose his question,—a task in which he was aided by his friend. Then he rolled it up into a ball about the size of a pea, and handed it to the medium. Foster took it indifferently, held it against his forehead just as he received it, and without a moment's delay, but in rather hesitating voice, said:

"You have asked your aunt whether in her judgment it would be a safe speculation for you to go as a partner in the butcher business with So-and-So (mentioning a name) in Algiers." Algiers, by the way, is the Brooklyn of New Orleans.

"Yes, sir!" gasped the young man.

"Your aunt says to you in reply," drawled Foster, "that she does not like to interfere with your plans, but you must be very careful in your dealings with So-and-So. His reputation is a very bad one, and he has cheated everybody he ever was in business with."

A flock of other questions and answers followed, all expressed in the same way. The more he replied the drowsier and more indolent grew Foster. I thought he was tired of the interview and was feigning sleep to end it. All of a sudden, he sprang to his feet with such an expression of horror and consternation as an actor playing Macbeth would have given a good deal to imitate. His eyes glared, his breast heaved, his hands clenched. It seemed as if some horrible spectacle fascinated him. I could have sworn

he saw a raw and bloody specter standing beside the young man from Algiers. The lad, on his part, rose stupidly a moment after, his eyes fixed with an anxious stare on the medium.

"Why did you come here?" cried Foster, in a wail that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. "Why do you come here to torment me with such a sight? Oh, God! It's horrible! It's horrible!" And he clasped his two hands before his face, shuddering, as if to shut out the vision which dismayed him, but which none other of us beheld.

Incredulous as I was, the sincerity of his distress troubled me. Even on Bartlett it had such an effect that he dropped his paper and sat bolt upright. As for the two young men, they fairly trembled.

"It is your father I see!" cried Foster, in the same wailing tone of anguish and repulsion. "He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was in Texas,—on a horse,—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairies! Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken,—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh, his thigh was dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!"

Foster fairly screamed at this. The younger of the men from Algiers broke into violent sobs. His companion wept, too, and the pair of them clasped hands. Bartlett looked on concerned. As for me, I was astounded.

He was four days dying, four days dying—of starvation and thirst." Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphs written on the air. "His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him,—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He died mad. And, my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that's how your father died!"

So saying, with a great sob, Foster dropped into his chair, his cheeks purple, and tears running down them in rivers. The younger man from Algiers burst into a wild cry of grief and sank upon the neck of his friend. He, too, was sobbing as if his own heart would break. Bartlett stood over Foster wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. I sat stock still in my chair, the vivid scene of human anguish and desperation which had been conjured up slowly vanishing like the illusion of a magic lantern.

"It's true," said the younger man's friend; "his father was a stock-raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week they found him dead and swollen, with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard until now how he died."

Perhaps those two young men are still alive in New Orleans. I believe that Bartlett survives. If they read this they will affirm that plainly and with absolute accuracy I have described the only seance I ever saw conducted by Charles Foster.

TRANSITION OF A MAN FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

By MR. J. FENELON TOUNION, Pointe Loupee, La.

Editor of *Facts*:

. . . . I was absent from my parish at the time of my uncle's decease, but as reported to me by my *now ascended* father, and still living old mother, I feel strong in reporting the same.

His death occurred in June or July, 1869, about 40 days after he was bitten. All that was possible had been done by our physicians, but was of no avail, as his mental faculties were too strongly affected. For 37 hours he suffered the most horrible spasms, retaining his consciousness up to the last moment. He was shut up in his own room, with only my father, for twelve hours, the visitors at the house being too much affected to be of any assistance in his horrible condition, but later they came in, after he became more quiet. He was very uneasy lest he should bite my father, having great desire to do so, and begged often to be chained, which of course my father refused to allow.

At last, after salivation, his nerves gave out, and he became peaceable. Yet, with his mind brighter than ever before, he asked that all present should kneel down in the greatest respectful silence, as he beheld the Celestial Council coming toward him, with Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary (as he said) at their head.

Asking loudly then for my mother, who was in an out-house, close by, to pray for him, he declared she was the only one he could see or perceive of this world, and that she was in a very bright light. After remaining silent a few minutes, he said his sins were pardoned him, and that he should depart at six o'clock,

grasping the chimney at arm's length, she said: "You will find the name of some friend engraved on it." He looked, but could see nothing, neither could anyone near by. But she said: "Take this magnifying glass, and examine." He did so, and there, too small for the naked eye to read, was the name of *Edward F. Moody*, who was the father of my friend, and had been dead some fifteen years. He went to N. Adams, wrote out the story, and filed it away with the chimney, for future reference.

A TEST SEANCE.

Report from behind the Cabinet by MR. E. A. BRACKETT.

At a seance held by Miss Helen Berry Saturday afternoon, March 13th, were several convincing materializations outside of the cabinet. One form came up in front of the organ, at least six feet from the door of the cabinet. John Brown came at this seance as he has at several others. Of all the male forms that I have studied (and I have met many), I think this bears the closest resemblance to that borne in earth life.

Near the close of the seance, Mr. Albro arranged a test which was very satisfactory. Several persons were called up to the cabinet where stood two forms, a male and a female, and as I shook hands with both of them, I can testify that they were as substantial as any forms that came from the cabinet. Mr. Albro requested a gentleman, a stranger to me, to accompany me to the rear of the cabinet, to report if anyone appeared on that side. While attending to this request, we put in a little work not mentioned in the programme.

One of us lifted a part of the covering of the cabinet so that we could see that the forms were still standing between us and the light, where we had left them, and that the medium was sitting in her chair. The curtain closed, and immediately there appeared a light in the cabinet, and we could see persons moving about in it. We kept our position until the light went out, and the report was made that the two forms were again in front. From the position we occupied, it was impossible for anything (visible to our senses of touch or sight) to have appeared in that part of the

room, or the back part of the cabinet, without our detecting it. As nothing of the kind took place, the reader must determine for himself what became of the two forms which we both knew were in front of the cabinet during a part of the time we were behind it. What took place in front we could only judge by what was said. As Mr. Whitlock and others were in a position to know what occurred on their side, it is in order for them to speak.

As suggested by Mr. Brackett, I am ready to give the facts so far as I remember them from my standpoint. Near the close of the seance, Mr. Albro said, as there were so many present who had never before witnessed materialization at that place, he would attempt a test.

Inviting several persons (most of them skeptics) to come up to the cabinet, he requested Mr. Brackett and another gentleman to step behind it, while he placed six or eight of us in a semi-circle in front. I stood next the cabinet on the right, the two forms above referred to being in front and within the circle. They then retired to the cabinet. Mr. Albro made a light, held the curtains back, and asked us to examine it. I went into it with others, examined thoroughly, finding nothing except the medium in a deep trance, dressed, apparently the same as when she entered the seance room.

Sufficient time was given to satisfy all that no confederate was concealed in the cabinet.

The curtains were again dropped, and out stepped the same spirit forms we had seen go into the cabinet, a few minutes before, but could not find when we followed them.

To me this is one of the best experiments proving materialization that I have ever seen.—ED.

SPIRITS, AS WELL AS MORTALS, DISAGREE.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, Boston, Mass.

While four of us were sitting one evening in March, 1886, around the center table in Mrs. McNiel's parlor, chatting with one spirit after another as they controlled, we were especially interested in a very pleasant interview, and in fact almost a dis-

cussion upon what was best, in a business point of view, in reference to a new office for *Facts*, and the removal of our residence to Boston. We need not go into detail on a subject of little or no interest to our readers, but we have seldom found a more pointed and more clearly-demonstrated spirit intelligence than that of Otie, one of those controls who seemed to know more than a mortal could lawfully have known about our business. One peculiar circumstance occurred while Mrs. Whitlock was entirely entranced. Otie remarked through Mrs. McNiell that Mrs. Whitlock would wake up in the night, and answer the question under discussion. I said: "Otie, do you know what the answer will be?" She replied: "Yes; I will write it, but you must not know what I write." She wrote, placed the answer in an envelope, sealed it, handed it to me, and I placed it in my pocket.

A little after midnight, Mrs. Whitlock aroused me from sleep by saying: "I see written in the air: '*Take it*;' and I also see Owaseka [her own control], who shakes his head and says: 'No! no! no!'" Getting up and making a light, I opened the envelope, and found the words "*Take it*" as written by Otie; thus showing a difference of opinion, and consequently of advice, between the different controlling intelligences.

DEMATERIALIZATION AT MRS. FAY'S.

By MR. E. A. BRACKETT.

At Mrs. Fay's seance, Thursday afternoon, March 11th, there occurred a very remarkable instance of dematerialization. The control of Mr. M. C. Tallman came from the cabinet, and gave me a familiar tap on the top of my head as he passed to his medium. Gen. Tilton and I were invited to come up and take part in the interview. During the conversation, Mr. Tallman asked his control if he would dematerialize before us. He replied that he would see about it. Soon after he returned to the front of the cabinet, where we supposed he would vanish; but instead of that he made a spring, throwing himself nearly into the middle of the room, striking the General's hand as he passed, and disappearing before he reached the floor.

The seance throughout was an exceptionally good one. I had

the pleasure of being present at the above seance, and saw the form of which Mr. Brackett speaks, which stood for some time conversing with Mr. Tallman and others, about six to eight feet, I should think, from the cabinet. My attention being attracted by conversation, I did not closely follow the movements of the form, but saw it spring from the front of the cabinet, and disappear among its friends, who remained standing where they had been talking. Many other interesting phenomena occurred, especially the materialization and dematerialization of lace. In one instance a piece which was put in the pocket of Gen. Tilton could not be found, while he was certain the form could not by any possible means have withdrawn it. — Ed.

CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS.

Reported by Mr. L. L. WHITLOCK, Boston, Mass.

Some time ago an interesting account of a remarkable cure was published in the Boston papers, the subject being Hon. B. F. Martin, of Manchester, N. H., the physician, Dr. R. C. Flower, now of Boston.

Feeling that if the half were true it would be an interesting fact for our magazine, we called a few days since upon Mr. J. Willard Rice, Mr. Martin's brother-in-law, and ex-Governor Rice's brother, who gave us, at our request, the following description :—

Mr. Martin had been pronounced incurable by the leading physicians. His complexion was of a saffron hue; his eyes and face a wretched sight; his legs swollen, and feet hardened. He was in intense agony, and no one believed his recovery possible. He gave up business, fully expecting death would soon relieve him from these terrible sufferings.

Mr. Rice said: "I received a letter from him, in which he referred to an account he had been reading of a wonderful cure made by Dr. Flower, then of New York, and he wished me to go and see the doctor for him, as he was unable to travel so far himself. I went, with no faith in, or knowledge of, the doctor's ability or mode of treatment. I found him pleasant and agreeable, but exceedingly busy, so much so that, after a short conversation, he invited me to meet him in the evening, which I did. I found

he intended to be in Boston on the following week, and arranged with him to see Mr. Martin at that time. In our conversation I said: 'Well, doctor, what is the matter with me?' 'You do not look dangerously ill,' he replied. [Mr. Rice is a well-preserved gentleman, fair, fat, and fifty.] But taking my hand and holding it against his ear, he, a total stranger, told me more of my past and present condition than I could possibly have thought of myself.

"The following week Mr. Martin, with great effort, made the journey from his home to Boston, where immediately upon his arrival at the Vendome, he was carried to the doctor's parlor. Without a word as to his condition, Mr. Martin said to the doctor: 'I want you to tell me, if you can, what ails me, and you won't frighten me if you say I cannot live fifteen minutes, for I never expect to be well again.' The doctor, after some pleasant words of encouragement, asked him to place his hand on his (the doctor's) ear, and described the disease in detail."

We will not here attempt to give Mr. Rice's full description of the diagnosis, in which it appeared the liver was ruptured by straining to throw off the accumulation from the stomach, and that the bowels were almost dormant,—so much so that a pin might be forced into them from outside without causing pain. All symptoms indicated a severe case of blood-poisoning, with small chance for recovery. "But," said the doctor, "if you are willing to make the trial, it is possible, by the use of very powerful medicines, to cure you; if not, nothing can save you."

Mr. Martin decided to make the trial; persisted in doing so, in spite of the ridicule of some of his friends, and in a few months was comparatively well, being today, at the age of seventy-three, as strong and healthy as he was twenty years before this illness.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By Mrs. E. P. RAYMOND, Pownall, Vt.

Editor of *Facts*:

On the evening of Dec. 12, 1885, I visited Mrs. Dr. Flint, 198 Prince Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. We were seated in her dining room at a large extension table, all joining hands. A dim light

was in the room, but enough to make it impossible for one to move at the table without being seen. Eight persons were present, every one of whom was touched several times. I felt my watch being taken off the chain, but saw no fingers near it. When more light was brought, my watch was in a cigar box, with other articles, under the table.

The light being lowered, a gentleman at the farthest point from where I sat said he was being touched and patted by spirit hands, and asked permission to break the circle, and hold his hand under the table. Permission being given, he reported feeling a large warm hand placed on his knee, while I felt a similar one on my left cheek, at which I was frightened beyond control. A light was again brought, and quiet restored, but my watch was *not* to be found. We sat again for a short time, and when next we looked for it, found it under the table, between the folds of a dinner napkin, and three letters which, *I am positive*, I left in my cloak pocket up stairs were in different places on the floor. No one had come into the room after I saw the letters in the cloak up stairs, except myself, nor left it for a moment, and the door being locked, and the key kept by Dr. Burdett, who held my right hand, Mr. B. F. Bowers holding my left during the time we sat at the table.

LIGHT PHYSICAL SEANCES.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, Boston, Mass.

At the Facts Social, held at Langham Hall on Saturday evening, March 20th, and at the Facts Meeting in Horticultural Hall, on the Sunday following, Mrs. Nellie E. Whitney gave seances in the light.

Before the latter seance commenced, some interesting remarks were made by Dr. Crockett upon psychometry, in which he claimed that this power was not confined to a few individuals, but could be developed in most persons. He proceeded to make a few experiments with persons in the audience, giving some nice illustrations of what he termed character-readings, among which appeared some tests of spirit presence.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. Whitney's clothing was carefully examined by a committee of ladies, appointed to make sure that no pockets were concealed about her, the examination being made

at her own request. She was then seated upon a chair so high that her feet could not touch the floor, but rested on a footstool five or six inches high, and at such a distance from the cabinet that she could not possibly reach any article in it without bending her body at least twenty inches. Her head was securely held in an upright position, in full view of the audience, being thrust through a hole in the large black cloth which was thrown over her, fastened in a wing-like manner to the posts of the cabinet, and spread out in front of her. On the floor, in the cabinet, were placed a tambourine, some bells, a small music-box, without the crank, some clean paper pads, pencils, a revolver loaded with blank cartridges, etc.

The medium's hands were filled with flour, all the preparations being made in full view of the audience in both meetings.

On Sunday a committee was appointed, two of the gentlemen being selected by the audience, and one — Mr. Tollman, general agent for the Grand Trunk Railroad, whose office is on Washington Street, Boston — by myself; after which an invitation was extended to any person, especially skeptical, to come forward and serve on the committee, and a Mr. Nichols, of New York, did so.

I shall not attempt to separate the phenomena shown on the two occasions, but speak of only a few of the prime manifestations, many of which were alike in both. Messages were written on the paper placed as above mentioned, entirely out of reach of the medium, or on Japanese napkins, held by the manager for an instant above the curtain behind her, and snatched by visible hands, drawn out of sight, and returned very soon, with directions to give them to this or that person in the audience. These messages, with one exception, were all, so far as I know, of a personal character, and recognized by their recipients as coming from some departed friend.

At the seance on Saturday evening, I received writing, which has not yet been translated, on a Japanese napkin, in three languages, a report of which will appear in the May number of *Facts*. On this occasion "Fritz," the familiar spirit, who holds this medium unconscious during these physical seances, gave several personal tests to those present.

The impersonal message, of which I have spoken above, was given to Mr. Tollman upon paper, a corner of which he had torn

off (after satisfying himself that the paper was absolutely blank) for the purpose of identification. This paper was handed into the cabinet immediately after the committee had examined the medium's hands, to see that they still held the flour. On reading the message, Mr. Tollman asked to see the hands again. The manager—Dr. Fred Crockett—being about to try another experiment answered: "In a few minutes;" when "Fritz" instantly said: "He will feel better if he sees now,"—which Mr. Tollman, who was sitting near, confessed he thought. The apron was raised, and the committee found the hands still full of flour, as they were before.

Of the large number of manifestations shown on Saturday evening some were especially interesting, but want of space forbids mention of them at this time.

The conditions at both seances were beyond question so far as the possibility of the medium producing any of the phenomena above spoken with the articles placed in the cabinet. She could not possibly reach them even if her hands were empty, and the theory of her having pockets, by use of which she was able to empty and fill her hands at pleasure, is disproved by the thorough examination of her clothing, and the fact that no trace of flour was found on her black dress or the curtains, nor on the hands shown above the curtain behind her, which hands being examined by the committee were pronounced to be large and small, and both cold and hot.

I am thus explicit because I know the argument used against physical manifestations is that tricksters can do everything; and to show that trickery of the medium, in this case, was out of the question, every person being given an opportunity after the seance to make such an examination as he chose of the cabinet, which was put up in full view of that portion of the audience which had gathered early.

SPIRIT HEALING.

By Dr. WM. CRITCHLEY, Portsmouth, N. H.

Editor of *Facts*:

I was impressed, while stopping in Dedham, to write to my cousin, who lives in Cleveland, O. The answer to my letter,

much to my surprise, was dated from Holyoke, Mass., where, it seems, my cousin was visiting a friend. This friend — Mr. A. Higginbottom — was a member of the legislature, a believer in M. D.s, supposing — never having employed a healing medium — that all healers and mediums were humbugs. The conversation between this gentleman and my cousin turned one day to testing me as a healer. So, inside this letter from my cousin to me was a note and lock of hair from Mrs. Higginbottom. This lady was sick at the time, and under the care of a regular M. D.

My diagnosis of her disease was entirely correct, and the character delineation was also correct, as was proved by the reply from the husband of the lady, who said: "I think your character and diagnosis of Mrs. Higginbottom as correct as it could possibly be without your seeing her. She desires me to ask you what can be done for her."

I sent the remedies to her, stating that the *influence would accompany them*, and asked her to sit, at a certain time of the day, for treatment.

Here is what she reports: "A friend of ours called while we were at dinner, and you were in Portland. While sitting near me, he said: '*You are better than you have been for some time*, and you are to sit here for a purpose.' This friend we have long known as one of the *peculiar ones*, and a true friend. He said to me: 'Please fill your lungs,' and then (not being in a trance, but apparently in his normal condition) he said: 'I see the form of an Indian, in the prime of manhood, and could clearly define his dress and figure, standing beside you, one hand on your head, the other three or four inches from the pit of your stomach. He is here to restore your body. He says there is a great amount of magnetism being thrown upon you, and seems to be speaking for others; for he says: '*We want you to sit here for a while, and then go out for a walk.*'" This was the same language I used in a letter to the lady, who expressed surprise in her letter that the stranger, to me, should see the influence which came with the remedy, as he predicted.

The legislator changed his vote to the other side, discharged the regular M. D., and employed a *quack* to cure his wife.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE.

(A Biographical Sketch.)

WE publish with this number of *Facts* a portrait of Mr. W. J. Colville, who is, perhaps, as widely known and popular an inspirational speaker as any upon the spiritual platform, having for the past ten years been constantly before the public both in Europe and America.

He is by birth a cosmopolitan, — his father being of Spanish descent, and his mother French, and himself born on board ship, between France and America, on the fifth day of September, 1859. He was, however, educated principally in England. He is about five feet seven inches in height, rather slender in form, and of a fair complexion. His brain is peculiarly large, and indicates great intellectual power, which the spirit intelligences seem to have used with effect, as is shown by his career as a medium and lecturer.

We quote from a published report of one of Mr. Colville's ablest and most timely lectures, on the "Need of More Spirituality Among Spiritualists," the following account of himself, which illustrates the fact of spontaneous mediumship:—

"When five years of age, he constantly saw his mother, whose body had been buried when he was yet an infant. Not understanding anything of spirit life, and being but dimly conscious of the soul's immortality, he supposed the lady who visited him at night, and said she was his mother, was a person yet in the material form; but so real were the visitations, and so accurate the evidence of his mother's presence, that he would give information, after enjoying communion with her, relating to family affairs of which he could not possibly have obtained any information by mundane methods. At the age of sixteen, after his mediumistic powers had lain dormant for a while, ministrations through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond awoke the slumbering fires of inspiration; and, from the day when he first listened to the voice of the spirit through her organism to the present hour, he has been a recognized instrument of spirit power."

He has had a marked and eventful public career, relying entirely upon the guidance of the invisible friends who seem to have taken him in charge. These guides of his seem to possess distinctive individuality, which is shown

in the astonishing variety and wide range of subjects upon which he is moved at different times to speak, and which are always treated in widely different but always charming style, while the answers to questions upon different subjects, given through him publicly and privately, give evidence of knowledge which no person could acquire without superhuman effort and research, for which his active life has left him no time, even if he had a far better memory than he claims to have.

Mr. Colville is at present engaged by the Berkeley Hall Society of Boston, and does an amount of public work which would be considered incredible and impossible by most ministers, frequently speaking to large audiences three times on Sunday, five evenings in the week, singing often twice at each meeting, and doing considerable literary work besides,—all without seeming fatigue, or finding his work anything but a constant pleasure.

Claiming for himself the largest liberty, Mr. Colville's guides are most liberal to all, and we do not remember to have heard or read an utterance of their's which was not broad and charitable, —

“ — Hoping all things,
Never weary of well-doing,
Ever mindful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
They would all alike befriend.”

EDITORIAL.

FACTS ABOUT “FACTS.”

THE present issue of *Facts* is larger than any previous one, and as thousands of sample copies will be sent to persons who have never seen one before, many of whom have not yet become interested in these subjects, it is, perhaps, an advantageous opportunity for us to declare our intentions as to the management of this magazine.

To those who already know something of our work this may seem an unnecessary repetition, but we are satisfied that they will excuse us for the benefit of those above mentioned.

It has been an exceedingly difficult matter to convince the public that our intention was to make this magazine the exponent of *every* class of mental phenomena, as well as that known as spirit phenomena. The fact that we are Spiritualists, and *know* there is a continued individual existence beyond the death of the physical body, and that we have published thousands of descriptions of such phenomena, has caused the public to consider our magazine devoted purely to Spiritualism. This is true in a certain degree.

A man may be sectarian in his views, but, with a broad catholic spirit, he is ready to recognize Christian principles wherever he finds them. So, we wish to be understood as broad and honest enough to publish descriptions of *any* kind of mental and spiritual phenomena, whether materialistic or spiritualistic in its origin, and our pages are as free to the radical believer in mundane influences as to any Spiritualist. Nor do we hesitate for one moment to admit that much of the phenomena which prove disembodied spirit intelligence can be, and often is, duplicated by embodied individual intelligences, thus proving that through certain laws, of which we know but little, phenomena are produced which we believe to be practically the same so far as cause and effect are concerned.

Then comes the question so often asked: How do we know any of it comes from disembodied spirits? We say, in the same way, and by the same means, that we recognize any individual intelligence in the physical body, viz., by their individual characteristics, either mental or physical. A certain signature draws from a bank hundreds of dollars, though its writer is miles away, simply on the decision, after critical examination, of a paying teller, who, it is true, may possibly have been deceived by some well-executed forgery. So it is with nearly all affairs of life. We are constantly being deceived in both business and intellectual matters, and we believe this rule holds good as well in spiritual phenomena as in those of mundane origin. This, however, does not weaken the cause of Spiritualism, but rather strengthens it. As we sow, so shall we reap. Fraudulent and deceptive spirits are as *legitimate inhabitants* of the spirit world as are fraudulent and deceptive mortals inhabitants of this.

Public halls and opera houses are crowded on Sunday as well as other evenings to witness some pretended spiritualistic seance, which proves to be the production of a cunning trickster, or a mixture of mediumship and trickery, for paltry dollars.— for to our shame as an intelligent people be it said these exhibitions are better patronized than are our most honest and conscientious mediums, whose lives are frequently spent in poverty for the sake of a cause which they have no power to *reject*, and of which Jesus of Nazareth once said: "I go about my Father's business."

We have sometimes been accused, and that, too, by our warmest friends, of being too conservative and non-committal. Allow us to explain: All true phenomena are dependent upon harmonious relations. This is true of a social gathering in a private drawing room, whether in the home of a Methodist preacher or that of a wealthy devotee of fashion. A discordant element in either will produce a psychological effect which will destroy the harmony of the occasion.

Therefore, we have always counseled harmonious conditions during the seance, though we have known full well that these conditions were exactly

the ones best suited to deception and fraud, which, if positively known to exist, should call forth the *severest rebuke* and punishment to the impostor.

Believing as we do today, after witnessing thousands of such phenomena, that the most convincing proof of life beyond the grave comes when we are least expecting it, and sometimes from sources we cannot respect, we again counsel entire harmony on the part of investigators, and we implore these mediums for the spirit world to do all in their power to convince every person they come in contact with of *their absolute honesty* by making conditions which *cannot be questioned*. Under such circumstances, we are satisfied no detective force of fraud-hunters will be needed to settle these vexed questions as to the true and false. All will work for a higher and truer understanding of the laws of life, both here and hereafter. The fraudulent and deceptive spirit will not be attracted by congenial conditions, and a higher and better class of influences, both in and out of the physical body, will be found in seance rooms.

Let it be thoroughly understood that, in these remarks, we have not intended in any way whatever a personal thrust at anyone, but to counsel the only course which, in our estimation, can effectually expunge from these phenomena all dishonesty. If there were a thousand pages where now one is published on this subject recording these wonderful phenomena, they would not suffice to describe more than a small portion of what has occurred in the ages that are passed, and is occurring every day, much of which has never been recognized as of disembodied spirit origin, but has been recorded in the writings of former times, of which the Bible, accepted as the standard text-book of Christianity, contains the fullest accounts.

We consider these phenomena perfectly natural, and dependent upon purely natural laws, whose effects may be observed as easily and perfectly as those of any natural science. "By their works ye shall know them," and "greater things than these shall ye do also," was said by Jesus, upon whose *works* and teachings the Christian religion was founded. Christians have always claimed for their priesthood divine guidance and inspiration, yet when spirit phenomena come forward and demonstrates, beyond question, Christ's assertion and their claims, instead of accepting it, they crucify the spirit, and thrust from them the inspiration of the spirit from whence they received their origin.

May God and the angels, his servants and our friends, guide and protect this cause until every honest lover of truth shall have been brought into the light.

NOT TO BE BOUGHT!

WE are constantly receiving communications from people, especially healing mediums, describing some phenomena which seem particularly