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FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

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

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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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MRS. H. B. FAY.

FACTS.

DOES SPIRITUALISM DO ANY GOOD IN THIS WORLD?

By Mr. MOSES HULL, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Editor of *Facts*:

I do not take my pen to argue a case, but to make a plain statement of facts. I withhold names in this article, because some of the parties now live in New England, and, though they are Spiritualists, would probably prefer not to have their domestic affairs paraded before the public.

In 1876 a certain Massachusetts lady, fearing her drunken husband would take her life, left her home and went off on a visit, with the intention of returning as soon as it was considered safe to do so.

While she was gone, her husband also went away, taking with him her boy, a lad about twelve years old. She never saw the husband afterward, and probably never would again have seen the boy except under spirit direction. Her spirit guide told her several times that, for certain reasons, he could tell her nothing concerning the boy more than that he was in a Southern city; but if she would write to Dr. J. V. Mansfield, then in New York, he would put her on the track to find her boy.

She finally wrote, and in due time got an answer, informing her that her spirit guide, and several others, were there, and that they told him that the father had died as the result of an accident in Norfolk, Va.; that the boy was now in that city; that her father wished her to go to Linesville, Pa., and get Moses Hull to find the boy: through his organism they could surely find him.



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The lady come to me and made known her errand. I was thoroughly opposed to going, having very little faith either in myself or in the communications. After she counted out a hundred dollars to me, and pleaded so earnestly and tearfully as only a heart-broken mother can for me to go, I could no longer resist. I told her I would go and spend her money in looking for the boy if she would promise to be satisfied with my efforts if I failed to find him. Her answer was: "Yes, I'll be satisfied, but you won't fail; all the mediums say you will find him."

I went to Norfolk feeling that I was going on a fool's errand, squandering somebody's money, but praying all the way for success. In Norfolk I began to hunt so earnestly that I made myself believe he was really there. I inquired of every boy I could find, and offered each one a prize of ten dollars if they would bring him to me. I went to the postmaster and got every postman in the city to help me. The mayor of the city instructed every policeman to look for him, and I advertised in the daily papers.

When questioned I could give no answer as to how I knew he was there, as to how I knew his father was dead, or how or where he died. I felt foolish enough when called upon to answer questions. I got into Norfolk at eight o'clock in the morning, and all the business I have described was done by one P. M. After eating dinner, tired out, I went to my room, and threw myself on my bed with the thought: "I have done all I can do; now I will rest." In less than a half minute I was in a doze of sleep, and probably in another half minute I was awakened by what seemed to be a voice saying: "You have not yet done all; go to the cemetery, find the father's grave, get the record of his burial,—this will put you on the right track."

I was up and off immediately. At the cemetery I was informed that probably he was a pauper; if so, there was no record made of his burial. Nevertheless, four clerks were appointed to search the records for the past five years.

While we were talking about the matter, a gentleman came up and asked whom we were hunting for. I told him: "—." Said he: "I knew him well; he was killed by a steamboat breaking loose from its moorings. The rope flew back and knocked him so hard he only lived a few days. He has a boy living with widow —, on — Street." That was enough. I went after the

boy, and found him. I took him to a clothing store and dressed him up, and was off on the four o'clock boat for his mother.

I telegraphed home the one word *Eureka!* When I got home it seemed that near half the village was there to meet us. When mother and son met, and while tears of joy rained down their cheeks, they fairly smothered each other with kisses. I felt I not only have another answer to the question: "What good has Spiritualism done?" but I was sufficiently paid for all I had suffered in and for the cause. A few such manifestations forever settle the question as to the *cui bono* of Spiritualism.

We have in our possession a letter from Dr. Mansfield corroborating the account given above, as he remembers it, in which he, too, answers the question at the head of Mr. Hull's article thus pertinently:—

"If no more than this identical case above narrated, it has done what all the combined efforts of others failed to do, in restoring the lost boy to his mother, and giving him an opportunity to make his mark as a scholar instead of remaining in the squalor and poverty in which he was found."

The above is but one instance of many thousands of tests of spirit power and identification given through this and other mediums, many of whom, being in private life, are never heard of outside their own little circle.—ED.

DESCRIBING THE RESCUE OF THE GREELY PARTY.

In the *Boston Globe* of March 29, 1886, in an article relating to spiritualistic prophecies in Newburyport, Mass., appeared the following:—

"In connection with this article, it will not be out of place to relate another very remarkable case concerning the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the remnant of his little band of Arctic explorers four weeks at least before it was known in America. It was given through an alleged entranced medium in the presence of four persons, whose word upon any other subject with which they are familiar would be taken without question.

“The story is thrillingly interesting, and, becoming known among Spiritualists at the time, it was sought for publication in the spiritualistic journals, and refused, the reason being that the medium did not care to face the criticism and comment, impertinent and otherwise, which its publication would have subjected him to. Accordingly, the story is here published for the first time in any form. It was early in the evening of June 24, 1884, the date of the actual rescue of the Greely party, that five persons, among them the medium, were seated in the parlor of a house at the South End. It was a warm evening, and the three windows of the room were open; the medium and the lady of the house had just finished a duet, when he sank into an easy chair, murmuring: ‘Oh, I am so cold! What makes me so cold?’ He then began shivering violently, and to all intents and purposes became so cold that the windows were all closed, and a light fire had to be started in the parlor stove, seemingly to keep the medium, whose flesh had now become white and cold, from freezing. The gentleman of the house then leaned over the medium, who quietly sank into a trance, and, by dint of questioning, obtained the following story:—

“‘I am in the Arctic regions, on a little point of land. I see a hut; the roof is made of an overturned boat; and the whole is covered with a sail. The door is made of the flap of a sail; I raise the flap; I crawl inside. Great heavens, what a sight! There are seven men in the hut, that is, provided the seventh man is alive; if he is dead, there are but six. This seventh man lays like one dead; his feet and legs are stiff; he has no use of his hands; there is something like a wooden spoon tied to his arm; and I get an impression as if he had something like a leather bag under his arm, with a sort of tube running to his mouth. Hark! I see one man sit up! What funny things they have got on,—something they have crawled into? This man who is sitting up has the air of a leader. I hear him say: “Help, help! we are starving and freezing to death!” Over his head I see, in golden letters, the word: “Greely.” Great God! It is the Greely party! They are starving and freezing to death! Greely leans over the man by his side; he is reading to him from a little black-covered book, which I am impressed is a little English prayer-book. Hark! Did you hear that whistle? Oh, see the little steamer!

How do you suppose they ever got such a little steamer up there in the Arctic regions?’

“At this point the medium was aroused from the trance, only to sink back and continue the thread of his story:—

“I can see men searching along the shore to the left. I see them hold up papers, and hear them shout. I see two ships; they are the *Thetis* and the *Bear*; the *Alert* is not there; she is delayed twelve hours by the storm. I see the little steamer again; she is whistling and going for the shore where the hut is. I see a man come out from under the flap of the sail; he staggers down to the shore; he tries to hold up a pole with something flying on it; now he drops it, and staggers down to a big rock, or block of ice, and, leaning over it, gazes intently at the little steamer which is bounding and shrieking over the water. It is the Greely party. They have been saved! See them put them on board the ship; see the little steamer rock in the waves; look out there, or you will lose them overboard.’

“And, so saying, the medium awoke from the trance, only to be amazed at the story told him by his astonished listeners. On the evening of the day when the news of the rescue came flashing over the wires, July 17, 1884, there was a jolly informal sort of reception tendered to the medium at his home, and, later on, as the details were published, and the statements were verified one by one, he came to be regarded as a singular being indeed by outsiders, who by this time had got wind of the story. To the uninitiated the following points of verification seem more like a fabled dream than a living reality: That frightful hut at Cape Sabine; the familiar flag; sail-door; the boat-roof; the queer sleeping-bags; the horrible condition of the seventh man (poor Elison); the reading of Greely to private Connell from the book of Common Prayer; the little steam-cutter leaping toward the shore; the effort of Sergeant Long to raise that famed signal-pole, then staggering down to the rocks on the shore; the men discovering the records in wreck cache cove; the presence of the *Thetis* and *Bear*; the singular absence of the *Alert*, delayed by the gale; and finally the great difficulty experienced in placing the rescued men on board the ships, because of the rough sea and the prevailing gale.”

Learning that the medium above referred to was Charles W.

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Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., a gentleman whose name has been made familiar to readers of *Facts* through having performed a remarkable case of healing at a distance, we have taken pains to ascertain through him further information in relation to the matter. Mr. Hidden was spending the evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann A. R. Roeding, on the corner of Purchase and Madison Streets, in Newburyport, and there were present, in addition, Mrs. Chas. W. Hidden, and a young lady visitor from Boston. It was Mrs. Roeding with whom Mr. Hidden was singing, and, as he sank into the chair, she began to softly play "Home, Sweet Home," a singular inspiration, truly, under the circumstances, inasmuch as Lieut. Greely is a Newburyport boy. It was Mr. Roeding who did the questioning. The story, as related in the *Globe*, is vouched for by those above named in every particular. So powerful was the picture of Lieut. Greely's face formed upon Mr. Hidden's mentality that, on the occasion of the Greely reception in his native city, Aug. 14, 1884, he easily selected him from among a group of gentlemen who stood in an entry-way, with bared heads, although he had never seen him before in all his life. The effects of the severe cold chill of the trance did not wear away until the following day, and the little finger of Mr. Hidden's right hand, which is always affected by the cold, remained stiff and white late into the night. The story, as related by the entranced medium, was told during the days which followed to many persons, who were astounded when it was so startlingly verified; while several scientific gentlemen, who have since examined the medium, find it extremely difficult to explain the singular psychological effect of freezing produced during entrancement. Strange as the story may sound to those unfamiliar with the subject of mediumship and its wondrous possibilities, it nevertheless is a fact, and can be easily verified and fully supported, if occasion requires, in affidavit form. — ED.

ASTROLOGICAL FACTS.

The following description is furnished to us by a lady, who vouches for its correctness, but on account of its personality prefers her name should not be mentioned. — ED.

Editor of *Facts*:

I send you a recital of "facts" in connection with an ancient and much-misunderstood science, which, I think, cannot fail to prove of interest to your readers.

Knowing nothing of astrology, I gave the required data (exact time of birth, place of same, and sex) to a professional astrologer, and in due time received my horoscope and reading. In testimony of its remarkable accuracy, I give a brief synopsis of the letter. Having first minutely described my personal character, disposition, and mental qualifications, with an exactness truly remarkable, the reading goes on to give *my life* in many of its important relations, dealing with my experiences in the past in social life, position, marriage, motherhood, friends, enemies, traveling, employment, health, etc., so truthfully that it seems as if he *must* have *known* me from childhood. The professor then futher proves the reality of his science by giving a series of dates when he calculated the principal events of the life he sketches occurred. I cannot here do better than to quote his words:—

"This native was born with the tropical sign Capricorn rising, and is ruled primarily by the planet Saturn; the planets Jupiter and Mercury are very powerful at this birth, and consequently will have considerable influence in mitigating, to some extent, the evil effects of Saturn bearing sole dominion. . . . I cannot feel that I am writing a fortunate nativity. . . . It seems to me a life of great *possibilities*; the angles of the figure are possessed by cardinal signs,—one, out of many, other testimonies to success in life, but evil directions are continually falling out, and there is an insurmountable obstacle *always* in the path, and, *generally*, prevailing." [The truth of these remarks I have experienced most forcibly all through my life.] "I will now attempt to give some dates in this life, when the greater events have possibly occurred, first wishing you to bear in mind that *any one* of them may be hastened or retarded by good or bad transits of the planets by your own action, or by the two combined, and also that *only* a few *minutes'* error in the time of birth may make a difference of *months* in their occurrence:—

"The beginning of your 12th year, danger of eruptive fever, ophthalmic trouble, or loss to parents; 15th year, poor health; 18th year, much that was annoying to self and family, quickly fol-

lowed by a chance of marriage; 20th year, a *very* afflicting time to body and estate, continuing for a year or two with a little good intervening; end of 21st year things improve a little, chance of marriage, and the same in the next year; from middle of 24th to end of 25th years an exceedingly bad and evil time for mind, body, and estate,—all suffer, maternal trouble, probable loss of husband; after this experience there follows, for two or three years, better influences, and about 26th-27th another opportunity for marriage; at beginning of 29th, a return of evils of a serious nature,—may possibly control internal complaint, and suffer a severe disappointment; the end of the year more favorable; benefits from friends; 30th, unfavorable; 31st, better, but some danger of fire, fever, or accident; beginning of 33rd still favorable, but soon followed by a series of evils; change, travel, anxiety of mind, sickness, danger by water, etc., continuing to about the 35th birthday, after which affairs look brighter, and will probably continue so for some five or six years, when you will again need to exercise care and caution in all directions. You can avoid *very much*, but perhaps not *all*.”

I have only to add that the dates given are correct in almost every particular, and that altogether the reading is a remarkable proof of the truth of astrology.

WRITING THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. COLE.

By Dr. W. H. VOSBURGH, Troy, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—In July, 1883, I visited New York City, and one day it occurred to me that I would run over to Brooklyn, and make the acquaintance of Mr. Miller, then editor of the *Psychometric Circular*. On arriving at his rooms, a lady in charge informed me that Mr. Miller was out, but bade me be seated, that she was expecting him in soon. When Mr. Miller came I made myself known to him, and, in the midst of a very pleasant interview, we were interrupted by the arrival of a third party,—a gentleman,—who was introduced to me as Mr. Cole. After a short conversation, Mr. Cole said: “Mr. Miller, this man brings with him a very powerful band of influences, and some of his prin-

cipal guides desire us to retire to the back room, as they wish to say a word to him, if possible." So we all three moved into the rear room.

Mr. Cole stepped to a table at the west side of the room, containing books and papers, and picking up a package of straw-colored writing-paper — size, six by four and half inches — handed it to me for examination. I saw it was plain, unruled writing-paper.

He said: "Now, please take a sheet of it, Mr. Vosburgh, and take hold of one end of it, while I hold the other, for a moment." The object of this, he said, was to magnetize the paper with our separate magnetisms. He then stepped to the table again, and taking therefrom a small box, he passed it to me for inspection. It was an ordinary pine box, nine by six size, and about two inches thick, with a cover shutting down tight, and fastened with a small hook. "Now," he said, "fold the sheet of paper as small as possible, and write your name on it." I did so, when he said: "Now, deposit it in the box," — he putting in also a short piece of lead-pencil, less than an inch in length, I should think. Then he said: "Now, shut and fasten the box, and place it here on this shelf," — which was on the east side of the room, but all the time under our eyes.

Then all three of us seated ourselves upon a settee on the south side of the room, and, after a moment or two, Mr. Cole said: "A large, broad-shouldered man, dressed in black, with iron-gray whiskers, large head, hair mixed with gray, enters here, and walks directly over to the box. Now he turns round, and stands looking at us. I should think this man had been a farmer at some time. He gives me no name. He now puts his right hand onto the box." Mr. Cole then rose from his seat, and remarked that he had to get out of there. I asked him why, and he said: "Oh, I do not know, only I am moved to do so," — and, passing out into the room where we were first seated, he remained a few moments, and, returning to the door, he said: "That spirit has now gone; you can take down the box, and see what you have received." I did so, and found the paper compactly folded, with my name on it. I opened the paper, and to my astonishment, I found the following communication written legibly: —

"I am glad to see you here, friend of the cause. Continue on; we are all with you.
E. V. WILSON."

I returned to Troy in a few days, and when the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting opened, I visited there, and one afternoon listened, in the grove, to a very able discourse upon the spiritual philosophy. There was an immense audience assembled. At the close of the speaker's remarks, a Mr. Brooks, a test medium, was introduced to the audience. I think his name was Brooks. However, he was an English gentleman, and a fine medium. In the course of his delineations, he spoke as follows: "I see standing by the side of that gentleman over there (pointing in the direction where I sat) a spirit, and he holds up in his hand a communication that he wants to give you, or he has given you, he says. Now he points down to your side pocket. This spirit is a large, broad-shouldered man." I then raised my hand, and asked if what he saw was for me, and he said: "Yes, and this spirit now gives me the name of E. V. Wilson." I then took from my side pocket the communication, and explained it to the audience.

TESTS IN A FAMILY CIRCLE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By MR. D. L. PALMER, Malden, Mass.

MALDEN, Feb. 9, 1886.

Editor of *Facts* :

While looking over some old letters today that I had filed away a long time ago, I came across an old communication, and two letters accompanying it, that my brother received nearly twenty years ago, and which explain themselves, and I think caused me to become a stronger Spiritualist than I ever was before.

My mother died April 6, 1864, in a fit of apoplexy, falling from her chair upon the floor, where my brother found her, she living just thirteen days afterwards in an unconscious condition. She was a person who had suffered more or less all her life with a complication of diseases that had a tendency to debilitate her frame, which probably made her feel as if she had attained to a greater age than she really was, although she was of a cheerful

disposition, and seemed quite happy; but I have many times heard her complain of growing old. She was also an uneducated person, never having had the advantage of a good school education, living far back in the country, away from the school-house, in the State of Rhode Island. One word in the communication, you will notice, is written *sudent*. I will state it is written in the exact manner in which she used to pronounce it. Her memory was also getting a little deficient in her later years.

It would be impossible for any other person in the world to give a more perfect likeness of her real self in stating those facts given in that brief communication, and which seem to me as strong today as ever, and I cannot doubt for one moment but that those very words were dictated by my own dear spirit mother, now nearly twenty-two years in spirit life.

One more circumstance and I will close. Several years ago I chanced to be stopping in Amsterdam, Montgomery County, N. Y., where I had never been before. It occurred to my mind all at once that this was the place where I had received a communication from my mother, and I thought I would like to see the person through whom it came, but for a long time could not think of the name of the writer of these letters, which finally came to my mind as that of Daniel C. Hewitt.

Ascertaining where this gentleman lived, I presented myself at the house, which is in the outskirts of the village, and was cordially received. The medium, through whom this communication had been given — quite a youth at that time — went in the evening into a closet in one corner of the room, with a curtain in front, which was used for a cabinet. A few brief communications were given, but I did not receive anything definite from my mother. My visit was a very interesting one, and I shall always remember Mr. Hewitt with a great deal of gratitude and love.

Yours very truly, D. L. PALMER.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM D. C. HEWITT TO MR. PALMER.

“LEBANON, Conn., March 19, 1866.

“*Dear Sir,*—The following communication was given at our circle last evening through the mediumship of my brother, with the request that we would write to you:—

singularly fulfilled, and so in consequence, in several engine-houses, men were kept on duty all night long on the alert for the dreaded fire, for a week at least. While the watch was being kept up, eight different small fires occurred, three of which, if they had gotten under weigh, would have swept away the entire center of the city, on account of the great gales which were then prevailing. But in each instance, so vigilant were the fire laddies, and so prompt were their responses to the dread call of fire, that they were all checked with a speed which excited no end of public comment. And so the weeks sped by until Sunday evening, March 14th, when Mr. Emerson again occupied the same platform. While talking of his development as a medium, and his great confidence in his controls, he said (this time fully conscious): "They tell me that when I was here before, while under control, I predicted a big fire, and they also tell me that since that time you have had several narrow escapes from big fires. Now, I have only this to say: if my controls said you were to have a big fire in a few weeks, and you have not already had one, so confident am I that they can foretell events that I am just as certain that you will have it, and that, too, in the near future, as I am that I live."

This remarkable speech, made in the presence of another big crowd of people, only added to suppressed prevailing excitement, which was intensified when the fire alarm sounded the following Sunday morning, March 21st, and people, gazing from their windows, saw to the extreme left of the hall, in the great red glare and mighty shower of sparks, four church steeples clearly outlined against the sky. The fire was a big one for Newburyport, causing a loss of \$80,000, and burning out seven families.

NO THOUGHT TRASFERENCE.

By Mrs. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

If time and opportunity were not wanting I should take pleasure in giving to the world, through the press, a great many very interesting facts which almost daily come under my own observation, all pointing toward the glorious truth of the presence of our loved ones whom we have called dead, and their ability to communicate to us.

A few days ago I called upon Dr. J. V. Mansfield to place in his hands a sealed letter which had been sent me, with the request that I would deliver it in person. Finding him busily engaged in writing, I did my errand as briefly as possible, and was turning away when he said: "Wait a minute; I think there is some one here who wishes to speak to you." By his direction I then went to the farther corner of the room, took two long slips of paper, and wrote a question on the top of each, afterwards folding the paper over the writing in such a manner that no human eye could see the words. Dr. Mansfield then came and seated himself at the table by my side, and while we chatted on different topics, his hand was moved to write such answers to my questions as showed conclusively that the controlling power understood exactly what I had written.

I am aware that this is an old story, and that thousands have had the same experience with Dr. Mansfield, but we cannot, in my opinion, have too many of such facts.

So much is said now of mind-reading, thought-transference, etc., that the following may be in order:—

Two ladies called upon me a year ago for medical advice. Before they left my presence I said: "Here is a spirit who has very recently passed away." I then described his personal appearance, adding: "I see the name of Frank." One of the ladies said: "That is the description and name of my nephew who is out West." I then said: "I think he is in the spirit world, and that he went very suddenly." A few days afterward the lady called, and told me that the day following her interview with me she received a letter stating that her nephew, Frank, had fallen from a building and been killed. No thought-transference in this case, surely!

VERIFICATION OF A PROPHECY.

By Mr. EDWIN POWELL, 439 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

The following is one of the many instances taking place to confirm statements made in my trance and clairvoyant sittings.

One morning last July, a tall, military-looking gentleman, apparently fifty-five or sixty years of age, entered my reception room, and remarked that he had come to see the man whose

power as a seer had been so proven as to agitate the town in which he lived (a place in New Jersey). Said he: "A neighbor of ours—a lady of good standing, and undoubted veracity—came to you for a sitting. You told her she had lost money, just how much it was, and how it was taken. After obtaining a promise from her that she would not prosecute the guilty party, you described her servant girl, and said if she would go home and quietly ask her for it, she would confess with tears, and restore the money. She did exactly as she was told, and every word was fully verified. Of course, such a striking fulfillment she could not keep from repeating to her friends, so I have come to see what you can tell me, but I will freely say that I have no belief in spirit communication."

In the sitting he had with me, which took place immediately, I observed my universal custom of asking no questions, and not allowing the sitter to give me any information. I told him (or rather my guides did through me) that he also had lost money, but not through theft, only carelessness. His father and mother were accurately described, and perfectly recognized. Also, two intimate friends of his father, whose personal appearance he had forgotten, but recognized the names, which were given in full. Then told him of a law-suit pending, which had been on hand for twenty years; described the parties connected with it, and gave their full names; described the documents he had in his pockets, and told him he was on his way to another city to prosecute his claims; that his spirit father told me he would remove his affairs from the hands of the man then having them in charge, and he would meet a German lawyer who would undertake the case, and with better results. He said that all I had told him up to the present time was perfectly correct, but he had no faith in the predictions for the future.

About a month ago, he returned to tell me that those predictions had been fulfilled to the letter as regarding the progress of the case, and also of meeting the German lawyer, hitherto entirely unknown to him. He still says he does not believe the spirits have anything to do with these affairs, but is wholly unable to account for it in any way, only that it is true and wonderful. The editor has the name of the gentleman aforesaid, by whom this statement could be verified, if any doubters should wish.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S METAPHYSICS.

By Dr. DEAN CLARKE.

IN the March issue of *Facts* I find an interesting article, entitled "True Philosophy of Mental Healing," by Mr. W. J. Colville, which contains several statements, or propositions, that, in my humble opinion, ought to be controverted, from the fact that they are liable to mislead many who regard the author as a high authority in philosophical and spiritual matters.

The writer has, in common with the spiritual public generally, a high appreciation of the distinguished ability of Mr. W. J. Colville, and the marvel is, considering the great number of themes upon which he discourses, and the vast amount of public work he does, that he is as thorough and generally correct as he is in the treatment of his themes. But neither himself nor his inspirers are infallible, for, "to err is human," and super-human as well, hence the necessity to "PROVE all things," and to "try the spirits," and all they say, before the bar of REASON.

In the first place, as to "the great issue of the day" between Materialism and Spiritualism, perhaps no one is competent to dogmatize as to the *essence* of things. Who knows absolutely *what* is *the substance* of the universe?

Why not accept as a reality things as both we and the spirits (so we are told) find them; *i. e.*, a universe composed of matter and spirit? Mr. Huxley is not far from reasonableness when he says: "In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought; thought may be regarded as a property of matter,—each statement has a certain relative truth." Since matter and spirit are names of something whose substance is inscrutable to the finite mind, it is hardly worth while to quarrel over speculative theories. For all practical purposes, and especially for the one under consideration, we may affirm that we have bodies composed of matter, and minds composed of spirit. The two are certainly unlike in manifestation, if, possibly, the same in absolute substance, which no one knows.

Mr. Colville says: "As soon as we cease to think of ourselves as matter, and regard ourselves as pure spirit, we shall have demonstrated our immortality to our own consciousness, and found the only key which will unlock the chambers of perfect health, rest, and happiness in our own natures."

Since all materialists affirm the indestructibility of matter, as well as force, I do not see the necessity of regarding ourselves "as pure spirit" in order to "demonstrate our immortality." St. Paul affirmed, as do most all intelligent spirits, in or out of the body (except the Christian scientists): "There is a natural (*physical*) body, and there is a spiritual body," etc.; and if I understand true spiritual science, it affirms that *both* of these bodies are composed of matter in different degrees of sublimation, but in neither case are body and spirit *one*. As for "the chambers of perfect health, rest, and happiness," I find no assurance in nature, nor in human experience, that they can be found on earth; and I opine Mr. Colville will have to use his metaphysical "key" in "mansions in the skies" to find his Utopian chambers.

Mr. Colville and other metaphysicians lay down the postulate that there is "*no such thing as matter*," or a physical body, and straightway talk as he does in this article about "organs in the human brain," the "supremacy of mind over matter," "full-form materialization," "the substances of the material world," "the embodied human spirit," "material remedies," "*bodily ailments*," and much more of the like, after telling us, too, that "all disease is an error of the mind," "a belief," and not a physical condition! Such talk may be "metaphysical" consistency; I know of no other kind it can be.

A Scotch preacher once defined Metaphysics thus: "When a man talks about what neither himself nor anybody else understands,—that is metaphysics." Very *apropos* to the repeated inconsistencies and contradictions of these new Therapeutists!

Mr. Colville says again: "Let Metaphysicians and Spiritualists unite; they are never aliens to each other. We contend that no Spiritualist is consistent with his own system who denies the absolute power of mind over matter, by reposing faith in material remedies, even though prescribed by clairvoyants, or persons avowedly under spirit control."

For one, I beg leave to be excused from accepting either of the above propositions. Let Mr. Colville, if he chooses, propose to unite with the "Christian Scientists" with whom he agrees that there is no matter, and that disease is an error of mind, a false belief, etc., but who indignantly deny his affirmation that "Mental Healing" and "Spiritual Power is one," and are extremely hostile to Spiritualism, Magnetism, Mesmerism, etc., though claiming to be Metaphysicians *par excellence*!

As a spiritual philosopher and teacher, I am "alien," as I have shown,

to Mr. Colville's first postulate, that there is *no* matter, and I am one "who denies the absolute power of mind over matter" as a fact, as well as "by reposing faith in material remedies prescribed by clairvoyants," etc., as well as by competent physicians in the flesh. In so believing and doing, I think I am consistent with Nature, Reason, and Spiritual Science,—Mr. Colville to the contrary notwithstanding!

Where is the proof that mind has *absolute* power over matter? Did Jesus, as a miracle-worker, or as a healer, show it? Though reference to him *proves* nothing historically nor scientifically, as Mr. Colville well knows,—admitting, for argument's sake, the record of him,—did he *demonstrate* his extravagant claim that a sufficient amount of faith would enable anybody to "remove a mountain at will"? Never. Even he was not Quixotic enough to try to *prove* mental Omnipotence in anybody except God!

It is idle for Mr. Colville to cite intelligent Spiritualists to the reputed sayings or doings of Jesus to prove any scientific fact, or therapeutic theory. He must first prove the truth of the record. There is too much hyperbole in the language; too many contradictions of statement; too much that is apochryphal, and taxes even the credulity of a metaphysician, to render the record authoritative. Does Mr. Colville believe that Jesus actually "raised the dead"? If not, why speak of "those most stupendous miracles which are frequently disputed because of their transcendent marvelousness," as if they were proofs of the truth of his metaphysical extravagancies? The reasonable inference is that he not only does believe that Jesus raised the dead, but that he really believes that true followers "should perform even greater works"!

If Mr. Colville does not believe the verity of those records, he surely begs the question, and resorts to sophistry when he accuses modern physicians of blasphemy for declaring "that certain diseases are incurable," etc. On the strength of his faith that Jesus was infallible when he said his disciples should heal all manner of sickness and disease, Mr. Colville has the dogmatic assurance to say: "True science affirms unequivocally THERE ARE NO INCURABLE DISORDERS." *Mirabile dictu!* What? No chance of going to "Kingdom Come" except by suicide or murder? Shade of Munchausen, what credulity! I beg Mr. Colville's pardon,—what a "SAVING FAITH"! Surely such a mountainous faith in the "Mind Cure" ought to remove all diseases as easily as a mustard seed can be cast into the sea!

If all diseases were simply and truly "errors of belief," or purely mental states, as these metaphysicians affirm, it is quite probable they might not be incurable. But "true science," which accepts facts as thousands of years of observation and experience prove them invariably to be, teaches that many diseases have a physical cause, and in their advanced stages, at least, are absolutely incurable by either human or divine power.

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To show how unscientific these pretentious sciolists are in their Pathology, I quote from Prof. Huxley's lecture on "Spontaneous Generation" as follows: "It is, at present, a well-established fact that certain diseases, both of plants and animals, which have all the characteristics of contagious and infectious epidemics, are caused by minute organisms. The smut of wheat is a well-known instance of such a disease, and it cannot be doubted that the grape disease and the potato disease fall under the same category. Among animals, insects are wonderfully liable to the ravages of contagious and infectious diseases, caused by microscopic *Fungi*."

The researches of Profs. Koch and Pasteur, and many other experimental scientists, absolutely prove what Mr. Huxley asserts. What inanity then to say that "disease is an error of thought," and that all diseases can be cured by correcting the belief that they have any physical existence!

Is it an "error of belief" that makes the beast, insect, and vegetable diseased? Just as much as in most cases with human beings. All living organisms are subject to decay. There is one law of growth and death running through all the Kingdoms of Nature, and health and disease are conditions depending largely upon physical influences and environments. Mind, or the Vital Force, for a time counteracts the destructive forces, and builds up organisms, but it does not, and cannot, hold supremacy over them under all circumstances. Other forces invade its domain, and disease is the natural result of the struggle that ensues. Just so far as the latent energies of the mind can be aroused, or quickened and reinforced by spirits, or metaphysicians, so far Mind Cure is available as *one* means of restoring the equilibrium of the system. But it is unscientific and absurd to claim that all the destructive forces of nature can be neutralized by any art or power known to man or angels so as to preserve complete health and gain indestructibility for the mortal body. At least, so common sense and human experience teaches.

The slurs of Mr. Colville, and other metaphysicians, against *Materia Medica* will not deter level-headed people from using such antidotes for blood-poisoning as long experience has proved efficacious; and when scientific spirits prescribe remedies that change morbid conditions and assist Nature in removing physical obstacles to the harmonious action of the Vital Forces, as experience proves that they have in many instances, I opine that consistent Spiritualists will not turn the cold shoulder upon them, to adopt all the wild theories and preposterous claims of Christian scientists which rest upon no more stable foundation than the theory of the ancients regarding the earth. They said the earth rests upon the back of an elephant, the elephant upon a turtle, and when asked what the turtle rests upon, a "Christian Scientist" among them replied: "Oh, it is turtle all the way down!" So with Mr. Colville's Mind-Cure; it rest upon ele-

phantine error as to Pathology, underneath which are the tertulean absurdities and sophistries of Christian science floating upon the "Bottomless Pit" of superstition and ignorant credulity!

Let Spiritualists beware of "straining at gnats [of *Materia Medica*] and swallowing camels" of metaphysical absurdity and fanaticism.

An eclecticism which accepts and uses whatever is rational and beneficial in *all* systems of medicine or religion is what wise and progressive Spiritualists will adopt after a thorough analytic investigation.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. H. B. FAY.

The illustration which appears in this number of *Facts* gives our readers a very good idea of one of the most successful mediums before the public.

Mrs. Fay is of German descent, about thirty-nine years of age, and has been in this country fifteen years. Her early life was spent in traveling. Before her marriage, she had visited many of the principal places in Europe, after which she accompanied her first husband, who was a sea-captain, on in his voyages.

Mrs. Fay seems to have inherited her mediumship, her mother, now seventy-six years of age, being still a fine medium, though not using her gift in public. Her mother's brother was also gifted in this direction, being well known in Germany over sixty years ago for his success in diagnosis and cure of disease at a distance, and for other manifestations similar to those now recognized as spiritualistic phenomena.

Although Mrs. Fay's power has been known to herself and her friends from childhood, she did not understand its source, and she has been known to the public only about ten years, during which time her career as a medium for materialization has astonished thousands.

We have so often published articles in regard to these seances that we have only to refer our readers to them for facts in many instances very wonderful.

Her public seances are generally well attended; and those who have been so fortunate as to be able to hold private ones with her are enthusiastic in their admiration for the beautiful results obtained.

TRICKERY AND PARAPHERNALIA.

IN the last number of *Facts* we promised to express our opinions of trickery and paraphernalia, as seen in sleight-of-hand performances, etc.

We do not profess to be experts, but knowing the intense interest with which every movement purporting to be, or to belong to, or to explain, spirit phenomena is watched, we cannot refrain from describing some of the more ordinary methods used by either professional mediums or tricksters.

As we have often said, the conditions which seem to be necessary for genuine spirit manifestations are equally advantageous for the grossest misrepresentation and fraud, and from this arises the great diversity of opinion even among the most earnest believers in spiritual phenomena. The two extremes, on one side accepting *everything* as disembodied spirit intelligence, hardly admitting that the wonderful phenomena of which there is so much proven to be of purely mundane origin, is not of disembodied spirits; on the other side the rank materialistic Spiritualist who, with handcuffs, locks, and bars, would destroy the harmony essential to genuine spirit manifestation, are, in our estimation, equally far from being capable of judging of these extraordinary phenomena.

We hold that apparently similar manifestations to those which are claimed by Spiritualists to be of disembodied spirit origin may be produced by spirits still living in the physical body. In this way only are we able to account for the visions which have so often come to our notice, where individuals have been seen hundreds of miles away from where their bodies were at the same moment resting entranced or asleep.

We do not believe that these ideas are in any way antagonistic to the highest conception of spirit communion, but that they prove, conclusively, that the same general laws govern the universe, whether of embodied or disembodied spirits, and the understanding of these laws seems to us the a, b, c of mental and spiritual sciences. These phenomena are not holier nor more divine, nor the talent of a different origin, than those of any other well-defined science. If this be true, it should be treated with the same fairness and consideration which would be proper to the church, class-room, or social circle, either of which is liable to misrepresentation through ignorance or intentional fraud.

We therefore expect that corruption and avarice will induce many to attempt to deceive the public. The misfortune has been that mediums and sitters have not been satisfied with manifestations which did not comprise in the aggregate everything they had already heard of having been produced, consequently trickery and paraphernalia have been used to produce manifestations which resembled the genuine.

Luminous robes, shining brilliantly in the darkness, were accepted as being of disembodied spirit origin by the audience, who, for want of absolute knowledge, did not question their genuineness, which, in reality, were only chemically-prepared fabrics, perfectly ordinary-looking in the light,

but under the condition of darkness becoming luminous, as in the case of match-safes, etc., now in so general use. That deceptions of this character have been used there seems to be the best of evidence, though this does not prove that all luminous bodies which appear at seances are fraudulent. The question of materialization and dematerialization has been considered among the most positive proof of spirit phenomena, and yet it is very generally conceded by investigators that where materialization or dematerialization occurred at or near the curtains of the cabinet there was good reason to doubt, or at least its genuineness was not proven, and in some instances that which appeared to be materialization, which had occurred several feet from the cabinet, has been questioned by persons who believed the purported spirit hid under a black mantle, withdrawn at the proper moment.

This, however, does not explain, or call in question, the numerous materializations and dematerializations which have been proven under most perfect conditions to be genuine.

Opera houses and public halls are often thronged with people, eager to see or hear something which will prove, or disprove, disembodied spirit intelligence. In many cases, we believe people who are genuine mediums are found on these occasions one moment playing tricks, and the next using their clairvoyant or other mediumistic talents, to interest the audience, the show being so questionable in character as not to be easily detected, even by those accustomed to genuine spiritualistic seances. Such a case as this recently occurred before a large audience in Boston, in which, had we not afterward found a trap-door on the stage, under the spot where the cabinet had stood, we might have accepted some part of the performance at least as genuine, so closely did it resemble similar manifestations which we have known to be so. We were assured by the janitor of the hall that this trap-door was not used, but its existence must have been known to the medium, who should have notified the audience, in order to protect himself against the accusation of fraud.

The ordinary trickster, or sleight-of-hand performer, who claims to duplicate the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, simply in order to draw large audiences, is hardly worthy of notice, except that people, ignorant of this subject, do not detect the difference between the genuine phenomena and these clumsy imitations.

We were lately at one of these performances in Horticultural Hall, Boston, where a clever professor of ledgerdemain showed to an audience what he claimed as the trickery of modern Spiritualism. Among his experiments we will mention moving a table, answering questions, etc. Hanging from the ceiling by what appeared to be an ordinary picture-card was a glass bell, the metal hammer of which was hung to this cord by a metal

ring and hook. This cord was connected with an ordinary magnetic battery upon the platform behind the scenery. Questions were asked by the operator, to which the bell answered by one, two, or three raps, in the ordinary manner known to telegraphers. Upon a small table, with brass castors, resting upon a carpet, connected with the battery, but ordinary in appearance, raps were heard in answer to questions as above. Many similar experiments were performed,—none, however, which an experienced Spiritualist could for a moment accept as identical with spirit manifestation.

We are aware that every great reform and science has met with opposition, and that among its followers the worst class of adventurers has been found whenever and wherever there was opportunity for financial or political advantage. This being the case, it is the duty of all true Spiritualists and mediums to use their influence against all fraudulent transactions, and to seek to make such conditions as will be sure to produce the best results. No medium should, for a moment, allow anyone to have reason to question his honesty of purpose, if it were in his power to establish it; and until mediums take this position, they must expect to be classed with frauds and tricksters, most people not yet being sufficiently educated on this subject to distinguish between the false and the true.

OUR SOCIAL SEANCES during the last month have continued to grow in interest, and we have seldom seen more perfect harmony than that which prevailed on Thursday evening, April 8th, at which time a dozen or more mediums were present, most of whom were controlled by disembodied intelligences who seemed as much at home as though they had been occupying their own physical bodies,—chatting in the most familiar manner, some of them in foreign languages, and one or two of them singing through the organism of Mrs. Hattie Mason. Added to this, some interesting remarks by Dr. Street and Mrs. Cutting, a poem by Capt. Richard Holmes, and music by Mrs. Lovering, Fannie Whitlock, and others, made this meeting one of the most social events of the season.

On the following Saturday evening Mrs. Bessie Huston gave a seance for materialization at Langham Hall, which was crowded. Most of the forms which appeared claimed to be personal friends of individuals present, and were recognized by those who were called to the cabinet to meet them.

The Thursday Evening Socials are free, and all are cordially invited to be present at Langham Hall at 8 o'clock.

Dedicated to the memory of "Marsh Adams," the original "Old Black Joe."

"THE TEAKETTLE SINGING IT'S SONG."

Arranged by WARREN BEEBE.

Words and Music by C. VAN W. FISH.

VOICE.

1. The memories of my child-hood days when I was gay and
2. I long a-go left my child-hood's home, I've wan-dered far and
3. The rich may live in their halls of pride, and boast of all their

free..... Bring of-ten to me the wish that I once more those days could
wide..... And heard all the songs of ev-'ry clime, but for the old ones
wealth. But let me have peace and hap-pi-ness, and al-so per-fect

see..... I'd play with my school-mates all the day, It
sighed I've heard the great sing-ers on the stage, Who
health..... And I'll win for my-self a lit-tle home To

THE TEAKETTLE SINGING IT'S SONG.

seemed not ver - y long..... But when I got home I'd
 draw a count - less throng..... But none of them equalled I'd
 me it will be - long..... And the sweetest of mu - sic that's

glad - ly hear }
 sweet - ness of } The tea - ket - tle sing - ing it's song.....
 in it will be }

SOP. and ALTO.

The teakettle singing it's song... The teakettle singing it's song...

The tea - ket - tle singing it's song, it's song, The teakettle singing it's song, it's song. But
 But
 And the

TENOR and BASS.

sing - ing it's song.....

SOLO.

when I got home, I'd glad - ly hear }
 none of them equalled the sweetness of } The tea - ket - tle sing - ing it's song, it's song.
 sweetest of mu - sic that's in it will be }