

Vol. V.]

JUNE, 1886.

[No. 6.]



FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

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

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

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No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

PUBLISHED BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Corner Bosworth and Province Streets.

P. O. Box 3539.

BOSTON, MASS.

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Post-Office Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

L. L. WHITLOCK, EDITOR.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

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

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

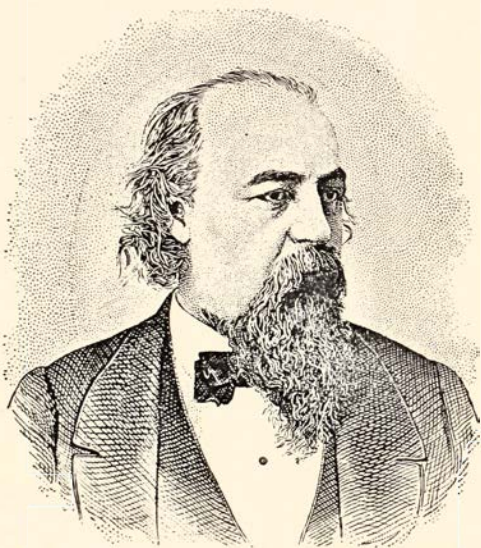
Our intention is to add to our present collection of photographs those of other mediums, speakers, and prominent persons of interest. From these our subscribers will be allowed to select any one picture for each yearly subscription by *paying 25 cents extra*; and to any person who will send us a new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

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WM. H. MUMLER.

FACTS.

JUNE, 1886.

HOW MR. NELSON FOUND HIS KNIFE.

By Mr. CHARLES W. HIDDEN, Newburyport, Mass.

In my wanderings I occasionally run across a good thing for *Facts*, and here is the latest, as related to me by the gentleman referred to:—

Mr. H. M. Nelson, of Georgetown, Mass., a District Organizer of the Knights of Labor, in the fall of 1884 lost a knife, which he highly prized as a memento. During the night he dreamed that he went in search of his knife, leaving the house and going through the fields to a wood-lot, which he had visited during the day, and which was about a quarter of a mile away. Arriving at the lot, he thought he saw himself standing near a tree, and, looking down, saw the lost knife resting against the toe of his left boot. The next morning he related the dream to his family, and, though they all laughed at it, he made up his mind to go over the route traversed in his dream to see if he could not find the knife. He did so after breakfast, and, after searching the wood-lot in vain, turned to retrace his steps; as he did so, he struck something with the toe of his left boot, and, glancing down, was surprised and gratified beyond measure to see his knife resting there, just as he had seen it in his dream.

WHAT HELPED TO MAKE ME A SPIRITUALIST.

By Mrs. A. M. GLADING, Philadelphia, Pa.

About five years ago I had resolved to undergo a severe operation, which was to take place on the Tuesday following the event I am about to relate. On Sunday I was far from well, but went over to the Neshaminy camp-meeting. Passing a tent, a voice called me to enter, which I did, when a lady entranced said to me: "Madam, do n't you be butchered! Your mother says you must not." I said: "How do you know it is my mother?" She replied: "No one but a mother would take such an interest." "But," I said, "if the operation is not performed, I shall die." The medium continued: "Your mother says 'No,' but through your own unconscious lips a remedy shall be made known which will cure you."

A few days later I called on a medium in Philadelphia, and received a similar communication from my mother.

The operation was postponed. I soon began in my sittings with the medium, Mr. S. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, who has also powerful healing qualities, to develop a power to see and describe plants, and finally a prescription was given through my own lips, which Mr. Wheeler wrote out and prepared. I took the remedy prescribed, combined with magnetic treatments, and in eleven weeks was completely cured. The tumor disappeared, the poison was eliminated from my system, and my health perfectly established.

A short time after the cure, and while I was still sitting with Mr. Wheeler for development in the mediumship which had always been my heritage, but hitherto entirely misunderstood by all my family, I was told by a voice, which I heard clairaudiently, to go about noon into some place lighted only from above, and, with clean paper and a pencil, wait for what would come. Providing myself with a large sheet of crayon paper, upon which a person in the house wrote her name, and from the corner of which she tore a piece to identify it, I went to the loft at half-past eleven, leaving all the doors and the hatchway open behind me, and sat down on the floor under the skylight to await results.

The place was perfectly light, but, as I sat there, my eyes began to feel as though they were filled with milk, or as though I were

trying to look through thick, white crape. I was cold as ice: an awful fear came over me, and the thought that I might perhaps have been brought there to die alone, and serve as an example of the danger of following after strange and uncanny counselors, came into my mind. My very soul seemed to cry out in a prayer for guidance and strength. I would have fled, but my limbs were paralyzed. I drew the paper near to me, resting it upon an old-fashioned fire-board on my lap, *SIDEWISE*, as for a landscape, for I had a vague impression there was to be a picture. My right hand began to jerk violently, made several jabs at the pencil, which was over my ear,—striking my head in one of them,—seized the pencil at last, and began work in earnest at the drawing. I had never drawn anything, having no talent or taste in that direction; could not see a line for the strange condition of my eyes, of which I have spoken, and was chilled and frightened beyond measure; but, as my eyes began to clear, I burst out crying, and, at the moment, the signal sounded for noon. There, drawn *LENGTHWISE* upon the paper, in less than twenty minutes, had been made by my hand, but certainly without my conscious will, a beautifully-correct drawing,—high lights, and all perfect, true and artistic in proportion,—a likeness of the Indian maiden “Hoolah,” whom I had learned to know as my guide, and had seen clairvoyantly seven times.

These and many other experiences and manifestations of a power beyond myself, leading me to do things otherwise impossible for me, and finally bringing me into active public life as a lecturer, have made of me a thorough Spiritualist, willing and determined to devote my life to the glorious, if arduous, work of a spiritual medium.

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

By JUDGE NELSON CROSS, New York City.

Editor of *Facts*:

Sir,—During the year past I have been in receipt of a number of letters relative to the mediumship of Mrs. Dis de Bar. These letters were nearly all written under the misapprehension that I had in some way arrived at certain facts which overthrow Mrs. Dis de Bar's claims of mediumship. This, however, is very far

from the truth, but, for the satisfaction of those who have had their attention drawn to the subject, I will give the particulars of what occurred in my presence, out of which, doubtless, some rumors quite unfair to the lady in question have sprung.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Dis de Bar was soon after the mysterious occurrences took place at her residence a few years ago, which occasioned so much popular excitement. It will be remembered that they consisted of the lively stirring up, and promiscuous throwing about, of the furniture and ornaments of the room in which Mrs. Dis de Bar was then confined by a severe illness. Many efforts were made to "lay the ghost," even to a profuse sprinkling of "holy water" by a zealous priest, but all to no purpose. Opinions were so much divided as to the genuineness of Mrs. Dis de Bar's mediumship at the time I formed her acquaintance that I gave it a great deal of attention, meeting with a few others at circles where she was present, and observing as critically as I was able the source and character of the manifestations.

On one occasion I was convinced that these manifestations were not altogether produced by invisible agencies. Almost immediately after having formed this conclusion, Mrs. Dis de Bar called upon me at my office on a matter of business, and I took occasion to express to her my convictions in a way that could not be misunderstood. Those who are familiar with this lady have probably noticed that sometimes her manner is quite dramatic. It was so on this occasion. With an impatient gesture, she inquired if I had a slate in the office. I answered: "No," but at that moment a member of the circle happened to come in, and hearing the request for a slate, said he bought one on the street only the day before, and left it on a book-case in an adjoining room. Upon being brought in, and divested of its brown paper covering, it proved to be a large, new metal-base silica-surface slate, which appeared never to have been written upon. This Mrs. Dis de Bar poised upon my head as I sat at my desk, and standing apart, and drawing herself to her full height, said in a commanding voice: "Now, King Phillip, if there was any fraud at that seance, say so, and if it was genuine, say so." It was quite apparent that she not only expected to be fully vindicated, but that all her mental energies were strained to make that expecta-

tion good. We heard the writing going on, though there was no pencil, and, when it ceased, Mrs. Dis de Bar said, with no abatement of command and confidence: "There, you have got your answer; now see what is written." I took down the slate, and there upon its surface, in large, white letters, as if written by an instrument as large as a finger, was the single word: "*Fraud.*"

It is needless to add that if this did not fairly convict Mrs. Dis de Bar of trifling with her mediumship on occasion, it proved *her to be a medium* of extraordinary powers. Indeed, it would be difficult to devise a more convincing test of this one fact.

I may be permitted to add, without prejudicing the case, that, at a recent private sitting with a medium strange to Mrs. Dis de Bar and to the occurrences above related, the name of "King Phillip" was announced, and the message to me was a reminder of the slate-test, with the statement that it was expected of him that he would affirm the *verities* of the seance rather than to stigmatize as he did, but that he told the *truth*.

HOW I BECAME PRACTICALLY CONVINCED.

By Mr. H. S. COOK, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

As you have been anxious for me to write the facts, which come under the heading of this article, for some time, I at last feel it my duty, as a worker in the cause of Spiritualism, to do so.

About three years ago, when I became an honest and earnest investigator of Spiritualism, I tried to do so in as clear and practical a manner as possible, and consequently made the conditions to meet it in my own home and family as a matter of certainty and convenience, knowing from a sense of reason that if there was anything in spirit return my friends at least would feel more like manifesting to me in my own home than elsewhere, and so I began to invite and make conditions for my spirit friends to come by forming a little family circle, sitting regularly, and persevering for quite a long time without any practical results.

At this time there was a family living in the same house, consisting of a widow lady and four other members, among whom was a young niece of the lady, about nineteen years of age. The family

was on intimate and friendly terms with myself and family, excepting they were strict Baptists, and could not entertain Spiritualism at all, never having known, or wishing to know in any way, about it. At last the lady passed suddenly away after three days' illness, and the family was broken up, leaving the niece without a home, which I gave her in my own family; and when the evening came for our regular sitting, she requested permission to sit with us, saying she could see no harm in Spiritualism, although her aunt did bitterly oppose it, and never allowed her to know anything of it. The result was, at the first sitting, the young lady was unconsciously controlled, but did not at this sitting gain the power of speech, but at the second sitting she was completely controlled by the aunt just passed away, who thanked me for my kindness in giving her niece — the medium — a home, saying that she would develop rapidly as a medium. At the third sitting she was controlled by a bright and interesting little Indian spirit, giving the name of "Ladoda," said she belonged to the Sioux tribe in the West, and was killed by her father when thirteen years of age. From this time she took the lead, or principal control of the medium, and proved to be exceedingly reliable and intelligent. On one occasion I asked her what particular phase of mediumship her medium was best adapted for, and she replied: "Materialization." I said: "What, Ladoda, do you tell me that materialization is a fact? Why, I have not been convinced of spirit return even yet." She replied: "Why, Mr. Cook, do n't you see the medium changed, and hear me talk to you through her, and know it is me?" I replied: "I see and hear all, but cannot practically understand and know it." I also said to her: "Now, Ladoda, if you were still living in the earth, or physical form, as you were once, and in the habit of calling on me often as you now do in spirit, if I should ask you to meet me in any part of the city on business of any kind, you would be likely to comply with my request, and keep your promise and be there? And now, having assured me that both spirit return and materialization are absolute facts, why not make a practical appointment to meet me at a materialization seance? Let me see you as you have described yourself to me from time to time in the past; hear you talk and laugh as you do through the medium; handle you, to be sure you are alive, warm, and not the medium personating you.

Then I shall have positive and practical proof beyond the possibility of a doubt that spirit return and materialization are absolute and practical facts."

She replied: "Mr. Cook, me know materialization is true, because me see others do it lots of times; but *me* never done it. Now, if you will go to the Fay woman's wigwam any time, me come and meet you just as you want me to come, if me can, and me thinks me can come as well as others; but if me can't, me tell you the reason next time me control my medie."

About two weeks after, myself, wife, and medium attended one of Mrs. Fay's seances. There were about thirty-two or three persons present, and about the middle of the seance there stepped suddenly from between the curtains a little Indian girl that I instantly recognized as Ladoda. Mrs. Estey, the conductor of the seance, exclaimed: "Here is a little Indian girl that has never been here before." And the form instantly replied: "It's me, Ladoda,"—and, at the same time, ran across the seance room to her medium, who was seated at the farther end of the room, and, throwing her arms around her neck, kissed her again and again, and drew her up near the cabinet, and, leaving her standing, again ran across the room to bring my wife, and shook both their hands at once, returning again to her medium for an instant. She then again ran across the room to where I was sitting, put both her little hands on my shoulders, and putting her little face close up to mine, and looking me square in my eyes, says: "Mr. Cook, what you think now? Did n't me come as me said? Do n't me talk as you wanted? Feel my little hands, and see if they are not warm, and see how strong me come"; at the same time again placing her hands on my shoulders, and shaking me violently, she said: "Are you glad me come, and be you satisfied now?" I thanked her, and assured her I was satisfied beyond a doubt, and she returned to her medium, kissed her again, and dematerialized two feet from the cabinet.

In relating these circumstances to a skeptic shortly after, he assured me there was certainly a possibility of a doubt, inasmuch as that there were three of us concerned, and that the medium, in order to gain a more favorable impression from me, might possibly have put the job up on me. This was, perhaps, possible, but in nowise probable. However, about this time Mrs. Bessie Hus-

ton volunteered to give our association a seance, and I felt inclined to sit in one of her seances before she came to us, in order to acquaint myself with her guides, to better enable me to assist in conducting the seance which was to come; and on the following Sunday evening I told my folks we would have no sitting that evening, as I was going away, leaving the medium, my wife, and an elderly gentleman at home. About the middle of this seance, also, Ladoda came to me again, but could not gain the power of speech through the mediumship of Mrs. Huston, who was then young in the profession, but looked the same as before; took a chair, placed it beside me, and drummed on my knee with her little fingers, and seemed delighted to meet me alone.

On my return home, my folks asked me where I had been, and, hearing my reply, asked if anyone came to me. I told them my sister came, as usual, and they said they should have thought Ladoda might have come, and I replied that, had I taken her medium, she probably would have come. Then looking curiously at each other, my wife says: "Ladoda was here about half an hour ago, and controlled Francis (the medium), and said she had been up to the Huston woman's wigwam, and found Mr. Cook there, took a chair and sat beside him, and drummed on his knee, not only giving me the test of materializing to me alone among strangers, but going home before me, and telling them all the circumstances."

Again, in the early part of June last, my father, living in the town of Pembroke, twenty-four miles from me, was taken quite ill, and every circle-night I used to send Ladoda out to see how he was getting along, and from letters I would receive from time to time found her correct, even to the most minor details, describing parties who called on him from time to time so accurately I would know them. Finally, one evening she told me: "Him was much more good, and been out twice, but him no eat, and him no get strength, and I must go out and give him some medicine make him eat, and then him be much good and strong while warm weather last, but when it come cold him no last any longer." My wife, witnessing the concern with which I entertained her advice and warning, says: "He is so well and strong usually, he may get over this, and live some years." And Ladoda instantly replied:

"Him will get well and strong, but when it is time for the *snow to come, then him go just the same.*"

I have only to add that I went out as directed; my medicine had the desired effect, and he came back to his usual health; but on Friday, December 18th, he passed away in a sudden fit of apoplexy, after a short illness of three days, while some of the earliest snow of this winter was falling, just as she had prophesied six months ago.

A VISION VERIFIED.

By Mr. THOMAS BELL, Providence, R. I.

On the night of Oct. 23, 1885, I saw a person stretched out on a sofa, surrounded by a cloud. Could see him dimly, but he appeared to be in great agony, and constantly changing his position. In a few moments he became quiet, and I said: "He is dead!" He appeared to be between fifty and sixty years old.

On the twenty-sixth of October, a relative of the family came and reported the death of his brother. My wife and I went to South Foster, Rhode Island, to attend the funeral of the deceased, who was my wife's brother-in-law. On learning the particulars of his death, we found he died on the sofa, precisely as I had seen the person in my vision, and on the same night in which I saw it, although he had been apparently perfectly well half an hour before.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

By Dr. A. S. HAYWARD, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

While at Lake Pleasant, last summer, I called upon Mrs. Snow, of Lowell, Mass., who is a test medium, also known as a telegraph medium.

I heard, upon a table, what sounded like a telegraphic instrument in operation. Not being a telegrapher, I could not state whether the clicks indicated messages, but am satisfied that Mrs. Snow had no part in producing them, except as they are done by and through her mediumship.

Some telegraphers claim to understand the messages conveyed by the clicks, while others say there is no intelligence in them. The lady does not pretend to understand them, but is willing anyone so disposed should investigate them. She has never taken money for this phase of mediumship, but allows any of her visitors to listen to the clicks upon the table. Her mother informed me that the raps could be heard upon the cradle when Mrs. Snow was a child, and have continued with her ever since.

SENSATION IN THE ASTRAL OR SECOND BODY.

By Dr. J. C. STREET, Boston, Mass.

It is no longer a matter of doubt that an amputated limb retains a sensory connection with the body of the individual, and that any injury to the member is promptly transmitted to the sensorium. This may occur at any distance, but ceases, of course, when decomposition takes place.

A case in point came to my own notice last year, as follows: On Jan. 30, 1885, the hand and forearm of Mr. Lewis L. Clarkey, of Boston, Mass., were terribly mangled at a mill in New Hampshire by contact with a buzz-saw. Amputation was hastily performed, the maimed member nailed in a rough box, and buried near the mill, and the sufferer returned to Boston. His condition became really alarming to his friends, who feared he was becoming insane, so persistently did he complain of the pain and discomfort in his lost hand, which he declared was *full of sawdust, and had a nail driven in it*. Finally, a prominent physician, now deceased, was called, who, after trying in vain to relieve him by soothing remedies, for he seemed sleepless with pain, at last came to me for a clairvoyant examination of his patient's condition. I saw the man was correct, and so informed the physician. We made an appointment to go together to New Hampshire as soon as possible, the patient's sufferings becoming more intense every night as decomposition of the hand progressed.

We reached the mill in New Hampshire one morning at ten o'clock, exhumed the box, and found, in drawing out the nails, that one had been imbedded in the hand, which was, indeed, buried in damp sawdust.

As I was cleansing the hand in the town a hundred miles away from its owner, *he realized its condition*, and declared that *it was being washed, and there was no nail there.*

All these facts are well authenticated, and yet the pastor and members of the church of which the patient was a member, by pronouncing it all a case of imagination, and expressing disapproval of resorting to such means of relief as the employment of a clairvoyant, have so harrassed and offended the gentleman and his family that they have felt called upon to withdraw from the church, and all for want of a little knowledge of one of the simplest of nature's laws,—the existence of a second body, corresponding perfectly with that which is known as the physical one.

Instances of this kind are common in the experience of surgeons, such being on record where the impression upon the sensory nerves has continued for years, proving the fact of the existence and relation of a spiritual counterpart to a physical limb.

PREMONITION OF DEATH.

By Mrs. S. A. JESMER DOWNS, North Springfield, Vermont.

In July, 1877, I had been ill for a short time, so I did not leave my room. My neighbors seemed to have more serious thoughts about my sickness than I did. One morning, when I felt better, I thought I would go down stairs and get breakfast. I sat down on the rug to dress my feet; all at once I saw a hearse. Was this a reality or imagination? I was only thinking about getting breakfast. I looked to see what *I could see*. I did not see what I looked for,—a casket,—but, just beyond the hearse, a new box. Had I been down stairs, I should have sworn it was a real hearse. I was asked, on going down, how I felt. I said: "Better; but some of my near relatives are going to die." The woman said: "I should think you would think it meant yourself." I said: "I am going to get well." It was told through the place, and commented on, and the wonder was why I was not frightened about myself.

Sept. 2, 1877, I attended a convention at Felchville, Vt. My sadness was noticed, and remarks made as to the reason. I spoke

in the conference. I said I was depressed; that it seemed as if the sunlight of Heaven was being shut out of my life. The next day a messenger came to tell me my eldest son had met death by drowning. I set out in less than an hour to go to his funeral, but arrived too late. After all haste that could be made by carriage, we met the procession at the cemetery gate. I entered the cemetery; I saw the same hearse, the box at the end of the grave. I only beheld the face of my darling, wreathed in smiles for his agonized mother. The next day we sadly journeyed home. We stopped and took dinner at South Woodstock, Vt. The landlord took his wife in, and said: "This is the young man's mother who was drowned." I spoke with her. The landlord left the room. We left the table, and crossed the room to a window. She asked me who preached the sermon. I said: "A Congregationalist, but, had I had my way, I would have had a Spiritualist." I said: "Mrs. G——, my son is not lost to me." A loud rap sounded on the table, and caused the glass in the caster to jingle. We turned round and saw the glass vibrate. No one was present but we three, some twelve feet from the table. With deathly white face, she said: "It may be best that you believe as you do." We returned home.

The next morning my present husband, Mr. Downs, said: "Sarah, did you hear anything last night?" I replied: "Yes; but I thought the folks in the other part of the house were up." He then said: "A noise awoke me; the room was light, not like the moonlight" — (he described it more like an electric light); — "I turned over to see what the noise was; there was your Victor standing by my bed, his hands were clasped across his chest. I saw him so plain I could see the twill in his coat and pants, and the delicate satin lavender necktie. I only thought I must take him to you. I said: 'Come Vic.' He said: '*I cannot.*' This broke conditions, and he dissolved away."

The third night after my son's death, he was seen and spoke. At the time last seen he clasped his hands.

Did not the spirit world attempt to show me, by seeing the hearse, by impressions, and dreams, that my son's mission was fulfilled? Here are facts for the skeptical. I was not looking for the hearse, nor my husband to see my darling materialized before him.

JOAN OF ARC.

By Mr. A. L. HATCH, Astoria, New York.

An important *fact* in history corrected by a materialized spirit, at a seance given at the medium's home, Mrs. L. S. Cadwell, No. 272 West Thirty-Sixth Street, New York City, on the afternoon of Saturday, March 13, 1886. The circumstances preceding the appearance of the spirit on the above date gives greater weight to its declaration as to the errors of history.

We will state that at this seance there was present a gentleman friend from Corry, Penn., making one of some ten persons who composed the circle. Several spirits appeared in form, greeting friends and conversing with them as long as their strength would permit; others dissolving from sight in our midst, bidding their earthly friends good-bye, in quick succession, until the final good-bye was heard in or on the carpet, thus proving to the skeptical mind that no mortal could thus disappear and leave so little of itself behind.

Towards the close there appeared a tall and fully-materialized spirit, wearing jeweled ornaments, denoting her order in spirit life. Requesting my Corry friend to come to her, the spirit announced her name three times in French, but, not being fully understood, then gave her name distinctly in English; after which the two conversed for some time, when my friend turned and said the spirit was Joan of Arc, and that her coming was in fulfillment of a written request, sealed, and sent to Jeanne d'Arc, provided she materialized. This letter was written by a gentleman in private life, residing in Corry, who is a good trance medium, much against his will, and through whom this spirit frequently communicates. Joan, taking the sealed letter from my friend, sends, in reply, an important verbal message, which was a full answer to his letter; these facts were known to *no* one in the circle. Having frequently seen Jeanne d'Arc materialized in my home, I asked the privilege of speaking to her, for I had become greatly interested in the spirit on account of her great mediumistic powers when in life, besides pitying her great sufferings, as recorded, and especially abhorring the baseness of Charles VII. for allowing the Maid of Orleans to be so cruelly tortured, as history states. I asked the spirit if God and his angels had saved her from the cruel torture when burned at the stake.

Joan of Arc made this memorable reply: "History," she said, "was wrong as to her death; that she did not suffer by the fire, for Charles had ransomed her, and hid her away. He would have been a base reptile to have treated me in that way after all I had done for him."

The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc, in this declaration, leave *no* doubts as to the correct facts of a book called "Historical Doubts," which was published by O. Delepierre; also, private notes, found in a most valuable work, called "The Memoirs of Jeanne d'Arc," published in 1824. It is there stated that some few years after Joan's reputed death she married and left children, whose descendants may still be blessed with that beautiful gift of mediumship which God had so bountifully bestowed upon the Maid of Orleans.

Should a *fact* so proven be left unrecorded?

ASTORIA, L. I., March 27, 1886.

SLATE-WRITING, AND ANSWERING UNKNOWN QUESTIONS.

By Mrs. NELLIE WEBSTER, Corry, Pennsylvania.

Editor of *Facts*:

I am indeed very grateful to you for sending *Facts* to me. I prize it so much I cannot do without it. Enclosed please find one dollar for same. I also send you a few *facts* for your perusal, which came under my own observation.

On April 30th, Dr. W. Harry Powell, of Philadelphia, came here to fill an engagement. He is truly a gentleman of refinement, and a medium of great merit. He held a private seance at my house, with only three present. The best results followed. We each wrote the name of a deceased friend, and asked a question, signing name in full (the medium not present), and folded these bits of paper just alike. The doctor then came in, and directed them to be placed upon a table; then for one of our number to pick up one at a time, slowly handing it to him; he, with lightning-like movement, would touch it to his forehead and drop it upon the table. If the wrong pellet, he would say: "No," if the right one, he would say: "Hold that in your hand," and he then gave the initials of the name written, and also the question therein.

If to be answered *verbally*, he would do so, giving the full name; if by slate-writing, he became entranced, and gave his hands to be examined to see there was no substance about them that could produce writing. All being satisfied there was no possible chance for deception, he made a few passes, and began to write with the index finger of his right hand without pencil or anything but what the spirits gave him. I received a communication from my husband, and also from my sister, in spirit life, and I am convinced the medium had no possible chance of knowing anything about them. His demonstrations are the most wonderful I ever saw, and all done in *full light*. And yet some narrow-minded people, lacking brain capacity to honestly investigate, will cry "fraud; all fraud;" but, thank God, such persons are not as numerous as they were. Long may Dr. W. Harry Powell live to be a blessing to the world.

MAY 6, 1885.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN MATERIALIZATION.

By Mrs. M. WHEELER, Washington, D. C.

The first materializing seance I ever attended was at the Berry sisters'. A form came to me, announcing herself as my daughter. "Mamma," she said, "Lillie is here; my body lies far away across the ocean. You have often wished you could visit my grave, but it is no matter, that is only my old clothes. There is something you are thinking you would like to see, that you may identify me. I know what it is,—you want to see my teeth." Raising her hand to her mouth, she pulled down a gold plate with five upper teeth, peculiarly small and regular, which I recognized readily, as the child had been fitted with false ones at seven years of age, and at the time of her decease, although only sixteen, had her third set precisely like those shown me by this spirit form. I was an entire stranger to all present, except my husband.

Subsequently, on the fourth evening, at Miss Berry's, came a form, who gave the full name of Col. Oliver Cook, of the Eleventh New York Volunteers, who stated that, in 1863, I had come with his body from the South, where he had fallen on the battlefield, to his home in New York State, which was certainly true. A

week or two later I went to Mrs. Fay's, where, as before, I was unknown to all in the room, except Mr. Wheeler. Three forms came for me. One announced himself as my son, saying he was the victim of a railway accident, and giving his name and that of the place where he met his fate. One of those who came with him was a child about three years of age apparently, who said she passed out of life lying in my lap. The other was a young lady, who said to me: "Mamma, if they did get my body, they did n't get *me*." She gave her name, saying: "Anna is here." I buried a little daughter years ago at the age of three months and eleven days. A year later, when it was intended to remove her body to another place, the grave was found to have been robbed, and we never knew where the body was. On this evening, at Mrs. Fay's, the spirit who purported to be my son George said: "I thought I would bring Julia,"—and there came a young girl about twelve years old in appearance, who gave her name as Julia Miller, who passed away from life in Northern New York, and said to me: "Do you remember holding me when I died?" I recognized her, too.

Again, at Mrs. Bliss's circle a few evenings later a tall, stately lady with long black hair came out and greeted me, saying: "Oh, my baby! my baby!" She gave the full name of my mother, who passed to spirit life when I was barely three years old; mentioned events which no one else present could have known, and brought an influence which I felt must be that of my own mother. At this seance, the form of Blueflower came and sat on the floor, with a peeled orange in her hand. She said: "Squaw Wheeler, come here and sit by me." I did so; felt her bare feet, hard and calloused, and her hands, bony and hard. That they were not Mrs. Bliss's hands and feet I know, for I had given her a treatment a short time previously, nor were the features or form those of Mrs. Bliss, but like a genuine Indian girl. She asked for my "blanket," as she called my handkerchief, took it from me, wrapped the orange in it, and laid the orange and her own hand in mine. I covered all with my other hand, and hers dematerialized from the wrist between my two hands, and, with two or three passes from her other one, was again restored.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

W. J. COLVILLE'S ANSWER TO DR. DEAN CLARKE.

THE announcement that W. J. Colville would lecture on "Metaphysics, Consistency, and Common Sense" sufficed to draw a large and eager crowd of listeners to Berkeley Hall, on Sunday evening, May 9th. After the usual introductory exercises, Prof. Butts read Dr. Dean Clarke's article, entitled "Mr. Colville's Metaphysics," as published in May number of *Facts*, after which W. J. Colville made the reply, an abstract of which we publish below. Before entering, however, upon the body of the discourse, which, owing to the absence of a stenographer, was not reported *verbatim*, the lecturer gave the following personal narrative of his experience in Metaphysics, which elicited the enthusiastic applause of almost the entire audience.

I am told I inherited a weakly constitution from both parents, and was constantly, when a little child, in the hands of "regular doctors," whose efforts in my case were always totally unavailing, and whose practice I hated and dreaded. Even then I felt the terrible power of thought upon me, which I can now, happily, vanquish and repel. The persons with whom I lived threw their fears and unbelief upon me with such fearful force that I could only rally with great difficulty when left to the only remedial power I ever recognized, or found availing. "Leave it alone, and it will go away," were the only words in whose talismanic virtue I seemed able to believe; and when the ailment was left alone in thought, it did go away.

When fourteen years of age, I took a bold and decisive stand, refusing to take any medicine from that day forward; have held my ground ever since, and stand pledged to the unequivocal assertion, I will never employ anything that can, with any show of fairness, be called a drug for any medicinal purpose.

During the period of more than ten years of active public life I have never been unable to fulfil my numerous engagements on account of illness. I never need a vacation for rest, but unceasingly perform my platform and literary duties wherever I may be, and when I am tired, if it is not the time for sleep, overcome my feelings of weariness by doing whatever may be the

duty of the hour. I have never tasted stimulants since I was fourteen, nor have I employed the simplest anæsthetic.

I am convinced the reason why so very many mediumistic persons of rare gifts and attainments do not share my privileges in being sustained and recruited is that they have not grasped the idea in their own minds which enables them to benefit, as they might, from a common source of health and vigor as free to all as are air and sunlight. I do not believe any of us need be ill, having in my own individual experience proved absolutely the power of spirit, mind, idea, or thought over material ailments of almost every kind.

Dr. Dean Clarke, in replying to our essay on "The True Philosophy of Mental Healing," makes certain flagrant errors, and misrepresents our position so utterly in many important instances that we feel it a duty we owe the public to answer him publicly in defense of our sincere, and we must add demonstrable, convictions. Personally, we owe him no ill will. He has sent us a letter, which we have read to our class, declaring his ground of attack to be wholly conscientious and impersonal. We accept his statement without the slightest reservation, and in our remarks will endeavor to treat the theme with as little personal reference as possible when an individual's reply to an address of ours is the topic under discussion.

It would be quite impossible, without taking up the time of our audience for several consecutive evenings, to enter upon a thorough refutation of all Dr. Clarke's sophistries. We beg to inform him he is the sophist—not ourselves. The first point in his hysterical effusion which calls for our special notice is where he summons Huxley and other noted scientists to support his untenable premises. His first quotation from Huxley absolutely proves nothing, as this eminent professor is reported as conveying the idea that, in the absence of positive knowledge concerning mind and matter, we must content ourselves with speculative agnosticism. Neither Huxley nor any other genuine representative of modern science has ever affirmed the indestructibility of what can correctly be termed *matter*. The eternity of *substance*, or of something, of atoms, forsooth, is, we believe, universally conceded in the scientific world; but, as no one has ever seen an atom, who is to declare that atoms are material? So far as we know anything of them they exist in pure mind. As no one of man's five bodily senses has ever apprehended them, their existence is, from the standpoint of sense, purely hypothetical. Human reason—a strictly mental faculty—has arrived at the conclusion that something is eternal, and never, therefore, susceptible of annihilation; but sense has never peered beyond the molecule, and these infinitesimal organizations are said to be destructible, as they are aggregated masses of what science terms "invisible and undiscovered atoms or primaries." "Force," "energy," and similar terms are common to all

men of science, but force and energy are unknown quantities, save as intellect grapples with the problem of their being, and relegates them on the occasion of a final analysis to the realm of pure intelligence. The eternity of *substance* we concede, but why is not mind the only substance, bed-rock, or sure foundation in the universe? We are mental, we know of nothing except through our spirit or intelligence; and where is the scientist who will venture to declare that is not mental in the essence of its nature which we can discover only by the use of mental powers? We refer those who are anxious to consider this philosophy more fully to our published lectures on the "Philosophy of Spirit," and other similar topics; also to a lecture delivered recently in Chicago through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora Richmond, entitled "The Spiritual Basis of Life." We persistently maintain no intelligent, well-informed Spiritualist can possibly escape the inevitable conclusion of metaphysics — "All is mind, there is no matter." But let us define our meaning. Spiritual philosophy is antithetical to that of materialism, which affirms "All is matter,—there is no mind." We do not of course mean to say materialists deny mind as a result, effect, or phenomenon, but they distinctly aver everything is matter originally and ultimately. There can be no intelligence apart from physical organisms, therefore mind or consciousness is wholly subjective; matter produces mind; when the body decays, then the mind ceases to exist. Now, we maintain the direct opposite of this. Matter, we say, is only an effect of mind. Mind and matter are cause and effect; reality and phenomena; substance and appearance; but mind is eternally the former. If Dr. Dean Clarke and other self-styled jurors would carefully weigh these premises and analyze them well, they would hesitate before they applied the contemptuous terms "sciolism," "inconsistency," "sophistry," and other abusive epithets to a system of reasoning endorsed by the greatest intellects of every civilized country from times immemorial. If we are the ignorant sciolists and deluded sophists we are made out to be by modern pretenders to learning, we have at least the consolation of knowing that, if our ship founders, Plato, Berkeley, Fichte, Spinoza, Emerson, and countless other brilliant minds have sailed in it, and, we venture to affirm, have taught from it profounder truths than our carping critics have the ability to comprehend. A unitary basis of life we claim to be a necessary deduction of sound philosophy. Mind or matter: which? is the question of the age. We cannot serve two masters, nor logically believe in two Almighties.

The most flagrant, and we will add disgusting, error in Dr. Dean Clarke's article is his recognition of incurable diseases as necessary passports to "mansions in the skies," "kingdom come," or any other locality away from this planet where he expects to spend eternity. We know no reason in the nature of things why the body of man should ever decay and die; what law

of nature should forbid its gradual attenuation until the stage of immobility at length is reached. Chemistry proves solids and fluids to be convertible into impalpable ether. Physiology declares the body to be a molecular structure subject to hourly changes. We all know how bodies can be of various degrees of density and refinement, and we have probably all witnessed the partial spiritualization of a frame whose owner has progressed rapidly in intellectual and spiritual ways: nature has never told us the time will never come when neither burial nor cremation will be in order. The body may become invisible to mortal sense, and death, from which every creature naturally shrinks, be ultimately abolished; but if such a glorious abolition of man's last enemy be not the boon conferred upon this generation, surely a Spiritualist might suppose it possible that as friends beloved multiply in the unseen world, and as the allotted tasks are finished here, spiritual attraction to the spirit spheres might be a sufficient reason for transition. We have known many a dear old man and woman to fall asleep in the old arm-chair in the chimney corner, and, after no incurable disease which any doctor could discover, sleep the sleep of death. We must say we prefer our angel friends, and have more faith in the magnetic charm of spiritual work in a spiritual world than we have in cancer, consumption, asphyxia, dyspepsia, or any of the vile and hateful brood of filthy maladies which mortal error and medical malpractice have caused to accumulate on earth,—we prefer the gate of pearl to the gate of filth every time.

As to incurable diseases, who shall dare to say that any are incurable? He is a prince of sciolists and charlatans who undertakes to speak of science (knowledge) affirming the absolute incurability of any disorder; we have seen consumptives, victims of cancer in its most distressing forms, and many afflicted with other deadly diseases, whom the ablest physicians have given up, cured without drugs, and solely by the agency of spiritual power. No medical man of eminence, and no scholar unless a bigot, will venture to affirm that to be incurable the remedy for which he has not found in his limited pharmacopœia.

As to Dr. Dean Clarke's insulting slurs at Christian Science, and his paltry sneer conveyed in the meaningless expression, "turtle all the way down," we can only reply, insults are not arguments. We have never styled ourselves "Christian Scientists," though we sympathize heart and soul with the good being done by many earnest and successful men and women who call themselves by that name.

As to "elephantine errors," "bottomless pits," etc., etc., invocations of the "shade of Munchausen," distorted references to "gnats" and "camels," and a mass of other foolish jargon and wind-bag rhetoric, we can only ask the intelligent public to refer to a good encyclopedia, and to read the

New Testament, to discover the true worth of these frothy and pretentious attacks on a subject of which the writer is professedly ignorant.

Dr. Dean Clarke should study etymology for a definition of metaphysics, which means "*mind over matter.*" If a Scotch preacher had no conception of its meaning, we need not follow him in ignorance, but we presume ignorance is bliss in Dr. Dean Clarke's estimation on all such matters, and thus "'t is folly (we beg pardon, *sciolism*) to be wise." As to Munchausen, the man was simply a braggart, an egotist, one who attributed to himself wonderful deeds performed by others. Probably he is our learned critic's familiar spirit, and infuses some of his self-sufficiency into his medium. *Swallowing a gnat* will answer very well as an illustration of the effects of taking the ordinary eclectic's, homœopath's, or allopath's medicine; straining at one may mean the disposition to vomit when it is presented, or the eagerness with which those who are cursed with a belief in pathology (science of disease which makes it a hideous reality to the mind) clutch at this rotten reed which does not save them from destruction, for at length they must all die of incurable diseases. Oliver Wendell Holmes is credited with the saying, "If all the medicine prescribed by the faculty were cast into the sea, it would be better for mankind, but disastrous to the fishes." Competent physicians are daily prescribing less and less medicine, and relying more and more on the science of mind and spirit.

Dr. Dean Clarke's article sounds like a groan from the "bottomless pit," in which "elephantine errors" are lying strangled, buried, but not yet dead; these hideous ghouls which prey upon the human race, and wind their octopus-like arms around the tree of human health and happiness, are happily destined to become as "dead as door nails," to employ a homely old expression.

Under the refulgent rays of that true science which affirms unequivocally there are no incurable disorders, the remedy for all the ills of life is to be found, by those who diligently seek it, in that eternal reservoir of spirit whence healing streams forever flow.

As to diseases of plants and animals, we should like to know how anyone can prove that such ailments were ever known when there were no people on earth to witness them. After all, there may be more truth than fiction in the old ancestral belief that nothing was diseased until sin (error of mortal mind) blasted the fair creation.

Animalcules, we admit, are discoverable through the microscope, but is anyone ready to affirm the eternity and indestructibility of *bacteria*? Error creates them, truth destroys them. Our magnetic physicians might really credit their magnetism with a power sufficient to destroy insects without overstepping the bounds of propriety.

As to animal magnetism, we claim all healing power is spiritual. If

magnetism is employed as a therapeutic agent, what is magnetism originally but mental power? Mesmerism is simply the ism which took its name from Anton Mesmer. Psychology is a far broader term, and means, correctly, the science of soul (*psyche*). Psychological influence, when beneficial, is soul power. Mesmerism, in so far as it is a system of mental slave-holding, is detestable, and is a criminal attempt to destroy the rights and liberties of others. Mesmer was no doubt an excellent man in many ways; so was Dr. Gregory; so were many others who scientifically investigated biology, but whenever the motive is to heal and not to enslave the pure thought lifts the operator out of his craft, and allies him with forces of benevolence and truth.

Particularization with reference to every detail in this imperfect abstract is out of the question. The writer trusts he has succeeded in emphasizing a few of the more salient points in the address. A lengthy volume could scarcely aim at exhausting a topic of such infinitude as "the true philosophy of mental healing."

EDITORIAL.

MR. WM. H. MUMLER.

THE portrait we publish with this number of *Facts* is that of one who, some years ago, was known far and near as the *Spirit Photographer*,—Mr. Wm. H. Mumler.

Mr. Mumler was a native of Boston, born in 1832. For the first twenty years of his business life he was an engraver, in which profession he attained considerable prominence, after which he became interested in photography, and was widely known as a publisher of photographs, and the discoverer of the Mumler process of producing photo-electrotype plates. Nearly all the pictures which have been published in the *Facts* magazine during the last four years have been made by the Photo-Electrotype Company of Boston, of which Mr. Mumler was the originator and treasurer.

Other companies who have the right to use Mr. Mumler's patents are doing a similar business in other cities.

This process makes it possible to obtain a *fac-simile* of hand-writing, or any line-drawing desired, at much less cost than it could be done by wood engraving. The illustrations of the daily papers are many of them made by this process in a few hours.

It was during the early years of his life, as a photographer, that he began his work of producing the pictures which have been so well known as "spirit pictures." At that time he was not a Soiritualist, but opposed

and ridiculed Spiritualism. Being told often that he was a very powerful and peculiar medium, he would only laugh at the communication.

But, on one occasion, being alone in a photograph saloon trying new chemicals, and amusing himself by taking a picture of himself and of surrounding objects, he was surprised on developing the plate to find the chair he had brought into focus occupied by a dimly outlined figure, which he recognized as that of a deceased relative.

The proprietress of the saloon, who was a medium, whom he afterwards married, and who still survives him, on being shown the picture, instantly pronounced it a likeness of the spirit seen by her. Following up the discovery, and experimenting further, Mr. Mumler produced hundreds of these strange, ghostly pictures, his sitters coming from all directions for them, and in many instances several figures being shown at once beside that of the sitter. These likenesses were generally recognized, and in many a home today there are pictures taken by this artist which no money could buy, so dearly cherished and precious are they as proofs to their possessor of the intimate relation and continued presence of the loved ones beyond the veil.

Our sketch is necessarily brief and meager; but, if our readers have read the records of facts in regard to the phenomena in the secular as well as spiritual papers during the past twenty years, they must have heard much interesting testimony in regard to Mr. Mumler and his strange mediumship.

At the time of his death Mr. Mumler had been recently making further experiments in dry plates for instantaneous photographs, but the mental and physical strain caused by his inventive genius and taste for experiment had been too severe, and a serious and fatal illness was the result. He passed from his native city to the spirit side of life in 1884, within a few days of the fifty-second anniversary of his birth.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

THE publications of the English *Society for Psychical Research* give accounts of certain experiments in which some individual was able to tell a name, describe a card, or reproduce a simple drawing, which another person standing near had just seen, or was strongly thinking of, there being, so far as could be perceived, no communication between the two by means of the ordinary senses.

These accounts have been widely read, and have interested many who before were skeptical as to the value of such experiments. A committee

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These accounts have been widely read, and have interested many who before were skeptical as to the value of such experiments. A committee

of the *American Society for Psychical Research* has made various efforts by issuing circulars and by other means to induce people in this country to try similar experiments, with the object of discovering, if possible, persons who might be able to do such things as are described in the reports of the English society.

Apparently very few, if any, such persons have been found. The committee, therefore, desires to make this statement to the readers of *Facts*, thinking that some among them may be able and willing to undertake, in the presence of the committee, experiments like those recorded by the English society.

Communications should be addressed to Edwin H. Hall, No. 5 Avon St., Cambridge, Mass.

We publish above an announcement from a committee of the *American Society for Psychical Research*. It would give us great pleasure to serve this society in what we consider an important branch of work in any way.

The fact that the psychical societies, or rather their members, have been considered as opposed to Spiritualism, and inclined to explain away what is known as Spiritual phenomena by material science, should not, we believe, be any reason for antagonism, and we are glad to know that some who have formerly held these material views have already accepted and stated, privately, at least, their belief in the communion between the two worlds, as taught by Spiritualism. Although their experiments have generally been of a character showing a prejudice against Spiritualism, some of the phenomena which they have observed have obliged them to admit, as the Psychical Society of London has already done in its reports, that there was evidence of disembodied individual intelligence. Thus, we see, from whatever direction of variance the investigations begin, they must all lead to the same grand center, and Spiritualists can, in our estimation, afford to be liberal enough to allow others to investigate in their own way.

We have published in *Facts* hundreds of descriptions of psychical or psychological phenomena which prove individual intelligence—embodied and disembodied—at least as startling and positive in nature, and as authentic and well-attested, as those published by these societies. But we know there is a class of people who would accept the statement of a fact from one whom they consider a scientist which they would refuse to accept from one of ordinary education. And yet the truth is no scientist knows better what he sees than any careful observer and investigator of the phenomena knows what he sees.

We welcome to the pages of our magazine reports of all classes of investigators, and will gladly publish such reports, whether from Spiritualists or not.

SPIRITUALISM IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR FRAUD.

FOR more than four years, in our constant effort in our editorials and public work, we have tried to impress upon the public the importance of proper methods and conditions in the investigation of mental and spiritual phenomena. We have constantly urged mediums to make such conditions as would *thoroughly prove* the honesty of their intentions, and, on the other hand, have as earnestly advised investigators to assist as much as possible by love and harmony, knowing that both these conditions are necessary to the highest class of spirit manifestation.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, by others as well as ourselves, it appears, from what seems reliable testimony, that trickery and fraud have crept into the seance rooms to an alarming extent, and that mediums who have, by positive evidence, shown their mediumistic ability, have been detected in defrauding the public, while persons who were not known as having any special mediumistic gift have suddenly appeared as mediums for materialization, etc., and have deliberately obtained money under false pretences by a systematic series of deceptions and fraudulent manifestations.

The misfortune in this matter is that the most convincing phenomena may be so perfectly counterfeited as to make it almost impossible to detect the counterfeit without destroying the harmony which is absolutely necessary for the production of genuine phenomena.

The manifestations which form the *scientific basis* of spiritualism do not depend upon the *moral character* or *honesty* of mediums, therefore neither Spiritualism nor Spiritualist is responsible for the individual acts of mediums; nor is a genuine phenomenon, coming from a dishonest medium, any less important as evidence of continued existence beyond the destruction of the physical body than it would if the medium were of the highest reputation for character and veracity. Let us not be misunderstood. As associates and for teachers of this beautiful philosophy we would not choose liars, thieves, or ignorant persons, whether spirits or mortals. As Spiritualists, we do object to being considered as fraudulent, dishonest, and ignorant simply because there are mediums who are either so sensitive that they cannot repel evil influences, or who, from a desire to benefit such spirits, allow them to control, or who are so avaricious that they do not hesitate to substitute fraud for genuine mediumship.

Until mediums learn to make their conditions above suspicion of dishonesty, these disgraceful exposures, and accusations of fraud and misrepresentation, will occur. Upon their action depends largely the progress of Spiritualism, and its acceptance.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

It may not be known to all our readers that nearly every Spiritualist camp-meeting has been established within the last decade, and that nowadays fully ten thousand people congregate at such meetings, during the entire season from June till October, among the visitors being many who are by no means professed Spiritualists.

The oldest, and one of the largest, of these camps is found at Lake Pleasant, about half way between Albany and Boston, on the line of the Hoosac Tunnel or Fitchburg Railroad. This is a charming spot, as its name implies.

The meeting convenes the first Sunday in August, and continues thirty days, but hotels and cottages are usually occupied a month earlier, by tourists and summer visitors,—temperance, political, and other conventions being frequently held during July in the spacious auditorium.

Persons traveling upon this road between Boston and Albany can buy tickets as cheaply as by any other route, can enjoy the grand scenery and view the mammoth triumph of civil engineering, the Hoosac Tunnel, and stop at Lake Pleasant on the way.

From Boston one may go north over either the Fitchburg or Lowell Railroad to the pretty camp at Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire; thence by way of the picturesque route to Canada via the Vermont Central Railroad, stopping at the charming city of Burlington, Vermont, two or three miles south of which, at Queen City park, is one of the prettiest camp-grounds to be found in the country.

Striking the Passumpsic Railroad at various convenient points, one may be carried almost to the very doors of the famous hotels in the White Mountain regions, which seem deserted and isolated in the winter, alone with the eternal snows, but each one of which, in the season of vacation travel, swarms and teems with the life and gayety of the cosmopolitan crowds who flee from the cities for change and pleasure.

ONSET BAY CAMP-MEETING.

THE ONSET BAY ASSOCIATION will hold its annual camp-meeting from July 11th to August 29th, which time will include eight Sundays, nearly twice as long as any former meeting. It is the intention of the managers to make it even more interesting than formerly.

The following well-known lecturers are already engaged, viz: —

NAMES OF LECTURERS.

Sunday, July 11. — Mr. J. J. Morse; Miss Jennie B. Hagan.
 Tuesday, July 13. — Mr. J. J. Morse.
 Saturday, July 17. — Mrs. S. A. Byrnes.
 Sunday, July 18. — Rev. J. H. Harter; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes.
 Tuesday, July 20. — Rev. J. H. Harter.
 Saturday, July 24. — Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
 Sunday, July 25. — Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Mr. Charles Dawbarn.
 Tuesday, July 27. — Mr. Charles Dawbarn.
 Saturday, July 31. — Mrs. A. M. Glading.

Sunday, Aug. 1. — Mr. A. B. French; Mrs. A. M. Glading.
 Tuesday, Aug. 3. — Mr. A. B. French.
 Thursday, Aug. 5. — Mr. A. B. French.
 Saturday, Aug. 7. — Mrs. M. S. Wood.
 Sunday, Aug. 8. — Mr. Geo. A. Fuller; Mrs. M. S. Wood.
 Tuesday, Aug. 10. — Mr. Geo. A. Fuller.
 Saturday, Aug. 14. — Dr. Dean Clarke.
 Sunday, Aug. 15. — Dr. Dean Clarke.
 Tuesday, Aug. 17. —
 Saturday, Aug. 21. — Dr. F. L. Willis.
 Sunday, Aug. 22. — Rev. J. K. Applebee; Dr. F. L. Willis.
 Tuesday, Aug. 24. — Rev. J. K. Applebee.
 Saturday, Aug. 28. — Mrs. H. S. Lake.
 Sunday, Aug. 29. — Mrs. H. S. Lake; Mr. J. J. Morse.

There will be lectures Sundays, morning and afternoon, and Tuesday and Saturday afternoons. Mondays will be general holidays, on which will be no regular services. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons Fact Meetings will be held under the direction of the editor of this magazine, and on the morning of every week day, except Mondays, there will be Conference and Mediums' Meetings.

We understand that many of the best mediums intend to visit Ouset the present season, and that Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, and others, have already been engaged by the Association as public mediums.

The Middleboro Band will furnish music as heretofore on Sundays. There will be social and dancing-parties in the Temple as usual on Saturday evenings, concerts and other entertainments during the week. This building is one of the finest public halls we have ever seen at a summer resort, and is an ornament to the grounds as well as a convenience to the public.

Onset Bay is located about fifty miles from Boston, on the Old Colony Railroad, in the town of East Wareham, on Cape Cod. It has all the advantages of an open seaside-resort, except surface-bathing, instead of which is a fine, safe beach for still-water bathing, and facilities for rowing, fishing, and sailing unsurpassed by any shore we have ever seen.

Numerous hotels and boarding houses are situated among the native forest trees, all of which houses are open to visitors after July 1st, most of them being occupied even from June by the thousands of people who go to Onset in the early and late weeks of the season for fishing and quiet recreation.

From Onset it is convenient to reach the camp-meeting at Harwich, thirty miles below, or any of the fashionable summer-resorts on Cape Cod; or, by steamer from Woods Hol, to visit the famous summer-city of Martha's Vineyard, or the quaint old port of Nantucket. It is impossible in our limited space even to mention the charming places scattered all along this oldest and best-known coast of New England.

ESSENCE AND SUBSTANCE, by Hon. Warren Chase.—In presenting this little work to the public, Mr. Chase claims no discovery as to mind and matter, but, as he says in his preface, does it more to leave his testimony in a permanent form, as a legacy of belief to his many friends.

It seems a fair and clear statement of his views as stated in his lectures for so many years,—views which, to those who *feel* acutely, but *reason* obtusely, may sometimes be startling; but, as he says: "If we could once lift off the great flat stone of superstition and bigotry, and search in the spirit world of forms as we do in chemistry, there is no counting the treasures that would be found awaiting us in these rich mines of essence and substance." For sale by Colby & Rich.

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM, by the Roman Emperor Julian.—This little *brochure* claims to be a statement by the Emperor Julian—the apostate, as he is called in ancient history—of his position and the reasons for his action in those days, given through the mediumship of Mr. T. T. Buddington, who seems to have written conscientiously what was given him in a style pure and elevated, as befits a wise and constantly progressive spirit. It is well worth reading, and full of suggestions for earnest thought on national welfare, religious and political. Published by Colby & Rich.

MR. H. MORRIS, Astrologer.—By an oversight, the name of the astrologer who cast the nativity in May issue of *Facts* was left out. It is our intention to give names and dates as far as practicable in connection with descriptions of phenomena, and we regret the omission in this case of the name of Mr. H. Morris, who is at No. 77 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass., as will be seen from his advertisement among mediums' cards.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

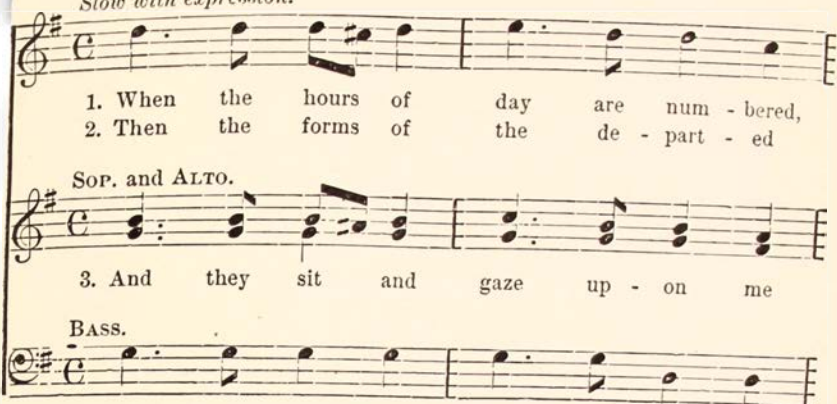
(QUARTET.)

Words by LONGFELLOW.

HERBERT LESLIE.

TENOR.

Slow with expression.

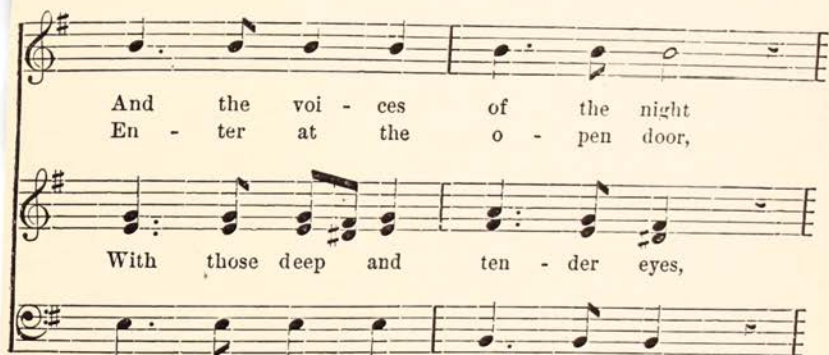


1. When the hours of day are num - bered,
2. Then the forms of the de - part - ed

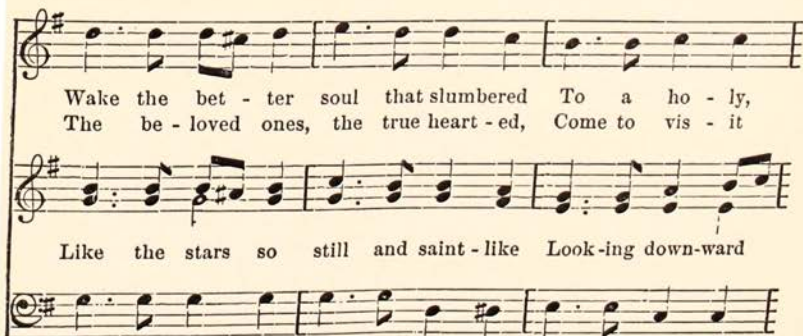
SOP. and ALTO.

3. And they sit and gaze up - on me

BASS.



And the voi - ces of the night
En - ter at the o - pen door,
With those deep and ten - der eyes,



Wake the bet - ter soul that slumbered To a ho - ly,
The be - loved ones, the true heart - ed, Come to vis - it
Like the stars so still and saint - like Look - ing down - ward

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

calm de - light, Ere the eve ning lamps are light - ed,
us once more. With a slow and noise - less foot - step,
from the skies; Ut - tered not, yet com - pre - hend - ed,

And like phan - toms grim and tall, Shad - ows from the
Come the mes - sen - gers di - vine, Take the va - cant
Is the spir - it's voice - less prayer, Soft re - bukes in

fit - ful fire - light, Dance up - on the par - lor wall;
chair be - side me, Lay their gen - tle hands in mine.
bless - ings end - ed Breath - ing from their lips of air.