

# FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

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

---

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

---

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

---

PUBLISHED BY THE  
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Corner Bosworth and Province Streets.

P. O. Box 3539.

BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

COLBY & RICH, Publishers of the 'Banner of Light.'

**FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

Post-Office Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

**L. L. WHITLOCK, EDITOR.**

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

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

\$25 per page for 5000 copies.

15 1-2 " " " "

10 1-4 " " " "

Less space at the rate of 50 cents per line (width of page) for 1 month.

Liberal discounts for long time. Circulation guaranteed, and proof furnished when desired.

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.

## CONTENTS.

Portrait of Madame Diss Debar. . . . .	frontispiece.
A Forty Years' Presentiment. <i>Detroit Post</i> . . . . .	227
Development in a Spiritual Family-Circle. Translated from the German by Mrs. Julia A. Dawley ( <i>concluded</i> ). . . . .	228
The Rumseller's Victim. Related by Mrs. Twing. . . . .	232
A Spirit Still in the Body. Mr. D. Reddington. . . . .	233
A Child Medium. Mrs. Caroline L. Chase. . . . .	234
Transfiguration. Mr. A. B. Brown. . . . .	234
Beckoned Away from Danger. Mr. Gerald Massey. . . . .	235
Extraordinary Manifestations at Onset:—	
The Story of Mrs. Lucien Carpenter. Mrs. Julia A. Dawley. . . . .	236
Story of Dr. Touseley. . . . .	238
The Message of Sir John Franklin. Mr. N. U. Lyon. . . . .	239
The Experience of Hon. Thomas Davis. Related by Dr. Pratt. . . . .	241
Dr. Henry Slade in Paris. <i>Banner of Light</i> . . . . .	242
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Can Any Good Thing Come Out of Nazareth? (poem). C. Van W. Fish. . . . .	243
EDITORIALS.—Madame Diss Debar, 244; Common Sense and Facts, 245; Fraudulent Mediums, 247.	
MUSIC: "We'll Stand the Storm" (Quartette). By Herbert Leslie. . . . .	249





MADAME DISS DEBAR.

# FACTS.

---

---

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

---

---

## A FORTY YEARS' PRESENTIMENT.

From the *Detroit Post*, April 19, 1885.

*Leisure Hours*: Mr. Notcutt was a highly respectable, independent minister in Ipswich, the ancestor of a succession of ministers of the same name, in the same town and church. Before he was married, the lady to whom he was engaged dreamed that she was, while going over the house, which was unknown to her,—and in a little room, a sort of inner closet, which she had never seen,—seized with a violent bleeding from the nose, and all attempts to stop it were quite unavailing.

Shortly before her marriage, the happy young girl was going over her future home with Mr. Notcutt; she began to recognize the house, and, at last, coming upon a closet such as we have described, she exclaimed: "Why, this is the very closet where I was in my dream when my nose began to bleed!"

They were married; years passed along; she became a mother and a grandmother. Exactly forty years passed away, but the dream was not forgotten. One day, while in the very closet superintending the putting away of some linen, her nose began to bleed, and continued to do so without intermission. All efforts were, as in the dream, quite unavailing, and the old lady succumbed to the hemorrhage, and so death visited the manse.

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

## DEVELOPMENT IN A SPIRITUAL FAMILY-CIRCLE.

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

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

(Continued.)

As may be supposed, this story excited our interest, and we begged "the spirits" for information. Through tippings and repetition of the alphabet, my son received orders to take the pencil, and then wrote, psychographically, the following words:—

"It was Clara L——, of Munich. She died the same night. Her spirit is always near you, Carl."

My son was deeply moved by this communication, and, after earnest inquiry, we obtained from him the following information:—

"In 1882, when I served in Munich as volunteer, I went frequently with my comrades, of whom Clara's brother was one, to the house of her uncle. Clara and her brother were orphans, and were brought up at Stuttgart by this uncle, whom I was informed was a general in the Dutch service. The old gentleman was fond of youthful society, and often gave little entertainments at his house, which were very enjoyable. I left Munich in October, 1882, and Clara's brother was at the same time mustered into service as lieutenant in the cavalry. When I came again to Munich last fall (1883), I felt it my duty to pay my respects at the house of the general, and was very cordially received by him and Clara, who had grown taller and still more beautiful. We went out frequently in company together, and this was the cause of my remaining longer in Munich than was agreeable to you. I cannot believe this young, blooming, and healthy creature is dead."

We remarked that, if it were so, Clara's brother would surely have sent him notice; but Carl replied that, having neglected to leave his university address, the brother would not know where to reach him.

We resolved to communicate with this Lieutenant L—, and, searching out his address in a military directory, Carl wrote him a letter, simply asking after his welfare, and that of his family. After a few days of painful suspense, the following reply was received upon the 29th of April:—

“INGOLDSTADT, April 26, 1884.

“*Dear Carl*,—I was much pleased to receive from you a sign of life at last. I cannot answer your kind inquiry after our welfare as I could wish, for, only think, my poor sister died on February 8th, of inflammation of the lungs! I should have sent you the sorrowful tidings at that time, but had no idea where to reach you. Clara was perfectly prepared, and commissioned me to send her last greeting to you, with a little wreath of pressed flowers, which would be found in her prayer-book. In the confusion, I forgot to look for it, and uncle, who set out immediately after Clara’s burial to visit his sister in the Hague, shut up her room. He will return to Munich in May, when I will send the flowers to you at once.

“I am pretty well here, and a somewhat arduous service leaves me little time for unavailing regrets, and all must be endured. Farewell, and do not quite forget me. With hearty greeting,

“Thine, ERNEST L—.”

This letter moved us deeply, but the affection which reached beyond the grave of this pure being touched us even more than the signs of her love and well-being, given by Clara in our former seances, had done.

On May 5th we received through tipping of the table and the alphabet the following communication:—

“Consider what follows an expression of our favor.”

We heard writing upon the block, and found upon the paper the following independent writing:—

“These great favors are granted to your love, because you have continually been faithful, and we have remained friendly to you.”

Then followed the order, through tipping, for Carl to hold the block, and we again heard writing. After a few minutes the pad

was taken from Carl's hand, and fell immediately upon the table. Light was made, and we found upon the block of paper a little wreath of dried flowers, and the words:—

“From Clara for Carl, out of the South.”

According to the assurance of Clara's spirit, this is the same wreath which she bequeathed to Carl upon her death-bed. Our astonishment over this was great. We had, for the first time, experienced spirit-transportation! Naturally, we were curious to know how the bouquet could be brought from the closed dwelling in Munich to us here, but our curiosity was only met by these words:—

“Ask not how and why; enough for you that we reward you so, and will reward you still more!”

Under such influences our love for Clara grew more and more, like that of a person still moving upon earth.

In the seance of Aug. 20, 1884, my son was again ordered to hold the pencil, and his hand wrote:—

“Have a bracelet made from this portion of my hair, and let the clasp be made so that half of it can be used as a locket, with a glass over it.—CLARA.”

Then followed a request for him to hold the slate. After a few minutes the sign for light was given, and we found on the slate a slender strand of golden brown hair, perfumed with violet, and tied with a bit of red silk. Carl recognized it as Clara's hair. Through his own hand was written the following message:—

“It is my earnest wish that Carl should wear the bracelet as soon as possible. Carl, your hair-dresser will give you the address of a skillful braider of hair, to whom you may trust the work, and your dear father may see to having the setting properly done wherever he will.”

I made the design for the bracelet on the same evening, and it was all carried out according to Clara's wish.

The bracelet is a gold-rim, eight mm. broad, in a groove, in the outside of which lies the braid of hair. On one side of it is a medallion, which, on the inside, has a receptacle, or depression, which is covered with a leaf of mica, or spectacle-glass, held in



place by a fine, gold rim, and a thin plate of gold covering it. On the outside the medallion is ornamented with an engraved "C."

In the fall of 1884, my son was promised a Christmas present from another spirit who came to us, calling herself "Fernande," and who, according to her communication, was the wife of an English army surgeon, Dr. Brown, who fell in the Crimean war. She survived her husband six years, and died in Hungary. The spirit of this physician often gave us, and especially my wife, valuable medical advice; but Fernande's spirit mingled with more sympathy in our daily intercourse. These friends, and many more, were brought by Clara to us, and into our surroundings.

During the seance appointed for the evening of Dec. 25, 1884, Carl was requested to lay his bracelet upon the table, which was done. After a few moments light was called for, and to our greatest astonishment we found in the small locket, upon the bracelet, a medallion portrait of a beautiful young woman, looking downward. Through tips and the alphabet was spelled out this message:—

"The glass must not be removed, or the picture will be lost to you."

Just before noon of the next day, I provided myself with a good magnifying glass, and demanded the bracelet of Carl that I might carefully examine the wonderful portrait in the clear daylight. After the examination of the picture, as the lower plate of the locket would not stay perfectly closed, I pressed a little harder upon it, and the hinge striking upon the rim, and this upon the crystal, unfortunately the little rim and crystal sprang out of the locket and fell to the floor. I stooped quickly, and grasped the glass, which still had a brown hue, but after a few seconds this faded, and the glass was again white and transparent. The picture which had been imprinted upon it had vanished.

I was much perplexed over this misfortune. My family overwhelmed me with reproaches. I could only urge as an excuse that the goldsmith had done his work unskillfully, and hence the misfortune; that the crystal rested upon the braid of hair, which, being elastic, worked like a stretched string. But my rather faintly-spoken defence, at lunch, was without avail with my family, and the general depression of spirit was not to be banished.

Finally, we heard loud raps on the dining-table, and the message was given by the use of the alphabet, to my great relief:—

“The picture is not lost to you.”

On New Year's Day, 1885, Carl received the order:—

“Have the bracelet made to close perfectly before Thursday.”

I ordered the necessary alteration made by a goldsmith, and on January 8th was written, psychographically:—

“Handle my picture with care; since, after the loss of the other, for which no one should be blamed, each new manifestation takes more time.”

Then followed the order for Carl to put his bracelet into his sister's right hand. While she held it came the following message through tips and alphabet:—

“Receive what I present you from a loving heart.”

Light was brought, and we found in the locket the same picture of Fernande which had been lost to us on December 26th. My son is still the fortunate possessor of this bracelet, with the picture.

---

### THE RUMSELLER'S VICTIM.

Related by Mrs. TWING, of Westfield, N. Y., at the Facts Convention, Onset, 1886.

In the fall of 1884, a well-known writing and trance medium, who lives on a farm in the State of New York, was preparing to drive to the nearest town with her housemaid. Gretchen looked out of the window, and exclaimed with a shade of disappointment in her tone: “We cannot go; here are some people coming!” “Yes,” answered the lady, “I see them; there are two women and a man.” “No,” Gretchen answered, “the women are alone,”—but to the clairvoyant sight of the medium a man was clearly coming up the path to the door with them, and she wondered how the maid could be so blind.

The man stepped directly in front of the window, looking in, and, as he did so, Mrs. T—— saw that his face was covered with blood, which was flowing from a ragged cut near the temple. As

she stood looking at him, he fell, and, at the same moment, the women having reached the door, she sprang to open it, and said, before they had time to speak: "What ails the man?" "What man?" said one of the women. "The man who came with you," answered Mrs. T——; and, proceeding to describe him, was told by the woman whom she had never seen before, and who gave her name as Margaret Muldoon, of Brockton, N. Y., that the description was of her husband who had been killed some time before in a drunken brawl, his head being cut open with a bottle, and his body afterward thrown into a cistern in Dunkirk, where it was found. "Yes," said the medium, "and he wants me to tell you that you must prosecute the man who kept the saloon, and sold him the liquor when he was already drunk, and he comes here to tell you where he bought the whiskey."

This he did through Mrs. T——'s organism, and also gave her the name of the witness to the sale of the whiskey,—Patrick Burns,—who, it appeared, had been bribed to secrecy (the widow having threatened prosecution) and sent to Grand Rapids, Mich. This man had returned a few days before, although none of the parties interested were aware of his return. "But," said the spirit of the victim, "you will find him down at Mouchers. Take witnesses with you and question him, and serve a subpoena on him for a witness, and you will win the case."

To make the story short, the widow did find him, did get his testimony, and did win the case, the liquor dealer being obliged to go to Mayville and pay \$3000 damages for selling liquor to the man, whose spirit may be said to have come back to help conduct the prosecution.

---

### A SPIRIT STILL IN THE BODY.

By Mr. D. REDDINGTON, Odessa, Mo.

A little incident occurred at my house the other day of some interest to investigators. A medium was there, and a lady questioning from the tippings of a table. Soon the table moved, and on inquiry it was found that the father was communicating. The medium said: "He is alive," and shortly, and in the midst of the communication, the table stopped, and the medium said: "He was asleep, and some one has awakened him."

The next day, inquiry was made of the father and daughter, who lived, and were at the time, a mile from my house and from the medium, when it was found that the daughter awoke him at forty minutes past five, which was the minute the medium said he awoke, and the old man, chiding the daughter for disturbing him, said: "I am sorry you woke me up, for I was having a happy time."

---

### A CHILD MEDIUM.

By Mrs. CAROLINE L. CHASE, Jacksonville, Vt.

About six months ago, to our surprise, it was discovered that our little granddaughter, eleven years old, is a medium.

At first came raps. By the use of the alphabet we got names of our spirit friends, and conversed with them. Hands were placed on our heads and shoulders; a hand was seen to move around and descend upon the table, and a center-table moved around at the bidding of those present.

Skeptical persons were talking in opposition, in the presence of the medium, when raps, heavy as the blow of a carpenter's hammer in the hand of a strong man, came upon the table and floor. By the use of the alphabet and raps, we were informed what spirit friend produced the manifestations. Later on music was heard, lights began to appear, and spirit forms were seen, beautifully dressed in white. Mothers who had lost their little ones felt little forms moving in their laps as they sat in the circles at the table.

These things can be vouched for by many of our neighbors, and that there are persons so organized that through their mediumship the veil that separates us from our dear spirit friends is parted is to us now a demonstrated fact.

---

### TRANSFIGURATION.

By Mr. A. B. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

In the winter of 1885 and '86, while attending a seance given by Miss Helen C. Berry, I was called to the cabinet nearly at the close of the circle, and instantly recognized the form appearing as that of

a friend who has often materialized to me. "Why, Mrs. P——," I exclaimed, "I am glad to see you!" "Yes," she responded, "but I want you first to be sure it is I." Throwing off her veil, she turned her face to the light, and allowed me to examine critically her features. There was no mistaking her identity. Stoutier than the medium, with black hair and eyebrows, dark eyes, a nose *retrousee*, and rather long face, she was the exact opposite to her in every particular. Satisfied with my examination, I said: "Yes, Hattie, it is certainly you; I would know you if I met you on the street." "Well," said she, laughing, "it certainly *is* my spirit, but I have taken the medium's body. There was not sufficient power left to materialize another form, and I must come to you, so I took and transfigured her." Even after she had told me this I could hardly credit it; but while I was watching—holding both her hands—the black hair and eyebrows disappeared, the features changed, the dark dress and the roses worn by the medium were visible through the white drapery, and in a moment more she herself stood before me,—I still holding her hands. Almost instantly, "Charlie," Miss Berry's control, released her from her trance, and this closed the seance, proving conclusively, to one, at least, that transfiguration is as much a fact as materialization, and as great a wonder.

---

## BECKONED AWAY FROM DANGER.

By Mr. GERALD MASSEY, London, England.

[From a lecture of Mr. Massey's, St. George's Hall, April, 1886.]

I know a man who was the conductor of an American railway car. He saw the form of his dead father enter at the rear end of a Pullman sleeper, and beckon him out. He followed the apparition through three carriages. Just then a collision occurred in front, and several persons were killed, but he who was thus beckoned away was out of danger. This experience for him had all the elements of reality external to himself. He had no time to get up the metaphysics of the subject. It was instant and actual, outside of him and all around him. Nothing could persuade him that he projected it.

## EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS AT ONSET.

Most Spiritualists and investigators are sufficiently like the men of Athens, to whom Paul spoke of the Unknown God, "who spent their time in nothing but to tell or to hear some new thing," to be interested in a brief account of the wonderful manifestations of the power of the Unseen Forces, through the mediumship of Madame Diss Debar. These manifestations, although alike in general features, are so varied in results, so generally satisfactory, and so unique, that it is no wonder the story of them is in every mouth. We can only mention a few of those which have come to our notice, hardly knowing where to begin. We will give first

## THE STORY OF MRS. LUCIEN CARPENTER, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

By Mrs. JULIA A. DAWLEY.

On Wednesday morning this lady was standing in front of Madame Diss Debar's tent as I passed it. In the evening I met and was introduced to her at the social, when she told me that she went immediately to Madame's after I saw her in the morning, and was handed a card, which, when she had examined carefully to find it perfectly blank, she held upon her own head, the medium never touching it. A gentleman came into the back room, Madame Diss Debar stepped into that room to speak to him, and taking him by both hands, drew him as far as the *portiere*, where—still holding his hands—she stood looking toward, but not approaching, Mrs. Carpenter. Suddenly she said: "The name is Charles; I hear him call Henry. What is it about Henry? What dreadful thing is it that happened to Henry? The spirit says if you will bring a slate, he will give you a communication for your son, who is still in the form." The medium also described a spirit of a young lady, an old one, and a gentleman. Meantime Mrs. Carpenter was holding the card upon her head, when the medium said: "I see a gun forming on the card;" and, in a moment more: "It is finished," and, on taking it down, there was a fine picture, like a crayon drawing, of a soldier, evidently a sharpshooter, a young lady, an old one, and an old gentleman.

The next morning I was requested by Mr. Whitlock to go to Madame Diss Debar's tent with a message, and wait there for him. As I approached the door, Madame asked me not to come in at

that moment, but a few seconds later to come in at the back door, which I did, and found Mrs. Carpenter sitting alone with the medium. Mrs. Carpenter had in her lap a parcel, done up in brown paper, which she said was the slate she had brought with her, and which, after putting her own mark upon it, she had wrapped again. This slate never left her hands save for the moment I took it in mine; yet, as she sat there with it in her hands in her lap, and I between her and the medium, holding the right hand of the latter and watching all most carefully, we heard the sound of *cutting into* the slate-stone as though with a graver's tool, and Mrs. Carpenter said she felt the pressure of it upon her lap. Madame was in the meantime talking to me, when, hearing three tiny raps inside the paper on the slate, she declared the work finished. The slate being uncovered was found to contain the following messages cut into its surface, the dust being still upon it following every line:—

“HOME OF PEACE.

“*Friend Henry*,—I was a sharpshooter. You were accidentally shot. I came to let you know that we are foes no longer. Go on. Progress is the watchword of the hour. I am with you. Leave creeds; break loose from the tramwork of form, and stand forth a man.—CHARLES JAMES.”

“*Darling Mamma*,—Did you not know me? I will come and give you my picture.—ANNIE.”

The gentleman addressed as “Henry” is the son of Mrs. Carpenter,—Mr. Henry F. Hicks, of East Providence,—who, in the late war, was in Gen. Burnside's Division, First Rhode Island Battery A, was wounded, and had both feet amputated on the field, and whose life was only saved by the most careful nursing in hospital at Washington, but who now lives in Providence, a member of the Methodist Church there. Annie is the name of the little daughter who, if still upon earth, would be a young lady now.

The previous day my cousin and myself were sent to invite Madame Diss Debar to speak at the Facts Meeting, where we found Mrs. Herman Snow, of Cambridge, sitting alone with her, holding a card, which Madame took from her and handed us to examine. We did so carefully, finding it perfectly clean and

white, and saw her return it to Mrs. Snow, after which time we are certain no one touched it except Mrs. Snow herself. As neither of us had ever seen the process of procuring these pictures, we gladly accepted the invitation to stand in the doorway and watch. Standing thus, I remarked upon the beautiful blending of colors in the lady's dress, and Madame seized a pink rock-rose from my cousin's buttonhole, which she thrust into the lady's hair (without touching the card), and returning to us, seizing and holding our hands, she drew herself up with an air of command as though addressing an invisible servant, and said: "I desire a *colored* picture, not mere black and white. Let it be perfect." Even as she spoke, we who were watching saw forming upon the card a beautiful oil-painting of two half-length forms, male and female, on which were reproduced the colors of the flower and the dress on the drapery and skin, and background beautifully and artistically blended, still moist and having a strong odor of paint, and under the picture, in legible, printed letters, the words: "Look to us; trust to us; we will lead thee." We did not wait to ask Mrs. Snow if she recognized the faces, but left her and the medium, with thanks that we had been allowed to see this marvellous exhibition, which altogether had not occupied more than five minutes.

We have heard hints of cards, etc., already prepared with some chemicals, upon which the heat of the hand, or exposure to light, will act, so that a picture may be brought out. To such hints what better reply can be made than to relate the following

#### STORY OF DR. TOUSELEY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

This gentleman had already received two or three very beautiful pictures and communications under such circumstances as those mentioned above, but, desiring to test still further, asked and obtained permission to make his own conditions. He took a row-boat and went over to Wickett's Island, where he found a couple of good-sized clam-shells, one of which was a very little larger than the other, which he cleaned and put in his pocket, and which were never out of his possession a moment during the progress of the experiment. Going directly to the tent of Madame Diss Debar, he told her he desired the manifestation to be upon the inside of these shells. She declared her belief that it could



not occur; but when he seated himself with the shells, one closed over the other, held upon his head, she saw "the light" fall for a moment upon them, and then disappear again. "It is no use," she said; "take them down." He took them down, opened them a little, peeped in, and seeing that there was something on one of them, closed them quickly, put them back on his head, and declared he was not satisfied, but would try again. "But," said the medium, "it is no use; the light never comes back when it has gone." "I am not satisfied," still persisted Dr. Touseley, and, as he spoke, the light came on the shells again, and was gone.

He opened the shells again, and on one of them was a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, on the other these words:—

"Call me not in body nor in effigy. I am with you in mind and in spirit. — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

Dr. Touseley is much interested in the subject of electrical experiments and inventions, and is naturally inclined to believe that the eminent student who opened the door to such wonderful results as the now common telegraph and telephone, electric light, and other uses of this god-like force, with the key on the kite-string, did manifest his presence then and there.

We know of many instances in which people have brought any bit of pasteboard, or wooden box-cover or paper, to the medium, and have received pictures, writings, etc., thus doing away with the theory of previous preparation.

"But," says some one, "if, as you Spiritualists say, the mind of a sitter acts upon the medium, and the mind of Dr. Touseley was so strongly intent upon receiving this communication from Franklin, no doubt the communication was a reflection of his own mind." Perhaps so; but what of the following:—

#### THE MESSAGE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

By Mr. N. U. LYON, Fall River.

I went to Madame Diss Debar's when I was at Onset last year; held my own slates upon my head, one over the other, tied together with twine in the manner which has been described in the Facts Meetings today, and, on taking them down, found cut into the surface of one of them this likeness and message. The

work took from twelve to fifteen minutes, during which time six persons came into or were in the room, all of whom heard the cutting or engraving being done.

Unlike Moses, of whom we are told that he was alone with God in the darkness when the message was given to him upon the tables of stone, I sat there in the light, with six witnesses, and received my prophecy upon tables of slate, the dust of which was still upon the lower one when I took it down.

I did not recognize the portrait, nor notice the small letters, "J. F.," upon the little flag which waves over the lonely grave, or pile of stones, in the upper corner, nor pay any particular attention to the meaning of the message, for it is upon a matter to which I have given no study nor thought, nor did I feel that it was meant for me particularly; but on reaching home, and showing the slate (which I knew was not previously prepared, for I examined it before the message, etc., came), a young English girl in my family said: "Why, that is Sir John Franklin, and there is the place where the explorers who went for him found his remains. I remember seeing the picture in my school-days." I sent for photographs of Sir John Franklin from various places, which I find on comparison with this upon the slate to be evidently of the same person. The prophecy remains to be fulfilled or not, as may be. I know nothing about aerial navigation. This is the communication:—

"POLAR REGION, 6th Observatory.

"It is our desire that the scientific course of progress to the north pole should be fully demonstrated, and we shall use you for the furtherance of this mighty undertaking.

"There shall be given the model of an air-ship which shall soar above ice, and be capable of existence in the most dangerous altitudes. I will lead you onward. — J. F."

It may not be out of place here to insert the following message given through the mediumship of one of our oldest psychometrists, Mrs. L. A. Coffin, to whom a photograph of the slate was sent for a psychometric reading, showing the same desire to accomplish the result for which this eminent explorer gave his earth life:—

COPY OF MESSAGE FROM SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"SPIRIT REGION.

"I have not left the earth region entirely, as I am still inter-

ested to carry out my ideas of navigating, in some more convenient way, the *Polar Region*. I am satisfied it can only be done in the way I propose. I come to you, wishing to bring this before the people of your country and time. I would like to have some instrument through whom I could construct my air-ship.

“Truly yours, JOHN FRANKLIN.”

You will find a profile medallion in a book from your library, which is a narrative of Sir John Franklin and his companions, by Capt. McClintock, R. N. The flag-staff is upon the summit of the N. E. Cape. 6th observatory was built of cakes of ice just large enough to hold the declinometer for hourly observations. He went 77° north latitude.

Here, then, in the case of Mr. Lyon, is an instance proving the thought was not in the *sitter's* mind, even if the medium may have projected it. Now, on the contrary, let us take

#### THE EXPERIENCE OF HON. THOMAS DAVIS, OF PROVIDENCE,

Related by Dr. PRATT.

Walking up toward the Glen Cove House yesterday morning, I met Mr. Davis, who had just arrived upon the grounds, and had not yet seen or conversed with any medium, and had never met Madame Diss Debar. I asked him where he was going, and turning to walk with him said, as we were nearing Madame Diss Debar's tent: “Come in here and see a wonderful woman.” We stepped up to the tent, and without introducing Mr. Davis, or speaking to him by name, or giving any clue to his identity, I asked the lady to give him a sitting. She handed him a card which he and I examined carefully to find it perfectly blank, and he placed it upon his head, when the light falling upon it, as she said, she held a small hand-mirror before him that he might see the picture which was forming upon the card, which I could see from where I stood, and could also have seen if she had attempted to change or in any way tamper with it, when he exclaimed: “My God, it is my wife!” There had come upon the card a portrait, which many persons upon the grounds, to whom it has been shown, have already recognized as readily as he did, of his wife, Paulina Wright Davis, who has been many years in the spirit world, and was well known as an advocate of Woman's Rights.

These are only a few of many, even *hundreds*, instances which have occurred at Onset within this one year, and whatever we may believe, or not believe, of the genuineness of the spirits, or, rather, as to their *IDENTITY*, it seems beyond question that *some* power with intelligence and skill, and knowledge of chemical properties which no mortal has yet shown, produces these results in broad daylight without any prearranged conditions, in the presence of reliable witnesses, through the mediumship of this remarkable woman.

---

### DR. HENRY SLADE IN PARIS.

---

From the *Banner of Light*, Aug. 14, 1886.

The following communication was written between two slates at a sitting of four French gentlemen with Dr. Slade in Paris, on May 29th last. It is translated from *Le Moniteur* of June 15th, by C. G. Helleberg, of Cincinnati, O., who adds this note: William Clarke was born in Virginia, 1770, and died 1838. He was appointed by Jefferson second lieutenant of artillery, and ordered to join the Rocky Mountain Expedition, which left St. Louis in March, 1804. To Clarke's thorough knowledge of Indians and their habits the success of the expedition was mainly due. In 1813 he was appointed Governor of Missouri, and held the office until the State organization was completed. In 1822 he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which he held until his death:—

*"My Good Friends,*—This morning we come to you to give you the truth, and we hope that you will remember it for a long time. Truth is truth, no matter from whence it comes or where you find it. If you find gold in the dirt, is it not just as precious as if found elsewhere? It is the same with truth; so, if you find it coming from a depraved spirit, it is just as true and valuable as if coming from a saint. Many are trying to deny facts of this kind, and abusing the mediums; but abuse is not argument. Therefore all who study these facts should consider that they are seeking for truth and not for fraud; if they do so, they will find more truth and less fraud. Believe me, my friends. Wishing the angels always to bless you, I am

WILLIAM CLARKE."

## FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF NAZARETH?

Extract of a letter from the author, C. VAN W. FISH.

SITTING one morning by a table, on which was a sheet of brown wrapping-paper, I took my pencil from my pocket without any idea of writing a word, nor a thought of this police-court scene, and commenced, in mere *ennui*, making scratches upon the paper. Suddenly, without the least idea even as to how the first line would end, I began to write as rapidly as I am now writing, and finished the whole piece, with the alteration of but *one* word, and that one was altered immediately after it was written, and before the next was given. I did not feel otherwise than in a perfectly normal condition both of mind and body . . . but I must confess that on a careful study of the scenes depicted, the characters introduced, the attitude of one phase of life toward others, the results educed, the culmination from a simple narrative to a point almost dramatic in its effect, evince, to my mind, manifestation of an ability foreign to, and surpassing any, self-recognized natural ability innate to myself.

Yours sincerely,

C. VAN W. FISH.

While walking out the other morn, to pass the time away,  
I strolled into a police court, because I chanced that way;  
The judge seemed hard and stern to all, no mercy did he show  
As the culprits each before him passed in a steady stream, though slow.  
As I sat listening quietly, the sentences would fall:  
"Ten dollars fine," or, "thirty days,"—they seemed to convict all.  
The prisoners, one by one, appeared from a little room one side,  
Where they were kept confined until their cases should be tried.  
And suddenly, with interest, we saw a woman walk  
With firm steps forward, and seat herself within the prisoner's dock.  
A traveling-bag and parasol she carried in her hand,  
Which seemed as soft and velvety as any in the land.  
But sin was written on her face, her cheeks were painted red,—  
She was one of those unfortunates who'd sell herself for bread.  
The charge was "vagrancy," they said; she came in on the train,  
And had no place to lay her head; no money she could gain.  
The policeman who arrested her, swore: "I saw her walk

About the streets until it was long after two o'clock."  
 The crowd looked down on her, and sneered; no pity did it show,  
 As the stern judge said: "Ten dollars fine; to the Works you'll have to go."  
 Her hands were clenched, her eyes flashed fire, her bosom rose and fell,  
 She even started up as though her story she would tell.  
 But "Call the next case," the stern judge said, "and you go down below;  
 I've no time to waste on you, to the Workhouse you must go."  
 A sob escaped her trembling lips, on her eyelash stood a tear,  
 When, "Oh, my friend, what does this mean; tell me, how came you here?"  
 The speaker was a little girl, not over ten years old;  
 Her dress was poor, her shoes were worn, and this was what she told:  
 "I went out on the streets last night, and could n't help but cry,  
 For mamma is so awful sick, I'm afraid that she will die;  
 And we had n't any food at home, because pa he is dead,  
 And I thought that I would, if I could, somewhere get some bread;  
 And I met this lady on the street, and told her ma was ill,  
 And she kissed me, and she gave to me a twenty-dollar bill;  
 And then I went to buy some food, but when I went to pay,  
 They arrested me for stealing it,—that's all I have to say."  
 "Stop her, sir,"—to a policeman—the stern judge quickly cried;  
 "You pass my hat," and into it a "ten case" note he shied:  
 "Let everyone that's here drop in, if only but a dime;  
 This woman's charity shall hide a multitude of crime."  
 And equally he gave to both the money that was given,  
 And, as I looked, it seemed to me almost a glimpse of heaven."

## EDITORIAL.

### MADAME DISS DEBAR.

THE subject of this sketch, and the original of the portrait presented in this number of *Facts*, is the medium whose extraordinary powers have been the theme of almost every conversation, the wonder and admiration of almost every investigator and student at Onset this year. Of her work, or that of her unseen assistants, we need not speak in this place, since the pages of *Facts* have already acquainted our readers with it. We will, therefore, only tell her story as she has told it to us.

She was born in Florence, Italy, her mother being the famous Lola Montez, the story of whosemorganatic marriage with the old King of Bavaria will be remembered by many of our readers.

This beautiful medium, and unfortunate woman, Lola Montez, being a Roman Catholic, her child was placed in a convent in Bavaria, to be educated and trained for the life of a Mother Superior, or abbess, having shown at a very early age signs of remarkable mediumship, which, as we know,

has always existed within the cloisters and among the clergy of this church. At three years of age, even, Madame Diss Debar assures us, the phase of independent writing began to occur in her presence, and, at eleven, the drawing and painting.

In reply to our inquiry if she herself could do either, she said that, except from the fact that early familiarity with objects of art had made her a connoisseur in art from observation, she had not the slightest talent for the execution of paintings or drawings, and that the exercises in writing given her in the convent school to do were *done for her* while she slept or played.

Instead of carrying out the plan proposed for her, this pupil of the convent, like many another, left it to become a wife, and came to America as such in 1870. This, however, was not her first visit to this country, her mother having sent for her when she was dying in New York, we believe, in 1861, at which time the beautiful portraits, copies of which she showed us, fell into her possession.

Since her return in 1870, as above mentioned, Madame Diss Debar, who has been twice married, has been using and developing her mediumship, and, for a long time, has been sitting for æthieralization and other experiments in the use of chemicals in nature by the unseen forces, before an established society for research of scientists, in New York City. She promises before long to give us an exhibition of her marvelous gift which shall surpass all we have ever seen, and in view of the astonishing things described even in this one number of *Facts*, we dare not say it is impossible, but wait for further results.

Our readers will be kept duly informed of any new demonstration of power which we see, or have well-attested proof of, through the mediumship of this truly remarkable woman, who intends making her home in Boston during the coming winter.

Of herself and her mediumship, Madame Diss Debar speaks to us with becoming modesty, declaring that it is no jugglery nor black art, but a holy gift, and that her chief delight in it is in witnessing the joy and consolation that it brings her sitters, and the belief that it is a mere forerunner of greater things to come freely to all who will receive them.

---

#### COMMON SENSE AND FACTS.

THE importance of investigating all classes of phenomena in a sensible manner never seemed greater than now. Spiritual phenomena were never stronger, nor better proven, than at the present time; but, while this is true, there has probably never been a time when even the best judges

About the streets until it was long after two o'clock."  
 The crowd looked down on her, and sneered; no pity did it show,  
 As the stern judge said: "Ten dollars fine; to the Works you'll have to go."  
 Her hands were clenched, her eyes flashed fire, her bosom rose and fell,  
 She even started up as though her story she would tell.  
 But "Call the next case," the stern judge said, "and you go down below;  
 I've no time to waste on you, to the Workhouse you must go."  
 A sob escaped her trembling lips, on her eyelash stood a tear,  
 When, "Oh, my friend, what does this mean; tell me, how came you here?"  
 The speaker was a little girl, not over ten years old;  
 Her dress was poor, her shoes were worn, and this was what she told:  
 "I went out on the streets last night, and could n't help but cry,  
 For mamma is so awful sick, I'm afraid that she will die;  
 And we had n't any food at home, because pa he is dead,  
 And I thought that I would, if I could, somewhere get some bread;  
 And I met this lady on the street, and told her ma was ill,  
 And she kissed me, and she gave to me a twenty-dollar bill;  
 And then I went to buy some food, but when I went to pay,  
 They arrested me for stealing it,—that's all I have to say."  
 "Stop her, sir,"—to a policeman—the stern judge quickly cried;  
 "You pass my hat," and into it a "ten case" note he shied:  
 "Let everyone that's here drop in, if only but a dime;  
 This woman's charity shall hide a multitude of crime."  
 And equally he gave to both the money that was given,  
 And, as I looked, it seemed to me almost a glimpse of heaven."

## EDITORIAL.

### MADAME DISS DEBAR.

THE subject of this sketch, and the original of the portrait presented in this number of *Facts*, is the medium whose extraordinary powers have been the theme of almost every conversation, the wonder and admiration of almost every investigator and student at Onset this year. Of her work, or that of her unseen assistants, we need not speak in this place, since the pages of *Facts* have already acquainted our readers with it. We will, therefore, only tell her story as she has told it to us.

She was born in Florence, Italy, her mother being the famous Lola Montez, the story of whosemorganatic marriage with the old King of Bavaria will be remembered by many of our readers.

This beautiful medium, and unfortunate woman, Lola Montez, being a Roman Catholic, her child was placed in a convent in Bavaria, to be educated and trained for the life of a Mother Superior, or abbess, having shown at a very early age signs of remarkable mediumship, which, as we know,



has always existed within the cloisters and among the clergy of this church. At three years of age, even, Madame Diss Debar assures us, the phase of independent writing began to occur in her presence, and, at eleven, the drawing and painting.

In reply to our inquiry if she herself could do either, she said that, except from the fact that early familiarity with objects of art had made her a connoisseur in art from observation, she had not the slightest talent for the execution of paintings or drawings, and that the exercises in writing given her in the convent school to do were *done for her* while she slept or played.

Instead of carrying out the plan proposed for her, this pupil of the convent, like many another, left it to become a wife, and came to America as such in 1870. This, however, was not her first visit to this country, her mother having sent for her when she was dying in New York, we believe, in 1861, at which time the beautiful portraits, copies of which she showed us, fell into her possession.

Since her return in 1870, as above mentioned, Madame Diss Debar, who has been twice married, has been using and developing her mediumship, and, for a long time, has been sitting for ætherialization and other experiments in the use of chemicals in nature by the unseen forces, before an established society for research of scientists, in New York City. She promises before long to give us an exhibition of her marvelous gift which shall surpass all we have ever seen, and in view of the astonishing things described even in this one number of *Facts*, we dare not say it is impossible, but wait for further results.

Our readers will be kept duly informed of any new demonstration of power which we see, or have well-attested proof of, through the mediumship of this truly remarkable woman, who intends making her home in Boston during the coming winter.

Of herself and her mediumship, Madame Diss Debar speaks to us with becoming modesty, declaring that it is no jugglery nor black art, but a holy gift, and that her chief delight in it is in witnessing the joy and consolation that it brings her sitters, and the belief that it is a mere forerunner of greater things to come freely to all who will receive them.

---

#### COMMON SENSE AND FACTS.

THE importance of investigating all classes of phenomena in a sensible manner never seemed greater than now. Spiritual phenomena were never stronger, nor better proven, than at the present time; but, while this is true, there has probably never been a time when even the best judges

found it so difficult to separate the questionable from absolutely genuine manifestation, or to decide which are of undoubted disembodied spirit origin or of spirit still in the physical body. To the solution of these questions the minds of our best thinkers are turned, and the advancement of Spiritualism depends largely upon this solution.

Theories, based upon mere surmises instead of experience, high-sounding phrases upon topics of no more interest to Spiritualists than to anybody else, are fast taking the place of development of spiritual science upon the platform, which, we believe, would be better devoted to such development and teaching. In fact, many of those who talk most about Spiritualism, and who claim to be experts in explaining its phenomena, are found to have seen comparatively little of the different phases, having themselves been mediums for some special manifestations, and seldom or never putting themselves in the way of seeing others. Indeed, they have been known to boast that they have never learned anything except through their own organism, taking for granted that their own "controls" are the only ones who are competent to teach the truth, forgetting that they and their "guides" represent only units at most in the great field of individual intelligence.

We do not wish to be understood as underrating any mediums or guides, but only to call attention to the importance of thorough investigation, and to claim that this must always depend on the phenomena as a basis.

We have introduced into our meetings, during the present season, more or less of argument, theorizing, and discussion upon the various phases of manifestations. We believe the time has come when careful study of the laws which govern the production of these phenomena, and comparison of the results of such study, should receive more attention than has hitherto been given.

We look back with pleasure to several very interesting sessions during the past year, when the subjects of reincarnation, materialization, mental cure, etc., have been discussed, and we hope our readers will favor us with well-digested essays on the theory and scientific explanation of the cause of the phenomena which has fallen under their notice. We do not mean to invite any tirades against the opinions of some one else, nor loose, disjointed statements, unsupported by facts, but careful, courteous exchange of ideas which will throw light on these intricate and interesting subjects.

We quote from the leading editorial in a recent issue of the *Beacon Light*, in which Mrs. Williams asks: "How shall we escape the confusion?" the following pertinent words:—

"We see but one way out of this confused state of things, and that is to come down to the plain facts of the phenomena, stay on that platform, cul-

tivate, preserve, and perpetuate the substantiated facts,—keep before the rising generation the facts.

“Let those who will talk of religion, preach philosophy and advanced doctrines, promulgate opinions, and defend theories. We want the facts; we want to show to sensible people the facts; they want the facts; they care for nothing in connection with Spiritualism but facts. Firstly, we want the facts; secondly, the facts; and, thirdly, the facts. This is the way out, the way to success, the way to peace and satisfaction.”

Psychical societies, scientists, theologians, etc., are trying to understand these subjects, while they have but little opportunity compared with that which the best spiritual investigators have to study the phenomena, because their manner of dealing with the subject is contrary to all psychological laws of harmony.

As students and teachers in this school of philosophy, let us see that we understand, as far as possible, the causes as well as the effects, using common sense to decide what is or is not worthy of acceptance, taking nothing for granted simply because it purports to emanate from spiritual sources, if it will not bear the light of reason upon it.

Mediums may do the greatest good in this direction, and they owe it to the spirit world and to themselves, as well as to those who are trying to learn of and with them, by placing themselves, and the manifestations which occur through their mediumship, absolutely beyond question.

We know of mediums who do this, whose guides or controls will not allow them to give any sitting or seance until they have so placed themselves, and it is to such mediums and such guides, aided by harmonious and teachable investigators, that we look for such results as shall give us insight into the mysterious operations by which the now unseen and uncomprehended forces are at work to produce even greater results than we have yet dreamed of, or dared to hope for,—yet all as natural as our existence.

---

### FRAUDULENT MEDIUMS.

A FRIEND asks if we will publish in our magazine some facts in regard to fraudulent mediums. We answer in this public manner that our readers and correspondents may understand our position in this matter.

We are not disposed to publish any unpleasant personalities, although we know frauds exist. Our magazine is not large enough to contain all the accounts of true phenomena which we would like to publish, and to do which is the mission of *Facts*. We desire to prove absolutely that mediumship exists, and we are investigating all claims to it for the purpose of

proving this. We know that dishonest persons make use of real mediumship to deceive the public, and that equally dishonest ones, who have no mediumship, are obtaining money under false pretences by pretending to be mediums. We do not intend to shield any person who is guilty of fraud, but we say, as we have said so often, our business is *not to investigate frauds, but to find genuine manifestations*. We have no respect for intentionally dishonest people in any business, and would, if possible, induce all such to be strictly honest, believing that every medium will, sooner or later, find that "honesty is the best policy," both financially and spiritually.

We publish no statements of fraud, but of what our correspondents and ourselves believe to be exhibitions of true and genuine mediumship, advising everyone, on all occasions, to investigate carefully, critically, and, so far as possible, harmoniously.

---

SEND us names of investigators in your vicinity.

WE shall be glad to have our friends in all parts of the country send us accounts of mental or physical manifestations occurring within their knowledge.

THE portraits and music published in *Facts* are worth the price of the magazine.


PICTURES of the Facts Convention, taken at Onset this season, for sale by the *Facts* Publishing Company at 25 cents each to subscribers to *Facts*, either new or old. 50 cents for pictures alone.

A GOLD THIMBLE free to anyone sending us three new names of subscribers to *Facts*.

---

IN advertising, it is not the mere spending of money that pays, but spending it judiciously. Advertising liberally does not mean advertising indiscriminately. A great many useful hints on these points and others are contained in "Newspaper Advertising," a pamphlet, sent free, by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

---

 LARGE EDITIONS of *Facts* will be issued before January 1st, making this magazine one of the best advertising mediums.

# WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

(QUARTET.)

HERBERT LESLIE.

TENOR.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be - yond, be - yond the  
2. That glo - rious day will ne'er be done, Be - yond, be - yond the

SOP. AND ALTO.

3. When shall we look from that bright hill, Be - yond, be - yond the

BASS.

riv - er; Its smil - ing vales and hills so green, Be -  
riv - er; When we've the crown and king - dom won, Be -

riv - er; With end - less bliss our hearts shall thrill, Be -

yond, be - yond the riv - er; Its shores are com - ing  
yond, be - yond the riv - er; There is e - ter - nal

yond, be - yond the riv - er; There an - gels bright are

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

cen - - do.

near - er, The skies are grow - ing clear - er, Each  
pleas - ure And joys that none can meas - ure, For  
sing - ing, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing, We

*diminuendo.*

day it seem-eth dear - er, That land beyond the riv-er.  
those who have their treas - ure In the land beyond the riv-er.  
ne'er shall cease our sing - ing In the land beyond the riv-er.

REFRAIN. *ff Bold and vigorous.*

We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its rage is al-most  
We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its rage is al-most

*Ritard.*

o - ver; We'll anchor in the harbor soon, In the land beyond the riv-er.  
o - ver; We'll anchor in the harbor soon, In the land beyond the riv-er.