

FACTS

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Some Thoughts about Materialization. Mr. Geo. T. Albro.

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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 105 SUMMER STREET, ROOM 32,
 P. O. Box 3539.
BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

The New England News Company, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.
 The American News Company, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION.

By DR. J. D. MOORE.

Full-form materialization is to me as much of a fact as a rap. I was made a convert to it by seeing the last form step from the cabinet at the first public materializing seance ever held by the Berry sisters. It took place on these grounds last year.

At the seances of these sisters, who are among the very best materializing mediums in the country, forms come out strong, and are more perfect in their "make-up," or representation of friends, and dematerialize in a more beautiful manner, than at most seances which I have ever attended. These are characteristic peculiarities of their seances everywhere.

To speak of but one of them: a form stepped out of the cabinet, and, after being recognized and staying out several minutes, was led by the friend to different parts of the seance that all might have the privilege of seeing her beautiful features and hair distinctly, was requested to step into the center of the room and dematerialize. This she did, sinking down apparently into the floor till nothing was seen but a fleecy cloud upon the carpet. After this had remained for a moment stationary, she reappeared as he had disappeared, and, after bowing as gracefully as a *prima donna*, reentered the cabinet.

Miss Helen C. Berry is now holding a series of private seances daily for a scientific gentleman, with no one present but his wife, the conductor, Mr. Albro, and Miss Sinclair, the organist. There seances are held for the purpose of obtaining historical and scientific knowledge. I am permitted to know nothing concerning these seances except that the most marvelous results are obtained by him beyond anything he had ever before received.

[We have never seen the time when the opportunities were so good for investigation as they are at Onset Bay today. Many of the best mediums are here, and, with the perfect *harmony that exists*, good results are obtained. A beautiful dematerialization also occurred under the best conditions at the seance of Mrs. Gray and her son, Mr. De Witt C. Hough, on Tuesday evening, the 22d, at which we were present. A full form stood with her friend, Rev. Mr. Sherman, of E. Providence, R.I., and dematerialized while holding his hand, four or five feet from the cabinet.—ED.]

Onset Bay, Mass., July 23, 1884.

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FACTS PUBLISHING Co., P.O. Box 3539, Boston, Mass. L. L. WHITLOCK, Editor.

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(Signed)

DR. HENRY SLADE.

NEW YORK, the 5th October, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light* :

I wish to call the attention of the suffering to the powers of a remarkable healing medium here in Boston, who, during the past winter, has been rendering great service to the sick and afflicted.

I speak from personal experience, and when I say that I do not know his superior in our ranks, as a magnetist and healer, I realize I am saying a great deal. I have watched his methods carefully, and in every case of nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, the patient has received almost immediate relief.

I therefore am happy to add my endorsement of his powers to the many already given to the public. The name of this gentleman is DR. H. G. PETERSEN, of 33 Somerset Street, Boston.

Yours for the truth,

J. WM. FLETCHER,
2 Hamilton Place.

Boston, Mass., June 14, 1884.

H. A. WILLIAMS, AGENT.

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Taunton, Mass.

A REMARKABLE MATERIALIZATION.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—

As phenomena seem to be the order of this meeting, allow me to relate an instance that came under my personal observation.

Some years since I was visited by a highly-cultured lady, who resided in the environs of New York city, asking if she could through my mediumship talk or communicate with a dearly-beloved daughter. I remarked I would be pleased to make a trial, but could not say positively that she could control my hand to write, as that was my usual phase of mediumship.

I requested the lady to take a chair at a table in an adjoining room, and write a question to her dear departed. She readily complied with my request. After writing her question, she folded it in several folds, and then glutoned it securely and handed it to me. Placing my hand upon the package, my index finger rapped out an answer which the lady received with delight.

In this reply she told her mother that she was not dead, but as really alive as when with her in her happiest days of girlhood, and that she would ere long come into her presence in her mansion home, sit at the table with her and her dear father, would eat and drink with them, they should hear her voice, she would wait upon her and her father at the table. She would go with them into her familiar chamber parlor, where she had slept for years. She would walk arm and arm with her mother through two extensive parlors, and then accompany her mother at the pianoforte. She would entertain her large circle of young ladies and gentlemen at the same parlor, and they should recognize her as their friend and once associate Lizzie.

After this communication was finished, I remarked to the lady seeking the communication that I had given the subject of spiritualism much thought, and I had never before known of any spirit to promise so much, that I would advise her to take the communication with some considerable degree of allowance.

The anxious lady remarked: "Dr. Mansfield, I believe every word the darling has given. She was truthful as a mortal. She cannot be less so as a spirit."

"Well," said I, "if your daughter returns to you as she has

promised you, will you allow me to come and witness the manifestation?"

"Indeed, I will," said the lady. Several weeks passed, when one morning I received among my mail a letter from the lady before mentioned, saying: "Doctor, doctor, come over and see my daughter a materialized spirit." The day was rainy, and I dislike to be out in a storm, but I took my letter to Mrs. Mansfield. She read it, then looking at me said: "What do you intend to do about going over?" I remarked: "I ought not to go over in this rain. The lady from whom I received the letter was Mrs. A. L. Hatch, of Astoria, Long Island, N.Y." Mr. Mansfield said: "Let us go over at once; the rain will do us no harm." We soon were on our way to Astoria. Arriving at their princely mansion, we were received most cordially by the host and hostess of the mansion. After tea we were ushered into two spacious parlors communicating. Setting on an elaborate black walnut gold-ornamented easel was the full-length oil-painting of the daughter who had passed to spirit land, and the one that was expected to materialize that very evening. I looked upon the oil painting, saying to myself, can it be possible that I shall see a spirit this evening that will resemble that portrait.

About this time Col. Hatch came into the parlor. I remarked: "Colonel, can it be possible that I shall behold a materialized spirit this evening that will even approximate to a likeness of what stands there upon that easel?" Colonel Hatch said: "Can it be that one with thirty years' of daily experience, witnessing the great variety of phenomena that you must have witnessed, should for one instant doubt?"

He concluded his remark by saying: "You'll see."

Presently Mr. Hatch and the lady medium walked into the parlor, which was lighted by two large chandeliers. We took our seats on chairs, about twelve feet from a sofa, on which was reclining the medium. She lay at full length, her feet resting on the floor. Mr. Hatch threw a white-wool net-shawl over the breast and face of the medium, revealing her features through the coarse meshes as distinctly, or nearly so, as though nothing had been placed upon her. Mrs. Hatch returned and took her chair beside her husband; my chair was next Colonel Hatch, and Mrs. Mansfield sat at my left; and while we sat with our eyes looking

directly upon the medium, who had not apparently moved a muscle, a spirit form of a young lady walked into the room, passing around the sofa, on which the medium was seemingly sleeping, came and sit upon Col. Hatch's knee. I will not attempt to describe the spirit apparal, only to say it was most beautiful. I looked upon the spirit, and then upon the portrait which stood on the easel. A *fac simile* of the portrait, or, if such could be possible, it was more beautiful. The spirit kissed her father, and the father kissed the spirit. They talked audibly, or sufficiently so to be distinctly heard by Mrs. Mansfield and myself. The spirit then left Col. Hatch's knee, and sat upon her mother's, Mrs. Hatch's lap. She caressed her mother for a few moments, and then, leaving both her mother and father, passed before a pier looking-glass, viewing herself for several moments, turning from one side to the other, arranging her hair, and then with a glance she turned to her mother, with a smile upon her features, as if to say I am satisfied now. The spirit then passed behind Col. and Mrs. Hatch, and, raising her two beautiful arms over their heads, wove out yards of a most beautiful gauze fabric, unlike anything I ever before beheld. She threw this gauze fabric over the heads and faces of Colonel and Mrs. Hatch, while the spirit was also under the same covering; the three turned their faces and looked upon Mrs. Mansfield and me. In the course of two or three minutes this veiling disappeared, and the spirit took Mrs. Hatch by the arm, and they walked together the length of the parlor arm in arm. There being a grand pianoforte at the extreme end of the parlor, Lizzie, the spirit, asked her mother to be seated at the piano. After this Mrs. Hatch turned her eyes upon Lizzie and said: "My daughter, what would you have mother play?" The spirit pointed at a picture hanging upon the wall, which is entitled "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This was admirably executed by Mrs. Hatch. The spirit took Mrs. Hatch again by her arm and came and seated her by Colonel Hatch. She then moved the cabinet five feet into the room and dematerialized, and left us as suddenly as the extinguishing of a candle could be possibly made.

I remarked to Colonel Hatch: "Will Lizzie appear again this evening?"

He replied: "She may; but she does not often make her

appearance the second time of an evening;" and then added, "if she does not, some other one will doubtless do so."

After about five minutes my own dear mother appeared, having been in the spirit world about twelve years. It was the first time my mother had shown herself to me as a spirit.

She came and took her seat upon my knee, put her two arms about my neck, and kissed me fondly. We talked considerably, and it appeared as tangible and natural as any caressing from my dear mother at any time while she was mortal. She then left my knee, and sat upon the lap of Mrs. Mansfield, who was weeping loudly at the sight of one she loved so dearly when a mortal. My mother said to Mrs. Mansfield: "*Why*, Mary, why do you weep? ar' n't you pleased to see me?" Mother then took that wrapping which covered her spirit form, and with one hand brushed away the tears which were coming down Mrs. Mansfield's face.

She then returned to my knee, and with her right hand in my left, and my right hand and arm about my mother's waist. I then (not by any means doubting) thought I would satisfy myself in such a way I could assure the doubting Thomases that I had my mother in my arms, and not the medium who laid on the sofa before me, in broad gas light, and there with mother's right hand in my left, and my right arm about my mother's waist, I withdrew my arm and hand fully two feet from my mother, and then brought it with force toward the body that then sat upon my right knee, directly through it without the slightest obstruction whatever. This I repeated five times, and all the time I held my mother's right hand in my left. My mother then began dematerializing, and the last vestige of the spirit form was my mother's hand in mine. This happened in the presence of my now sainted wife, Mrs. Hatch, who is now a spirit, Colonel Hatch, and myself.

Besides the foregoing spirits, fourteen in all appeared that evening, every one recognized.

I thank you, Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, for your patient listening to the rehearsal of what I know to be as veritable a fact as that you and I exist mortal today.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

BROTHER WHITLOCK,—

The main facts connected with the band excitement yesterday, p.m., which you wished me to write out for you are the following. As I approached the auditorium, and felt the mighty power of the music of the band upon the gathering multitude, I had a strong impression that it had not received the direct and special attention and respect from the association it deserved; and, as we came upon the stand, I so stated to Pro^f Storer. He instantly replied: "You are right, and I wish you would give them their deserts in a few remarks immediately as they stop playing," which, in a moment after I attempted to do. I will not pretend to give just what was said in those three or four minutes of talk to the multitude and the band, but I know I was full of glory as I tried to express my convictions of the wonderful power of music upon all men, that it was their choicest spiritual food on earth, and I believed would be in heaven. Then calling upon the great crowd of not less than five or six thousand, if they felt with me a deep gratitude to the Middleboro band for the great blessings they showered upon us every time they played, to say aye. There went up such a shout I felt satisfied, and I believe the band did. With that the electric gale was over, and the services of the p.m. went on.

I ought to say I assured the band they were not alone, in my belief, that the unseen in their company would astonish them could their eyes be opened to see them.

The foregoing has only been given to bring out the test facts, which are these. When the meeting broke up, a lady, a stranger to me, extended her hand to me, saying: "I am made to come to you and tell you that all the time you were talking of the great effect of the music of the band here, there stood by you two men who now stand here. The name of one is given me as Ed, or Ned Kendall, and on his cap I see these words: 'Wood-up.' He says you will know what it means, but I do not. The other man has a long brass instrument in his hand, and his name is Bond,— A. Bond, Alonzo Bond." I was overwhelmed with gratitude, and told the kind woman all about it.

Early in my music teaching, Ned Kendall and John Holloway came to Nashua, N.H., where I was located, to give a concert, in

which I took part, and among other things I sung a comic song. From that time an acquaintance was kept up with Kendall while he lived. I think he has been in spirit life more than twenty years. "Wood-up" is the name of a quickstep, composed by Holloway, in which he inserted a solo for the bugle, which Kendall composed for that purpose. It was the most popular band piece of its time, and when a man had once heard "Wood-up" played by Kendall's Brass Band, and heard Ned play that solo, he was sure nothing on earth could ever equal it. Col. Tom Whipple, when he heard it, exclaimed in his ecstasy: "It requires nothing short of infinite skill to play upon the keys of the great organ of nature, to play an appropriate accompaniment to Ned, when the fit is on him."

Bond was also a very popular band teacher and leader, and his favorite instrument was the trombone. I am well acquainted with him, and was not aware, till thus impressed, of his departure to the higher life.

The lady told me she had no knowledge of either of these men except what she gave me, and I believed her.

How beautiful it all was, and how grateful I felt, no words of mine can tell. Yours sincerely, SIMEON PEASE CHENEY.

Onset Bay, Mass., Monday Morning, Aug. 3, 1884.

MATERIALIZATION AND SLATE-WRITING.

By MRS. C. L. BEECHER, New Haven, Ct.

I attended Mr. and Mrs. Caffray's seance, at their cottage, at Onset Bay, Mass., on Saturday, August 2, 1884, and my sis'er wrote me a message on a slate, telling me to be very careful of the one that I had previously obtained, written by my brother, for me to carry home to my husband. The same afternoon my sister materialized, but somewhat different than before. She came with a veil over her head and face. I spoke of this, and a gentleman in the circle asked if she could not materialize her hair. Without answering this question she took me by the hand, led me to the entrance of the cabinet, where she stood in full view of the circle, and while holding one of my hands, made passes over her face, and the veil disappeared, and her black hair coming in its place

Here let me say that the medium's hair is very light. I asked her if she would come to me again that day, and she answered "Yes." I then said: "Where will it be?" Her answer was: "Oh, you know where, for I shall come first." That night I went to the seance of Miss Berry, and sure enough my sister did come first, saying "Mary," which was her name. In about half an hour she came again to me, and, while standing in the middle of the floor, pointed to the cabinet. I looked, and there stood my brother, who gave me his name. He passed away twenty-two years ago, when a small child. I took him by the hand and led him to my sister, who still stood in the middle of the room. My sister said: "Go to Mr. Caffray's tomorrow morning, and see if you can get another slate-writing." I did go, and received a message for my husband from his father, who is in the spirit world. In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Stoddard Gray's, and, through the mediumship of her son, Mr. De Witt C. Hough, my sister came to me, as did also a cousin of mine, giving her name, who passed away at a convent in Philadelphia. Let me say that my sister has come to me in the five days of my stay at Onset Bay thirteen times, and through three mediums, in each case so perfectly that I distinctly recognized her, both in face and form, which in every case has been different from the medium through whom she has materialized.

Monday morning, at nine o'clock, the 4th of Aug., four of us had a private seance with Mr. and Mrs. Caffray, and my sister again materialized with three others, making four forms that were present at the same time.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT.

On Friday morning, August 2, 1884, about 20 persons met at Dr. Rothermel's cottage for a seance. His cabinet, which is open at the top, is low enough for most persons to look over, and see all that it contains. The doctor sat in front of one of the curtains, with another thrown over him, but with his head through an opening made in it for that purpose. Before taking his seat he was securely tied.

Almost as soon as the curtain dropped over him, hands were

seen in a number of places, one appearing at the side of the cabinet that wound and started the music box which stood outside the cabinet in full view of the audience, and which requires considerable strength to wind. "Home, Sweet Home," "When the Mists are Cleared Away," and other pieces were played on the zithern very beautifully. Instruments, bells, and other articles were handed out, and finally a small table passed over the head of the medium. Personal communications were written to nearly everyone in the circle from friends whose individuality they recognized. These communications were delivered without being read, the spirit designating by raps who the message was for, as Mrs. Rothermel passed them around the circle, and in every case was right. I had three personal messages in all in different handwritings. Handkerchiefs were then called for, which had been previously dampened, and held in the left hand of the persons owning them, on which were written messages from friends and relatives in the spirit world. One especially interesting was that of Dr. Blodgett, of Holyoke, Mass., on which was the name of the person who had presented him with the handkerchief, but is now in the spirit world. Dr. Rothermel was controlled during the seance by two or three spirits, and finally by Emma, when his hands were examined and found tied as at first. The door leading to the street was then opened, and we supposed the seance ended, but Emma said no, and in this broad day-light hands were seen. The music-box was again started. The control, Emma, then called for a knife, which was passed to her, and in an instant we heard the cutting of the cord, first on one wrist, then on the other, and the knife was passed over the top of the cabinet. Mrs. Kelly, of Boston, was then asked to kneel in front of the medium and put her hands on his, which she did, the manifestations continuing.

This ended the seance, which to all was very satisfactory and to a skeptic very convincing, especially as it was in good light, and at last in broad day-light.

SPIRIT COMMUNION EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

MR. CHARLES CORLISS, of Boston, Mass.

I have a fact to relate which happened about eighty years ago. My grandfather, Mr. Joshua Corliss, who lived in New Hamp-

shire, not far from Haverhill, used to hear strange noises, and one day listened and heard singing, and the sound of voices, as though in conversation. After he had heard it a number of times he asked: "Who are you?" and the answer came: "We are the fairies." Now, all this seemed strange, but he talked with them, and thinking if he could hear them others ought to, which proved to be the case, and many of the neighbors came in to hear the beautiful singing, and talk with the fairies.

One of these fairies said his name was John, and to him my grandfather addressed his questions, always receiving an answer. Many times John was sent to some neighbor's house to see what they were doing and report on returning, and upon inquiring found he was correct. These were every-day occurrences in his home, and could he have understood what we now know, those intelligences which we called fairies might have brought to him the knowledge of spirit return and communion over forty years before its revelation at Hydesville.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By DR. G. W. FROST, of Russell, Mass.

At Onset Bay, July 30th, Dr. Frost held a seance at the Association Headquarters. There were over twenty persons present. The manifestations were of a physical nature under test conditions. After the circle had been formed, and before the medium went into the cabinet, his hands were filled with wheat flour, which he was to hold during the entire seance. In a few minutes hands appeared at the side of the curtain, and through the opening made for that purpose. Bells were rung, the guitar, zithern, and harmonicon played upon within the cabinet. About one half hour was passed in this way when the medium entranced came from the cabinet and showed his hands still holding the flour. A complete circle was then formed, with the medium in the center. The instruments were given to some of the circle to hold, the bells were placed on the floor near the medium. When the light was extinguished, the bells were rung, and the different instruments played upon, and floated above our heads around the whole circle. The zithern was beautifully played upon while

lying in the lap of Miss Barnicoat, of Chelsea, Mass. During the seance a number of persons were patted by hands, some large and some small, and nearly all received something purporting to be from their spirit friends.

After the seance, which lasted about an hour and a half, the medium was examined, and the flour was still in his hands, and none was found on his clothes, in his pockets, or anywhere about him. The instruments were also examined, and not a trace of flour could be found on them. All present expressed themselves pleased with the manifestations, and their confidence in Dr. Frost's mediumship.

MATERIALIZATION AT ONSET BAY.

By PROF. CADWELL.

Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I will give you some facts concerning materialization as witnessed by myself on these grounds; and if any part of them is worthy of a place in your valuable magazine, you are at liberty to use the same.

I came here late Saturday night, Aug. 2nd, and on Monday was introduced to Mr. Joseph Caffray, of whom I knew nothing personally. During that and the following day I heard rumors that he was a fraud, which I have subsequently learned were started by people who do not believe it possible for a spirit to materialize, and who had never attended his seances. On Tuesday afternoon Thomas Ranney, of Newton Highland, Mass., took from his pocket a communication in shorthand that he had copied from the slate at Mr. Caffray's seance Monday night. Mr. Ranney assured me that he had written a question in shorthand, on a small piece of paper early in the evening, and folded it several times. He gave the paper thus folded to Mr. Caffray, who placed it at once on his forehead, and immediately tore it in small pieces and dropped them with others on the floor. Mr. Ranney said that he supposed the medium was unable to decipher the characters, and that he should never hear anything more about his question. Later in the evening Mr. Caffray called on three strangers to cleanse three slates, which he then held clasped together on the shoulder of each person in the seance in succes-

sion, and a crumb of pencil, between the closed slates, could be distinctly heard writing. He then removed the top slate and read aloud an answer to each separate question of the entire company, one excepted. Each answer contained the correct name of the one who wrote it, and also the names of their own spirit friends, of whom Mr. Caffray could have known nothing. Mr. Caffray remarked that there were a number of unintelligible scratches by themselves, as if some spirit had tried to communicate, and for some reason failed. Mr. Ranney asked permission to see the slate, and was greatly surprised to find in the scratches a perfect shorthand answer to his question. The test seemed so convincing to him that I concluded to attend one of the seances myself.

I made an engagement to attend Mrs. Huntoon's seance on Tuesday evening, and on going there at 8 o'clock learned that she was too unwell to sit. I went immediately to Mr. Caffray's cottage, where the seance had already commenced, and was admitted. I had never seen him but once, and never spoken to exceed ten words with him, not one of which was on spirits or spiritualism, and he could not have known much if anything of my spirit friends. The company had written their questions on small pieces of paper before my entrance, and Mr. Caffray was requesting two persons to cleanse two slates from all previous writing as I entered the seance room. He placed them, clasped tightly together, on the shoulder of each one in the room, and the writing going on between them could be distinctly heard by all present. When the writing ceased, he took off the top slate, revealing eight distinct communications in as many different hand-writings, covering the slate completely. As he read them aloud the exclamations of surprise from each one who had received answers to their questions, which Mr. Caffray himself had never read, as each had been folded and simply placed on his forehead before being torn up, was convincing to me that they were simply wonderful. One lady, whose husband is the proprietor of the Plymouth Rock House, of Plymouth, Mass., had so convincing a communication from her child that she burst into a flood of tears.

I got no communication that night, as I went in too late to write a question, but have had a most remarkable one since.

After he had read all the communications written between the slates, Mrs. Caffray went into the cabinet, which was simply curtains supported by four upright pieces at the rear end of the room. I examined it, and knew there was no way by which any mortal could have taken part in the seance by secret ingress. The light was turned down, leaving the room in a sufficient light to distinguish the features of all in the room. Within three minutes after the light was reduced, a form dressed in robes as white as the driven snow came out of the cabinet and directly to me, a distance of at least ten or twelve feet, and taking both my hands in hers, whispered her name (Rena) so loud that all could hear, and pulled me towards the cabinet. She had materialized many times before, at the seances of Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Allen, and I knew her the moment she came from the cabinet. While I was standing some four feet from the cabinet, her arms entwined around me, a taller form came out, and, passing by us, went to some one in the circle, and was fully recognized, and returned to the cabinet while I was yet talking with Rena, who, having materialized so many times before, was able to remain out for full five minutes.

Immediately after the tall lady returned to the cabinet, my daughter Emma, who has almost invariably come with Rena, came out, and with a glad "Oh, father, I've come, too," threw her arms around both of us, and kissed me as was her wont to do long ere the angel of death visited our earthly home. While we three were together, two gentlemen requested permission to come up and feel of their arms and hands, and were allowed to do so. In the meantime a rather skeptical investigator was invited to enter the cabinet, and he reported to the company that he could see the medium and hear her breathe distinctly, and on placing his hand on her face, found it to be as warm and real as that of anyone, precluding any possibility of her taking part in that going on outside. Another gentleman requested permission to enter the cabinet, and made the same report as the first had. The two spirits kissed me good night, expressing a wish that I would come again, and entered the cabinet. Other spirit forms came afterward, that were fully recognized by their friends. Mr. Franklin Robins, of Harwich, Mass., was one of the gentlemen who went in and put his hand on the medium's head while the

two spirits were outside with me full four feet from the cabinet. Mr. Ziba Hunt, also from Harwich, was one of the company, and his wife came out to him, and was fully recognized. There was one small, child-like spirit that came out and kissed me; she was apparently not over six years of age, and she called out in a childish voice: "Mr. Hunt, I want some of that candy you have in your pocket." Mr. Hunt had some in his pocket, which he assured me he had entirely forgotten, and he gave some of it to the little one, but whether she ate it or not I did not learn.

Several spirits came that, when the light was turned down, were self-illuminated sufficiently to be plainly visible. I would like to give a comprehensive description of this part of the seance, but I am not able to convey to mortal mind this wonderful manifestation. I have heard Christians talk of the ineffable glory of God, and the resplendent light of that better land, but never before have I dreamed of such an indescribable effulgence as I saw there. There is, indeed, no need of the sun or of the moon to light the heavenly messengers on their way.

On Wednesday afternoon I took three friends to Mr. Caffray's seance. Mr. Orick Nickerson, of Chathamport, Mass., during the seance a spirit came out to him, and, as he approached her, she threw her arms around his neck with one long, loving embrace, called herself his Mary, and spoke his Christian name, and said: "I want Mercy to come to me." Mary was the name of his first wife dead many years, and Mercy the name of his second wife who was with him in the room. She immediately went up and the three were locked in each others' arms. "Take good care of my husband," said the spirit; "mine for the eternal ages, yours till he comes to me."

I should tire you if I should tell you all that happened. But I have said enough to fill many an aching, hungry soul who desire above all things else to know if those we loved yet live, and live to love. And that what God hath joined together no man can sever, either here or in the hereafter.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 7, 1884.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT RETURN.

By MR. JOHN W. HAINES, Cambridge, Mass.

Some time last winter I was spending the evening with some friends of mine, and a lady in the company handed me a long, fine comb, asking what impression I received from it. As soon as I took it in my hand, I felt a great power come over me, and a desire to address a vast multitude of people. Suffice it to say here, that the comb was made from a piece of a tree, the seed of which was imported and planted by Daniel Webster, hence the desire, I suppose, to speak to an audience. Later at Onset Bay, Aug. 7, 1884, I attended a materializing seance given by Mrs. Fay, of Boston, at the Glen Cove House. During the evening, the form of a gentleman stepped from the cabinet, and, coming to me, gave the name of *Daniel*. I took his hand and received a hearty shake, asking at the time if it was Daniel Webster, and received an answer in the affirmative. I was called again by a spirit representing herself to be my wife and giving me the name *Sarah*, which was right; while talking to her outside the cabinet, I asked her to dematerialize, and almost like a flash of lightning, she went down at my feet, entirely outside of the cabinet. As I passed to my seat, some one asked if I recognized her, and I said: "No, I did not recognize her features, but you see how she disappeared, and I am therefore satisfied with the materialization." A few minutes after, she came again, and lifting the veil over her face, said: "John, look at my hair." To my surprise, I found it combed as she used to wear it, and corresponding to that in a picture taken 35 years ago, and which, by the way, is the only one I have of her. I do not doubt the genuineness of the manifestation, for although it was not my privilege, it was of some of the circle, to be led by a spirit into the cabinet where they found the medium. The following day I saw Mrs. C. H. Wildes, of Boston, whom I value as one of our best test mediums. She was controlled, and told me all about the seance of the night before, of which she herself knew nothing. The Irish boy who controlled her, said: "I see a man near you who says his name is Daniel Webster, and he has something in his hand that looks, as near as I can see, like a small ear of corn, but it is not." I said: "Is it a comb?" and before the control could answer, Daniel Webster took possession of the medium and said: "I was there

last night and tried to materialize the comb." I had asked the other control to tell me who was at the seance, but he said, "let everyone speak for themselves;" but now Daniel Webster said: "We were all there, friend, wife, and sister."

[We were present at the seance of Mrs. Fay's, of which Mr. Haines speaks, and fully endorse all he has said. A full description of this seance we shall publish in a later number.—ED.]

MATERIALIZATION AND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

By Dr. J. D. MOORE, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*: I have often wished that the Dutchman's "motto," which he posted up in a conspicuous place in his shop to prevent loafers from monopolizing his precious time, could be displayed in every seance room and medium's sanctum. Much annoyance and discomfort would thereby be spared both to mediums and audiences by mere curiosity-seekers and inquisitorial idlers.

The "motto" reads thus: "Mebbe you don't had better be loaf bout here ven you don't got no beesnes ain't it."

Now, it is a fact, that a fact is a fact, though it be sometimes stranger than fiction. I will relate three or four which may not be uninteresting to the many readers of your very valuable magazine; prefacing them by saying that I am indebted to Misses Helen C. and E. Gertrude Berry, more than all other mediums combined, for the knowledge I possess of the phenomena of modern spiritualism. Hence, the readers of *Facts* need not be surprised that most of those I have heretofore related, and those I am about to relate, are Berry facts, and that they are *very* good ones, too.

The first answers the question "*What good has spiritualism done?*"

Whilst Helen was holding her physical (dark) seances in Boston, a gentleman by the name of Mr. George Stacy, from Montreal, Ca., who had a paralyzed right arm, came to a Sunday evening seance. During the evening, a doctor, one of her guides, manipulated his arm with a materialized hand, for about a minute, with such vigor, that all in the seance could hear the passes over the

coat-sleeve. Mr. Stacy received so much benefit, that he came to the next Sunday night seance, but before he received any treatment the seance closed. He, Prof. Humiston, of Boston, and myself, lingered a few moments after the audience had dispersed, to converse about what we had witnessed. Then, for the first time, Mr. S—— disclosed the fact that his arm had been paralyzed three or four years before, and expressed much regret that he did not receive further treatment as he was obliged to return home the next day. Mr. Albro, who was then as now, the efficient conductor of the Berry seances, immediately spoke and said; "My dear sir, if you have time to wait, you shall have a treatment now;" and, suiting the action to the word, placed a little oval table in the centre of the room, bidding us all be seated around it. Miss Berry and Mr. Albro joined us and the light was extinguished. In less than a minute the doctor commenced manipulating Mr. Stacy's arm with an illuminated hand. After a few passes he rapped for the alphabet, which being called, he spelled out "Take off your coat." Mr. S—— immediately removed his coat and again we joined hands. After a few more passes, the doctor took off Mr. S——'s cuff, pushed up his shirt-sleeve, placed his left hand (also illuminated), upon S——'s shoulder, and, with his right hand, continued the treatment for some two minutes, and the brief seance ended. Mr. S—— said his arm had not felt as well since it was paralyzed; and, with tears in his eyes and gratitude in his heart, thanked Miss Berry, and left. A few weeks after, Mr. Albro received a letter from him, which he said was the first he had written since his arm was paralyzed.

Not long after that I met him at Miss Berry's house, in Boston, when, with his face lighted up with joyful smiles, he said his arm was well. "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath?"

The next fact demonstrates that love, the "all in all" of our being, extends beyond the grave.

Some two weeks since I attended a seance given by one of the Berry sisters. After the audience had dispersed, the sisters, Miss Sinclair the organist, Mr. Albro the conductor, a Mr. Allen, Miss Fannie K. Sturtevant, of Bridgewater, Mass., a medium, and myself, were sitting in the dining-room engaged in conversation, Messrs. Albro and Allen, and Miss Sturtevant being seated on a

sofa, Albro in the middle. Whilst thus engaged, the hand of Miss Sturtevant was convulsively moved toward Mr. Allen. Mr. Albro noticing this, exchanged seats with her, thus bringing her nearer to Mr. Allen, when suddenly she was seized with a difficulty of breathing, as if by an asthmatic paroxysm, and to all appearance was dying. For a moment the sight was painful to behold; gradually she began to assume her normal condition, when suddenly she made a frantic effort to get at his vest pocket. Understanding what this meant, Mr. Allen took from the inner pocket of his vest a letter which she grasped, but immediately made another effort to reach his pocket. He then took from the same pocket a photograph of a beautiful young lady. She seized that and fell upon his bosom, throwing her arms convulsively about his neck, and with intermingled sobs and kisses remained thus, till the loving and lovely spirit released her control.

The scene was one never to be forgotten, and one calculated to teach those who have never experienced this fruition of the divinity of humanity, how great and irreparable is their loss.

Suffice it to say that this was a perfect personation, and shows that the same affection still exists that bound these kindred spirits in one, when she, who now acted as the control, tabernacled in the flesh and they were "over-souls" to each other. The next fact shows how unexpectedly happiness is often brought to the bereaved heart, by this God-given blessing, Spiritualism.

On Thursday evening, July 16th, I attended a seance at the same place, with a friend of mine, Mr. C. H. Lang. A few minutes before entering the seance room, he received a letter from a lady residing in Reading, which stated that Mrs. Lord, of the same place, would be at Onset the next Sunday. During the seance a gentleman and his daughter came out of the cabinet. Mr. Albro said: "Here is a gentleman who says his name is George Lord, and his daughter's name is Susie. Does anyone recognize the name?" Mr. Lang said: "I presume it is for me;" and stepping forward Mr. Lord conversed with him, as friend talketh with friend, Mr. Lang afterward kneeling upon one knee to catch the whispers of little Susie. Before returning to the cabinet, Mr. Lord said: "Tell my wife to come here on Sunday and I will show myself to her." Sunday came, the wife came, and the spirit husband and daughter came as promised. The

wife and mother, trembling with emotion, talked with her loved ones. Then she asked: "Is there anyone else here?" The daughter stepped into the cabinet and brought out Alice, a favorite neice. The overjoyed wife and mother was once again with her invisible, but now for a moment visible, loved ones.

What a molient for the wounded spirit. What a consolation for the mourner. What an assurance for the doubting. What a heaven of joy to the bereaved mother. What an incontrovertible evidence of immortality is modern spiritualism.

MATERIALIZATION UNDER TEST CONDITIONS, WITH MRS. BESTE.

By MRS. REBECA PARKER, of Chelsea, Mass.

Sunday night, August 10, 1884, my brother, Mr. Nelson Huckins, of Onset, Mass., Mr. W. H. Randall, of Boston, Mass., and myself, were invited to attend a private seance to be given by Mrs. Beste, of Boston, in her room at the Glen Cove House, Onset Bay. The cabinet was simply curtains hung across one corner of the room. As we entered it, Mrs. Beste said: "I don't know what makes me feel like this, but I would like to wear something of yours tonight." I brought her a gray flannel skirt and sack. We then went into the cabinet where she took off all of her clothes, and put on mine, and I carried hers out of the cabinet. In this condition she was left in the cabinet, the light being put out, we were in total darkness. Almost as soon as this was done, an illuminated form in white came from the cabinet, and others followed. Many things occurred, but I will tell only those which were personal. Many friends came and gave their names, proving their individuality beyond a doubt. A form appeared at the curtain, and called "Mother." I said: "Who is it?" and the answer came: "It is Wallie." It was correct, his name was Walter, but he was always called by the one he had given. He passed away when about five years old, and so I remembered him. I spoke to him about it, and he said: "I have grown; I have been gone a long time, and am larger than father. Aunt Josie helped me when I went over to spirit life, and now I help her." In earth life Aunt Josie could quiet him when no one else

could, and now he stood before us and acknowledged her help in spirit.

A spirit came out to me and said: "Mary." I said: "Mary what?" Without hesitation came the answer "Mary Burr," it being the name used to distinguish my brother's wife from some of the rest in the family. To my brother came all of his children, five in number, and his wife, who passed away in Iowa. Lillie was the first to come, then his two daughters, Josie and Hattie, both appearing at the same time, and called to him. Hattie talked some time of her little Bertha, who is with my brother, then in front of him, and six or seven feet from the cabinet, appeared on the floor a small white speck which began to grow larger and larger until before him stood his daughter Josie, who spoke and patted his face, and then began to grow smaller and smaller, until nothing was left, doing this twice. Almost instantly she appeared at the cabinet, and rushing up to her father, said: "I am so glad to be here, and I will cure you," beginning at the time to make passes over him. Then came his daughter Eltie, followed by his son, calling with a loud voice, "Father." Being asked who it was received the answer, "Bertie." Then in a clear, distinct voice, said: "Herbert Huck-ins, and I am glad to come." Then his wife came, who held a long conversation with him, speaking of things that no one else knew. A spirit who announced herself as Dora, was asked Dora who? She said: "Dora Smith; I am glad to come; I want you to tell mother I came." Another appearing said her name was Susan, to which I asked: "Susan who?" "Susan Caroline Smith." These were cousins of ours. Others came to us giving the name by which they were known while in earth life. I would say that the manner of each was characteristic. Little Daisy, a spirit who comes often, told us of friends and relatives who were present, but who could not materialize, among them a sister of whom the spirit said: "I guess she had the small pox,—no, it was the black measles," which was correct. This little spirit went up to my brother and put her hand in his, which, as he said, was about the size of a child's five years old. All of these forms shook hands and talked with us as if they were in their physical body.

The independent voices were marvellous; some of them being male and others female, many of them singing beautifully, famil-

A WRITTEN COMMUNICATION FROM MR. ED. S.
WHEELER THROUGH THE MEDIUM-
SHIP OF DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

"My Dear ED. S. WHEELER,— Please say something to let me know you are interested in me.

MELLIE D. COFRAN."

"Well, Mellie, can it be you have given poor Ed. a chance to talk. Oh, how much I did want to live to have my say at old Onset meeting this season; but alas, my heart was broken, and you know for what. I said no more than thousands had said on the freedom of speech and life action, which so many practice, but talk of perhaps a little different from my sledge-hammer way of rendering. My would-be friends killed my body, but they have not killed Ed. Wheeler. I can now have my say; if not orally, I can impress the minds of many on the camp ground today, to speak it, and they must hear it.

Sister Severence and her kind and God-gifted husband will bear me out in all I do; I am sure of that. Thanking you for this call,

I am your friend,

ED. S. WHEELER.

Onset Bay, Mass., July 23d, 1884.

[We understand that a biographical sketch of Mr. Ed. S. Wheeler, by Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, of Washington, D.C., will be published in the *Banner of Light* Aug. 23rd.—ED.]

MATERIALIZATION AT ONSET, WITH MRS. JAMES
BLISS.

By MRS. M. A. CLAYTON, Auburn, N. Y.

I had the pleasure of a seance with Mrs. Bliss, August 5, 1884, at Onset Bay, Mass., when many spirit forms were seen and fully recognized, among them, two of my friends. I stepped to the cabinet, and they gave me their names; the identification was complete. Finally, just before closing the manifestations, I was called up again, and there, arrayed in a loose-flowing white robe, stood a materialized form unknown to me. She gently parted the curtains, took me by the hand and drew me into the cabinet,

and there dematerialized while I placed my hand upon the medium. Mrs. Bliss, who was reclining in her chair, was controlled by a spirit which talked with me for some moments. It was a manifestation I had long desired, and was gratified and satisfied to the utmost.

[We were present at the above seance, and the statements are correct as we saw and understood them. It was a good seance, and many forms were recognized. At another time, a young girl was taken into the cabinet by "Billy the boot-black," who has been claimed by some to be Mrs. Bliss, but who at this time was proved to be a separate entity, as Mrs. Bliss was found sitting in her chair.—ED.]

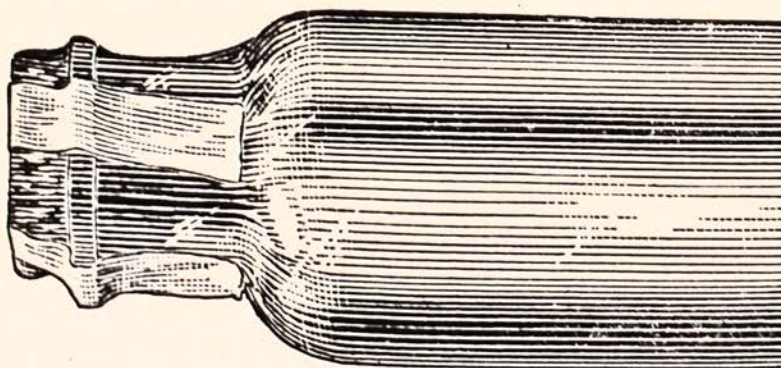
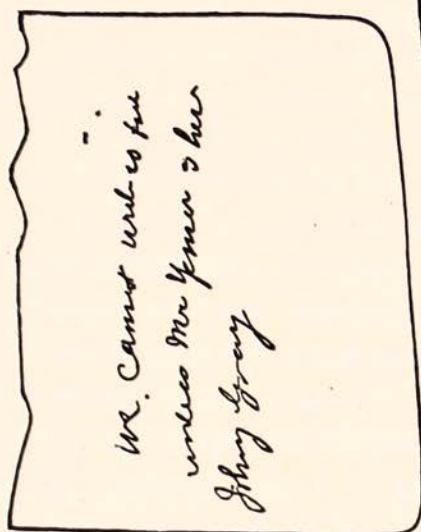
SPIRITS AS MESSENGERS.

MISS H. B. LOCKLAND, Greenwich, Mass.

While visiting at Onset, I called on Mrs. Ackerly, of Brooklyn N. Y., for a sitting, and while she was entranced I asked her control to go to my home and see what they were doing there. After a few minutes she said: "I see a pair of horses at the door," and then described a gentleman as looking at the moon, then she said: "Who has been smoking? I smell smoke." Now the facts are these, the following day Mr. H. O. Smith of Greenwich, Mass., the gentleman described, came to Onset Bay. On being asked just what he was doing at that time, said: "I was looking at the moon through a mounted telescope in the front yard, my horses standing near me; Dr. F. M. Gould was passing, and I invited him to look at the moon. The doctor had been smoking."

CAN A SPIRIT LEAVE THE PHYSICAL BODY AND RETURN TO IT.

On the 6th of June, 1884, the guides of Miss E. A. McLeod, of Providence, R.I., said to her to sit in the cabinet the next day at noon. She did so, and after being entranced about thirty minutes, returned to consciousness and said: "I have been down to see the corner stone of the Masonic Temple laid." She then described the uniforms, bands of music, and many other things correctly, and said she was with other spirits, naming them.



Writing obtained in Sealed Glass Bottles.—See p. 153, No. 2, Vol. II