

# 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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Having been greatly benefited by magnetic treatments through the hands of DR. PETERSEN, I unhesitatingly recommend him to the public.

(Signed)

DR. HENRY SLA...

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 afflicted.

I speak from personal experience, and when I say that I do not know his superior ranks, as a magnetist and healer, I realize I am saying a great deal. I have watched methods carefully, and in every case of nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and other 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,

Boston, Mass., June 14, 1884.

2 Hamilton Pl...

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## MATERIALIZATIONS IN WASHINGTON, D.C., UNDER STRICT TEST CONDITIONS.

The Washington *Republican* of May 5th says that during the previous few weeks great interest has existed in that city in the spiritual phenomena occurring in the presence of various mediums, the materializations at the seances of Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer so severely taxing the credulity of the public that numerous challenges were issued to that lady to hold a seance under strictly test conditions. These were accepted, and accordingly on the evening of May 2nd twenty-five persons, among whom were three well-known physicians, four lawyers, and a number of other prominent ladies and gentlemen, met in Mrs. Sawyer's parlors for the purpose of witnessing what might take place under the conditions indicated. A reporter of *The Republican* was also present.

The conditions upon which Mrs. Sawyer was to produce the materializations were as follows:—

1. The medium to retire with four ladies, to be selected by the visitors, to undress and put on clothing furnished to her.

2. To be tied with a cord furnished by a committee of four gentlemen; the cord to be tied, as the committee saw fit, around the medium's neck and waist, and the ends of the cord to be passed out of the door, held by one of the committee in such a way as to detect any movement on the part of the medium.

3. A piece of court-plaster, two by three inches, to be placed over the mouth of the medium, to prevent the possibility of using her voice.

4. No singing to be allowed, but perfect quiet to be preserved, so that any movement in the cabinet could be heard.

The proceedings of the evening are reported in the *Republican* as follows:—

“After the visitors had been assigned to seats, all the above conditions were carefully complied with. The medium sat bolt upright in a chair, placed against the wall of the cabinet, her neck and waist being elaborately tied to the wall, and the ends of the cord held by one of the committee, a prominent physician. All present testified that the medium was certainly tied so securely that she could not move.

“The committee announced that the conditions had been satisfactorily enforced, and the cabinet curtain was lowered, leaving the medium within, the outer room being in a subdued but plain light. In less than two minutes a female form, much larger and taller than that of the medium, with flowing black hair, appeared at the door of the cabinet. The form was immediately recognized by a gentleman present as that of his sister. The words ‘My brother’ were plainly spoken. Suddenly there emerged from the cabinet the form of a tiny girl, speaking in childish tones something which the reporter failed to catch. Two ladies in the audience seemed to recognize it at once as a ‘little Maudie,’ going up to it and tying a piece of white ribbon around its hair. The ladies said they had often seen the little spirit at seances, and had tied a white bow on its hair on another occasion, though they had never touched it. This form, as well as the larger one, was distinctly seen at the same time by all in the room.

“These two apparitions suddenly vanished, and were immediately followed by the form of a large man, with heavy, black whiskers and hair, and attired in full military uniform. This spirit seemed to have no purpose in appearing, however, for it quickly vanished.

“Following a few moments of silence a vapory something emerged from the top of the door that quickly assumed the form of an aged female hovering in mid-air near the top of the cabinet. A voice called for a certain gentleman in the audience, a conspicuous public man from the northwest, who came up near where the form was visible, and he said it was his mother. He asked the name of the spirit, and time and manner of death, answers to which were given in sepulchral tones, and, the gentleman said, correctly.

“After a few more manifestations similar to those described above, the gaslights were turned off, leaving the room in total darkness. Two illuminated forms, weird and beautiful beyond description, instantly flashed in view and moved across the room, almost over the heads of the visitors. Their movements seemed to create no noise whatever, no more than if they were glittering shadows gliding through the apartment. Near a table against the wall another form in luminous white rose, as if from the floor, and in a voice clear and distinct said: ‘God bless you all.’ All

three of these forms were visible at the same time, each being in different parts of the room, and all disappearing at the same moment. Several other forms followed these. One of them spoke to a lady in the audience, who declared that it was the spirit of her daughter, dead for many years. A young man was brought to audible sobs by the apparition of a deceased sweet-heart, who told him to 'give the engagement ring to Hattie.'

"It is hardly necessary to say that these startling manifestations created the profoundest awe among those who beheld them. By whatever means they were produced, they were certainly of the most thrilling character, and calculated to excite consternation among those unfamiliar with visitors from the spirit world.

"After the lights had been turned on, the medium was found as she had been left, securely bound to her chair and the cabinet wall, and the court-plaster still firmly holding her lips together. The gentleman who had held the ends of the cords throughout said that he had not detected the slightest movement. The medium was much exhausted, but quickly recovered.

"After making a thorough examination of the cabinet, the cord and the court-plaster, the committee of four announced that Mrs. Sawyer had performed all that she had promised, and much more; that the conditions had been rigid, and that the manifestations had been of a most remarkable character. One of the committee said that the special purpose of the seance was to severely test the quality of Mrs. Sawyer's mediumship, which had been questioned by envious persons; that the test had been made by investigators not spiritualists, and that all must acknowledge that the lady had done much more than had been expected of her. The bright forms visible during the dark seance were, he said, the most wonderful manifestations he had ever witnessed."

Certain physical manifestations witnessed at a previous seance by a reporter of the same paper in which the above appears, were described in its columns in its issue of April 14th. They included that of a piano weighing six hundred pounds being lifted from the floor to the ceiling by an invisible force, a guitar lying upon the floor giving forth sweet music, and a human form emerging from a solid brick wall. Eleven persons were present, Mrs. Sawyer being seated in the center of the circle formed by them. The lights were half turned down, though every object in the

room was clearly outlined. After describing various wonderful phenomena, the writer says:—

“One end of the piano was slowly lifted from the floor as if some one was tugging away at it. It settled down again, but immediately the entire piano rose from the floor and slowly ascended to the ceiling. It touched the ceiling with a thump, where it rested. To all appearances there were no mechanical contrivances that could have been used in lifting such an immense weight. The ceiling is plastered and frescoed. Such a thing as pulleys and ropes was out of the question. There was nothing but air between the piano and the floor. There was nothing to hold it up, and yet there it rested like a feather on the bosom of the wind. During this performance there was a dead silence. The company held its breath. The most audible sound was the respiration of the medium. For fully two minutes the piano remained as if glued to the ceiling, when it slowly descended, wavering and trembling, but floating level, and settling back in exactly the same spot from which it was taken.

“A guitar which laid upon the floor, at least four feet from any person in the room, began to give forth music,—now as soft as notes from the Æolian harp and then a wild, twanging air. A selection from ‘Il Trovatore’ was beautifully rendered, as were the ‘Turkish Patrol,’ ‘Nearer, My God, to Thee,’ ‘Rock of Ages,’ together with two other compositions, arranged in notes indescribably weird. The reporter was nearer to the guitar than any of the company, and, though the light was not perfect, he could see the strings vibrate while the music was in progress.

“When the music ceased there was another deep silence, and the company again sang a song. Before the song had been finished there was a succession of loud raps at the lower end of the parlor. A large trunk was lifted and carried directly under the mantelpiece near where the circle sat. The curtains of the cabinet were swung high into the air, like flags in a gale, being finally rolled on top of the cabinet. Then from a point diagonally from the cabinet, emerging seemingly from the solid wall, there came a form, in military costume, with long, flowing locks, top boots, and what sounded like rattling spurs. ‘That is Custer,’ whispered a gentleman present, and the apparition certainly bore a striking resemblance to the hero who was massacred at Big

Little Horn. After advancing a few feet, it shot back into the wall as if drawn by an irresistible force, and was instantaneously lost to view.

“The lights were suddenly turned on full again, but by no seen human agency. The medium started from her chair, wiped the perspiration from her brow like a person rising from a troubled vision, and said: ‘That is all tonight.’ The seance was over. Explain it who can. It is beyond the reportorial ingenuity.”—*Banner of Light*, May 17.

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### EXPERIENCES IN A PRIVATE CIRCLE IN 1855.

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

In the year 1855 I resided at West Troy, N.Y., and through my personal effort I succeeded in organizing a spirit circle. It was composed of six persons, four males and two females. There was not, so far as our knowledge extended, a medium among us. The object of the organization was for development. We met twice a week, Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock, and Sunday mornings at ten o'clock. After convening regularly for six weeks, one of our members, Mr. Wm. B. May, began to be very powerfully influenced in his right arm and hand. For some time nothing was accomplished but to move the hand rapidly back and forth, and up and down upon the table, striking it with great force. He finally remonstrated, and affirmed that he would not submit to the control, for the reason that he could not see the sense of such a manifestation, and stated that he believed it never would amount to anything. We then reminded him of the pledge we had all made on coming together, which was that, as an experiment, we would sit for six months, and if any one of the circle was moved or operated upon by an outside or unseen influence, he or she should patiently acquiesce and await results. The circle was strictly private, the outside world having no knowledge of such a gathering. The opposition at this date was so great against anything of a spiritual order that we deemed it advisable to pursue this course for protection to ourselves. The medium's hand finally began to be moved to write. At first, however, it was not intelligible to us, mainly consisting of well-

formed signs and characters written with regular system and order upon the paper. The writings seemed to us to be short communications in unknown tongues, and after receiving quite a collection of them the circle decided to break over the rule of privacy and invite in a teacher of languages and submit the writings to him. The result was surprisingly satisfactory, for many of the messages were translated into our own language. All this had the effect to settle the medium's mind, inducing firmness and decision on his part to yield to the powers controlling him. At the close of the six months we began to receive short communications written in our own language, from our personal and immediate friends in spirit life, imparting to us positive evidence of their identity and watchful care over us. I remember Mr. May, the medium, on one occasion, received a writing through his own hand, a beautiful message from an angel sister, eighteen years in spirit life. One very remarkable thing about the writings was that they varied from each other just as much as though written by different individuals, thus showing the perfect control they had of the medium. I think he was the finest writing medium I ever met with in my investigations. Now, that they had reached the point designed in his development, a more important work was to be inaugurated. The first communication written as a preface to what was to follow is indelibly fixed upon my mind. It read thus: "My children, now that your medium is prepared and ready to receive the offerings we have to transmit to you, I will, with the consent of your circle, tell you of the transformation of the human spirit from this sphere of existence, at what you call death, to the second sphere of life, and so on up through the ascending stages of progress, as far as I have arrived myself.—B. FRANKLIN."

His history of life and experiences in the interior was intensely interesting, but too extended to be given in this connection. When he had completed his narration of scenes and events, he wrote one day as follows: "Now, my children, the first series of your work is complete, and with your kind indulgence I will give you a history, as far as I am able to comprehend and understand it, of your solar system, informing you of the substances composing the sun and the planets revolving around it in their regular order, for I am as able to visit these worlds as your

earth, my former home." About this time Mr. May began to be controlled by a physician calling himself Aberthnott. He would write the diagnosis of the patient, prescribing remedies, and in a great number of instances hit the case and cured the disease. One Sunday morning we were having our usual sitting. Everything was proceeding with its accustomed order, the medium under control, when there came a loud knock on the door. I arose from my seat, opened the door, and there, to our surprise, stood a man in a deep trance. The control said through this man: "Good morning, friends." We said: "Good morning, sir," and invited him to a seat, when the control said: "Are you aware that your brother, Richard M. Bouton, of your town, was taken seriously ill last night at his residence?" We replied: "No." "Well," he said, "such is the case, and we, his friends, succeeded in getting hold of this organism at his room this morning, and have brought him to your circle to inform you of this fact. We desire to prolong the life of our brother, therefore, we want your medium to consent to the control of his physician, Aberthnott, who has been and examined our brother's case, and whatever advice is received, or remedy prescribed, we would be pleased to have you adjourn from this place, procure whatever is given on the way there, and have Mrs. Bouton, his lady, administer the same." The remedy was prescribed, and as we were about to depart from the circle room, the gentleman through whom this information was given was released and came to himself. The amazement and consternation that was depicted in his countenance amused us exceedingly. It was all a blank to him. All he last remembered was a strange feeling coming over him in his room. He was more than anxious to be informed of the whole detail of proceedings, after which he was as deeply interested as the rest of us to learn the final result of it all, he therefore accompanied us, the remedy was procured, and we proceeded on the way to Mr. Bouton's residence. On arriving there we found every statement made to be strictly true. The patient was lying seriously ill. The remedy was administered as ordered, and the result was in a few days he was raised to health and happiness again.

## MATERIALIZATION.

By MRS. CHARLOTTE A. COLEMAN, New York.

Two years ago, while at Lake Pleasant camp-meeting, I was one of twelve or fourteen persons to sit at "Father Lyman's" cottage to witness materializations through Mrs. Ross's mediumship. Mrs. Ross was there for the first time, and stranger to most of the persons present. The parlors were divided by a partial frame work, curtains forming the separation in the place of folding doors. After several figures had manifested themselves to their friends, there stepped out a little child who seemed to invite Mrs. Lyman to the curtain, but on approaching the child retired, and a young man under the medium height came out, going up to Col. Kase, of Philadelphia, showing him his shirt sleeve, that it was figured instead of plain. This young man was slight in form, with very dark hair, dark complexion, dark eyes, and dark moustache, very slight in figure. In a moment he retired, when "Bright Star," the controlling mind, holding Mrs. Ross in trance during these presentations, said: "This young man came by his death very suddenly," when the recognition of this person flashed upon me. I said: "I think I know who this young man is." At that, out he came, his face full of the gladness of the recognition, desiring me to come to him, which I did, fully recognizing him as young Scoville, of Lewiston, Niagara Co., N.Y. He immediately clasped both of my hands and drew me partly back of the curtain at the side of the medium standing, until I had time to say: "You are young Scoville, and you desire me to say that you appeared here in full form, sending word to your parents and friends?" With this he shook me heartily over and over again, keeping fast hold of my hands, saying: "I thank you; oh, how I thank you; yes, yes, I thank you." The medium was still entranced and sitting in her chair, with a good light entering at the opening of the curtain.

Young Scoville, an only son, left his home in the morning on a hunting expedition, crossing the Niagara River into Canada, but a few hours intervening when the sad news came that he had been shot, his gun going off accidentally. His appearance in this remote corner was no doubt owing to my having been in Lewiston at that time, and knowing his family.

During the same evening a young lady came holding up her right arm in a most graceful manner, making it apparent that some particular request was at hand in the way of test. A lady sitting much nearer than myself said: "I never saw so beautiful a hand and arm." Again she stepped back to the medium to gain renewed strength, when Bright Star said: "Well, I don't know, but this lady is not French, but she speaks it." On the previous appearance I had been tracing the lineaments of her countenance, her hair was very light, fair skin, and blue eyes, then I felt I could not be mistaken, so I said: "I think I know the lady; she has spoken French through me." At this she bounded out, reaching toward me. I immediately went to her. We clasped each other in a warm embrace, saying: "Oh, Abby, this is in reality you?" She replied: "Yes, yes." Then we kissed each other several times. I said: "You dear girl,—and where is Dr. Dayton?" "He is here." "Will he materialize?" "If he can." Then we kissed and embraced, and I left her, returning to my seat.

After Miss Fillmore died she came to me one day saying: "When you are in my father's library again, ask him if he recollects a sculptor in Washington, D.C., requesting me to allow him the privilege of taking a cast of my hand and arm." On complying with her request Mr. Fillmore corroborated her statement. Thus was it that significance was attached to the raising of the right arm, which corresponded with that of Mary Abigail Fillmore, who died suddenly of cholera, and was brought home from her grandfather's in Aurora, Erie Co., N.Y., to her home in Buffalo, N.Y.

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## OBSESSED BY A SPIRIT BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

By MRS. E. J. PIKE, Boston, Mass.

Six years ago I had an interview with the spirit of Big Indian, through the mediumship of Mary E. Stewart, then residing with Miss Rebecca Bowker, at 312 Dudley Street, Roxbury district. My sister, Miss Mary E. Browne, of Brentwood, N.H., had for several years been tormented with a horrible fear of mad dogs. Whenever she went out doors, day or night, the agonizing fear would seize her that a mad dog was going to spring upon her

from around the corner of the street, out between the buildings, or from back of the house, until she had no pleasure in going anywhere. I asked Big Indian the cause. "Me go see," was the answer. The control seemed to leave the medium for about five minutes, and then in the same tone of voice: "Me find a brave there, who came to spirit world from a mad-dog bite. He follow her all the time everywhere, and the more he get into her atmosphere, the more he feel as he did a long time before he die, and the more she feel the same fear. You write and tell her to go next Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, to her room, all by herself, and stay a whole hour, ask for Big Indian to come with his ten tomahawks, and tomahawk this mad-dog spirit away." I did as requested, and the result was that from that hour she has never felt the least fear of mad dogs, or anything else, and she goes out unattended at all hours in the full enjoyment of life.

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(From the *Banner of Light*.)

## MATERIALIZATIONS AND DEMATERIALIZATIONS IN NEW YORK.

I have just witnessed at a seance given by Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her son, De Witt C. Hough, in this city, a manifestation so remarkable and convincing that I think it deserves to be recorded. The seance was for materialization, and many spirits had already appeared. A small table, with writing materials upon it, stood in front of the cabinet. Suddenly, in front of that table, there appeared on the floor a white spot about a foot square. This spot rapidly enlarged, and as it did so the white substance composing it rose upward in undulating folds. A swift agitation became visible in what now took the form of a white cloud, and from its center rose the semblance of a veiled head. Almost simultaneously the extremities of the cloud revealed two waving arms. These arms continued to agitate the vaporous cloud, and the whole rose and grew and expanded until in less than one minute the full form of a young woman draped in white robes of filmy gauze was developed, stepped forward and gave the well-known name of Carrie Miller. At her request a chair was placed for her near the cabinet. She sank into the chair, and after a

few seconds slipped out of it upon the floor in a cloud of gauze, and disappeared by literally melting away. A small portion of the filmy drapery, however, was left on the floor, and while it was being watched by the circle, the curtains of the cabinet opened and disclosed another spirit. This second one was still in full view when the remnant of drapery on the floor again began to expand and be agitated, and once more the beautiful form of Carrie Miller ascended and materialized to dematerialize for the second time outside the cabinet.

I have seen a great number of materializations in various parts of the country, but I have never seen anything more complete and convincing than this manifestation. The light was sufficient to render the whole process of materialization and dematerialization clear. The conditions were such as to put illusion or deception out of the question. In fact, short of materialization in broad daylight, it was the most satisfactory exhibit possible to conceive. I may add that the phenomena as presented through Mrs. Gray and De Witt Hough are as a rule very satisfactory indeed, and I know of no mediums in New York who are producing as remarkable, varied, and well-attested manifestations. Materialization outside of the cabinet must always be the most striking and impressive phenomenon, and I have seen it nowhere else under equally good conditions.

GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS.

New York, 1883.

[We quote the above from the pen of Mr. Parsons, who is connected with the New York *Tribune*, and desire to add some of our own experiences with this medium of another character. After the materializing seance held at Onset Bay, Tuesday evening, July 8th, those who desired were invited to remain and see if Mr. Hough could answer written questions. Among those who accepted the invitation were Mr. Hatch, of Astoria, N.Y., Mr. Tolman and Mr. Grace, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Peyser, and Mrs. Pratt, of Providence, R.I. We wrote questions and folded them into thirty-two thicknesses. Each question was held separately by the medium in plain sight, and in full gas light. Mr. Hatch wrote a letter to his wife, who, about a week before, had passed to spirit life, and from her received a very satisfactory answer.]

The questions asked by others were answered with very general satisfaction, but the most interesting circumstance of the evening was caused by a mistake. Mrs. Peyser had written a question and handed it to the medium, who had laid it on the table while he answered another. At the same time Mrs. Gray folded a similar piece of paper to show a gentleman how, and laid it on the table, the one written by Mrs. Peyser having been covered by a book. Mr. Hough took the blank, supposing it to be Mrs. Peyser's question, and wrote: "My friend, I guess you have written your question in Dutch.—Col. B." On looking at this answer Mrs. Peyser said: "No." The medium then said: "It is blank; there is no writing on it." On looking it was found to be so. Mrs. Peyser's question was then found and well answered. Let our friends who explain these mental phenomena on the theory of mind-reading give us an explanation of this.—ED. of *Facts*.]

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### SKEPTICISM VANQUISHED.

Editor of *Banner of Light*:

I am not a spiritualist, nor have I made any investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism until recently, when my attention was called to the subject by a friend, who asked me to go with him to a sitting. Though somewhat averse to the step, I went as requested. We were met at the door by a young girl of, I should judge, about seventeen years, whom I afterward learned was Mrs. Caffray, the materializing medium. She kindly invited us to enter, and gave us a seat in a room where about twenty people were seated. Presently Mr. Caffray made his appearance from another room, and invited us all into his back parlor, where he holds the sittings. I went in, laughing to myself at the foolishness of my friend, for he did look so sincere.

At first we all sat around a table, taking hold of hands. The lights were put out, and instantly some one put the bells in and touched me all over my face. A hand played the guitar on my head, and placed a strong light before my eyes. Then I felt a cold breeze all over me, and by this time began to think there was something more to be experienced at these sittings than I had anticipated. I called out: "Where is the medium?" and he

spoke from his chair, saying: "I am here;" when immediately, right in front of me, some one else spoke in a heavy voice, saying: "And I am here." "Who are you?" I asked, and the answer was: "I am John Gray, this medium's control." Well, this John Gray told me some wonderful things, and especially things that no one knows but myself. He then whispered one other thing in my ear which was a secret to me, and said: "I know you don't want anyone to know this, so I whisper it to you to show you I know." I tell you, Mr. Editor, I felt as if I was going through the floor. My friend, of course, was highly delighted.

Next the light was lit, and the medium brought out two slates, sat four others and myself around the table and commenced washing them. My friend asked me to look and see if they were clean. I looked, to please him, and found them all clean. The medium then put a piece of pencil between these two clean slates and put them together. We all took hold of hands when, most surprising to me, there in the light I heard that piece of pencil move around between those slates. In a few minutes I heard three loud knocks, and the medium asked me to open them. I did so, when, *Eureka!* I found the slates full of writing, and there before my eyes was a message in my mother's handwriting, telling me things to do which I promised her I would do before she passed away, but which I had neglected. I was overwhelmed with astonishment; the perspiration poured from my forehead; I had got done laughing.

Next, we all sat in a semicircle, and the medium invited anyone to examine his cabinet (as he called it). My friend advised me to go up and examine it, and look for trap doors; but I declined doing so; though three or four did go up, and pronounced everything all right. Next, the lady medium went into the cabinet. The light was lowered a little, but there was sufficient light left, for I took out my watch and saw what time it was. Mr. Caffray then wound up a large music box, set it playing, and then all was quiet. It would occupy too much space in your columns were I to describe all that happened. I will mention a few only of the many remarkable incidents:—

A little girl, apparently about nine years of age, came to the cabinet door, and calling me by name asked me to approach her.

I did so, and she gave me a beautiful rose. She then called everyone in the room singly the same way, and gave each a rose. But what to me was the greatest wonder of all was this: a light about the size of a cent was seen about two feet in front of me. It commenced to enlarge and grow more luminous, and continued to do so, until it became a full-size adult female form, and brighter than the burning gas above our heads. It then spoke, gave me my mother's name, and said: "I am your mother," and told me never again to laugh at what I knew nothing about. I easily identified my mother by a private mark on the spirit's face that my mother had on her face while living in this life. She then handed me a beautiful flower, diminished in size back to the little bright spot I first saw, and then vanished entirely. I have the rose to this day. If Mr. Caffray uses every skeptic as he used me, he must have set many a mind thinking.

I told you when I commenced I was no spiritualist; but to tell you the truth I don't know what I am now. There is an old adage, "seeing is believing," so I must confess I am turning a spiritualist. I suppose my friends will laugh at me when they see my name signed to this article, but I can't help it; let the good work go on. I will answer all inquiries as to my experience, and will take the *Banner of Light* hereafter, for I am a happier man.

EDWARD M. O'CONNOR.

Corner of 32nd Street and 6th Avenue, New York City.

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## SPIRIT MESSENGERS.

By MRS. ABBY DARLING, Providence, R. I.

On Saturday, the 24th of May, 1884, as I was sitting alone at home, I heard a voice say: "Get ready and go over to Mrs. Ashton's, for she is sick and wants to see you," but I did not think much of it and did not go; but I heard the voice a number of times during the day, and early next morning went over. When I arrived I was met by the lady's sister, who said: "Why did n't you come yesterday morning? We did not think Susan (Mrs. Ashton) would live, so sent the spirits for you." The Monday following, my Indian guide came to me and said: "The old brave has gone to the Big Hunting Ground." When I first

heard it I thought of my son who was away from home, and asked if it was he, but was told it was not. It was the *old brave*, and he passed out while sitting in his chair, still I did not think who it was, but Tuesday morning I received a letter that a friend of mine, and known to all as Grandfather Irons, had passed out while sitting in his chair on Sunday. My guide thought I would know who was meant by the old brave, for I had been at his home visiting only a few weeks before, and knew that he was feeble and not likely to stay in the physical long.

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### ANSWERING PRAYER.

By MR. JOHN A. EATON, Cliftondale, Mass.

I am not known as a spiritualist, nor as a churchman, but I believe in prayer. The following incident happened in April, 1883. I was lying on the bed one day when I had an impression like this: "Make some pillows and carry them to the little sisters of the poor," but, thought I, they are Catholic, and there are many Protestants who may need them, still the impression was strong, and in the morning I made some pillows and carried them to the asylum for the poor. I was told that they were very much needed, and that the sisters had prayed to St. Joseph for the pillows. I believe the spirit had in some way used me as the means for answering the prayer in a degree.

I afterward heard that a bale of excelsior was carried there for pillows, so I had answered one part of the prayer and some one else the other.

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### A GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

By MRS. TOWNSEND WOOD.

One evening twenty-one years ago, while passing from a hall where spiritual gatherings were held, I saw an intoxicated man, and behind him a police officer coming to arrest him. I said: "Go into the hall and stay there and you will not be arrested."

Eleven years ago, Mr. Geo. Leonard, of Taunton, Mass., was in the west, and was controlled by an Irishman who sent his compliments to Mrs. Townsend Wood, and thanked her for her kindness to him on the occasion referred to.

## 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. These 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.