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FACTS

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

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THE HISTORY OF AN ENGLISH FACT.

By MR. CHARLES DAWBARN, 463 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

Happening to be in England during the trial of Dr. Slade, who was accused of fraud by Donkin and Lancaster, I found it a matter of conversation in the commercial room of the hotel in every town to which my business called me. Of course, the topic always broadened out into Spiritualism, but usually with a fierce denunciation of the folly of those who avowed their belief in ghosts.

One evening, after I had been zealously defending our belief, a gentleman followed me to my room and requested my advice, not how to prove the truth of spirit return, but, on the contrary, how to get rid of unseen influences that had already broken up his home, and, though he had moved one hundred and fifty miles, were still continuing a daily interference with his private affairs. I will try, Mr. Editor, and condense this narrative, though the hours flew fast, and many, as I listened to the tale.

Mr. Carter had, for some years, occupied an old manse a few miles from Manchester. Formerly, the residence of a wealthy family, it was now shorn of its old splendor, although still a comfortable home. The carriage-drive to the house was entered through an old-fashioned gateway, surmounted by a bell formerly connected with the house, but long neglected and wireless.

Act first commenced a few months before my meeting Mr. Carter by this bell suddenly evincing a propensity to ring out loud and clear without any provocation. It was no case of a "clock struck one," but, on the contrary, of a bell that struck many with amazement and fear. This was only the beginning, for scene second shows every bell in the house catching the fever, with the result that the family had a free Chinese concert almost every night. The bell-hanger pronounced the case beyond his art, for severed wires did not stop the motion of the clappers. At last they are muffled, and, of course, silenced. The two female servants fled at the bare suggestion that it was the work of "ghosts," but are now replaced by others who know nothing of the disturbance.

Act second of this celestial drama opens with a view of the servants' room, up in the garret. Of course, there is a table, and on that table a candestick, with a candle all ready to be lighted at

bed-time. Presently we hear a shriek from these two damsels as they see this candlestick, with lighted candle, come hopping down the stairs, one step at a time, as if to welcome them to bed. Mr. and Mrs. Carter pass it off as a trick the first time, but next night it proves a veritable "dynamite scare," that leaves the family once more without help.

Act third. The curtain rises, and we see the unfortunate family fleeing, with all its belongings, away from this Egypt of ghosts out into the wilderness,—that is to say, they move into a very modern house in the suburbs of London. All through this act we do not get even a suspicion of a ghost, or the least smell of sulphur. We see Mr. Carter once again happy as he returns from business every evening to a cheerful home and a charming wife, with "help" that has no suspicion of that awful past. As Mr. Carter often receives money from customers after bank hours, he purchases a small iron safe to hold his cash-box, and we see that safe placed for convenience in one corner of the dining-room.

Act fourth opens with a view of this dining-room, with the safe as a conspicuous article of its furniture. Enter Mr. Carter, ready for breakfast. Suddenly he discovers the cash-box under the sofa, with its bank-notes and gold scattered on the floor. Not a penny is missing. The safe stands locked as securely as the vault of a New York bank, whose cashier has taken a trip to Canada, and, we may add, as empty. In this act, we see the sun rise several times, but every time we see a safe locked, but empty, with a cash-box out "on the loose" under the sofa.

Act fifth, scene first, shows us a venerable deacon of the Baptist church coming to pray with his daughter, Mrs. Carter, and drive off the devil. It is evening. Dinner has been cleared away, and the deacon stands with one eye on the safe, and the other closed in pious meditation. We hear him say: "Benjamin, you and Charlotte go out this evening, and leave me alone to watch and pray. Put in your money, lock your safe, take the key with you, and we will see which is strongest, deacon or devil."

Scene second. The same room, two hours later. The deacon sits with his eye upon the safe, and exclaims, as Mr. Carter and his wife return: "I told you so; no devil comes near me!" "Why, father," exclaims Mrs. Carter, "look under the sofa!"

There lies the cash-box, with its contents scattered around, but the safe securely locked. We see a disgusted and frightened deacon fleeing from a house cursed by witchcraft; and the scene ends by a glimpse of Mr. Carter and the writer discussing the meaning of all this disturbance.

If anyone will tell me how to narrate this history with greater brevity, but without suppressing its facts, I shall be eternally grateful.

I pointed Mr. Carter to the remarkable fact, that there was neither malice nor attempt at injury in any of these phenomena, and I suggested that either himself or Mrs. Carter was a medium. I recommended that they should sit together at a table, and try to open communication with the uneasy spirit.

In a few weeks my friend wrote to tell me that the unseen operator proved to be his own father, and that his wife had become an excellent trance medium, through whom he was receiving wise counsel in his business affairs.

Afterwards, I spent a week with them in their charming home, and shared in their little circles, but I earnestly warned them against relying upon spirit counsel in the business affairs of mortal life. For a time we corresponded, and then came a year or two without a letter. At last I wrote, and, in reply, Mrs. Carter told me that spirit advice had led them into heavy losses, and they had concluded to have nothing more to do with Spiritualism.

I felt to say "Amen," since every attempt to prostitute spirit intercourse to money-making ends is sure, sooner or later, to lead to disaster. But I leave my story to tell its own moral, assuring my readers that it is one of those true "facts" which our worthy editor delights to gather for their benefit.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By MR. JOHN WETHERBEE, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

I have lately attended three or four of Mrs. N. E. Whitney's seances for physical manifestations, in the light. She holds them at 123 West Concord Street, Boston. They certainly are very remarkable. I have had, as many people know, over twenty-

seven years' experience in observing the various phases of the spiritual manifestations, therefore when I say these are among the best I have ever seen, it is saying a good deal.

Speaking of the physical manifestations, I can say, without straining the least, for I take into consideration not alone the phenomena exhibited or manifested, but the fairness or the unmistakable character of them as being manifestly free from fraud. A skeptic, or even an opposer of spiritualistic claims, would have to own up their genuineness or freedom from fraud, or stultify himself. Such a person might not admit the factor to be spiritual, but, if honest, would have to admit that they were intelligent, and done without human agency. It is self-evident that the medium does not and cannot do them, and that there is no other person in the form to do them. To me, who has had proof of invisible intelligences, I know they are what they are claimed to be,—spiritual manifestations.

I will add, which adds to their interest, they are not simply physical manifestations, but are intellectual ones also; for, besides the showing of human-looking hands evolved out of the silent air and not the extremities of anybody in the form,—besides noises, playing on musical instruments, ringing bells,—these bodiless hands will take a glass of water and issue it again empty, and when it is passed in again empty, returned again full, held invisibly somewhere, or dematerialized, and when wanted reproduced. Please understand, there is no deception or sleight-of-hand; I am just stating facts. Besides this, and many other interesting phenomena of a cognate character, the written messages that are passed out by these mysterious hands for the persons present are a very interesting feature. Sometimes they are so finely written that they have to be read with a magnifying glass. Most all present receive these messages; sometimes a slate is written upon by these hands, passed out and read and returned repeated. Handkerchiefs are passed in to the spirits, and messages durably written on them. These are generally tests. A lady sitting near me, who had never seen the medium before, passed in her handkerchief, and it was returned with a kind and convincing message from her sister, with her name signed, and the thing was so evidently what it purported to be—a word from over the river—

that it was quite affecting, and gratified me as well as this worthy stranger.

I have received messages every time I have attended her seance, and, from the nature of them, have been written at the time, not perpetrated and brought, as a reader might suppose; but the strong way I have spoken, those who know me will understand that I am not emphasizing a fiction. I want to be understood as being exact and literal.

Mrs. Whitney gives also materialization seances. I have had no experience in them, so, what I have thus strongly said is in reference to her light seances. Some who were present speak favorably of her materializations, but that is a phase that each one must judge for himself. What is evidence to one is not evidence to another; not so in regard to these of which I, with pleasure, indorse, for they are *prima facie*, unmistakable.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

By MRS. NELLIE WEBSTER, Corry, Pa.

Editor of *Facts* :

I am in receipt of two numbers of *Facts*, for which I am indeed very grateful. Facts are what I want, and have been earnestly seeking for. I have been a Methodist the most of my life, and now I hunger and thirst for something more comforting and substantial. I have had but little experience in what I now believe to be a wonderful truth, but will give you the facts of one sitting I had with Mr. Charles E. Watkins, the independent slate-writing medium. He came to this place, and I went to see him. He gave me four bits of paper, told me what to do, and left the room. I then wrote the name of a deceased friend, with a question on each of the papers. On the last one I wrote the name of a little girl I lost years ago, only a few hours old. I asked: "Do you know me?" I folded these papers and laid them on the table. Mr. Watkins then came into the room. He did not touch the pellets, but told me which to pick up. I did so, until the first three were taken, and the questions properly answered, and the full names given. When the last was in my hand, he said: "This is a lady's influence; she loves you. I hear 'Mother, mother!'"

He then took two clean slates from the table, put a bit of pencil between, closed them, he holding one side and I the other. I heard the pencil writing. When he opened them, this message was written:—

“BROTHER,—I have found here my mother. She loves me. Oh, how happy I am! HELEN HOUGHTON.

“Give my love to all. We can write this way through you. Do sit and let us try.”

I submit this to you as facts. He gave the slates to me. I have them now, with the message.

MARCH 24, 1884.

A SPIRIT FINDING A LOST GEM.

By DR. H. G. PETERSEN, Boston, Mass.

While at Onset Bay, in the summer of 1883, a little circumstance occurred that I wish to relate. Dr. Henry Slade, the writing medium, was at my house one evening, and, while there, kept tapping his hand with a light cane. On reaching his home, and preparing for retiring, he took off his rings, but noticed nothing wrong. Next morning, however, he found a diamond was missing from the cluster ring. I met him after he discovered his loss, and seeing he looked as though he felt a little blue, inquired the cause. He told me the circumstances, and walked over to the cottage with me, but, being uneasy, did not stay long. Soon I saw him coming again toward the house in a half-entranced state. Upon his arrival, his Indian control, Owassa, took him and walked off the porch into the flower-garden, and without searching for it in any way, stooped and picked up, as one would a pinch of snuff, some dirt, which, on examination, was found to contain the diamond. The jewel and ring were taken to Boston by Mrs. Maggie Folsom, and the gem reset.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By MR. FRANK E. CRANE, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

Mrs. Whitney called on us last evening, and while here we had an impromptu seance in my room. Mrs. Whitney sat in a similar manner to Rothermel, and the result was something *marvellous*.

I never saw such conclusive manifestations, and the illuminations were extraordinary. We filled her hands *full of flour*, and *three hands* were shown at once repeatedly. Messages were written on paper and slate. Charlie Sullivan, who was accidentally here, got a message from his sister, and we got two from our friend Kendrick, and my little daughter (as purported) shook hands with me, and, for the first time in my experience, I clasped the *illuminated hands!* It is impossible to describe the feeling or sensation connected therewith. This opportunity, in my own room, afforded me ample scope for a very clear, minute, and searching investigation, and I certainly improved it, and the result is very satisfactory, the most so of anything I ever witnessed. Mrs. Whitney is certainly a wonderful, genuine medium when among her own friends, and when she has confidence in her circle and surroundings.

(Special Despatch to the Boston Herald.)

GOVERNOR PORTER'S VISION.

HE SEES A MURDERER AT THE FOOT OF HIS BED.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 11, 1885.

Gov. Porter practically completed his official work as governor last night, although Gov. Gray will not be inaugurated until noon tomorrow. The last official act of Gov. Porter was the pardon of Peter Crawford, known as "Jack" Crawford, a convict in the Michigan City prison, where he is serving a life sentence for a murder committed sixteen years ago. When he had signed the pardon, the governor said: "I feel as though I had done an act of justice." Then, speaking to his private secretary, he added: "I want that pardon forwarded at once; and here, Mr. Blackledge," taking \$50 from his purse, "inclose this with it. Tell him that I especially request him to keep me advised as to his future movements," and the governor gave a story of most romantic interest. He said: "The case of that man has worked on my mind more than all the other applications for pardon that have been presented to me during my entire term. I first became acquainted with the man three years ago when he was at Jeffersonville. Warden Howard called my attention to him while I was on a visit to the

prison. He had just made an attempt at suicide, and had a frightful gash in his throat. I asked him if he had any friends who might interest themselves in his behalf, and the question surprised him. He answered that he did not know a soul in the world outside the prison, where he had been for thirteen years. 'There is one man,' said he, sadly, 'who might remember me, if he is living, but he is the only one I know.' The man is a big, fine-looking fellow, not having the expression or look of a criminal at all, and I became greatly impressed with him. He told me of the crime for which he was a prisoner, and referred me to the man mentioned to substantiate his story. He had been employed on a railroad contract, and, while resenting the abusive treatment of the man in charge of the set in which he was working, he used a small penknife with fatal effect, but without any intention of killing his adversary. He was utterly friendless, while the man he killed was well known, and the case was prosecuted with vigor by the ablest lawyers in Clark county. The result was his conviction, and for sixteen years he has been a prisoner. He was little more than a boy, and, in time, was lost sight of entirely, and probably no one outside the prison even remembered that he had ever had an existence. I had him removed to the Michigan City prison, and took the trouble to hunt up the man whose name he had given, finally found him, and from him heard the story of the killing even more favorably than Crawford had told me himself. There was no one to apply for a pardon for him, but the case appealed to me so strongly that for three years I have been considering whether it was not best to set him free in the absence of any petition. I never had any case work on my mind as this one did, and it seemed almost impossible to drive it away. The other night, as I lay dozing fitfully, but unable to sleep, that man's figure appeared at the foot of my bed, and I could see his face as plainly as I see yours now. I closed my eyes, and tried to think of something else, but when I opened them again, there stood Crawford, the most beseeching and reproachful look imaginable on his face, and there it remained until I made up my mind. 'I will issue that pardon,' I cried, and the apparition, if apparition it was, vanished. Nothing ever made such an impression on my mind as that vision. I am firmly

convinced that that man has suffered enough, and, therefore, I sat him free."

The above we read in the *Boston Herald* of Jan. 12, 1885, and desiring to know its truth, we wrote to ex-Gov. Porter, from whom we received the following letter:—

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 18, 1885.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, 19 Parade St., Providence, R. I.:

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 18th ult. was duly received.

The article which you inclosed is pretty highly colored, but a good deal contained in it is true.

Just before the close of my term of office as governor of Indiana, I was very much plagued with insomnia. I had given the prisoner in question some ground for hope that I would pardon him, but, as the end of my term approached, I found myself, on account of the number of very pressing applications for pardons, hesitating in this prisoner's case. One morning before daylight, a day or two before the end of my term, after I had a very sleepless night, I fell into a doze, and, awakening from it, the prisoner seemed to be standing at the foot of my bed looking at me most appealingly, as if to remind me of the hope of his being pardoned that I had held out to him. I then resolved that I would pardon him. I do not remember of the figure vanishing, or of any other appearance than as I have stated. No doubt the delusion grew out of the insomnia that had so long disturbed my rest.

Yours very respectfully,

A. G. PORTER.

(From the *Banner of Light*, March 2, 1867.)

A CONVINCING TEST.

A little more than a year ago our family, consisting of seven children, were taken sick with the scarlet fever and throat distemper. We treated them ourselves without the aid of any physician, and they got well without much trouble, except a little girl of nine years. She had a violent relapse, becoming swollen all over, looking frightfully, and in dreadful distress. Before we could do anything for her she went into a fit, and her eyes were

set. In our anxiety we could think of nothing to do for her, and expected she would die. This was about eight o'clock in the morning.

In an hour my husband started in a carriage for Lawrence, a distance of nine miles, to get an examination from Dr. Welsh, the blind clairvoyant. I sent for our nearest neighbor, for we did not think our child could live till my husband's return. I sat by her watching and wishing I could think of something to do for her. She grew worse; her nails grew darker; a gurgling sound was heard in the throat, and her eyes still fixed. I was anxious, and in despair.

I thought of a dear, dear brother who, when in the form, was always so kind, so good to advise in time of trouble, and called him by name: "Oh, come, Osgood, come to me now; prove that you *can* and *do* come, and I will *never* doubt again, and if you cannot impress me what to do, send some spirit who can." In a few minutes I approached our child, feeling a strong impression that she must get well, although it then seemed impossible. I requested that cold water and cloths be brought. I wet the cloths, and placed them on her head, then dipped my fingers in the water and commenced making passes from her head to her feet. The water was changed often, and I made the passes more rapidly. In a few moments our neighbor, Mrs. D——, said: "Why, she does seem to be a little better; her breathing is longer." I kept at work over her till half-past eleven, a. m., my husband not yet having returned.

At last the little sufferer closed her eyes, thus changing her terribly agonized expression. I sat down by her side, nearly exhausted, and, taking her hand in mine, I watched her pulse. I soon felt a strange sensation in my arm. In about fifteen minutes she took her hand away, and laid it under her cheek. I immediately arose, and said she would live. I knew she would. She slept quietly till three o'clock, p. m., when my husband came home. The first question he asked was: "What time did she begin to grow better?" I told him it was about half-past eleven. He said it was at that time the doctor was entranced, and an Indian spoke through him thus: "She better; me been there;" and commenced making passes. My husband said he felt confident that the Indian spirit was right, and so did not hurry as

much in returning as he did in going. We were all astonished at this strong test.

Our little girl got well, and was out of doors in less than a week. We never can feel sufficiently grateful to our dear ones on the other side. I believe now,—how can I help it? Did not my brother send the Indian spirit to impress me what to do? or take control of me, and do it himself? I unconscious of it all the time; and then go to Lawrence to quiet my husband's fears in regard to the safety of our child? We feel sure it must be so.

GUSTAVUS H. TUFTS.

N. EMELINE TUFTS.

DELIA L. TUFTS.

MIDDLETON, Essex County, Mass.

THE SPIRIT RECOGNIZED.

By W. F. RICHARDSON, Ocean City, Md.

Mr. Richardson was formerly from Andover, and graduated from Brown University in 1880.—ED.

Editor of *Facts* :

I am not convinced of spirit-return, but am interested in so-called spiritual phenomena, and had my attention called to it by the following incident, which I give for what it is worth:—

Shortly after being graduated at a New England College in 1880, while suffering from nervous prostration, induced by bad methods of study, and a shock from the sudden death of an only brother, I was trying to regain bodily vigor by rest at the home of a lady who had lost her only daughter.

The subject of Spiritualism had never been broached by us, and was in strong disfavor in the neighborhood. A trouble of the eyes had prevented her for years from reading but a few words weekly, and she had little previous knowledge of the subject. One day, after some hesitation, she handed me a paper containing the names of several persons known to us, but dead, among which were the names of my brother, in full, and her daughter. "Where did you get this?" I asked. "My *hand* wrote it without my knowing what I was writing," she said. Then she told me that she had been accustomed to sit alone thinking of her daughter,

who had been the sole interest in life to her, and that she believed her spirit was present at such times. Lately, her hand had been influenced to move without her volition, and feeling an impulse to write, she had taken a pencil and had several times written much that was unintelligible, and a few known names. Believing that she was the victim of "unconscious cerebration," and having my curiosity aroused, I told her I was going to make a test. Accordingly, I wrote these words on a bit of paper: "Fred, are you *glad* or *sorry* you left this earth?" I thought I might influence her mind, by my force of will, to write one of the words *glad* or *sorry*. Without telling her what was within, or letting her see the paper, I placed it face down on the table, and laid a blank sheet over it, telling her there was a question I would like her *hand* to answer. "Oh, I never can do that!" she exclaimed, but was finally prevailed on to try.

I then willed with great intensity that one of the words should appear, but, after half an hour, nothing decipherable appeared, and I took my paper, rolled it into a pellet, and put it in my pocket, without telling her anything more. Next day, at the usual time, she sat down, and after her hand began to move, took up the pencil. I had ceased thinking much about my question, when, after twenty minutes, she said: "Can you read this?" At first sight I could make nothing out, when, in a flash, I saw this:—

"Will.
I am hap"

That little word, "Will," thrilled me. I could almost feel my brother's presence. No one else ever called me that. My relatives and friends always used a longer form, but this was peculiar to him. I should have observed that this writing was always a slow, tedious process to her, and she had stopped from weariness in the middle of the word *happy*, not knowing that anything readable was being produced.

Let the mind-readers explain this. I had been looking for a single word in answer, and now a much better word was substituted, and instead of a direct answer, a simple statement had been made. The form, too, was unexpected, as all previous writing had been arranged in a compact body, but this was as above indicated.

A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD SEES CLAIRVOYANTLY.

By DR. FRANK C. PIERCE, East Putney, Vt.

I have a little daughter whose name is Josephine Maud. She will be seven years old the fifth of March. Four years ago, the last part of next month, while her mother and older sister were at a temperance meeting one evening, little Josie, then but *three* years old, was sitting on my knee while I was reading. She spoke up very suddenly, saying: "Papa, do n't you know I got an uncle way out West?" "Yes," I said, "but what do you know about him; you never saw him; he went away before you were born." "Well," said she, "I have got a uncle Tile out West, and he has falled down on the ice and hurt his leg, and he can't walk." I said: "I guess not, Josie; who told you so?" "He told me so." I said: "When?" She said: "Just now. I seed him, an he tole me so." I said I thought she was telling me a story, and she cried because I would not believe her, and I had to make up with her. I related the circumstance to my wife and daughter when they came home, and the next day told my brother, Mr. D. R. Pierce, and his wife, also Mr. J. D. Ward, about it.

One week from the next day (Tuesday), my brother, D. R. Pierce, got a letter from the aforesaid uncle, John Tiler, dated at Manchester, Iowa, stating that he fell on the ice, and hurt his knee so bad that he had not been able to walk on it for five weeks. That was the first we had heard from him for a number of months.

Now, in the face of such facts from a little child only three years old, I should like to know how to account for it, except by spirit influence and power to transmit the same to the sensitive.

EAST PUTNEY, Vt., Feb. 8, 1885.

MATERIALIZATION.

By L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.

On Monday evening, February 9th, Mrs. Ross gave a seance for the benefit of the Providence Spiritualists' Association, at her residence, No. 172 South Main Street, Providence, R. I.

After the rooms had been thoroughly examined by all who desired, and the only door which could be questioned had been sealed by a committee of three, Mrs. Ross entered the cabinet,

and in a few moments she reappeared under the control of Bright Star, and, going around the circle, shook hands with nearly every person in the front row, Bright Star keeping up a conversation with those present, many of them being old friends who had talked with her many times before. Immediately following the medium an old gentleman and lady came out of the cabinet, and after saluting all present, called for Mrs. Munger, who went to the cabinet where they were standing, and talked with them.

This is one of the finest proofs of materialization we have ever witnessed, as, under *conditions beyond question*, we saw the medium's physical body, and two other persons (spirits) who could not have been present in their material bodies without our knowledge,—all three being visible to nearly thirty persons at the same time.

It would be impossible in a reasonable space to give a detailed account of all that occurred. Over fifty forms appeared, many of whom were recognized by persons present.

At one time, a lady who is supposed to have been a princess in some island in the Pacific Ocean, situated near the equator, appeared with another female and child, and called Mr. James N. Sherman, with whom they held a long conversation. This princess frequently makes her appearance, we are told, at seances where Mr. Sherman chances to be. Her costume is very interesting to all investigators of these phenomena.

Four ladies, dressed in pure white, came out into the room. Two walked forward to the table, and shook hands with us. As they did so, Mrs. Munger asked if they could not make some lace for her? All but one returned to the cabinet, and Mrs. Munger, kneeling before her, was literally covered with several yards of lace, which appeared, as if it were by magic, before our eyes. This lace, after being taken off, dematerialized or disappeared in her presence, and of those near.

Forms of different sizes and shapes made their appearance, from small children to tall men and women.

It is not my purpose to speak of the individual friends who were recognized by persons present, but to let the public know of the most interesting features of the seance. There could have been no better conditions, and yet several forms appeared at once.

After the seance was over, Rev. N. U. Britton moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Ross, which was seconded by several. Before putting the motion, the chairman remarked that he could not let this opportunity pass without expressing his faith in Mrs. Ross's mediumship. Mr. E. H. Dunham, Mr. H. B. Knowles, Mr. J. N. Sherman, Mr. B. S. Chace, and others added their testimony and expressions of confidence, after which the vote of thanks was carried unanimously.

FORETELLING DEATH.

By Mrs. A. L. MORRISON, Hartland, Vt.

The fifteenth day of August, 1883, I was at Lake Pleasant, Mass., where I met Dr. Fred Crockett, of Boston, Mass. He said to me: "I see around you some tools, such as are used to make picture frames, and I also see a middle-aged man, and think he is going to leave this earth inside of three weeks. I also see a ship which, to me, indicates property. I see now two ladies, one is the wife of the man that I see, and she has been gone about seven years; the other is his daughter, but she has been gone longer than her mother. These ladies seem to be very anxious about some papers that they want you to secure, and they are at the residence of this man that I have described." Then a knife was shown to the doctor, and he said: "I should think by seeing this knife that this man was going to make way with himself." I could not think what all this meant, but, on August 22nd, as I was about to take the train for home, Dr. Crockett met me, and said: "Be sure and secure those papers, for this man is going out very suddenly." I arrived at my home at Hartland, Vt., that night about half-past eight o'clock, and Mr. Holty, the man described to me, was killed at eight o'clock that morning. He was on an iron bridge, with no chance to escape, the cars passed over him, and he was so badly cut and mangled that he was buried at two o'clock the same day. The knife, as shown to me, I can see now meant that he would be cut.

The papers described were left in the care of Mr. James G. Bates, and among them was his will, which was of interest to me. I had kept house for him since his wife died, and all the surround-

ings described by Dr. Crockett were correct. I would like those who think they can explain to tell me where Dr. Crockett received his information, if not from spirit power, of an event that did not happen until a week after it had been foretold.

CONVINCING PROOF OF SPIRIT-RETURN THROUGH INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

By MRS. C. S. CROMBIE, Boston Highlands, Mass.

Last summer, while I was at Onset Bay, I purchased two slates, and took them to Mr. Joseph Caffray for an independent writing. My sister, Mrs. Green, of Richland, California, and I held the slates, Mr. Caffray simply putting one finger on them. I asked, mentally: "Will my sister Lucy write for me today?" We distinctly heard the writing, and, after it was finished, Mr. Caffray said: "Some one else wants to write." Knowing that my little daughter, in spirit, could not write, I asked no question of her, but, on opening the slates, I found the following from my sister:—

"My darling sister, I will write to you, but I have not power to say much. It is true, dear sister, I live beyond the grave, and do come back to see you. I have met dear Albert, and Frank has grown to be a large boy. Now, do n't mind what anyone says, dear sister. You are right; keep on, and by-and-bye you will come to our beautiful home you are now making. Sit by yourself; use this slate, and I will write for you soon. Your dear sister,
LUCY B. BROWN."

Across this was written, "Albert and Frank," two sons of Mrs. Green, who had passed away in California. Printed was this: "Ma Ma's Carrie." In my request I had mentioned only the first name of my sister, yet the whole name was written correctly; also, the names of my sister's two sons, and that of my own little daughter.

There could be no deception in the case, for the slates were not for a moment out of my hands, and I am satisfied that all those spirit friends were present.