

Presented by
James Shaw Esq.
July 19th 1878

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SPIRITUALISM.

ALL ABOUT



CHAS. H. FOSTER.

WONDERFUL MEDIUM.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

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113 FULTON STREET.
1873.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE making an extended tour through the principal cities of the United States with Mr. Foster, I made it my especial business to invite the editors of the principal newspapers and journals, to investigate the phenomena, as they occurred in Mr. Foster's presence. Having confidence in the fairness and justice of the editorial corps throughout the country, and believing that they would give truthful accounts, of their experiences during the seances, I have in this little pamphlet republished a series of articles from the leading papers of the Union. The reader must bear in mind, that, in nearly every case, these articles have been written by men who are opposed to spiritualism. In some instances we are compelled to say, that, on account of the unpopularity of the cause in some quarters, it was deemed inexpedient, by the writers, to give the more incredible and startling occurrences as they were witnessed. Notwithstanding this, this little volume is put forth with the hope that it may lead persons to investigate these phenomena, who, unbelieving now, may be led to believe in a spiritual life. This accomplished, it will not go forth in vain.

GEO. C. BARTLETT.

SPIRITUALISM.

IS THERE AN INVISIBLE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE?

The position assumed in this paper is—First, that the manifestations which occur in the presence of long-established and well-tried mediums, like Mr. Foster and Mr. Hume, are genuine and not the result of trick or deception. Second—that the manifestations are caused by an invisible intelligence, over which neither the mediums nor any other persons present or absent have any power or control.

We now offer a few examples to sustain the ground we have here assumed, most of which we witnessed.

A gentleman accompanied the writer to have a sitting with Mr. Foster. He had twelve questions carefully inclosed in sealed envelopes; they were all numbered. Mr. Foster took them in his hand, and passed them one by one over his brow, and gave correct or pertinent answers to each and every one. During the same sitting a word of three letters appeared upon the back of Mr. Foster's hand—the letters were formed by a red discoloration of the skin. The word was one which was agreed upon by the gentleman and his wife before her death, and it was to be used as a test by the one who should die first. The word had never been mentioned to any person. During this same sitting, Mr. Foster called the names of a number of deceased persons, who, before they died, were closely related to those who were present, and, in many cases, gave an accurate description of their persons. In addition to all this, he gave numerous tests and stated many circumstances which were unknown to any person present, but which were afterwards ascertained to be true.

Now, even granting that some of these things might have been done by magic orlegerdemain, there is no way of accounting for the words on the hand or the statement of those things which were unknown to any person present.

Mr. Mansfield upon one occasion gave the writer of this a very remarkable test, as such things are called. The writer was sitting at the distance of ten feet from the medium, when the latter was requested to approach the table, which was complied with, when Mr. Mansfield wrote off a communication directed to the writer of this as follows:

Dear Uncle—Do you remember that cold day in February last you followed my body to the grave at Bellefontaine Cemetery?

(Signed) LILLA DEAN.

Mr. Mansfield was then told the child had a middle name; he seized the pencil, and at once wrote the name "Camden," which was correct, her name being "Lilla Camden Dean." The day in February was then asked for and given; no one present knowing what day it was, inquiry was made, and the date was found to be correct. The subject of the child, or its death, or the time thereof, or burial, were never mentioned in the presence of any person in New York. Taking these facts as above stated, is there any known way of producing the facts and phenomena here developed?

The writer and a friend attended a sitting of Dr. Slade, in this city, no other persons being present. Dr. Slade took up a piece of slate-pencil about the size of half a grain of wheat, and

placed it upon an ordinary slate; he then placed the slate close up under the under side of the table. The doctor held one side of the slate and the writer the other side, with the hands of both parties plainly visible. By applying the ear close to the table, the pencil, or a very good imitation thereof, was heard scratching over the slate. No other visible power touched the slate, and when it was examined we found a well-written communication upon it, and signed by a friend of the gentleman who accompanied the writer.

After this the doctor took an old, dilapidated accordeon in his hand and held the end without the keys; he held it under the table, his hand on the outside. The instrument played several beautiful airs, certainly as well as we ever heard the same played by any person. It was out of order, and from its appearance we should say that no power of which we have any knowledge could have played any ordinary tune upon it.

No collusion could have been possible at this sitting, and there is no law recorded which will account for these strange occurrences.

Those minds who have not been fortunate enough to see the different phases of these phenomena will not be moved by our argument, for, being entirely unacquainted with the subject, they could hardly comprehend what is done or what is claimed. Those who blindly ignore the facts on account of early education, or oppose them with feeling and prejudice, will not be reached by any statement or argument we may make. To the man, however, who will admit facts when he sees them, and will listen reasonably, and analyze fairly what is here presented, we are confident that he will conclude that the phenomena are new and wonderful, and that they must be the result of an unseen intelligent force.

In addition to cases already given, we will cite an instance that proves beyond doubt or cavil the presence of an invisible material—therefore spiritual intelligence.

Several times during Mr. Foster's career as a medium, he has been awakened in the night to find his body written nearly all over, in the same red characters which so frequently appear upon his hand and arm. View this fact as we may, we cannot escape the conclusion that the writing is the work of an intelligent power, human in its character. Now, in conclusion, is it improbable that an organized intelligent material power should exist, and we not be able to see it or perceive it with our natural or physical senses?

We submit that the most potent materials and material powers are those which are unseen.

The particles that compose air are indestructible; they may be made visible by condensation, but cannot be annihilated. The fluid or material which makes electric vibrations is unseen. Many of our most powerful gases are invisible. If a cubic foot of air were properly confined, we might set a thousand million of pounds upon it, when probably no other known material except a fluid could resist such a pressure.

Now, as we have shown that those material things which are unseen are more potent and lasting than those which are seen, our conclusions are that these manifestations are caused by a material spiritual intelligence; and being so, it must have an organization, for the combination of mind and matter means organization. This intelligence responds to human inquiries. It is therefore material, because it moves visible matter. It is intelligent, organized, and spiritualized or refined matter, because it is unseen.

The argument that these manifestations have been occurring for twenty-five years—that they are still unaccounted for upon any reasonable hypothesis, except the spiritual one, drives us to the conclusion that they are caused by a MATERIAL, ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE, HUMAN IN ITS CHARACTER.

[New York Day-Book, June 7, 1873.]

IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE?

A Wonderful Mystery?—An Interview with Foster, the Spiritualistic Seer—Startling Evidence of Superhuman Visual Powers—He interprets One's Thoughts—Describes the very Images in your Mind—Proof of the "Divine" Afflatus.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene 4.

No. I.

Charles H. Foster is a human problem over which mental philosophers have speculated to no purpose for the past ten years. We do not know where he was born, nor is it of any consequence to us or the great world. He may be the Wandering Jew for all we know, though we doubt whether that personage ever created so profound an impression when stopping to hold converse in his wanderings up and down the earth, as does this intellectual enigma, Foster, when condescending to indulge ordinary mortals with an opportunity to—investigate, perhaps, is the term—the inexplicable mental phenomenon of which he is the embodiment. The June issue of *Scribner's* has an article, contributed by Robert F. Leaman, under the title of "A Seance with Foster, the Spiritualist," which, on reading, determined us to seek an early interview with this "spiritualist," and an opportunity for so doing happening to present itself shortly after the perusal of this interesting sketch, with its "points" fresh in our mind, we took the cars for Twenty-second street, the temporary locality of the great "inexplicable," and were soon in "the presence." With the very introduction to this singular personage commences your study of his peculiarities. You see a full-faced, handsome, florid-complexioned, black-haired, black-eyed, dark-moustached, thick-set, gentlemanly individual, of apparently thirty-five years (we believe the Wandering Jew never grew old), and with such dreamy optics, that you are impressed with the idea that he is in a somnambulistic state, as he takes your hand most indifferently—nay, almost sleepily—and responds to your greeting in low, measured, listless tones. We, with a friend, took places at the table by the side of "the mysterious," at which were also seated two gentlemen, strangers from the South, and the test of the wonderful powers of the seer commenced. The company were requested to write the names of any friends in the spirit-world with whom they desired to communicate. On the table lay a pile of paper, long strips of some five inches wide, from which we tore sections enough to write some twenty-five to fifty names, each name on a separate slip, all of which, when written upon, were folded to the contracted width of cigar-lighters. After a fair degree of shuffling and mixing by the parties especially interested, the folded slips were left for the "great mysterious" to touch or not, as he saw proper, save and except the unfolding of the same. We sit in silence for the space of two minutes, then the seer takes up the folded papers one by one, and passes them rapidly across his forehead. He starts a little, and for the first time we perceive his apathetic air has vanished; his eyes assume an expression of intense interest; he seems to look earnestly upon some picture in the atmosphere about us, which, to our eyes, is mere vacancy; that dreamy abstraction which had enveloped him is gone. "I am strongly impressed by certain spirits who seek to communicate with you," said Foster to Mr. O. "Have you written the names of those you desire to appear?" O. said he had. "Wait a moment," said Foster, "and I will ascertain who are present." He picks up the folded slips of paper one by one, and rapidly passes them across his broad brow. "Ah! I have it. A spirit says he will make known his name to you, Mr. O.," said Foster, and he passes his right hand, in which is paper and pencil, under the table, and instantly draws it back again with a name written legibly upon it. "The very party I had desired to communicate with!" said Mr. O. "He is here," said Foster, "and stands behind your chair."

It will be noticed that some hidden hand wrote on the paper under the table the name of the spirit-friend, and the spirit was said to be present. How could Foster have known enough of the *personnel* of the spirit to have written its name? Catching up a dozen of the folded papers within which certain names had been traced, he passed them singly across his brow, and in a moment threw over towards Mr. O. one of them, saying, "That is the name of the spirit present, and the one who also wrote under the table; you will find them the same." The folded paper was opened, and it was so! It was impossible that Foster could have seen with "mortal" eyes what was written on these folded slips; yet he put his hand, with blank paper and pencil in it, under the table, requested the spirit which had been called to write its name, and when it was done Foster takes one of the many folded slips which were written by the gentlemen present secretly, and the words of which he could not have seen "in the flesh," and says, "within that slip is also the name of the spirit present, and the one you desire to communicate with." The gentleman who wrote on the slip was deeply surprised, and his agitation ex-

pressed something more than that sentiment. Turning to another gentleman at the table, Foster says: "The spirit of a lady stands behind your chair. An acquaintance of yours when you were younger than you are now. How much that spirit suffered when on earth! She was very dear to you. Her name was ———" (giving her name in full). This communication from Foster to the party at the table was evidently of an affecting character, and the countenance of the gentleman showed it. We did not feel at liberty to ask any explanations. Inasmuch as Foster never saw this gentleman before, knew nothing of him or his, of his past life or his present, of his family or his friends, how did he know anything of that "lady friend" of years ago, long since dead, now present in spirit, standing behind that chair? How could he know of her "years of suffering"? How did he know her name? Very much more of this character of inexplicable and startling information was presented to the gentlemen at that *seance*, which evidently puzzled and mystified them; but the special object of *our* interview with Foster had as yet not been reached. We went to that *seance* a searcher after truth—if possible, to get light—more light touching the *source* of the astounding revelations this mysterious man certainly conveyed. Where did he get his knowledge of events that had been buried in the memories of those whom he for the first time met, as he did this little circle of which we were one?—individuals of whose past lives he could, under ordinary circumstances, know nothing. We came to this meeting determined to put Foster's remarkable powers to a severe trial, and prepared the test beforehand. An intimate friend of ours, every page of whose life, for at least thirty-five years, we were familiar with, consented to sit at our side at the table on this special occasion. At our request he had prepared a question to the "spirit" should he be favored with a visitation, and put the same in a sealed envelope prior to leaving his office on that day. The question was written thus—we give it *verbatim*, to show that Foster, even with his superhuman vision, if he depended on *sight* alone, could not have divined its full meaning: "Can I get a communication with S. C., of S., who died at B. in 1849?" These words were written on a slip of paper and placed inside of an envelope, and the envelope sealed before our friend ever looked upon the seer. Our friend sought out the place of meeting, where we joined him to see the results of his test. Seated at the table, as we have already stated, sundry slips of paper were written upon, and the results were astonishing. Finally, C. drew out his envelope, and said to the seer: "Within is a communication, written before I came here. Shall I offer it?" "Certainly," said Foster, and it was laid with the rest before him. Foster took the envelope up, touched it to his forehead, and turning to C. said: "I am impressed by several spirits anxious to communicate with you. There are two or three female spirits at the back of your chair bending over you. One is—wait a moment—her name is A—y B—t" (Foster gave the name in full of a lady friend of C. who died in 1853), "and the other is—is—why—your wife! How young she looks! She died—long—long ago. Let me see; she will write it on my hand, and I will tell you the year—1849—yes, 1849—was the year. She says to you"—here a communication followed, in precisely the style of phraseology Mrs. C. used with her familiars; so very like that it was most startling. Now, we ask, what was there in the communication within the envelope to denote that "S. C." was the "wife" of the party at the table, or anybody's "wife," or even the name of a female? There was nothing in the communication to show that "S. C." might not have been the initials of some one of the other sex. Foster described the personal appearance of "S. C." so clearly, that he evidently saw something, as he stated, at the back of C.'s chair. *What* did he see? *Why* did he say *wife* instead of *sister*? And again, how could Foster know that A—y B—t and S. C., near friends on earth, were evidently near friends in the spirit-world, unless he really saw them, and communed with them on this occasion, as he states he did? If he had not thus communicated with them, how could he have told the name of the one, and the relation of the other to C.? There was much more of strange and mystical character at this *seance* with Foster, which the length of this article forbids our touching upon, and we simply present these facts for the mental digestion of our readers, the great public. The test we suggested for the seer was fairly applied, and his superhuman powers were evidently equal to it. We were astonished; though, if asked what our convictions are, we cannot answer. Nor can we announce those of our friend C. He was deeply moved and amazed, but touching his opinions as to the source of Foster's knowledge, we have nothing to say. "Spiritualism" is now claiming the attention of millions of intelligent minds in this country and Europe, and we propose to follow the subject up, as we have a large fund of facts connected therewith which are, to say the least, sensational enough for the most gormandizing lover of the marvelous. Mr. Leaman, in the article in *Scribner's* we have referred to, touching his interview, says: "Summing up the results, it may be asserted in brief that Foster told nothing of a specific nature that had not been, by *written* answers, first told him; the answers of the spirit were reproductions of the *written* answers." Now, as we deal with facts and not theories, having no opinions to offer on the subject of spiritualism, our investigation in that direction being simply investigations after truth, we assert that our interview with Foster proves the complete falsity of Mr. Leaman's "summing up." There was not a word *written* in the communication prepared and sealed before the interview, and miles away from Foster, that could have given him the slightest indication of the information he gave our friend C., excepting that "S. C. died in 1849;" and with what kind of eyes did he see thus much? The communication, exactly as it was written, and its results, we have here detailed, and speculators in mental phenomena can draw their own conclusions as to *how* the seer found out "S. C." was the name of a lady, that the lady was the wife, over a quarter of a century

ago, of one of the gentlemen present, etc. We shall follow up this subject, "Spiritualism," and our next article will introduce what are called "Physical Manifestations," which we have personally witnessed. Nothing extenuating, we venture to assert that we shall astonish our readers somewhat. Yet we beg to say beforehand, we shall only detail exactly what took place in our presence. In due time we shall also sketch the boyhood "spiritualism" of the Davenport, and the first "outbreak" of that still most inexplicable mystery, in the family of Davenport senior, in the city of Buffalo, in 1856.

[New York Day-Book, June 21, 1873.]

IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE?

Another Seance with the Spiritualistic Seer, Foster—He calls into the Circle the Spirits of N. R. S. and R. G. H.—He apprises one of the Circle of the Presence of the Spirit of his Mother—Singular Effect of a tremendous Thunder-Storm upon Spiritual Media.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 4.*

No. III.

By special appointment, the "interviewing corps" of *The Day-Book* proceeded to the headquarters of the great spiritualistic seer, Foster, on the afternoon of Friday last, for another seance, with certain tests prepared beforehand, that not the slightest chance should be given skepticism to build up a platform of explanations, whose main timbers would be, "Foster's keen and practiced eyes detect, by the very motions of your pencil, what you write. He unfolds, with the lightning-like celerity of a Signor Blitz, the slips of paper upon which your questions have been propounded, while you do not discover his legerdemain."

We had determined to give "spiritualism"—if that is the principle by which human vision is enabled to look through the thicknesses of heavy envelope paper, or human manipulation become so wonderfully dexterous as to escape notice—a fair chance. Prior to leaving for the headquarters of the seer, on this occasion as on the previous one, we had the tests thoroughly prepared. On a slip of paper was written, "I wish to communicate with the spirit of N. R. S. and R. G. H." Mr. S. died in 1857, and Mr. H. in 1867. The slip of paper was placed within a small sealed envelope, and this envelope was then put within a larger one, and that one also closed as effectually as mucilage could do it. Now, it will be perceived, inasmuch as no writing and no talking were to be done by the "interviewing corps" of *The Day-Book*, at this seance, whatever the seer should respond to the inquiry within the double envelope ought to be received as a test of his relation to the "supernatural." He may be able to catch the reflex of the mind of the sitter at the table, who carried in his memory the purport of the communication, or he may, with powers equally superhuman, read the communication itself through the two envelopes; but, as will be seen, no sharp vision could, in this case, catch the meaning of the writing through the movements of the hand of the writer, or sly manipulation open and peep into the folded slip which he passes across his forehead, as is his wont on these occasions. And here let us take the opportunity of protesting against the "revelations" of a class of investigators who profess to deal intelligently with these subjects, but whose very "explanations" demonstrate the sheer stupidity of these very shrewd (?) intellects who pretend to have discovered "the trick" by which so-called *media* are enabled to frame all their answers. One of these very clever "detectives," attached to the reportorial body of the *New York World*, who had been "investigating," tells the readers of that journal that "Foster's writing-paper was of a transparent character, and everything written upon it, though folded carefully by the writer, could be read by Foster, in consequence of the peculiar preparation the material had gone through." Now, the seeker after truth, whose labors have brought him into one of the "circles" at the rooms of the spiritualistic seer, in offering so ridiculous an explanation of the source of Foster's powers, simply writes himself down a blockhead, and insults the commonest intelligence ever brought to bear upon the mystery, to say nothing of the insult to Foster. So poor a device by which to gain notoriety would disgrace the veriest dunce who ever took to charlatanism for a living. But we are not the defender of Foster, or any other "professor" of what is called "spiritualism." We are not the champion of that "mystery," by any means. We are simply groping in the dark for "more light," and for the little light we do get, albeit it appears to indicate a principle never before heralded, we are not disposed to doubt our own powers of reasoning upon and deciding as to its reality or falsity; and we therefore deny that because we do not at once penetrate the "how and why" of the new light, that it must be the

device of fraud and mountebankism. This *World* man settles that it is. Now, will he please to tell us how Foster interpreted the meaning of what was written and placed within the two buff, heavy-prepared envelopes, one within the other, which, we assure him, had not been rendered transparent "by oiling" or any other means? In the midst of a heavy shower we took the cars for Foster's head-quarters, as we have stated, and on our arrival there the rain came down a perfect deluge. The air was very heavy and oppressive, and we remembered that in such atmospherical conditions, communications, mental or physical, are rarely complete. There is some as yet unexplained reason why "influences are generally unfavorable" during a moist, warm, murky atmosphere; but it was the reverse of this on that day. Foster was absent, and time was probably as valuable to him as to us. The appointment was mutually understood; we had ridden three or more miles to get this interview, and Foster was away—where, nobody seemed to know; and in the meantime it appeared as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened, and that soon he must float to his residence, if he reached it at all; pedestrianism or a hack would not evidently be made the agency. We noticed that one of the company present (for there were four of us in all seeking the seance), seemed to be in a brown study. His eyes were cast upon the carpet in Foster's parlor, and he gazed upon it as though the curves and angles of the pattern were to him a map of his futurity. We have a special reason for dwelling upon this incident. This gentleman had once before met Foster, and the latter was peculiarly impressed with him. He said that the "influences" were stronger when O. was near him. He seemed to give the seer an increased degree of what he termed "spiritual power." As the rain continued to come down like an avalanche, we were surprised at the sudden determination of Mr. O. to seek the seer. "Where are you going, O.?" said one of the company. "I hardly know, but I think I can find Mr. Foster," said O. "I am impressed with the idea that he is in the reading-room of one of those hotels we saw on our way here, but I do not know what it is called, for I never was inside of the place in my life; but the impression is so very strong upon me, that I feel I can go right to the very spot where he sits, and, hard as it rains, I am going to try it." Seizing an umbrella, O. rushed out into the storm. In fifteen minutes he returned with the "great mysterious." "I somehow knew that I could find Mr. Foster," said O., "and yet, for the life of me, I cannot tell why I went to that special hotel, with the almost certainty that he was there, and not at either of the others in that vicinity." "Perhaps I can explain it, gentlemen," said the seer. "I saw the rain coming down in torrents, remembered my engagement with you, realized very strongly the value of your time, and my thoughts were fixed especially on Mr. O., whom I felt certain was in my room. In fact, I was really *en rapport* with him, and evidently he with me, for, as I stood gazing out into the storm, I was not surprised to see that I had influenced him to start for me. He, you see, knew where I was by the close and strong mental affinity which evidently at this time controls us both. By that inner sight he was led to the hotel I accidentally took shelter in to escape the rain." We simply give Foster's language, or the substance of it, and let the reader take it for what it is worth. The seance commenced. Four gentlemen, besides the seer, sat around the table, and the usual preliminaries were gone through with. Names were written, questions asked and replied to satisfactorily to the interested parties; but in this, like the other seance detailed in *The Day-Book* article No. 1, week before last, we could not pass an opinion upon the correctness of anything with the entire facts of which we were not personally cognizant, and therefore did not pay especial attention to the results of the majority of the tests. On our right, however, sat a gentleman who had been writing on slips of paper, and very carefully folding the same, to which he had received responses, evidently of a character to surprise and startle him; his look of astonishment at one revelation was so profound, that we will allude to it especially. Foster suddenly said to him, "There is the spirit of an elderly lady behind your chair, sir; have you called her here?" "No, sir," said the gentleman, "I have not asked for the spirit of any lady to appear." "There is the spirit of some one interested in you present; and if you have lost your mother, I think it is her spirit. Write several names on several slips of paper—as many as you please, and I will see to which of these names this female spirit will respond." The gentleman wrote four names, folded them carefully, and threw them on the table. We watched the result. Mr. Foster passed them one by one across his brow, and the third or fourth slip he threw across to the gentleman who was intently awaiting the test, and said, "There is the name of the spirit behind your chair." The gentleman opened it and read the maiden name of his mother. He had written four female names on slips, among them the name of his mother. But our object in this interview was to test the powers of the seer touching his knowledge of N. R. S. and R. G. H., with whom we knew he had no acquaintance, when alive, and whose deaths (the particulars of which he knew nothing) took place, one near six, and the other near sixteen years ago.

We have already stated that not the slightest intimation of the contents of the double envelope could have been given Foster. In fact, what was written was simply known to the one party at the table who introduced the envelope. Foster took this envelope and pressed it to his forehead, and then said: "Are the spirits asked for present?" After a pause he continued, "I see they are, and will make themselves known. They are behind your chair, sir," said Foster to *The Day-Book* representative. "One of them, who appears especially friendly to you, is a tall, thin man, and the other a short, thick-set man. Ah! I am impressed by them to say that they will send their names." Foster here wrote the names of

the parties in full, N. R. S. and R. G. H. How did he see inside the double envelope? or, if he could look into the mind of the party present who handed him the envelope, and discover there what was hidden in it, what is this new principle?

We have devoted all the space we can afford to the details of this peculiar and unexplainable mystery; but if asked if we think it is *spiritualism*, our answer is emphatically no! What it is, our readers can settle upon as correctly as ourselves. We have no opinion to offer about it. We simply present the features of these seances as we would the occurrences at a chemical lecture, or the results of the various gases through inhalation upon the human system, or those of galvanism upon a dead body—as food for mental speculation. The “Cardiff giant” has to-day its hosts of believers; the human mind likes to feed on the “unaccountable.” And perhaps man’s reasoning powers would rust out, if they were not acutely exercised now and then over matters which taxed those powers to the utmost to distinguish between fact and fancy. Next week we shall treat the lovers of the marvelous to “the Bleeker-street manifestations.”

[The New York Era, Sunday, June 8, 1873.]

SPIRITUALISM INCARNATE.

Foster the Medium—Some curious Facts in his Career—Bulwer and his “Strange Story”—Conversing with the Departed—Blood Letters on the Arm—Psychology, etc.—An independent Sketch of an interesting Subject.

Independence, and especially the independence of the press, is a great thing, a very great thing—so very great a thing that it is very rare. Now, independence does not merely mean boldness or ability to expose error or imposture, nor does it merely signify a readiness to uphold a truth; it means a determination in all doubtful cases, where certainties, from the nature of the case, are out of the question, to state the exact facts of the case, leaving it to others to decide upon its theory or its merits. Looked at from this point of view, the press has always been unfair to, and never been truly independent on, the question of spiritualism. True, there are a few papers who indorse this doctrine—professed “organs” of spiritualists; true, also, there are many papers which delight to expose the clap-trap which has too often disgraced so-called “spiritualism.” But, up to date, there have been very few papers indeed which, without either “exposing” or “indorsing” this subject, simply give the real facts concerning it, leaving opinions to others; yet these last papers are the only “independent” ones, and among these is the *Era*; and in the present article it is proposed simply to state some interesting facts in regard to a curious man, Foster, the medium, who has created quite a stir among the spiritualists, and who is at present in this city.

The man Foster himself is the most unspiritual-looking personage imaginable; there is nothing at all ascetic or æsthetic about him. He is of this world, worldly, and is full-formed, full-faced, muscular, handsome—a good-looking blonde-brunette of the order that takes life easily. He loves wine and tobacco, horses, and social excitements, and vehemently insists that a man’s “spiritual” gifts have nothing to do with a man’s “spiritual” character, but are essentially fortuitous and accidental. Pope “lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;” and so Foster became a medium simply because, as he phrases it, “the spirits came to him;” he did not go out of his way or change his habits to seek them.

He is a Yankee by birth, having seen the light first in Salem, Mass. He is about thirty-five years of age, and has been a clairvoyant and a medium since his tenth year. His “spiritual gifts” attracted some attention in New England, and subsequently visiting London, he became quite a lion. During this portion of his career he became quite intimate with the great novelist and romancist, Bulwer, and this episode in his life is worthy of attention.

He was introduced to Bulwer, then Sir Edward only, in London, by Mrs. Frederick Barnes, an intimate friend and warm admirer of the distinguished author. Bulwer at that time was undertaking a new novel, and was likewise investigating “spiritualism,” and thus meeting Foster at such a period, his mind was still more strongly directed to this subject. He invited Mr. Foster to call and see him at Knebworth, an invitation of which Mr. Foster availed himself on several occasions, and for several days at a time. His reminiscences of Bulwer at his ancestral home are decidedly interesting, and throw considerable light upon the character of that prince of letters.

According to Foster, Bulwer was a man very haughty and self-assertive in the company of his equals or his rivals in rank or literature. He was reserved with Palmerston, on his guard with Disraeli, and rather unfriendly with Earl Russell; but with those who did not come into competition with him in any sense he was very courteous and affable. To Foster he was the pink of politeness, a perfect host; and he was beloved by all the servants of his elegant establishment. He was given to hospitality, and was in the habit of entertaining the best men in the kingdom. Sometimes he was visited by ladies of rank and position; but as a rule, owing to his unfortunate domestic arrangements, he was deprived of female society, a loss which he keenly felt. He was a great worker, also a great dandy, full of pet affectations—a mixture of

Beau Brummell and N. P. Willis. He was not a man of sincere convictions, and devoutly believed in only one thing—himself.

As for spiritualism, he studied its phenomena, and never suffered himself or others to rail at it. Yet he was not a convert to spiritualism, as then (or now) understood. He had trained himself always to look at both sides of every question, so that when others attacked spiritualism, he would guardedly defend it; and when others enthusiastically supported it, he would attack its abuses; so that neither side of the argument could fairly claim it.

During Foster's visits to Bulwer the latter was engaged in constructing that wonderful novel called "A Strange Story," in which certain spiritual phenomena are discussed and illustrated in a manner as yet unsurpassed for originality and interest. Certain points in the hero of this novel were taken from the *personnel* and history of Foster, and Bulwer often alluded to the fact that Foster was the model upon which he had based his Margrave.

On several occasions Bulwer, who evidently regarded "A Strange Story" as his greatest book, would read passages from it to Foster. The two, author and medium, would sit in the library at Knebworth, side by side; and there, after the reading, the author would become a disciple, and Foster would hold a seance.

On one occasion Bulwer advised Foster confidentially not to call himself a "spiritualist," so that the name should not excite popular prejudice against him, but to give his "exhibitions" merely as "scientific phenomena;" but this advice was unpalatable to Foster, and Bulwer taking some offense that it was not adopted, a coolness arose between the two men.

Remaining for some time in London, and then traveling through Europe, Foster returned to this country, and has now temporarily located himself at No. 19 West Twenty-second street, en route for Australia.

And now the questions naturally arise, What does this man Foster do? And how does he do it?

With regard to the second question with reference to the "*how*"—the *modus operandi* of the phenomena—nothing can be definitely known. Mr. Foster says unhesitatingly that they all take place through spirit agency, of which agency he is a mere instrument, and that he does not cause the phenomena any more than he could prevent them. He says candidly that the spirits come to him, and take possession of him, and communicate with him, and that all he can do is to submit to their influences, to do as he is told, and to tell others what *they* tell him. He certainly *seems* to be sincere in what he says, and resorts to no clap-trap whatever. There are no trances, no darkened rooms, no spirit faces, no music in the air, no feeling of hands and legs, etc., no charlatanism or trickery of any *visible* kind. He sits during a seance in a well-lighted room, beside a small table with no apparatus upon it and extremely simple; he holds nothing in his hands, smokes a cigar, and converses on the ordinary subjects of the day at intervals. He claims that the spirits appear to him, or else whisper in his ear, and that their communications to him are all "external"—made from without—entirely independent of his own volition or mentality. It may be that all this is not true; it may be that there is some trickery in the matter; but, if so, from the very nature of the case, it is so skillfully done as to amount to a positive miracle of skill; and certainly no one, as yet, has been able either to expose the trickery or to explain the phenomena.

What he does is simple, yet wonderful enough, and can best be illustrated by a literal, plain, unvarnished narrative of a visit paid by the writer to the rooms of Mr. Foster, 19 West Twenty-second street, on the afternoon of May 28th, —, in company with an artist and a merchant of this city, each of whom can substantiate this narrative in every particular.

First, Mr. Foster requested us to write on a slip of paper the names of some twenty or thirty people, men and women, having among them a certain name of "a departed spirit" with whom we specially desired to "communicate." This slip of paper we afterwards cut into separate slips, each containing a separate name, and of each slip we made a ball, or pellet, and then shook them together, so mingling them that, to save our lives, we could not tell which from which. Yet, by taking these pellets, or balls, or slips in his hand, and applying them rapidly to his forehead he was able to feel at once which pellet, or slip, or ball contained the particular name with which we wished to "communicate." Grant that this was a trick; yet it was so astonishingly, cleverly managed that it alone would constitute "a whole evening's entertainment." And if it was a trick, how was it done?

Second, in answer to Mr. Foster's summons there were all sorts of raps, although Mr. Foster himself was not at the time near the table. There was also writing done *under the table*, and writing, too, of names which, from the very nature of the case, must have been wholly unknown to Mr. Foster, unless, indeed, he was in the possession of the secrets of all our life almost from our cradle, which was impossible, as we had never laid eyes on him until that day. Grant that all this was trickery, too; what is the explanation? How was it done?

Third, at Mr. Foster's request we thought of the name of a deceased lady friend, a girl who had been dead for years; and lo! on, or rather under Mr. Foster's arm, on the surface, there appeared in pink, or blood, the letters of that dead one's name. We then thought of a male friend, deceased; and lo! his name appeared on the back of Mr. Foster's hand in blood-red letters. "Trick," you say again; but how were the letters made? and how on earth did the names HAPPEN to be correct each time? One thing is certain, there was no optical delusion about the matter; for this writing in blood-red letters was seen and read by the artist and the merchant accompanying us, as well as by our eyes.

But thus far, in all this series of phenomena, there has been a material basis; there have been papers, and writings, and rappings, and blood, etc., *i. e.*, things more or less material. We now proceeded to subject Mr. Foster to the *experimentum crucis*, to remove all material base of operations, and to make him deal with mentality alone. Casting our thoughts back upon the past—the long-forgotten, or, at least, seldom-thought-of past—we carefully invoked the image of a beautiful girl, upon whom we had wasted any amount of sentiment, but who, alas! had been sleeping in the church-yard for fifteen years. We thought upon her, and asked Mr. Foster to communicate with her, though without mentioning any of these particulars to him or telling him her name. Handing us a card with the letters of the alphabet inscribed upon it, he requested us to touch the letters in any order we chose, assuring us that whenever we touched any of the various letters which composed this once dear and dead one's name, there would be a rap heard on the table; so that, by putting down the letters which, when touched with our pencil, were followed by raps, in their order, the full name of the lady would be given. We took the card and touched the letters at random, but, the moment we touched the first letter of her name, there was a distinct rap. Our friend the artist, who himself had never heard of the young lady, noted down the letter. Then we touched other letters at random; but, the moment we touched the second letter of her name, there was another rap, till, finally, the whole name of the dead girl was spelled out. Now, Foster had never heard of the girl, of course; the artist who took down the name had never heard of her; we had not ourselves breathed a syllable of her name; and yet here was the name spelled out correctly, and by raps. But, more than this, Mr. Foster also rapped out for us the letters of the name of an old maiden aunt, who had been opposed to our attentions to this young lady, and who had herself been dead for over ten years. More than this even, Foster rapped, or caused to be rapped out for us, the names of *three* sisters with whom the writer had been on friendly terms twenty years ago, in Philadelphia; he also told us ("through spirit agency," he said) various particulars about these sisters which were only known to their immediate and humble circle, and which we had ourselves almost forgotten. He also rapped out the name of a well-known dramatist, recently deceased, a friend of ours; and, putting himself into communication with the spirit of one of his dramatic pupils, rapped out the name and gave us various interesting facts in the history of a popular actress, likewise recently departed. In brief, Mr. Foster gave us the names of the parties we were *thinking of*—names which we had never uttered; names utterly unknown to him; names the majority of them utterly unknown to the parties accompanying us; names shrouded, so we thought, in the recesses of our memory exclusively; and not only did Mr. Foster give us the names of these departed personages, but he evidently obtained *from some source* particulars concerning them which enabled him to talk understandingly about them. How he did it God knows, we don't; but all this he did do. It may be all trickery, all psychology, all what you will, but, at least, it was all *done*; and he does similar things every day; and, as Bulwer himself said of these phenomena, "No man knows *how* they are, nor denies *that* they are."

[Boston Herald, July 13, 1873.]

FOSTER.

An Hour with the Great Test-Medium.

Next to Home, perhaps the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article is most widely known as the exponent of modern spiritualism. Upon his recent return to this city, an attache of the *Herald* called upon Mr. Foster, at his room at the Parker House, for the purpose of satisfying himself, and, if possible, the readers of the *Herald*, as to the veracity of the many remarkable stories of Foster's powers in calling "spirits from the vasty deep." Sending up his card, the *Herald* representative was immediately invited to Room 71, where he found Mr. Foster sitting at a table and professionally engaged with a party of ladies. Mr. Foster is a good-looking gentleman, near the prime of life, of athletic build, and with a handsome, healthful face. Having dismissed his lady visitors, he lit a cigar and invited the writer to take a seat opposite him at a table in the centre of the room. This being done, the visitor was directed to write upon narrow slips of paper the names of friends who had died with whom he wished to communicate. Four names were accordingly written, and the pieces of paper so folded as to hide the writing thereon from the eyes of the medium, who, taking the folded bits of paper, held them one after the other for a moment each to his forehead, and almost immediately announced by name, or in writing, the presence of the four spirits whose names were written. One of them was accurately described as "a dear old lady from the angel-band, with blue eyes," and fondly attached to the sitter. To leave the latter the least possible reason for doubt as to the alleged presence of the spirit. Mr. Foster directed the writer's attention to the back of one of his hands, upon which, as he looked, became plainly discernible, in old-fashioned script, and in letters of blood beneath the cuticle, the initials of the person in question. The medium then announced that another spirit present would write his name, and holding a pencil and a piece of paper in ~~one~~ hand beneath the table for the space of perhaps six seconds, presented to the sitter the name of his father, in reversed manuscript, but appear-

ing in proper position when read *through* the paper or as reflected in a mirror. Another name was also written in a similar manner, but neither the medium nor the sitter was at once able to decipher it. Subsequently, however, the latter observed that it was the name of a departed brother, and it was also readily recognized as such by others who saw the writing. Various questions written upon bits of paper, which were carefully folded, were intelligently answered by the medium, who, so far as the writer could see, could have had no earthly knowledge of the subject-matter to which his language referred. Another, the fourth and last name, appeared beneath the following communication in writing: "I am here with you to-day, and very glad to be able to give evidence of my presence. I am near you at all times." In response to the question, "Where did we last meet?" the medium directed the sitter to write the names of a number of places, including the one referred to, and he would answer the question. This was done, and the place was instantly designated by the erasure of all the names but the true one.

Conclusive as these tests seemed of some occult and extraordinary power, there was yet wanting to the sitter more tangible evidence of the presence alleged by the medium. To the question of how the spirits were employed, there was a vague and unsatisfactory response, which conveyed no meaning to the mortal comprehension of the inquirer, and Mr. Foster confessed that he could throw little light upon the conditions of spirit-life, his power being chiefly limited to the manifestations above described. He declares, however, that he sees the spirits, and appears to converse with unseen intelligences, asking them questions and receiving answers which are professedly audible to him. He is aided in these mysterious dialogues by rapidly repeating the letters of the alphabet, which in some inexplicable manner appears to fix impressions upon his mind and facilitate communication with his spiritual familiars.

A lady friend of the writer also had a remarkable experience with Mr. Foster—receiving all the tests described above, with the most strangely correct answers to questions propounded, verbally or upon folded paper, to the writing inside, which could not have been seen by Mr. Foster.

The spirits may not have any part in the wonderful things done by Foster the "medium," but any man who sees his performances and thinks they are done by any sort of jugglery is an idiot of the most hopeless kind.—*Boston Herald*.

[Boston Journal of Commerce, July 12, 1873.]

THE FOSTER SEANCES.

Mr. Charles H. Foster, who has excited so much attention in London and New York by reason of his wonderful powers of communicating with the other world, is at the Parker House, where he is holding seances. During the week several members of the press have visited him, and he has afforded every opportunity for a close investigation. His powers seem principally to be directed to the answering of written questions to the deceased. We ourselves witnessed a most remarkable exhibition of power on the occasion of our visit. A gentleman connected with the press was notified that a brother of his was present. The journalist wrote in short-hand for his brother to write his initials on Mr. Foster's arm if he were present, and Mr. Foster immediately after notified the journalist that his brother had written his initials upon his arm, and, turning up his coat-sleeve, displayed to the astonishment of all the initials in red marks upon the arm. Other equally astonishing tests was given, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Foster is capable of astounding all with the phenomena he can develop at his seances.

DISAPPOINTED IN SPIRITUALISM.

Some years ago it seems that Mr. McGrath got quite interested in spiritualism. There wasn't much racing going on, so he could give the subject his undivided attention. He invited a friend of mine to go with him and see Foster, or some other circulating medium; and my friend went. But he told me that it surprised him very much to see Mr. McGrath slip a full deck of cards in his coat-pocket before starting. It scarcely seemed possible that Mr. McGrath intended to propose a game of spiritual seven-up, or to attempt to beat some unhappy ghost out of every rap he had, at draw-poker—which is supposed to be an emphatically Blue-grass game. Well, away they sailed and found Foster in. I found him out once, immediately after finding him in. Foster gave them his usual circus, and Mr. McGrath sat it through in solemn awe and silence. Sometimes a shade of impatience was visible, but his face looked radiant at the conclusion. "Mr. Foster," he said as he laid the usual honorarium down on the table, "this is wonderful, and you deal a square game, you do, I do believe. But there's just one thing more I want you to try, and if you do it and I don't give you just the best farm in Kentucky, my name ain't Price McGrath," and down went his hands into his coat-pocket and out he fished the pack of cards. "There," giving them a scientific Blue-grass shuffle, and slapping them down on the table backs up, "you just tell me what that first card is without turn-

ing it over," and his breath came slow in expectation. Price McGrath's did. Foster couldn't, and Mr. McGrath turned sadly away, leaving the cards behind him in his bitter disappointment. "If Foster could just a-told me what that card was," he said to my friend as they slowly walked up Broadway, "I'd a-just made our everlasting fortunes. I'd a-taken him with me and we'd a-busted every faro-bank in this country; and then, if I wouldn't a-made their hair curl at Baden-Baden and Monaco, I'll be Dee Deed." Mr. McGrath always says that he'll be Dee Deed when he feels solemn and wants to round a sentence handsomely.—*John Paul in N. Y. Tribune.*

[Pomeroy's Democrat, New York, June 7, 1873.]

SPIRITUALISM EXAMINED.

Remarkable Interview with the celebrated Spiritual Medium, Charles H. Foster
—How do you account for all this?—Strange and startling.

CHAPTER NINE.

It may be as well to state here, as at any other time or place, that this paper is not the property of any church, creed, party, or combination of men, having for its object the running in a groove to furnish long riding for those who cannot bear jolting. Instead, it is a free, bold, independent newspaper, willing to stand or fall on its character, industry, and disposition. No single subscriber—no combination of readers—no aggregate of our entire subscription list, broad and far-reaching though it be, can own, or direct, or control our columns against that disposition which springs from inborn convictions. This journal caters only to itself in the interest of truth; and if any person thinks that by becoming a buyer, a reader of, or subscriber to this paper, he acquires the right to dictate to us what we shall examine, whom we shall interview, or what we may print, he greatly over-rates his prerogatives, as he little understands the duty of a thorough journalist, whose paper he would make truthful and reliable.

So it is that, in pursuing our investigations of that phenomenon born of far greater intelligence than is given to minds while on earth, we shall go right on, no matter how many old readers or personal friends object. It may be that other secular papers give the results of investigations—that the political press of the country cannot afford to investigate spiritual phenomena—that other editors dare not tell all they see and know of this matter—and that we are establishing a bad precedent in the endeavor to lift the press out of religious society into liberalism.

The society of the present age is not so pure or so holy as to be sacred, and whoever is afraid to search for truth, to inquire into reports, and to do simple justice to all men, is unfit to lead, and not qualified to follow.

Our examinations the past week have been conducted with great care, and the reward has been an accumulation of much evidence of great value to us, if to none others. As yet, we have not been able to visit the investigating committee's rooms without breaking in upon unfinished work in hand. Besides, the committee has not been able to make its promises good to the public, nor to produce for others the results produced by mediums through whom spiritual phenomena are manifested. But we shall visit the committee at an early day, to give it a chance to try all the modes of materializing we have seen elsewhere, and to be full and truthful in our report, entirely indifferent as to who is harmed or benefited by the examination.

This week our experiments have been unusually interesting. Hundreds of letters have been received by us. We have received and forwarded several answers highly satisfactory to the parties interested, and have much other test-matter in hand. Thursday evening, May 27th, we visited the rooms of Charles H. Foster, No. 19 West 22d street, in search of light. Mr. Foster is widely celebrated as a spirit-medium, and we believe he has no superior in the world. Personally he is a courteous, high-toned polished gentleman, against whom no scandal can be uttered with truth. His life is even, temperate, and studious. He is a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years of age, we should judge. There is nothing mysterious about him. He is a man any one would be proud to call a brother, and he lives in such a manner as to keep the body and mind healthy and ready for any emergency.

In company with a friend we called, and for the first time entered his rooms at half-past 8 P.M. He occupied a well furnished first floor. His office, or business room, faces the street, while a back parlor, or reception-room back of his office, but with doors to the two rooms that can be thrown into one, furnishes a resting-place for those who may be waiting. On entering, we found several ladies and gentlemen ahead of us. While they were chatting with Mr. Foster and one another, we asked for a sitting, which was at once promised. A lady who was present when we entered the room proposed to sit at the table also. Mr. Foster took a seat at the end of a medium-sized, ordinary centre-table, in the centre of the room, his back to the window, which was open, so we could see and hear persons passing by on the street a few yards from where we sat. To our right sat Mr. Foster. Opposite to us, the friend who went with us. To our left, the strange lady, fashionably attired. Soon as we were seated at the table, she said:

"I don't believe in any of this stuff. It's all a humbug, and I just know it. I won't believe anything if I see it; but go on. I am willing to be humbugged, and I want you to know that I shan't be taken in, no matter what you do. So you may go ahead as fast as you can."

To this saucy, ill-bred, impudent, unlady-like remark, Mr. Foster, with rare dignity, replied:

"Madam, if you will excuse us, we will proceed without you. If you do not remain, surely you cannot be humbugged, and others will not be annoyed. Good evening, madam."

The lady, with a few friends, sailed out of the room. Half an hour later she sent a note of apology for her insulting rudeness, and begged permission to return, but we believe her request was denied. The door leading to the back parlor was opened, and persons passing in and out of the room while the examination was going on, the room all the while being completely illuminated by gas-burners in the chandelier.

Said Mr. Foster:

"We will now see who will come to us this evening. The room is full of spirits who have never been here before. I feel their influences new, strange, and powerful. They have known of your coming. Please write on those small slips of paper a name on each slip. Be careful that I do not see the name you write. Then fold the slips as close as you can—throw them, mix them together, so none of us can tell from the looks which is which, and we will proceed."

On the table were a dozen slips of common writing-paper, and he kept tearing them off, as a doctor would tear papers in which to put Dover powders for a patient. On these slips we wrote the following names, one name on each paper:

"Salmon P. Chase."

"Charles Lobdell."

"My Mother."

"Molly Starks."

"Dugald D. Cameron."

We folded these slips of paper an inch wide and about three inches long, into the closest possible compass, so they were not over the twelfth of an inch in width, shook the lot together, and threw them from our hand on the table. While we were doing this he was talking with our companion, who was seated at the table. When we were ready, Mr. Foster took up the several papers and asked:

"Who did you ask for? Please name one, and I will see if that spirit is present."

We asked for Salmon P. Chase. He then took the bits of paper in his fingers, one at a time, and pressed them against his forehead as a girl would a piece of ribbon, threw down two or three of them, retained one to his forehead a few seconds, and said:

"Ah! Chief Justice Chase is present. He wishes to communicate with you. He will control my hand to write for you with a pencil! This is really remarkable. The room is filled with spirits, and they come trooping in to see you. Chief Justice Chase stands close by you, between us. William H. Seward is at your right, leaning over your shoulder. There are so many spirits here."

He threw down the piece of paper he had held to his forehead. We unfolded it, to find that it was the one on which we had written "Salmon P. Chase." He took a pencil, and his hand went with a rapid, nervous, unsteady motion, unlike anything natural, and this is the result:

"Pomeroy! You are doing well to look after this matter, for it will be to you far more than you yet realize. You have powerful friends working for you—those who help you on in your good work, and those who will guide you safely through life. I live, thank God, and return to give my testimony for immortality. Seward comes with me. He is also standing by your side.

SALMON P. CHASE."

Mr. Foster resumed, turning his head from time to time, now to one side, then to the other, and listening as if for whispers from invisible persons. Said he:

"The influences are remarkably strong here to-night, and wonderfully harmonious. It is delicious to feel such quiet, peace, and rest, and such gentle loving influences as come to you. Ah! here comes your mother, her face wreathed in smiles. She is leading by the hand her sister—your aunt. She tells me to say that she loves you, oh! so much, and that she watches over you all the time, and that you help to her happiness. Your aunt is also happy."

"What is the name of my aunt?"

"Will the spirit please tell me the name of her sister? Adaline—Adaline, yes, that is it."

"But my mother had no sister named Adaline!"

"How is it, spirit? Will you please tell? Yes, your mother says you had an aunt Adaline—that she died, or was born into the real life, before you was born to earth life."

[This was news to us, and we have written to know if it be true.—M. M. P.]

"Will you ask my mother to give you her name—her maiden name?"

"Will the spirit please tell her name before she was married? Yes, yes, I hear. Allen—Allena—oh! Orlina Rebecca White. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Will you now please tell me if I have any other relatives who are present in spirit, and in spirit form, discernible here to-night?"

"Yes. Please call over the alphabet, beginning at the first letter, and then I can get in communication with them."

We did as requested, and began :

"A, B, C, D, E——"

"Stop! You have two aunts. Nearest to you, on the right, smiling so sweetly as she looks at you, is your mother's sister—Emily—Emily Johns—Jones—yes, I understand—*Aunt Emily Jones*; and another aunt, your mother's sister—El—Elvira—yes. Aunt Elvira—*Elvira Baker*. Yes, yes!—I hear, I hear, I hear! There is a young woman with them; she is your cousin—Cousin Emily Baker."

"How will I know it is my Cousin Emily! Are you in such rapport with the spirits that you can hear them, understand them?"

"Yes, they talk with me. Cousin Emily! what shall I say to your cousin, that he will know it is you, indeed? Yes, yes, I hear! She says: 'Tell Cousin Mark that I often go back to our old home, and to that spring on the hill-side, on the edge of the wood, above our home—to that dear old spring, the cool waters of which were so grateful to me, as for weeks I was insensible to so much, and water was my only nourishment.'"

"Will Cousin Emily tell you or tell me of what disease she died?"

"Will you please tell? She does not know what was the name of the disease. Her lungs gave way, her brain, she faded away—did not die, but was translated, so to speak."

"Is Uncle Sam with them in the other life?"

"Yes, Uncle Sam Baker is here also—he is with the group. They are talking and laughing together about your natural inquisitiveness. Your Uncle Sam is here—close by you now. He is larger, a little, than you are, and says he will talk with you—will answer questions by raps, which he will give, himself."

"Well, Uncle Sam, I am glad to know you are doing well. Do you go a-hunting for deer and wolves as much as you did on Seeley Creek, when I was a little boy?"

The response was one loud rap that fairly made the table jingle. It meant *no*, and seemed to say in addition that we were a very impudent nephew to ask, or to suppose that a man could or would go prowling about the woods, days at a time, away from home, with a muzzle-loading rifle, two great dogs and a pipe, as Uncle Sam Baker did in his lifetime, when hunting was the same pastime to him that it was to Daniel Boone. He need not have replied so vigorous, for he was a good marksman and knew when to hunt and how to find game.

"Do you write poetry, or compose verses as you used to?"

"The reply was three distinct, polite raps on the table, meaning yes, as if there were sense in the last question. In this life Uncle Sam Baker wrote reams of poetry, some of which was published in the *Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette*, when W. C. Rhodes was editor, away back so long ago that it makes us feel bald-headed to think of it. And it was good poetry too—better than three-fourths of the best now written. But it was a great deal then as now. People thought a farmer and sort of backwoodsman had no brains above slicing pumpkins for beef-cattle, and when a man did put his head out of the window to ask to be heard, they pelted him with stones, stuck up their noses, and said—"Humbug!"

We asked several questions, all of which were correctly answered, and thus obtained no little information, pleasant, if not important. Afterwards Mr. Foster, the medium, said:

"There is another spirit leaning on the arm of your aunt. As yet she cannot speak to you, but says she will prove how much she loved and loves you as a friend, and will produce her initials in blood on the back of my hand, underneath or in the skin."

The medium here held out his hand, which was white and well shaped. Gradually came the form of letters, as in blood, of a fiery red color, just under the cuticle, till they stood out in bold relief, like the large veins on one's temple, distended when the head is filled with pain, the letters "M. S." He then picked up the several pieces of paper on which we had written, holding them one by one to his forehead, until he threw out one, on which, when unrolled, was read the name *Mollie Starks*.

We then asked if Dr. Cameron, formerly of La Crosse, was there. The reply was:

"Yes, Dr. Cameron is here also, and says 'If you will come with your wife, and another gentleman and his wife, some night next week, I have something to tell you that will interest you, if nothing more.'"

A request had been made in our office, a few days previous, for us to ask a medium to inquire for *David Weatherby*. We did so. Mr. Foster asked:

"Is David Weatherby or his spirit present in this group to-night?" No. Chief Justice Chase tells me to say to you that he is not in this circle, but if you will tell where he lived on earth, he will send a message to see if he can be found.

The medium here bent his head like one listening for a person outside of a house, and in a few moments said:

"Yes, yes. Mr. Chase has found David Weatherby, who cannot come to this circle this evening. But he wants me to tell you that he was murdered one night twenty years ago or a little more, and that his body was thrown into the river a little way above the village of Addison (Steuben County, New York), and that if James E. Jones will come here and ask for him, he will come and tell him about it, or something that will interest him."

The length of this chapter precludes the giving of still more of the result of this evening's examination of the phenomena which came to us with such rapidly increasing power. We

have written to Col. Jones to come here and go with us to learn further from David Weatherby, and shall give another chapter of our experiences with Mr. Foster as a medium. Also, a chapter giving an account of the remarkable results of a materializing seance at our residence, in our library, fitted up by us to still further test the mediumship of Dr. Slade, of 413 Fourth Avenue. On this occasion, through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, some startling results were obtained, proving that he is developing rapidly, and that his future as a medium will be far more remarkable than ever before, or that in jugglery and sleight of hand, and the performing of startling feats, he is more than a match for all the scientists of the world.

In the above narration we have given the mere facts of an interview, leaving a summing up and explanation of the phenomena till another time. Another chapter will appear next week.

[⁹ Emily Baker, referred to above, will be remembered by a large number of residents of Wells Township, Pa., and Southport and Elmira townships, New York, and especially by the old physicians of that section. Her sickness was a peculiar one. From a robust girl of about eighteen, she began failing, took to her bed, became insensible, and for weeks lay on a bed, without power of speech or the ability to move a muscle. For a month or more she was like a dead person, in all save that her body held a certain amount of warmth. She did not breathe, apparently, and wasted away till her body became actually transparent. During the latter weeks of sickness her only nourishment was water. This was before the days of ice-houses in that sparsely settled vicinity, ten miles from Elmira, on Seeley Creek or a branch thereof. Up the hill, about eighty rods from the house where she lived and died, was a spring, from which flowed delicious cold water. The young lady died in July, or during the haying season, twenty-five years since, and for weeks previous to her death the young people of the neighborhood assisted her family in caring for the sufferer, and bringing a pail of cold water every few hours, night and day, in which to wet a cloth to be placed on her partly opened lips as she lay there in a wasting trance, while friends, neighbors, and physicians came and went to watch the singular case.—M. M. P.]

[Banner of Light, April 12, 1873.]

A SKEPTIC'S VISIT TO FOSTER.

A. M. Stoddard, of East Cleveland, Ohio, furnishes the *Herald* of that city with the following account of his seance with Charles H. Foster, the test-medium. After some comments, he says:

"Having previously called on Mr. Foster, and learned precisely what he claimed to do, we prepared ourselves for another visit, in order to test the virtue of his propositions by the most rigid means in our power. Before leaving our desk, we tore from our note-book a leaf, and wrote upon it a single question, which we knew no one could answer but ourselves, though they knew what the question was.

"We then folded the leaf containing the question some half a dozen times, and went for the 'medium.' Finding him quietly seated in his room, puffing at a cigar, we at once made known our visit by telling him we had come to have a chat with the spirits. He bowed, adjusted his cigar, and bid us be seated at a small table opposite him. After doing so, we took from our pocket the folded paper which contained the question.

"'Mr. Foster,' said I, 'I hold in my hand a folded paper containing some questions which I wish you to answer.' He immediately took the folded paper from my hand, without unfolding it in the least, placed it upon his forehead and instantly told me what I had written on the leaf, and I am ready to swear no living person but myself knew what it contained. He then said: 'You had better direct the question to some particular spirit,' which I had not done in the interrogation. I had told him I would write down a number of names on a slip of paper, and one of them should be the name of a spirit that I thought would answer my question. No sooner had I finished the names, than his pencil began to move by some invisible power, and commenced at the top to cancel the names until it came to the one I had singled out in my own mind to answer my question, when it jumped over that one and crossed out each of the rest.

"Mr. Foster then inquired if that was right. I told him it was. He said that spirit would answer the question.

"The pencil then began to move, and wrote the correct answer to my question, the handwriting corresponding to that of the individual who once bore the name above mentioned, who died during the war, and with whom I was familiar most of his lifetime. Instead of detecting any trick or cheat, as I had supposed, I was perfectly confounded. There was no possible way for any deception on the part of Foster. All was done in broad daylight, and he (Foster) never heard of Sweasy, the one who answered my question.

"It is very easy for one to cry humbug, but a wise philosopher will investigate a thing before doing so. There may be a possibility that Foster is really what he claims to be, and if so, we confront one of the mightiest truths of our age. I know of no science, either mental or physical, which explains the manifestations I have witnessed, except we admit our departed friends can and do come in person and commune with us, as claimed. If we admit this, then there is an entirely new field open for investigation, which is of very great consideration.

indeed. Can it be true that our departed loved ones are not dead, but live right here, and can, under proper conditions, as Foster claims, manifest themselves to those left behind?

"If this is really so, and I, for one, have not the least objection to it being so, then we are not so bad off as to future prospects as some have supposed. I, for one, shall investigate and welcome the truth, I care not whence it comes. The religious world calls loudly for light. The phenomena of spiritualism, as it is called, have been thundering at the doors of science and religion for the last twenty years, and they have answered it by standing aloof and crying humbug and the devil; but the time has come when sober and honest investigation is thought to be the wiser part of valor by many, and it matters not how unpopular a thing is, its voice has a right to be heard in the land, and if there is anything in it worthy of consideration, it shall be known."

Here is a clear and explicit account of a seance with Mr. Foster, which bears evidence of having been written by an honest man, and we *know* the writer was not deceived by the medium, as we have tested the latter many times, under the strictest scrutiny; yet the secular press teems with *ex parte* accounts, insinuating that Mr. Foster is a "humbug," simply because spiritualism is yet unpopular. We can afford to wait.

[Boston Investigator, July 9, 1873.]

SPIRITUALISM.—*Mr. Editor*.—Your paper, of all others, it seems to me, ought to investigate spiritual manifestations. I will give you my time with pleasure, if you will give the same to your readers. Will remain at the Parker House this month.

Yours, very truly,

C. H. FOSTER.

July 9, 1873.

Mr. Foster is quite correct when he says we ought to investigate spiritualism, and if he had carefully read our paper any time during the last twenty-five years, he would *know* that we investigate it, and have allowed the discussion of both sides of it in our columns. As yet, however, we are a non-spiritualist, though we thank him for his courtesy in kindly offering to enlighten us on what we at present think a delusion, so far as departed spirits are concerned. But, as we may be mistaken, and as we follow truth "*where'er she leads the way*," we will try to call upon him some time this month. If he converts us to our satisfaction, we shall at once own up and renounce materialism; but, if we find him to be like the Davenports, Eddys, Read, Fay, Bastian, Mansfield, Gordon, and other pretenders and operators at "dark circles," well—we shall perhaps "return good for evil," and try to induce him to engage in better or more useful business.

[Boston Investigator, August 6, 1873.]

C. H. FOSTER, THE MEDIUM.

Editors and publishers ought to have an eye to about everything that is going on "here below," because it may be said of them, as Mr. Shakespeare said of the players, "they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times." So to the question often propounded to us of late, "Have you visited Foster?" we reply, Yes, we have given him a call, or rather two calls.

We are not convinced, however, that the theory of a "spiritual existence" has been established—as the reply to our written notes were in some instances very general, and such as any person could give. Yet the reading of names which were handed to him, without opening the notes, was very remarkable. For instance, we placed before the medium four small slips of paper, on which were written the names of departed friends, the paper folded over several times, and the slips so hustled up that we could not tell one from the other; but the medium selected several, and gave the names correctly of each one, giving at the same time some verbal message pretending to be from the spirit of the person whose name was on the slip of paper. He also held up his hand, stating that the spirit of an old gentleman wished to communicate, who would give his initials on the back of the medium's hand, and on lowering the hand there were plainly written on it "A. K." in red letters. The medium asked, who is "A. K.?" We replied, perhaps "Abner Kneeland"—and immediately loud raps were heard upon the table, where there seemed no visible means of making them, and these were followed by a verbal message wishing us to be convinced of the truths of spiritualism.

We came away satisfied that we had witnessed a remarkable feature in the phenomena of this wonderful development, provided there was no trickery nor humbug in what we saw; but we were not convinced that it was the work of spirits, or that there is the future state which spiritualism professes to be able to prove. It was, however, an interesting and a curious exhibition—similar, we thought, to what we have seen in mesmerism, biology, and psychology. No doubt it was a *human* power, as much so in its origin as in its result. At least, we cannot

conceive of anything a human being does, that is not the effect of a human causality. Hence, we have no belief in a spirit outside of a material, bodily, and human organization.

Mr. Foster is a pleasant and courteous exhibitor, good-natured, agreeable, and jolly. He is not as *spirituelle*, or delicate, feeble, and attenuated as we expected to find him; but his fat and rotund appearance, free and easy manners, and his inveterate smoking propensity, give the idea that spiritualism does not take away one's appetite or destroy the material comforts of life.

[Epes Sargent—Banner of Light, Aug. 9, 1873.]

JOURNALISTIC SWINDLING.

Under the caption of "Spiritual Swindling," the *Boston Daily Globe* is quite ferocious on the subject of Mr. Foster's so called spiritual seances. With a solemnity which would have done credit to the old Puritan divines who called out so lustily in witchcraft times for the hanging and drowning of persons suspected of supernatural dealings, this would-be leader of Boston journalism preaches against Mr. Foster. The times have so changed since Cotton Mather lived, that though the *Globe* does not actually demand that Mr. Foster should be drawn and quartered without benefit of clergy, it wants him indicted by the "authorities" for "practicing fraud." The case, we are told, is one that "clearly calls for the interference of the authorities;" and Mr. Foster ought to be "subjected to that wholesome discipline provided by the law against obtaining money under false pretenses."

What if the journalist who penned this antediluvian nonsense should wake up some fine morning and find himself indicted for "obtaining money under false pretenses?" Quite as ingenious and powerful a case could be made out against *him* as he has made out against Mr. Foster. It might be urged, for example: "Here is a man shutting his eyes to facts, and trying to misrepresent them to the public. He brings against Mr. Foster a charge of swindling which might be retaliated against himself with equal force. He sets up his own limited experience against the contrary experience of thousands of intelligent men and women, and charges with felonious intent a man who manifests in his person, and by the well-established phenomena through his agency, powers which we have as much right to call *spiritual* as this editor has to call the platitudes from his pen *editorial*."

What is the substance of the *Globe's* charges against Mr. Foster? Some person, it appears, instead of writing the names of departed friends on the pellets, as he tacitly professed to do, wrote certain fictitious names, and the supposed "spirits" manifested themselves through Mr. Foster all the same—thus proving, according to this sagacious writer, that Mr. Foster intentionally deceives. So far is this from being the fact, that, even according to the writer's own showing, Mr. Foster is the deceived party. The person who tacitly pretends to give him the names of departed friends is the real "swindler" in the case. Mr. Foster lays no claim to infallibility; no claim to exemption from imposition for himself or the spirits. He openly declares on fitting occasions that the "spirits" are sometimes not above fooling him and his over-hasty visitors; that these last are likely to get deception for deception, and that those who practice tricks and get tricks in return must blame themselves, and not the passive and irresponsible medium. The coarse blunderer who can set down the amazing evidences of clairvoyance which Mr. Foster gives in such wonderful profusion, as mere "swindling," is simply an incompetent investigator of phenomena to the genuineness of which many of the most intelligent persons in England and America can bear witness.

The real question at issue, as this writer ought to learn before he again attempts to wield the editorial pen and "swindle" the public on this great subject, is not whether spirits are at work, but whether certain phenomena, transcending the power of any man in his purely natural state to produce, do actually occur. That they do is an established fact in the minds of thousands of persons in this very city of Boston, to whom the proprietors of the *Globe* look for help in sustaining that paper, either as subscribers or advertisers; and the writer little dreams how many of his own readers he ignorantly insults when he prates of "the credulity of our citizens" and of this "ridiculous imposture." Such men, forsooth, as Alfred R. Wallace, Lord Brougham, Robert Hare, Mr. Crookes (editor of the *London Quarterly Journal of Science*), the late Robert G. Shaw, the late Nathaniel Bowditch, the Rev. William Mountford, Hermann Fichte (son of Fichte the immortal)—such men as these, and many hundreds more that we might name, our fellow-citizens, neighbors, and friends, the victims of a "ridiculous imposture," which it is the province of this immensely sagacious gentleman of the press to puncture and dispel!

And he wants the "authorities" to interfere! We would like to see the *authorities* that in this nineteenth century and in this intelligent city of Boston would dare to yield to the instigation of any swell of a journalist, and attempt to put down Mr. Foster as a swindler! We hardly think they would remain "authorities" long. The truth of the matter is, the writer in the *Globe* has simply walked into the wrong century. He belongs to a past era. He should have been born in the year 1625, and been present at the hanging of Burroughs and others in

Essex County for witchcraft. What a jolly time he would have had of it! And what a comfort it would be for him to see Mr. Foster, if not strung up on a gallows, yet cutting stone with a state prison gang during the heated term, and, in his leisure moments—most remorseless of inflictions!—compelled to read the editorials of the *Globe*!

AN OBSERVER.

[Banner of Light, July, 1873.]

C. H. FOSTER, THE CELEBRATED TEST-MEDIUM.

Room 71, at the Parker House, School street, Boston, is at present the spot whither the concentrated curiosity of the public is largely directed. Here Mr. Foster, of New York city, whose name has long been familiar to our readers, established his headquarters on July 7th, to continue till August 1st. The value of his labors as a pioneer in all the principal cities of the South and West is borne witness to by our speakers, who have had occasion to travel that way, either contemporaneously with him, or at dates subsequent to his visits. The public journals of those sections also have joined in unison to speak well of Mr. Foster, being unable (even though non-believers) to deny the facts given by him to their representatives; and now, the papers of our city have felt called upon to indorse these encomiums concerning one whose name the Boston *Herald* of a late date puts next, in the list of the exponents of spiritualism, to that of the medium D. D. Home.

On Tuesday morning, July 15th, our reporter formed one of the circle of inquirers who sat around the table in Mr. Foster's apartment. The bright and pleasant room was furnished as usual at the Parker House; the medium was genial and affable, as is his wont, and the parties present received most astonishing tests. The manner of writing names upon slips of paper, which are afterwards folded so as to be unrecognizable by the writer, and their being correctly selected and read aloud, before opening, by the medium, who, as a preparatory act presses them to his forehead—his answers to mental or written questions through calling the alphabet, etc.—have been so often described in these columns that no attempt will be made at this time to repeat the process; but there were at the seance in question some *new* developments which were of the highest interest. The circle was composed of persons who were strangers to each other. One of them announced that he had prepared two tests of the medium's power which he would like to submit. Mr. Foster gave his consent, and the gentleman produced two envelopes, which he threw upon the table. The parties present then proceeded to write names and ask questions in an irregular manner, but the invisible guides of Mr. Foster did not lose the order of reply, but invariably kept the thread of connection, and in some cases answered two persons at once. At one time three distinct and simultaneous sets of raps could be counted, showing that numerous disembodied intelligences were present; and at another, the table (in full daylight, as were all the proceedings) was tilted violently and partially lifted from the floor in answer to queries. At last, a deceased sister of the gentleman who brought the envelopes selected one, and told him through Mr. Foster that it contained his photograph, with her spirit picture on the plate, and gave her name. The gentleman then opened the envelope, and passed the picture (one taken by Mumler) around the circle; it was found to represent a dim form whose arms encircled the neck of the brother, and he declared himself satisfied that the medium could have had no knowledge of the contents of the envelope. The other envelope was unnoticed for a longer period, and then the cheery voice of Mr. Foster said: "There is no reply to this; it contains a lock of hair, and the person is now living," the truth of which statement the gentleman also admitted.

Correct blood-red initial letters upon the arm of Mr. Foster (as so often described) appeared several times during the circle. One after another of the members arose as soon as satisfied, and went out, their places being supplied by those who were waiting in the room or below for a sitting.

One gentleman was informed that the name of a spirit desiring to communicate would be written under the table by her own hand. Mr. Foster took a pencil in his hand, and, placing a piece of paper beneath and against the under side of the table, called upon the company to lift up the cloth and see the spirit write. The fingers of the medium were seen to be fixed and immovable; but the long black pencil which was resting between them began at once to gyrate, and speedily the name "Mary" was written in such a way, that, in order to understand it, it was necessary to hold it up to the light and read through the paper. This was repeated by other spirits while the reporter was present.

The spirits then directed a gentleman of the party to throw his handkerchief beneath the table, having first satisfied himself that it contained no writing. A pencil was then called for, which was also thrown after the handkerchief, the medium informing the individual concerned that the friend he had asked about promised to write his name upon the cambric. Three raps from the spirit announced that the work was done, and the handkerchief being taken from beneath the table was found to bear in bold letters, and in the ordinary method of writing, from left to right, the name, "Moses A. Puffer." The handkerchief containing the name, after being exhibited to the company, was folded up carefully by the gentleman, he being warned by the

medium to keep it from the light if he wished the writing to last long enough to exhibit it to his friends not present at the circle—Mr. Foster explaining that the spirit writing was not like that performed by mortals with a lead-pencil, but that it would fade away in the light, just as a photograph would at a certain stage of its preparation, if not kept in the dark.

Many messages were sent by spirits to parties not present during the seance—the gentlemen in attendance being desired to convey them—the names in all cases being acknowledged as correct; and the information concerning family affairs thus demonstrated by the medium's invisible companions went a great way in convincing the skeptical understanding. The reporter was, during the session, made the recipient of many surprising proofs of spirit-presence, which he will ever have occasion to remember.

At the conclusion of his present seances in Boston, Mr. Foster goes to Bangor, Me., Aug. 18th, for a season; thence to New York, where he will remain during September and October, starting on the first of November "around the world," stopping at Denver City, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Australia, etc.

Those in this section desirous of adding to their knowledge by testing the remarkable powers of this wonderful medium for communicating with their disembodied friends, should bear the fact in mind that he will soon be absent for a long period from our midst; and those who have not yet felt inclined to investigate the mental phenomena of spiritualism should not fail to improve the proffered opportunity. In fact, it would seem that our advice was needless in this respect, as ever since his advent in Boston the apartment of Mr. Foster has been crowded with interested patrons, who have not failed, ere their withdrawal from his presence, to receive messages and information which will be likely to furnish them with food for thought for a considerable period of time. The magnitude of the matter introduced and treated of by Mr. Foster does not immediately dawn upon the mind, so easy and self-possessed is the gentleman while he is reciting it. It is only when quiet reflection supervenes, in after time, that an appreciation of the seemingly "miraculous" powers by which Mr. Foster is enabled to sit down at a table with utter strangers and converse with them upon matters of the most private nature concerning buried friends and relatives, crops out to the full perception of the individual understanding.

[Philadelphia Daily Press, April 1, 1873.]

THE OTHER WORLD.

Foster, the Spiritual Magician, interviewed—A Spiritual Seance—Room No. 110 at the Continental Hotel—A new Phase of a Reporter's Life—Skepticism and Belief—Startling Manifestations of Power to look into the Secrets of the Past and the Present—Hidden Things told in Letters of Blood—Jim Fisk and the Price of Gold—A Village Romance—Spiritualism in its most potent Form.

"Mr. —, I wish you would go to Room 110, Continental Hotel, to-day, at four o'clock, and take this letter of introduction to Mr. C. H. Foster, spiritual medium, and see if anything of interest to the public takes place in his rooms."

A bow signifying assent, a sneer signifying utter and entire skepticism and unbelief, interspersed with a few words, *sotto voce*, which sounded very much like "humbug," "charlatan," might have been noticed about the action, manner, and words of the representative of the *Press*, as yesterday at noon he read the above "assignment to duty."

Four o'clock arrived, and the reporter presented himself at the clerk's desk and asked that a servant show him to Room 110, where "some of these spiritual people are supposed to be," every word and look denoting incredulity.

"He has just gone into the bar-room, sir," was the reply, and the servant was directed to "point the gentleman out to the gentleman."

"Mr. Foster, I believe?" was addressed to a gentleman—evidently a gentleman, for his quiet, unpronounced dress; his clear-cut, delicate, but manly features; his hand, ear, foot, complexion, shapely head, and softly modulated and completely controlled voice, all denoted the gentleman—a first-blush criticism which was subsequently wholly confirmed by the social intercourse of half an hour. We say this formal approach to an introduction was addressed to a gentleman standing at the bar, in the act of

DRINKING A GLASS OF SHERRY

with his agent, Mr. G. C. Bartlett, for it was no other than Mr. Foster, "one of those spiritual people."

Mr. Foster was glad to meet the representative of the *Press* in his individual capacity, introduced as the latter was, but he had no special desire to be made the subject of an interview, unless it was in aid of the cause of truth. ("That sounds like their cant," thinks the reporter to himself; "but we shall see.")

"Well, sir" (with the usual *brusquerie* of the journalist, who has no time to lose in conventionalities, for the paper must go to press at a certain time)—"Well sir, let me grasp the situ-

ation at once, and I confess candidly that I have not even a scintilla of doubt as to the falsity of spiritualism and its varied forms and phases of

HUMBUG AND JUGGLERY,

contrived and carried out for the purpose of entrapping the simple-minded, credulous ones who are always willing to prove in their own persons the truth of 'the fools are not all dead yet.' First, who are you, for I confess never to have heard of C. H. Foster?"

The gentleman smiled meaningly in answer to the first part of the abrupt address of the journalist, and his smile passed into a quiet laugh, as if at the ignorance of the 'speaker as to who he, Mr. Foster, was. Indeed, his remark followed the laugh; turning to his friend, he said, "I have not heard such charming *naivete* for many a long day. It is quite refreshing to be spoken to in this way."

Passing by the by-plays and spicy sparring which always arise between a skeptic and a believer on almost any subject, the party, now augmented to the number of five (for a stranger and also a friend of the journalist had come up in the meantime), passed up stairs to

"ROOM NO. 110."

The ordinary caparison of a room in a hotel, with the usual number of stands, and trunks, and chairs, etc., was noticed more for the absence of machinery and juggler's boxes, and absurd tokens, and cards, and all the varied contrivances for imposing upon the credulity of people who usually sit at the feet of these mountebanks. We say these things were conspicuous by their absence; still, the utter want of faith of the newspaper man was not shaken in the ability of the quiet, gentlemanly man to even guess, with any degree of accuracy, at commonplace occurrences of the past, or to foretell any more of the future than any man of ordinary judgment and a knowledge of men and things could do.

As the journalist approaches his subject more closely, he feels that his usual impersonality must be sometimes sunk as

HE RECITES HIS EXPERIENCES

for that one-half hour in that medium's room. These experiences are not simply strange, unaccountable, mysterious, or any of the words which denote the idea of things unaccounted for by natural causes; they are simply "awful." The writer feels as though he were drifting into sacrilege in his endeavor to give or to conceive of an idea of the power of this man. When the reporter saw this man look back over long years of time and long miles of space, and down deep into the moldering dust of long-forgotten graves, and drag up to the clear light of the present noonday sun of Philadelphia thoughts from the inmost recesses of the heart of a woman who, in life, would hardly have confessed those thoughts to herself—when he saw the name of the woman and that of the man she loved (names which the inquirer had himself almost forgotten, time and circumstance having almost completely blotted them out of memory)—when he saw those names written in

PLAIN, DISTINCT CHARACTERS,

in letters formed of the living blood at that moment coursing through the hand of Foster—he could not refrain from yielding to the impulse to cry out in ideal pain and awe-striking fear, stagger up from the table, and walk about the room till a modified calmness came to his excited feelings. And yet these were but the mere rudiments of the "art," if it may so be called; but it may not be so called, even though the loss of a word leaves the sentence unfinished, for it was no "art" that enabled this man to read the events of the past and its dead, the present and its living; to tell of deeds done years ago and forgotten by their actors, of thoughts conceived of at the passing moment and unshaped even in the brain of the thinker. It was no "art" that gave this man the power to look into the heart of a woman far away and tell her secret, which she had concealed religiously for years. It was no art; it was—but the pen of the journalist refuses to write the impious thought, when he knows that he writes about the power of a mortal such as you and I and all of us are.

Mr. Foster spoke truth when he made the remark, "Mr. —, I will reveal to you things that you would not dare publish; they are too sacred; they touch family, social, and heart relations too nearly even to be mentioned by the faintest allusion." And the listener paid the penalty for his skepticism and scoffing even to the uttermost farthing, such a penalty the amount of which he dare not publish;

IT IS "TOO SACRED."

Now, just here let there be a disentanglement from some of the involved, awkward sentences which have thus far been written under the impulse of an excited, overwrought sensitiveness brought on by the startling, awful revelations of this "spiritual medium," and let matter-of-fact realism retake its sway, and the brain of the writer resume its normal action.

The financier, the stranger, the agent, the reporter, and the central figure, the "medium," took seats at a table, carelessly and without any design or choice as to location. Mr. Foster talked quietly to our representative, of course about the subject which was uppermost in the minds of all—spiritualism. Among other things, he said: "I always leave my own personality out. A man comes to see spiritualism, not me. If the thing does not show for itself, why, I cannot make it. Any man who attempts to convince the world of a truth must let the truth

speak for itself, and not throw the weight of personal influence or presence into it. Now, you are

A PERFECT UNBELIEVER,

and I am glad of it, for I want such a man as you to investigate, or, at least, to observe the phenomena of spiritualism." Talking all the time naturally, and without any straining after effect, such as one would expect from a man self-convinced of his extraordinary powers, Mr. Foster, as though casually, took up a piece of paper from the reporter's roll of "note" paper and tore it into little strips. And then, without any more ado, without any jugglery of action or noticeable change of manner or thought, he addressed the stranger—we call him a stranger, because he undoubtedly was unknown to all of the party, and had simply come in a business way to pay his money for the gratification of his curiosity, or from whatever motive prompted him—

"HAVE YOU ANY FRIEND

in the other world with whom you would like to communicate more than with any other? Please write the name of him or her, along with the names of other deceased persons, separately on these little strips of paper, fold them up securely, so that I cannot see them, and then shake them about so that neither you nor I can tell which contains the name of the one you desire most to communicate with." This was done, and the concealment of the name among a half-dozen others was complete. Then, as though speaking to some one near by, but who was not present to the sight, he said, "I want you to give me the name of the person whom this gentleman desires most to speak with." He took up each little slip of paper and pressed it to his forehead, saying over, as he did so, rapidly the letters of the alphabet. When he came to one of the slips, three distinct but quiet raps were heard on the table, and the medium said, "Ah! that is the name;" and running over the alphabet four times, till each time the letters "L. R. J. M." were indicated by raps, he handed the still folded paper to the writer, and then himself wrote on a piece of paper the words, "The one you wish to hear from is here, and will speak to you—John Moore." The stranger confirmed this as the one name, out of the half-dozen he had written, from whose owner he desired to hear.

"Now you can write a question which you desire to ask your friend, and he will answer it."

AT THIS POINT, THE STRANGER,

seeing the reporter taking notes, said he did not desire the question or its answer made public. This was acceded to, and the question was written, folded up securely, and the same simple performance of naming over the letters of the alphabet, rapping out of letters, which the medium said signified words and ideas, and then writing out the answer, certainly without ever having seen the question, was proceeded with.

THIS ANSWER WAS PRONOUNCED

satisfactory, and the stranger said that its character showed the most intimate acquaintance with the secrets which were alone known to him and to the dead. Then, taking up one of the still folded slips of paper and pressing it to his forehead, the medium said, "There is a person who comes here who gives me marvelous force. A sister comes in great beauty. She would speak to you in private." Then, writing ten or a dozen words on a piece of paper, Mr. Foster handed it over with the slip of paper. The stranger, in evident surprise, wonder, and entire belief, looked at the medium, and said, "That is the name of my sister, even her nickname; and you have written that which you could not possibly know through human agency."

"Oh, but," the reporter hears some one say, "this stranger was a confederate, and was only repeating a studied part." But this theory of collusion was exploded by the happenings in the reporter's own case.

More in jest than with any desire to test the power of this clever charlatan (as up to the present time our representative had undoubtedly regarded Mr. Foster), our reporter had written the name of his father, his grandmother (both dead many years), and of a lady friend whom he had known in his youth, and who had died four or five years ago, at her home in a little village in D—. She was, indeed, the village beauty, and as such had had plenty of lovers; but, though engaged to one, she was believed by her most intimate friends to be in love with another, the hard-working, modest-spoken doctor of the village. He, from bashfulness, or want of means, or love, never declared himself, and, as time passed on, she sickened and died, without ever having told her love. Now, this lady was so indifferent to the reporter that it required an effort to think of her, and her name was chosen because of the utter impossibility of guessing it, or anything of her history.

Suddenly leaving the stranger, Mr. Foster turned to our representative and said, "There is a very singular influence comes to me, such as I have felt with none of the others. It fills me. Look, the initials of the name will come out upon my hand,

"WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF BLOOD!"

With this he extended his hand over the table, and a shudder went through his whole frame. Then, putting down his hand, he rubbed its white surface a moment or two, when, distinctly,

startlingly plain, there came out, as though he had marked it with a knife without cutting the skin, the initial letters of the dead village beauty's name!

"Now," said he, "write her a question."

The pencil of the reporter traced hurriedly the words, "Did you love Doctor — or — the most?"

The answer of the deceased girl came from the medium, "Yes, more than you or any one ever knew."

"Aha! my dear sir, you are at fault there, for I asked a question which requires a name in the answer, and not a simple statement. I have asked here which of two people she loves the most."

"Oh! she did not understand. I'll ask again." Then, looking seriously at the reporter, Mr. Foster said solemnly, "It is a sacred subject, and she never meant to tell; but since you doubt her power to speak to you, she says that she loved Doctor — (naming him), and never loved —" (naming him).

Now, it was

ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE

for these names and these facts to be guessed at, or inquired about, or imagined, for they did not arise in the reporter's mind till the moment of writing them down and thinking of them.

Thus we have given but two instances on the very threshold of the *seance*, which hardly suggest the power of this extraordinary man. We say "hardly suggest his power," for the secrets he probed, the tales he told, the hopes he raised and blasted, the fears he dispelled and created, seemed to affect those who were interested to a degree which was literally painful to behold. One of the party so thoroughly believed the truth of his ability to look into the hearts and minds of others and read their inmost thoughts, that he cried out in bitter anguish when told that which appeared to topple over a long-cherished hope, and he passed out of the room haggard and white with fear, or despair, or something which could not be sought into by the reporter, for it was, as Mr. Foster said, too sacred a subject.

The medium actually wrote a name which had but that moment passed through our representative's mind, and could not have been conceived of by another. While talking on indifferent subjects, Mr. Foster said abruptly: "There, your father is present, and will communicate with you; he announces himself as Vincent J. ———." Well, now, as this was the name of one of the party's father, who had been dead over thirteen years, to say the least, this was wonderful.

While talking, three loud raps, as though from the heavy heel of a man, startled all, and the medium at once said:

"THAT'S JIM FISK;

"he has come to you," referring to the financier. "Ask him what's gold?" Eighteen loud, distinct raps were then gravely and slowly counted, and thus the sudden change in the gold market from Saturday's 116½ was indicated by the deceased broker, railroad, steamboat, and what-not man. Inquiring still further, "Jim" expressed it as his opinion that gold would have a very sudden decline.

But this *seance* is too long already, and must be brought to an abrupt close. The reporter does not undertake to explain, nor even to comment, further on the doings and sayings in that little room in the upper stories of the Continental Hotel yesterday. He leaves the subject where many have left it before him, as an existing enigma which he will not attempt to solve. This busy world, with its alternate bustle and worry, calmness and pleasure, strife and peacefulness, is enough to engage the thoughts and the powers of all that live in it; and whether it is well to tread so nearly on the borders of another world as those who go into Mr. Foster's presence do, is a serious question.

[Philadelphia Bulletin, April 11, 1873.]

FOSTER THE MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*—The writer is a woman, consequently a curious individual, and so much so that a desire to see Mr. Foster, the great medium, at the Continental, overpowered every opposing prejudice of friend or foe. Prepared for a few disappointments, after all the marvelous reports of the medium's power, your humble servant was in the presence but twelve minutes when she exclaimed, "I am perfectly satisfied as to your ability, Mr. Foster, and must say, as the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, 'The half has not been told me!'"

Entering the room, a woman sat alone at one side of a writing-table, and Mr. Foster at the end. "You will never realize one cent from it; that's true, you know, or I would not tell you," said the rosy-cheeked, jovial medium, while the woman gasped and choked with disap-

pointment, and paid no attention to my entrance. Quickly seating myself opposite the woman, I remained speechless, while she continued to struggle against the effect of the shock she had evidently received. "Can't you tell me anything else?" she pleaded, "I am so disappointed." "No, that is all I can get, and *I am sure it is true*," said Foster. "I am sorry; I see you feel badly; take this card to —, and you may get some other communication." This ruse helped the woman out of her temporary paralysis, and she departed.

Turning to me with a cheerful smile, the medium instructed me to write as many names as I chose of "spirit-friends." I wrote three, on separate papers, and folded them, and *I believe they were not opened till I reached my own home*. Immediately three distinct knocks on the table, and a rapid communication from each. Mr. Foster wrote the communications and the signatures corresponding with the names that I had written. Now I shall state a test that I did not acknowledge to him. One of the names had a middle letter that the deceased in his lifetime always ran into the last name, and persons on reading it for the first time, always pronounced the two capitals in one sound. Mr. Foster wrote that signature the same way, though I had separated the letters in my paper, and *he made the same mistake in pronouncing*, so that for an instant my heart stood still. Another name I wrote in full, and he signed the communication with the abbreviated name I had always used in the lifetime of my friend. The mental questions were answered before I could raise my eyes; the written ones kept the medium busy for twelve minutes, when I was perfectly bewildered with the dispatches, and left the table as I would a telegraph battery after operating the President's Message for the *Bulletin*. Not one mistake, and all as clear as if we had been confidants for years, though I did not exchange fifty words with the medium, and walked off with my written questions folded as I dropped them from my fingers.

I have no explanation to offer, no theory to suggest; no advice, no opposition for others to try it; but I believe that what Johnson said applies here: "What no mortal can comprehend or explain, must be the power of something more than a mortal."

I confined my questions to matters of a business nature, that I could not have answered myself; so the only proof that Mr. Foster was honest, and I fairly impressed, must be left to time. I would not insult the presence, even in imagination, of "spirit-friends," by asking them to prove themselves by the tricks that the medium is celebrated for, and declined further communication with the three named, after receiving answers to my questions and additional assurances of their happiness and the presence of *one I had not called for correctly described*, to witness the pleasant meeting. Mr. Foster invited me to join any circle that would require the varieties of communications, but the mental tests quite satisfied me.

Please to receive this testimony for what it is worth.

Very respectfully,
A WITNESS.

[Philadelphia Evening Day, April 4, 1873.]

FOSTER THE MEDIUM.

Skeptics Nonplussed—The Unknown World—Spiritualism as a Religion—Some Wonderful Tests.

From the creation of the world to the present time there has always existed in the breast of man a strong disposition to pry into the hidden secrets of the future, and as century after century rolls on we find this passion grows stronger. In earlier ages we find this feeling inculcated and nourished by the religion of the time, which fostered and protected the prophets as almost supernatural beings; but in a later era the strong vein of fanatical feeling engendered among all sects by the great upheaval of the Reformation, with its iconoclastical excitements, succeeded one in which the prophetic reverence was made to give place to the dark superstitions of the middle ages, when soothsayers and wizards were universally regarded as the emissaries of the arch-fiend, and hated but feared, at the same time that their communications were received with the utmost faith and submission.

Such have been the gradations of the world down to the present time, and after passing through so many changes we find that to-day there are on this continent alone, according to eminent statisticians, over 1,000,000 persons who are accorded to the ranks of spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM.

All religions must be, to a great extent, a matter of faith and education, as will be readily evidenced by the fact of the utter insignificance of the number of conversions of one religious profession to another, as compared with the number of each denomination and sect. "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined," is an adage that applies with the greatest force to religion, and we see no reason why the believers in the doctrine that disembodied spirits can revisit this world and hold communication by means of peculiarly adapted systems of very sensitive mediums, cannot be allowed to retain their faith without being subject to ridicule and scoffing.

INTELLIGENCE BAFFLED.

Many deem it a matter of duty and faith to their own religion to scoff at and ridicule spiritualism; but it is but fair to recollect that where its public supporters are numbered but by scores, there are hundreds and thousands who firmly believe in it privately and are its most sincere votaries. That many jugglers and ingenious mountebanks take advantage of this fact, and also the well-known credulity of the great mass of mankind, to give public exhibitions to large audiences, is a well-known fact; but it is seldom that their tricks, which are of a most tangible character, are not detected, or at least afford ground for most reasonable theories of application to be built upon them. Occasionally, however, the world is startled by the appearance of mediums who afford the most astonishing proofs of something that we do not understand—of the presence of some great power entirely unknown to us and incomprehensible, or else of the most astounding perfection of humbuggery, which cannot be detected by the closest observation of men and women of the highest intelligence, the greatest force of character, and most indomitable will, but leaves them, on the contrary, with an undefinable impression that they have been entirely baffled, and that most certainly to do this there must be some great mysterious power invoked. Yet they do not believe that this power is that of another world, but while unable to fathom the mystery, still deem that there must be some agency of man in it, and at last give up reasoning, still unconvinced and unbelievers, but with theories upset and the subject entirely beyond their comprehension and understanding.

VISIT TO FOSTER.

This is just the delightfully confused state of mind in regard to this matter that the writer of this article stands in at present, after a visit to the justly celebrated New York medium, Mr. Charles Foster, at his rooms in the Continental Hotel. We girded our armor, tightened any defective links, and grasped the sword of skepticism in one hand, with our breast guarded by the shield of unbelief, and helmet crowned by the theories of anti-spiritualistic religious education, and made our way to the Continental Hotel. Our card sent up brought down a cordial invitation from Mr. Foster, and ascending to his room, No. 110, we entered and received a right hearty grasp of the hand, with a pleasant smile.

SANCTUM OF A MEDIUM.

Ideas were upset just here on the threshold. We had pictured Mr. Foster to be a lank, lean-bodied, long-haired, mournful-looking personage, but were agreeably surprised to find him a rather stout, jovial-faced gentleman of about forty years of age, with more the looks of a business man than a medium. He was conversing pleasantly with two gentlemen, one evidently a physician, and the other a scientific student, and courteously handed us a chair and a cigar, and bade us be comfortable. After a general conversation on everyday topics for a few minutes, Mr. Foster announced that the seance would begin. We looked in vain for the usual paraphernalia of a medium, closets, banjos, and other articles of a lively, restless disposition, that were to fly around the room and play hob generally.

A SKEPTICAL FEELING.

Seated around the ordinary small square table of a hotel room sat four of us. Mr. Foster desired that each would write on small pieces of paper the names of as many deceased friends as was thought proper, fold them up carefully, and mingle each with those of the other. We hadn't much faith in the other gentlemen who were present. We didn't mean to repose faith in anybody or anything, but to judge for ourself, knowing that we were unknown to Mr. Foster, and that he had no expectation of the visit. We wrote the names of about ten deceased persons, one or two of them relatives, several intimate friends, others only acquaintances.

APPEAR YE SPIRITS.

After all were mingled on the table in a promiscuous heap, Mr. Foster said we must wait a few seconds for the call-boy to summon the celestial spirits from their ethereal green-rooms, and in a very short time a few raps were heard upon the table, followed by a ducking of the head under the table by us, to discover nothing, although one rap was heard while looking. Several spirits were now announced as willing and anxious to communicate with their friends. Their names were readily ascertained by Mr. Foster grasping the slips of paper rapidly one after another. "Is this you?" "No." "Is this?" "Yes—ah, that is —," giving the name. "That is the spirit of your friend, Mr. ——. You can make any communication to him that you desire." Then followed innumerable questions by all around the table.

LETTERS OF BLOOD.

Upon request, the spirits wrote their names and answers to questions on the back of the hand of Mr. Foster, in letters of blood. Mr. Foster would rub the back of his left hand with the other, and in a short time would appear the words in red characters, of the appearance produced by the scratch of a pin, but certainly not so in this instance, for all semblance disappeared in a very short space of time and was but succeeded by others.

A PEEP AT THE FUTURE.

One gentleman wrote "When will I go to Europe?" on a piece of paper, folded it up, and threw it in the pile. Rapidly, without opening the paper, or even looking at it, Foster replied, "Not before 1875." The gentleman, who was apparently an Englishman, acknowledged that such was his intention.

Another gentleman asked if he was endeavoring to make a certain position. "You will certainly make it," was the reply. This fact was known, he said, but to three persons, and the determination was formed but a few days since.

All questions, it may be well to state, were written on slips of paper and thrown in the pile, the answers following almost instantly. Mr. Foster announced his willingness to answer mental questions, but did not profess to be an adept at it.

MORE DEVELOPMENTS.

Just then a gentleman, who turned out to be a manufacturer, entered, desired test, and was requested to join the circle. Mr. Foster at once told him his name, and that the spirit of his father was present, when the father died, and that his father was his guardian spirit.

Then the brother of the gentleman appeared, and his name and date of death were announced. The student then asked if his sister should take a journey. In a minute the medium was greatly excited. He said the influence was upon him very strongly, and meant something urgent. "She must go at once," the spirit says; "great danger menaces if she remains. Go—go—go, by all means go"—at the same time forcibly striking the table with his hand, and much determination. The gentleman, at our request, explained that his sister had come from England, but this climate did not agree with her, and she had urged him to send her back.

A PUZZLED PARTY.

We now thought it our turn, and asked the name of our infant brother who died in 1852. It was at once written on a piece of paper, in a large, scrawling hand, the medium exclaiming, "Ah, now we have one very near and dear to you." It was correct. Then we asked what disease brought death to him, and were requested to write a number of diseases on paper. We wrote about a dozen, and the medium, taking a pencil, half closed his eyes and ran his pencil through until he hit the right one, which he marked and threw to us. Our lips we bit slightly. How could he know that? Now followed questions relating to the deaths of numerous friends of the party, their ages and other questions requiring figures. Mr. Foster frankly explained at the beginning that he could not be so accurate with figures regarding time. Time, he said, was different in the other world to what it is here, and no account was taken of it. Some dates he produced very satisfactorily, in consequence, he stated, of his brain being more susceptible to the impression of some spirits than of others. Some few he failed in, and at once acknowledged it without numerous guesses, as do some mediums.

A FEW FAILURES.

Presently the spirit of a grand-uncle appeared and answered one or two questions of a family character satisfactorily. When asked for his age and when he died, however, he didn't come within fifteen years of it. The age was ninety-two and seventy-seven was produced. Mr. Foster made no other attempt, but repeated his former words as to ages.

A card marked with the alphabet and numerals was generally used by the examiners, who each ran over it with a pencil, and when an appropriate letter was touched three raps on the table were heard, and presently the medium would give the sentence required, rarely failing to give at least a satisfactory answer.

The only exception to this was in the case of our friend, the student, who summoned the spirit of a friend who had been of high scientific standing, and put such questions to him. Few or none of these were answered correctly, and Mr. Foster said that although, no doubt, the spirit knew them, yet his own brain would not receive the answers, he not being a scientific man, and the laws of spiritualism usually requiring the medium to be appreciative of answers received. The occupation and religion of several deceased persons were next given. The name and date of death of another person were written on a piece of paper under the table.

We asked if we belonged to certain secret orders, and were told we did, but our familiar spirit could not give the numbers of the lodges for reasons already stated.

ASTONISHING.

So the seance continued for two hours, many interesting and difficult questions being answered, the only exceptions or failures being those stated above. It would be idle to give all the questions and answers noted, but we have merely selected those quoted as a sample. Some put by the writer could not by any process, it seemed to us, be known or guessed by Foster, as they were strictly of a private or family nature, one or two of them being known by persons since deceased, and to our astonishment they were answered as correctly as if we had made the answer.

A SEEMING IMPROBABILITY.

Throughout the whole period of time Mr. Foster was always cool and self-possessed, with a

faculty of almost instantaneous answer perfectly surprising. One question as to the future was put by our friend the merchant, and he was told that in a month or so he would change his business and remove to Texas. He laughed incredulously, and replied that he was doing a large manufacturing business and had no idea of selling, and, in fact, did not think any one would offer him anything like the price he would demand for it, and even if he did sell, he saw no reason, no matter how remote, why he should go to Texas. He asked "why he would go," and was told, "Matters of a business nature will call you there." Feeling that this would be a most excellent test, we gave the gentleman our card, and requested that he would let us know if so improbable a thing occurred, which he very courteously consented to do.

END OF THE SEANCE.

Finally, at five o'clock, Mr. Foster announced that the curtain would drop and the seance close. We looked at the strange man and didn't know what to think. We cast about for something to sustain our theories of skepticism, and exultingly grasped his failures as to the ages, but were at once overwhelmed by the astonishing disclosures made on other subjects, which sank the failures into utter insignificance.

All of the party then conversed with Foster, each advancing a theory to account for so many things which all declared they could not understand, and which were of so astonishing a nature as to leave them no groundwork on which to stand. It could easily be seen that all were yet unbelievers, but it was like the boy's "because," with no reason or background. As an anti-spiritualist, we freely confess that we think we were most beautifully taken in and done for, but how? That's the question. We can't tell—don't know anything about it, and it requires all the skepticism of education and years of combat of these theories to withstand the imperceptible feeling that "there may be something in it" that has so strong a disposition to take possession of us.

* WHO ATTEND.

Finally, we give it up as a sealed book to us, and confess that we are at our wits' end, and that the whole matter is far beyond our average understanding. Mr. Foster informs us that he belongs to the high spiritualistic school, and has no converse with the class of so-called mediums, who he candidly admits are, in the great majority, merely humbugs and cheats. He has traveled all through the country, creating great excitement everywhere, and has had sittings with the most intelligent persons. All, he said, ended with their feeling like us. He in fact desires none but such to visit him; hence his price of \$5 for a seance. He wants no rough or vulgar persons to attend—none but those who are intelligent and who will reason and who can fully test him, and, if astonished, admit it. With such he is anxious to cope, and feels confident of being victorious with all.

REFLECTIONS.

Taking the seance as a whole, we might admit that he is possessed of great clairvoyant power, but his faculty of ready answer of mental questions, which was several times illustrated, astonishes us beyond measure.

At one time during the sitting he announced: "A spirit who died of apoplexy is present." None of us recollected any such friend. Presently he gave the name, and we then recollected that it was the name of an acquaintance, a person with whom we were on but little better terms than an occasional meeting and conversation. He had died, however, several years ago, during our absence from the city, and we had either never heard the cause of his death, or else forgotten it. Here, then, was an admirable test, and this morning, on our way to our office, we stopped and inquired of a person who knew, and ascertained that the death occurred from apoplexy. That's a stunner for us, and leaves us more mystified than ever.

In conclusion, we would state that Mr. Foster remains here until the 15th inst., and those who disbelieve our statements can call on him themselves, assuring them that our article was in no way prompted by Mr. Foster, but by a desire to place our experience before the public, we having heard extraordinary statements of his ability.

FOSTER, THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

The Shades of Antiquity revisit Earth—A Social Chat with Virgil and Conversations with Spanish Poets.

Last night we again held an interview with Mr. Charles Foster, the spiritual medium, and our object was to ascertain how far he could communicate with the spirits of the ancients. Unknown to him we wrote on separate slips of paper the names, Virgil, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, Lopey Felix de Vega, Don Miguel de Cervantes, and also the name of a dead man under whom we had received instructions in the modern languages. Very soon Mr. Foster handed us a paper, stating that it bore the name of

VIRGIL, THE LATIN BARD,

who wished to communicate with us. We asked him several questions, among them the authorship of the lines in the *Æneid*, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," which were written on a slip of paper and apparently not seen by Mr. Foster. Virgil claimed the authorship of these lines, and added nine or ten consecutive verses. By request made in writing, as all our questions were, and none of them read by Mr. Foster, proper quotations were made from the various passages in the *Æneid* and *Georgics*. Satisfying ourselves on this point, the

SPIRIT OF THE PROFESSOR

in the above named manner announced its presence, and thereupon ensued the following dialogue, Mr. Foster speaking as the medium of our etherial friend, whom we asked concerning a friend, long dead, and whom we shall call Albito, he being an Italian:

Dov'e' ? (Where is he?)

Spirit—Dov'e' chi ? (Where is who?)

Albito?

Spirit—Non e' Inglese; E Italian. (He is not an Englishman; he is an Italian.) Stelle inferno da sei mese. (He was sick about six months.)

Dov'e' il mio socio ? (where is my companion, or friend), we now asked, for our credulity was shaken, inasmuch as Albito had been killed by robbers.

Spirit—L'uccesero al suo ritorno. (They killed him on his return.)

We felt satisfied the medium knew something, for the manner of this young friend's death, murdered as he was, was here related, and each circumstance connected with it detailed. We next were requested to hold a conversational

INTERVIEW WITH CERVANTES,

whom we asked to give us the concluding lines to the piece of poetry in the second chapter of Don Quijote de la Mancha, which reads, Munca fuera caballero, etc. Immediately was written its other lines, De damas tan bien servido como fuera Lanzarote cuando de Bretano vino. Other test-questions were asked Cervantes, who answered them promptly.

CALDERON

next communicated with us, and we asked him to state the third line to the two last in his drama, entitled *El Principe Constante*. Instantly was written on the paper, "Aqui de sus yerros grandes," which line is the one asked for. We then asked for the second line in the third act, after

THE DEVIL ENTERS.

The answer was written correctly, in these words: "Osabio maestro mio. We doubted that Calderon was the author of three hundred and twenty pieces, but he assured us he was the author of many more which had never been published. Our conversation with de Vega was interrupted, and not as many questions asked through the medium of Mr. Foster, who stated that he did not know the meaning of the words written; he was an agency merely, and had no comprehension of what often was dictated. Very often he would speak the answers, but usually so fast none but a true Italian or Spaniard could catch every word. As to the means he has of communicating this information, selecting even the concluding word in a line from almost any poet of antiquity, we do not pretend to explain at present, but merely leave our readers to infer.

MR. FOSTER SPIRITUALLY

has, according to his assertions, lived all over the world, and visited many places where the dead have called him in communication. His communications have caused much wonder and aroused

A SENSATION IN NASHVILLE.

We are not advocates of spiritualism, a subject verging on, if not in nature transcendentalism, in whose discussion we have not time to engage. Now, whatever name may be given the agency whereby Mr. Foster does his astonishing feats, we still could not be less astonished. Many attempt an explanation by ascribing these extraordinary tricks to the

INSTRUMENTALITY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

We believe animal magnetism operates through the emotional system altogether, as it pertains more nearly to the physical system. Spiritualism, being more intellectual in its character, operates more directly with the mind, and hence it is to some extent a medium of intelligence. Many persons confound the two, believing them the same. Intelligence is only emotional in its connection with the feelings; hence, animal magnetism, which is Mesmerism, uses the nervous system in its relation with the intellectual nature to accomplish its purpose. The news of a friend's death arouses within one sad feelings, which cause the mind painful thoughts. The death of others not related, known or esteemed, is merely an information causing no sad emotion. Thus it is seen, our intellectual nature has no emotional sympathies save those produced by previously associated ideas and sentiments. How, then, a medium by the aid of

mesmeric influence can subject reason to emotion, we are unable to know, and therefore do make a wide difference in ascribing casual effects to this instrumentality of mesmerism and spiritualism. One is that which feels, the other that which perceives; the latter apprehends the idea, transmits it; the former receives the impression. The character of

THE HUMAN MIND

is not known to many persons, and few are they who know the psychologically true difference between perception and consciousness. While no difference may be between these, we ask the learned to examine spiritualism in this connection. We do not attempt it here; we refer to the substantial doctrines of metaphysicians, and merely ask if there may not be a faculty photographing the objects held up to view in the minds of others. Now, if such be reconciled by authority of great and good men, with ratiocinative conditions, should we deem it necessary to longer give what is termed

SPIRITUALISM

a supernatural character, not deserving even a critical notice or a candid investigation, but meriting only scorn, and its advocates denunciation? There is, undoubtedly, no reason why

INTELLECTUAL AGENCIES

should not exist and silently communicate information and knowledge. To come in connection, such must necessarily be spiritual in character, and the unseen is as real to the mind as objects in the physical universe. Strange as it may seem, the very idea of

IMMORTALITY

is compulsory; in man's believing spiritual entities are the only subjects the mind can embrace by its consciousness when no physical faculty or agency is employed. The mind is an indivisible, unextended substance. Hence, it is not matter physical, and therefore is not subject, nor even liable, to

DEATH,

which is the dissolution—there is no annihilation of physical matter. The star that falls from its sphere of brightness is merely dissolved; it exists in minutia; its created relations are destroyed—which word, derived from the Latin *de*, signifying severance, and *struo*, to pull up (syn., to disturb), conveys the idea here intended. Then the mind, an indivisible, unextended substance, is not subject to

TIME,

which is the succession of events. It can measure time, and divide its very existence into regular intervals. Nor is it the mind circumscribed by space, an extension of events in locality or measure, which Locke says "is capable neither of resistance nor motion." Hence, the mind has no location; and the ancients might well have said it was in the big toe, as we do that it is in the head, because

THE BRAIN,

which is the connecting medium of mind and flesh, is located there. Mr. Foster contends that, inasmuch as strange things have been accomplished in matter by mesmeric influence, stranger things may be done out of matter by spiritualism or intellectual agencies.

Again we may say, this subject, while not accorded in by us, presents eccentric facts deserving attention.

[The Missouri Republican, Dec. 14, 1872.]

THE BORDER-LAND.

There is debatable ground between the known and the unknown in any department of inquiry, which it is interesting to examine and explore. Human knowledge carries its proofs as far as it can go with the load, and knows, further, that there is something beyond. It then dispenses with its scientific implements, takes curiosity for its guide, and enters the border-land. It goes into that strange country with all its faculties in healthy action, all sensitive to impressions, with the reasoning powers alive, and yet impotent to solve the problems presented at every step. The eye and ear unmistakably vouch for the correctness of the impressions they receive, but reason refuses to enter into a conspiracy against itself, and can only blindly wonder, or charge the senses with deception. There are certain situations in which the senses repel this imputation by positive assertion that no trick could have been played upon them, and then, in proportion as their evidence is contrary to the manifestation of any known law, the thing observed becomes a wonder. There is such a border-land called "spiritualism," which has been much ridiculed by the great majority of people, and inhabited by others with as firm a faith as that in which they walk the earth. They really believe that they hold converse with spirit-friends, and that these friends watch over them and often direct their steps. Such a beautiful faith is entitled to respect, no matter who or how many may condemn it.

Mr. C. H. Foster, who is now giving private seances at the Southern Hotel, announces himself as a spiritualist, and does not hesitate to tell visitors that he firmly believes in spiritual communication. His tests and experiments are conducted upon that basis, and are intended to convince all who witness them of the truth of this spiritual doctrine. We are free to confess that many, if not all of these tests, are inexplicable upon any other theory than direct spiritual manifestation or clairvoyance. Upon either hypothesis they are miraculous, and stagger one's belief in his own senses. Mr. Foster's tests are made in open daylight, and everything is done before the eyes of the spectator. There is no dark room humbug about him. If it is really deception, it is the cleverest legerdemain ever seen. It is more than reading the spectator's thoughts, for it tells him of things known only to him, but not thought of at the time; it sounds in his ears the names of friends long dead, and recounts particularly family matters that could not possibly be known to any one present besides himself. Mr. Foster does not profess to be in a trance. He converses and smokes his cigar in the most normal and approved fashion. He says that names and communications are sometimes whispered to him by invisible forms, and tongues heard by no one but himself. Sometimes he is impressed to write, and sometimes the mysterious agencies write with their own hands. He does not use musical instruments or bells, or other rattle-trap appurtenances. Lead-pencils and slips of paper constitute the visible media of all his extraordinary performances, and as exhibitions—to call them nothing else—they are well worth seeing and investigating. Mr. Foster is a plain, bluff Englishman, and there is nothing at all spiritual in his appearance, or dark and mysterious in his conversation.

[Lexington Daily Press, November 30, 1872.]

FOSTER.

Our Last Sensation.

My interview with Foster, the great test medium, has been perfectly satisfactory; and the greatest science, spiritualism, is worthy, in my own humble opinion, an investigation. I was ushered into Mr. Foster's presence, and the proceedings began. Without the slightest clue as to who I was, he answered every written question accurately. When I entered, my examination of all the room contained occupied my thoughts for a few moments, and in a degree dissipated the nervous irritation of delay and expectation; but thought soon became busy with the object which had brought me there, but gave me no inclination to desist. There certainly is a terrible fascination in this intercourse with "people of the spirit-land." I felt as they say birds feel in the presence of a serpent. An inclination and curiosity to get nearer and nearer seemed to possess me. A cold shudder came over me as I gazed, and yet I could not take my eyes off the medium before me. He revived the recollection of scenes, events, and thoughts which had apparently been long forgotten. He awakened anew the memory of friends who had withstood with constancy and fortitude the sorrows, trials, and hardships of their "mute, inglorious lives"—who, as we remember them, were none the less noble because history knew them not, and who, when they died, the world's pulse beat none the faster. These "sittings," though mysterious, cannot be detrimental, for one positive fact revealed regarding the world beyond the sight is worth all the arguments in the world. We all know the human intellect is limited to the discussion of objects which our senses have tested. We speak of the immaterial from material, and anything beyond is matter of revelation. Foster has attained, and deservedly so, a great reputation; and in his communion with the departed, who have just passed the boundaries of the better land, he reveals startling and mysterious occurrences with the utmost minuteness.

[Cincinnati Commercial, November 19, 1872.]

As there is great curiosity to know the "methods of manifestation" through Mr. Charles H. Foster, a spirit-medium as celebrated as any living, it may be briefly said that he seats the visitors at an ordinary table, asks them to write as many names of deceased persons as they choose, and fold up or wad the names upon separate slips, and lay them on the table. Picking up one of these, he is seemingly "possessed" by some influence; his hand moves with lightning rapidity, and writes out the name, which will be found invariably to correspond to that which had been written on the slip. Then, perhaps, follow communications from the deceased. Sometimes he is impressed to speak rather than write, or the name appears on the back of his hand in red letters, as though it had been abraded by physical violence. The letters come and pass before the eyes of the visitors. At other times he describes spirits in the room, giving their names, personal peculiarities, and such other information as is needed to establish the identity, while rappings are heard under the table, on the floor and on furniture, sometimes very loud, at others faint. All this in broad daylight, and with Mr. Foster smoking a cigar or conversing with friends who drop in upon him. There are no "conditions" required to secure "manifestations." It is very much a matter of business, and of such a very extraordinary nature that it confounds the understanding and shakes the foundations of unbelief.

[Evansville Daily Journal, Dec. 28, 1872.]

PRIVATE SPIRITUAL SEANCE.

Manifestations under full Gas-Light—A Name written in Blood appears on the Medium's Hand—New and mysterious Developments from Talking and Writing Spirits.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy." While the marvels and wonders of science excite unbounded admiration, they can always be subjected to the practical tests of our consciousness. The data which underlie physical phenomena can be seen, felt, or handled. In the world of thought we have no such recourse, and can be governed only by those higher mental endowments which ally us to the Creator. Philosophy rears her structure on the solid basis of the human understanding, and the ages cannot shake her foundations. The belief in the immortality of the soul is no longer the shibboleth of any particular school of philosophy; but, with a single exception, that belief constitutes the grand dome of the structure towards which the child of the intellect points and toward which all teachings lead. This truth is the fruit which the labors of the highest minds and which divine revelation have bequeathed to console us in the sorrows of the present life.

In the so-called revelations which modern spiritualists, grounding their faith in the idea that the soul, separated from the body, can hold communication with the beings of this world, we have no lot nor part. We judge these manifestations by their fruit—a rule which, established by Bacon ages ago, overturned the whole structure of the Aristotelean system of philosophy. No particular utility has ever been shown to result from them, and the world would progress just as well without any such manifestations as those which have thus far been revealed.

When the results of these interviews with the so-called spirits are made subservient to science, art, or the practical affairs of life, it will be time to demand a fair and impartial investigation of their claims upon human credulity. But hostility to the philosophy will not prevent our readers from considering the manifestations or facts as related in the following article, and arriving at their own conclusions.

Last evening a gentleman in high standing in this city, and the writer, were invited to a private seance, at the Sherwood House, given by the noted test-medium, Mr. C. H. Foster, of New York. There were only the three persons alluded to in the room at the time of the sitting, and everything was done in a brilliantly lighted apartment.

After a pleasant conversation, in which Mr. Foster explained the difference between the true and false teachers of modern spiritualism,

THE SEANCE BEGAN,

without the least solemnity or effort on the part of the medium to create a favorable impression upon his two disbelievers. Mr. Foster sat upon one side of the table, directly opposite his auditors, who were requested to place their hands upon the table for only a few moments. When this was done, they were handed separate slips of paper, upon which they wrote the name of the dead person they wished to communicate with, together with that of others, either living or dead. While writing these, Mr. Foster was prevented from seeing either the track of the lead-pencil, or even the little slips, each about an inch wide, upon which the names were written. Each writer folded up his own slips of paper so that

THE WRITING WAS ENTIRELY CONCEALED

from outside view. The slips were then mingled in a heterogeneous mass and placed upon the table. A little card was then handed to the persons with the alphabet printed upon it, and as the medium pronounced the letters they were marked by them. When the last letter of the dead person, whose name had been written and with whom communication was sought, was pronounced by Mr. Foster and marked by them,

THREE DISTINCT RAPS ON THE TABLE

were heard—thus the spirit announced his presence. No lights were turned down, and the medium sat still in his chair. The table was the property of the proprietors of the Sherwood House, and if it ever rapped before it was by human instrumentality. A slight noise, as if a person were stepping about the room, could also be as distinctly heard, but no one could be seen; and if any subterfuge was resorted to, it was so scientifically carried into effect as to escape the observation of the two spirit-interviewers, who were on the alert against any such imposition. The greatest possible caution was taken at every stage of the proceedings, in writing names, in asking questions, and in fulfilling all the conditions which Mr. Foster imposed as necessary to the success of the seance, so that any flaws might be detected. We

have thus related the above method of procedure that the reader might understand how difficult the feats performed were. This method of writing the names of the dead persons, or the questions desired to be answered, was kept up throughout, and no paper exhibited the least signs of writing after the careful folding and mingling with the others, which was invariably given each. When these slips were placed on the table, the medium would take up one and ask:

"IS THE NAME ON THIS SLIP OF PAPER?"

No answer could be heard, except as he gave it. When he received an affirmative answer after such question, the person who had written would trace the letters on the printed card, and the three raps would be heard when the last letter of the name was reached. So much for generalities, and now to the particulars.

THE PARTICULAR DEVELOPMENTS.

Among the score of names which one of the two wrote upon the slips of paper, was that of a deceased grandfather, whose death took place years ago, while the writer was a mere child. He afterwards stated that this was the first time in his life he had ever written it to his own remembrance. After three or four of the papers were picked up by the medium, the indications of the spirit's presence were manifested in the manner described above.

INTERVIEW WITH THE GRANDFATHER.

A piece of paper was then put under the table, upon which the grandfather wrote his name in quite distinct characters. The distinguished disbeliever then asked, upon the paper which was afterwards folded by him:

"Are you here with us?" The answer came by writing, the medium moving the pen before us upon the table, as follows:

"I am here with you and would like to speak with you. J— G—."

The next question was, "Is Willie with you?"

The answer came as before, "We are happy to inform you that dear little Willie W—, your aunt's little boy, is with me and very happy. He is much grown."

The remarkable thing about this reply is that Willie's name was written in full, and had not been mentioned or written before that time; neither had any reference of any kind been made to "Aunt Mary," whose son little Willie had been in this world. These things it was impossible for the medium to have gained by anything that transpired in the room or from what had been written, even granting that Mr. Foster saw the writing, which was impossible.

The next question upon the concealed paper was, "Do you ever come near us?"

Came the answer: "Yes, I am near you much of the time, and watch over you."

Again was asked of the grandfather: "Can you tell where grandma, mother, and Aunt N— are?"

Answer: "Your Grandma —, N—, and S—, are here in Evansville. Here the names were given just as the grandfather had been accustomed to speaking them in life, the first name of each person. These names had not been written in the question, nor any reference made to them.

The writer then tested the medium by writing names of living persons, and in each case the fact of their existence or death was made known.

It now came the second spirit-interviewer's opportunity, and he wrote the name of his deceased father among others upon the slip, folded them, and placed them on the table.

The medium did as before, and said that this spirit's name would appear in letters of blood upon his hand. He held his open hand just below the drop light, and gradually the color in the centre of the back of the hand began to redden, one vein became swollen, and finally there were the letters

"W. T." IN BLOOD RED

upon it. He held it there until the color had entirely disappeared and the natural hue restored to it. He then placed a paper under the table, and "W — T—" was again written upon it.

The interviewer then asked, on paper concealed and folded up, "When did I last see you?"

The answer came, "1854," which was pronounced correct.

Aside from the phenomenon of

THE DISCOLORED HAND,

is the strange revelation of this date, which the interviewer states was not known to a single person in Evansville, his father having died in that year near Cincinnati. Other questions were given him as to a brother who died in infancy, and the proper reply was returned.

The two auditors tried the medium in other ways. The names of several schoolmates who had died years and years ago, names of persons who had been killed, were given in the usual manner, and in every instance they pronounced the replies correct.

These are the facts which transpired at the seance, and we believe they are novel and mysterious enough to give them to the public as interesting reading.

[The Daily Memphis Avalanche, January 12, 1873.]

SPIRITUAL JOTTINGS.

How "Spirits" identify themselves to their Friends, and how Clergymen follow Saul's Footsteps.

The throng of persons seeking admission to Mr. Foster's seances increases each day. Saturday morning a circle of seven men were, with the medium, which was succeeded by a circle of five, one of whom was a lady.

The medium's powers were in admirable play. All the kinds of tests mentioned in Saturday's *Avalanche* were given with astonishing rapidity and clearness, and in every instance, save one, the tests were declared by the sitters to be perfect and satisfactory.

One sitter asked of his spirit-friend: "Did you suffer much before you died?" "Yes,

"SUFFERED LIKE HELL.

I am now happy and in a condition of development and progress, and a d—d sight happier than I was here." The spirit explained that he did not swear in spirit-life, but was permitted to employ these expressions, habitual to him in his earth-life, as a test of his identity, to the correctness of which his friend, the sitter, gave his assent.

At the close of this seance one of the gentlemen present, after expressing his perfect gratification at the tests he had witnessed, remarked that he had been for many years a zealous member of the Methodist Church, and a believer in its general doctrines; but that some years ago he was thought to have died, and that during the few hours which he lay in the death-trance the curtain was removed, and he saw enough of what we call the future life to know this eternal hell of fire and brimstone, about which there is so much talk, was all fol-de-rol.

A JOLLY FEMALE SPIRIT.

In the next seance, a gentleman asked a female spirit what was the favorite air she used to hum. The answer was:

"Polly, put the kettle on,
Let's all take tea,"

which the gentleman promptly declared to be correct. During this sitting all sorts of names and precise dates were furnished with singular promptness, and a considerable number of predictions were given. Some of the questions and answers were remarkably piquant and significant, and this was probably the most satisfactory seance given by Mr. Foster since his arrival in Memphis.

SPIRIT-WRITING

was a noticeable feature. A name was called for, and the spirit having signified a wish to write it, the medium took a piece of blank paper and pencil in one hand and held them under the table. Within ten seconds they were withdrawn, when the name appeared written in reverse style, so that it was to be read only through the paper, or by holding it before a mirror.

THE CLERGY.

During the day several clergymen interviewed the spirit-world, apparently unmindful of the Scripture injunction some of them have been fond of quoting: "Seek not unto them that have familiar spirits," etc., which only adds another to the evidences that the world moves. After all, they are perhaps only making "the communion of saints" a practical verity, instead of a mere "forp of sound words."

Rev. Samuel Watson is about to publish a communication from John Wesley, "who"—as he believes—"being dead, yet speaketh," as well as other matters, which may cause misgivings among many who are at ease in Zion.

[The Daily Memphis Avalanche, January 11, 1873.]

AN HOUR WITH THE "SPIRITS."

What an Avalanche Reporter gleaned in a brief Interview.

A representative of the *Avalanche* visited Mr. C. H. Foster, the spiritual medium, yesterday, at the Overton Hotel.

A party of four, consisting of Mr. F., Mr. J. G. F. and wife, and Mr. D., sat around the table with the medium.

THE MAN AS HE APPEARS.

Mr. Foster's face and head are of the long, oval type, the outlines rather full, and his figure corresponds with the contour of his face and head. He is of full medium height and weighs

175 pounds. His hair, mustache, and imperial are dark, his eyes hazel, and his lips full without being voluptuous. He is of the nervo-sanguine lymphatic temperament, and his eyes, when not under excitement, appear dull and lustreless; but when under influence, they are eloquent of feeling and intelligence. He impresses one at first acquaintance as being sympathetic rather than sensual. An impartial observer would fail to notice that "coarseness" of which mention has been made; but with the manners of a gentleman, he seems to be peculiarly sensitive to the annoyances to which "mediums" are subjected, and probably has a manner of repelling impertinence which may not be quite agreeable to a certain class of interviewers.

THE MODUS OF THE SEANCE

is that the visitors write names or questions on slips of paper, which, being folded in a uniform manner, are thrown upon the table and then huddled together so as not to be distinguishable from each other. The medium, fumbling nervously among these papers, takes hold of one, and instantly announces to one of the sitters that one of his spirit-friends is present, describes the kind of influence of which he is conscious from this presence, and perhaps describes the personal appearance of the spirit, or gives his name or a message from him. Sometimes the name is pronounced by the medium, or written out by him, or, at a suggestion from the spirit, he holds

A BLANK SLIP OF PAPER

and a pencil under the table for a moment, when the name or a part of it appears written on the paper. Occasionally the initials of a name, or figures denoting the age of a departed friend, appear in red letters or figures on the back of the medium's hand. The spirit-friend of one of the sitters would come with a message, followed instantly by a visit from the friend of another, and so on around the table, not in regular order of rotation, but apparently indiscriminately, each following the other with a suddenness equaled only by the changes of a revolving kaleidoscope.

In no instance was there a discrepancy apparent between the spirit answers and messages, and the written slips and the personal knowledge of the writer; though several things were communicated as facts, of which the sitters had not a certain knowledge.

Eloquent messages were given by the medium, with rapid utterance, followed instantly by the announcement of another visitant, and amidst this rapid flow of questions, answers, messages, and descriptions, the termination of the hour assigned for the seance took us all by surprise, and we were constrained to give place to others, leaving more than half of our questions unanswered.

THE THEORY OF RAPPORT,

or of hypnotism, does not satisfactorily account for all the tests presented on this occasion. The room was flooded with light; there was not the slightest semblance of trick or machinery; no proxy discourses; the messages were replete with sympathy, love, and gladness, and full of such expressions as would be most natural if the friends who have left us were present again in the forms once familiar to us.

To Mr. F. came three daughters, also Samuel Mount, and there came to him a message from his friend Oliver Greenlaw; and it is to be remarked that as each of these were announced, Mr. F.'s person was manipulated by unseen hands as palpably as if a considerable force had been applied.

"SPIRITS" OF OTHER OLD CITIZENS.

To Mr. S. came the spirits of John Park, William and James Simpson, and John F. Sale. To Mrs. S. came numerous near and dear relatives, with messages of love and tests; and perhaps the best test of all, the ancient family colored nurse, who spelled out her name by the alphabet, and gave her age at death by the figures 97 in red, on the back of the medium's hand. To Mr. D. came a written message from a gentleman who died nearly three years ago in California, who wrote his own Christian name on a paper under the table, and afterwards gave through the medium his own proper signature; also a message from a lady who gave her name in full as written, and afterwards, by request, gave an assumed name, under which she was thought to have before communicated. Mr. D. has no certain information of the death of this lady, but through mediums alone has he been advised of the fact.

In this account of Foster's mediumship, the purpose has been not to startle the reader with sensational statements or comical delineations, but, in as clear and impartial a manner as possible, to

SET FORTH THE FACTS

just as they appeared to the representative of the *Avalanche*. Mr. Foster does not seem to court newspaper favor. When the writer presented himself to Mr. Foster as the representative of the great and good *Avalanche*, for the purpose of giving the public the simple truth respecting him, that worthy replied in substance: "I have but little regard for newspaper men, but if you have a five-dollar bill in your pocket, we can proceed to business." A significant motion towards your reporter's left-hand waistcoat-pocket settled the medium's scruples on the main point, and after a hearty laugh, to business we went. After this, to imagine that Mr. Foster is possibly insane, is simply ridiculous. No man with so level a head as his on the money question can ever hope for ingress into any well-regulated insane asylum; and should he ever be so unfortunate as to kill his man, it will be nonsense for him to try the crazy dodge.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACT.

Editors Appeal—The wide-spread reputation of Mr. Foster, as a *test-medium*, induced me to visit him with several friends. While not a convert to the doctrine of spiritism, the results of our visit developed such remarkable, and, to us, unaccountable manifestations, that I desire to give your readers the simple facts, and leave them to evolve such explanations as they can. The party consisted of seven persons, all known to the writer except two, whom information satisfies me are gentlemen of standing and integrity. Four of the party are old, well-known citizens of Memphis, who occupy the highest positions in the community as men of truth and character. Each person was requested to write upon a slip of paper the name of any dead person with whom he wished to communicate, and such question as he wished answered, to fold the paper up so that the writing could not be seen, and to place it on the table. Each of the party wrote from four to six names. I wrote seven and put questions on four. The paper pellets were all thrown together on the table and mixed up. One of the gentlemen wrote the name of a female child who died several years since at eight years old, and wrote this question: "Do you wish to send a message to your mother?" Mr. Foster described as appearing before and near the writer of the question, a little girl with happy, smiling face, with a beautiful wreath around her and a crown on her head, waving her hand joyously, and said: "She says her name is —" (giving the exact name), and added, "She says yes; she wishes to send a message to her mother." He then proceeded to write a beautiful message and handed it to the writer of the question. The same person had written the name of a distinguished and well-known officer of the late Confederate army, and added this question: "Do you wish to communicate with me or your family?"

Mr. Foster at once took up his pencil and wrote a long message to the widow of the person whose name was written, and it was signed exactly as the deceased signed his name. Another name was given by Mr. Foster to the same gentleman, entirely accurate, who said he was killed at —, which was the fact. Another gentleman had written the name of his mother on a paper, but omitted any question. Mr. Foster said she was present, and handed to the gentleman a long communication, giving the name of his father and sister, also dead, the latter of whom had died forty years since, and the signature was correct both as to Christian and surname. He also described to the gentleman, and gave the correct name of a relative of his wife, who is dead, whose name this gentleman had written at his wife's request.

Another one of the party received a note, before visiting Mr. Foster, from a friend, telling him to write the name of —, who was murdered; about eighteen years since, at —, and whose murderer had never been identified. Mr. Foster gave the full name of the murdered man, stated when and where he was murdered, but the spirit, or agency, declined to give the name of the murderer. Mr. Foster announced the presence of the spirit of a gentleman who had visited Europe with one of our party in 1864, giving the full name accurately. The person to whom he addressed himself wrote this question: "Have you met any of my relatives?" The answer was, "Yes, several." The next question was, "Name them." At once the answer came — — — —, which was the exact name of a deceased sister. Another spirit was announced, and name given accurately, who said he died at a certain time from a fall, which the writer of the question said was correct. He also gave to this gentleman the names of half a dozen dead friends, with certain particulars to identify them, which were all pronounced correct. To another gentleman he gave an autograph signature of a deceased friend, which the questioner pronounced a very good *fac simile* of the handwriting of the deceased. But one mistake was made that I now remember, and that was of a soldier giving the name of the battle in which he was killed; one of the gentlemen present said he had given it wrong. The papers were so rolled up that Mr. Foster could not see what was written on them; in fact, the greater number of the answers were given without his handling the papers at all, and several of the gentlemen brought their questions already written into the room.

There was nothing in the sitting that looked like juggling or legerdemain. The answers were given promptly and entirely correct, with the exception mentioned. The initials of the persons appeared in raised letters, the color of blood, on the hand of the medium, plainly and distinctly, and faded away in perhaps fifteen seconds.

The entire party came away deeply impressed with what they had heard and seen, and entirely satisfied that no known human agency could have answered the questions and given the information which they heard and received. This is a plain statement of the facts. I make no comments, leaving this to the reader. These things occurred as here set down, and can be proven by seven gentlemen whose statements will not be doubted.

WEXLEY.

Memphis, January 12th.

GRAVES'S COMMUNICATION ANSWERED.

Editors Appeal—In the paper of the 13th January there are several articles on "spiritism." I wish to notice the article written by Rev. Dr. Graves to a small extent. I do not claim to be either for or against the pretensions of modern "spiritualism" as an actuality, but

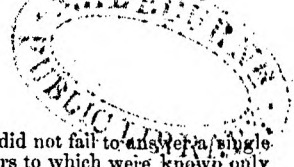
I do insist that the treatment of its claims to truth has not received fair play at his hands. First, he denies its claims to truth upon a five minutes' investigation, with a theory of his own, found before going there, only to be more thoroughly convinced by his short investigation. Is this the way for a philosopher to settle a question that is believed by millions of the human race, in all civilized countries? An investigator of any phenomena, if he wishes to arrive at truth, must first divest his mind of all prejudice and previous conceptions. Secondly, Dr. Graves thinks from this very imperfect investigation that it is "animal magnetism" and "clairvoyance." This does not touch the great question, whether or not the spirits of our departed do communicate with the living through certain mediums under favorable conditions. This is the question at issue, no matter whether they use "animal magnetism" of the living organism or use any other means unknown to us. Is the peculiar phenomenon called "spiritualism" caused by disembodied spirits who once inhabited the body, or is it not? This is the question to settle, nor is it any great feat or so-called feat to be ignored because of a seeming tendency of such facts. These are the meditations of our own mind, imperfectly drawn from an imperfect understanding of the subject. For illustration: when geology was first cultivated as a great natural science, it was condemned by the theological world as warring against the Holy Scriptures. Now, but few of the learned world but see it not only harmonizes with the Scriptures, but gives them powerful support. I need not mention the case of Galileo having to suffer in prison for being in advance of his age in the great truths of our planetary movement. Yet Dr. Graves is guilty of this very error. Third, Foster is an infidel and disbeliever of the Scriptures. I should not be surprised if he is all this. How does this affect truth, if it be a truth? This is a side issue, and is not germane to the question before us. He infers also that it teaches the doctrine of universal salvation. Here is another instance of his own induction. But admit that it does, this is no argument against the truth of the phenomenon, if it be a truth. No well-balanced Christian mind could be led astray from the truth of God, as taught by Christ and his Apostles, by any such teaching as comes through "spiritual" teaching. Who is of so little mind as to take such teaching as the rule of life, in relation to his deep and everlasting well-being? He is a poor thinker that would give up the great standard of truth, as revealed in the Bible, for such silly and unsatisfactory communications as we see published from time to time, as coming from their spiritual meetings. I will suppose that they are really what they claim to be—from the disembodied spirits; I then infer that they are no wiser now than when upon earth; they know as little of God and the Saviour now as then; they lived and died disbelievers in the divinity of Christ; they still remain so. What extreme folly, then, to look to such a source for moral and religious instruction. Let us take "spiritualism" for what it is worth—no more, no less. If it be a fact, it is a fact that has had its present in the Divine mind, and did exist, or might have existed, in all the ages of the past, and in all countries where the conditions were harmonious for its manifestation. If it be an actuality, it is governed by laws allowed or given by the Infinite and All-Wise, as He has given to all things in His vast economy. We cannot yet tell what it will conduct to in the full maturity of its development. All the good we now see, when it is behind it, has led the mind from materialism to the belief of the immortality of the soul. Some minds, from native organism or education, are so coarse and material as to reject the doctrine of immortality, as taught by the inspired Scriptures and clear reasoning—are taught readily and embrace fully the grand fact of man's immortality through this instrumentality. If this star of hope which springs up in his soul inspires him with new aspirations, and widens the sphere of his happiness, who knows but it may also lead him to the foot of the cross, and finally to heaven?

TRUTH.

SPIRITISM.

Foster, the Great Spiritualist, interviewed by an "Appeal" Man and Three Others—Result of the Interview—A Marvelous Display of Mediumship or Seership—A candid and fair Statement of Facts as they fell under our Notice—Some of the Questions put and Answers given—By Aid of the Spirits, or the Devil, Which?

Spiritualism has a hold upon the world. It will neither be sneered down, laughed down, nor cursed out. Its votaries are numbered in private by the hundred, as compared with those who confess it in public. So says a spiritualist, and so we begin to think. Whether it be what its professors assert, or of the devil, as many good people insist, or is to be accounted for on the score of legerdemain or necromancy, as hard-headed skeptics will have it, or is the result of electrical influences or mesmeric power, we are not prepared to say. This we do know, from an interview yesterday with Mr. Foster, who is now stopping at the Overton Hotel, that there is something in it, at present beyond our powers of analysis or ability to explain upon any known hypothesis of science. Many years ago the writer investigated this question of spiritism in all its bearings, but the results were unsatisfactory. He is frank to say that the seance of Foster, at which he was present yesterday, astonished him and those present, not only by the accuracy as to names, dates, circumstances, times, places, and persons, but by the



celerity with which the answers to questions were given. He did not fail to answer a single question put to him; questions deliberately prepared, the answers to which were known only to those putting them. He was put to the severest tests, but never flinched. He was equal to any emergency of the hour, sometimes answering the several parties present one after the other, and with a rapidity that left no time for the operation of thought. His gift, "be it from heaven or hell," is marvelously exercised, and remains "our special wonder." As we have said, we do not know whence it comes, and do not care to speculate. It is our duty to deal with facts. We will therefore give some of them as they transpired yesterday, in order to gratify the curiosity of our readers, many of whom are no doubt eager and anxious to challenge the mediumistic power of perhaps the greatest of all the modern seers.

THE INTERVIEW.

Upon being ushered into Parlor No. 12, at the Overton House, the visitors, four in number, who may be distinguished as Brown, Jones, Robertson, and Smith—as all the parties belong to the modest *coterie* of the community—found a portly-looking gentleman seated in an arm-chair, who was politely introduced by one of the party to the others, as "Mr. Foster." The introducer in question had a slight acquaintance with the "great spirit-invoker," and volunteered to officiate as master of ceremonies for the occasion. Mr. Foster is a gent'eman about thirty years of age, who from outward appearances seems to take the world easy, and, as he passes along through life's weary journey, to partake of all the good things that come in his way, promising, no doubt, his disciples a good stuffing in the world to come. The "great medium" has a striking resemblance to the late lamented "Prince of Erie," with all his dash, *abandon*, and *aplomb*. Like Fisk, he is a subtle calculator, and "reads" all and sundry with whom he comes into contact. Fisk could, as it were, in his mind's eye foretell how certain stocks were likely to "go" in the market, and operated accordingly. Foster, on the other hand, tells all that his visitors know when they enter his parlor, for there is also

"SPECULATION"

in his eye. It is, however, of a slightly different character from the speculation of Fisk, although, paradoxical as it may seem, both belong to the visionary. Fisk had a sort of second-sight in regard to stocks, and Foster calls up spirits *ad libitum*, who answer all his questions and perform all his behests with more alacrity than ever did the stock of Erie rise at the "call" of the quondam peddler's son.

All this time, however, Mr. Foster and his visitors have been left standing on the floor of Parlor No. 12, smiling and bowing to each other. No one of the latter is bold enough to announce the errand they had come upon, although the medium evidently knew all about it, and with a bow and a smile he cordially invited all to take seats. Of the mystic, there was none in the parlor or about the

FAMOUS SEER.

The parlor was handsomely and neatly furnished, and Professor Foster was clad in a plain, comfortable, business suit of tweed. Those who expected to see the room hung round with old worm-eaten tapestry, with cabalistic figures liberally embroidered all over it, and the magician himself clothed in a long garment of parti-colors, with many a diamond, cross and crook, like the magi of old, were disappointed, for everything was disclosed to view, and a simple damask cover only was on the table around which the company seated themselves. It projected a few inches over the edges, and Mr. Foster said, in order that there might not be even the slightest shade of deception, he would strip off the cover; but one of the company, who is in the habit of using a little slang now and then, exclaimed: "Oh, not at all, Mr. Foster; we have come here to give you a good,

SQUARE DEAL,

and we wish you to give us the same."

Mr. Foster—I have nothing mysterious about me. I don't receive my visitors in a long magician's gown, to frighten and astonish people.

Mr. Brown—Can you answer any question that I may ask you?

Mr. Foster—No, sir. I don't pretend to do that. You surely would not go to a physician, if you were suffering from a dangerous disease, and ask him if he could cure you, with the expectation that he would say "Yes." He would tell you he would do the best he could for you; and I will communicate to you whatever is communicated to me.

Mr. Brown—What is your general opinion in regard to spiritualism?

Mr. Foster—I have no objections to do so, but if you please I will prefer giving you some manifestations first, and at the close will tell you my views in regard to

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Brown—That is quite satisfactory; now proceed.

Mr. Foster—Here are a few slips of blank paper. Will you please go over to the bureau

and write on each the name of a deceased relative or the name of some distinguished person. Fold them up so that the writing cannot be seen, and then place them on this table.

Mr. Brown—All right. That is simple enough.

The other parties surrounding the table in the meantime entered into an animated discussion with Mr. Foster in regard to the relative merits of the Lydia Thompson and Lingard troupes, and limbs *vs.* brains. The game was a drawn one, to a certain extent, until a knock—not a spiritual one, but that of a bell-boy—was heard at the door, and on Mr. Foster calling out "Come in," one of the *ganymedes* of the hotel entered and handed him a card, which was hastily perused, and the laconic answer, "Engaged at present," returned.

Mr. Brown, having made a muster-roll of his dead ancestry, advanced with stately step to the table in the centre of the room. The reporter for the *Appeal* quietly pulled out his notebook, as one of the visitors ejaculated, in melancholy tones:

"A CHIEF'S AMANG YE TAKIN' NOTES."

Mr. Foster—I see that there is a newspaper man present, and I am glad to meet him. I have many friends on the New York press, and I can number among my most intimate acquaintances some of the leading editors and critics of the *World*, *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune*. In New York I am well known and at home, and I prefer living and practicing in large cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, London, or Paris. In traveling round the country, I am apt to be misrepresented by the newspapers and by individuals, because I cannot stay long enough to refute the slanders; and therefore I may state that it is doubtful if ever I will make another tour through the country again. All I want is that justice should be done me, and as I see two representatives of the *Appeal* present, I am confident such will be the case, as, in the language of one of them, quaint though it be, "we will have a square deal all around."

Mr. Brown, who had thrown the roll of his ancestors, the name of each written on a separate slip of paper, on the table, exclaimed, "Mr. Foster, we are

"READY FOR BUSINESS."

Mr. Foster cast his dark-blue eye searchingly for an instant over the slips, and then picking one up at random, placed it on his brow, meditated an instant, and then said: "Mr. Brown, the initials of the name of the person whose name you have written will appear on my right hand in letters of blood." Grasping the slip of paper fast in one hand, he held out the other, and, to the astonishment of all present, the outlines of the letters "R. B." were to be seen, growing brighter and brighter, on the back of Mr. Foster's right hand, as that gentleman exclaimed in a triumphant tone: "The name written was that of your brother, Robert Brown." Then, picking up another slip, he said, after placing it on his forehead for an instant: "This is one of your ancestors who died in a foreign land many years ago. His name was one well known in his own country."

Mr. Brown—You astonish me, sir. That is perfectly correct. Now, can you give me the substance of a conversation which took place many years ago in a lawyer's office, in the city of —, between certain parties, all of whom are now dead, but whose names I shall furnish you, in regard to a will which two families were at law about?

Mr. Foster—Please furnish the names.

Mr. Brown having written the names on a

SLIP OF PAPER,

handed it to Mr. Foster, folded up tightly. In an instant after placing the paper on his forehead, that gentleman exclaimed: "The dispute was in regard to some land to which some of the members of two well-known families laid claim."

Mr. Brown—That is the fact, and I don't think there is a single person this side the Atlantic that knew about that meeting, and it is doubtful if any of the parties who were present at the meeting are now alive.

I wish now to ask a few questions in regard to a deceased brother. I have written his name on this paper (placing it on the table).

Mr. Foster—Your brother died in —, at the name of a place which I cannot pronounce; but the spirit will write it, and also a *fac simile* of your brother's signature.

Mr. Foster then consecutively placed two pieces of blank paper for an instant under the table, and on pulling them out again the name of the place was written on one and the name of the deceased brother on the other, which Mr. Brown declared was

A. TRUE FAC SIMILE

of his brother's signature, and reverently put the paper in his pocket. Mr. Brown was subsequently introduced to his great-grandfather, his grandmother, and other relatives too numerous to mention.

Meanwhile Jones, Robinson, and Smith had become somewhat impatient for some manifestations of their own. Brown was monopolizing the whole time, and Mr. Foster, to their great relief, exclaimed in a cheery voice, as he puffed away at a very fine Havana: "Gentlemen, prepare your slips." All complied with the request, and Robinson was first to enter on

THE FIELD OF INVESTIGATION.

His spiritual friends came right rapidly, and to his evident pleasure all declared themselves to be in a state of happiness and delighted to meet him on that occasion. While they were enjoying sweet communion,

Mr. Foster said—Here is the spirit of Maggie—she wants to communicate with you.

Mr. Robinson—I don't know anything about her. I never knew a girl of that name.

Mr. Brown—Oh, that's all right. I know her. She is an old sweetheart of mine. Send her to me.

Maggie having been safely sent over the table to Brown, Mr. Robinson was particular to know what disease his brother Bob died of.

Mr. Foster—His death was accidental, was it not?

Mr. Robinson—No, sir; it was not.

Mr. Foster—The spirit says the death was accidental; but if you will write the names of several diseases,

THE SPIRIT

will pick out the right as you touch the letter on this alphabetical card.

Mr. Robinson did so, and at the letter "S" three knocks were given, the word "sun-stroke" pointed out from among the list of "diseases," and the French term, *soup de soleil*, found written on the back of the paper. There was an error in the spelling of the French, but as the supposed writer was a Scotchman, the error was easily accounted for, and there was a smile all round the table at Robinson contending that "sun-stroke" was a disease instead of an accident.

OTHER MANIFESTATIONS

followed even more wonderful, striking, and startling than those referred to above were given, and the *seance*, which lasted over an hour, was brought to a close. During the entire time Mr. Foster displayed the greatest *bonhomie*. He was courteous, polite, and affable, and seemed to enjoy the perplexity and wonder of his visitors when anything particularly strange was revealed. Business appeared to be particularly brisk yesterday afternoon, as over a couple of dozen cards were brought to the room during the *seance* from parties who wished a peep into the spiritual world, and Mr. Foster informed his visitors that every hour of his stay in Memphis was engaged up till the time of his departure for New Orleans on Monday.

[Memphis Daily Appeal, January 12, 1873.]

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Charles Foster, the famous Test-Medium, crowded with Visitors—The best People of our City investigating his singular and remarkable Powers—What they were Years ago, and are now—Growth of so-called Spirit-Power—Theories advanced pro and con—Owen, Tyndall, and Rogers—What is this Power?

There is no lack of visitors to the apartments of the medium at the Overton Hotel, Mr. Foster. The difficulty with him is the keeping away of too large a crowd. He selects his visitors. The half of those who apply are not admitted. Only those of known respectability and culture are permitted in his room. Whether this precaution is adopted with the view of keeping out dead-beats, or to secure high intellects as "subjects," is difficult to determine. Foster, whatever be his motive, has so managed that none but unmistakably first-class people can approach him; that is, what are commonly called first-class people. It is curious to speculate on the ascendancy he gains over men and women of great strength of will, and of much individuality, originality, and obstinacy. They become weaklings in his hands, and when perfectly under his control they think still that they are using him. This peculiar faculty of his is called "a way of repelling impertinence." Being now long in the practice of spiritualism and table-tapping, habituated to communion with the "spirits," as he calls them, he has acquired a certain expertness and skill in the business which is a vast improvement on his early efforts. He now hardly ever fails to create astonishment in the most cultured minds; he hardly ever fails to set the busy mind speculating on religion and science. He sends the wondering faculties of the soul off on long exploring expeditions, in which they become wearied and dissatisfied, and he does all this, though he never imparts any information not known before. Curiosity arises from the fact that he can tell what one thinks is hidden from all the world for twenty or thirty years past. We have yet to learn that Foster has attempted to tell anything not known to his subjects, or to prognosticate future events. However, like Tristram Shandy on his sentimental journey, after his first essay at being smart resulted in a failure, let him console himself with the comforting reflection that "he will learn better as he goes along." There is a great improvement to be observed in Foster's way since 1860 and earlier. We have it on the authority of R. D. Owen, the author of many works on abstruse subjects,

that he attended a seance of Foster, at the house of Alice and Phoebe Cary, in New York, at which he got along (Foster did) very well, but not at all equal to his masterly manner now. Then he was somewhat slow, awkward, and difficult; now he is quick, skillful, bold in his manner, and sweeps over the ground with great rapidity. Mr. Owen recorded several instances of his labors among them, the picking out of filets of paper with names written on them, the production of pink letters on the arm, and all that sort of thing; but these were done in a slouchy sort of way, although different from the present style of the great mediumistic performer.

THE VIOLET.

One case will suffice to show this. It is recorded in Mr. Owen's book, entitled "The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next." This was in 1860.

"Then he turned suddenly to me and said: 'Mr. Owen, I see a spirit—a lady standing beside you. Perhaps the same of whom you spoke to me. She holds in her hands a basket of flowers. Ah! that is peculiar; they are all violets.'"

"Does she communicate her name?"

Mr. Foster paused. After a time, he said: "No; but she has taken one of the violets and laid it before you. Has all this any meaning for you?"

"Yes."

"But we ought to get the name. I usually do."

And at his request I wrote down several female baptismal names, including that of Violet, taking care not to pause at one more than at another. Foster took the paper, at once proceeded to tear off each name separately; rolled them up into small pellets (some twelve or fourteen), which he had previously made—some of them being blank. There were thus about twenty pellets in all. He bade me take them up and hold them in my open hand under the table. I did so. After a time, he said to me: "The spirits desire to have your hat under the table." Accordingly, he put it there, but immediately replaced both his hands on the table, saying: "Spirit, when you have selected the pellet, will you let us know by rapping?" About a minute passed, when the raps sounded. Thereupon the table tilted up on Miss P.'s side, so that without stirring from her seat she could reach the hat from the floor. Therein, lying between two gloves, was the pellet. After a few seconds his arm seemed slightly convulsed, as by a feeble electric shock, and he said: "The name is on my arm." Whereupon he bared his left arm to the elbow, and I read thereon distinctly the name "Violet." The letters looked as if they had been traced with a painter's brush, in pink color, and extended from the elbow clear to the palm of the hand.

We see that this spiritual effort to get out the violet "in pink colors" was rather clumsy in 1860. Now he can get out the name "Black" in pink colors, on the back of his hand, with great promptness, distinctness, and in most excellently shaped characters—vast improvement here, showing spiritism to be a sort of progressive business. Observe what a struggle he had with that basket of flowers in 1860. Now, nothing of that sort ever occurs. Suppose he wanted to find out such a name now, and that he saw a spirit-lady with a handful of violets. Why, he would have it at once. Thirteen years ago Mr. Foster was not the effective medium he is now. Now he speaks rapidly, decides with promptitude, interprets the signs boldly, and is altogether a remarkable spiritist. He has passed his 'prentice days, and may be considered in the zenith of his fame. When a person asked happens to be the spirit of one drowned, he smells salt water and sees the slimy monsters of the deep. When shot, or daggered, he knows by the signs given. He is not an impossible character by any means. His body participates in the movements of his mind during a seance. The pink characters now appear in a much neater style than formerly, and on the back of his hand. The question is, Why pink, and not orange, or white, or black, or green? In those days his seances were few and laborious; now he has many every day. People go to see him by the score. His circles number dozens daily, and dozens of people attend each.

What is it? Is the query that all feel inclined to ask, and for which many have a quick answer of their own. Mr. Owen thinks it is an unknown natural force, operating by laws which will yet be found out.

THEORIES.

The theories advanced to account for these peculiar powers are many. Mr. Owen thinks that the power has existed from the beginning in men; for in the preface to his book, from which we have just quoted, he says, speaking of miracles: "If they were performed under natural law, and if natural laws endure from generation to generation; then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these signs and wonders occurred must exist still, we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time."

Professor Tyndall, in one of his lectures in New York upon the subject of light, gave expression to an idea, though having no intended relation with spiritualism, leads one to attempt to account for these phenomena on the ground of "development." Talking of the primary or prismatic colors of light, he said the time may come, if the theory of Darwin be true, when the eye being more perfect, more thoroughly evolved, will be able to distinguish the colors of the sun's rays without the aid of the prism. Now if, in the opinion of such a man as Tyndall, the time may come when the eye will be so perfected as to see the colors of the sun's rays, now blended into white on the retina, why may not this spiritist phenomenon be accounted for on

the theory of development? It may be a new natural power, which in the course of a few centuries will become the common possession of mankind, just as the power of working mathematical problems is nearly a common thing now. This hypothesis, of course, would involve the destruction of Owen's, which is that such powers have always existed. The development theory "hangs together" much better.

Dr. E. C. Rogers says, in his book, entitled "Philosophy of Mysterious Agents," that it is precipitate to attribute to the influence of disembodied spirits that which may lie within the sphere of the human organization and mundane agencies. He then proceeds to show how the human organism may be influenced by drugs so as to alter its conditions, and argues that inasmuch as the agent, the substance on which it acts, and the new condition, are purely physical, the results must be physical also. It follows, therefore, that visions, somnambulism, ecstasy, which are mathematically produced, and also produced by the influence of drugs upon the organism, are the results of the material condition of that organism, and do not require the spiritual hypothesis for their explanation.

From this it would appear that either there is a new force acting in the world, or else the human being is developing into such peculiar faculties and functions as to form a new means of propagating and transmitting force that existed before. The human body is becoming a curious sort of thinking electric battery, writing out and deciphering, automatically, strange messages.

The theory of those who stay away from such seances and mediums, is that the whole thing is diabolical. They don't doubt the facts of the astonishing things done, but claim that it is evil. Those who do not go to seances say the whole thing is humbug, illusion, deceit, sleight-of-hand, and all that sort of thing.

[The Memphis Register, Jan. 10, 1873.]

FOSTER.

The Other World—Spirit Communings—A Seance with the Great Medium—More of the spirit Wonders.

Yesterday afternoon we were called upon by a well-known gentleman of this city, who showed us a note signed "C. H. Foster," appointing seven o'clock that evening, at the Overton Hotel, as the time and place when and where Mr. Foster would see a party of gentlemen who desired to test his mediumistic powers. We readily accepted an invitation to be one of the party, and at a few minutes before seven all were awaiting the leisure of Mr. Foster in the rotunda of the Overton, while that gentleman quietly smoked a cigar and held rapid conversation with numbers of gentlemen who approached him as fast as opportunity offered. While waiting our turn to announce our party, each was eagerly studying the man who had won so much reputation as a medium, and of whom such extraordinary phenomena were related. Mr. Foster appears to be about five feet seven inches in height, stout built, and weighing probably 160 or 180 pounds; dark eyes and hair, the latter parted near the middle of the head, mustache and goatee. He has an unusually heavy lower face, a straight, but narrow forehead, small eye, and a slightly perceptible lisp when speaking, with a New York accent in his speech.

In our subsequent interview we found him affable and a thorough gentleman—a man who went at the business of the evening in a prompt, ready, business-like way, and when through announced the fact in a decided, although pleasant manner. He said that he did not relish the extreme liberties that had been taken with him and his personal appearance by reporters for the press; and, while he did not object to the publication of the truth, he did not like being burlesqued in the public prints, and did not desire newspaper notoriety. And we must say that Mr. Foster's appearance and acting are all they should be, and would be creditable to any man. But, to proceed.

We were shown to Room No. 12, on the first floor, which room was littered well with scraps of paper used by previous visitors. Upon a large table were long slips of paper, and a half-dozen chairs about the room, and a bed in one corner, a wardrobe in another, and a side door leading into an ante-room. A friend of Mr. Foster was resting upon the bed when we went in, and after Mr. Foster came in this gentleman went out and returned no more, but once and for an instant. Upon the entrance of the medium an introduction followed, and all were seated at the table.

From the commencement to the close of the sitting there was a succession of waiters coming to the door with cards or messages—all for Mr. Foster; and again and again he forbade the servants bringing him more cards of visitors that night, and again and again refused himself to all callers; but still they came.

Our little party consisted of Messrs. Hitzfeld, Lundie, Wilson, Clements, and the representative of the REGISTER. Mr. Foster tore slips of blank paper into narrow strips, and handed several to each, asking that names of deceased ones be written thereon; this was done, and the whole, after being closely folded, thrown in a heap on the table. No spirit seemed at

first attracted by any of the slips with names, but the medium remarked that a spirit was present of one who had been killed, and desired to communicate with either to us or to a gentleman on our right or left. The gentleman on our right, having had a friend who was killed, wrote his name on a slip of paper, and Foster, placing the folded slip to his forehead, said the spirit was named Irving, which Mr. Clements, the interrogator, said was correct. A question was then put to this spirit in writing and carefully folded from sight, and soon a reply was received saying "Six." To explain, Mr. Clements showed his written question, which was, "How many men did you ever kill?" To which Irving replied he had killed "Six." It was further explained to us that this Irving was a somewhat noted desperado. His great anxiety to make himself manifest was peculiar, as none of the party were thinking of him. Mr. Clements said he had before received communications from this Irving's wife, but never before from him. Mr. Foster then took slip after slip from the table, of those written upon, and finally came to one saying that spirit was present. The medium said he would place a piece of blank paper under the table for the spirit to write his signature upon, which was done, and upon being withdrawn he read the name of O. C. Brooks, and upon opening the paper roll the same name was found thereon. This name on this slip had been written by us, and the medium then said that a spirit nearer to us was present, who would answer a question, and we were asked if we could think who it was, and if so, to enter down the name, which we did. At first Mr. Foster seemed to labor under some difficulty in deciding who this spirit was and her relation to us. We were directed to point out in succession the letters of the alphabet, and the spirit would rap when we came to the proper ones spelling her relationship. In this way the spirit spelled the word "Mother." Finally the name was given in full. The medium said she had died many years ago, and was now in the celestial sphere, a sphere only reached after a number of years.

He said he could distinguish her sphere by the peculiar garb. That the newly dead appeared to him in the ordinary dress of life, but others in beautiful robes of blue, golden, and other colors. A wreath was borne by this celestial spirit, bearing the motto "I am Love," and beneath were her initials.

We were informed, upon inquiry, that she desired to communicate with us alone, and wished us to meet her again; that she was our guardian angel, and ever near us.

At this time another spirit desired to communicate, and proved to be Elizabeth Clements, the mother of one of the party, and upon unrolling a paper designated by the spirit, her name was found written thereon. She said to her son she was always with him as his guardian spirit.

A spirit then appeared to the medium's right, as standing behind Mr. Wilson's chair, with one hand upon his shoulder and the other upon his head; and, upon inquiry, the name of Robert Wilson was given.

Mr. Lundie, another of the party, received a reply to one of his questions he had written, asking how many brothers and sisters he had dead; and was answered "Five—two brothers and three sisters; and Jimmie and Willie were present."

Mr. Hitzfeld had written questions in German, and a German spirit came; but the medium confessed his inability to repeat his language, and the spirit could talk no English, and so could not communicate more than to announce himself as Henrich Hitzfeld.

Mr. Hitzfeld's little dead boy's spirit came, and the father was told his child should not have died; but no cause was given.

Occasionally, Mr. Foster appeared to hold conversation with unseen and unheard spirits, and would say, "Oh, you do, do you?—all right;" and then he would seize a pencil and write, or follow some other apparent direction of a spirit.

The medium announced that a lady, who had died in child-bed, wished to communicate with some one of the party. After some delay, it was ascertained who this one was, and the following written communication received, the signature being that of the deceased, as acknowledged by the recipient:

"I cannot tell you, dear brother, the joy it gives me at meeting you at this time. I am near you always, and as I turn and look at you to-night, I hardly realize that I am in the spirit-world, and would have you know more of these truths, for I am helping you at all times.

(Signed)

"Your sister,
"_____"

(Name in full.)

We were requested to ask a question of the spirit we had addressed previously, which we did in writing, and soon received the reply from "O. C. Brooks," that we should give his love to E. (Emily).

We were requested, also, to meet him again in company with her, as he had an important communication for us.

The following was received by one of the party:

"I am here, and desire to assure you of my presence.

(Signed)

"ELIZABETH CLEMENTS."

Mr. Lundie received some very important and private communications, which he pledged not to reveal. He said it related to a matter that no one knew about and that the medium could not by possibility have known.

This embraced the substance of what passed at this sitting, which ended about half-past eight. Throughout, Mr. Foster was pleasant and obliging, but was somewhat irritated by callers at the door, to whom he denied himself.

During most of the time he appeared absorbed like one who thought intently and was listening to two conversations at the same time. His eyes had an introspective appearance, and occasionally he would puff and breathe heavily, as agitated, and seemed to suffer at times with pain. He appeared to have the coming and going of the spirits at his own will very much, and called or dismissed them almost as he chose. What we have here related occurred in the presence of five persons, who went for the purpose of testing the medium, and each seemed convinced, at the close of the sitting, that no deception had been used, and that the answers and revelations were such as no mortal man could have known of his own knowledge. If it was mesmerism, or animal magnetism, certainly all five were totally unaware of such or any other influence. Each expressed himself as having felt perfectly cool and self-possessed throughout. So far as we were concerned, there was no magnetism or mesmerism in the case. Truly, Mr. Foster's manifestations are wonderful, and when so many wise and more philosophic heads have tried in vain to explain these phenomena, we need not "fash" our poor noddle in a further fruitless effort. We are no "spiritualist," but we can tell "a hawk from a handsaw."

During the evening we were detected taking notes and requested not to publish them; but, upon reflection, Mr. Foster referred it to our companions, who said they would make no objections, and so we print what is here read. As our notes were necessarily brief and hasty, we can only pledge ourself as to general accuracy; but we think our report is as near the facts as could be wished. The members of the party, at leaving, placed five dollars each upon the table. Mr. Foster said he did not charge, but accepted what might be offered. He will remain here for a few days longer, and perhaps next week, if, as he says, he "is treated well."

[Daily State Journal, Austin, March 15, 1873.]

MR. FOSTER, THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

Mr. Foster, the famous spirit-medium, has arrived in our city and taken rooms at the Raymond House.

On Friday we called on Mr. Foster, and found him a very genial, pleasant gentleman of rather remarkable appearance. After a short general conversation about his visit to Texas, we arranged to call in the evening.

After tea we called again, in company with some ladies; two other gentleman acquaintances were present. Mr. Foster requested us to write the names of any friends or acquaintances on paper, and fold them up and hand them to him. A gentleman had handed us, during the day, a folded paper to hand to Mr. Foster. We did not know the contents of the paper, nor did any one in the room. He gave the name correctly, and a communication from the person addressed. He gave the test of the spirit writing his initials in blood upon his hand; and many other wonderful tests of his power. Whatever skeptics may say, Mr. Foster will stagger the unbelief of any one who may visit him. There is no *hocus-pocus*, no machinery, no *legerdemain* in anything Mr. Foster does. We do not propose to discuss the good or utility of spiritualism. We respect the belief of all who put their faith in it. The mystery of life in the body and out of it is equally astounding. We wish Mr. Foster a pleasant stay among us.

[Galveston News, March 1, 1873.]

MR. CHARLES FOSTER AT THE EXCHANGE HOTEL.

We last night called upon Mr. Chas. Foster, the great test-medium, who is now stopping at the Exchange Hotel. We sat near an hour, with some half-dozen other persons, and we are compelled to say that the revelations made to us were such as to convince the most incredulous that the spirits of the departed do hold communication with the living. At least, it is certainly impossible to divine by what other means answers could be given so entirely satisfactory to all the questions propounded by all present. But we have no time at this late hour to give an account of the various inquiries and the answers given. If any of our readers doubt the truth of spiritualism, we would recommend to them to go and see Mr. Foster at the Exchange, and, if they do not come away convinced, we venture to say they will at least be astonished.

[Galveston Daily News, March 3, 1873.]

The mediumship of Mr. Foster is dividing the interest of the public mind with politics. We held a short interview with him to-day, with the following result. Our first question was this:

"Can you tell me any fact that has never been within my knowledge, and which I can verify?"

The reply was: "Yes, and Mrs. Blank's diamonds were taken by a person in the house, and she will soon find them."

The latter portion of this communication was in reply to a second question we had prepared, and which we still held in our hands, as follows:

"Can any spirit tell me who has Mrs. Blank's diamonds?"

Soon another spirit announced his wish to communicate with us, which he did, with the following communication, written by the hand of the medium:

"Sydney comes to tell you that you will be able to carry out the desire of your life. We will help you, so you will be able to use the 'Sweetwater Lake' for the people of this city, and you will be thoroughly successful in it."

Sydney is the name of a younger brother who died in 1827. The medium was impressed to say to us verbally that this second fact was given to us to be verified and help remove our unbelief.

We give these incidents just as they occurred, and our readers can draw their own conclusions. We can say that Mr. Foster's readiness and apparent fairness are wonderful, and very impressive. All are pleased who go to see him.

T.

[Houston Daily Union, March 13, 1873.]

HALF AN HOUR IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Wonderful Manifestations—The Skeptical totally confounded—Is it real, and if so, why not?

A reporter for the UNION was one of a party of five, yesterday, who spent half an hour with Mr. Charles H. Foster, the justly celebrated test-medium, lately arrived in this city from New York.

We found Mr. Foster in his room at the Hutchins. The party were invited to seats around an ordinary-sized table, Mr. F. at the head of the table, and at once proceeded to business.

The names of a number of deceased persons were written on slips of paper, carefully folded up, and handed to the medium; among others, the writer put in the name of Sam Houston. In a few minutes the spirit of the illustrious hero was announced to be present, and would answer any questions propounded.

By Reporter—"Do you see bright prospects ahead for the State you loved so well and served so faithfully?"

The answer came immediately, "I do see bright prospects for the State I loved so well."

The spirit of Thos. H. McMahan, of Galveston, was announced, and was profuse in its answers to the young gentleman with whom it was communicating.

In every case, the answer given was of a satisfactory character, and in *no case* did Mr. Foster see any of the written questions asked. But what astounded us most was the appearance, on the back of the medium's hand, in red letters, the name *Ida*, very plain. It appeared there while the hand was lying idly upon the table, and without any effort whatever on his part. It was the name of a deceased sister of a member of the circle.

To sum up, the entire seance was a wonderful and unexpected phenomenon, and we are free to confess that, while we do not believe that we were actually conversing with the spirits of our departed relatives and friends, we cannot account for the precision with which our questions were answered. We went there an unbelieving skeptic; we came away almost a convert to spiritualistic converse. We will not pretend to deny or contradict anything that we saw or heard while in company with the medium. The manifestations were simply the most wonderful that have presented themselves to the writer, and he has been "around right smart."

Mr. Foster will remain in our city until 4 o'clock this afternoon, when he will go to Austin. We hope he will stop with us, on his return from the "City of the Hills."

[Galveston Daily News, March 2, 1873.]

Spiritualistic.

We have neither time, space, nor inclination to discuss the phenomena ascribed to spiritual influences, but justice to Mr. Foster requires the candid acknowledgment that his powers seem little less than miraculous, and to assure those who have never witnessed an exhibition of his talent as a medium that a visit to his rooms at the Exchange will be time well spent.

In company with some half-dozen ladies and gentlemen, we spent a half-hour with Mr. Foster yesterday, and unhesitatingly pronounce the result as wondrous. Almost every test known was freely accorded, and, except in a few unimportant particulars, the answers were invariably correct. Names and dates of departure of deceased persons, of which the medium could have

known nothing, were given without hesitation, and in such a way as to disarm all belief of collusion.

One of the ladies asked whether the spirit of a certain person was present, the name of whom had been written on a piece of paper, and carefully folded so as to conceal the writing. Almost instantly the medium answered in the affirmative, and that the initials of his name would be written in blood on the back of his hand. The hand was placed under the table for a moment, taken out and rubbed lightly, and almost instantly the letters H. F. in plain characters appeared on the back of the medium's hand. Mr. Foster then called the full name of the departed, gave the place and date of his death, and assured the lady asking the questions that he was always present, watching and guiding her, and was gratified at the opportunity of communicating with her.

The names of several persons were written on pieces of paper, rolled up separately in small pellets and promiscuously mixed up, so as to be undistinguishable by even the writer. With some one of the persons whose names were written the writer was desirous of communicating. The person wishing to communicate would pick up these paper pellets one by one, Mr. Foster asking as he did so "Is this the one?" The answer, by a distinct rap on the table, would be "No," until the proper one was reached, when the response would be "Yes," or three taps on the table. In every instance the answer was correct.

Several times the spirits announced themselves by name without preliminary questions; they also wrote their names, and generally startled those present by the marvelous responses. We would like to enlarge upon these phenomena, but have no room this morning.

[Houston Daily Union, March 8, 1873.]

MR. FOSTER IN HOUSTON.

An Hour with a Medium.

Last evening we had the novel pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. Foster, the celebrated test-medium, in his room at the Hutchins House. We found that gentleman seated at a table and busily engaged in answering the questions of several inquirers, seemingly in a manner that greatly amazed and gratified them. We did not conceal from Mr. Foster our skepticism, and propounded to him several objections, to which he made courteous and at least plausible replies. Being invited to solicit communications from the spirit-world, we noted down on slips of paper the names of certain of our dead friends, and awaited the messages that might come to us. Very soon distinct raps were heard beneath the table, and after a few slight slips had been made in the spelling of the names of the spirits—slips which may have been owing to our use of a No. 4 pencil—communication was fully opened.

We proceeded to ask a number of questions written on folded slips of paper. Frankly, we must own that the answers given greatly surprised us. All were accurate and several were expressed in a beautifully poetic manner. What adds to our amazement is the fact that it is impossible for any person to entertain the slightest suspicion that Mr. Foster has any knowledge of the questions given to him. Whatever interpretation may be given to the phenomena we witnessed, there is no room in our mind now for any doubt of their genuineness. All who are interested in the subject will be amply rewarded by Mr. Foster's experiments. We have no comments of our own to make, contenting ourselves as journalists with an account of what we saw. Possibly we may permit a correspondent who has given much thought to the subject to give a report of his experiences.

[Nashville Union and American, Jan. 2, 1873.]

FOSTER THE SPIRITUALIST.

Metaphysical Remarks as to his Pretensions—His claims considered in connection with the Human Mind.

Since Mr. Charles H. Foster, the medium, arrived in our city last Sunday, he has been the subject of much interesting comment and conversation. In fact, every one has something to say about him, and thus far his feats seem to defy satisfactory explanation. In conversation we learned much in relation to his ideas of

THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD,

which did not seem different in character from that others of his faith entertain. He is claimed to be a mass of nervous intelligence, the cerebro-electricism of which affords to some extent the media of communication with the spirits of the dead. A person might believe the former part of this and yet not violate any well settled psychology. But as to any one being able to communicate with the dead, this is another question, and asks perhaps too much of

HUMAN CREDULITY.

While he claims to be only the medium of communication between the living and the dead, not even being able to give the reasons for much that is apparently incongruous in the conditions required for the successful operations of such mysteriously superior gifts, he also states that he sees distinctly as he sees the living, the forms of

THE DEAD PERSONS

whose spirits come to hold communication with the inquirer. To him they appear as they looked at the time of their death, and every ghastly wound or mangled part of the body is before him; such apparitions do not frighten him, nor do young excite or arouse feelings in him that would be produced by their presence in life. This shows, according to his claims, that he is merely

AN INTELLECTUAL INSTRUMENTALITY,

without feeling and volition, yet preserving perception of their presence and forms, and consciousness of what is communicated. Considering in this manner his pretensions to a superior order of intelligence, by which he is said to communicate with the dead, we may arrive at conclusions more satisfactory in their well-established truth than the conflicting testimony of confused senses. The human mind cannot be placed in an intelligent condition and yet be destitute of both feeling and volition. When we have an intelligence or an intellectuality so constituted that it can operate as a medium of thought, it must necessarily have either volition, desire, or feeling; otherwise, it would be an intellectual nonentity, destitute of sensitive ability, without which ability, so framed as to be susceptible of accommodating itself to required conditions, no possible transmission of thought could take place. To suppose otherwise is ascribing something beyond human mentality. The mind of man is eternal and it is god-like in its nature; hence, it has no end, nor does it cease its workings. Even in sleep the activity is continued, and, while the physical faculties are suspended, the mind within itself retains its consciousness, for it remembers men, thoughts, and dreams, and to remember anything, consciousness must exist at the time of the apprehension, awake at any moment suddenly, and a train of thought is passing through the mind. There has never been a condition of the mind when it were possible to divest it of its consciousness and feeling both. Should Mr. Foster claim he has volition or feeling when acting as interpreter between the living and the dead, we should insist that he would will to do (and granting his power as professed, be true, to accomplish) more, in every respect, than any other human in the vocation of life and the business affairs of the world. If he had feeling, he must necessarily become affrighted at the grim pictures of the terrible, or else be touched by a sense of the grandeur and sublimity revealed; for while a spirit may have no fear, yet an angel has alone of the beautiful. We must, therefore, conclude he is human and his feats are those of a man, exercising clairvoyance or intellectual magic to a wonderful extent. He deserves, then, in his acts, at least attention, and though we may not be able to reconcile all he does with the experience or reason of the human senses, still it is no cause to refer such agencies as he seems to possess and dextrously employ to the spirits of the dead.

[Republican Banner, Dec. 31, 1872.]

SPIRITUALISTIC.

Foster among us givin' Notes.

There is not a professed spiritualist now living of more extensive fame than the renowned C. H. Foster, of New York, who reached here from Kentucky, Saturday night, and is spending the present week at the Maxwell House.

The subject of spiritualism has become one of especial interest for Nashville, since the recent lectures we have had by Dr. Harrison. Indeed, there are not a few in our city who faithfully accept the idea that there is a border-land, where the spirits of the departed may be found; these accept "spiritualism" as a certainty, and listen to its "revelations," whether so-called or real, with all the intentness of honest, earnest believers. We say that there are numbers of just such people in Nashville, while, of course, there are the majority by large odds, who have either not examined the subject in the least, or who are totally skeptical to any such idea and repel it *ab initio*. Even of this latter class many of the Nashvillians have a sufficiency of woman's gift, curiosity, to tempt them into an investigation when opportunity is afforded.

Of course, then, Mr. Foster meets here with many who are eager to test his power to invoke and communicate with spirits.

Foster is an affable man in manner, and when disengaged may be seen strolling leisurely about the corridors of his hotel. He encourages the cigar-dealer, and—well, he is not afraid to tackle spirits in any shape, warm or cold. He is an English-looking man, stoutish, rather round-shouldered, and has a breast that Frank Leslie's caricaturist may have taken for his model when representing Conkling as the pouter-pigeon. There is nothing of the strut about Foster, however. He would kick the beam at about two hundred; has black hair, and an eye

that is his most striking feature. His eye has a decidedly languid expression when he is ordinarily engaged—a lambent light that would take with many a woman, and at the same time a strength in repose that would not unfavorably impress a “strong-minded.” We are not hero-worshippers, but we rather like the Foster eye.

He had scarcely enjoyed his morning's meal, yesterday, before persons began to come in to “interview” him. He is a very patient, amiable man, you must know, to stand so many interviews in a day, and that, too, with such hard questions as heartless newspaper interviewers would not ask one man in a thousand. “But then he has the ‘spirits’ to back him,” we heard an unbeliever suggest yesterday.

Interpret his powers as you may, he startles many of those whom he does not convert, and the frequent “I can't understand” him means as much as to say that he has at least a happy faculty of making to believe.

Human knowledge has in the main an absolute basis, and carries its proofs as far as it can pack the burden. When the thread of things actual is drawn out to the end, here comes in, in the mind of nearly every man, a clearly defined sense of the fact that there is something yet. The precise dividing line between the tangible and the intangible is itself a thing quite intangible, and we know not when we reach it. Once entering the field of speculation, the mind goes into the strange regions, with all its faculties in healthy action, all sensitive to impressions, with the reasoning powers (apparently, at least) duly awake, and yet impotent to solve the problems presented at every step.

The eye, the ear, the senses seem to discover things, but reason refuses to conspire against herself, and can only blindly wonder or charge her allies, the senses, with deception and treachery. Now, many of those who visited the spiritualist, yesterday, testify that their senses positively repelled any idea of deception, and refuted clearly any charge that a deception was practiced. They will tell you, with the same honesty that they will talk of ordinary things, that there is a border-land.

They speak candidly of a mediumistic knowledge of this spirit-realm and give you the impression very positively that they know something whereof they speak. Well, the faith is a beautiful one, poetic in the eyes of some, dangerous according to many, but so far “murderous” to none. “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

Foster gave a number of indications of his intercommunion that were inexplicable to his subjects. He would single out from a number of names the one that was prominent in the subject's mind. He would tell how long a relative or friend had been dead, and how he or she had died. He advised a certain gentleman of his intention to leave the city soon, and told him that he should not go before the 15th of January. To another, he told him how to adjust his business, and with two branches of a certain family he arranged for a settlement of a war to which that of the Red and White Roses was but a slight difference of opinion in comparison. Again, he would tell a love-sick swain the name of his sweetheart, and whether she loved him much or little. To one who no longer had the responsibility of finding a wife, he would enumerate his other responsibilities, real or to come.

Now would enter a real man of business, and so far as an interested spirit could see or take stock in his enterprise, just that far would pertinent revelations be declared. He “raised” a name in blood upon his own hand, and the performance was a perfect mystery to the several who witnessed it. He furnished during the day a number of *fac simile* autographs of the dead, which were in each instance stated to be an exact imitation of the person's handwriting they purported to be. He would sometimes say that he could get no response to difficult and simple questions alike, saying that the spirit did not answer.

The strip of paper that was used in most instances, he would hold to his head, and, interpreting certain gentle raps underneath the table, he would spell out the answers and declare them. The answers would sometimes come in figures from “one” upward, which he would interpret. Some of our most intelligent citizens, prompted by one motive or another, called on him during the day. He hardly had time to eat his dinner, so numerous were the calls. He remains over during the week.

[The Daily Memphis Avalanche, Jan. 23, 1873.]

CRITICISING THE CRITICS.

Another Daniel comes to Judgment in Memphis.—Daniel W. Hull on Rev. J. R. Graves's Criticism of Foster the “Medium.”

For the Avalanche.]

Since Mr. Foster's advent in this place, there has been a good deal said, pro and con, on the subject of spiritualism. The people had been reading “The Clock Struck One,” a work written by one of the most cautious and influential members of the clerical profession. The general interest aroused in the public mind on the subject induced me to invite the clergy to a public discussion, which was in effect declined, on the ground that I did not believe the Bible. To this I replied (1st), by stating, that while I did not believe the Bible was infallible, I believed no less of its assertions than any of the clergy; and (2d), I offered to frame a proposition confining my

proofs to the Bible. Silence is the only answer I have received to these propositions. Had the clergy believed "the Bible to be the infallible word of God and our only rule of faith and practice," some of them would have accepted my proposition to debate that question. The best evidence in the world that they do not believe in it to the extent of their profession, is found in the fact that they will not risk a discussion on the subject.

I wish to say here that these remarks are only intended to apply to the controversialists among the clergy, and such as have had a good deal to say by pen and tongue on the subject. Some men are not controversialists, and have kept free from the discussion thus far. Such are not asked to discuss. They may

HONESTLY DIFFER WITH US

in matters of religion, yet not be capable of supporting their views in an off-hand argument. But these men who have rushed into the arena of discussion and cut, and slashed about them when there was no adversary about to meet them, and then slunk away out of sight when there is an opportunity to give both sides a hearing, what shall we, what can we think of them? If they really believed what they professed, would they not ask—would they not insist that their strong claims should pass through the ordeal of discussion? And the fact that they do not is the best evidence in the world that they have carefully canvassed their arguments and are well satisfied they will not bear the ordeal of criticism.

Amongst others who visited Mr. Foster was Dr. J. R. Graves, a noted Baptist divine and controversialist, possessing any amount of cheek and but little candor, if we may judge from the spirit of his articles in his own paper and other papers during the last week. When Dr. Graves published his exposé and his explanation—not wishing a newspaper controversy, I published a personal challenge to him, asking him to hold a discussion with me; I had no hope of a discussion, but I knew I could demonstrate that he

DID NOT BELIEVE WHAT HE PUBLISHED;

for, if he did, he would discuss with me, and thus I should be enabled to tear off that sanctimonious mask under which he hid so much hypocrisy, and show up the man in his true colors. I have succeeded. The people now know the man does not believe as he professes, or he would debate the subject. Had he gone into a discussion with me, I should have changed my mind concerning his integrity of character, and the people would have had confidence in his honesty.

In his article in the *Baptist*, reviewing his seance with Foster, I find this language in the second column: "Let spiritists (spiritualists) give a satisfactory explanation of this."

In the same column, a little farther down, we read: "Let spiritists account for this."

In the next column, again we read: "Let spiritists satisfactorily account for this, according to spiritism."

And then, in the next page, we find this challenge: "Why does not some spiritist come forward and explain those manifestations by the principles of spiritism?"

How are we to come forward when he would not admit a reply to his article in his paper, to be sent out to his unsophisticated readers? What does Mr. Graves mean by that public challenge, thrown out to us through his paper? How does he expect us to answer them?

I am here during this month, a lecturer for the spiritualists of this city, and have offered a discussion before these challenges were thrown out; but he replies, through his paper: "We do not know Mr. H., nor do we wish to know him, judging from what we see in the city papers."

ABOUT ELIJAH.

This, in all probability, is very correct, as the city papers have contained parts of my lectures, which Mr. Graves would not like to answer; and, besides, my letters on hell, and challenges—nothing else whatever.

His lucid argument, in reply to the control of Elijah, the prophet, is a specimen of the difficulty he finds in the way of a discussion with me. It was this:

1. Possibly Elijah wrote it before his ascension. 2. But Mr. Hull, being an infidel, had no business to bring up these scriptures.

Another argument was made which I shall after a while reply to.

He next tells us:

"We are prepared to try spiritualism by the word of God, with gentlemen like Dr. Watson, or upon its manifestations with Foster or Mansfield; but what would we gain, or spiritism, should we slay a thousand Hulls?"

A great deal of bombast that, to be sure. Nobody, not even spiritualists, seems to have so much disinterested care for the Hulls as Dr. Graves, and if it were not for him I should be laid low, and my brother would be sent for, to follow me in my disastrous defeat.

Dr. Watson has never thrown himself entirely into the controversial field, and prefers to work in his own quiet way. He knows of but few spiritualists whose sentiments he can indorse, and prefers to not be made responsible for others who believe as he does concerning the intercourse with the spirit-world. This is no way of doing. My calling is before the community, and I may safely say, without rendering myself obnoxious to the faintest suspicion of egotism, that my reputation as a debater, to say the least, is known twice as far as Dr. Graves'

is, and there is only one of two reasons why he will not debate with me. He either considers himself intellectually inferior to me (which no one believes he does), or he thinks that the advantage of a discussion is on my side of the question.

I shall now pass to

NOTICE A FEW POINTS

in his article "Our Lance." His fort on necromancy I shall storm in my morning lecture next Sunday.

The first objection he makes is, that Mr. Foster reads the mind. For the moment let us admit that he does; is not that proving too much for the good of his theory? One of the evidences of the divinity of Jesus was his power to read thoughts (see John iv. 9-29); and if now it should happen (and, Mr. Graves, the fact has been demonstrated in the course of Mr. Foster) that mediums have got to reading men's thoughts, there is one of two hypotheses correct—either the same reasons that deified Jesus will deify other mediums, or the same arguments which demonize modern spiritualism will demonize the powers by which Jesus did things. Which horn of this dilemma will Dr. Graves take? "Oh, but," I think I hear the Doctor say, "these media do it through mesmeric power." Very good; that explanation will answer the case of Jesus then. Why is it that these sanctimonious gentry will persist in calling me an infidel, when every explanation they make of modern spiritualism tears all the inspiration out of the Bible? But,

MAGNETISM, MESMERISM.

What does Mr. Graves know about these forces! Nothing only as he has learned it of spiritualists, and I am of opinion he could receive a few lessons more from them with profit. A few years ago, as some of us will remember, the clergy made the same uncharitable remarks about magnetism that they do now about spiritualism—that it was either humbuggery or the work of devils. But, when the raps came to Hydesville, some scientific men supposed it was practical magnetism or electricity, but were soon convinced that they were mistaken, and some of them became spiritualists. Professors Mayo and Hare both became converts whilst trying to explain it on scientific principles. Dr. Graves is 24 years behind the times. If he loses that much time in coming up at the judgment day, what will they do in heaven?

In the case he presents to us, it was not, however, that Mr. Foster read his mind, as his iron will (which certainly is no more credit to him than it is to any such men who grace our State prisons,) that forced the writing as he determined it should be. Had he not attracted a low class of spirits about him, and taken them there with him, who were enabled to control Mr. Foster's band, he would without a doubt have received messages from his friends as others have done—messages for which there was not an iota in his or any other person's mind. Take for illustration

THE CASE OF GEORGE SNYDER,

a man who was living. If some of Mr. Graves's band came and reported a falsehood, it does not speak well for his band. As like attracts like, he is naturally placed on the same plane with those who reported the falsehood. Now, let us criticise the case: In the first place, it is clear that Mr. Foster did not read Dr. Graves's mind, for the doctor knew he was alive and well at that very time, and if he had read his mind he would have said, "Your friend George Snyder is not yet in the spirit-world." He gives us to understand, although, that he only got such communications as he was determined should come; that he did not go there as an honest seeker after truth, but to crush the truth, either by fair means or foul, if it did not comport with his ideas of things; and he got such messages as he desired and determined to have. Now, let us grant all this and suppose, instead of going there, as a theological bully, enveloped in deceit, he had gone there as scores of honest citizens of Memphis did, is it not probable that he would have got as honest communications as they did, which would be as hard to account for on the principle of mind-reading as were theirs?

It should be known, and Doctor Graves seems to be careful that his readers shall know, that he tried with his gross magnetism to drive every other influence away but his own and the spirit-band his

DISSIMULATING DISPOSITION

attracted so; that even though his friends were about, and Foster was made aware of their presence, they were unable to write; for the moment they seized the pencil, or attempted to control his hand, Mr. Graves tried to overpower their magnetism by his own, and had he not been able to succeed, he had attracted about him enough to help him.

But the Doctor makes a great discovery when he tells us it is mesmerism, as if we had not known that for nearly a quarter of a century. Ah! Doctor, how long since you found out the circulation of the blood? What a pity he had not been born fifty years later; that would have given him a chance to inform the next generation that men's spirits hold magnetic control of their own brain, and the spirit forces thought to the outward senses just as intelligence is sent out the length and breadth of our country by means of the electric telegraph.

Every spiritualist ten years of age knows as much as the Doctor has told them about magnetism, but where is the operator? Who is at the other end of the wire? How comes it that we get communications from the other side, a number of which may be found in Owen's "Foot-falls from the Boundary of Another World," or "Debatable Land," by the same author, which can

only be demonstrated by consultation of parties unknown to the medium. If Mr. Graves controlled Foster by his magnetism while living, how does he know that such a thing will be impossible when he goes to the spirit-world? It is

NO ARGUMENT

that, because Mr. Foster failed in Mr. Graves's case, spiritualism is not what it professes. Such a reason would be urged against Jesus with equal propriety. In Mark vi. 5, we read: "And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk and healed them."

In another instance he justifies his failures by referring to Elijah the prophet, who only succeeded in the presence of the widow of Sarepta. Here it is:

"Many millions were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when the great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was he sent save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian." Luke iv. 25, 26.

Well was it for Jesus that Dr. Graves was not on the spot. He would have raised the objection that his manifestations might be accounted for upon the principle of magnetism and mesmerism in part, mind-reading some, and demonism would account for the rest.—Letter in the *Appeal*.

DEMONISM.

A word, by the way, upon demonism. Mr. Foster has always given truthful messages with the exception of Dr. Graves's case. If demons came and controlled Mr. Foster only in his case and no other, what a sad condition must Dr. Graves be in to attract such a band of spirits about him.

Here is a sad case of moral depravity. I am glad there are no more in the world. A man professing to be a minister of the gospel goes to a medium confessedly for the sake of making that medium give to him lying messages, that he may use those lies thus forced in the medium's presence to the prejudice of spiritualism, and for the upbuilding of his own theory. In order to make sure that only falsehood shall come in this circle, he uses all the psychological force of his will-power to secure a lying message, that he may have excuse to charge it upon spiritualism. And, worse than all, all this crime, concocted in malice, is done in the name of the Lord! Would to God that such men might be reformed; but I fear for them. When men are so utterly depraved, it seems almost impossible to awaken them up to a true sense of their condition. Should this man pass to the spirit-world in his present condition, without a change, he will probably carry on the same work he is trying to do now—bring spiritualism into contempt by repeating lying messages. It is to be regretted that he has probably attracted a band of affinities who are perfectly united with him in his disreputable business. It is still worse that such men should be set up as preachers of morality. What a vast amount of evil may be done in this way under the name and professed sanction of religion. I leave this sickening thought, hoping I shall not again be called upon to refer to a circumstance so disgraceful.

D. W. HULL.

[Republican Banner, Jan. 4, 1873.]

FOSTER, THE SPIRITUALIST, NOT REQUIRED TO PAY A FINE.

Recorder Duling having called upon the City Attorney for an opinion as to whether Mr. Foster was subject to be required to pay a license, received the following yesterday, upon which the Recorder, of course, concluded to push the matter no further:

To S. A. Duling, Recorder of the City of Nashville:

In the matter referred to me for my opinion, relative to the right and power of the city of Nashville to inflict a penalty upon Charles H. Foster, under certain sections of the ordinances of the city, I have to say that I have examined the questions with some care, and am satisfied that Mr. Foster cannot be convicted under the city ordinances for several reasons, one of which, however, is to me quite sufficient, namely:

The State of Tennessee not declaring such practices as are specified in the city ordinance referred to misdemeanors, not inflicting any penalty nor prohibiting such practices, the city of Nashville has no power to do so, and the ordinance is therefore a nullity. Other reasons might be assigned, but it is not necessary to do so as the above reason settles all difficulty.

The city has no right to make that a crime which the state has not made a crime.

Respectfully,
PRAYER MARTIN,
City Attorney.

We are certainly glad to see this matter take the turn it has, for while we are in favor of the right always at the risk of being called a provincial town, we are rather sensitive of having

Nashville afraid to have a man who demeans himself as a gentleman, exhibit a power which he does not claim to be supernatural, and show the workings of a spiritualistic faith which, whether right or wrong, is embraced by no mean number of people in this free and enlightened country. It very probably seemed to some that the proposed interference with Mr. Foster, as a medium, was a thing simply ridiculous, and we have heard it suggested that the thing could not, at any time, have been seriously contemplated.

[Nashville Union and American, Dec. 30 1872.]

FOSTER, THE SPIRIT-MEDIUM.

Mystic Revelations from the Unseen Universe—Echoes from the Past and Prophetic Mutterings in the Dimland of Dreams.

Among the varied wonders of this life, robed in all the mystic wealth of fancy and the towering grandeur of reality, there is nothing more commanding than the subject of spiritualistic media, *pretending*, as it does, to afford with the other world, or rather with the spirits of *quondam* terrestrials, an intercommunication the inexplicable character of which it were beyond our present purpose to consider. Among those who do so *pretend* is Mr. Charles H. Foster, a gentleman of national reputation, and said to be the most complete medium of this kind in the world. This gentleman reaching our city, very kindly invited us to

AN INTERVIEW,

which we accepting, will here state what our experience was, leaving the reader to discuss the merit and accept or reject anything connected therewith. We simply state, and do not attempt an explanation. We scarcely expect our readers to believe what we have seen, much being beyond human credulity and appalling reason itself. All logicians tell us that in establishing the truth of a subject, considered when its character is unusual or its reliability doubted, we must refer such to an adequate cause explained by a sufficient reason, the first being the actual agency or source, the latter the condition or circumstantial method. On this theory we will make no effort to establish the truth of the spiritualistic manifestations as made by Mr. Foster, nor do we enter into any argument that looks to a ratiocination of its principles. We in company with several gentlemen, one a medium, sought the presence of Mr. Foster, who is rather thick in stature, has a full face, even and gracefully regular features, and a melting eye. Altogether he is good-looking, and his manner is affable and polite as his voice is full and assuring in its lisp-like utterance. Each one was given common white blank paper like that used in the editorial room, and we were told to write the

NAME OF A DEAD FRIEND

on each slip. This we did, carefully folding and giving them together to Mr. Foster, who did not see any of the names. In a few moments Mr. Foster, who stated he had not had any intimation of

A SPIRITUAL PRESENCE

since leaving Evansville, informed us that the spirits were about to come. Upon placing the ear to the table we could hear delicate rappings which gradually increased in volume of sounds, but never becoming loud and alarming. Taking the slips one by one, he placed them against his forehead and then to the table. During this process the spirit would make itself known to him. By that strange and inexplicable method known not to us, nor even to him, he became conscious of the spirit's presence and also knew its name, stating to one of our party (whom we shall call Smith), "The spirit wishes to communicate with you."

Smith—"What is the name of the spirit?"

Foster—"Will you write your name on this slip of paper?"

Spirit—Three raps were made. At this Mr. Foster held under the table a piece of paper, and immediately the name of a dead person corresponding to one written on one of the slips that had been pressed against the medium's brow, but was now on the table in our sight, was written a name. At first we were unable to read it, but upon reversing it, found by holding the paper to the light the name was clear. It is useless to say all of us, especially the young, were surprised. Foster had not seen the name, the paper was before us, and yet the name of a dead friend had been written on another piece of paper, and the medium desired to speak to the gentleman present who alone of our party knew the person whose spirit there made the request. It seems that this man was a one-armed person and had met an

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

By raps the spirit of this deceased one expressed its willingness to communicate to his friend Smith, who said to Foster:

"Can you tell me how that man whose spirit is said to be here met his death?"

Foster—"Yes sir, it is rather a singular thing."

Smith—"Can you also tell the time he died?"

Foster—"May be I can, though in questions of figures much caution must be had."

Smith—"Why is this?"

Foster—"Why, the reason is that there is

'NO TIME IN THE OTHER WORLD,'

for it is eternal—being not circumscribed by the succession of units or the flight of years."

Smith—"A spirit then must be above 360 degrees."

Foster—"Yes, that is true."

Proceeding then, the medium soon told the date of the death. Smith then wanted to know the place where he died. By direction he wrote the true place, with a number of others, on one slip of paper, taking care no one saw any of the names. Foster immediately told him the true place. Smith next asked him to tell how

HIS FRIEND DIED.

He was requested to write this himself, on a piece of paper. This Smith did, also writing on several other pieces death by various accidents, diseases, and under many circumstances. He returned these names to Foster, who stated that he could not tell him exactly then, because another

WANDERING SHADE FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

was present, annoying him very much, and was very anxious to speak to Smith. The spirit through Foster, the medium, said it wanted to write its

INITIALS IN BLOOD ON FOSTER'S HAND.

Smith laughed at the absurdity of such a proposition, and very reluctantly we all thought no spirit could so write its initials. However, Mr. Foster held forth his hand, his fingers twitched as if electrified by a galvanic battery, and within a minute's time the

LETTERS "C. T. D."

were as visibly traced thereon as if printed there. Smith was very much amazed at this startling manifestation, and immediately he recognized the initials as those of a friend who died several months ago. This dead friend's name Smith had not written on any of the paper slips, and had not uttered it to any one present. How Foster, who now spelled the full name, could have gained the information, is perhaps beyond human reason to know. Smith said the letters looked like his friend's

HANDWRITING,

and as such he would have recognized them anywhere. After asking questions and receiving satisfactory answers, this spirit departed and the spirit of the first-mentioned friend returned, its presence agitating Mr. Foster, whose sensations we learned were somewhat like those from a galvanic shock. He forthwith wrote the mode and place of his death. Mr. Foster now gave

A PERSONAL DESCRIPTION

of the dead friend, who had light hair, blue eyes, presenting a pale and care-worn appearance. Upon inquiry as to how he so perfectly, and yet minutely described dead persons, he informed us that

THE SPIRIT STOOD BEFORE HIM.

He could see its person, every feature and lineament, as well as he could those of the living. While we wondered how all this mystic power was his, we also were forced to acknowledge his descriptions were most wonderfully true, and must be made with some perception of the person so described. And now "Who is that? Who is that? See there!" said Mr. Foster, pointing his finger to the corner of the room. We looked and saw not

A DIM SHADE IN THE ROOM,

nor perceived the tracings of a spiritual agency on the wall. Mr. Foster stated he could see a person plainly, and said:

"A WOMAN COMETH, HOLDING A WREATH,

and 'mid its floral beauty circle I see inscribed, in glittering letters, the name 'Maggie.'" And sure enough, one of the party stated that it was a beautiful little girl who had long been slumbering 'mid the dead, and in recalling those who were in the grave, he had thought of little Maggie. Mr. Foster gave a true description of her appearance; and the circumstances of her death, with various instances of her life, were detailed with an exactness scarcely less astonishing than true. Again the spirits came, their presence being unseen and unheard. This time Mr. Foster did not know what spirits came; the form he himself saw not, but the voice he heard. Placing our hands on

THE TABLE,

which was an ordinary one, some spirit directed Foster to tell one of us—by name Jones—that

it wanted to converse. Not believing it was the spirit of the friend whose name Foster pronounced, Jones asked him to detail his death, attended as it was by peculiar circumstances. This Foster did, and also told the locality. It seems that such could not have been known by any one not present

AT THE DEATH-BED

and there learned what was told. During this *dénouement*, for it was wonderful, Mr. Foster looked natural, and seemed to be under galvanic twitchings, the rappings being distinctly heard in his muscles. We then asked concerning a young man dead, whether he were in the elysian realms or dwelt

AMONG THE DEMONS

where no ice is ever seen. Mr. Foster stated there was no general hell or heaven to the spirits, whose happiness or misery was in themselves. This statement was concurred in by another medium present, with sincere honesty. Mr. Foster suggested that we would be more delicate in our phraseology; so we merely asked this time if our friend needed a fur-lined overcoat. The answer was,

"I AM IN SPIRIT-LAND."

From other answers given us, we inferred he was in comfortable quarters, being more fortunate than a living friend, who, residing in New York, had an overcoat in summer and a linen duster in winter. He had no wish to be fashionable, and hence his inappropriate clothing.

THE TESTS

made were very strong and satisfactory.

A young gentleman, formerly a student of Washington Lee University, wrote on paper the following

"NICK-NAMES"

of certain class-mates: "Cophagus," "Taurus," "Tom," "Bob," "Berk," "Doctor," "Pig," "Brother Bucker," and "Ike." One of the number bearing one of these nick-names was dead, and Mr. Foster was asked to tell the real name of that deceased one. This he did, and also stated which of the nick-names he bore. However much surprised the young man was, he was amazed when Mr. Foster told him that his nick-name was

"PIG."

This was quite laughable to us, and yet it was quite satisfactory to all. We shall give our readers interesting, and we trust truthful accounts, of Mr. Foster's manifestations during his visit here. Whatever the incredulous say, we are inclined to believe him an extraordinary man. Irrespective of any spiritual causality, the method he illustrates so well, of ascertaining events and knowing circumstances beyond the grasp of reason itself, is worth much, and may be productive of much that is useful in the pursuits of life, and the inductive researches of science. If true, it deserves investigation, and is susceptible of thorough development. If false, it demands attention, and must be comprehended in order to be successfully combated. Such could be said of all transcendentalism as well as of the humblest truth, however startling the mystic character of the one and obscure the other. Regarding scientific follies, Fontelle says, "it is proper, however, to apply one's self to these inquiries, because we find as we proceed many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant." This remark is aptly illustrated in many instances by the researches of scientific men; among them, Glauber, who, after a vainly long search for the "philosopher's stone," discovered a valuable purging salt which bears his name. So, it is well to give such subjects a serious consideration. Truth is never defiled by, and its purity is not marred by sincere investigation. Mr. Foster informs us he is able to commune with the dead of antiquity, and this is a test many have believed no medium could stand. At any rate, Mr. Foster will give satisfactory evidence of his power in this respect. He professes merely to act as an agency for communicating with the dead, and he has been a subject of much scientific study.

[New Orleans Republican, Jan. 13, 1873.]

CHARLES H. FOSTER, THE TEST-MEDIUM.

Our reporter called at Room No. 83, St. Charles Hotel, yesterday, to have a sitting with Mr. Charles H. Foster, the spiritual test-medium, and was received in a room without any outward signs of its being the habitual abode of spirits.

A sofa, a good fire, cigars, and a pleasant gentleman to converse with, were all inducements to believe that nothing supernatural would make its appearance. Nothing did to the eye, but some strange things were done through the agency of Mr. Foster while under the influence of spirits called by our reporter. If Glendower had done one-half what was done for our reporter's benefit, Hotspur would never have "crossed my uncle so."

At Mr. Foster's request, our reporter wrote three names of departed friends. The paper was folded several times without his seeing what was written, and the spirits came. They told their names, their connection, where and how they died; of their friends in distant States, of news the reporter had that day received from them, of thoughts and deeds he thought were secret to all but himself, and which the medium could have never known; they answered questions and suggested others, while the reporter wondered how this handsome gentleman, who so quietly astonished him, could do all this in so mysterious a manner. He caused initials to appear on the back of his hand; he selected from crumpled pieces of paper one having the correct name upon it, and he did many more wonderful things, or through him the spirits told the reporter what only he or they could know.

While with him a gentleman came in and announced the death of a friend, without giving the name. He wrote a question, addressed to the spirit, and Mr. Foster told the name. From our acquaintance with all parties, we know there was no possibility of collusion.

After a most interesting interview, the reporter bade good day to Mr. Foster, and found that an hour and a half had slipped away unheeded.

[New Orleans Picayune, about Jan. 15, 1873.]

FOSTER THE SPIRITUALIST.

During the past six weeks the leading journals of the Southwest have teemed with elaborate reports, touching the wonderful revelations, in what is called the world of spiritualism, made through the medium of Mr. Charles Foster, whose "manifestations" have provoked not only column after column of newspaper comment, but have always elicited learned and lengthy dissertations from scientists, whose efforts to penetrate the confessed mystery which surrounds this wonderful man have apparently resulted in leaving the learned gentlemen as much in the dark as ever.

From Memphis, where he set the town all agog, so to speak, Mr. Foster came, early this week, to New Orleans; and, although his coming and his subsequent residence here have been attended by no public announcement, he has already been lifted into a

WIDESPREAD NOTORIETY

through the eager, personal communications of the very few who have been permitted the rare privilege of an interview.

Pursuant to an invitation, the writer, accompanied by three friends, called on Mr. Foster last evening, at his rooms in the St. Charles Hotel, the object of the visit being, of course, to witness the marvelous manifestations of which so much had been heard.

It may be remarked, that Mr. Foster is what may well be called

A HEALTHY-LOOKING MAN,

large of stature, quite fleshy, and weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds. In age he is, say thirty-seven, of a pleasing cast of countenance, and very agreeable address; but what will engage the instant attention of a beholder, presenting a peculiar expression of the eyes, the appearance of those orbs being, perhaps, best described by the word "dreamy." They make him look as if he were very weary, or had overworked them into a state of almost inaction.

THE SEANCE.

Mr. Foster welcomed his visitors into a small parlor, containing nothing in the way of furniture but a sofa, half a dozen chairs, and a small centre-table, covered with a green cloth. Without delay, the party, including Mr. Foster, took seats at the table. With a short prelude, explaining the nature of the proposed manipulations, Mr. Foster requested of each person to write

ON SLIPS OF PAPER

the names of any dead persons whom they once knew—one name to be written on each slip; but each person was permitted to write as many names as desired.

It may be premised that the writing was done out of the sight of Mr. Foster, and, after writing, each writer folded up his paper into the smallest possible space, thereafter placing it on the centre of the table, where, after all the slips had been placed, they were thoroughly mixed together.

AFTER GAZING INTENTLY

for perhaps a minute at the heap of papers before him, the medium suddenly said: "The communications will be opened by Annie — (giving the name), and there she stands behind you, Mr. B——."

Mr. B—— confessed that the name mentioned had been written by him.

Continuing, the medium described the person, giving her personal characteristics, all of

which proved to be minutely correct. Then selecting three slips of paper from the heap, he placed them successively (still rolled up) to his forehead, meanwhile calling out to the spirit to know—"Is this it?"—and coming to the third one, three faint raps were heard under the table, when Mr. Foster, tossing the paper to Mr. B—, said, "That's it;" when, sure enough, on opening it proved to be so.

Following up the communications very rapidly, Mr. Foster continued in the same manner to call the names and give personal descriptions of all whose names had been written, and in no one instance did he fail to answer correctly.

To those present it seemed beyond a shadow of a doubt that he must necessarily have been heretofore

THOROUGHLY UNCONSCIOUS

of the existence of the persons whose names he called.

During the seance, he requested of each visitor to put in writing any question whatsoever, and, the papers being folded as were the others, answers were in each instance promptly and correctly returned—at times orally through the medium, and at others in writing, the medium guiding the pencil.

In three instances Mr. Foster stated that the spirit desired to write the answers, and he then, placing under the table his right hand, holding a pencil and piece of blank paper, almost instantly reproduced it with a written answer, not very plainly written, it is true, but, nevertheless, so legible that none found much difficulty in reading them. The writing in these cases was always with the words running towards the left, and not as one usually writes. At one time, instead of gaining the name written on paper in the usual manner, Mr. Foster said: "I will now produce on my hand,

IN LETTERS OF BLOOD,

the initials of some name written," and directly sharply rubbing the back of his hand half a dozen times, he held it up to the light, and there, sure enough, clearly defined, stood the two red letters, an inch in height, of J. T., the initials of a name written by one of the company.

It has been sought to here convey some conception of the remarkable manifestations shown by Mr. Foster, for that they are wonderful, none can witness them and deny; but language necessarily fails in one's attempts to present the subject in anything but a vague form—it is only personal knowledge which can tell the story.

Suffice it to say, that there has not yet been seen here anything that has afforded so wide a field for speculation, touching the mysteries of what is known as spiritualism.

Whether it be spiritualism, or aught else, it is a mystery that challenges the faith of all.

[New Orleans Times, Jan. 16, 1873.]

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Foster at the St. Charles.

One of us called at the St. Charles last evening, in company with a friend, to interview the celebrated test-medium, Mr. Charles Foster, and those unseen visitors by whom he is surrounded. We found him a hale, quiet gentleman, about thirty-eight or forty years of age, with a good deal more of the real than the ideal in the physical realities of his presence. There was no machinery observable in the room, no clap-trap, no turning down of lights, but everything was conducted in a plain, matter-of-fact fashion, on a plain table, with two gas-lights burning at their ordinary height.

To say that Mr. F.'s revelations were astonishing, would but poorly convey the entire truth; they were, so far as the known laws of physical and vital forces are concerned, absolutely miraculous. The initials of what purported to be a spirit-friend, not yet announced, appeared in plain red characters on the back of Mr. Foster's hand when the hand was held in open view, and the full name was written in pencil on a piece of paper held underneath the table.

Without going into personal and particular details, we could not convey, even in a remote degree, the convincing assurances which came directly home to the inner sense and moral consciousness of the writer and his friend. Such things must be seen and felt to be appreciated and understood.

Mr. Foster came hither from Memphis, where he attracted great attention. The *Appeal* says that "he hardly ever fails to create astonishment in the most cultured minds; he hardly ever fails to set the busy mind speculating on religion and science. He sends the wondering faculties of the soul off on long exploring expeditions, in which they become wearied and dissatisfied; and he does all this, though he never imparts any information not known before. Curiosity arises from the fact that he can tell what one thinks is hidden from all the world for twenty or thirty years past. We have yet to learn that Foster has attempted to tell anything not known to his subjects, or to prognosticate future events." We know that during his mediumship last evening facts were related and information imparted not known to any person present.

(Cincinnati Enquirer, November, about 18th.)

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Another Man Captured by a Spiritual "Mejum."

To the Editor of the Enquirer :

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." must premise I have ever been skeptical respecting the spiritual philosophy, deeming it an absurdity that the spirit or soul of man, which animates his body during mortal life and departs at death, can be recalled to earth by the magnetic influences of certain media; and thus producing what they claim to be the phenomena of writing, seeing, and speaking media, denominated seers, spirit-mediums and clairvoyants. Upon yesterday, however, certain facts came under my observation so convincing of the truth of these phenomenal manifestations connected with so perfect an intelligence that I believe it to be my duty to make known what I witnessed.

I was present at a social gathering of four persons, myself included, where Charles H. Foster, the test-medium from New York, was present. After we had dined, the conversation turned upon spiritualism; I expressed my desire to investigate, as I had no doubt of being able to detect if there were any trickery. Mr. Foster expressed his willingness to give then and there a sitting. We placed ourselves around a table, and as soon as we got quiet I heard slight, but distinct rappings upon the chair, the floor, and the table, which soon increased in sound. Mr. Foster then desired a gentleman present and myself to write a number of names upon a slip of paper—among those names to write the full name of any one dead from whom we desire to hear. This requisition being complied with by us both, Mr. Foster tore them (the papers) apart, and folding, placed them in a pile upon the table; he then took up one after the other of the papers, asking the spirit present if that was his or her name. To each of these questions came reply in a distinct succession of raps or knocks, one signifying negative; two indefinite, and three affirmative. At length one replied, "Yes." "Who are you—an uncle?" "Yes." "Is this really your name?" "Yes." "Will you impress me with it?" Again the answer was "Yes," and without a moment's hesitation Mr. Foster repeated the name of a dear relative of mine, and gave me from him a communication referring to his condition and intention to help me. *All this while the paper had remained unfolded*; but he then opened it, and lo! it was the same identical name he had just spoken. In this instance, fraud or trickery of any sort was impossible. I was an utter stranger to him; my dead relative had never left Europe. Mr. Foster announced to me the presence of numerous other relatives, among them a young sister, many years deceased. His tests to the friend present were even more startling. After going through the same formula, as I had of folding up papers upon which he had written names, and *always invariably giving correct answers*, he placed a paper and pencil beneath the table—one instant only—and then brought it forth, with the name of his father written thereon, *in his own handwriting*; he also placed a number of slips of paper, wrapped into balls—upon which were written miscellaneous names—one of these of a deceased relative—in his hand beneath the table, requesting the gentleman to hold his hat (he sat some distance from him), and also desiring all to look, as he wished to prove there was no deception, and the name was to be placed in the hat. All looked eagerly, but saw nothing. The hat was looked into, and there was the bit of crumpled, twisted paper, which, being opened, contained the same name as Mr. Foster had just uttered by impression. Further, a grandfather of this gentleman, coming with considerable power, we were told he would raise his name in blood upon the medium's hand; scarcely an instant intervened, we all looking intently, watching every movement; broad daylight within the room, and each one saw, faintly at first, the large capital letters E. W. raised upon the back of the medium's hand, which then came out clearly in blood-red characters; this also in the handwriting of the person deceased. Now, can any one give me the explanation of this? I think if they can they are bound in candor to do so. It will not satisfy me to say the medium had his hand chemically prepared, and at the fitting moment the letters showed forth; for were this so, all the same it would remain inexplicable *how* he could, by any species of divination, excepting what he claims it to be (a manifestation from the spirit-world), know the very letters required, when he had never seen nor heard of the gentleman to whom he gave the test; *how then* could he come prepared with the irregularly written autograph upon his hand of that person's grandfather? A number of other tests, and names of friends long deceased, were given to us. One, a lady, received a beautiful communication from her mother, giving her consolation under trial, and information respecting family affairs. Another friend of mine, known and loved by me in childhood, residing in Germany—where she died—announced her presence by name and a charming stanza of poetry. This was exactly as I knew her—a sensitive, poetical temperament. Now, am I, in face of all this evidence (which can be well attested by those present, all persons of intelligence and culture) am I to doubt the witness of my senses? Believe all these marvels to be sheer fabrications, gotten up to impose? But, how then, can we ever rely upon our senses, if at noonday they thus play us false? I love the truth for the truth's sake, and feel certain that yesterday I was not imposed upon. There are many persons who believe or disbelieve, just as the thing strikes their feelings or fancies. I am not one of those. I have ever been unwilling to believe in the possibility of spirits who have passed from

this world communicating with friends here; but, once convinced, I will not be false to those convictions, unless some one is wise enough to logically and rationally account for these phenomena. I feel obliged in honor to accept them for what they are purported to be—true, undeniable manifestations from departed spirits.

L. S. H.

[Northern Border, Bangor, Maine, September 13, 1873.]

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

We now sit down, after having given a sketch of the origin and histories of the two spiritualisms, as presented in our last issue, to relate what experience we had with the great spiritual medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster; and this service we propose to do, whatever may have been or may now be our personal opinions, with judicial fairness.

On going with a friend to the place of meeting, we found that Mr. Foster was not at home. We waited till his return, and when he arrived we were not introduced, though a lady present addressed the writer by his ordinary title. This, we have every reason to believe, was all he knew of either one of us.

Mr. Foster invited us into the back portion of a large drawing-room, and closed the folding doors between the front and rear parts, and, taking a seat near a marble-top centre-table, he requested us to take seats near it also. We at once began to hear audible raps all about us—on the floor—and by request of Mr. Foster, on the table. He said that it was seldom that good and distinct percussions could be had on marble, but that he would do his best; and we report that the raps were not loud, being in general but barely audible. We could feel them, however, by laying our naked hands upon the table.

These raps could not have been made by Mr. Foster without a greater miracle than he professed to show us; for some of them were quite distant from him; they were on both sides of him, and all around us, as if many agencies were at work at the same moment; and at the same time the table was alive with them, even when he was not touching it. We do not believe there was any fraud or collusion in the matter.

Our friend first received the attention of the medium. He received many wonderful statements; but we shall not relate them; for, as testimony through us, they would be second-hand; and we shall confine our report to those things that concern ourself.

When our turn came, the medium remarked that he was getting a wonderful manifestation—the initials of a spirit present stamped in characters of blood upon the posterior surface of his left hand; and when he held the hand up where we could see it—it was before upon his lap—we could see certain lines running *transversely* to the direction of the veins, of a deep purple color, which the medium could not quite read. The letters were evidently three in number; they were about four inches in length; and Mr. Foster thought them to be G. F. T. "Perhaps," said we, "they are meant for G. V. T." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Foster, "they are the initials of your own dear GEORGE!"

Mr. Foster then said that George was present; that another person was standing near us, professing to be our mother; that still another, standing on the other side of us, was our father; and that they were all glad of this opportunity of holding intercourse with us, and ready to answer any questions.

We asked: "Can you see them?"

"Oh, yes," replied the medium, "very plainly."

"If you can see them," we resumed, "you will be so good as to describe our father."

"Certainly," said Mr. Foster. "He is a tall man—a little round-shouldered, as if he had been a student, but not at all disfigured; has a very large head, with a high, broad, massive forehead; has a full, prominent, blue-gray eye—looks stern, even severe, and has a heavy, prominent nose; he is not severe, but only looks so—naturally given to mirth, when not seriously engaged; is very approachable if you have any business with him; stands holding out before him a very large book, like the Bible, or a law-book; he must have been a minister, or a judge."

We then asked him if he could decide upon what his business was in life. "Oh, yes," said the medium. "He says if you will write down the name of a dozen occupations, he will point out his own."

We complied with this request. We wrote them with a pencil on a slip of paper. The medium seized the pencil as we dropped it—began to trace lines in a trembling rotary motion all about the paper—crossed off name after name as the pencil quivered along its tortuous and irregular course, till two names were left.

We said, as he dropped the pencil, "there are two names."

"Yes," said the medium, "and he had two occupations."

The words left upon the paper were *Lawyer* and *Justice*.

"How long," we asked, "was he a Justice?"

Almost as soon as we could speak the words, the answer came from Mr. Foster's pencil—30 years.

"What was our father's name?" we then inquired.

"He says I shall write it for him," replied Mr. Foster. Upon this he seized the pencil and wrote a name, which might have been deciphered Amor, or Amos, or Amon Teft.

"It cannot be our father," said we: "for he knew exactly what his name was; and he also knew how to spell it."

"Will our friend write his name more plainly and spell it right?" asked Foster.

Seizing again the pencil, he wrote very plainly, and this time resembling our father's real hand—AMON TEFTE—the only man of his name, we believe, since the world began; and no person in Maine, or in New England, besides ourself, could have so readily stated it.

"But you say our mother is here also. Can you give us her maiden name in full?" we asked.

"She says she will write it," was the immediate answer of Mr. Foster.

Taking a slip of paper, about four inches square, and holding it under the table about ten seconds, he brought it up again, when we saw written on it what might have been read Hott, or Hatt, or Hett, so badly were the letters formed. We pointed out this ambiguity to Mr. Foster; and he at once said: "Will mother write her name so plainly that we can read it?" He then held another similar slip beneath the table, between ourselves and him, and in less time than before brought it up with the name written in a round, full, legible hand—HOLT.

"The moment the latter name was produced, Mr. Foster broke forth in a personal address to us, as if from our mother, full of kindness and affection, and promising us with constant love and guidance, which closed up with the words, *"From your own dear mother, REBKCCA HOLT."*

Only one person in New England, besides ourself, knew that name!

Mr. Foster then said that "George" wished us to write down such questions as we would have answered. We hesitated an instant. "He says he will answer the questions you have in your pocket," interposed the medium. We had forgotten that we had brought any written questions. We felt in several pockets and could find none. We remembered writing some, but thought we must have left or lost them. We so stated. Mr. Foster insisted that we had some with us. We made a more thorough search and found them jammed down by a mass of letters into the bottom of our coat-pocket. Taking them out, and folding out the crumpled mass—the paper was soft printing-paper—we tore off half a dozen questions, in separate pieces, folded each one up several times over and over, then laid them down upon the table.

One was, "Is there any resurrection of the material body?"

Mr. Foster picked it up, and at the same instant answered: "I do not know, father; but I think not. Why should there be, for I have now as good a body as I could wish?"

Another question was: "Is there any intermediate state of the dead?"

The medium began making this answer the moment his fingers touched the paper: "No, father; when we leave the world, we go straight to heaven!"

A third question was: "Have you seen in your present state any of your relations?"

The reply came as promptly as before: "Yes, father, I am with them very often."

We then asked the medium if the one he called "George" would answer a test-question. He answered, "Yes, he says he will." We then asked in an audible voice: "Will you state how many of your father's family are in this life, and how many there are in the spirit-land?"

"He wishes to know," said Mr. Foster, "whether he is to include himself."

We answered "Yes;" and then the medium said, "He will point out the numbers on the card."

We then picked up a card that had been lying on the table, which contained the alphabet and the numerals up to nine and the cypher. We touched the figures all around at random, for quite a while, keeping clear of the true numbers. We at last touched the figure four; and we heard the three raps, indicating, as they say, that that was right. We then repeated the process, and when we again touched figure four, the same raps occurred. "How is that?" inquired the medium. "Oh, I see," he said immediately, "he says there are four with you and four with him, himself included," which was the fact.

We then asked if he would answer another test-question. "Certainly," said Mr. Foster.

Speaking to the medium, we said: "Will you state our exact age?"

Mr. Foster's reply was: "He will point it out on the card."

We then, as before, carelessly struck the figures on the card, for some time keeping clear of the right ones. At last we touched figure six, when the three raps followed. We passed on, however, as if we did not hear them. Again after a little skirmishing, we hit six again: the three raps were repeated. We then ran all along the line of figures, touching every one of them, but not in serial order. We obtained no response, till we reached the cypher; and then came, not three raps, but a sort of confused knocking. The medium seemed puzzled for a moment. Soon, however, his face cleared up, and he said: "George is puzzled how to answer by the card; for he says you will not be sixty years of age till the 20th of this month." It was then the 18th; and the age was thus given to a day.

We then received what purported to be a voluntary communication from George. It was professedly dictated to, and certainly written out by Mr. Foster. We have not the document

with us as we write. But we can give the substance of it very readily. It was about as follows:

"Dear Father—It is as great a satisfaction to me as it can be to you to have this meeting. Do not think of me as lying in the ground. All that was material has gone back to dust. But I am still living and very happy. I stand near you every day, and always will stand near you, to guard and guide you. We shall meet again, and finally make an unbroken family in Heaven."
 GEORGE."

This communication was apparently the closing act of the *seance*; for the medium rose and said that he could do no more. But it was not quite the closing act. "Oh," said Mr. Foster, as if a last word had been hastily added, "George says, 'Give my love to Frank!' Who is Frank?" said the medium. "Is there any one he used to call Frank?"

"Yes," replied we, "he has a living brother of that name, a dentist in this city."

Such, reader, as perfectly as we can recall it, and with the most absolute fairness, by the help of a memory that scarcely ever fails us, was our *seance*, or sitting, with the very celebrated medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster. Remember, however, it was our first *seance*. We went twice afterwards, each time with a friend, and a friend whose relatives were our relatives, whose loves are our loves, but in different degrees. All the names they wrote—all the persons they called for—were no more familiar to them than to us; and as some things happened to them quite additional to our experience, we propose to write out what we saw and heard on those occasions, to be published in our next number.

It is due to all concerned now to say—which we do frankly—that, as to mere facts, without implying at this time any opinion, Mr. Foster made not one mistake, so far as we were concerned, in this whole sitting. The raps were real raps, quite audible, though not loud, and sensible to the feeling, when the hands were laid upon the table.

Again, the impression of the three large letters, upon the back of the medium's hand, was a visible impression, and not the mere swelling of the veins; for the veins all run the other way; and more than that, the letters faded away and vanished as we were looking at them.

Again, the description given of the writer's father was about as accurate as any one would conceive of him, had he been familiar with his appearance, as we were forty years ago; his name was written correctly, very much as he used to write it, though not exactly; his two occupations were stated rightly; for, though a lawyer by profession, he held that office known under the old New York constitution as County Justice, now called County Judge; and this position he held consecutively for *thirty years*, precisely as Mr. Foster stated; for we well remember hearing him say, upon his being re-elected the last time, that he should not accept the office, as a man who had held the same position for thirty years had held it long enough. He therefore declined the honor, and never took it afterwards; and no person living but ourself could have recalled this fact.

Again, our mother's maiden name was given correctly; and yet we had not written her name, or our father's, for months and years. Nor was either name on any of the slips of paper that we had handed in. Our mother's name was really written under the table—in about ten seconds—and not, as we believe, by Mr. Foster. He could not have done so without our seeing the operation; for the paper and his hand were within a few inches of us. Then, who knew that her name was Rebecca but ourself?

Again, it was a fact we had written out a series of questions before going to see Mr. Foster, but had forgotten all about them, till reminded of the fact by his saying that we had such questions in our pocket.

Again, when Mr. Foster picked up the papers containing our queries, they were folded several times, close and tight. Nor did he look at them with his eyes. He began to make his answers the moment his hand touched the papers; and he was generally looking somewhere else.

Again, it was and is a fact—a fact that could not have been known to Mr. Foster—that the writer's family of children are equally divided between the living and the departed, exactly as he stated.

Again, the written communication was somewhat after the manner of our son—so were all his answers—but we make no great account of this circumstance; for any person might have composed the letter; and the similarities of style may be imaginary, or accidental. The last word, however—the message sent to our living son—was a very different thing. Frank was George's idol when they were both alive. They were nearly of an age. They were brought up together; and there were circumstances in their joint history, not necessary to be mentioned, which made the younger regard with marked tenderness his elder brother. It was strikingly natural—if he had time to send but a single message to the family—that he should in his hurry, or rather the medium's hurry, send it to his brother Frank. When, during the war, he was away in Europe, he always said, that if his brother should be drafted, he would resign his office, go home and take his place. There was great devotion on his part through life. This short message—"Give my love to Frank"—had therefore, a meaning in it, which no one can feel as he does who here puts it to paper and to print.

We have felt very reluctant to give an exact report of this *seance*, as it enters so far into the domain of our personal and family affairs. But such are the subjects in regard to which

we could most accurately test this matter. We had also promised several of our friends, and the public, that we would publish, without fear or favor, exactly what we should see and hear. We have now redeemed our pledge, and we have at present nothing further to say upon the subject.

[Northern Border, Bangor, Maine, Sept. 20, 1873.]

MORE SITTINGS WITH MR. FOSTER.

In our last article we gave an exact account of our first *seance* with the noted medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster, and in the course of it stated that we had subsequently been a spectator of two other sittings with the same gentleman, both times in company with persons more or less intimately connected with us, whose departed friends were in general about as familiar to us, while they were living, as they were to our friends who had the *seances*. We promised to report what we then and there saw and heard. We now fulfill that promise.

1. The first of the two late sittings here referred to was that of a nephew of ours, a gentleman of high culture and profound science, a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a professor in a New York University, who happened to be on a visit at our house. We found Mr. Foster in readiness for our visit and entirely alone. We took seats together at the marble-top table before mentioned, the medium saying he would rather have two of us sit together than one alone; and we had no sooner taken our positions than the raps began all around us, on the floor and on the table, as at our former visit.

Our nephew—whom we will call simply Professor—had written the names of several of his departed friends on slips of paper. These, folded over and over, were laid upon the table. Mr. Foster picked one of them up and applied it to his forehead, saying: "The one you call for in this paper is here and calls you Sam. He says, 'How are you, Sam?' that you may know who it is that speaks to you."

"But?" replied the Professor, "I was never called Sam by anybody."

"Indeed," said the medium, "but this one calls you Sam, and says that he is your father."

The paper was then handed to us to examine; and, on unfolding it, we found written there the name of the Professor's father; and Mr. Foster then proceeded to address a short speech to the Professor, as coming from the departed, which we need not relate, as it would add nothing to former testimony.

Another paper was then picked up by the medium, who, laying it on his forehead, as before, said: "This person comes with great strength and clearness. He is a highly educated man. He is very happy now, but in the first life was unhappy. Wants to let you know that he frequently sees Harriet. Who is Harriet?" asked the medium.

The Professor made no answer.

"And Harriet is here too," continued Mr. Foster. And he proceeded to address a communication to the Professor, as from Harriet, which closed up by informing him that "she had seen dear Charley."

Two slips were then handed to us to open; we found on them the names of the Professor's father-in-law; and it is simple justice to say that the father-in-law was, in this world, a highly educated man, a popular writer and author, and a college professor of great attainments; that his wife's real name was Harriet; that ill-health and other circumstances had made their life here not a very happy, though a highly useful one, and that "dear Charley" was their grand-child, the Professor's son, who died in childhood, and whose name *had not been written on any of the slips of paper!*

Another slip was then taken up and laid upon the forehead, whereupon Mr. Foster said: "This is a living person. I am carried far away from here. I am taken to your home. It is your wife. She is in better health and sends her affectionate regards to you. From your own dear Ellen."

On receiving the slip from Mr. Foster, we opened it and found the full name of the Professor's wife, the first part of which is really Ellen, as given by the medium; but whether she was at home or on a visit to a watering-place in its neighborhood, we have not yet learned. The Professor thought she was at the watering-place on that day, but was not sure.

On one of the slips not yet taken up, the Professor had written the name and title, "Dr. Dolley." When the medium picked this paper up, he said: "The person you call for in this is here. You can ask any questions."

Thereupon the Professor said, by way of testing the medium: "Has Dr. Dolley any message to send by me to Dr. Dolley?"

The medium seemed puzzled for an instant, then said: "Oh, I see; this is a case between two persons, one of whom is living, the other dead;" and such was the fact. Dr. Dolley deceased was husband to the Dr. Dolley living; and the medium discovered the fact of this relationship, besides the fact that the one was living and the other dead, and brought a communication from Dr. Dolley departed to the surviving wife, who is a practicing physician in New York. We do not quote the communication. It is of no account as testimony. It is enough that the medium could discover and report these interesting facts.

Mr. Foster here said that the Professor's father-in-law would now make a communication to us; and the medium took up a pencil in great haste and wrote thus:

"Dear Friend: Waver no longer—doubt no more—for this is a blessed reality, and vouchsafed by God to free man from all slavery and fetters, that he may give the absolute truth and knowledge of the world beyond. You will be blessed by the truth.

W. C. L."

This sitting continued for about one hour and a half; and Mr. Foster stated that it was as good a one as he had ever had. "You have," said he, "the best that I can do. The impressions have been very strong and clear." We need not go into further details, however, as all the remaining manifestations, though remarkably striking, were only of the same kind as we have given before. One thing only, out of this sitting, will we select to add. The reader will remember that the Professor was never called Sam; he was inclined, therefore, to mark this as a single failure on the medium's part, and he asked Mr. Foster, after that gentleman had left his seat at the table and gone to the window, if there was not something to be corrected or confessed in this particular.

"Will you tell me," said the Professor, "what I was always called at home?"

At this, the medium demanded, in a strong and peremptory tone, that the father of the Professor would tell him, Mr. Foster, by what name the Professor was familiarly known at home. "Oh," said Mr. Foster, "he says you were called Allen in the family, but that your first name in full is Samuel Allen;" and this, though known to no other person in New England than the Professor and ourself, was the simple fact.

2. The next and last time we went to see Mr. Foster, we were accompanied by a lady, whose family we have known since we were eighteen years of age; and we were consequently about as well prepared to appreciate the answers to her questions as she was herself.

In this case the double drawing-room was not divided by the closing of the folding-doors. The doors were left wide open, and members of the resident family were in and out several times during the *seance*.

The visiting lady, on sitting down, was requested to write off the names of those from whom she wished communications. She at once left her seat—stood leaning on the piano in the front half of the drawing-room—wrote out two sets of slips—one set containing names, generally Christian names, the other designating friends by their family titles, such as father, mother, brother, sister, son. Some questions also were written down, but the address was not written with them. The address was intended to be mental; and the medium was left to connect what was written with what was retained *in mente*.

The slips of paper, as always before, were laid upon the table, and mixed together by stirring with the hand, as usual, so that the lady herself could not have distinguished one of them from another. Mr. Foster then picked up one of them at random; and he began at the same instant to say that this related to her son, who was present, and who wished to communicate with his mother. "He says," said Mr. Foster, "that he is very near you all; that he is very happy in his present state; that he watches over you and always shall so watch; that he is much nearer to you than you imagine; that he is often with his brothers and sister in the spirit-land."

The slip was then handed to us to open. We opened it and found written thereon: "My son."

The medium then took another slip, and at once seized the hand of the lady sitter and our hand, saying to us both, and that with great earnestness and apparent joy: "How glad I am to see you! How I have always loved you both! And I am very happy where I am. I shall always stand near you and watch over you while you remain in the world. But we shall meet in another and better place, where we shall make an unbroken family."

"This," said Mr. Foster, "is a beautiful spirit—a most lovely character—charming to me to hold communion with; and she tells me how much happier she now is than when on earth; and she wants you to know this is from your own sister Harriet, who died of consumption many years ago."

On taking the paper from Mr. Foster's hand, we unfolded it, and found written on it, "Sister Harriet."

Another slip was then taken up—and then another—while Mr. Foster went on to say: "We are glad to see you. We are far happier than we were on earth. We are always together."

We opened the two slips and found on one, "Father;" on the other, "Mother;" and this is all there was of that communication.

The next paper was taken up, doubled as all the rest, when Mr. Foster exclaimed: "This is also a most charming spirit. He is named after a great and good man—John Wesley. I am having a most beautiful experience with him. He says he is very happy." We opened the paper and found on it "John Wesley, my brother."

Another slip was taken. Mr. Foster said: "Here is another beautiful spirit. He died suddenly. It is your brother Gilbert." We opened the slip and read: "Gilbert, my brother;" and it is fair to say that this brother, who was principal of a seminary in a Western State, died of hemorrhage of the lungs, and that almost instantly.

The medium then took up another paper and said: "You have only given my name in part.

I am your brother in Christ. Do you know what that means?" We then opened the slip and found: "Brother Larrabee;" but Mr. Foster at once added, "his full name is W. C. Larrabee, and he says that he was also your brother-in-law;" and this was the fact in the case.

Three written questions were then answered. They were all addressed to the lady's son, though no address was written.

1. "Are you ever with the dear brothers and sister Fanny?"

"Yes, I am often with them."

2. "And is your home as happy as you expected?"

The answer was: "Far happier."

3. "Do you know how we are here?"

Mr. Foster said: "He will answer this by giving you a communication." Seizing a pencil and a large slip of printer's paper, he wrote as follows:

"Dear Mother: We all desire that you should know that we all come to you. We will be very glad to have you sit at home; and we will try to come to you and make you very happy. We will guide and bless you always; and you shall know how near we can come to you. Fannie is with me much of the time." Signed by the son's full name; and it is a fact that all these questions had been addressed *mentally*, but in no case *openly*, that is, *in writing*, to the lady's son.

Such is the substance of this lady's *seance* with the remarkable medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster. As on the two former occasions, when we were present, there was no concealment, no jugglery, no fraud of any kind whatever practiced. All was fair and open. Sometimes the papers were laid on the medium's forehead as he gave the answer. At other times, and generally, the answer began to come the moment his hand touched the paper. Once Mr. Foster commenced to reply to a written question—the one marked one in the foregoing paragraph—while his hand was going out toward the paper.

In every case, too, where the answer implied a known fact, it was in perfect accordance with the fact known. There was not one mistake. Both sittings were perfect in this respect. We think it due to truth to recall a few cases of some importance.

It will be remembered that the Professor repudiated the name Sam. But his name was Samuel; and his family name was at last correctly given, though it had not been written.

Next, the Professor's father-in-law was spoken of as a highly educated person; this was particularly true, as he was one of the best cultured men in America; and the character of his earth-life was correctly given. His organization was so fine and delicate that he could scarcely be happy among ordinary mortals. He was made for the society of beings as good as angels.

Again, Harriet says she had seen "dear Charley"—the Professor's infant son—but whose name had not been written.

In the sitting of the lady with Mr. Foster, there were some peculiar circumstances. It was very ingenious in her not to write out the names of those she wished to hear from; it was quite as much so not to address her written questions to any one in particular, excepting mentally, so as to see whether it was *clairvoyance* or *mind-reading* that constituted Mr. Foster's peculiar power. But we could discover no difference in the answers. He seemed to be equally at home in both kind of questions; and his replies were natural, characteristic, and correct in every case. But how did he know what the lady was *not* thinking of, that her brother Gilbert died *suddenly*? We call attention to this statement in particular.

Then, again, we note the case of Professor Larrabee, who was addressed on paper as "Brother Larrabee." Mark the answer. He told the lady that he was her "brother in Christ;" and then that he was her brother-in-law, both of which statements were correct.

We see nothing new in the answers to the three written questions; and we are confident that the style of the communication, made in reply to the third written question, was not as finished as the person supposed to be represented would have employed while living. He was very fastidious in his choice of language; and he would scarcely have used the word "come" three times, in the same way, in the course of one short paragraph. It is hardly possible that, admitting it to be a genuine communication, haste may account for this awkwardness of composition.

We will no longer detain the reader. We have used a good deal of condensation in this report. The substance of both sittings, however, has been fairly and fully given. No one can deny that the phenomena are remarkable, meriting study, and, if possible, a rational explanation. But we have more wonderful phenomena to report in our next number.