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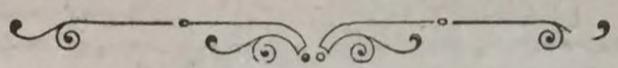


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Geo. C. Tuller, h.c.



Independent Slate-Writing.



Biography, Testimonials and Press Notices

—OF—

FRED EVANS,



The World Renowned Sensitive for

Psychography

—OR—

Independent Slate-Writing.

SAN FRANCISCO,
CAL., U. S. A.
1890.

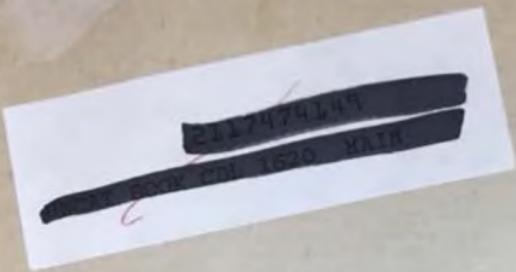


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Jones Fraternally
Fred Evans

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(*Medium and Daybreak*, London, England.)

The Direct Writing and Portrait Drawing Medium:

MR. FRED EVANS, SAN FRANCISCO.

We have taken a deep interest in Mr. FRED EVANS ever since his mediumship was first brought before our notice in the columns of the *Golden Gate*, of San Francisco. Many notices of his work has appeared in our columns during this year. It will be remembered that we engraved the slate written on in twelve languages by his spirit controls. Subsequently a discussion ensued on the merits of the various sentences written, out of which ordeal the manifestation passed with honor. A few months ago, Mr. Evans sent us a very kind letter, which it was our intention to print in the *Medium*, but it got lost amongst our other papers. No doubt it was seen that there was something more comprehensive in the future. On July 9th, an engraved portrait and sketch of Mr. Evans' life appeared in the *Golden Gate*. Agreeable to our request, a copy of a much better portrait has been forwarded to us, which we have great pleasure in placing before our readers, along with the article by the accomplished Editor of the *Golden Gate*.

Fred Evans was born in Liverpool, England, June 9, 1862. He is rather under medium stature, is youthful in appearance, with pleasant features, and of fine health and physique. He was subject in early life, to strange psychical experiences which indicated his mediumistic nature, but concerning which he then had no knowledge.

At the age of thirteen he entered upon a seafaring life. He was then a bright, active, muscular boy, quick to learn, and perfectly fearless of danger. He soon became thoroughly familiar with his duties. No old sea-dog could "shin up" a rope quite as rapidly as Fred, and none was more ready to respond to every call of duty.

This period of his life, from the age of thirteen to twenty-one, was one of unusual hardship and danger. His first venture was upon the barque "Lorraine," which was wrecked in the English Channel, and our sailor boy barely escaped with his life. His next venture was upon the steamship "Teutonia," which is unmarked by any important event. His second voyage, by the same steamer, was one of continued accident and danger. A fearful gale was encountered off the coast of Spain, the vessel lost her propeller, the sails were blown away, and for nine days the ship drifted at the mercy of the wind and waves. In endeavoring to land in small boats several of the crew lost their lives. A harbor was finally reached, repairs made, and the ship set sail for Havana. Before reaching its destination the propeller again dropped out, an accident which our young sailor foretold, and warned the captain to prepare for, but his warning was unheeded.

But without attempting to follow him in all his voyages, or note the many important incidents in his sea-faring career, we will touch only upon the more important points.

In the voyage on the barque "Cynosure" from London to Australia, the cook, who had been acting strangely for several days, after preparing

the evening meal ready for serving, jumped overboard and was lost. Lots were cast to supply his place, and Fred was elected. On entering the galley to serve up the food, the dishes began to clatter and skip about in an unaccountable manner, and he fled in dismay to the deck; but he soon overcame his fears and returned to his task, when he found everything quiet.

It was during this voyage, in a fearful storm, that a wave broke over the ship washing Fred overboard. A few moments afterwards, by the lurch of the vessel, or possibly by the aid of those powers which ever attend him, he found himself again on deck and uninjured. In fact, he seems in his perils by sea, to have borne a charmed life, as we doubt not he did. The storm raged with great fury for many days. During its progress, when the crew were all on deck working for dear life to save the ship, he was sent into the forecastle on an errand. The place was quite dark, but light enough for him to see a strange man standing there, who showed him a knife wound in his breast from which the blood was flowing. Fred noted his dress and appearance, but did not stop long to make his acquaintance. He told his shipmates what he had seen, and on the following day he was sent for by the captain and requested to recount his experience. He was informed that his description tallied exactly with that of a Spaniard who was stabbed and killed in a personal affray during a former voyage, and concerning which young Evans knew nothing.

This voyage lasted eighteen months, and was a series of accidents from first to last. He was warned by the invisibles not to ship in the vessel again, and although the captain, who had treated him very kindly, urged him to do so, he refused. In her next voyage the ship was wrecked off Cape Horn and all on board lost.

Our young sailor's next voyage was on the "Shatamuc" to New York. This vessel was water-logged, and for eleven days the crew were obliged to sleep in the rigging where they subsisted on a cracker a day to each man, and a little water which they had been able to secure.

Evans is an expert swimmer, strong of limb, and perfectly cool in time of danger, qualities which have enabled him to rescue several persons from drowning. In March, 1881, a laborer fell in the Bramley Moore Dock, Liverpool, and would have drowned but for the timely assistance of Evans, who sprang into the ice cold water and bore him to the shore. A few days later a man fell from the Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, whom he also saved from drowning in like manner. But the most noteworthy incident of this kind occurred in April of the same year. Mr. Evans was a passenger on a steamer on an excursion trip on the river Mersey. There was a crowd of young people on board, who, on the return trip, and when nearing the wharf, became quite boisterous. One of the gangway fenders became displaced in their roystering, and a young lady was crowded overboard. Mr. Evans, who was standing in another part of the boat, on hearing the cry, "A man overboard!" was suddenly impelled by a mighty impulse to leap to her rescue. He did so, notwithstanding he was encumbered with heavy clothing. Seeing a white object floating near, he seized it. It was the form of the woman, who, fortunately for the brave swimmer, was insensible. It was 10 o'clock in the evening, and the night was very dark. All was confusion on board, the boat was stopped and an effort made for their rescue. But they were lost in the darkness, and it was supposed that both were drowned. Evans bore up the fainting woman and manfully struck out for the shore, which he reached in safety. For this act the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society voted him the thanks of the Society for his bravery, with a present of £2. The Society's certificate, which he has framed, is one of his most cherished treasures.

Mr. Evans' next venture was in an old barque in the cotton-carrying trade which was wrecked in the mouth of the Mississippi river. Next, in the position of Quartermaster, on board the steamship "Arabic," he made a voyage

from Liverpool, *via* the Suez Canal, to India, thence to China and Japan, and thence to San Francisco, where he was honorably discharged. He was afterwards engaged for two years as Quartermaster on various steamers in the coasting service, running to Victoria and other ports, and making two trips to Alaska. This ends his nautical career, which is quite enough for a young man then only twenty-two. He has some eight or ten honorable discharge papers, with several personal cards of merit, which he highly prizes.

In 1884 he commenced the investigation of Spiritualism, his first experience being at one of Mrs. Foye's public test seances given at Washington Hall, on Eddy Street, in this city. Venturing in there one evening, from curiosity, with a shipmate, his companion was dumfounded by hearing a name given, known to no one present but himself, with a description of the manner of his demise, when, where, etc. Evans became much interested. He visited several mediums, all of whom assured him that he would be a powerful medium himself, if he would only sit for development. He finally concluded to do so, and after sitting every evening for about three months, and when about to abandon the effort in disgust, he received the gift of independent slate-writing, together with that of clairvoyance, clair audience, and other phases.

In February, 1885, he gave his first professional seance, since which time he has been constantly employed. At that time his means were exhausted, and it became necessary that he should receive pay for the exercise of his gifts.

On the 21st of June, 1886, Mr. Evans went before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, where his guide, "John Gray," produced over thirty messages between a pair of sealed slates in the hands of a committee chosen by the audience.

In March last, the editor of this journal went with him before a large and intelligent audience in the city of San Jose, where under crucial test conditions he produced about eighty messages upon five slates—the slates being prepared and held by a sceptical committee. A few weeks later the writer accompanied him to San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, in each of which places, before critical audiences, and in like manner as at San Jose, he never failed to produce from four to six slatesful of messages, including several pictures of prominent deceased Spiritualists. [A full account of the public meetings held, appeared in these columns at the time; hence we will not repeat it here.]

We have held many experimental seances with this medium, and have obtained through his guides some of the most remarkable manifestations. We have received as many as nine slatesful of writing at a single seance, and on other occasions some excellent sketches and pictures, all of which have been produced independently, and under conditions to satisfy the most sceptical mind of their genuineness.

In these seances we have diligently sought to solve the mystery of the power that works through him, or in his presence. His psychographic control, "John Gray," has demonstrated himself to us as a living personality, distinct and separate from the medium. He gives us a history of his life, when and where he passed on to the other life, the nature of the work in which he is engaged, etc. He tells us that he has controlled various mediums, finding his present medium a better instrument than any he has heretofore used. "Stanley St. Clair," who first came at one of our private experimental seances, is also a living personality to us. He says he was an artist in earth life, and his work, independently, upon the slates, bears out his claim.

Mr. Evans' future work will no doubt bring him prominently before the public, in other parts of the world, as he is the only medium of which we have any knowledge who can perform such wonders in the presence of a promiscuous audience, and under like conditions.

(*The Mail*, Stockton, March 28, 1888.)

MEDIUM EVANS.

His Wonderful Feats in Independent Slate-Writing, And How He Disarmed a "Mail" Sceptic Who Had a Sitting With Him Yesterday.

The MAIL's anti-spiritualism reporter has seen a good many alleged manifestations by spirits; but they were all such transparent frauds that his unbelief was made stronger than ever—not quite all, either, for there was one medium who performed certain tricks which the reporter could not fathom; but he was caught up so many times in the seance, and fell into so many little traps laid for him, that the interviewer regarded his performance as all of a piece throughout. The readers of the MAIL have had reports by the anti-spiritism man from time to time, the articles on sittings, slate-writings, lectures and circles (except that published last Monday) having been written by him.

It was, therefore, with a foregone conclusion that he would discover another fraud that the reporter took a "detail" yesterday, and accompanied by a friend named Farnoll, rapped at the door of No. 81 in the Yo Semite house and called for Medium Fred Evans. A young man wearing a love of a smoking jacket responded. He had made an engagement for 4 o'clock he said, and as it lacked but a few minutes of that hour the visitors would have to wait awhile; if the party of the second part to the engagement did not show up, the interviewers would be accommodated with a sitting. During a fifteen minutes general chat which followed, the reporter studied Mr. Evans' face. The medium is apparently an Englishman, about twenty-five years old, rather dark complexioned and has a pleasing expression and a kind, frank manner. He is somewhat good-looking and has features indicative of a noble spirit—in other words, he looks like a newspaper reporter.

SEALED SLATES.

After it had become apparent that the former engagement was not to be kept, Mr. Evans invited the two visitors into his seance room. They took seats at one side of a writing desk, Mr. Farnoll occupying a chair near a corner of it, and the medium sat at the opposite side. The reporter produced two small slates which he had just bought, and, as he thought they might perhaps leave his hands, sealed them together with slips of paper on which some name had been printed to his order. He argued that as the medium could not have duplicates of the slips, it would be impossible to open the seals without detection, even should the slates be taken into another room. The precaution, however, proved to be needless; for the slates did not leave his hands.

This test was not very satisfactory. When the slates were opened by the interviewer at the close of the sitting no writing was found within. There was, however, a rude profile sketch of a face, about as large as the half of a silver dollar piece. During the conversation before the sitting, Mr. Evans had said that he could not assure his visitors of the success of the sealed slate-test which they proposed; and that, as they were newspaper representatives he did not care to undertake it, for a failure would be interpreted as a negative evidence of fraud on his part. But on being informed that they desired that particular test he assented.

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

While the reporter held the pair of slates Mr. Evans picked up two five-cent school slates, wiped them clean with a sponge, exhibited both sides of each, and handed them to Farnoll. The reporter watched this proceeding

carefully to be sure that neither of the slates went below the table, for in that case it would have been an easy matter to substitute for it one that had already been written upon. But the slates were held a foot above the table—or writing desk—and were exhibited on both sides at the instant they were handed to Farnoll. He held them in his hands twenty minutes or so, and upon opening them found a closely-written message, covering one side, signed by a dead relative.

During the twenty minutes that the last-described manifestation was being awaited, the medium performed another test. He cleaned a slate, displayed both sides and laid it down on the carpet at Mr. Farnoll's feet. In doing so, it passed for an instant behind a corner of the desk, so that this test in itself might not be considered at all satisfactory (inasmuch as there was a slight chance for substitution of slates) were it not for the other instances in which the slates were held above the table and in which there was not a ghost of a show for fraud. Farnoll placed one foot upon the slate, and after a few minutes picked the tablet up and found upon it a message from an aunt of his who died in the East, and whose name had never been mentioned by him, even in his family.

TELLING NAMES.

In the interim from time to time, while awaiting messages on the slates, Mr. Evans gave some remarkable performances. To the reporter he said a spirit was present giving a name which, he said, he could catch exactly. He repeated three or four names, all similar to the reporter's but not identical with it. The reporter said he knew of no such person. Taking a slip of paper, the interviewer then wrote two names, folded them up and placed them on his sealed slates. There was a bureau and its mirror at one end of the table, and, although the medium sat with his back to it and his side to the writer, the latter thought it best to avoid any possible reflection by shading the paper from observation with his hand while he wrote. As soon as the names had been written and held beneath his thumbs on the slate, Mr. Evans remarked that he could then give the name which he had been unable to pronounce exactly before, and he spoke it. It was one of the names on the slip. He next wrote that cognomen in full, together with the spirit's two Christian names. The second name on the slip was also given.

A like manifestation was given to Mr. Farnoll. The signatures of the messages which he received were the names he had written on a billet of paper which he held in his hand.

THE CLOSING TEST.

But the last test was the most striking of all. Mr. Evans picked up a slate from a corner of the table and, remarking that the reporter might be so sceptical as to think that there was a message already written upon it and that it was simply concealed from his sight by some wonderful chemical process, he scratched both sides of it pretty well with his pencil, spat on it and rubbed the marks out. He then held it near the reporter's face and turned both sides of it to prove that they were clean. He next placed the slate down on the center of the desk, with a bit of pencil under it. The reporter laid his hand upon the slate for a few moments—five or ten seconds—and then picked it up. He found upon it a message directed to himself and signed by a dead relative.

This closed the seance.

WRITTEN IN COLORS.

Another MAIL man visited Mr. Evans before the performance described in the foregoing had been given. The manifestations he received were somewhat similar, but in two instances there were exceptional differences. A clean slate was laid on the carpet, and upon being picked up a message was found on it written in various colors, one running into another. The

medium pointed out the fact that they were the colors of the carpet where the slate had been laid. He then cleaned a slate and with his pencil drew two diagonal lines across one side. The slate was tossed on the carpet with that side down. The interviewer took it up a few minutes afterwards and found another message in colors upon it; and an examination showed that the writing was over the diagonal lines.

This interviewer secured, also, an instantaneous message, closely written, covering the whole side of one of the slates.

THE REPORTER'S OPINION.

"Well," queried Medium Evans, at the conclusion of the sitting, "what do you think now?"

"I think it is genuine," was the honest response.

"I'm sorry you couldn't get a message on your sealed slates, but may be you'll be more successful next time."

"Oh, it wouldn't have been a bit more conclusive, if I had."

"No, I don't think so myself; but you know a good many people won't be satisfied unless they get just what they are looking for, no matter if another is just as conclusive or not. It's a hard thing to make people believe in mediums."

"I don't blame them, judging from my own experience; no sensible man could see the average manifestations without tumbling to the tricks. You are the first and the only one who has offered convincing proof of the truth of spiritualism, or 'odyc' force, or any other unknown power that you might call it."

(St. Helena *Star*, Cal., May 7, 1886).

SLATE WRITING.

We have no theory to advance regarding this so-called spiritual phenomena. We give it to our readers as it has come to our notice, believing that it will prove of interest. Therefore there is a mystery connected with this slate-writing which will, at least, furnish food for thought and study. If the letters given above are not spirit messages, what are they? We give it up.

(San Francisco *Examiner*, April 15, 1888).

SLATE WRITING TESTS.—TESTS NOT IN THE DARK.

Medium Evans recently exhibited his powers as a psychographic medium to an EXAMINER man, and did not demand a dark room as one of the necessary conditions. Mediums say the spirits do not work in the dark as much as they did, because they have become better acquainted with the natural laws which govern them,

Evans sat at one side of a small table and the newspaper man at the other in a brilliantly lighted room. On the floor near the medium was a pile of small school slates. Evans took one of the slates and exhibited both sides. No writing could be seen on it. He moistened it with saliva and wiped it with a sponge, placed it upon the table and told the sitter to put his hands on the slate. A few faint raps under the table indicated that the spirit of John Gray was present and getting in his work on the slate. After ten minutes, during which time the sitter had not removed his hand from the slate, the slate was turned over and found to be covered with writing, which was signed by John Gray. Another slate, treated in the same manner, turned up with a recognizable portrait of U. S. Grant and a message signed by the General. Eight slates were used during the seance, and writing was produced upon all of them. None of the messages was written by Evans, whose hands were otherwise employed all the time.

Whatever may be the method of producing the messages, it is certain that the slates, after being washed, were not out of the newspaper man's hand for an instant.

(*The Richmond Democrat*, Ray Co., Mo.).

JIM G. ANDERSON, editor of *Richmond Democrat*: I consider the tests you have given me on slates the most remarkable I ever heard of. The test is in the name of C. P. Anderson, being a *fac simile* of my father's hand-writing, and easily recognized by my foreman who worked for my father.

(*Eastern Star*, Glenburne, Maine).

C. M. BROWN, editor of the *Eastern Star*, says, at the close of a long account of a seance by proxy with Fred Evans: The messages which we fully recognize is sufficient to indorse the wonderful mediumship of Fred Evans.

(*Freethought*, San Francisco, May 12, 1888).

I ATTEND A SEANCE.

The mysterious thing about the affair is how the medium, Evans, got between the slates to do the writing. At the time the slates were put in my possession I had written no names and had thought of no names. I did not know I was expected to write them. But the truth is that one of the names written by me appeared on a slate, which no one but myself touched between the time I wrote the name on the paper and the times the slates were opened. I do not know, how it was done, yet I state but the facts.

(*Golden Gate*, San Francisco).

A STRONG ENDORSEMENT.

Our trip was a triumph of the spirit world. The medium, Fred Evans, whose wonderful psychographic powers we sought to demonstrate before the public, excelled our highest expectations. In private seances with sharp-eyed reporters for the press, as well as upon the public rostrum and under the keenest scrutiny of skeptical committees, selected by the audience, his guides never failed once to produce messages from the unseen world. In public never less than four, and in one instance six slates full of messages were obtained, including in nearly every instance a sketch of some prominent spiritualist passed to the other life, and all written under conditions that forbid any honest suspicion of unfairness. There were never, at his public seances, less than forty, and in some instances as many as sixty messages, written to persons in the audience. In coming closely into the life of this medium, as we have, we have learned to esteem him highly as a man, and for the many excellent traits of character that reveal themselves only upon close acquaintanceship. His mediumistic powers, as an independent slate-writer, have never been equaled.

TESTIMONIAL FROM BRISBANE.

(Psychological Society, Brisbane, Queensland, January 2, 1889).

TO MR. AND MRS. EVANS, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR SIR AND MADAM.

We cannot permit your present visit amongst us to come to a close without expressing to you our earnest wishes for your future happiness and prosperity. We sincerely regret that, owing to your late unfortunate acci-

dent, and the depressing atmosphere of the hot summer months, conditions have not been entirely favorable to the highest manifestation of your psychic gifts, but many of us have witnessed more than enough to assure us that psychological students have in you superior instruments through whom they may obtain phenomena of the greatest importance to mankind. Without wishing to detract from the pleasure of others in Australia who are desirous to welcome you, we hope the time will not be long before you may be permitted to again visit us, when you may depend upon the reception always accorded to honest workers in the cause of truth by the liberal thinkers of Brisbane. But wherever you travel, or in whatever part of the world your lot may be cast, you will be followed by the heartfelt wishes for your highest happiness of the many friends who have derived pleasure and enlightenment from your visit. We also request your acceptance of the accompanying purse of sovereigns, contributed by a few friends on the eve of your departure for Melbourne, as some slight recompense for losses occasioned by the before-mentioned accident. With renewed assurances, believe us to be, dear sir and madame,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM WIDDOP, Chairman.

GEORGE SMITH, Hon. Sec.

On behalf of the meeting.

PROF. WALLACE'S SEANCE WITH FRED EVANS.

Prof. ALFRED R. WALLACE, F. G. S., after a seance with Fred Evans, says over his own signature: It is one of the most remarkable and convincing seances I have ever attended. I have never on any occasion witnessed phenomena of so wonderful a character appear with such rapidity, and in a manner so entirely free from suspicion.

(Signed) ALFRED R. WALLACE, F. G. S.

I agree with the above remarks of my brother. JOHN WALLACE.

I entirely agree with Professor Wallace in his estimate of the phenomena, and the perfect freedom from any suspicion of fraud in their production.

D. WOOSTER, M. D. & M. A. S.

(*Southern World*, Queensland, Oct. 3, 1888).

TESTS IN PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Investigation alone can solve the vexed and intricate problem. Those who are contented to pose as if only able to see this phenomena from the standpoint of materialism and the gross trickery of legerdemain simply write themselves down by so doing as "fools and blind," or—to use the very expressive words of the medium—Mr. Evans, as "durned idiots;" for everything is done by this medium so plain and unmistakably above board, without any pretence or effort whatever to disguise or conceal, that it is actually impossible to account for the phenomena, save by some of the obscure and mostly ignored laws of the occult world, that is by psychology. Such as consent to view it pretentiously otherwise let themselves down immensely by so doing, and not at all those they are making a show of criticising.

(*Gooma Express*, N. S. W., July 5, 1889).

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

I am satisfied as to the genuineness of Mr. Evans as an instrument through whom the so-called dead can communicate. I am sure every-one,

whether spiritualists or not, who visit Mr. Evans, will find a sitting with him especially interesting. It was the first independent slate-writing I ever witnessed, and I am more than pleased.

(*Psychic Notes*, Brisbane, October 27, 1888).

From the facts we and others have observed, we maintain that the phenomena of psychography occurring here in the presence of Fred Evans have been thoroughly proved.

(*San Jose Mercury*, Cal., March 13, 1887).

AN INVITATION SEANCE.

Fred Evans, the Independent Slate-Writing Medium.

Fred Evans, the independent slate-writing medium, who will give a public exhibition of his gifts at the California Theater this evening, was visited, per invitation, at his room in the Lick House last evening by a number of the representatives of the local press. He gave a slate-writing seance without conditions and succeeded in mystifying all present. The slates used were washed and dried, and placed, not under the table, but where everyone could see them. Two slates were placed together and held by one of the party. After awhile they were opened and upon the inner side of one appeared a communication signed by "H. B. Norton." Another slate was thrown upon the floor, and on being lifted up a few moments later, a communication, written in pencil like the other, and signed "John Gray," was disclosed. The MERCURY gives it up. Another slate, held by another of the party, contained five communications, the interested parties with one exception being present. Each slate was washed and wiped by the medium before being used. There was no chance for slight-of-hand, and nothing of the kind was attempted. The trick, if trick it was, could not be satisfactorily explained by the witnesses.

(The Daily *San Diegan*, San Diego, Cal., April 7, 1887).

AN EVENING WITH SPIRITS.

Colonel J. J. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate*, San Francisco, and Mr. Fred Evans, the noted slate-writing medium, invited the press of the city to be present, last evening at a test in the line of slate-writing. At eight o'clock, each press in the city was represented, and a few minutes after the time, the medium made ready to commence his seance. It was not a dark seance, but what transpired was in the light. During the evening the tests were produced with two slates, well sealed and placed on the table with the hands of the staffs there to "catch on" touching them. One was carelessly thrown off in one corner of the room, and another lodged on the mantel piece some distance from the table, all having first been washed and rubbed clean and dry. In a little time the slates all contained writings—messages to those present, some in plain white words or lines, and some variegated between white, red and blue. A message, signed by H. B. Norton, directed to all as "Dear friends" congratulated them on being present to examine this mysterious what-ever-it-is, but declaring as true the "grand truth of spiritualism," and intimating the difficulties in so doing. We watched as close as we could, but detected no sort of trick. Out of dozens of messages it is useless to more than allude to them, omitting names. Go to-night and see Mr. Evans and catch him if you can.

(Santa Barbara *Press*, Cal., April 26, 1887).

SLATE-WRITING.

A Private Seance to Four Newspaper Reporters.

At seven o'clock Sunday night, by special invitation of Mr. J. J. Owen, a party of four newspaper reporters met in a private room in the Morris House, to witness a series of so-called spiritual manifestation by slate-writing given by Fred Evans, the professed medium. The room was the private apartment of Mr. Evans and besides the usual bedroom furniture was provided with a common table, borrowed from the dining room for the purpose, around which were seated the visitors and the medium. There were two large lighted lamps on the table, and what transpired was plain as in broad daylight. The medium brought forth several small school slates which he washed with a sponge and water, and which were also carefully washed and wiped by one of the newspaper men present. The medium then picked out a small piece of broken slate pencil, threw it on one of the slates and placed another slate on top of it, bound the two together by a rubber band and sealed them with common sealing wax. The slates were then laid on the table and all four of the reporters asked to place their fingers on them. It was some little time before the medium informed the sceptical scribes that he heard the spirits writing, but finally he requested that one pair of the slates be broken apart. When this was done one of the slates contained a closely written communication signed W. W. Hollister.

The most singular of the demonstrations was a communication signed the "Guide Spirit," written in three different colors, after the slate had been thoroughly washed and six white lines drawn across it from the corner and through the center, the colored lines showing plainly over the white ones.

The visitors, as mentioned before, were all skeptics before the seance, but unanimously decided that there was something very remarkable about this slate-writing business. The test was about all that could be desired by those present.

(*Evening Express*, Los Angeles, April 18, 1887).

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A CLEVER EXHIBITION OF GHOSTLY SKILL.

Seance With Skeptical Reporters.—They Go Home Mystified.—Entertainment at the Grand Opera House.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Berry, a *Herald* representative, and Mr. J. W. Maddrill, of the *Tribune*, entered. Evans announced that he would proceed with the seance, and then directed the "pencil-pushers" to arrange themselves about the pine table, and they did so. Colonel Owen himself took a seat next the *EXPRESS* representative, Mr. Maddrill sat to his left and Mr. Berry next. Evans' seat was directly opposite his audience, across the table. Then, at the medium's request a most minute examination was made of four common school slates, about 4x6 inches in size, framed with pine wood, usually used in slate manufacture. After the slates had been inspected, Evans took from a box a slate pencil and scratched the surfaces over with it. He then spat upon them, cleaned them off, and then handed

them again to the newspaper men. They were as of yore. Taking two of them and placing them together, Evans dropped a bit of pencil between them and then sealed them together with common red sealing wax. The same performance was gone through with the other two slates, and laying one pair above the other on the table the medium directed all four persons to place their fingers upon them "and arrange a battery."

Then the little party sat in silence and awaited coming events. Evans assumed an easy position in his chair, and very shortly signs of his laboring under a severe mental struggle were made apparent. He writhed and twitched his fingers, and finally grasped a pencil and commenced writing, upside down, with lightning-like rapidity.

"He has heard them," whispered Colonel Owens, as Evans finished.

Turning the paper about, one could readily decipher the writing. It was in words as follows :

"Yes, I will write on the slates to the press."

"JOHN GRAY."

"Who's John Gray?" Was the simultaneous inquiry of the newspaper men.

"He is Mr. Evans' 'psychographic control' as it is called : More properly speaking, the medium's guide to the spirit world," was the whispered response of Col. Owen.

At this moment the grating of the bit of pencil between the two uppermost slates could be distinctly heard and in a moment Evans had ordered hands removed. He picked up the slates and handed them to Mr. Maddrill, at the same time requesting him to force the slates apart. Maddrill did so and on the top slate of the two were written in excellent chirography the following messages which are here given verbatim : * * *

One of the slates was then thoroughly washed in water, all present had first tasted and found pure, was placed on the table and between it and the table-board was placed a bit of pencil that had been used on the slate just examined. On this single slate the party placed their fingers. The same mental struggle in Evans was apparent after a moment, and he quickly inquired in hollow tones : "Is that you, Johnny?" With one accord the trio of reporters glanced at Col. Owens. "He is asking for his spirit control," was his response. "Is that you?" continued Evans. "Well, will you show the reporters that what we believe is truth by writing on this single slate, after I mark it with a cross, by writing across and over the cross I place on it, will you?"

Then Evans grasped a pencil, and in the same way he did before, wrote a few words. Inverted they read : "Yes! I will." Evans then quickly picked up the little slate and with the bit of pencil drew two lines, crossing each other, obliquely over its surface. It was then replaced and the scribes' fingers, with those of Col. Owens, were soon upon it. In a remarkably short space of time the grating noise was heard. Evans, when it ceased, ordered the slate lifted and to the intense wonder of his audience, there upon its surface was a message, its letters written in colors of purple, red, green, blue and white, over the cross Evans had placed upon it. So much were they amazed that nothing but "Ohs! and Ohs!" were reuttered for several moments.

"That I consider my best demonstration of the proof that spiritual power exists," said Mr. Evans, as well he might, triumphantly. The message, in parti colored writing, read as follows : * * * * *

After the most minute examination of the table, the furniture in the room, its walls, ceilings and windows the party gave up the solution of what they thought a problem, when Mr. Evans said he would if possible, endeavor to communicate with the artist-spirit

STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

At once the party returned to their seats. The EXPRESS reporter cleared off a slate, and it was placed as had been the one on which was the cross. Hands were then laid upon it and in less than three minutes Mr. Evans had a communication with St. Clair, his artistic spirit. He wrote upon a paper what St. Clair had to say. The unseen delineator said he would, for the press, draw a picture on the slate, and in a few minutes Evans lifted the slate from the table. Engraved upon it in slate pencil was a likeness of John B. Pierpont, the poet, an artistic bit of work. About the portrait, in legible hand, was written the following:

Dear friends of Los Angeles—You who have it in your power to spread this knowledge of spiritual truth, I have drawn this picture of John Pierpont for your benefit and at the request of the press, and if you will speak of it as you see it, you will amply repay yours in spirit, artist,

STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

Evans' auditors were thoroughly mystified. It was inexplicable, unfathomable. Evans, as the party retired, smilingly bade them good night, and asked specially that they attend his performance which took place at the Opera House last evening.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Four hundred people gathered in the Opera House last night to witness Evans go through his slate-writing manifestations. Ex-Mayor Spence, Mr. Jesse Yarnell and Mr. O. H. Bliss were chosen a committee to scrutinize his work. The manner of preparation was exactly the same as used at the reporters' seance, detailed above, and, of course, the committee left the stage more mystified and as ignorant of Evans' modus operandi as they were when they went upon it.

(*Table Talks*, Melbourne, Australia, February 1, 1889.)

A STRANGE PHENOMENA.

I was one of a party of thirty who were invited to witness certain phenomena which occurred through the agency of Mr. Evans, a "psychograph." These phenomena were so remarkable as to deserve description, although I cannot pretend to explain them; and I am bound to add that, although I approached them in a somewhat suspicious and sceptical frame of mind, I could not by the most vigilant observation detect even the shadow of trickery or delusion. Mr. Evans stood before us at a table containing several small slates such as are used in schools. He carefully washed and wiped eight of these, and immediately placed four pairs of these face to face, with a morsel of slate pencil, about half the size of a threepenny piece between each two. One of these pairs he gave to a lady to hold. They were bound together by a band of india-rubber, and were held in full view of the audience. The other three pairs were laid on the floor at our feet. In a few seconds a faint sound of scratching was heard, and the slates held by the lady were opened, and upon one of them was found a message to the audience signed "William Denton," the signature resembling that of the American geologist, well-known in this city, who died in New Guinea. Two pairs of slates, lying on the floor, contained nothing. The third was placed in my own hand, and, on opening them, I found one covered with hand-writing in various hands, two of them in red characters and one blue. There were fifteen at all, and each was addressed to some member of the company, the signature in every instance purporting to be that of a deceased relative, while the message itself was couched in terms of endearment. The cali-

graphy was delicate and feminine in some instances, bold and strong in others, and possessing an individual character in all. Not more than two or three minutes elapsed between my seeing the slate as a *tabala rasa* and my finding it covered with these fifteen messages, which under ordinary circumstances, could not have been written in much less than as many minutes. Mr. Evans, I should add, who was a perfect stranger to four-fifths of the persons present, is a new arrival, and unacquainted with the family history of the company present. It was my first experience of such strange phenomena, which I most frankly acknowledge my inability to account for and so I leave them.

(*Gympie Times*, Queensland, October 6, 1888),

I have been present at one of Mr. Evans' seances, and I am bound to say it was different to the usual run of spiritualistic affairs. Everything was done in open day-light, and the slate-writing was not done under a table or by personal contact of the medium.

(*The Soul*, Boston, February, 1888).

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH MR. FRED EVANS.

For a long time we have been very much interested in the accounts of independent drawings and writings that have been published in *The Golden Gate*, of San Francisco, Cal. These have shown great spirit power through the fine mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, enterprise and ability to receive on the part of our esteemed friend and co-laborer, Mr. J. J. Owen, the editor of the above-named valuable journal.

Some weeks ago we asked Mr. Owen if he would conduct a seance with Mr. Evans for *THE SOUL*. Mr. Owen consented, and the slates were forwarded to us. Amongst the messages are those from H. Whitlock, our brother who passed to spirit life about forty years ago, when a small child. We occasionally hear from him, and believe he could not have been known to any person present. The others of our name, especially father and sister, are recognized.

(*The Sower*, Detroit, Michigan, Dec. 14, 1889).

We are pleased to learn that Bro. Fred Evans, the wonderful Slate-Writing Medium, has returned from a successful tour in Australia and is now located at 421½ Haight St., San Francisco, Cal. We regard him as the most remarkable *Test Slate-Writing* medium in the world.

(*Ladies Home Journal*, San Francisco, July, 1886).

A PROBLEM FOR SCIENTISTS TO SOLVE.

A very peculiar phase of modern spiritualism is independent slate-writing. The best medium for this demonstration is Mr. Fred Evans, of this city. In a recent interview with him, we were given two clean, new slates; their faces joined closely together, with two crumbs of pencil between, which we were told to hold independently of Mr. Evans. Another slate was put, face downward, on the carpet, a crumb of pencil underneath, several feet from Mr. Evans or ourselves. In a few moments a gentle scratching was heard on the slates we held in our hands, also on the one on the floor. Then three knocks were given, and Mr. Evans requested us to open the slates, held in our hand. They were found covered with writing and signed with the name

of a deceased friend. We then, at Mr. Evans' request, picked up the slate from the floor, which was also found covered with writing, signed with the name of our deceased father. Let some of our scientists solve this problem.

(*The Telegraph*, Brisbane, Oct. 1, 1888).

THE SLATE-WRITING MEDIUM.

Although it has been my lot in the course of a somewhat chequered and varied career to encounter men of many callings, it yet remained for me to meet a spirit medium. I have always regarded the ordinary seances as so much waste of time for a busy man, and the Slade exposures did not prepossess me in favor of slate-writing mediums in general. However, as several of my personal friends—including some of the best known and respected men in the city—had contributed to the expense of bringing over Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans from San Francisco, I readily undertook the duty laid upon me to represent the *Telegraph* at Mr. Evans' Press seances on Saturday. I entered Mr. Evans' operating room after the two visitors, who have described their experiences above. Seating myself opposite to Mr. Evans, he began by taking up a slate from an apparently inexhaustible store on the floor at his left hand. This he spat upon and rubbed with a cloth on both sides, explaining that he used spittle for magnetising purposes. At his request I held the slate upright, pressing my fingers against each side. Mr. Evans did likewise for a few moments, and then repeated the process with another slate. I was, however, careful to keep an eye on the first slate during the magnetising of the second. This over, Mr. Evans produced from a small box on the table an india-rubber band and a small pellet of pencil. The pencil was dropped on the first slate, the second slate was laid on top of the other, and the india-rubber band placed over both. This was done fairly over the middle of the table, and if any sleight-of-hand work took place it was much smarter than anything of the kind I have seen, and I have seen a good deal. The slates thus joined, I held them between the forefinger and thumb of each hand. Conversation on spirit matters was carried on freely, and Mr. Evans stated that he was very tired, and as he had been out of practice for two months, the exertions of the day had told upon him. During the conversation I tilted up the slates in my hand and distinctly heard the little pellet of pencil roll to the lower edge of the frame. Thenceforth I kept it there. When the slates were subsequently opened, the following message was written in crayon colors:

* * * *

(*Brisbane Courier*, Oct. 25, 1888).

Seance Before The Psychological Society.

A special meeting of the members of the Psychological Society was held last night in the Courier Hall, for the purpose of holding a slate-writing seance with Mr. Evans. Mr. P. R. Gordon, vice-president, occupied the chair, and called upon Henry Burton to make a few prefatory remarks, and to introduce Mr. Evans to the audience. About forty members were present, and great interest was taken in the proceedings. Mr. A. Ranniger and Mr. Phippard were chosen as a committee to scrutinize and impose test conditions on behalf of the sitters. Four small slates were cleaned by Mr. Evans, and examined by these gentlemen, after which they held them in pairs, and sealed them together. Mr. Phippard held one pair, and Mr. Ranniger the other, each of them standing on one side of Mr. Evans. All the sitters were then requested to join hands. This was done, and about

fifteen minutes afterwards the order was given to loose hands, when the seals were broken and the slates opened. It was found that one of the slates contained thirty closely-written messages, and the other six messages, done in colors round the edges of the slate, and a portrait drawn in the middle. The members appeared highly satisfied with the results, and the name attached to nearly every message was recognized by some individual present.

(*Religo, Philosophical Journal*).

JOHN ALLVN.

I had many seances with independent slate-writing mediums where a single slate was held under the table, and had used every effort to detect trickery, but without success. Still doubts would come in spite of apparent facts. Determining to test the matter beyond all cavil, I purchased two slates, with my pocket knife, I cut one initial in each frame, in a rude manner. I then took them to Fred Evans. He sat opposite me by a plain pine table, in broad daylight. He took them and tied them together with strong twine, and sealed them in five places. A bit of pencil had been placed between them. All this was done immediately without leaving his seat. He then handed them to me. I held them between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands. Evans occasionally touched them with the fingers of the right hand. Soon the table seemed to be charged with some invisible force, as there was a fusillade of small raps. Soon I heard the writing between the sealed slates for a short time, and then three ticks to signify that the writing was finished. Mr. Evans asked how many letters there were inside of the slates, and there were four ticks. I then put the slates in my grip-sack and took them to my home sixty miles away, and after calling in some neighbors and the editor of the *Weekly Star*, I cut the cords and there were three characteristic letters from deceased relatives, and one signed Swedenborg, which closed with these words:

“ Millions and millions of ages shall roll,
Progression ever the theme of your soul;
By beauty and grandeur your soul shall be led,
And worlds without number your spirit shall tread.”

That was the Waterloo of my skepticism as to the fact that intelligence could manifest without a brain, which upsets the theory of the materialist. This was in May, 1886. The slates and writing are now in my drawer.

(Stockton *Independent*, Cal., March 31, 1888).

Slate-Writing.

LETTERS PURPORTING TO COME FROM SPIRIT LAND.

Manifestations That Are Interesting to Say the Least—A Reporter's Experience.

.....Mr. Evans took two of the slates, put a piece of slate-pencil about one-eighth of an inch long on one of them and then placed the two slates together enveloping them with a rubber band. The reporter was instructed to write the names of some departed friends on a slip of paper, fold the same up, place it underneath the rubber band and then hold the slates in his hand. Other slates were laid on the table, and the medium leaned comfortably back in his chair and chatted away with his visitor on various topics.

“ Do you not feel a twitching in your fingers?” he asked.

“ No.”

“ But you will when the spirit begins to write.” There came a suc-

sion of raps on the table. The medium leaned forward in his chair as if listening. His eyes closed and the muscles of his face began to twitch. Recovering himself soon he asked : "Do you know William S——?" mentioning the name of an old school-mate of the reporter.

"Yes."

"He met his death by an accident, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's writing on the slate."

It began to grow interesting. Sure enough there was the twitching of the fingers that the medium had predicted. Will, as before stated, was a schoolmate of the reporter and had accidentally shot himself while hunting. Suddenly the twitching ceased.

"Are you through writing?" asked the medium.

Rap, rap, rap—the spirit answer yes.

"You will find his communication on the slate."

The reporter removed the rubber band and glancing at one of the slates was electrified to find it covered with writing in the peculiar back slope and well-known hand of his old chum. The words were characteristic of the writer. They read :

Hello! This is a treat to be able to write a few lines to you. I have found all "O K" here and want to tell you that you will receive news in a few weeks that will benefit you in many ways. I have nothing further to write now, but will surprise you at your home soon by manifesting for you. Don't be scared.

WILLIAM S——.

"Now look at that slate," said the medium, pointing to a slate that had been lying on the table within a couple of inches of the reporter's hand. It contained the following :

God bless you, —, my friend, for wanting to hear from me. I can assure you that spiritualism is a glorious truth, and my only regret is in leaving loved ones behind. But I feel happy in knowing that we are not parted forever, but will meet again to part no more. I can see a bright future before you and will do all I can to make you happy. Your friend —.

The name appended to the communication was one well known to the reporter. Two other communications were received in a like manner as the foregoing. "And now," said the medium, "if the spirits are willing I will give you my greatest test." He began by washing a slate in schoolboy style.

"You will observe that I always use saliva."

"Why is that?"

"Because then the slate will retain my magnetism even should it pass through others' hands."

The reporter examined the slate closely and it was then laid on the carpet. The medium relapsed into a trance and held communion with a spirit friend, asking him if he would assist any spirit in writing on the slate, who might wish to communicate with his visitor. Receiving favorable replies—the regulation three raps—he next asked if the spirit in writing would reproduce on the slate the colors of the carpet whereon the slate lay. This inquiry was also answered in the affirmative. The reporter kept one eye on the slate and the other on the medium, and awaited developments. They came soon. The medium continued the conversation with the spirits and presently asked, "Is that all—have you nothing more to communicate at this time?" Three decisive raps followed the question.

The reporter picked up the slate. Wonder of wonders and unexplained mysteries ; the slate was filled with writing in light and dark blue, red, purple and gray colors corresponding to the shade of the carpet. It purported to be a letter from a near relative, and read as follows :

Well, my dear boy, I am glad to see you here, for now I can give you some evidence that spiritualism is true, and that I am here to prove it. I know it is a little hard to believe, but it is true all the same, and the truth

must predominate, you know. I hope that ere long I will be able to give these manifestations at home; then I can tell you all and give you more proof of my identity.

(*Daily Times*, San Jose, Cal., March 13, 1887).

A STRANGE POWER.

.....We have complied with the requisite of the spirit boss to speak of it "as you find it and not as you think;" and our readers can do their own thinking on the subject to suit themselves. We have given the facts, and will only remark that any one having seen these phenomena who should honestly attribute it to jugglery ought to be placed in a "Home for the Feeble-Minded," provided there was such an institution for adults.

There is to be a meeting to-night in the California Theater where similar phenomena are expected to transpire on the platform in the presence of a committee to be chosen by the audience. Mr. Evans may, perhaps, be induced to stay over Monday and give a few private sittings.

In the words of Paul, "we speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." Those who have not seen and would not dare to see may know more about it (in their own opinion) than we claim to know; but facts are facts and each is at liberty to theorize on the subject to their hearts desire. We merely give the news.

(*The Stockton Press*, Cal., March 29, 1888).

SLATE-WRITING.

CONVINCING PROOF OF SPIRIT RETURN.

Fred Evans the Remarkable Medium in this City—Throngs Visit His Rooms—Slates Written Upon in the Light While Lying Upon the Floor Untouched—Messages Written in Five Bright Colors.

.....At another interview which a member of the management of this paper had with Mr. Fred Evans, prior the above account, two slates were written full with messages from the father and long deceased sister of the gentleman, and then laying a slate upon the carpet, Mr. Evans said, "I think they will give you a message written in colors, put your foot upon the slate." When the slate was lifted from the floor it contained a letter written by a brother Andrew, in the same colors, line for line, as were seen in the carpet. There was no colored pencils to produce such an effect, and if, as some claim, it is chemicals on the slate, the mixture which produced one shade would destroy the other. No hand touched it while it lay there. If it was not spirit power, pray, what is it? Let some of the wise ones enlighten us on the subject.

These pictures and slates can be seen at this office, by any one who think they can explain the mystery, and tell what the power is that produces the writing on the slates that no human hand touches as they lay upon the floor, and why are lead pencil lines and portraits on the paper, and a message written with a slate pencil upon the slate, at the same time, while the paper is strapped within the two slates? If it is not spirit power, what is it? Let those, who can, explain.

(*The San Jose Herald*, Cal., March 14, 1887).

SLATE-WRITING SEANCES.

Fred Evans, a San Francisco medium, gave a seance to reporters on Saturday evening and a public exhibition at the California Theater last evening. He was introduced last evening by J. J. Owen, editor of the

Golden Gate. A committee was chosen by the audience, composed of S. A. Bishop, James T. Murphy and Mr. Wolcott, and upon the table at which they sat with the medium a number of slates were laid in pairs, after having been thoroughly cleaned. After the lapse of perhaps a quarter of an hour the slates were taken up and scores of messages were read from writing that appeared on each side. A man named Zepf, a San Francisco cigarmaker, brought his own slates, screwed together, and after sitting on the stage for a time he opened them and found several messages.

(San Diego Daily Sun, April 7, 1887).

SLATE-WRITING.

Remarkable Performance at a Test Seance Last Evening.

A private test seance was given last evening by Fred Evans, the slate-writing medium, at which representatives of the press were present by special invitation. Many mysteries mankind may never solve, or at least be able to satisfactorily explain, and the performance of Mr. Evans last evening may fairly be classed among them. The slates used were thoroughly wiped dry, and placed in various parts of the room. Four slates were sealed together in pairs and placed upon a table in the center of the room, and given in charge of five newspaper men. The following messages were written upon the slates : * * * * *

Those present at the seance were Messrs. Rogers and Hildreth of the *Union*; Messrs. Bacon and Julian, of the *San Diegan*; Colonel N. L. Vestal and E. N. Sullivan, of the *SUN*; Herr Wagner and wife, of the *Golden Era*; J. J. Owen, Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, Mr. Clinkscales and C. Y. Benjamin. Whatever trickery there may have been it was not evident—no one present could detect it. Mr. Evans will give a public seance at Leach's Opera House this evening, when his psychographic control (spirit of John Gray) will undertake to produce messages from the spirits of departed friends, between sealed slates prepared by a committee chosen from the audience.

(San Diego Daily Bee, April 8, 1887).

THE SPIRIT LAND—EXHIBITION OF SLATE WRITING.

.....The committee declared themselves unable to account for the phenomena, and Col. Welden stated that, having had considerable experience as a slight-of-hand performer and had studied the exhibitions of the greatest magicians he had seen nothing like this. He explained a trick with slates performed by himself and showed how different it was from Mr. Evans' tests. Mr. Evans will give another exhibition this evening on which occasion our citizens would do well to turn out and witness his wonderful manifestations of occult power as this may be the last chance of seeing this wonderful medium.

(The Daily Union, San Diego, April 7, 1887).

MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

Fred Evans, the noted slate-writing medium, gave a seance to the representatives of the press last evening. Whatever may be believed of the cause of these manifestations of power of some kind, they were certainly wonderful. The utmost alertness was unavailing to detect any trickery. Mr. Evans even made crosses on the slates, and these were found to be written over instead of under, as would have been the case had there been any chemicals or invisible writing upon the slates. An unusually sharp lot of eyes watched the proceedings and found no cause of complaint; it is certainly worth seeing, to say the least.

(The *Tribune*, Los Angeles, April 17, 1887).

A SPECIAL SEANCE.

..... The scribes placed themselves around an ordinary table and carefully watched the preparation of the slates, which were thoroughly cleaned and firmly sealed together with wax. Then the scribes put their hands upon them and waited. Presently the faint marking of the pencil was heard; the slates were taken up and the seals broken; and a message in several colors was perceptible. Probably the most satisfactory test was that of the deceased artist, Stanley St. Clair, who drew a very fine lead pencil sketch of John Pierpont on the inside of the slates.

(Daily *Herald*, Los Angeles, April 17, 1887).

ODIO FORCES.

..... The representatives of the press saw all the movements of a mechanical nature, but not the movements of the hand that wrote the communications and made the artistic representations. Mr. Evans is a very pleasant gentleman of graceful manners, slight physique and a powerful medium for the unseen forces that act with such terrible energy on the humane mind.

(Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, September 1, 1889).

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO MR. FRED EVANS.

The following address was presented to Mr. Evans at a Farewell Social tendered to him and Mrs. Evans by a committee of his friends and admirers, and held on Wednesday last, at the residence of Mrs. Peryman, L'Avenall, Newtown, Sydney :

To Fred Evans, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dear Sir and Friend,

We, the undersigned, have great pleasure in bearing testimony to your thorough genuineness as a medium for Independent Slate-Writing. We are satisfied that the manifestations of spirit or direct writing witnessed by us through your mediumship were beyond the possibility of fraud or deception. Indeed, words cannot express a too firm conviction on our part in your honesty, integrity and uprightness of character, and this we say in face of the libels of the Brisbane *Telegraph*, and the utterly false and reckless statements of unscrupulous persons respecting yourself. We look upon you, esteemed friend, as a great light in the diffusion of the grand and glorious truths of Spiritualism. That you may long remain in this sphere of existence to perform your noble mission of convincing thousands of the practicability of communion with the so-called dead, is our earnest wish.

We regret that your stay in Sydney will probably not exceed three months, but we trust that at some future time you will make another visit to our city. We assure you that you and your respected lady will carry away, on your departure from Australia, the hearty good wishes of a large circle of friends. With kind regards we beg to subscribe ourselves,

Yours faithfully and fraternally,

SYDNEY, N. S. W.

† James Kingsbury, M.D., Church-street, Newtown.

* Alfred Edwards, Colonial Architect's Office.

† Alex. Tucker, Gov. Inspect. of Post and Telegraph Offices.

John Victor, Justice of Peace.

* N. Joubert, Alderman, Hunter's Hill.

A. Firth, Secretary North Shore Gas Co.

* Alfred Gale, Postmaster, Paddington.

* E. P. Atwater, M.D., Newtown.

	SYDNEY,	N. S. W.
* A. T. Munro, President N. S. W. Spiritualist Association.	“	“
* H. Chappel, Real Estate and Mining, 52 Sydney Arcade.	“	“
* W. H. Murrell, Tea Merchant, 409 Kent-street.	“	“
* J. H. Smith, Merchant, 302 George-street.	“	“
* Charles Coghill, Builder and Contractor, Oxford-street.	“	“
† S. Kingsbury, Church-street, Newtown.	“	“
Henry Gale, Post Office, Paddington.	“	“
Thomas Peters, Merchant Draper, William-street.	“	“
* A. Horsepool, 66 Edith-street; Leichardt.	“	“
* R. M. O'Connell, 8 Lonsdale Terrace, John-street.	“	“
† A. H. Hatfield, Land and Commission Agent, 106 Abercrombie-street.	“	“
* E. James, 145 Victoria-street.	“	“
* E. Hansen, Glebe	“	“
† F. E. S. Hewison, 93 Morehead-street.	“	“

Notes. * Obtained satisfactory writing upon their own slates.

† Obtained “ “ upon corded slates.

‡ Obtained “ “ upon screwed slates.

(Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, May 8, 1889).

TESTIMONIAL FROM MELBOURNE.

We, the undersigned, do hereby testify that we and each of us have investigated the phenomena of Independent Slate-Writing, occurring through the mediumship of Fred Evans, of San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A., and have obtained writing on the inner surfaces of slates that we and each of us have furnished ourselves, and which were not for one moment permitted to leave our sight. The messages appearing thereon were always signed by the names of our departed relatives and friends, and information given that we are sure the medium could not have had any previous knowledge of whatever.

Whilst many of us are not Spiritualists, yet we and each of us agree that the messages appearing between our slates were placed there by some invisible intelligent power independent of the medium.

SIGNATURES.

John Williams, Grain Dealer, Stock Street, Coburg,	Victoria.
Edwin Gill, Justice of Peace, Balaclava,	“
James T. Praagst, Government Land Office, E. Melbourne,	“
R. Stewart, Esq., Bourke Street, Melbourne,	“
Charles C. Bell, Esq., 4 Gordon Terrace, St. Kilda,	“
John Carson, Esq., Kew,	“
W. B. Rodier, Justice of Peace, "Rougemont," Hawthorn.	“
John Henshaw, Manufacturer, Council Street, Clifton Hill,	“
Thomas Martin, Manufacturer, 122 Rokeby Street, Collingwood,	“
Richard Bond, Builder, Carpenter Street, Middle Brighton,	“
William Overton, Esq., Melbourne,	“
John Melville, Accountant, 24 Shiel St., N. Melbourne,	“
William Jackson, Builder, Armadale,	“
E. Sharpe, Illawarra Road, Hawthorn,	“
Daniel Clay, Esq., 33 Michael Street, N. Fitzroy,	“
M. Bond, Middle Brighton,	“
William Brown, 47 Napier Street, E. Melbourne,	“
E. L. Melville, Sheil Street, North Melbourne,	“
E. Overton, Melbourne,	“

STRONG ENDORSEMENT FOR FRED EVANS.

The following testimonial from Thos. W. Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia, (brother of our Senator Stanford), is a strong card for Fred Evans, our independent slate-writer.

Mr. Fred Evans—*Dear Sir:* As you are about to depart from our shores and return to the land from whence I too, came, I have thought a few lines from me might be of service to you, as well as a pleasing memento of my personal friendship and appreciation of your straight forward conduct in this city.

I have much pleasure in stating, and with much emphasis, to whom it may concern (and you are at liberty to use this letter as you please) that I have had several professional “sittings” with you, and that without asking for special test conditions you have given me the best possible proof of writing within closed slates without physical contact with yourself.

I would advise those who take an interest in occult force, either in connection with, or apart altogether from spiritualism to have one or more “sittings” with you to note the result carefully and then put their wits to solve the mystery (?)

Trusting yourself and Mrs. Evans may have a pleasant voyage home and retain pleasant memories of your visit to Australia. I remain sincerely yours,

THOS. W. STANFORD.

Melbourne, May 11, 1889.

(The *Carrier Dove*, Oakland, Cal., February, 1886).

A SITTING WITH FRED EVANS.

.....We can cheerfully endorse Mr. Evans' mediumship as being the most satisfactory phase of slate-writing we have ever witnessed, *and above suspicion.*

(The *Carrier Dove*, Feb. 1887).

.....In every particular, during this seance, strictly test conditions were observed. The possibility of deception was out of the question. That the writing was not done by Mr. Evans we positively *know*, and it must therefore have been done through the agency of spirits, as any honest investigator would be obliged to admit who witnessed similar manifestations.

(The *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, May 1889).

.....We watched Mr. Evans' career for some time before he came to these colonies, and had great expectations of him. These have been fully realized since he has been amongst us. We have not only found him an excellent medium, open and straightforward in his proceedings, but a kindly, liberal man, putting principle before pocket, and making the advancement of Spiritualism his primary consideration.

(The *Harbinger of Light*, Australia, April, 1889).

.....Mr. Evans' whole seance was of a clear and decisive character and transcended anything of the kind ever seen here.”

(The *Ballarat Courier*, Australia, January 28, 1889).

.....Slates were cleaned and either held by the company present or thrown upon the floor. When picked up, to our astonishment they were filled with writing. The names, attached to the messages, were all recognized by the persons who were entire strangers to Mr. Evans.

(*Religo Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Dec. 7, 1889.)

EVANS SUCCESS IN BRISBANE.

(From the *Harbinger of Light*.)

A recent number of this Australian journal gives an interesting account of a visit of Fred Evans, the California slate-writing medium, to Brisbane, where he arrived Aug. 1, and on the following day he "announced that on Sunday evening he would offer his services free for experiments in phycology, in the Centennial Hall. It was a wet and stormy night, the rain coming down in torrents; nevertheless, an intelligent and representative audience of nearly 300 attended. Mr. Evans requested the audience to select a committee to conduct the experiments when Mr. P. R. Gordon, Government Inspector of sheep; Mr. Tolston, Mrs. Judd. Mr. Ranninger, and Mrs. Castles were chosen. A bucket of water was placed at the front of the platform and the slates to be used were placed in the bucket in full view of the audience. These were separately washed and dried, the chairman placing a piece of pencil between each pair of them and handing them to a committee to hold. After holding them for a considerable time one of the committee said he heard writing going on between his slates—then Mr. Ranninger and Mr. Widdop also heard the same, and on the slates being opened twelve messages were found on them, the signature to the messages being in several instances recognized by persons in the audience. Mr. Evans challenged anyone to test the writings for chemicals. A simple experiment in this direction was made by washing of part of the writing on one of the slates to see whether it would reappear when dry, as it would if chemically produced, but it did not.—The experiments were highly satisfactory in every particular, and Mr. Evans was frequently applauded. The *Courier* and *Observer* report the proceedings fairly, but the *Telegraph* is silent, which is significant.—On the afternoon of August 6th, Mr. Evans was surprised to receive (at his room) a visit from four of the committee who conducted the experiments of the previous Sunday. They informed him that as soon as he left it was the intention of a Mr. Patterson to take exception to the conclusiveness of the tests then obtained on the ground that Mr Evans had furnished the slates, and requested him to give them a seance there and then, and obtain writing on two slates they had brought with them. At first the medium declined, but seeing that their motive was a good one he assented; the whole party retired to an *empty room*, and the four members of the committee holding the two slates in their own hands obtained several messages on them signed by relatives of the persons holding them. The room did not contain one particle of furniture, and the slates brought by the committee never left their sight from the time of their arrival till the completion of the messages. No more complete test than the above could possibly be given. The Pattersonian expose vanishes before it into thin air."

Hundreds of other testimonies can be furnished of Mr. Evans' remarkable mediumship; but at a later date we intend to offer to the public a complete history of Mr. Evans' life and work. This book will contain more reliable testimony to the genuineness of spiritual phenomena than any book now before the public.