

BF

S881L

1837





MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL

and Welfare, Public

NATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

MEDICINE

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

MEDICINE

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C.

MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL

Health Service

Health, Education,

Health Service

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health Service

NATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

MEDICINE

and Welfare, Public

MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL

Health, Education,

Health Service

Health, Education,

Health, Education,

Health Service

Health, Education,

NATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

MEDICINE

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

U.S. Department of

Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

MEDICINE

Service

Health, E

Service

Health, Edu

Health, Edu

h Service

W. H. Schieffelin

LETTER

TO

DOCTOR A. BRIGHAM,

ON

ANIMAL MAGNETISM :

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW BETWEEN
THE AUTHOR AND MISS LORAINA BRACKETT
WHILE IN A STATE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE. ✓

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

SHAKESPEARE.

Surgeon Genl's Office
LIBRARY
23882
Washington D.C.

NEW-YORK :

GEORGE DEARBORN & CO.

1837.

LETTER

DOCTOR A BRIGHAM

BF
S881L
1837

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

[Entered according to the Act of Congress of the United States of America, in the year 1837, by GEORGE DEARBORN, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.]

WHICH IS A STATE OF KNOWLEDGE

BY WILLIAM L. STONE

There are some things in fact, which are not in theory.

SCATCHERD AND ADAMS,
PRINTERS,
No. 38 Gold Street.

1837

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

LETTER FROM DR. BRIGHAM TO MR. STONE.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

Understanding that you have recently witnessed many experiments, and even performed some yourself, illustrative of the powers of Animal Magnetism, and have become a believer in this new art, science, or imposture, I am exceedingly desirous of knowing what phenomena, witnessed by yourself, have served to convince you.

Animal Magnetism has attracted the attention of many of the most scientific men in Europe, some of whom believe in the extraordinary power ascribed to it. That very remarkable effects may result from extreme sensibility, or disease of the nervous system, I can readily believe,—we see such in Catalepsy, Somnambulism, &c. We read of such in every age. In every age great moral commotions, by affecting the organization of some very sensitive persons, have produced very singular physical and intellectual phenomena. The *Trembleurs des Cevennes*, and the *Convulsionnaires de Saint Médard*, are memorable instances. Many of the results attributed to Animal Magnetism may be accounted for, by supposing an

unusual augmentation of sensibility,—but other phenomena ascribed to it cannot be thus explained, and an *immensity of proof* appears to me to be necessary, in order to establish things so extraordinary, and so contrary to the common sense and to the testimony of all times.

The facts which have served to make you a believer in Animal Magnetism, must be curious and interesting, and when your leisure permits, I beg you will furnish them in detail, that others may know on what evidence one who has been charged with a lamentable want of credulity on some subjects, and who must be disinterested, has become convinced of the truth of these most incredible phenomena.

Very respectfully your friend,

A. BRIGHAM.

WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq.

LETTER OF MR. STONE TO DR. BRIGHAM.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1837.

DEAR SIR,

Your favor of the first instant reached me several days since, and in so far as “a round unvarnished tale” will serve the purposes of your inquiry, I can have not the slightest objection to a compliance with your request. I can the more readily do this, from the circumstance, that the greatest portion of the labor is already performed; that is, if you refer, as I presume you do, to certain circumstances connected with ANIMAL MAGNETISM, which transpired during a

brief visit recently made by me to the city of Providence. A full narration of that visit, so far as it was connected with the science of Animal Magnetism "falsely so called"—for I hold that nothing can rightly be regarded as a science which has not been reduced to fixed principles—was written immediately after my return, while all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection; and, in order to still greater accuracy, I have since made another flying visit to Rhode Island, and submitted the manuscript to several persons who were present at the time when the events related occurred.

Before I proceed to the main design of the present communication however, allow me to correct a misapprehension into which, like many others of my friends, you have been betrayed by the loose reports of common fame. The inference from your letter is, that I have suddenly become a convert to Animal Magnetism, to the whole extent claimed and practised by Frederick Anthony Mesmer, the founder of the art, and contended for by Wolfart and Kluge, and the other German and French enthusiasts, who have written in explanation and support of the system. This is an error. I am not a positive believer in the system, because I know not what to believe; and yet, I am free to confess, that I have recently beheld phenomena, under circumstances where collusion, deception, fraud, and imposture, were alike out of the question, if not impossible, which have brought me from the position of a positive sceptic to a dead pause. From the evidence of my own senses, I have

been compelled, if not to relinquish, at least very essentially to modify, my disbelief; and I can no longer deny, although I cannot explain, the extraordinary phenomena produced by the exertion of the mental energy of one person upon the mind of another, while in a state of what is termed magnetic slumber. Still, I pray you not to write me down as a believer in the charlatanerie of Mesmer and Deslon, or as a disciple of M. Poyen, or as an encourager of the other strolling dealers in somnambulism, who traverse the country exhibiting their "sleeping beauties," as lovers, not of science, but of gain.

For many months past, in common with most readers, if not all, of the public journals, I had seen much upon the subject of Animal Magnetism, particularly in connexion with the names of Monsieur Poyen, and his pupil, Miss Gleason. The illustrations of M. Poyen, and the exploits of Miss Gleason while under the magnetic influence imparted by him, had been standing themes of comment in the New England papers. I had seen that M. Poyen was favored by many believers, some of them, even, among the disciples of *Æsculapius*. There were others, laymen and members of the faculty, who doubted. Others, again, and probably far the largest class, were positive sceptics. These were doing all in their power to discredit the professor, his science, and his patient, as well by argument as by the withering process of ridicule. Still, M. Poyen persisted in the illustrations of his favorite science, and I had noted that accessions to the number of believers in his system were

occasionally gained, even from the ranks both of the learned and the wise. Educated, however, in the belief that Mesmer was an impostor, that his followers were enthusiasts, and his patients affected, if at all, only through the workings of their own imaginations,—and disliking, exceedingly, the public exhibitions he was making for money,—I was not only an unbeliever, but a satirist of the whole affair.

Not long afterward it was reported that the system of M. Poyen had not only been introduced into Providence, but that the illustrations exhibited there had made a deep impression upon some of the soundest and best balanced minds in that city and its vicinity. The publications upon the subject assumed a grave character, and the names quoted as among those who, if not full believers in the science, had at least been brought to admit that there was something mysterious in the developements daily making of the extent and power of the magnetic influence, both upon the bodies and minds of those who had been made subjects of it, caused me to pause, and question of myself “whereunto these things would grow.” Still I was a pretty sturdy unbeliever. The early history of Animal Magnetism was familiar to me. I had read also of the *Convulsionnaires de St. Médard*, of which you have reminded me; of the strange epidemic which set half the nuns in Christendom simultaneously to mewing like cats and kittens in concert; of the still stranger doings among various religionists in Kentucky, some thirty or forty years ago; and of course I had not forgotten the

melancholy delusion which once overspread New England in regard to witchcraft. My inclination, therefore, was to write down Animal Magnetism in the same catalogue of the eccentricities, if not the absurdities, of the human mind; and to look upon its extension in Rhode Island as the work, if not of credulity and imposture, at least of mental excitement, sympathy, and delusion.

Such, in brief, were my views and feelings in regard to Animal Magnetism, until on or about the 22d day of August ultimo, when a letter was placed in my hands by a Providence gentleman, from a distinguished prelate in the Episcopal Church, then on a visit to that city, inviting my attention to the subject, and intimating the writer's belief, that were I to investigate the phenomena of the magnetic influence myself, I might perhaps be more sparing of my sarcasms in relation to it. The letter was one of introduction, and I entered immediately into conversation with the bearer upon the subject, of which he was full. He confirmed various reports which had previously reached me, and also the fact, that the new science (I use the word for its convenience, not for its correctness,) was seriously engaging the attention of men of science and learning in Providence—physicians, philosophers, and theologians; and that the results of many experiments were causing it to be regarded with grave and increasing interest. He likewise related to me a number of facts of a surprising character, of the truth of which I could not entertain a doubt without impeaching the character

of my informant for veracity. His manner, moreover, was such as to convince me that he was sincere in what he said. He spoke of a number of patients in Providence, under the charge of several physicians, who had been subjected to the magnetic treatment, with wonderful results. Among these, he told me of a blind young lady, upon whom some surprising experiments had been made. I was informed, that, although blind, yet, when in a state of magnetic slumber, she had been sent to a fancy dry goods store to select various articles of merchandize, and that she performed the service as well as a lady of perfect sight would have done it. He also stated to me, that by the will of the magnetiser, she would go into a flower-garden, when asleep, and cull various flowers of various hues. It was likewise stated that she had read a note sent to her from a distance, under three envelopes, and that the contents were sent back to the writer, who was at the time unknown, while the seals of the envelopes remained unbroken. These, and several other extraordinary experiments mentioned to me in the course of the interview, could not but create a strong desire on my part to investigate the subject for myself. It happened that I was then making preparations to visit some valued friends in Providence, and I left New-York with a determination, if possible, to see the blind lady, and have the evidence of my own senses in regard to the exercise of this recently revived, and, if true, most wonderful influence.

I arrived in Providence on Saturday, the 26th of

August; and my inquiries, which were immediate, touching the above-mentioned reports, resulted in the confirmation, substantially, of their truth. Of course my curiosity was greatly excited, and my anxiety to see the young lady increased in a corresponding ratio. I was informed, moreover, that the subject was a young lady of most respectable character, and of decided and unaffected piety,—the patient of Doctor George Capron, a physician of established reputation, and above all the devices and designs of quackery, charlatanism, or imposture. The name of the young lady is Loraina Brackett, from the town of Dudley, Mass. Four years since, as I have learned from her friends, particularly from Dr. Capron, she had the misfortune to have an iron weight of several pounds fall from a considerable elevation on the crown of her head. The injury was so severe as to deprive her almost of life, and entirely of her reason for several months, “during which time she was subject to the most violent nervous, and other serious derangements of the nervous system. From the immediate effects of this injury she gradually recovered, and at the end of the year her general health was partially restored.” But, notwithstanding this improvement of her bodily health, her eyes were so badly affected by this injury as to produce *amaurosis*, a disease of the optic nerves, which threatened total blindness. As usual in cases of this disease, the loss of sight was very gradual, until, about eighteen months since, it was entirely extinguished. “Simultaneously with the loss of sight, she sustained a loss

of voice, so complete, that for fifteen months she was unable to utter a single guttural sound, and could only whisper almost inaudible tones." Her case was considered hopeless by her friends; and in May last arrangements were made for sending her to the Blind School at Boston, under the charge of my valued friend, Dr. S. G. Howe, where it was hoped she might be qualified for a teacher of the blind. When on her way to Boston, in May last, she took Providence in her road, for the purpose of visiting some friends in that city. It happened that Dr. Capron was the physician of one of the families Miss Brackett was visiting; and having accidentally become acquainted with her history, and learning that all the usual remedies for the deplorable malady under which she was laboring had been employed for her relief in vain, Dr. C., having some brief experience as a magnetiser, and being then engaged in the work of investigating its remedial effects, after examining her case as a matter of curiosity, proposed the magnetic treatment. As you are yourself a physician, I need not remind you that *amaurosis* often assumes the paralytic character, and that Animal Magnetism has from the first been prescribed by the practisers of the art in cases of neurology, and especially those of a paralytic character.

The consent of Miss Brackett and her friends for that purpose having been obtained, the practice was commenced in the month of May, and has been continued daily, with few intermissions, until the present time. The results, thus far, in a medical point of

view, have been the most salutary. Her voice has been entirely restored, so that it is clear, and her enunciation distinct and agreeable. Her natural sight, moreover, to say nothing at present of that mysterious faculty called mental vision, or *clairvoyance* by the French, has been so far recovered from total blindness, that she can now distinguish light from darkness. She can, when awake, discern objects, like shadows; though she cannot distinguish a man from a woman by the dress.

Such, in brief, was the history of the young lady, and the cause and extent of her malady, communicated to me shortly after my arrival in Providence, and more fully by Dr. Capron and others since. I was farther informed that the young lady was diffident and retiring in her manners, and of delicate and sensitive feelings; and that neither herself, her friends, nor her physician, were ambitious of any thing approaching to a public exhibition. On the contrary, they preferred remaining without public observation. I ought here to add, that Miss B. had received a good education, previous to the accident which had subjected her to such painful deprivations, and that her friends in Providence sustain characters not only respectable but irreproachable.

Having thus satisfied myself, by information derived from the most unquestionable authorities, that in regard to the case of this young lady the half that the facts would warrant had not been told me; and that however extraordinary might be the appearances, or however surprising the developments of

the mysterious principle or influence asserted to exist by the magnetisers, yet neither Miss Brackett herself, nor her friends, nor her physician, would be guilty of deception, or accessory, directly or indirectly, to an imposture, the next step was, if possible, to obtain an interview. This object was accomplished at my own urgent solicitation, and through the interposition of a distinguished literary friend, acquainted with the young lady and her protectors. I was entirely unacquainted with them all, and was only introduced to Doctor Capron on Saturday afternoon, August 26th. I found him all that he had been described to me—an intelligent gentleman, alike above imposture, deception, collusion, and quackery. He remarked that the friends of Miss Brackett had objected to any public exhibition, or any thing like display before strangers. However, by his influence, and the exertions of my friend, an interview for experiment was arranged for the then ensuing Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at which a few of my friends were to be present. Meantime I heard other and farther relations of the wonderful effects of Magnetic influence upon the system, the senses, and the mental faculties, not only of Miss Brackett, but of other somnambulists in Providence and its vicinity, the patients of physicians of undoubted character. In regard to Miss Brackett, I was assured, upon authority not to be questioned, that the power of seeing objects not present, or rather of transporting herself in imagination from one place to another, no matter how distant, and of viewing objects and scenes which she

had never seen or heard described, and giving correct accounts of them herself, had been strikingly displayed in many instances. One gentleman had taken her to Washington, where she accurately described the localities, the Capitol, and the leading objects within and around it. Another, some time since, had taken her to New-York, and placed her in the Park, and conducted her to sundry other places. On one occasion, while making her supposed voyage, in a steam-boat, she became sea-sick, and gave the actual unfeigned symptoms of that nauseating disease. In addition to which, Mr. Hopkins, the gentleman at whose house she was to meet us, took her on the evening of the Sabbath, the day before I was to see her, to Saratoga Springs, whence he and Mrs. Hopkins had just returned. Mr. H. told me on Monday morning that her description of the buildings and localities at the Springs was correct; and that when in fancy he took her to the Congress fountain, to drink of the water, she dashed it from her on tasting, and said she disliked it—suited the muscular action of her features to the expression of that dislike.

With such information in my possession, I determined in my own mind upon a course of examination which would test the case most thoroughly, and in a manner rendering deception, delusion, and imposition of every kind, entirely out of the question—even did not the excellent character of all the parties afford an ample guarantee against any and every attempt of the kind. But I kept several of the particular

tests which I meant to employ entirely within my own bosom, not imparting a hint or suggestion of my design even to my most intimate friends.

Agreeably to appointment, we met at the house of Mr. Hopkins a few minutes before ten, on Monday morning the 28th of August. There were present the literary friend already referred to, another clergyman with his daughter and another young lady; Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. Isaac Thurber, another gentleman whose name I do not recollect, Doctor Capron and myself. The patient was presently ushered into the room, and we were all introduced to her—passing a few moments in agreeable conversation. I found the young lady of delicate mind and manners, modest and diffident. None could see without being favorably impressed in her behalf. She was, of course, aware of the object of our visit; and Dr. Capron soon took a seat near her, and commenced the process of what is called magnetizing.

I ought before to have remarked, that Dr. Capron had previously cautioned me not to expect too great things, since it was a matter of uncertainty whether the slumber would be profound, and the mind clear; and whether, moreover, she might not become wayward and obstinate, after being thrown into sleep. Much depended on the calmness of his own mind and the intensity of its *fixedness* upon the business in hand; much also depended upon the state of mind of the patient.

The process was chiefly by the action of the eyes, with some slight manipulations. In these, however,

there was nothing disagreeable or objectionable, in the remotest degree, even to the most refined and sensitive mind. In five minutes the patient gave signs of drowsiness, and in four minutes more she was in a deep and profound slumber—inensible, as we ascertained by experiment, alike to the touch and the voices of all present, excepting her physician. He then told her that he wished her to be in communication with all of us, and to converse with all the company present who wished to speak with her. On the instant she seemed aware that she was in the company of several people, and gave indications of displeasure.

“I don’t like to be looked at in this way by strangers,” she said.

The Doctor attempted to soothe her, but she manifested displeasure, and said she would not stay to be thus gazed at by strangers.

Doctor. “But they are not strangers; they are your friends. You have been introduced to them, and after being introduced, people are no longer strangers.”

Miss Brackett. “I’ll not be looked at in this way; I will leave the room.”

Saying which she rose with offended dignity, and walked toward the door. I began now to fear that the experiment was ended, and that her obstinacy could not be removed. The Doctor, however, took her hand, and succeeded in changing her purpose, when she walked into the other part of the drawing-room.

It was arranged that the first experiments should be made for the purpose of eliciting some of the phenomena of *clairvoyance*, or mental vision. For this purpose an exhibition was made of various prints, large and small, likenesses of distinguished persons, &c., with which my friend had provided himself from his own house. With some of these the front parlor was hung, before we entered it from the back room, while the smaller prints were thrown upon the centre-table. It must here be borne in mind, in the first place, what has already been several times remarked, that the patient is blind. Her eyelids, moreover, were entirely closed; in addition to which, cotton batts were placed over her eyes, and confined by a pair of green spectacles. It would, therefore, have been impossible for her to see—or rather, any other person would have been involved in the deepest darkness, with eyes thus closed, and then cotton batts over them.

Soon after going into the room she appeared to see the pictures and admire them. This fact was tested in every way. From her repugnance to so much company, however, the little circle drew as much as possible away from her, and her chief conversation on the subject of pictures was held with my friend, with whom, both sleeping and waking, she had previously been acquainted. Invariably, when she studied a picture, she turned her back upon the wall against which it hung. When she took up a print to examine it, she held it at the back of her head, or rather just over the parietal bone. With

my friend she conversed freely, and selected from the small prints a likeness of Mrs. Judson, whose life she said she had read several times. She took up a portrait, while standing on the side of the room opposite to my friend and myself, and putting it to the side of her head, almost behind, as she remained alone, inquired—"Is not this a likeness of John Foster?—John—Yes, it is John Foster." I immediately passed around the table to her, and held a brief conversation with her respecting the character and writings of Foster—of whom there had not been a word said, before she selected his picture and pronounced his name. Her reading of the names on the prints was very slow, as she read by *lettering*, as the free-masons call it; that is, by studying each letter, and first repeating it in a whisper, as though to herself. But she made no mistakes that were discovered. She had an objection to read, arising from an idea, if we were looking at the picture with her, that we knew as well as she, and that it was idle in us to ask her what we could not be ignorant of. If, however, she was holding a picture by herself, in a different part of the room, on asking the question, whose likeness she was looking at? she would answer correctly, as in the case of John Foster. Sometimes she would exhibit the simplicity of childhood, as in the case of an allegorical print suspended by the wall. The inscription was—"America guided by Wisdom." My friend asked her to read it. She replied, that she would read half of it if he would read the other half. She then, after a moment of study,

read "*America guided*"—and would read no more; insisting, playfully, that the gentleman referred to must read the other two words.

In the early part of this exhibition she suddenly exclaimed—"why, who could have put that there? It is no ornament to such a room as this." Saying which, she stepped across the carpet, and took down a coarsely printed handbill, which had been suspended among the prints over the mantel-piece, by design, but which had not attracted my notice until she thus directed the attention of the circle to the object.

Having satisfied ourselves of the wonderful powers of "vision without the use of visual organs," as exhibited upon these objects, and of which I have given but a brief outline, Dr. Capron, by an exercise of the will, withdrew her attention from the whole circle to himself, and then gave her a particular introduction to me. Leading her to a seat, I sat down by her side, and the Doctor transferred her hand into mine, and clothed me with the power of enjoying her exclusive company.

I then commenced a conversation with Miss Brackett, upon ordinary subjects, just as I would have done with any strange lady to whom I might be introduced—talking upon various matters, and she conversing in a sprightly and intelligent manner—invariably using very correct English. I inquired, both of herself and friends, before she was magnetised, whether she had ever been in New-York, and was assured that she had not. In the course of my re-

marks, I now asked her whether she would like to visit New-York? She replied that she would—"she should like to go there very well." I then observed that it would afford me pleasure to accompany her, and asked—

"How shall we go? Shall we not take the steamboat Narragansett? It is a very fine boat, and now lies at the dock."

She replied she did not like to go in a steamboat. It made her sick. This remark was noted as affording an illustration of her former ideal voyage, in which she actually became sea-sick, as was reported to me.

"How then will you go?"

"I should like to go through the air."

"Very well," I replied,—“we will step into a balloon. That will be a pleasant mode of travelling.”

She did not, however, seem to comprehend what was meant by a balloon, and repeated her desire to go through the air. I assured her that I would as gladly accompany her that way as any other.

"But you must not let me fall," said she.

"Oh no," I replied. "I am used to that way of travelling, and will bear you up in perfect safety."

Saying which, she grasped my right hand more firmly—took my left hand—and pressed upon both, tremulously, as if buoying herself up. I raised my hands some ten or twelve inches, very slowly, favoring the idea that she was ascending.

"You must keep me up," she said, with a slight

convulsive, or rather shuddering grasp, as though apprehensive of a fall.

"Certainly," I replied, "you need have no fear. I am used to these excursions." And away, in imagination, we sailed.

* * * * *

"There is Bristol!" she exclaimed; "stop—we must look at Bristol. I have been here before. I always admired it. What beautiful streets!"

"Very beautiful, indeed," I replied—and we resumed our aerial voyage.

"Oh," said she, "how I like to travel in this way—it is so easy, and we go so quick."

"Yes," I answered, "and here we are at New-York. Come, we will descend at the north end of the Battery."

She then grasped my hands more closely, and bore down exactly as though descending from a height.

"Safely down," said I. "There is the dock where the Providence steam-boat comes in."

"Indeed!" she replied; "but it is not so good a place as where they came in before." I have already stated that she had some time previously made a short imaginary visit to New-York, in a steam-boat. The places of landing have during the present season been changed from Market and Chamber's streets to the north end of the Battery. I am uncertain, however, whether the change was made before or since that voyage, as I forgot to inquire into the particulars of that point, although I mentioned the fact of the change of the landing-place to the cir-

ele, and it is possible that her voyage took place before the change.

I now asked her whether she would like to step into Castle Garden a few minutes? She replied "yes;" but immediately asked how we should get through the gate? I answered that there would be no difficulty, as I had a season ticket. "But," said she, "I don't like the looks of that man by the gate." I told her she need have no fear. He was a constable or police officer—they always had somebody of that character by the gate—but he knew me very well, and would open the gate as soon as we should come up.

"There," said she, "I told you we could not get the gate open."

"But," said I, "we can go through the side gate here. Come, here we are."

"It does not seem much like a garden," she said.

"Very true," I replied. "It was an old fort, which has been fitted up as a place of amusement. It is here that they get up grand displays of fire-works."

"I am not fond of fire-works. I never cared about seeing them."

"But they don't get them up in the day time, and only on festival occasions. At other times people come here to get fresh air, drink lemonade and punch, and smoke segars."

"Do they allow them to smoke in the garden?"

"It is unfortunately so," I rejoined.

At this moment she appeared to act cautiously, as though experiencing the sensations of stepping upon

a bridge. I spoke too quickly, and said the bridge was perfectly safe, and we would walk along.

I then observed a smile playing upon her features. "What pleases you?" I inquired. "Why," said she, "what a queer hat that man has got on."

"What man?"

"Why, that man, there, with the large round hat, like a Quaker's."

"What sort of a coat has he on, or is it a jacket?"

"It is a round jacket—and look, his hat has a round, low crown."

It instantly occurred to me that she had described the dress of the Castle-Garden Boat Club, whose boat-house stands at the farther end of the bridge, where, also, their boat is moored. There is generally some one or more of the club at their room; and I doubt not that one of the members was then at the club-house, and was seen by Miss Brackett. A member of the club, whom I met the same evening, assured me that such was their dress, and he believed that one of their members must have been there at the time.

On approaching the massive portal of the garden-wall, Miss B. drew back, and said she had rather not go in. It was no garden, and she did not like to go through that gate.

It will here be remarked that she seemed to have seen both the gates, and the bridge—as also the castle walls—since it was one of her first observations, that she saw nothing like a garden. The misnomer

of calling such a place a garden, would at once strike the attention of any stranger.

"I choose not to go in," she repeated.

"Just as you say," I replied; "we will turn about, and walk up town; now we are on the Battery. How do you like the trees?"

She here gave indications of not understanding why the esplanade should be called a *Battery*. I told her the name was derived from an ancient fortress which stood there. "Oh," she replied, "then this is the place of the old fort."

Having lingered a few moments, and the companion of my imaginary journey having expressed her admiration of the beauty of the place, I proposed continuing our walk up Broadway; to which she assented.

* * * * *

"And here we are by the Bowling-Green," I remarked. "How do you like it?"

"It is very pretty."

"Well; here is Mr. Ray's house—how do you like that?"

"It is a splendid house."

"On the left hand," said I.

"No; on the right hand—but stop,"—she said—"why—there—(smiling,) I was turned round, and was walking back down the street. You are right. It is on the left hand."

At this moment her attention appeared to be divided between two or more objects—one on either hand. I inquired what she saw on her right. She

declined a direct answer, and evaded a reply two or three times. She then extended her hands to the left, as if curiously examining something by the touch. "I saw something like this at Washington," she remarked. [This was during her ideal visit, of which I have spoken above, for she has never been there. The gentleman making that dreamy visit, however, said that her description of some statuary was correct.] "It is carved," she continued. And then she turned to the object on her right, and I again asked what it was. She replied that she did not wish to tell me, and I inferred, as did others of the circle, that she had descried something that offended her delicacy. Then turning to the left, she said—"Why—they are"—"They are what?" I demanded. "Why, I am trying to see." "What do they look like? Do they resemble lions?" "Yes," she replied—"they are lions—*bronzed* lions." I had spoken the word lions too hastily; but her own unaided discovery that the noble pair of lions *dormant* guarding the portals of Mr. Ray's house, were of *bronze*, rendered this incident the most striking development in the case, thus far. I then asked her of what materials the house was built. She replied, "I will feel of it and see,"—suing the action to the word. "Why," she continued, "I have seen a house built of the same materials in Boston." She was asked whether it resembled any building in Providence—whether the color resembled the Arcade. "It looks like the columns of the Arcade," she replied. Those

columns are of Eastern granite, and so is the house of Mr. Ray.

We then resumed our walk along Broadway, and as we approached Trinity Church, she complained of the crowds of people. Presently she was embarrassed in getting along, as if shrinking from the crowd, and edging sideways as though jostled by the throng. "I never saw people crowd so," she remarked. "Why, they run over a body without the least care." She was indeed much perplexed to go onward, while I was liberal in assurances of protection; telling her that New-York was the grand receptacle of people of all nations—and that the immigrants, Irish, Dutch, Swiss, French, Spanish—every body—were wont to throng Broadway; but they would not injure her, and we should soon get through the multitude.

Thus we proceeded as far as the Astor House. I asked her if she had ever heard of the Astor House? she replied she had not. "Nor of Mr. Astor?" "No." I then gave her an outline of the history of that gentleman—how he came to New-York a poor immigrant, and seeing a wealthy man building a large house in Broadway, mentally resolved one day to build a still greater; how he embarked in the fur trade, and in connexion with this point, I introduced incidentally the name of Jacob Weber, formerly of German Flatts, with whom Mr. Astor was connected, in early life, in the Indian fur trade, and whom I had once known very well. I repeated to her the well-known anecdote which has been related of Weber,

and perhaps of a dozen others, that in purchasing furs of the Indians, he was wont to use his fist for a one pound weight, and his foot for two pounds.

“But that was not just,” interrupted Miss Brackett—repeating, “It was not just, and I should not think they would have prospered.”

“Mr. Astor had nothing to do with that,” I continued—adding that his life had afforded a fine illustration of one of the essays of John Foster, whose picture she had been examining—that on Decision of Character. She was quite interested in the story, and we proceeded on our walk.

“What do you think of this house?” I inquired.

“It is a noble building,” she replied. “I should like to get a good view of it, but there are so many people crowding me, that I cannot stand here.” “We will then step across the street into the Park,” said I, “and you can there obtain a fine view. Here—we will cross over—now—through the gate—there.” “Ah,” said she, as in imagination I caused her to walk into the middle of the Park—“I have been here before.” She then stopped, and gazed up and around, as if taking a deliberate survey of the building. “How large!” she exclaimed. I asked her how many stories high it was. She counted, in a low whisper, yet so distinct that I heard it, “one—two—three—four—five.” I inquired again, that she might speak out. But she did not.

“It is a splendid building,” she continued. “I should like to go through it. Can we do so?”

“Oh yes, certainly,” I replied. “I will go through with you, with pleasure.”

"But there are so many people there."

"I know them all very well, and there will be no difficulty."

I then walked with her to the broad portal, where she rather shrunk back.

"I don't like to go up those stairs, there are so many men standing there! Can we not come again?"

"To be sure we can," was my reply. "It will afford me much pleasure."

Now, let any one, at any time of the day, step up to the portal of the Astor House, and look up stairs to the first floor of the hotel, and say what form of expression could convey a more accurate description of the entrance to that establishment, and of the large groups of men standing there at all hours.

We then resumed our walk, and I proposed to her to call at my own house, near by, to which she acceded.

"We will pass the American Hotel," I continued, "and turn to the left, down Park Place. It is a pleasant street, and my house is just at the foot of it—adjoining the College Green. * * *

This is the corner, and here we will turn." * * *

"How do you like that building on the opposite corner?" I asked. "That is the old Mechanic's Hall." She stopped, and looking up, her attention was suddenly arrested by some object of interest.

"What are you looking at, Miss Brackett?" I inquired.

"I was looking at that carved work," she replied.

“What is it?”

“That is what I am trying to study. They are like figures—but you are in such a hurry.”

“Oh no; you may look as long as you please. What do you think it is?”

“I am trying to find out its meaning,” she answered; “but you hurry me so from one thing to another.”

* * * * * “Come,” said I, after a short pause, “shall we walk down the street?”

“You are so impatient,” said she. “When a gentleman walks with me,” she continued, archly, “I don’t like to have him so impatient.”

The rebuke, my friends assured me, would doubtless have been well deserved, had I actually been walking with a lady on the business of sight-seeing—for it is but too true that in such matters I am always impatient, and in a hurry. But to the point—those who are acquainted with the premises we were examining, will doubtless recollect the sculptured group above the cornice of the Mechanics’ Hall, on the Park Place front—the figure of Charity dispensing her favors to several orphan children. It was this group that attracted the attention of my somnolous companion.

“Can I not come and look at it again?” said she, and we resumed our walk. * * * *

“That,” said I, “is the College Green.”

“How beautiful!” she exclaimed. “I must go and walk there.”

“But will you not step into my house first? It is close by.”

“No; I must take a walk there first. But there is nobody there.”

“It is private ground,” I replied; “but the President of the College is my next door neighbor, and I have permission to walk there whenever I please. The gate is always open, and we will step in for a few minutes.” On reaching the foot of the street—

“There,” she exclaimed, with a playful smile, “you said the gate was always open, but you see it is shut.”

“It is not locked, however,” I rejoined, “as you will see. * * * There, you see I have opened it. Now, step in, and we will walk around the grounds.” * * *

“How do you like the College?” “Very well,” she replied—“but there is nobody in it.” “Because it is the vacation,” said I; which was the fact.

I then proceeded, during our walk, to give her a brief history of the College—its breaking up at the beginning of the war of the Revolution—the harangue of Hamilton to the people in front, while his Tory preceptor, by that means, was enabled to escape out of the back window, &c. &c.; in all which she was much interested. It is proper here to remark, by way of explanation, that these conversations and episodes were necessary, to entertain her during her imaginary walks, for she did not like being hurried; and although it was all ideal, yet Miss Brackett wanted as much time as though she were in reality performing the exercise. She wished to stop at different objects as frequently to admire, and to linger

as long, as though she were actually awake, not blind, but clear-sighted—and in New-York.

“How do you like the trees?” I inquired.

“Very well; but there is one of them which is decaying, and should be cut down and taken away.”

I was not aware of this fact, and from my knowledge of the trees, thought she must be in error. On examination since my return, however, I find that one of the trees, in front of the wing occupied by Professor McVickar, has been sadly injured, by being barked in several very large places; and the trunk is otherwise diseased. A canvas bandage, tarred, has been applied to the trunk, and the trunk itself has been smeared with that staple of North Carolina merchandize.

I told her the President of the College lived in the first wing. She replied that there was nobody living there now—the house being empty. On inquiry, I find that she was correct—the house being shut up, and the President’s family in the country.

I now proposed to end our walk, and step into my house, to which I endeavored to lead her. The house is No. 36 Church street—is very peculiar in its construction—having no door upon the street—the entrance being by an iron gate into a little court. There is, on the opposite side of the street, a somewhat similar entrance, by a door, into the yard of Mr. Douglass, corner of Park Place and Church street. As we entered the court, Miss Brackett shuddered, and clung to my side. I asked her what was the matter. She replied she was afraid of that

black man in the yard. I reasoned with her against any apprehensions of fear, but to no purpose. Mrs. Hopkins here remarked that Loraina had always been afraid of negroes, and could not bear to be near them when well and awake. However, I soon persuaded her to proceed, descend into the basement story, in advance of myself, and see what the servants were about in the kitchen. She did so, and reported on her return, that there were two white women, together with a negress, who was engaged in cooking something sweet. I asked her whether she was certain both the white women were full grown, and she answered they were. I inquired what they were about, and she said she did not like to tell me. I then descended into the kitchen with her, and asked her what the black woman had in her hand. She said she did not know, but it looked like something sweet. I asked her to taste it. She said, "No: she could not taste any thing cooked by a black woman, because it was not clean." On assuring her that a colored woman, if well washed, would be just as clean as a washed white woman, she asked for a taste—tried it in her mouth,—said it was too sweet—and raised her hand to my lips, saying that I must taste of it also.

It was evident that this was all incorrect as to our domestic establishment, and it struck me that she had by mistake entered the wrong house. I accordingly addressed her thus:—

"Why, Miss Brackett, we have made a mistake,

and gone into a wrong house. Let us get out as quick as possible."

Taking her thence into the street, I said, "Let us cross over—that is my house—how do you like it?"

She replied that it was a very pretty house—she liked it much; but it was a good deal smaller than the other.

"How many stories has it?"

"Two," was the correct reply.

"How do you like those windows?"

"Oh, they are very beautiful. It would be so sweet to sit and look out of those windows on the green."

"Now," said I, "let us walk along to the gate, and go in. We have been absent in Providence some time—I have left Mrs. Stone there—and I want now to come suddenly upon them, and see if perhaps they are not playing high-life below stairs."

As we passed along, my companion looked up and said: "Why, I should think you might as well cut a door through into the street." This would have been a more important point, had I not some time previously remarked, by accident, that our house had no door on the street; Miss B. might have heard that observation, and she might not.

Arriving at the gate, I again sent her into the kitchen in advance, to take the servants by surprise, a conceit which seemed to please her. The passage into the kitchen from the court, is winding, and she entered with the caution of a stranger. She then said, as if to the servants, in a loud whisper—"Hist,

the Gentleman has come home—I say, the Gentleman has come.”

Calling her out, I inquired how many servants were there. She replied, correctly, two. I inquired their ages, and she answered, again correctly, that the cook was a woman who seemed to be just past middle age, and the other a young girl. In a word, she gave very accurate descriptions of the persons of two servants who had been left in charge of the house. I inquired the age of the smaller; she said she could not tell, but would ask her. She then spoke—“How old are you? Is that your mother?” Then turning to me, she observed—“She will not answer me.” She then inquired of the other—“Is that your daughter? How old is she?” Turning to me again, she remarked—“Why, she will not answer me either.” I inquired what they were doing? She answered—“not much of any thing”—which I thought not unlikely. It being washing day, I asked—“are they not washing?” She said, and repeated, they were not. I asked what kind of a frock the girl had on? She replied that she could not see clearly—the room was rather dark—but she believed it was a dark purple sprig. On both of these points she was mistaken. The cook *was* washing that day, and the frock of the girl was blue, with a small light flower. It is proper to add, moreover, that there was no colored woman, engaged in culinary operations or otherwise, at the time in question, in the house opposite, where I supposed my companion had entered by mistake.

Addressing my fair companion again, I observed that we had been long enough in the kitchen, and that I had a number of pictures in the drawing-rooms above, which I was desirous she should see. We therefore ascended through the always dark staircase passage, and entered the drawing-room. I attempted to direct her attention to several pictures, but in her imagination she ran across the room to the centre-table, standing in one corner, expressing her admiration of the books with which it was covered. She glanced at several, speaking of the beautiful pictures with which they were filled. With one of them she seemed to be most of all pleased. I asked her what it was. She replied "Ill—illustrations of the Bible." I had not thought of the table or books until she thus called my attention to them. "I saw just such a one the other day," she said, "at Mr. Farley's in Providence, only the cover of that was brown, and this is green." Mrs. Hopkins here informed me that it was so—she had seen, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Farley, while in the state of magnetic slumber, a copy of the work she was now examining, which that gentleman, it was ascertained, did actually possess. I knew that the Bible Illustrations, with a heap of other literary and pictorial volumes, were lying upon the table in question, and I knew that we *had* possessed one with a green cover. One of the two, however, had been presented to a friend—but of which color I knew not. On returning home, I found that she was in error with regard to the cover—it being brown instead of green. But by the side of

it, lay the "Gems of Beauty," in green morocco, and another Keepsake bound in the same color.

Having satisfied herself with the books, she next turned to the pictures, though not without urging. Reaching up her hands, she took down a small painting, and asked me to look at it—placing it in my hands. I asked her what it was. "Ask me what it is!" said she, "when you have it in your own hands, and know as well as I!" She would do no such thing!

I then asked her to examine the painting over the side-board. She looked at it for some time, and in answer to questions, expressed great pleasure at its beauty. But I could not induce her to tell me what it was, or describe it, for the avowed reason that I was looking at it with her, and it was trifling with her to ask such a question.

Dr. Capron here remarked to the circle, that such was her usual course. Whenever she was looking at an object with, as she supposed, another person, she would not answer questions of this description—believing either that they were not seriously put, or that the questioner was quizzing or sporting with her. All, therefore, that I could obtain from her, with the exception of general expressions of approbation, was the remark—that she did not like the man's coat in the foreground. Here, also, it should be noted, that when in the magnetic state she can talk only with the person or persons with whom the magnetiser has willed that she shall be in communication. She can hear nothing addressed to her by

any one else, nor can she hear the conversation between any two individuals, nor even the person with whom she is in communication if he directs his speech to any but herself. He must speak to her, or she hears him not, and only wonders why his lips move, and yet that he does not speak.*

My next experiment was with another picture of a very peculiar character. "Miss Brackett," said I, "there is a picture in the other room, hanging over the couch, which I value highly. I wish you would look at it." [I ought before to have remarked, that in no instance did I indicate to her what were the subjects of the pictures; and of the existence of three of them, of which I shall soon speak, and which I designed to make the principal tests, not a soul in the room, as I believe, had any previous knowledge excepting myself.] Miss B. thereupon walked into the other room—the folding-doors standing open, and looked with great interest upon the picture I had indicated. But although she appeared to inspect it minutely, I could elicit no description from her. I told her that both the pictures were painted by a young and promising artist, a Mr. Hoxie, and I valued them highly. He was a young man of great merit, and I would take some opportunity of introducing him to her. "Where is he?" she asked; "I do not see him." I

* Statement of Mr. Jesse Metcalf, one of Miss Brackett's friends, contained among other interesting papers, in the Appendix to No. I of Deleuze's Practical Illustration of Animal Magnetism, Providence, by R. Cranston & Co. Deleuze's work has been translated by Mr. Hartshorne, of Providence, and the collection of papers in the Appendix embodies a large amount of important facts upon the subject, recently developed in Providence.

replied that he was not here now, but I would see him soon; and then attempted again to elicit something of a description from her. But she evaded me artfully as before.

Dr. Capron again spoke to me, of which circumstance, however, she was evidently unconscious; and remarked, that when I had proceeded as far as I wished, he would come suddenly upon her, as if on a visit to New-York, and after taking her from me, she would without doubt freely relate to him all that had taken place between her and myself. In this way I would be abundantly able to form an opinion as to the power of the Magnetic influence upon the mind, when the body is wrapped in insensible slumber so profound that the discharge of a park of artillery would not disturb her.

There were various other paintings in the drawing-rooms, too many for a particular examination within the time at our command. Among these were several portraits. To one of these, an admirable head by Inman, Miss Brackett objected that the coat was too old-fashioned, and she wondered they should have painted a man in such a coat. The remark as to the rather countrified cut of the coat, was correct; but she spoke of a quaker coat, as appearing upon one of the portraits, which is not there. She was asked, if among the portraits there was any one which she recognized? She replied that there was one gentleman whom she thought she had once seen in Providence. It was the portrait of one of my intimate friends who was of the party, and to whom

she had been introduced in the morning; by Frothingham.

I now asked Miss Brackett to walk with me into the library—a small apartment built purposely for that object, and in a degree separate from the main body of the house. I told her that I had some pictures in that room, to which I wished particularly to invite her attention—giving her, however, not the slightest intimation as to the character of the pictures. On entering the library, “this,” said I, “is my den—my literary work-shop—where I can shut myself up, and be as secluded as I please. I built it on purpose.” “Oh,” said she, “it is a nice little place—I should like to shut myself up here too; come, you go out, and leave me alone—I want to read these books. But,” she continued, “if you built this on purpose, why did you not make it wider while you were about it? It is so long and narrow, and so close—it wants some air.” Now, these are exactly the criticisms upon my private “den,” made by all my waking friends; for it so happens, that, in its construction, having but a small lot, I made a sad miscalculation as to the width of the room.

I explained the matter to her, and told her I would leave her with the books as long as she pleased after we had looked at the pictures. I then asked her to look at the upper painting above the fire-place. Now, I must remark in this place, that that was a picture which I had recently purchased, and which had only been sent home on the preceding Tuesday or Wednesday. No person in the room, excepting

myself, knew of its existence. She looked at the picture, and became instantly pensive. Presently her bosom heaved with sighs. I asked her what she thought of it. She said she did not like to look at it any more. I then requested her to look at the picture below. She did so, and in a moment was absorbed with curious interest. But, as before, she would not describe it to me, farther than to say it was the portrait of a dark colored man; but she brought her hand round her head, as much as to say there was something peculiar about the head. I then again directed her attention to the upper picture. She immediately became pensive, and affected as before. The experiment was repeated several times, until, in contemplating the upper picture, she sobbed and wept. "Well," said I, "if that picture affects you so much, Miss Brackett, you need look at it no more. I have here a picture, in this drawer, which I prize highly, and will show it you." Saying which, I opened the drawer, and handed her the picture. She (in imagination, of course,) took the picture, and observed in a whisper, as if talking to herself, "oh, it's a miniature." I asked her what she thought of it? She replied it was very beautiful—but would not describe it, for the reasons I have already several times mentioned.

I now requested Dr. Capron to take her from me, and resume his sway over her for the purpose of the suggested cross-examination through him as to what she had seen. He took her by the hand, and the following scene ensued:—

“ Ah, Loraina, are you here ?”

“ Why, Doctor, how do you do ? When did you come from Providence ?”

“ I have just arrived.”

“ I am glad to see you.”

“ And I am very glad to see you. When did you come to New-York ?”

I forget the reply to this question. The conversation, however, was upon the common topics which would be naturally suggested by an actual meeting of friends, under the circumstances imagined. The Doctor continued:

“ How have you been engaged since you came to New-York ? Have you seen any thing ?”

“ Oh yes. Mr. Stone has been taking a walk with me, and shown me a great many things.” She then informed him, in answer to questions, of her walk through Broadway—mentioned the lions—the Astor House—and other matters, not necessary to be repeated for the purpose of this narrative. Doctor Capron continued:

“ Well, Loraina, when Mr. Stone was in Providence, a few days since, he spoke to me of some pictures which he prizes highly. Did you see any of them ?”

“ Oh yes. I went to his house and saw a great many. I took down one, and handed it to him ; and, what do you think ?—he wanted me to tell him what it was, when he had it in his own hands !—but I wouldn't,—he pestered me with so many questions !”

I here suggested to the Doctor, that he should ask

her whether she saw a fruit piece. He did so. "Oh yes," was the reply. "That was the very picture I took down and wouldn't tell him what it was."

This was correct. From what I could gather, when she began examining the paintings, I supposed she referred to a beautiful fruit piece by Ward, of London.

The Doctor continued—"Mr. Stone told me there was a painting over the side-board—what kind of a picture was that?"

"It was a lake, with mountains around it. I thought it very beautiful."

Such is the fact. The picture is a charming mountain landscape, the scene being a beautiful lake among the Catskill mountains, by Hoxie.

"Well, what other pictures did you see? What is that picture which Mr. Stone told me was hanging over the settee?"

"Oh, it was a curious picture. It represents three Indians sitting in a hollow tree, which looks as though it had been dug out on purpose. And the tree is filled with marks." [Hieroglyphics.]

This was the most wonderful reply we had had yet. The picture is a composition landscape, by Hoxie, containing the portrait of the decaying trunk of an enormous sycamore tree, standing in the neighborhood of Montezuma, N. Y. The artist has introduced a group of three Indians, and has likewise traced a number of hieroglyphics within the open trunk. These hieroglyphics are seldom noticed by visitors, unless specially pointed out. And yet this

blind lady, with bandaged eyes, who had never been in New-York, nor heard a whisper of the existence of the picture, had discovered them! The fact seems not only incredible, but absolutely impossible. But, as I believe, it is nevertheless true.

“ Did you notice particularly any other pictures? Mr. Stone told me he had several in his library, upon which he set a high value. Did you see them?”

“ Yes.”

“ What were they?”

Here she again became affected, as she replied—
“ One of them was Christ in his agony, with a Crown of Thorns!”

This reply was astounding. The picture is an admirable copy of the *Ecce Homo* by Guido. It had only been sent home a week before, and I had cautiously avoided mentioning it to my most intimate friends present at this extraordinary interview, until she thus proclaimed it.

“ What other picture did you see in the library?”

“ There was a portrait of an Indian Chief.”

This was another wonderful reply. The picture is an admirable copy, by Catlin, of a capital portrait of Brant, the Great Mohawk Warrior, which has recently been procured, to be engraved for the forthcoming life of that celebrated chieftain.

“ How was he dressed?”

“ Why, I can hardly describe it. His head was shaved, and I don't know exactly whether there was any hair left on or not. There was something on the top, but I could scarcely tell whether it was hair.”

This description was very accurate. The knot on the crown is the scalp-lock; and the war-paint around it, and something like a ribbon tying it, would render it doubtful to a superficial observer, unacquainted with Indian customs and costumes, whether there was any hair there or not.

“Was there no other picture in the library?”

“Oh yes: he took out of a drawer, a miniature.”

“Did it resemble the large picture?”

“I thought it did, somewhat.”

[I believe I had put this question to her when she was under my control.]

“How was it dressed?”

“It was a very handsome picture, and had a cap and plumes.”

This was another wonderful reply. The picture in question is a very beautiful miniature likeness of Brant, composed by N. Rogers, from two pictures of the chief, taken when he was a young man, and first in London—in his court dress. The picture is designed to embellish the forthcoming work referred to, and lies yet in the drawer, where it was seen and described by Miss Brackett—blind—previously unconscious of its existence—and two hundred miles off when she saw it.

The Doctor now transferred the somnoloquist back to me. Taking her hand again, quick as a flash we were restored to the place and position occupied at the moment of the Doctor's intervention. I resumed the conversation, by asking her if she had ever heard of Wall-street? She replied that she had not.

“ You have heard of the great fire in New-York ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Would you like to take a walk down there, and see how it has been rebuilt, and where they are building the new Exchange ?”

“ I should like to go there very much.”

The imaginary walk was immediately commenced. “ Here,” said I, “ is Trinity Church—the oldest in the city. Perhaps you would like to take a look into it ?”

She replied that it would afford her pleasure to do so—adding, “ but I guess you will be obliged to get the doors open before we get in.” I told her the sexton would open them at once. “ Come,” I added, “ I will open the gate,—and there,—you see the doors are opened.”

The moment she had crossed the threshold, and arrived at the inner door, she paused, and looking half round, smiled, and, as it were, bit her lip.

“ What attracts your particular attention now, Miss Brackett ?”

“ I was looking at these awkward pews. I never saw such inconvenient pews.”

“ What is the difficulty with them ?”

“ Why, how they look !”

“ But the richest people in New-York attend Church here.”

“ Then I should advise them to tear away these old pews, and build new and better ones.”

Now, it happens to be a fact, that the pews in this

church are just the worst looking, and most inconvenient, in the city.

“How do you like the pulpit?”

“I think it wants new drapery; only see how old it looks. The cushion where they lay the Bible is quite threadbare.”

I have examined these draperies since my return, and should advise the vestry of that church to take the hint of the somnoloquist. The cushion is not exactly “thread-bare,” but the drapery of both the pulpit and the desk needs renewal.

I asked her to look beyond the pulpit, and examine the sculpture. She did so, and was deeply interested. But she did not describe it. I asked her which figure she liked best? She answered the standing figure. I inquired whether she understood the design of the figure? She said she did. I am not certain whether I told her that it was a monumental structure, but I think I did say that the standing figure was a personification of Religion. However, she gave no evidence that she fully comprehended the work. I asked her how she liked the lights behind? She replied very well, and added that she had never seen the light let in in that way before.

On leaving the church, I suddenly remarked—“why, Miss Brackett, after all, I omitted one thing at my house, which I very much desire you should see. In our little basement room—the little snuggerly where we breakfast—I have two pictures—one very curious, which you must see. Will you walk

back with me, and look at it? She replied in the affirmative, and I immediately added—"well, here we are." "That's likely," said she, playfully,— "you have got there before I have started!" "Very true," said I, "but I will come back and walk with you." * * * "Now, Miss Brackett, we are here at all events."

"And is this your family breakfast-room?"

"It is."

"It is a nice little place."

"Now, Miss Brackett, look at that picture, and tell me what you think of it?"

She looked and began to smile, and was evidently much amused. But, as before, she would give me no description of either. Doctor Capron here observed to me, that if I charged her particularly to remember what she saw, she would do so, and tell me about it when awake. I then remarked—"If you will not tell me now, will you be careful to remember what you see—what pleases you so—and tell me afterward?" She promised faithfully that she would.

We had now been occupied nearly four hours, and my engagements were such as to render it necessary to bring my travels with this most interesting companion to a close. I therefore proposed returning to Providence, to which she assented.

"How will you go?" I asked.

"We will fly."

"Very well—I am used to that mode of traveling." Claspings both my hands in hers, she went

through the same process of ascending into the air by my assistance, as before.

“Oh, how beautiful it is,” she exclaimed, “to look down upon the city. How vast—how grand!” Lingering a moment, as if hovering over the town, I directed her attention to several objects—the land and the water. “That dark mass of buildings, is the Bellevue Alms House. That high column is the Shot-Tower—it is the highest structure on the island.”

“And we are so much above that!” she interrupted.

“Ah, here we have New-Haven.”

“How beautiful!” she exclaimed. “Stop, I must look at that. It is very beautiful.”

“And this is New London—How are you pleased with it?”

“I don’t like its appearance very well.”

“Nor does any body else,” I replied.

“And here we are in Providence,” I continued. I then assisted her in descending, as from the first flight, and asked her how she had been pleased with her visit to New-York? She replied that she had been exceedingly gratified—that she liked the route home very much, as it was one she had never travelled before.

Dr. Capron now again willed her away from me, resumed his control, and by the peculiar mental process of Animal Magnetism, together with a few brushes of his hand over her forehead, awoke her. She at first complained of being somewhat confused;

but in the course of one or two minutes resumed her self-possession, and was as cheerful, and intelligent, and diffident, withal, as before she had been magnetised. The Doctor had charged her to remember the circumstances of her visit, and he now questioned her respecting several incidents heretofore detailed at large. Among others, he inquired again what was the particular object that had attracted her attention, and seemed to annoy her, at the Bowling-Green opposite the lions? She blushed to the eyes, and said she must be excused from answering.

He then asked her what was the picture in the basement-room of my house, which seemed to please her so much?

She laughed outright, as she replied—"It was a funny looking fellow pulling a cat's ear."

This was another remarkable answer, affording a still farther and most striking illustration of the mysterious power of this potent though unknown principle. The picture in question is an old and admirable painting, recently purchased by my friend, the Rev. J. C. Brigham, and loaned to me. It had but just been returned from the hands of the picture-framer, and had not yet been hung in the drawing-room. Its existence, I am perfectly confident, was unknown to any of the party present except myself; and the subject, that of a sly, mischievous fellow, full of wicked laughter, as he is teasing some antiquated lady by pulling or pinching the ears of her favorite tabby!

Such were the results of this extraordinary interview, and such the actual phenomena attending a

single nap of magnetic slumber, under circumstances where every thing like ostentation, or a desire of display, or even of a private exhibition, was avoided; and where, I repeat without hesitation, deception, fraud, collusion, misunderstanding, and mistake, were alike utterly impossible. I have written fully and faithfully, omitting, as I believe, nothing essential to a full illustration of the interview—preserving so much of the very language used, as a practised and pretty retentive memory has enabled me to recall—giving the substance, where the identical language is lost—and presenting a simple and unadorned narrative of the truth throughout.

In the early part of this communication I have adverted to the extraordinary power of this young lady—blind though she be—of reading, while in the magnetic slumber, letters within several envelopes, without breaking the seals. This was a point to which I likewise directed my attention, and circumstances occurred most opportunely to favor my design. On Sunday, Aug. 27th, while I was in Providence, and the day before my interview with Miss Brackett, a small package was received by Mr. Isaac Thurber from Mr. Stephen Covell, of Troy, containing, as he wrote to his friend, a note, which he wished Miss B. to read while under the magnetic influence, without breaking the seal, if she could. Mr. Covell had been induced to try this experiment, in consequence of having heard of extraordinary performances of the kind, which, of course, he doubted. The package, or letter, was evidently composed of

several envelopes. The outer one consisted of thick blue paper. On Sunday evening Miss B. was put into a magnetic slumber, and the letter given her with instructions to read it. She said she would take it to bed with her and read it before morning.* On Monday morning, she gave the reading as follows:—
 “NO OTHER THAN THE EYE OF OMNIPOTENCE CAN READ THIS IN THIS ENVELOPEMENT, 1837.”

I made a memorandum of this reading, and examined the package containing, as she said, the sentence. She said then, viz. on Monday morning, that there were one or two words between the word “envelopement” and the date, as I understood her, which she could not make out. I examined the seal with the closest scrutiny. It was unbroken, and to open the letter or to read it without opening, with human eyes, was impossible. After my return to the city, viz. on Wednesday, Aug. 30th. I addressed a letter to Mr. Covell, to ascertain whether the reading of the blind somnambulist was correct. The following is his reply:

“TROY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1837.

“DEAR SIR,

“Your’s of yesterday I received by this morning’s mail, and as to your inquiry relative to the package submitted to Miss B. while under the magnetic influ-

* So I understood the matter at the time of the interview. By a statement of Mr. Thurber himself, however, contained in the publication of Mr. Hartshorne, it appears that the *clairvoyante* did not take it to bed with her, but retired into a dark room to make it out, from choice, and read it to Mr. Hopkins and a number of others, on her return.

ence, I have to say the package came to hand yesterday. The sentence had been written by a friend, and sealed by him at my request, and in such a manner as was supposed could not have been read by any human device without breaking the seal. We think the seals have not been broken until returned. The sentence as read by Miss B. is :—“ *No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this in this envelopment—1837.*” And as written in the original, on a card, and another card placed on the face of the writing, and enclosed in a thick blue paper, was :—“ *No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this sentence in this envelope.—Troy, New-York, Aug. 1837.*”

“ Respectfully yours, &c.

“ STEPHEN COVELL.”

“ WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq.”

I also left a note, hastily prepared, for the blind lady to read, the contents of which were known only to myself. It was carefully folded, so as to preclude the possibility of reading it, by the natural sight, without opening, and sealed with seven wafers and two seals of wax, with my own private signet. By the mail of the following Saturday I received the letter ; the seals were unbroken, and exactly in the condition I had left them, with the answer written on the outside, in the hand-writing of the friend who had assisted me in obtaining the interview, which answer is correct, as far as it goes. I have already remarked, that I was in great haste at the time of preparing the

note, yet I was determined to leave something so much out of the ordinary track as to puzzle the lady if possible. Accordingly, having the odd title of a queer old book in my pocket, printed in a small Italic letter, I wrote a part of the note with a pencil, and stuck on two and a half lines of the small Italic printing, with a wafer. The note, written and printed, as I left it, was in these words:—

“The following is the title, equally quaint and
 “amusing, of a book which was published in Eng-
 “land in the time of Oliver Cromwell:—‘*Eggs of*
 “*Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and*
 “*boiled by the waters of Divine love. Take ye and*
 “*eat.*’”

I subjoin the answer sent by Miss B. through an intimate friend:—

“The following is a title, equally amazing (or
 “amusing) and quaint, of a book published in Eng-
 “land in the time of Oliver Cromwell:—

“Eggs of Charity”—

“Miss B. does not know whether the word is
 “amazing or amusing. Something is written after
 “the ‘eggs of charity,’ which she cannot make out.”

Why the *clairvoyante* did not read the whole note as readily as she did the part which she did read, I am a loss to give an opinion. On a minute examination of the paper, I find that, accidentally, in folding it, there was one thickness of paper over the lines which she did not read, more than over a portion of what she did read. But the same additional thickness of paper was over the first line which she did

read, and the two thick wax seals, and a number of wafer seals also, intervened over nearly the whole. Those seals were strong and deep impressions of my family crest, with the motto distinctly shown; and the whole returned to me so perfect, and in every respect entire, as at once to put at rest every suspicion of foul play, had such suspicion been entertained.

I am perfectly aware, my dear Sir, that in allowing the preceding statement, which is no more than a simple and unadorned narrative of facts, to go forth to the world, I am setting myself up as a target at which scores of witlings and brisk fools will be sure to let fly successive showers of arrows. Indeed, I have already been assailed, from various quarters, through the public journals, and in the conversations of individuals, in consequence of a recent and very partial and imperfect publication, announcing my visit to Providence and the experiments of the sealed letters. The "Chronicle of the Church," published at New-Haven, has arraigned me with grave severity as a convert to "humbuggery and mystification," and as an easy dupe in respect to transactions "bearing upon their face the impress of gross imposition." Other journalists have freely applied the phrase, more expressive by far than elegant, that I have been "outrageously humbugged." Others, again, have plied me alternately with raillery and grave rebuke. Well—be it so. However well stored may be their quivers, and however thick and fast their missiles may hurtle through the air, I should feel myself but a sorry knight of the quill, to complain at receiving

back a small portion of the change of which I have dispensed so much, though I should be pierced like another St. Sebastian. If I am correctly informed, the editor of the Church Chronicle will soon find a far abler exponent of the mysterious principle the existence of which he decries, than I can ever hope to be, in the Bishop of his own diocese. Still, whether that distinguished prelate should take the field or not, the facts recorded in this communication will remain the same. Meantime your own reading must have taught you, that neither theories nor principles are the less philosophical or the less true, because of unbelief or ridicule. The original projector of the employment of steam for the movement of machinery, was denounced as a lunatic for the suggestion, and confined as a madman for persistence in his folly. Galileo was twice imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, by the learned doctors of Rome, for opposing the astronomical theories of Aristotle, and asserting, with Copernicus, that the sun remains stationary in the centre of the universe, while the earth revolves around it in annual and diurnal motions. And in your own profession, you cannot be ignorant of the persecution of Harvey, the great medical revolutionist, who discovered the circulation of the blood; or of the fact that Jenner was at first denounced as a quack, for a discovery which has constituted him one of the greatest benefactors of modern times.

Mistake me not as citing these illustrious names with a view of inscribing my own in the same category. My object is merely to show, that scepticism, in

regard even to the most valuable discoveries, is no new thing under the sun ; and that satire, however biting, and ridicule, however pungent, although they may deter the timid from the avowal of an honest opinion until the world shall have decided for them, or raise a laugh at the expense of those who march in advance of the public voice, are nevertheless no test of the soundness of a theory, the value of a discovery, or the correctness of a principle. “ What I know to be true, that will I declare ; and what I feel it to be my duty to represent, that will I have the boldness to publish ; ” was a memorable manifesto of the late Timothy Pickering when about to make certain political revelations ; and I know nothing to deter the exercise of a like degree of moral courage, in giving utterance to facts connected with the philosophy of the human mind, involving the phenomena of ordinary sleep, dreaming, and somnambulism,—the independence of our spiritual nature of the bodily organs which subserve the purposes of the present life,—and, in one word, eliciting new and enlarged views of the perceptive faculties of the mind and the nature of the soul.

Were it my desire to enlarge upon this subject, or rather, were it not my design to confine the present communication strictly to a narrative of facts transpiring under my own eyes, I might easily fill a hundred pages more with incidents and illustrations of the most surprising character, which have occurred at Providence and in its vicinity within the last few months, in the course of the experiments that have

been made—as well attested, too, as the battle of Bunker Hill or the Declaration of Independence. These facts might be gathered by hundreds, from the most authentic sources—arising, not from two or three cases of nervous, debilitated, and practised females, nor under the auspices of one, or even two, magnetisers,—but in the course of hundreds of experiments, upon as many subjects, of different ages and sexes, under the care of gentlemen of the first character—lay and professional. One example only, of the many to which I refer, will be added at the close of this communication. The case was very remarkable, and the circumstances created a deep sensation when they transpired in Providence—supported, as they were, by the testimony of so able and exemplary a physician as Dr. Brownell.

In regard to the imputation, that a gross imposture has been played off upon me, I will not detain you by its refutation. I have already said, repeatedly, that the character of all the parties to the interview forbids the idea of fraud, collusion, or imposture. It surely will not be contended that I shall prove what I saw and assisted in performing. The strongest evidence possible, and the most convincing to an individual, is that of his own senses. “When awake, and in our perfect mind,” says Dr. Beattie, “we never mistake a reality for a dream. Realities are perceived intuitively. We cannot prove by argument, that we are now awake, for we know of nothing more evident to prove it by; and it is essential to every proof to be clearer than that which is to be

proved."* I will not, therefore, distrust the evidence of my own senses, where all the circumstances were such as to render deception impossible. The weight of other testimony depends upon the character of the witnesses for truth and veracity, and their means of knowledge of the facts related, and their exemption from such interests and motives as might sway them from the truth. These are the important attributes of evidence; and witnesses sustaining such a character, are entitled to full credit. Such was the character of the parties with whom I was in communication during my visit to Miss Brackett. What I saw, I know to be true; and what was told to me as truth by Dr. Capron, Miss Brackett, and those of her friends with whom I conversed, I as fully believe.

There are those who disbelieve in the principle of Animal Magnetism altogether, and who would not believe though one rose from the dead. They contend that the whole thing is morally and physically impossible. There are others who are incredulous because the experiments are not attended by uniform success. Such is, doubtless, the fact, as the magnetisers admit, for causes assigned which are abundantly sufficient. There is yet another class, who are not only disbelievers themselves, but are determined that the science shall not prevail. These, instead of acting like ingenuous searchers after truth, attend the exhibitions for the express purpose of defeating the operations, by interposing obstacles, embarrassing

* Elements of Moral Science, Sec. viii. s. 156.

alike to the magnetiser and the subject. In order to a successful experiment, perfect composure and tranquility of mind, in both magnetiser and subject, are understood to be necessary, if not absolutely indispensable. If, then, objectors and sceptics visit an exhibition for the express purpose of passing off deceptions upon the illustrators of the principle,—intentionally distracting their attention and interrupting their mental operations—the want of success under such circumstances is no argument against the science; and only proves that the objectors are no gentlemen. Again, there are those who fear to believe, lest an argument shall be derived from the admitted existence of the magnetic influence, against the miracles sustaining the divine origin of the Christian religion; whereas, in my apprehension, the very reverse is the fact; since, if testimony like that to which I have referred, is to be rejected, where are we to look for the proof of those very miracles? Would not the sceptic, by the adoption of such a rule, bring himself upon the identical ground assumed by Hume, who disbelieves all the evidence of miracles, upon the principle that we cannot believe any thing contrary to our own experience? I am aware, however, that others think differently. Indeed, an intimate friend of my own, on reading the preceding narrative, observed to me, “Were I to believe in the reality of what you have written, I should become an infidel.” Now, the scruples of such are doubtless to be respected. But I must repeat, I can perceive no good foundation for them. “How common,” says Knight, in his

Wayward Criticisms, "when we have just spoken and thought of a person, to see him immediately afterward. If it be even more than casualty, is it unphilosophical to suppose that there may be a certain attractive, although invisible emanation, not unlike that of the magnetic, electric, gravid, or cohesive influence; each emanation being peculiar to, and characteristic of, each individual, coming from the body into the air, which prompts the forethought?" And is it any more unphilosophical to believe in the activity of the human soul during the suspension of the external senses by that species of slumber, equally peculiar and profound, produced by the magnetical influence, the existence of which, to a greater or less degree, I take it for granted can no longer be denied by any one? We know that somnambulism, or the faculty of locomotion, of speaking, of holding conversations with others, and even of sustaining an argument, does exist. Of this fact, the Rev. Mr. Finney, whom you probably know, affords a striking example. Why, then, should we deny the possibility of the unusual physiological phenomena attributed to the influences of Animal Magnetism, acting upon persons of peculiar nervous susceptibilities? Why deny to the soul the faculty of recognizing external objects through unusual ways, without the help of the senses, and of annihilating time and space in its movements? Or why deny to the etherial spirit, when in such a state, the power of visiting, in its imagination, other climes and other spheres, for its amusement, its wonder, or its instruction? Is it more wonderful than the trance

of Tennant, whose spirit, without controversy, did thus leave its tenement of clay, and behold things more glorious than that holy man dared to describe? But I am transcending the purpose of this communication, and will forbear.

After all, my dear Sir, I am not without apprehension that you may yet inquire of me, what is my own belief upon the subject? The question would be a poser. I cannot deny the evidence of my own senses, and therefore I must believe in something. But how much to believe, or what, I am puzzled to tell. Fraud, deception, imposture, I once more repeat, in the matters I have related, were entirely out of the question. On the whole, therefore, I must end as I began, by quoting the sage conclusion of Hamlet, albeit his brains were zig-zag, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

I am, with respect, &c. &c.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

TO DOCT. AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D.

APPENDIX.

The following statements are copied from the Appendix to Hartshorne's recent edition of Deleuze. The extraordinary medical case occurred under the eye and care of Dr. Brownell of Providence, the Somnambulist being another lady—not Miss Brackett. Its strict truth cannot be questioned :—

In order to prove whether a somnambulist can really visit a place where he has never before been, and describe the present appearance of things there, the Rev. E. B. Hall went, without the knowledge of any one, into the room in which the Franklin Society deposit their curious collection, and disarranged several conspicuous articles. He then went to confer with a young woman who resides at the distance of half a mile from the house occupied by the Franklin Society, and she being in the magnetic state, he sent her into it in spirit without informing her of the disarrangement he had made. She had previously been sent there in the same state, so that she knew immediately what alterations had been made, and stated them so satisfactorily as to establish the fact investigated. This is only one out of many proofs which might be adduced to the same effect.

Still the suspicion very naturally remained, that the somnambulist derives all his notions from the mind of the person in communication, which, though it be an astounding circumstance, would induce us to view the subject in an entirely different light. To try this, I one day put an old spike into a gun-barrel, and placed it about four or five feet from my writing desk against the wall. I then sent a note to Dr. Brownell, who was then with one of his patients in the somnambulant state, requesting him to ask her what was in a gun-barrel lying on my desk. The lad who carried the note did not know its contents, and did not go into the house, but came back immediately: in about thirty minutes, a line came from Dr. Brownell, stating that there was no gun-barrel on my desk; but that there was one leaning against the wall a short distance from it. Other facts affording similar proofs are abundant. It is proper to state that the gun-barrel had probably never been in the room before.

A still more interesting proof is exhibited in the following relation; which, I am authorized to say, is true in all its important facts, and is known to have created a great sensation at the time. Fortunately the witnesses are gentlemen of high standing and of scientific attainments, whose words are the currency of truth. The relation is extracted from a long and interesting article in the Salem Gazette.

“Dr. Brownell, of Providence, operated upon a young lady, who, during the period of magnetic sleep, frequently left the body, and could see and hear without the aid of eyes or ears. She could tell correctly the time by a watch, though enveloped in a cloth, and at the same time having a bandage over her eyes. The doctor had a patient, sick, as was believed, of the liver complaint, and bade the girl, who was sitting near him, go (in spirit) to the man's house. Arrived, she, at the doctor's request, described the house that there might be no mistake, and then entered. What do you see? asked Dr. B. ‘A man sick.’ Now I want you to tell me what ails him. First look at his head: is that

well? 'Yes.' How do you know? Do you mean to say that you see the internal organization? 'Yes.' Is the liver, heart, &c. well? 'Yes; it looks just the same as yours, or anybody's else.' Well, do you see any thing wrong? 'Yes, there is an enlargement of the spleen.' Several questions were then put to confuse her, and also to ascertain if she knew what the spleen was, and where situated; to all which she gave satisfactory replies. Still the doctor was incredulous. But now comes the proof. In four days the man died, and Dr. B. having obtained permission to institute a *post-mortem* examination, called on every physician in the city, and narrated the story of the girl. In presence of several of them the body was subsequently opened, when, to their surprise, the girl was right—all that ailed the man was an enlargement of the spleen.

What shall we say to this fact? It is substantiated beyond the possibility of a doubt, as may be learned by any one passing through Providence. Shall we set it down among the list of curious coincidences, or admit that the girl actually possessed a supernatural sense of vision, and that for the time being, her immortal spirit, released from the body, roved freely and at the will of the operator?

As in the state of *vision*, the fact is no more strange, than in the well-attested case of the famed Springfield somnambulist. Now, if we admit that the soul in this case saw without the aid of eyes, why not admit that, in certain states of the nervous system, *other* senses or faculties of the mind may also act independently of their material organs? We know the soul thus exists after death, and why not in the state of temporary death caused by animal magnetism? What know we of the nature of that deathless spark within us? And if we allow that it may, without the body, enter the next room, we cannot deny the possibility that it may in the same manner annihilate time and space, and travel hundreds of miles as easily and as quickly as it can so many feet.

But some say, we cannot believe that God has given such a dangerous power to the human will. It is out of the common order of nature; it is a miracle; we cannot believe it. But who can set bounds to the dominion of the human will. Man—before the steady gaze of whose eye the forest king trembles and flees; whose power extends to the huge dwellers in ocean's unfathomed infinite; man—at whose nod the giant oak, which for centuries has braved heaven's thunderbolts, falls prostrate, and rises again in beauty to adorn his mansion; who lays his will upon the everlasting rock and it becomes as wax; whose highway is earth, and air, and ocean; whose servant is the lightning; whose intellect spans earth and encircles heaven—thinking, reasoning, godlike man—who can set bounds to the untried power of his mysterious will? Who say to it, 'thus far shalt thou come and no farther?'

Now, though in the above-mentioned cases, our will operates through more tangible means, *the facts*, were they not so common, are as wonderful as the alleged fact that this same mighty agent operating through the nervous system, produces all the wonders of animal magnetism. If actual experiment demonstrates *the fact*, fools may laugh but wise men believe; and believing, bow down and adore with deeper reverence that Great Being from whose almighty will these millions of human wills emanated."

On reading this communication," say Mr. Hartshorne, "which nearly accorded with what I had heard stated, I conversed with Dr. B., who, is one of our oldest physicians, and asked him whether the statement there made was correct. He replied that it was, in substance; but some of the particulars were imperfectly stated. He gave me the following account.

The patient lived more than a quarter of a mile from my house. I requested a somnambulist, then at my house, to see if she could find such a man, at the same time pointing out to her the situation of the house, which was not in sight from the room where we continued all the time. She saw him. On being asked in what room, she replied, in the third room back from the street. She was then requested to describe the situation of the furniture in it, in order to discover

whether she had got into the right place, and whether her clairvoyance might be trusted to at that time; she described it very exactly.

I then told her my patient had been sick a long time, and desired her to examine him, and tell what the disease was.

She said, "He looks so bad, I do not like to do it." I replied, "Never mind that; it looks bad to you, because you have not been accustomed to looking at the interior of a body."

As I supposed him to be affected with a diseased liver, and with indigestion arising from a diseased state of the stomach, I asked her to look at the stomach to see if that was diseased; she answered, "No."

Is the liver diseased? "No."

Well, examine the whole intestinal canal, and see if there is any disease there. "I do not see any," said she.

Examine the kidneys. "Nothing is the matter with them."

Not knowing what other part to call her attention to, I requested her to look at every part of him.

After some little time, she says, "His spleen is swelled; it is enlarged."

His spleen! said I; when we speak of a person who is spleeny, we suppose he has an imaginary complaint. What do you mean?

She said, "The part called the spleen, is enlarged."

How do you know it is enlarged?

"It is a great deal larger than yours."

Do you see mine? "Yes."

How large is his spleen?

"It is a great deal longer and thicker than your hand."

I then asked her to put her hand where the spleen is situated. She immediately placed her hand over the region of the spleen.

I then asked her what shape the stomach was: she replied that it was like a flower in the garden. I was not acquainted with that flower, and do not recollect the name she gave to it.

I then requested her to recollect all about this, saying I wished to talk with her about it when she awoke.

After she came out of the somnambule state, she was asked whether she remembered having examined the sick person. She remembered it.

What part did you tell me was diseased? After a little consideration, she replied, "I believe I told you the spleen is enlarged."

How came you to call it the spleen?

"I do not know."

Did you ever hear any description of the internal organs, or see any plates of them? "No."

Should you know the plate representing the stomach, if you were to see it?

"I think I should if it looked like it."

I will go into the library and bring out some plates, to see whether you know the internal organs.

While I was gone into the library, she said to a lady present, "Every once in a while I saw fluids pass from his stomach into his bowels."

On returning with the volume of plates, in order to ascertain whether she really distinguished the different organs, I showed her a plate somewhat resembling the stomach, and asked her if that was what she saw for the stomach? She said, "No." Turning to several plates in succession, she declared that neither of them resembled the stomach.

Then turning to the true plate, as if accidentally, while throwing open the leaves, intending to pass it by unless she noticed it, she immediately cried out, "That's it; that's what I saw for the stomach."

I then conversed with her in relation to the other viscera; and she gave a very correct description of them, as she had done in her sleep. I asked her if she had conversed upon the subject, or seen any plates of the internal organs. She declared she never had.

Seven days after this, the patient was taken more seriously ill, and died on Saturday, the third day following.

On Monday, a *post-mortem* examination took place; previous to which I invited all the physicians whom I could find in the city.

Eighteen persons were present, of whom *sixteen* were physicians.

I then stated all the particulars of the examination by the somnambule patient; and requested the physicians to examine the body to see if they could discover the diseased spleen from external examination. They, with one voice, declared they could not.

I then opened the body, and, to the utter astonishment of the physicians present, found the spleen so enlarged as to weigh *fifty-seven ounces*. Its usual weight is from *four to six ounces*.

No other disease was perceptible except a general inflammation, which, no doubt, came on about three days before his death.

Erratum.—First line, page 29, *dele* the words—"they are like figures." My impression is strong that Miss B. said something equivalent, if not those words; but on reflection I cannot recall the exact phrase she used.

LETTER

TO

DOCTOR A. BRIGHAM,

ON

ANIMAL MAGNETISM :

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW BETWEEN
THE AUTHOR AND MISS LORAINA BRACKETT
WHILE IN A STATE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE. ✓

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

SHAKESPEARE.

NEW-YORK:

GEORGE DEARBORN & CO.

1837.

PROPOSALS,

BY GEORGE DEARBORN & CO.,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

THE LIFE OF

JOSEPH BRANT—[THAYENDANEGBEA,]

THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF THE SIX NATIONS.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE biography of Brant, the savage warrior of Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," will be drawn from his own family papers; with copious selections from his correspondence with distinguished individuals in England and America. It will also contain a complete history of the sanguinary campaigns of the Indians and Tories, through the Mohawk Valley during the war of the Revolution; the invasion of Schoharie; the battle of Oriskany; the massacres of Caughnawaga, Cherry Valley, and Wyoming; the celebrated campaign of General Sullivan through the Cayuga and Seneca country; and an interesting history of the troubles with the North-western Indians; including the campaigns of Harman, St. Clair, and Wayne; together with much curious information respecting the retention of the Western posts by Great Britain after the peace of 1783; drawn from private, and heretofore unpublished correspondence, found among the papers of the Mohawk chief. The whole to be embellished with several elegant portraits and other engravings, and furnished to Subscribers in two octavo volumes, at the low price of *Three Dollars and fifty cents*.

"Brant, though Campbell makes him a half-breed, was, in truth, a full-blooded Mohawk. He was educated under the care of Colonel Johnson, and had been presented at the court of St. James's before the Revolutionary war. He was also a man of mind as well as deed; and we have a private letter in our possession, addressed by him to one of the executors of the estate of the celebrated Robert Morris, which proves him to have been as intelligent a man of business as he was a cool officer and daring leader. The papers of his family have fallen into good hands, and we shall look for Colonel Stone's biography of the 'Last of the Mohawks,' with peculiar interest."—*N. Y. Mirror*.

New-York, October, 1837.

18 2794①





