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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1889.

JARVIS RECORD.

Spirit Land Wonders.

REV. MR. BAER HAS A SEANCE WITH DR. SCHLESSINGER - OUT OF HUMOR - WHAT HE HEARD AND SAW.

From the Victoria Weekly Times.

Feeling rather restless on Monday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Baer of this city concluded to call on the renowned spiritualistic medium, at room 28, in the Oriental hotel. Mr. Baer so thoroughly enjoyed the fun that at the request of a representative of the Times, he gives publicity to his experience. Mr. Baer is evidently not well known in Spiritland, for in their communications to the medium they did not manifest a very intimate acquaintance with even his public movements, as the following record of the interview will show. On arriving at the door of the doctor's room, Mr. Baer found it ticketed with a notice of the doctor's brief absence and a polite invitation to "walk in and be seated." With this invitation Mr. B. complied, and found himself the sole occupant of the cheerful room. But the chatty "doctor" soon appeared on the scene, and after a few dignified formalities asked Mr. B. if he "wished a sitting."

"What do you call a sitting?" asked Mr. B.

"Well, look here, I don't know you, do I?"

Mr. B. replied he was quite sure the Dr. did not.

"Well, then," said he, "I'll tell you your name and will also put you in communication with the spirits of some of your dear ones who have died," and after the Dr. made some other rash promises Mr. B. assented.

The Dr. then stated that his charge for a sitting is \$3, but added that if Mr. B. is a poor man he wouldn't charge a cent, to which Mr. B. replied that he guessed he isn't so poor he couldn't pay his honest way. The Dr. then gave Mr. B. the usual writing pad and instructed him to write the names of a number of his friends, living and dead. He was told that when he wrote the names of those who are dead he would hear the spirits rapping. The Dr. then retired from the room. Mr. B. did the writing but his material ears refused to hear the tapping of the vaporous beings. He rather reluctantly confessed to the Dr. on his return that he had heard no rapping.

"Have you written your own name?"

"No."

"Well, write your own name then."

Mr. B. wrote a number of new names between the lines, among them his own, and the Dr. returned.

The Dr.—"You give me your word of honor that your name is among this number?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, my name is there."

Dr.—"Well, now keep your thoughts off me."

Just how to accomplish this difficult task was a query for Mr. B. However, he looked out the window and set the working gear of his right eye to work at the rate of 84 per minute and succeeded very well. The Dr. then entered into conversation with the spirits and the dialogue reads as follows:

Dr.—"Is the name of this gentleman among this number, guide?"

Rap, tap, tap, tap.

Dr.—"Is it here?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Dr.—"How does it begin?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Dr.—"Begins with W?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Dr. to Mr. B.—"Your name begins with W."

Mr. B.—"Which? My christian or surname?"

Dr.—"Your first name. Doesn't it, now?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, I admit it does."

The paper upon which the names

were written was then cut into slips and the slips folded up so as to be unreadable. Being put into Mr. B.'s hat, the hat was placed under the table, and the Dr. requested Mr. B. to hand him the papers one by one under the table in his hand. Mr. B. handed one through under the table and the Dr., without opening it, said:

"That one is dead!"

On opening the paper Mr. B. discovered that such was the case, and confessed as much.

"Now," said the Dr., "was he a particular friend of yours?"

Mr. B.—"How do you know it is he?"

Dr.—"Never mind! It is a he, and his name was —. Answer my question!"

Mr. B. (slowly)—"Well, he was pretty well acquainted with me."

Dr.—"Yes, and he thought a great deal of you, a great deal, indeed."

Mr. B.—"He must have changed his mind since he went into the spirit world, for he never lost an opportunity to curse me as high as Gilderoy's Kite."

This piece of information was not very reassuring for the Dr. asked Mr. B. to hand him another slip. On this being done, the Dr. continued:

"This one is dead. It's a lady."

Mr. B.—"How do you know it is a lady?"

Dr.—"Because I feel a female hand on my shoulder. She wants to talk to you."

Mr. B.—"All right! Go ahead."

The spirit via the Dr.—"God keeps you my dear friend. I am so glad to have this opportunity of again addressing you through the lips of mortal flesh. This meeting is by no means accidental. Your coming here was designed."

Mr. B.—interrupted—"Ah chuck that up, Dr. That girl isn't dead. I had a jolly spree with her up in Nanaimo not a week ago."

The paper was then put aside and another one asked for. On it being handed up the Dr. held a lengthy conversation with the spirits and then said to Mr. B.:

"This paper has your name on it."

Mr. B.—"Are you sure?"

Dr. to Spirit—"Are you sure, guide?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Mr. B.—"Yes I'm sure!"

Mr. B.—(on opening paper)—"No, that's an old friend of my father's who died three years ago Christmas. If I could manage the rapping I could guess as cleverly myself."

There were but two more slips in the hat and Mr. B.'s was eventually discovered in a very ingenious way. It was the narrow slip and Mr. B. in spite of his confusion, recollected that the wide slip contained a female name. On the female name being handed up the Dr. said: "That young woman has some very dear friends in the spirit land and one of them wishes to speak to you."

Without waiting for further emanation the Dr. went into a trance, stood upon his feet and uttered to Mr. B. eight stanzas of the finest eight line poetry ever heard. It was brimfull of good advice, vague suggestion, glowing prospect and sounded like anything but the product of a defunct spirit. When the poem was completed the spirit made an agreement with Mr. B. through the entranced medium, by which he (or she or it) proposes to visit Mr. B.'s own room next Friday night from 10:30 to 11 o'clock and again on Sunday night at the same hour. The Dr. then shook out of his trance, and was evidently surprised to find Mr. Baer not in hysterics.

The Dr. then remarked that Mr. B. is not the kind of person that usually frequents spiritualists and mediums, and Mr. B. replied that "he hoped not."

Dr.—"Might I ask your profession, sir?"

Mr. B.—"Your spirits ought to know that."

Dr.—"All right; now I'll find out, see if I don't?"

The writing-pad was again handed out and Mr. B. was instructed to write the names of a number of professions, including his own, in the list.

Mr. B. wrote architect, doctor of medicine, cabinet maker, clergyman, cab-driver, and the same process was gone through with as is described above, and after two papers had been handed up the spirits maintaining a discreet silence, there came with the third paper a tap, tap, tap. On opening it the spirit was interpreted to say Mr. B. is a Doctor of Medicine, which insinuation was denied with great glee.

Dr.—"Oh, you're laughing and playing with me."

Mr. B.—"No, Dr., you are playing with me."

The other papers were handed up, but no response was obtained and the Dr. requested Mr. B. to put his finger on one after another of the papers until at last it stopped at one.

Dr.—"There, that's what you are."

Mr. B.—opening paper privately—"No, it isn't then!"

Dr.—"Well, hold on (in under tone). What is it, guide? Oh! that's what he ought to be. (To Mr. B.) The guide says that's what you are most fitted for."

Mr. B.—"Well, Dr., maybe I've missed my calling, but this isn't what I am anyway."

Mr. B. tells it as a good joke on himself that the paper contained the word "cabdriver," tho' the Dr. doesn't know.

After one more unsuccessful guess

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the Dr. decided to call Mr. B. a clergyman, expressed himself as rather dissatisfied with the interview, and asked Mr. B. to call again at any time and try again, bringing some young lady friend or friends with him, and excused himself as being rather pushed for time to-day. Mr. B. said he would like to ask a few questions before he left and the Dr. gave him leave.

"How is it, Dr., that you spiritualists oppose Christianity?"

Dr.—"We don't; we only cry down shams and cant in so-called Christianity."

Mr. B.—"So do we! Where then is the benefit of spiritualism?"

Dr.—"Spiritualism proves that the spirit exists in another world bright and happy. It changes the aspect of death."

Mr. B.—"But I always believed the spirit lives in another world. Christianity teaches us that."

Dr.—"Yes; you always believed but you never knew. Now you know."

Mr. B.—"No! I'm blest if I do! I don't know any more than I always did. How about foretelling future events?"

Dr.—"We don't profess to foretell future events?"

Mr. B.—"But nearly all mediums do profess to foretell future events?"

Dr.—"They are frauds! You know there are false spirits without, as evil within."

Mr. B.—"Then, how am I to know a fraud from an honest medium? How am I to know that you are no fraud?"

Dr.—"Your Bible says, 'Try the spirits!' I am no fraud."

Mr. B.—"No, I am quite easy in my mind about you."

The Dr. then cordially invited Mr. B. to make another trial, and promised a more successful trip next time. The friends parted, evidently with a good deal of enlightenment about each other, that would have been obtained in no other way.

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