

WHO KILLED MARY STANNARD?

TWO NEW WITNESSES.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY

DEMONSTRATED.

BY

WILLIAM DENTON.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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WELLESLEY, MASS.

FOR SALE BY COLBY & RICH, 6 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON,
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PREFACE.

THE following is an unvarnished tale of facts that have come under my observation. They are strange, but none the less true. I have no prejudice against the man whom I believe to have been the murderer of Mary Stannard, nor did I come to that conclusion till the facts compelled me. The time will come when men like him will not dare to commit such crimes, for they will know that as certain as their deed will come its publication to the world.

WILLIAM DENTON.

WELLESLEY, MASS., June, 1880.

WHO KILLED MARY STANNARD?

ABOUT six o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1878, Charles S. Stannard, a wood-chopper and general farm-hand, living in Rockland, a village in a rough, wild region in the town of Madison, Conn., found, lying in the middle of an abandoned road through the woods, the body of his daughter, Mary E. Stannard, lifeless and cold. A pool of blood was at the right side, in which the elbow rested, and at a short distance lay an empty tin-pail turned bottom upward. The father informed the scattered neighbors, and they hurried to the spot. Among them was Herbert H. Hayden, a Methodist minister who lived in the centre of the hamlet. Herbert Hayden suggested that the woman had committed suicide, and in this the rest agreed; but the knife with which the deed was done could not be found.

The body was removed to Mr. Stannard's; a jury of inquest was called in course of the night, and a verdict returned of murder by some one unknown to the jury; for it became evident from an examination of the body, that death could not have taken place by her own hand.

The same night Dr. Matthewson of Durham, a town about four miles distant, made an examination of the body, which showed conclusively that she had not committed suicide; nor was she in a state of pregnancy, which might otherwise have been considered a sufficient cause

for suicide, as she was an unmarried woman. She was, then, murdered. Who was her murderer? some unknown tramp? No: her person had not been violated, and no one could have thought of killing this poor girl for money.

Soon after this, stories of the intimacy of the deceased girl with the Rev. H. H. Hayden began to spread. It was said that he and Mary had been seen in company on dark nights and in out-of-the-way places. Mrs. Studley of Guilford, a town ten or twelve miles distant, with whom Mary had been living shortly before the murder, had noticed that she was very despondent; and, on questioning her kindly, the girl confessed that Mr. Hayden and she had been criminally intimate, and that she believed she was pregnant in consequence. Mrs. Studley became convinced that her statement was true, and advised her to go to Rockland and see Hayden, and ask him to help her in some way. This she resolved to do, and was carried to Rockland by Mr. Studley on the Sunday before the murder.

On the next day Mary visited Herbert Hayden's house twice in the morning, before he returned from South Madison, where he had preached on Sunday. She again visited the house at four in the afternoon, professedly to borrow a rake, and was seen by two neighbors going into the barn with him, where she could have an opportunity to tell him for what purpose she had come to Rockland, and what she wished him to do.

The next day, the day of the murder, Hayden went off early in the morning, "to get oats," he told his wife. He went to Middletown, and, returning, came past Stannard's about ten o'clock in the morning. Here he stopped, and asked for a drink of water, which was given him, but which he said was warm. Mary started with a pail down the road to a spring to get some cool water; and he rode

along, two of his children, who had been visiting at Stannard's, accompanying him. When opposite the spring, which is but a few steps from the road, Hayden got out, drank some cool water, talked with Mary, as she subsequently told Susan Hawley, her half-sister, and a member of the Stannard family, and told her to be of good courage, as he had seen a doctor in Middletown, spoken to him about her case, and got some quick medicine, which would relieve her of all her troubles. She was to meet him at Big Rock that afternoon, a place near the deserted highway where her body was found. The poor girl returned to the house, and, Susan Hawley testified, seemed more cheerful than she had done at any time since her return home.

Accordingly, at one o'clock that afternoon, she took a tin-pail, and started for the woods to gather berries as she told her father, but in reality, as she told Susan Hawley, to meet Herbert Hayden as she had agreed.

When these facts became generally known in the neighborhood, as they soon did, there was great excitement, and Hayden was regarded by most persons as the murderer. He was arrested, taken to Madison, and held for trial. The trial was held in the basement of the Congregational church, and resulted in his triumphant acquittal; Justice Wilcox, when he was formally discharged from custody, saying, "In conclusion let me say, from the testimony given, that if I were as sure of heaven and eternal felicity as I am sure that this man is guiltless of the crime of killing Mary Stannard, I should rest content." He would not probably be quite as contented now. On the following Sunday Herbert Hayden preached in the South Madison church, as usual, to a crowded congregation; and his friends flocked around and congratulated him upon the result of the trial.

While he was being tried, however, the body of the

girl was exhumed, to see whether she had taken the "quick medicine" which she had told Susan Hawley that Hayden was going to give her. The stomach was carefully examined by Professors White and Johnson; and fifty grains of arsenic were found in it, — a quantity sufficient to kill twenty-five persons. In addition to this, it had been discovered that Herbert Hayden, on the morning of the murder, had bought an ounce of arsenic, and had questioned Dr. Bailey of Middletown as to the possibility of menstruation occurring during the period of pregnancy. These facts were so much in harmony with the statement made by Susan Hawley in reference to the "quick medicine" that Hayden was to give her, and the consultation with a physician that he professed to have had, that he was re-arrested, and imprisoned in the New Haven County jail. His trial took place nearly fourteen months afterward, and lasted from the 7th of October till near the middle of January; and during it one hundred and seventy-six witnesses were examined, one hundred and six for the prosecution, and seventy for the defence; the expense to the State being, it is said, about thirty thousand dollars.

The jury, after being out nearly eighty-two hours, reported that they could not agree, and were discharged. Bonds were given for the prisoner by two of the counsel for the defence, and he was released from custody. Since that time he has been lecturing upon circumstantial evidence, but does not seem to have been successful in obtaining large audiences.

My interest in this murder resulted from psychometric examinations made by two sensitives; the articles examined being a portion of hair from the head of Mary Stannard, and of overalls worn by Hayden on the day of the murder; and these examinations were made in consequence of a discovery made by me more than twenty

years ago, that many sensitive persons can, by placing specimens of any kind upon the forehead, get at their history and surroundings. In the course of my experiments a specimen from the Rock of Gibraltar called up before the eye of the sensitive the grand old key of the Mediterranean, its bomb-proof galleries cut in the solid rock, the bombarding vessels, the sturdy defence, the wreck of the attacking vessels, and the discomfiture of the foe. A bronze buckle, obtained by an acquaintance of mine from an excavation in Rome, where Cæsar's palace once stood, enabled the sensitive to see old Rome, the Tiber and its bridge, the triumphal march of a conqueror as he passed through the crowded streets in a chariot drawn by four horses, surrounded by his generals, and followed by the chained captives and the hilarious soldiers. In my work entitled "The Soul of Things," I have detailed a great number of interesting examinations made by various sensitives, which have revealed many important astronomical, geological, and historical facts made in this manner.

It has often been asked, Why not apply this to some practical use? Why not find out where Charley Ross is, who stole Mr. Stewart's body, who are the robbers of certain banks, and where the money is stored? I have long supposed that such things could be done, but never felt like engaging in the business. But while giving a course of geological lectures in New Haven last January, when the trial of Herbert Hayden for the murder of Mary Stannard was progressing, I said to a friend, "If I could get any thing that belonged to Mary Stannard at the time the murder was committed, I think I could discover the murderer."

I took very little interest in the murder trial, never attended while it was progressing, and did not more than glance at the reports of it, which were daily spread before the public.

On the 19th of March I received from New Haven, at Wellesley, Mass., where I live, a lock of hair, which I was informed in the letter accompanying it was from the head of Mary Stannard. On the same day I gave it to my nephew, a sensitive young man, and requested him to examine it and give me the result. I told him nothing, nor did I tell any one else; and I do not think he could have had any idea of its connection with Mary Stannard or the murder before he began. During the examination I told him nothing, asked no question, and made no remarks except those indicated in this report. It is but just that I should say, that he was in New Haven with me while I was lecturing there, but never attended the trial, in which he seemed to take little or no interest. I give every word uttered by him during the examination, so that the reader may have an opportunity of judging accurately in reference to the matter.

WELLESLEY, March 20, 1880.

“I think I am in a small town; it must be in Massachusetts. I get no human influence in particular. I think this hair came from a good-looking young woman. She was not particularly brilliant; average as far as sense goes; she was not rich; I think she was religious; I think she must be dead. I do not think she was more than twenty or twenty-two. She must, I think, be a farmer's daughter, or she lived on a farm.” (Be very careful in your examination.) “I do not think she died of any disease; it was an accident, or something of that kind. I do not think she was married; I think she was a member of church, and quite creed-bound. I think she would be virtuous from fear, if nothing else.

“She died suddenly in some way.” (Yes; get at the cause of her death if you can.) “It must have been something horrible; I draw back from it. There is some

connection with a spring; she was going to it, or coming from it, I think: at all events, there was some connection with it. I think the house she lived in was white, and of two stories or a story and a half, porch in front, and with a little front garden and gate opening on a road going to the right, and then, turning to the left, leads to a town. To the right of the house is a slight hill, and perhaps an orchard at the foot of the hill."

He made a rude plan of its situation, to which I shall refer by and by.

"I do not know whether the shed at the back of the house went the whole length, or not. The orchard may not be there now, but I think it was once.

"I do not like the effect of this: I cannot tell why. I get a faint impression that she was killed by some man, who made proposals to her which she would not accept, in order to keep her still: she may have threatened to tell somebody that he was afraid of. I do not think she would have told, but he killed her to prevent it." (Can you get at him?) "I do not think she was very intimate with him.

"I think this man was a neighbor. I get an impression of the man now, I think. He would become a murderer very easily. She was not killed by one blow, I think. He struck her with his fist at first. He is a cowardly wretch.

"I see two or three children at the house where she lived, and an old couple. I do not see the father and mother of the children. The man that struck her was a farmer, but had some other business. He would make a good horse-trader. I do not think he drinks, but there is some other stimulant that he uses. That girl among the right kind of people would have made a very good woman.

"He used a butcher-knife, with a piece off the handle, which was made of wood. It was a cheap knife; perhaps

cost fifty cents. It had two brass rivets in it. I think he must have struck her in the face. He struck her many times in the stomach and bowels. He struck down instead of up. He was not accustomed to use arms of any kind. I do not think he had any definite idea of killing her beforehand, but he got started, and had gone too far. After striking her in the face with his fist, he felt that she would tell it. His fear and rage were both aroused. It may have been near this orchard; I cannot tell where; it may have been near a barn or some out-house. I do not think he intended to use the knife on her when he took it. He may have taken it to fix up a harness. It was not a good knife for his purpose if he intended to kill her. The knife had been used in hog-killing, I think. When new, it was a brown-handled knife, and the piece was broken off early.

“He did not get much blood on him; a little on his boot, and a little on his left sleeve. He rubbed the blood off his boot with sand, and then waded through a little mud. He threw the knife down when he killed her, and then came back and picked it up. I cannot tell what became of it. He ran very rapidly a little way. He spit on his sleeve, and rubbed the blood off with his finger.

“That fellow must have smoked cigars: he smoked one just after, that quieted him down. I think he was a very bold man. He was not the man to plead guilty. The body was not found till the blood was cold. She did not expect any thing of the kind: she was astonished when he struck her. All was done quickly—in less than five minutes. She started to say ‘How dare you?’ but did not get it fairly out before he struck her with the knife.

“I am satisfied they never were intimate, but he made a fool of himself. I think he is a married man. He has a look to me of some Texas fellows I have seen: he is a sordid fellow. He could not have much conscience. He was very much afraid of what people would say.

“The ground was sandy, and left no tracks of his. It was a very bold murder. I think he killed her in the day-time, and in the afternoon. He thought about every thing; I do not know why: he had never killed any one before. He looked back to see if he had left tracks. He took off his coat, and looked at the back to see if there was any blood. She made a grasp, and seized either the hair of his head or beard; he had not much beard. She had some hairs in her fingers, one or two. He is about thirty-five, not forty anyway. He was a religious fellow. I believe the scally-wag prayed that night. I believe he could run a prayer-meeting in one room, with the body of that girl in the next, if he thought it necessary. He prayed a good deal about it, although he was afraid to say a word aloud. He really thinks he is forgiven. He has given it all to Jesus, and thinks it is all settled. He could be a villain or a saint. He would make a good Catholic priest, but he is not a Catholic. I think he is a Baptist or a Presbyterian; possibly a Methodist or one of those old sects. If ever a man deserved to be hung, he is the man. He was a gentleman in some respects: if he had not been, he would not have killed her.”

When the examination commenced, the sensitive could not have known whether the hair belonged to a male or female. If he had known that it was the hair of a female, he could not have known whether she was a girl, a young woman, or an old one; nor whether she was good-looking or poor-looking. It is easy to see, that, if I have given a faithful statement of the facts, we have here a series of most extraordinary statements. All that was said is not correct, but so much of it is correct, that it is certain that no guessing can account for that correctness; and the sensitive must have had some other way of arriving at the facts than by the exercise of his ordinary senses.

I will place most of his statements in order; and we will see how they agree with the facts as known, and thus we may perhaps learn how much confidence can be placed in those portions of his story which are unknown, especially those regarding the murder of Mary Stannard.

When the examination began, I knew little more regarding the murder than that a girl had been killed, and it was supposed by a clergyman of the name of Hayden, who had administered arsenic to her, in order to conceal his criminal intimacy with her; and I do not think that my nephew knew any more, so that he did not know that his examinations referred to the Stannard murder till some time after they were made.

He first says, "I am in a small town." It is common for the psychometric sensitive to be transported apparently to the place where the specimen that is being examined was obtained. And in this case I think he passed to Rockland, which he designates as a small town.

"It must be in Massachusetts." It is not surprising that he should have thought so; for it looks exceedingly like a scattered Massachusetts village in a rough, hilly district. The psychometric faculty in its most perfect condition does not confer on its possessor infallibility. Although what he saw was correct, his inference from it was incorrect.

"This hair came from a good-looking young woman." These three statements are correct: the hair did come from a woman, who was young and good-looking. It is only necessary to look at her face, as photographed shortly before her death, to be satisfied of this.

"She was not particularly brilliant, of average sense." This is in agreement with the opinion of those acquainted with her.

"Not rich." "She had" as one newspaper correspondent says, "to pick up a scanty living by hard work."

“She was religious.” She was “converted” at the Methodist church, which was quite close to Herbert Hayden’s house, about twelve months before her death.

“Not more than twenty or twenty-two.” She was twenty-two on the day of her death; that being her birthday.

“A farmer’s daughter, or she lived on a farm.” She was the daughter of a man who worked as a farm-laborer, and lived on a small farm.

It was “an accident or something of that kind” that caused her death. His meaning evidently being, that she did not die what we call a natural death.

“Do not think she was married.” She was unmarried.

“She was a member of church, and quite creed-bound.” I have not been able to learn whether she was an actual member of the church, at the time of her death, or not. I think probably that her criminal relations with the pastor may have led her to quietly withdraw from it, although she may have been regarded as a member; and she was doubtless creed-bound, as a girl in her condition would certainly be.

“She would be virtuous from fear, if nothing else.” The virtue that arises from fear is the poorest kind. But the sensitive obtains a better opinion of Mary than the facts warrant. Three years before her death she became criminally intimate with a young married man of East Wallingford, and as a result became the mother of a child, which was about two years of age at the time of her decease. I have no doubt, however, that she was quite as virtuous as multitudes who are considered so.

“She died suddenly.” The appearance of her body indicated that she must have died almost instantly.

The cause of her death was “something horrible.” He had the sensation of drawing back from it, although he had as yet seen nothing to cause the feeling.

“There is some connection with a spring.” This is true; but it is a strange statement. But a few hours before her death, she had met Herbert Hayden at a spring, and agreed to meet him at the spot where her dead body was found.

“The house she lived in was white.” This is a mistake. The house is unpainted, but its doors are white.

“It is two stories or a story and a half.” It is not a two-storied house, but is what many would call a story and a half, there being a window in the attic.

“Porch in front.” There is no porch in front. I am inclined to think that the sensitive confounded the house, which was her home, with the Hayden house, where she lived for several months, and to which his description much more nearly corresponds. That is a two-storied white house, and has a porch.

“A little front garden, and gate opening on a road.” This is true of both the Stannard and Hayden houses, as it is true of almost every country house.

“Going to the right, and then turning to the left leads to a town.” This is, I think, true of both houses, if a person stands looking toward the north.

“To the right of the house a slight hill, and perhaps an orchard at the foot of the hill.” There is a slight hill in front of each house, and at the foot of the hill near the Stannard house are three apple-trees, that may represent an old orchard.

“There was a shed at the back of the house.” There is no shed at the back of the Stannard house. I do not know whether there is to the Hayden house.

“She was killed by some man.” No woman was ever suspected of having murdered her.

He “made proposals to her which she would not accept.” The sensitive’s high opinion of her prevented him, I think, from getting at the actual facts of the case; and

he gives us not what really occurred, but what he thinks must have occurred, to account for the murder.

“She threatened to tell some one he was afraid of; and he killed her to prevent it.” She may have threatened to tell of their intimacy, unless he did something to relieve her; and this may have led, partially at least, to the murder.

“She was not very intimate with him.” Their opportunities for intimacy were quite limited; for, even when she lived in his family, he was from home nearly the whole time.

Her murderer “was a neighbor.” Herbert Hayden, whom I believe to have been her murderer, lived within half a mile.

“She was not killed by one blow.” She was stabbed, and her skull was fractured, so that she must have received two blows at least.

“He struck her with his fist at first.” I think this very probable.

“I can see two or three children at the house where she lived, but not their father and mother.” There was but one child at the house where she lived, and that was her own; but two of Hayden’s children were there on the day of the murder, and these he may have seen.

“And an old couple.” At the Stannard house, was Charles Stannard, Mary’s father, herself and child, Susan Hawley her half-sister, and occasionally an old man of the name of Benjamin Stevens. It is possible that Charles Stannard and Susan Hawley were taken for the “old couple.”

“The man that struck her was a farmer.” Hayden was a farmer: he says himself in his autobiography, “I worked on my farm during the week.”

“He had some other business.” He was a Methodist minister, and generally preached every Sunday.

“He would make a good horse-trader.” He certainly looks more like a horse-trader than a minister, and his organization is more in harmony with the former than the latter.

“He does not use intoxicating drinks.” I could not learn whether Hayden does, or not, but all of whom I inquired thought he did not.

He uses “some other stimulant.” That other stimulant is tobacco, and he is under its influence continually: a person need only read the record of the trial to learn this.

“That girl, among the right people, would have made a very good woman.” This is in harmony with the testimony of all who were acquainted with her.

His descriptions of the knife with which the murderer stabbed her do not agree with any knife that has been found. The knife supposed to have been used is a pocket-knife, but I think such a knife as the sensitive describes is more likely to have been employed.

“He must have struck her in the face.” If he meant with the knife, he is certainly mistaken: possibly he meant with his fist, which is probable.

“He struck her many times in the stomach and bowels.” He certainly did not with the knife, as the body had no such appearance. He must have stabbed her in the throat.

“He was not accustomed to use arms of any kind.” Judging from his autobiography, this must be correct.

“He had no definite idea of killing her beforehand.” Not with a knife. The sensitive observes no other way in which her death was to be brought about, and he reasons accordingly.

“He did not get much blood on him; a little on his boot, and a little on his left sleeve.” Dr. Treadwell stated in his examination at the trial, that he found

human blood on the left shoulder of Hayden's outside shirt, and said there was no doubt that it fell on it from the outside.

"He rubbed the blood off his boot with sand, and then waded through a little mud." This he could readily do. There is sand, as I observed, in the immediate neighborhood; and he must have crossed at least two small water-courses in returning, where he could have waded through mud.

"He threw the knife down when he killed her, and then went back and picked it up." Of course, if the knife had been left, it would have been a strong witness against him.

"He ran very rapidly a little way." It was important that he should be away from the immediate vicinity of the body as soon as possible; and it was also important that he should get home speedily, so that his connection with the murder might not be suspected.

"He spit on his sleeve, and rubbed the blood off with his finger." I think this is very probable.

"He smoked cigars; he smoked one just after, that quieted him down." In the account of Herbert Hayden's trial, there are frequent references to his cigar-smoking. "Mr. Hayden sat smoking a cigar." "Mr. Hayden came out smoking a cigar." It is quite likely that he quieted both his nerves and his conscience on this occasion with a cigar.

"He was not the man to plead guilty." This is evident enough to all familiar with the trial.

"The body was not found till the blood was cold." It was probably two hours and a half after the murder, when the body was found, and it was cold.

"He is a married man." It is astonishing that the sensitive could have learned so much about him, with merely a little hair from her.

“He could not have much conscience.” Hayden’s head to a phrenologist indicates the lack of it.

“He was very much afraid of what people would say.” His whole career indicates large love of approbation, which would produce this feeling. This was doubtless the principal cause of the murder.

“The ground was sandy, and left no tracks of his.” The ground where the murder was committed might be more properly designated as gravelly than sandy: it would not be likely to retain tracks.

“He killed her in the day-time, and in the afternoon.” In all probability, the murder was committed about half-past three in the afternoon.

“He thought about every thing.” If Hayden committed the murder, and I have no doubt of it, he did think of every thing, and prepared for every thing, or he would not be at large to-day.

“He took off his coat, and looked at the back to see if there was any blood.” This was not a coat, but an outside checked shirt, that he wore on that day, called in the trial, shirt No. 2.

“She made a grasp, and seized either the hair of his head or beard.” It is quite likely that when she found he meant murder, she made this attempt at defence. And it is also probable that

“Some hairs were in her fingers.” But, as murder was not at first thought of, they were never noticed.

“He had not much beard.” His beard, as his likeness shows, is very scanty.

“He is about thirty-five years of age.” In reality he was only twenty-eight when the murder was committed, but looks older. I asked a man, who had seen him, how old he was, and he said he thought about thirty-five.

“He was religious.” He is a professor of religion, of course, being a clergyman; and his rather high head

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indicates the possession of some of the religious faculties in a tolerable state of development ; but he has a face and head indicative of a large development of the animal propensities, — too large for him to be, in the best sense of the word, a religious man.

“He prayed that night.” This is quite likely : in his testimony he tells us that he went home from the Stannard house, after he had assisted in carrying the body there, and he and his wife retired to the chamber about nine o’clock, and it is probable that he prayed then.

“He prayed a great deal about it.” His own statements indicate this. In his autobiography he says (page 27), “I tried to pray, but all I could say was “My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?”” This was on the night of the 4th of September : on the night of the 5th he says, “Before retiring I prayed for that succor which He alone can give.” I think his prayers were of such a nature as he would not care to present before the public.

“He thinks he is forgiven.” This is very probable. The doctrine of his church is, “the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.”

“His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me,”

he had sung many a time ; and, if he never believed it before, his very need would have led him to accept it then.

In this examination, there are in all about ninety affirmative statements, and fully one-half of them are certainly true, if Herbert Hayden was the murderer ; about thirty more are quite probable ; and about eight or ten are mistakes, most of which can, I think, be readily accounted for. Yet, what is very strange, not a word is said about the arsenic that was found in her stomach, and which formed such an important feature of her trial.

I thought that perhaps a further examination might give more light upon the subject. I was disappointed, in consequence of the absence of all reference to what I then considered the real cause, and only cause, of her death; for at that time I had only heard of the poisoning by arsenic. On the same day, in the afternoon, I induced him to try the hair again, and I said, "Learn as much about the murderer as you can." He then said, —

"The young woman was a passive individual; she was neither very intelligent nor very dull; not very good-looking nor very poor-looking, — some might call her beautiful. She does not impress me very strongly in any respect. She was what Christians would call a good girl. If that man belonged to a church, he was in the same church as she." She was converted under Hayden's ministration, and must have belonged to the same church as he.

"He was not very smart either." If he had been, he would not have preached for a small salary in the hamlet of Rockland.

"He must have hit her a blow on the head in some way. (It is difficult to get at her character, from the absence of marked traits.) I think this was in New England somewhere, from the general appearance of the country.

"This man's farm must have joined the one where the girl lived." It did: his cow-pasture joined the Stannard field, in which the spring was situated.

"I think it was in the fall when she was killed" (why?) "from the look of the trees. It may have been early in the fall though." It was early in the fall, since it was on the 3d of September.

"I wonder that such a man as he should be in New England. I should think he would naturally go West or to some wild country, where there are people like himself. I dislike the influence of this very much.

“He is a peculiar man. He could swear before a thousand men, without the slightest hesitation, that he never did it. He wavered for some time though, whether he should lie his way out or give himself up. He never confessed: he almost fancies he can cheat God Almighty. I think he studied this way: ‘If I did not do it, how would I act?’ and he went accordingly. I do not go with him for more than a few hours after her death.

“His tobacco helped to deaden his sensibilities: he used a great deal, and he used more just after the murder. If they had shut him up and kept him without stimulants, he would have confessed, or gone mad, and then he would have confessed. Tobacco had much to do with that murder: it deadened his conscience and his moral faculties generally.”

In Hayden’s testimony he said, “I then sat down in the dining-room, read a paper, and smoked.” Mr. Jones, one of his counsel, said, “That’s a fault you have;” he replied, “A good fault, I think.” In another part of his testimony, “I had been smoking, and the weather was very dry.” The man is, I am told, a tobacco slave, and is under its poisonous influence continually. No prisoner should ever be allowed a particle of tobacco under any circumstances. It would be just as proper for the State to deal out whiskey to prisoners as tobacco.

“He sat down after he went from there; and after praying he studied how he should act, and resolved to act as if perfectly innocent, and lie, if need be, up to the scaffold.”

His ability to command his feelings must be very great, according to his own confession. In his autobiography he tells us that towards night, on Wednesday, he was told that he was suspected of being the perpetrator of the crime, and informs us that if the earth had opened at his feet he could not have been more surprised. Yet he

acknowledges that he went home that night, slept with his wife, never said a word to her about the matter, says he tried to act as naturally as possible, and did not inform her till Thursday forenoon.

“He felt sure that God would forgive him, and therefore he would be the same as innocent. He almost seems to make himself believe that he is innocent. He seems to sit by a table for two or three hours planning for the future.”

The doctrine that sin can be forgiven has been a prolific source of crime. It obliterates all moral distinctions, and places a Nero and a Howard, Garrison and Hayden, on the same platform; or Hayden higher than Garrison, since he accepts the atonement of Jesus, and Garrison rejected it. Hayden has laid the burden of the murder and his lies upon the back of the willing Jesus, while he trips along pleasantly smoking his cigar.

The sensitive continued, “The girl may not have been found till the next morning, but I do not know. After the body was buried they took it up again, and this hair was then cut off; after that I no longer sense the body.

“I am then in an office or library, a front room on some main street, and come from there here. This may have passed through other hands before I got it. The office or library seems to be in some such city as Boston or Hartford, — it looks like a New-England city. That man would have made a good saloon-keeper.”

The hair was cut off after the body was taken up, and it was for some time in the city of New Haven.

Ten days afterward he examined the hair again, and said, “I see a small darkened room; on a table is the woman’s body that was killed; some men seem to be examining her; I cannot tell whether it was after the body was taken up or not, but I think after. I do not think they can tell much about her death by that.

“There was a path from the spring to the kitchen of the house where she lived. I think they had a well, but it was not used, or was not good water: at all events, they got water from the spring.

“I cannot see what they wanted to find out from her body. They may have wanted to find evidences of her pregnancy, but I am quite sure they could not find any thing of that. I think some that examined the body were quite noted men. I see one man, rather small, who jumps around and fusses a good deal. He does not know as much as many others there, who do not say any thing: I think they could soon wind him up in court, he would be so positive about every thing. Some of them had an idea that she was pregnant, but I am sure she was not.

“The man who murdered her never cohabited with her. They were common acquaintances. They must have arrested that man: I am pretty sure they did.

“I do not believe they found out any thing by taking her up: one thought he did, and another swore he did not. There were too many of them concerned with it: one good man would have done better than all.

“I get the impression that the spirit of the girl was present several times while they were examining the body. She did not feel satisfied with their doings: she appears to have been troubled; she was a rather ignorant girl, and that may be one cause.

“I do not understand her position in life: she does not seem to live with her parents.

“I think the murderer was tempted to confess, but the thought of his friends stood in the way. I think he had children, but I do not know how many: they are young. He worried over the matter very much, but had the power to hide it.”

The statements made in this examination are generally correct, but some of them are not so. There is no path

from the kitchen of the Stannard house to the spring: at all events, I could find none. The water was obtained there, but it was taken by a short path from the spring to the road and then to the house. I could not find any well near the Stannard house, but was informed after I left that there was one, but it is no longer in use.

Among the persons present at the post-mortem examination at the Stannard house were Dr. Jewett, Professor Moses C. White, Drs. Matthewson, father and son, Socrates Stannard, Charles Stannard, and others. I read the sensitive's statement to a gentleman who was present at the time, and he seemed to recognize the accuracy of his description. There were no evidences of pregnancy found during the examination, but an ovarian tumor, that in all probability led Mary Stannard to believe herself pregnant.

The sensitive was certainly wrong in supposing that the murderer never cohabited with her, for in that case he would have been deranged to do what he certainly did. Under such circumstances there could have been no sufficient motive for the commission of the crime.

I think it is quite probable that the spirit of the girl was troubled in consequence of the examination of her body. It is not the first time that spirits have been thus troubled, and I am conversant with one case where the spirit of a girl, who had been a prostitute, made a determined resistance to the examination of her body, and startled out of their materialistic sleep some members of an Ohio medical college.

I now wrote to New Haven to obtain something belonging to Herbert Hayden, and thus get, if possible, a double test; and received after a few days a portion of the overalls worn by him at the time of the murder. In the mean time the sensitive had been trying various specimens, among them part of the hat of Daniel Webster, of whom he gave a description in most respects remarkably

accurate. On the 10th of April he examined the overall specimen, with the following result. I give the whole as taken down by me at the time.

“I get an impression of a man. I seem to be near a town, where there are railroads, — a good-sized New England city. He is a man who uses a good deal of tobacco: he is saturated with it. He is not a clean man morally: he may be held back by fear. I do not like him at all. I should not wish to shake hands with him. He lives in the country, but is in the city a good deal. He could talk religion a good deal. He lives five to ten miles from the city, closer to a village. He could not be a noted man: he has not the character, it seems to me. I think he has a family, though I do not think he cares much for his wife, though he may pretend a good deal of affection. He would be loose, and likely to go with other women.

“He has had trouble: he has either gone with a girl, or attempted to. I wonder he did not go West. This city is near the ocean: it may be New Haven, but I do not know. It makes me think of New Haven. I do not see what there is of interest about this. His house is on rising ground, on a sort of a hill. I think he was a poor farmer.

“I must have been here before, psychometrically or otherwise. I am near where I was before. He had three children at least: I think the oldest was a girl between ten and twelve. I don't think he was very well off. He was industrious by fits. He had some other way of making a living beside farming.” (What was it?) “He travels in connection with it, but not by railroad. He may be a temperance-lecturer, though he is utterly unfit for it. Such a man could not be a preacher? It *was* connected with preaching or lecturing: it must be preaching, for he is an ignorant man. I should not wonder if he committed murder. He is a miserable wretch.

“A woman comes in, a girl, a moderately pretty girl;

twenty or twenty-two at the farthest. She is commonplace, rather religious. She has no particular character. What she has to do here, I know not. She lived within half a mile of his house, or within sight perhaps. She makes me think of that girl that was murdered, and he of the murderer. I am farther on the road to the city than I was before, though it may be off the main road. This is a poor farming country, and the people are not up to the times.

“I think he belongs to a secret society. He belongs to two societies, and one is the church. I think he prays with his family sometimes, if not regularly. He could kneel on the body of a person he had murdered, and pray. I think it is the man I saw before, who murdered the girl. I get the impression of both persons the same as before.

“The girl was rather foolish, and she may have allowed him some liberties, that she might think innocent: she could be moulded by stronger influences, and gained by flattery.

“I see him stick the knife in the ground to get the blood off. I think his boots were nearly new when he killed her, or he had recently got them mended. The fear of exposure was the principal motive that led him to kill her.” (What did he do with the knife?) “I think he must have taken the knife to the house.

“His wife is a woman who would stand by him, even if she knew him to be guilty, but she never knew. He would not confess, even if he was before the judgment bar he believed in.

“He did not go directly from her body to the house. He struck her with his foot after she fell.”

This is a very remarkable examination, and more accurate than the two previously made. The inaccuracies are trifling. He is right with regard to the number of children that Hayden has; but the oldest is now only eight

years of age, instead of ten or twelve. The place where he lived is twenty miles from New Haven, instead of five to ten. All the rest of the statements, as far as I know, are either certainly or probably true; and yet he had no possible way of arriving at them, save by what was communicated by less than half an inch square of the man's overalls. Every button on a man's clothes knows more of him than his wife could tell.

"He is loose, and likely to go with other women," says the sensitive. I found this was the character that his neighbors gave of him. I was informed that one young man said he was a devilish good fellow, and could sing more bawdy songs than any other man that he knew.

Hayden's house is within sight from Stannard's, as the sensitive thought, and is within half a mile, while it is nearer to New Haven.

Hayden belonged to a secret society, — the Freemasons, I believe. He tells us that on the second night after the murder, and after he had gone to bed, a wagon stopped at his gate, and soon he heard his name whispered; on asking who was there, the answer came, "A friend;" and he adds, "Not my neighbor; not my brother church-member alone; but that mystic band of men, whose brother I am, had sent one to counsel and advise with me." I knew not that he was a member of a secret society, nor a hundred other things told by the sensitive, till I subsequently read a report of the trial and his autobiography, and visited Rockland, and made inquiries regarding the facts; and I am certain that the young man when he commenced the examination of the hair and the cloth had no knowledge of their connection with these facts.

With the cloth he obtains the same impression of Hayden that he did before: he is a very intemperate user of tobacco, an immoral man, licentious yet religious, and the murderer. His opinion of Mary is, however, somewhat

modified: she was rather foolish, may have allowed him liberties; she might be gained by flattery.

The stogy shoes or boots that he wore, when he murdered the girl, were not new, but they had been recently repaired; and, in all probability, he did strike her with his foot after she fell, and thus produced the fracture discovered in the skull.

The evidence that I obtained was very conclusive, yet I wished to obtain some independent testimony. I presented the hair to a lady who was totally unacquainted with its nature, and, I think, with the facts relating to the murder. She at first obtained an influence that, I think, must have come from the gentleman in New Haven, of whom the hair was obtained. She said, "I get the impression of a person who looks mentally over the world from a lofty standpoint, and who looks out mentally a great deal. He does considerable writing."

I gave her to understand that I did not desire this: she continued, "I see a woman lying upon her back: she seems to be dead. There is something very sad connected either with the manner of her death or the cause: her countenance expresses it. She is not a person of very strong characteristics: she is pleasant and generally agreeable. There was some secret connected with her death; there was something known to her and some other person. . . .

"He is a man of strong passions. I think he had thoughts of drowning himself and her together at one time: he is revolving the thing in his mind, but he has a strong love of life. I think he stabbed her: I seem to see him with his arm around her and stabbing her. He has great firmness of purpose. They walked for some distance with his arm around her, while he was planning how to kill her. Well, he was, in a sense, insane: every other sentiment seems to be banished from his mind. It was in some such way as that, she died.

“He seems to be a thick-set person. There is a great deal of strength and firmness about him.”

As far as it goes, this agrees well with the previous examinations.

After reading nearly all the testimony presented at the trial, examining the locality where the murder was committed, talking with parties conversant with many of the facts, and obtaining the psychometric examinations that I have given, my theory of the murder is this: Herbert Hayden was born with an unfortunate organization, having a large development of the animal propensities. The great breadth of his head at the base, and his lack of conscientiousness, indicate a brain whose possessor could easily become a murderer. His fondness for licentious songs indicates large and active amativeness; and to all these was added the constant use of tobacco, blunting what little conscience he had, and constantly stimulating his base propensities.

Becoming acquainted with, and being attracted by, Mary Stannard, and knowing that she has been overcome before, he thinks she may readily become the victim of his lusts. Her residence for some months in his family gives him the opportunity. The ovarian tumor which Mary had, led her to believe herself pregnant; a belief shared in by Mrs. Studley and Mrs. Hawley, who were informed of her connection with Hayden, and of what she regarded as the symptoms.

On the 1st of September, Sunday, she returns from Guilford, where she had been living with Mrs. Studley, to Rockland, that she may see Herbert Hayden and induce him to do something for her relief. On Monday she visits Hayden's house at seven, and again at half-past nine, and talks with Hayden's wife each time; he having not yet returned from South Madison, where he had preached the day before. She looked nervous and distressed, as Mrs.

Hayden testifies, and in the course of conversation told her that she had a good mind to kill herself.

When Hayden returns from South Madison, his wife of course tells him this, and his fears are aroused. At four o'clock in the afternoon, in comes Mary again under pretence of borrowing a rake; and he and she go to the barn, where she tells him her supposed condition, and asks him for help. He promises to attend to the matter as soon as possible; and away she goes home with the rake, and he to his house. He is now thoroughly awake to the terrible situation in which his unbridled passion has placed him. "I must do something," he says to himself, "or I shall be the scorn of all people. I have it. My wife says she thought of killing herself: I will get some arsenic, and induce her to take it, telling her it is medicine that will relieve her of all her trouble. I will meet her in some secluded place: she will take it, and die. I will secretly leave; her body will be found: everybody will think she has committed suicide, and I shall escape."

Early the next morning he starts for Middletown to get the arsenic. Mary's father wishes him to draw some hay on that day; but no, he tells him he has to go away. In his testimony he says, "I went to get oats, molasses, fuller's-earth, some tools for myself, and arsenic for the rats." He puts the arsenic last, but it was the kernel, the rest but the burr to conceal it. By eight o'clock he is in Middletown, and purchases the arsenic. But is it not possible that Mary may be mistaken about her pregnancy? He knows that her condition is such that in the case of most women it would preclude the possibility of pregnancy; and he consults Dr. Bailey of Middletown, as he confesses in his testimony, as to the possibility of menstruation during periods of pregnancy. The doctor tells him that pregnancy may exist under such a condition, and he is now determined to carry out his murderous plan.

He returns to Rockland, not as he went, but by way of Stannard's, for he is now as desirous of seeing Mary Stannard as she was previously of seeing him. He rides along smoking, and, when opposite Stannard's, finds his little girl and boy there. He stops, and asks Charles Stannard for a drink of water; then goes into the house, and, after receiving the water, says it is warm, and throws it out of the window. Sufficient hint to Mary: she soon appears with a pail, and tells her father that she is going to the spring for a pail of water. This was just what Hayden desired: he drives down the road, and meets her just as she comes from the spring with the water. He tells her to be of good cheer, that he has seen a doctor in Middletown, spoken to him about her case, and got some quick medicine that will relieve her of all trouble. "And now, Mary," says he, "meet me this afternoon at the Big Rock: I cannot tell just when I will be there, but after dinner as soon as I can get away." The poor girl takes up the water-pail, that now seems light as a feather, and with cheerful steps she walks home, and tells Susan Hawley the good news, while Hayden rides home, and prepares for the eventful afternoon.

He must plan to be from home long enough to meet her, and do the deed, and return, so that in the event of suspicion being cast upon him time will not be an element against him.

Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon, or, as he states in his New Haven testimony, soon after two o'clock, he starts for his wood-lot, taking with him the arsenic and a brown-handled butcher-knife, in case of necessity arising for its use, telling his wife that he must throw up some wood preparatory to carting. The wood-lot is about a quarter of a mile from his house, but is concealed from sight by the trees that intervene. Here he soon throws out wood enough for carting, and enough to cover the time he must spend with Mary Stannard.

She left home at one o'clock, telling her father that she was going to gather blackberries, taking with her a tin-pail, but telling her sister that she was going to meet Herbert Hayden. She is now walking up and down the abandoned road near Big Rock, impatiently waiting for his appearance. There is nothing in her pail: she is too excited to gather berries; only picking a few which she eats, as she walks with flushed face, while she occasionally stops and listens. He goes nearly the whole distance, about a mile and a half, under the shelter of trees and bushes, and is only seen once, at a distance, as he crosses the road, when making his way to the spot. Mary hears a rustle among the bushes, then steps that she recognizes: her deliverer appears, and she receives him with joy. It is now after three; and they are walking along that deserted road, he with his arm around her, and telling her that he has obtained what will speedily and without danger to her produce abortion, and remove all evidence of their guilty intercourse. They sit down by the side of the road, and he produces the arsenic, which she, having confidence in her reverend lover, swallows; but, instantly feeling deadly pain, she rises to her feet, and shrieks, her cry being heard by Mrs. Mills, a neighbor. He is thoroughly alarmed: cries like those may rouse the whole neighborhood. He begs her to be quiet, then strikes her in the face: she seizes him by the beard, as she says "How dare"—but the sentence is unfinished, for he instantly stabs her with the butcher-knife, and she falls, but is not yet dead; and he finishes the deed by a powerful blow with his foot, that fractures her skull, and the moaning victim is still.

He "thinks of every thing." "Have I left any foot-prints?" None: the ground is sandy. There lies the bloody knife: he sticks it in the ground to get the blood off. A little blood on his boot: he rubs it off with sand,

and then wades through a puddle to obliterate it entirely. On his left sleeve is a small spot: he spits on his finger, and rubs it off. He runs rapidly through the woods, and then, safe from observation, he takes off his outside shirt, and carefully examines it for any tell-tale spot that may be there. By a roundabout road, sheltered as far as possible by trees and bushes, he returns to the wood-lot, and for the first time since the murder breathes freely. But time is precious: he must be home as soon as may be, and he must appear as calm as possible. He lights a cigar, which he smokes; and this calms his excited nerves so that he walks into the house apparently as unconcerned as if he had been engaged in peaceful labor. He goes up stairs, changes his clothes, and, when word comes that the body of the murdered girl is found, like an innocent man, as he has resolved to appear, he assists the neighbors in carrying it to the house, while the girl's spirit looks down with astonishment upon the audacious villain.

There are doubtless incorrect details in this sketch; but its leading features are true, or all things have conspired to damn an innocent man, and let some unknown, guilty wretch, of whom no one has even a suspicion, go free.

No, the universe is so constituted that the criminal is never safe: there is no wood leafy enough to conceal him, no water can wash the murderer clean; there are witnesses that cannot be bribed, and that no lawyer can perplex. The murderer leaves his photograph on every hair of his victim's head, and his very clothes are a volume containing the record of his crimes.

But how is it, I am asked, that the sensitives failed to learn any thing about the arsenic? Sensitives are not omniscient: they failed probably for the same reason that those who found the body failed to learn any thing about the arsenic. The wound in the throat appeared to them

sufficient to have caused death, and they looked no farther; and to the sensitives the stabbing appeared sufficient to produce death, and they looked no farther. If Susan Hawley had not told what Mary Stannard said to her about the "quick medicine," and if Herbert Hayden had not purchased the arsenic, the probability is that the public never would have known that arsenic was in any way accessory to the death of the girl. Even the first post-mortem examination failed to reveal this. I have no doubt whatever, but, with sufficient time, a good psychometer could follow every thread, and give a perfect account of the whole deed, from its incipiency to its close; but this is unnecessary.

Notwithstanding his guilt, I see no advantage that would be obtained by hanging Hayden. As long as he uses tobacco, I grant that it is unsafe for such a man to be at large; and he should be confined till thoroughly weaned from the filthy poison, and be held under bonds, when liberated, never to touch it again.

Multitudes of men are at large, however, that are as guilty as he. I do not regard the lawyer as much better, who bullies an honest witness, so as to befog the jury, that the murderer, who is his client, may go free. More dangerous is the man who sells liquor, every drop of which swells the cup of misery that humanity will drain. And so is the wealthy distiller, who turns nature's choicest blessings into damning curses, and sends them forth to blast mankind. Less worthy of condemnation only because they are generally less acquainted with the evil they do, are the men who raise, manufacture, and sell that devil's-drug, tobacco, that poisons the air, makes filthy slaves of half the male population of our country, weakens the intellect, awakens the passions, and lulls the conscience to sleep. Mankind is yet sour as an unripe apple, and it will be ages before its sweet and ripened fulness will come.

But if from the hair of a murdered girl the murderer may be seen, and the facts of the murder be disclosed, what cannot be done? Earth has no secret that her children cannot discover, and heaven holds no problem that we may not solve. Men mourn over lost records of ancient nations; "gone," say they, "never to be recovered." But Nature does not trust the record of her doings to the careless keeping of man. There is nothing lost, and no event has occurred of which we may not obtain the record, if we choose to ransack the archives. The very mud of Egypt contains the story of man's occupancy of the valley, from the time that the first savages looked down from her limestone-hills upon the tangled, brute-haunted wilderness, through which the old Nile flowed, to the days when her Persian conquerors rifled the Pyramids, and shamefully mutilated her incomparable temples. A fragment of gypsum from Nineveh contains more of its history than all the brick cylinders that were ever stored in the libraries of the Assyrian and Chaldean kings. The pebbles we tread under our feet are chroniclers more truthful and entertaining than either Froissart or Boswell, and we shall know all we care to know of Moses, Jesus, and Shakspeare, just as we do of Abraham Lincoln or John Brown.

Nor shall we be confined, in our researches, to the planet on which we dwell. Meteorites are angels that come flying through the air with the records of lost worlds; and we shall yet read the story of planets that fruited in humanity, ripened and died, ages before the first man made his appearance upon the earth.

Nor shall the spiritual realm be wholly beyond our ken. It is not "a land that no mortal may know." Our departed ones have not lost all interest in the world that begat and nurtured them, and their communications furnish us with a ladder, by which the sensitive climbs the

celestial heights, "views the landscape o'er," and returns to tell us of the land to which all souls must emigrate.

The fact is, that a great many persons possess powers such as they have only attributed to gods; and by their development we are to advance in the future, intellectually and spiritually, as we have been advancing mechanically during the last fifty years; and then the day of the world's redemption will draw nigh.

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