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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. (OXON).

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY—CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

MR. PARKES.

THE fourth and last person to whom I shall refer as a professional photographer, who has succeeded in taking spirit pictures, is Mr. Parkes, of 6 Gaynes Park Terrace, Grove Road, Bow. He has indeed only lately entered the field as a professional, having had no experience in the photographic art until he learned it under direction of the spirits who communicate with him. The story of Mr. Parkes' development as a medium for photographic and other manifestations is this: From early years he had been, as most mediums have been, the subject of abnormal spiritual influence, though at the time neither he nor his friends knew anything of such matters. He continued to observe these manifestations of external power at intervals throughout his life, without being able to refer them to their true source. Some three or four years since it chanced that Mr. Parkes made the acquaintance of Mr. Reeves, the proprietor of a dining-room near the Great Northern Railway at King's Cross. After some conversation about Spiritualism, he induced Mr. Parkes to try a sitting with him, and the result was that very powerful manifestations were obtained; and the communicating spirits promised that spirit photographs should be given, if the proper directions were obeyed. Accordingly a camera and chemicals were procured, and photographs were taken. These early efforts were rude in execution, as may reasonably be expected. The operator had no technical or practical knowledge of the art, the apparatus was of the cheapest description, and the room in which the pictures were taken an ordinary upper room in a small house. However, rude portraits of the communicating spirits

were obtained, and at times recognised portraits of spirit friends of sitters. Dr. Sexton records, in the course of an interesting paper on Mr. Parkes' experiences in the *Christian Spiritualist*, Jan., 1875, that he was one of the early visitors, "and, at the very first sitting secured a likeness of the late J. W. Jackson, who had passed away just before." Mrs. Jackson testifies to the same effect in the following letter which appeared in the *Medium*, May 24, 1872:—

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,—Will you kindly afford me space in your weekly issue to relate my experiences in spirit photography. I went to Mr. Reeves in York Road, who is not a professional photographer, and therefore has no interest or motive for producing astounding results. When the very simple arrangements were made, I sat down, and in a few seconds longer than is usual for ordinary photos., I distinctly recognised the face of my husband standing over me. The expression and chiselling of the features, contour of head, the curling length of beard, and outline of form were as perfect as when he was on earth. There could be no imposition in this instance, for Mr. Reeves never saw or knew anything of my husband during his life.

A few days afterwards I took a lady friend, who sat for her photograph also—a stranger to our kind friend, Mr. Reeves. On the other side of the small table at which the lady was seated, when the plate was taken from the camera, appeared two spirit forms, which were immediately recognised as two of my friend's ancestors, who had left this earth many years ago.

May 24, 1872.

E. B. JACKSON.

Dr. Sexton further records that he "requested his friend Mr. Bowman, of Glasgow, an expert photographer, to make a thorough examination of the camera, dark room, and appliances in use. This was at once allowed, and Mr. Bowman pronounced imposition impossible."

Messrs. Reeves and Parkes became widely known amongst Spiritualists, and a great number of photographs were taken. From some hundred or more in my own possession I shall endeavour hereafter to convey some idea of their special peculiarities. The development was steady and satisfactory; and Mr. Reeves had nearly completed the erection of a glass-house for the better purposes of photography, which house, in order that no alien influence might be there, he had scrupulously built throughout with his own hands. No little expense, and still more labour and pains had been expended on it, when Mr. Reeves suddenly decided to emigrate to Canada. As Mr. Parkes had worked in concert with him, Mr. Reeves "magnetising" the camera, it was considered that the photographic experiments were at an end.

This "magnetising" of the camera is peculiar to Mr. Parkes' photography. He is unable, by his own unaided efforts, to get a fully developed form. White blurs, and flashes of light, and cloudy appearances, not unlike those in the Clifton photographs, he can get, but not a full form or a clearly marked face.

Accordingly he secures the presence of some one whose "psychic force" supplements his own. Mr. Reeves was such, so also the "near relative of his own" mentioned by Dr. Sexton in the article above referred to; and now, still more appropriately, Mrs. Parkes acts as "better half," and supplies the lack of "influence" in her husband. The "magnetiser" stands by the camera, holds the hands upon it, and allows the current of force to flow into the wood, in precisely the same manner as a table is charged by the hands of the sitters in a circle.

Mr. Parkes is now taking his photographs by the magnesium light, and under test conditions. Dr. Sexton thus details an experiment which he made:—

In order to convince spectators that there is no possibility of deception, Mr. Parkes has lighted upon a plan which is alike ingenious, simple, and effective, for demonstrating the genuineness of the picture. As a dark room is indispensable in photography, and as in the case of spirit photographs there appears to be a necessity for the photographer to have the plate in his possession in some such room, for the purpose of magnetising it previous to its being placed in the camera, a suspicion naturally arises that this offers an opportunity for the playing of a trick, and thus imposing upon the sitter. Mr. Parkes, therefore, has had a small aperture made in the wall of this room, through which the spectator can see all that goes on, and may, consequently, watch the plate through its entire process. A few days since, we ourselves went for the purpose of obtaining a picture under the strictest test conditions, and came away in every sense of the word satisfied with the result. We first selected the plate from a packet which had just come in, and, in order to make sure that the whole packet had not been prepared, brought one away which we still retain. We marked the one to be used on the occasion, and never lost sight of it up to the time that there appeared upon it, in conjunction with our own portrait, that of a spirit figure. As to the camera, it remained in the room all the evening, open to the inspection of any one. We may remark here that, being evening, the portrait was taken by means of a magnesium light, which was found to work admirably on the occasion. Spirit photography is, therefore, an established fact, beyond the possibility of dispute, and Mr. Parkes is one of the most successful mediums by means of which this wonderful phenomena is now accomplished.

Mr. Parkes has afforded me the most complete facilities for investigation, and I can endorse Dr. Sexton's testimony. I marked a new plate, and followed the process throughout, obtaining upon it a ghostly figure, for whose presence ordinary explanations do not account. It is fair to Mr. Parkes to say that he is jealously fenced round by his spirit guides with restrictions as to conditions, under which alone they are able to work. No one who has gone at all into the question of Spiritualism but must have chafed now and then at the conditions imposed, and have wondered why so much mystery and darkness should be necessary. The days are coming, we earnestly hope, when much that now hampers free investigation will be swept away. The accounts that we receive from Paris and America, as well as what occurs amongst us in England, point to the greater famili-

arity of the operating intelligences with us and with the means which they employ to manifest among us. For the present we must be content to accept the logic of facts, and to do our best to tabulate the facts we get, and to remember that, though we cannot do away with conditions, we can materially improve them by patience, passivity, and steady perseverance. I firmly believe and earnestly say that if we thought more of patient evolution of truth and fact, and less of the convincing those who do not care or will not take reasonable trouble to be convinced, and who, in most cases, have no niche in their minds into which these facts will fit, we should obtain far greater results than we do. Conviction does not come of one or two phenomena dimly seen and suspiciously viewed by a hostile observer, nor even of a few plain facts which a mind strange to the subject must view with wonder or with amused or scornful acceptance at best. It comes, if it comes at all, after patient and careful investigation of many phenomena, and many assertions made and verified over and over again, and by the gradual evolution of a coherent theory to account for what at first sight seems so strange and grotesque.

Be this as it may, conditions there are, and they must be observed. The most we can do is to make the best of them, and hope for their gradual withdrawal. The spirits who operate through Mr. Parkes decline tests, save in the case of one plate at each sitting. After that plate is taken, no more can be had. His plan, therefore, is to try for recognised portraits once or twice without test—the portrait, if obtained, being the best test of all—and then to allow the experimenter to select and follow a plate throughout, for the purpose of obtaining a photograph of a spirit on the plate which he has selected and marked. By boring a hole into the side of the dark room, he has enabled the observer to watch the plate through the entire process of manipulation.

Out of the number of photographs taken by Messrs. Reeves and Parkes, or by Mr. Parkes alone, a very considerable proportion are allegorical pictures, or portraits of his own band of spirits, or of some unknown forms. I shall have occasion presently to notice the extreme variety of the results. For the present, I wish to present evidence of the recognition of some portraits taken by Mr. Parkes as representations of departed friends of the sitters. However curious other results may be, this is immeasurably the most important.

The following letter from Judge Williams, U.S.A., testifies to his success:—

166 Finborough Road, West Brompton, Jan. 25th, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. PARKES,—I have for a long time contemplated writing you, and acknowledging the receipt of the photos., which I received only

on the day before my leaving for Wales, and since my return to London my time has been taken up with other more pressing cares. It however now affords me much pleasure to state that I *fully* recognise these two first pictures, taken by *daylight*, one as being that of my spirit-wife, who passed to the other world in the year 1839; the other as that of my father, who passed away in the year 1832, at the age of 62 years. My wife was but 27 years of age when she was taken from me, never, as I then supposed, to return and communicate with me on earth, and as I was then taught, there was but little hope of ever meeting in the next world; but thanks to that good angel, I am in almost daily communication with her. The last photos, taken by the 'magnesium' light are not good, and although comparatively plain, I cannot recognise them. I am *perfectly* satisfied that they are *genuine*, but are too much *distorted* and *blurred* to be recognised. From their appearance I think the spirits made a noble effort on their part. You will recollect the day was bad and the light did not act well. I shall give it another trial when the weather gets settled, so they may be taken by daylight.—Yours,
A. S. WILLIAMS.

Mr. J. Ansell, of Waltham Cross, adds his evidence:—

Waltham Cross, 28th Jan. 1875.

DEAR MR. PARKES,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the truthfulness of the spirit photograph taken by you of my late father. In addition to the striking likeness, the uniform, with the cocked hat and belts is most convincing to my mind. In fact, the more I examine the portrait the more certain I am that it is genuine.—Yours very truly, J. ANSELL.

In a private letter to myself he further says:—

"I beg to state that there is only one photograph of which I can speak with certainty, and that is the one of my father. My mother was the sitter, and she, together with my sister and brother-in-law, fully recognised it. My father appears in the uniform of an officer, the sword, belt, and cocked hat are there to show that the picture is a representation of my father. I have an ordinary photograph of my father in uniform, but it is easily seen that the spirit one could not be a copy of the other."

Mr. Collins, of Woolwich, favours me with the following letter:—

17 THOMBS STREET, WOOLWICH, FEB. 4TH, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 2nd inst. received. With regard to sending you a letter that you may print in *Human Nature* relative to recognised spirit photographs, I must tell you that I occupy a peculiar position. Although I have sat to Mr. Parkes, and obtained good results, I have failed to recognise any of the spirits, though on magnetising the camera when personal friends or relations have sat (in point of fact lending my power for the time), one or two spirits have presented themselves that I could unmistakeably recognise. Notably one of my father-in-law, for which my mother-in-law sat, I magnetised the camera. My wife obtained a tolerably clear photograph of (it is supposed) my father, and although it certainly is very like, there are one or two discrepancies which do not justify my coming to a fixed conclusion on the point. With regard to the particular conditions under which these photos. were taken, I can give you no information, as I never had any idea that my evidence on the point would be of any value to you. Suffice it to say, that when I first sat, I had a very strong doubt as to the power of departed souls to affect a sensitized plate, and took every precaution I could think of, not only to prevent trickery, but, if possible, to suggest any other scientific cause as to their presence on the glass. Being

a photographer *en amateur* myself, I could, and did, suggest tests, that were complied with, and which certainly convinced me that as far as I could see there was no attempt at delusion.

I must say that I consider spirit photography the most interesting and truthful manifestation we have yet been blessed with.—I am, &c.,

JAMES COLLINS.

Mr. M. Nunn answers some questions which I put to him as to his success, thus:—

4 Carlisle Street, Soho Square,
6th Feb., 1875.

SIR,—In answer to your questions of the 2nd of this month, the photograph you allude to is a relative—indeed, a child of mine, some nine years of age. It is, beyond any doubts, recognised both by myself and also by all others who have seen it. I do not think more than six or seven have seen it, for neither myself nor wife desire to hand it about.

The circumstances are these:—Some eighteen months since, an acquaintance of mine, a lady, wished to sit for a spirit photograph; she went with a daughter of mine. They brought back two photographs, both speaking likenesses of my departed daughter. In one photograph the spirit appeared walking to the sitter, and in the other it was walking from the sitter. I do not remember sitting myself: this may arise from my not taking any interest in Spiritualism. I could willingly refer you to my daughter, but she was so affected at the time of sitting, at the speaking likeness of her sister, that I do not feel inclined to cause her any more sorrow on, to her, a painful subject.—Yours respectfully,

To M. A. (Oxon).

M. NUNN.

Mr. Robert Nunn sends me one of the most remarkable photographs which Mr. Parkes has taken. It represents an old man, with long white beard and hair, holding up a walking stick at the level of his face. The sitter is not in focus. This is Mr. Robert Nunn's evidence:—

6 Gaynes Park Terrace, Grove Road, Bow,
Sept. 17, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Parkes has handed me your note, and asked me to write a few lines and send the photograph I have of my dear friend, as he has not one that he could send.

I first became acquainted with my friend in India in 1844, and I am sure the photograph cannot be mistaken by any one who knew him. I do not recollect the date it was taken, but I remember it was towards the end of last year and late in the afternoon, after two or three friends of Mr. P. had had their sitting, and that Mr. P. at the time said, I shall not attempt to focus you, but we will try if anything will appear on the plate. It probably would have been more satisfactory for what you require had the sitter been focussed.

I must tell you my friend had a great quantity of hair, which was perfectly white,—that he also walked with a stick, which he is holding up in the photograph. He was attacked with paralysis in India and left there in 1858, and died in Scotland in August last year. Mr. Parkes never saw him or his photograph. Any further information I shall be happy to give.—Yours most respectfully,

ROBERT NUNN.

Mr. Hartry, of Sheffield, sends the following. The appearance alluded to is owing, I believe, to the magnesium light, which

does not supply the most favourable conditions of photography. The lights and shades are too pronounced, and it is difficult to secure any tone in the picture:—

3 Howard Street, Sheffield, Feb. 11, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—Pardon my not replying to yours of the 8th instant earlier, but in the hurry of business it had quite escaped my memory. My wife, several friends, and myself, recognised the photograph. I marked and followed the preparation and developing of the plate throughout. The likeness is unmistakeable; but there is a bloated appearance, or, as a friend of mine described it, a bulbiness about the features which my mother never had, nor is it in any photograph portrait of her taken from life.—Faithfully yours,
GEO. B. HARTY.

Mr. Zach. Parkes, the father of the photographer under review, had for a very long time a most decided objection to the whole question of Spiritualism, and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to entertain the question at all. This is a fair type of the mind which has no niche in it into which the subject will fit, and probably he would never have believed in the matter at all, had it not been that the instrument of conviction was his own son. At the present I am correct, I believe in describing him merely as a person who asserts to the production of certain results without expressing any opinion as to the cause by which they are effected. His letter speaks for itself:—

2 Park Villas, Plumstead Common, 9th Feb., 1875.

DEAR SIR.—I have much pleasure in replying to your favour of the 8th inst., and trust that my testimony, so far as it goes, may be useful to you in prosecuting scientific inquiries into a phenomenon which to me is inexplicable. I freely admit that I was, and probably still am, an unbeliever in what may be said to be comprehended in *spirit* photography. I cannot believe in the presence of spirits, but that the likenesses of the departed are produced and faithfully represented I have now not the least doubt.

I have seen these results produced by my son, and I verily believe that had the same been arrived at through the instrumentality of any other person, I should not have believed it. My dependance is on the known trustfulness and integrity of his character, and I feel and know that he is perfectly incompetent to deceive.

I have only sat once for my likeness, and the results were, that my dearly beloved father appeared in the photograph. There is no mistaking the likeness, and my family all immediately recognised it. Others of our kindred have sat, and similar results have followed. How this is done I cannot say. There is a science opened for deep investigation. This wonder-working is to me at once suggestive of trickery, but such thoughts are banished since my son showed me the effects of his trial. I have answered your first query, and I will endeavour to do so as to the second.

I have some idea as to the possibility of producing these so-called spirit likenesses, but as it is simply a theory of my own based on a science I know little of, I leave it to others more capable of attributing a more just cause for these effects. I look forward with some interest to the time when the subject will be well ventilated, and which I think will end in a *natural* solution.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

To M. A. (Oxon).

ZACH. PARKES.

On turning over Mr. Parkes' album, the most striking point is the enormous variety of the designs; the next, perhaps, the utterly unlikely character of most of them, and their total dissimilarity to the conventional ghost. Out of 110 that lie before me now, commencing from April, 1872, and with some intermissions extending down to present date, there are not two that are alike—scarcely two that bear any similarity to each other. Each design is peculiar to itself, and bears upon the face of it marks of individuality. There is no family likeness running through them all, such as an active imagination might produce with a little practice in varying the original design. Nor is there anything of the conventional about them. They are wildly, startlingly unlike what any one would imagine. Allegorical pictures of spirit scenes, such as surely no dyspeptic medium ever dreamed of; loose heads projected on the plate, apparently with no connection with any body physical or spiritual; figures utterly out of all drawing, such as no one who valued a reputation for sanity would attempt to depict; pictures in which no sitter is visible at all, and others in which he is blurred and disfigured out of all recognition; conventional angels, wings and all; names written in letters of fire in the air, and surrounded by crude designs, symbolical of one knows not what: these, omitting the more intelligible pictures, are what meets the eye on turning over the series of photographs. If Doré could be conceived to have turned Spiritualist, to have lost his facile power of delineation, and to have fostered a morbid imagination to an extremity of grotesqueness, he might possibly produce some such designs as those before me. To conceive that any person of sane mind could have spent three years in producing such a collection of curiosities is to make a supposition which is more flattering to Mr. Parkes' imaginative ability than it is to the common sense of his critic. It would involve I know not what originaive ability distorted and perverted I know not how. It is hard to say what facilities for imposition he must have had, what accomplices, what immunity from investigation by the simplest processes, to carry out successfully such a gigantic imposture. It is to be regretted that those who are ready to settle all that they cannot understand by the cheap expedient of alleged imposture, will not consider what such imposture must necessarily involve. I do no discredit to the abilities of those photographers with whom I have personally investigated—and who have afforded me such ample means of prying into all their processes—when I assert my belief that in carrying out so vast a fraud they would not be equal to the occasion. Whatever abilities they may possess would not, I am sure, be found equal to carrying out an elaborate fraud which would do credit to the

ingenuity and practised talent of the most accomplished swindler. Those of them who live in this country are not even expert photographers; neither of them persons who would be put forward as men likely—I say nothing of their moral capacities; for the present, I fear, Spiritualism and morality in the eyes of sceptics are not closely united, but on the lowest ground, they are not likely men—to plan and successfully execute a risky piece of prolonged imposture. Declining to swallow a gnat, our critics have substituted a portentous camel, which I, for one, decline to gulp at.

A considerable number of the earlier pictures taken by Messrs. Parkes & Reeves together are of this allegorical nature. Figures appear holding the Cross and the Bible. One of the very earliest, taken in April, 1872, shows Mr. Reeves' father, holding up a cross above his head, and displaying an open book, on which is written, Holy Bible. Another shows a cloud of light covering two-thirds of the picture, and made up of the strangest medley of heads and arms, and flashes of light, with a distinct cross in the centre. Another, in which Mr. and Mrs. Everitt are the sitters, taken June 8, 1872, is a symbolical picture of a very curious nature. Mr. Everitt's head is surrounded with a fillet on which Truth is inscribed, while three pencils of light dart up from it. There are at least two figures in the picture, which blot out Mrs. Everitt altogether. In a later photograph, in which Mr. Burns is the sitter, is a giant hand of which the thumb is half the length of the sitter's body. It is just as if a luminous hand had been projected or flashed upon the plate without any regard to focus. Another very startling picture is one which shows on a dark background a huge luminous crucifix. Then we have angels with the orthodox wings, hovering over some sitters. One is a very striking model: the face of great beauty and of pure classical design. The figure floats with extended arm over the sitter, and below it, almost on the ground, appear nine faces, projected as it were upon the plate; and strangest of all, close by the sitter's head, a large eye, with beams of light proceeding from it. The eye is larger than the head of the sitter, and the whole picture presents a most curious appearance. In one case at least the figure of the spirit has moved, leaving distinct evidence of the fact on the plate. Some show mere faces; some, heads; some again, whole bodies floating in air; and some, partially formed bodies projected on the plate, apparently at haphazard.

A considerable number of these photographs are recognised by the sitters. I do not precisely name them, because I have not obtained direct permission and authentication, but one lady appears with portraits which she recognises as those of her mother,

her father, and her grandmother. The father during his life on earth was crippled with gout and rheumatism. He used to walk with a stick, and his shadowy appearance on the plate shows him limping with a stick, with one hand extended in an attitude which would recall him to those who knew him. Another picture of one Alfred Ryder, who was shot on the coast of Africa, is a clear likeness. Another of a housekeeper who had lived long in the family of the lady who is photographed, is a fair instance of the way in which these representations are made up so as to invite recognition. The housekeeper was a nervous woman, and had a habit of plucking with her left hand at the skirt of her dress whilst her mistress was talking to her. It was a habit that was known and remarked upon as peculiarly her own, and so, as frequently happens, the figure in the photograph is represented in the act of plucking at the dress and apron; and, moreover, on her head is a peculiar cap, the original of which, I am told, was brought from Paris as a present to her by the sitter during her life-time here. Another curious piece of evidence is the appearance of a Franciscan monk in the ancient dress of his order. This ancient dress has long been disused, but the picture of it is strictly correct in an antiquarian point of view. It is the precise dress which would have been worn by the monk at the time when he professed to have been on earth. (An impostor would be scarcely up to so nice a point of identification, even if Mr. Reeves or Mr. Parkes may be supposed to know anything about monks' dresses).

Passing to the later photographs taken by Mr. Parkes in his own house since Mr. Reeves left the country, the same or similar characteristics are observable, though the majority of them have been taken by the magnesium light. Pictures so taken present a very different appearance to those taken by the solar rays; and it is difficult in some cases to recognise a sitter whom one is well acquainted with. The violent contrasts of light and shade appear to change the expression of the face altogether; and, moreover, it is uncommonly difficult to stand the intense glare of the light during the exposure of the plate. All this tends to metamorphose a sitter very considerably; and it is a point worthy of consideration whether what so operates with us may not have a similar effect upon the spirit; may not, in fact, distort and render it difficult or impossible to be recognised. For, if the known face of a living human being be changed out of recognition, we may reasonably expect that the unknown or unexpected portrait made by the Invisibles for recognition by us may suffer even more from unfavourable conditions of light.

There are amongst Mr. Parkes' later pictures two, or perhaps I should say three, distinct kinds. The first is similar to the

projected figures taken by him in conjunction with Mr. Reeves. They are rude figures of men and women, incompletely drawn in most cases, and clad in the garments of ordinary life. Indeed this is a peculiarity of Mr. Parkes' photographs. With the exception of one or two conventional angels, all his spirits are dressed in ordinary attire of rather old-fashioned type. There is not a single "sheeted ghost," such as Mr. Hudson depicts, amongst the whole of the photographs before me. Men appear who might have been rudely photographed from a badly drawn picture of the last century, in short-waisted coat with high roll collar. Some appear in Quaker-like attire; some in a dress which any old gentleman of the present day might be supposed to wear. The women, in like manner, are dressed in old-fashioned robes for the most part: tight-fitting, closely-cut gowns of a style which was common in the latter part of the eighteenth century. One might almost imagine that some denizens of earth during the Georgian era had returned, coats and gowns and all, and were occupying themselves in acting as "lay figures" for Spirit photographs. It is curious to note how large a proportion of the pictures show some of these old spirits in one form or other. The proportion that such pictures bear to those in which sitters recognise portraits of their own friends is very large.

A singular picture of this kind is one in which Mr. Gledstones is the sitter. It is one of those taken in the open-air by daylight. The sitter is placed on one side of a small round table, and sits with his hands clenched in an attitude of defence; while on the other side of the table is depicted a man in old-fashioned coat, who clutches at Mr. Gledstones' throat with his right hand, the left being drawn back as if for a blow. The attitude and expression of the face is most pugnacious. Mr. Gledstones sat down, I believe, in an ordinary attitude, with no intention of defending himself against an unseen foe, and clenched his hands in obedience to a sudden impulse. I have noticed that these figures have a kind of magnetic power which has an influence on the sitter. I have myself, in more than one instance, been impelled to look in a particular direction at the last moment before the exposure; and, on the development of the photograph, have found that I am looking in the face of the manifesting spirit. Such a case occurred at Hudson's lately. I was standing as one of a group of three, in the back ground, and had posed myself. Hudson was about to uncap the camera, when I felt impelled irresistibly to turn my head round, and look in the opposite direction to that which I had originally fixed upon. I did not alter the position of my body, merely turning my head round as it was attracted. In that picture *I am looking full into the eyes of the spirit* who has taken up its position close to me.

Similarly I had placed myself in a particular position at Mr. Parkes'. I was impelled to turn half round and look across the table. That plate shows a spirit on the other side of the table looking intently into my face. This, in passing, would seem to show the actual presence of the spirit near the sitter, at least on some occasions. On others I have a suspicion that the invisible operators deal directly with the plate.

The second class is a distinct projection of a number of heads in groups round and near the sitter. Most remarkable in effect some of these are. In the case of one photograph, which I select as a type of many others, there are nine separate heads grouped together. Most of them are heads without anything but the face shown, and great character is preserved in the expression of each. They are dotted about on a level with the sitter's head, and apparently are directed to him as the centre of magnetic attraction.

There is another class, or variety of the last class, which presents a still more singular appearance. On the plate, sometimes covering the face of the sitter, is a large sepia-coloured patch, filled with the most grotesquely delineated heads and faces, the whole surrounded by a sort of border which seems to keep them together. It is as though a sepia-drawing had been projected on the plate in fac-simile. In some cases, but rarely, these drawings show portraits of friends. Such a case Mr. Parkes himself had, the features of two relations being depicted with startling power and truth. Usually this class of picture does not seem to be made for recognition, but rather as an experiment to show the presence of the invisible workmen.

In a few instances these groups of partially formed figures are apparently engaged in conversation. In one that I have before me, the sitter is confronted by a group of four spirits. One bends low before him, and is offering something in his hand. Next to him are two heads, one of an old and the other of a young man, who are listening to a spirit who is talking in an animated way to them. The whole group is life-like and real, in curious contrast to the face of the sitter, which is passive, and shows no consciousness of the nearness of his spiritual visitors.

Mr. Parkes is now successfully obtaining these photographs under conditions peculiarly suitable for investigation at public séances at 15 Southampton Row. It is satisfactory to the investigator, to whom all this is new and suspicious, to have an opportunity of seeing the photographs taken outside the photographer's own house, and on plates which have not been in his possession. I have three pictures which have been taken under these conditions, on plates purchased by one of the sitters immediately before the séance, in a room which it is not possible for

Mr. Parkes to have prepared in any way, and in the presence of any number of persons who chose to pay for admission. One shows a singular group of eleven heads of various kinds, grouped round the sitter, who claims to have taken the first spirit photograph eleven years ago.

Another of these pictures presents a very suggestive piece of evidence. It was taken on a plate freshly purchased, and which had never been in Mr. Parkes' possession. The plate had been prepared and placed in the shield, when a photographer who was present requested that it might be taken out and turned upside down before the exposure. This was done, and on developing the plate a rude outline of a figure, composed of *two* busts, appears; the busts pointing in opposite directions. Had this occurred on a plate which the photographer had had in his possession before, most of us would have jumped at unfavourable conclusions. Here no deception was practised, for *the plate had never been in his possession*, and it was impossible for him to have manipulated the plate beforehand. The evidence points clearly to *interference by the spirits with the plate itself directly*; and I have little doubt that some of the spirit pictures are so produced. I shall have reason to recur to this when I deal with the *modus operandi*, and sum up the evidence which I have collected. For the present I venture to say that a case such as the one noticed should make investigators pause before they rashly impute fraud to photographers who produce results which are not to be explained by natural means.

SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY WITH BUGUET AND FIRMAN.

By M. A. (OXON).

FACT succeeds fact, and experiment surpasses experiment so rapidly, that I am unable to embody notices of even a small number in my "Researches," which are printed month by month in this journal. When I began last September to write on the subject of Spirit Photography, I fancied that two or three instalments, such as are printed monthly, would suffice to deal with the subject. I had in my possession about a hundred photographs, and there was considerable sameness pervading them. A short notice, I thought, would suffice. But when I began to look at the questions involved, with the minute care which, in a conscientious writer, ought to precede the expression of deliberate opinion in print, I soon found that the evidence was very important, and by no means so simple as I had thought.

Case after case came in, through the kindness of friends and strangers, who have helped me in my work; my photographs grew from one to five hundred, and collateral questions of great interest grew up around them. So it has come to pass that three-quarters of a year has not sufficed to dispose of the question, and I feel myself compelled to pass on to other photographers and to the general conclusions which I gather from my evidence, without noticing much that is valuable and important.

Since the publication of my last notice of M. Buguet's photographs, I have received a parcel which merits especial notice; and I take this means of noticing them, so that when I gather my papers within the covers of a book, I may incorporate this record with them.

The photographs which have last reached me are very striking specimens of the art. Most of them are of large size, $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and in all the spirit form comes out with marked distinctness. The evidence printed last month respecting the photographing of the spirits of persons still living in the flesh receives confirmation from another successful case. The sitter is the Comte de Bullet, Hotel de l'Athenée, Paris, and the spirit form represents Mr. Firman, a medium now resident in Paris, through whom remarkable materialisations of the full form have been obtained. The head is perfectly distinct, the eyes closed, and the face that of a person in trance. The same fluidic drapery covers the body as in my own case. At the time when the photograph was taken Mr. Firman was in Amsterdam. I have not been able to obtain extended information as to this and other photographs, but I hope to be able to speak precisely about them, and their bearing on the question of the trans-corporeal action of spirit, in a paper which I am preparing on the subject.

Another photograph, similar in size and appearance to that just noticed, shows the Comte de Bullet again, with the spirit form of a relative still in the body. The face is as clear as his own, and he appends his certificate to the fact.

M. Buguet, himself, is the sitter in another picture of the same kind. The spirit form, equally clear and recognisable, he affirms to be that of his fiancée. In this case the spirit is one that has departed from the earth.

Two other pictures show spirit forms of perfect distinctness, and luminous writing over the sitter's head. In one where M. Buguet poses, a clear form floats towards him pointing to words which stand out in mid air over the head of the sitter—"Visite de Cagliostro, au médium Buguet." I do not know Cagliostro's face, but if that be he, I shall know his picture when I see it. The face is perfect in expression and definition of feature.

The other picture which shows luminous writing is still more

remarkable. Madame de Veh, to whom I am indebted for a most interesting account of some phenomena that have lately occurred, says that Firman, being with the Comte de Bullet in M. Buguet's studio, a spirit came out from behind the curtain, and was photographed standing behind the Count. The spirit, I believe, is Allan Kardec. He holds over the sitter's head a wreath, in the centre of which appear the words in luminous letters—"Hommage offert par les esprits au Comte de Bullet." Another very similar picture was afterwards taken, in which a wreath and motto appear over the Count's head. During the operation neither wreath nor motto was visible, but when the plate was developed they stood out with startling vividness, and, what is more astounding than all, *the wreath was afterwards found upon the table, and remains at the present moment in the possession of the Count.*

Other pictures show the results obtained through the mediumship of Firman in the way of materialisation. One is a picture of a little Indian, who is a regular attendant at the séances. He comes with a head-dress of feathers, and has a most vivacious appearance. He professes to be an Indian boy of 10 years old. I shall have more to say of him when I come to deal with materialisation. For the present, I say of the picture that I am assured that it represents the boy as he appears in materialised form.

The most singular photograph of all is a picture of the sister-in-law of Comte de Bullet in materialised state. The whole picture is filled with the most remarkable drapery, soft and shadowy beyond description, vast masses of it covering the whole field of the camera. The face is not so clear as in some others, but perfectly recognisable. This spirit is materialised visibly and tangibly in daylight, and was photographed by Buguet, who was much perplexed at the (to him) novel experience. And no wonder; for Madame de Veh states that five recognised relatives of the Count have materialised and been photographed in this manner; and that "on one morning, in his own room, in full daylight, Buguet having bought his apparatus, obtained photographs of three spirits, who walked out into the room whilst the Count was holding the medium's hands in the cabinet. That M. Buguet felt and looked scared will not astonish you, but he spoke to the spirits, telling them how to pose, and he was obeyed." This is one of the pictures obtained under these convincing conditions.

On another occasion the little Indian, of whom I have spoken above, "opened the curtains of the cabinet and showed the medium asleep and three spirits near him—three spirits recognised by the Count de Bullet."

I have not had the good fortune to witness these phenomena myself, but I have scrupulously quoted the exact account of witnesses who are, it is almost insulting to say, perfectly trustworthy. The facts are so incredible, that I plead them as my excuse for saying that my witnesses are sane and true. I am reluctant to take up more space, the more especially that what I have to say will be better said hereafter. The fact, however, may be noticed that the recognised forms of relatives were obtained here whilst the Comte de Bulet held Firman's hands. This disposes of the objection to the presence of another person in the cabinet, and places the evidence in a light which has never before been obtained. I commend the hint to investigators in England and America.

THE THEOLOGY OF CANON LIDDON,*

FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

"THE Assyrian idols did not raise in the exile's mind any question as to the stray elements of truth which might be underlying so much tawdry and impure error." So says Dr. Liddon, speaking of the "elements of truth in heathenism," and then dismissing the subject with the usual half contemptuous admission that there must have been some truth even "in the most degraded forms of heathen worship with which the Jews came in contact, since a religion which is pure, undiluted falsehood could not continue to exist as a religion."

Now it seems to us that the words first quoted—which are taken from one of Canon Liddon's Lenten Lectures at St. James' Church, Piccadilly—might well serve as the text of a sermon upon the essential difference—a difference not to be bridged over by any admissions on the one side, or self-deceptions on the other—between the Theological and the Artistic spirit; between the way in which the theologian trains himself and others (when he can) to look at humanity and human creeds, and the softer and more sympathetic artistic method. We believe that at the present time, when Art is a topic upon every one's lips, and a new religion of "Art for Art's sake" has been promulgated by Mr. Swinburne and his followers, a few remarks upon these

* Some Elements of Religion: Lent Lectures. 1870. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1872.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. Fifth Edition. Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge; James Parker & Co., Oxford. 1873.

diverse and irreconcilable methods may not be devoid of interest.

In the first place let us settle it with ourselves, that Art is concerned only indirectly with Morality. Art has much to say upon Moral topics, it is true; and the utterance of the highest Art will always be at one with the noblest and purest Moral teaching, and also with the most exalted teaching of Science; for the various streams of human thought are united both at their remote mountainous fountain-head and their remoter oceanic outflow—it is only while coursing over the intermediate spaces, through the sands of speculation or the more fertile meadows of Religion and Poetry, that they differ or seem to differ. But, notwithstanding this, *the method* of Art, as distinguished from her conclusions, is strongly opposed to that of Theology and Science; her final dicta may be, and probably are, grandly identical; but these dicta are announced upon very different grounds—they are arrived at by quite another route. Art holds in her hand no separate golden revelation of austere and kingly purport; she carries with her no unalterable test by which to try all other religions, and by the diagnosis of which they are to be approved or condemned. Rather she wanders as a woman, lovingly, from hill-top to hill-top, and from sea to sea, finding in obscure Asiatic moon-gods some shining traces of Earth's Central Deity, and in subtle extinct mythologies footfalls of the coming mercy, and wisdom, and tenderness of Christ.

"The Assyrian idols did not raise in the exile's mind any question——" Just so. No modern, strange, artistic longings came over him; no sad unspeakable yearning to enter into the feelings of those who had worshipped here in immemorial eras; no desire to mingle with the wild thoughts of the tawny throng of priests and devotees as they surrounded the weird, blood-stained altar, and their fervid hearts and impassioned faces "yearned pale with bitter ecstasy." In these last words of Mr. Rossetti's, written as his true creative power recalled the very pulse, and fire, and fury of some ancient pitiless yet half-inspired fanatic, we discover the true artistic canon of sympathy hidden—eternal, never-failing sympathy, with *every* side of human life, and thought, and action. We do not know whether it has yet been said definitely, but it seems to us that Art must necessarily be Pantheistic; it is impossible for Art to exclude the Deity and the immediate action of the Deity from any part of the universe; therefore Art must, *in a sense* (to use Dr. Liddon's words about Pantheism), "identify God with all the Moral evil in the universe, and end by propagating the worship of new Baals and Ashteroths." As artists it seems to us that we shall have to accept this position. But it remains to be considered *in what*

sense we identify God with Moral evil; and it is not impossible that a further enquiry may reveal to us depths and heights of vision to which the intuition of Art pierces, the view from which may throw light upon some of the obscurer problems of Morality itself.

For a fine specimen of the pure artistic sympathy, take the following from Mr. Swinburne's "Ilicet":—

- "Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
The breathing flame's mouth curls and kisses
The small dried rows of frankincense;
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
Flowers coloured like the fire, but colder,
In sign of sweet things taken hence.
- "Yea, for their sake and in death's favour,
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savour
We yield them, spice, and flower, and wine;
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,
Whereof none knoweth how great the price is,
And fruit that comes not of the vine.
- "From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips, reddening round the blood-red blossom,
The slow, delicious, bright, soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud."

And again, in "Dolores"—

- "On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.
- "There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath;
There torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.
- "When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp player stands,
The implacable, beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres."

Observe in these extracts the constant and inevitable dwelling on the *beauty*—the flood of beauty—that overflowed even Pagan observances and made them noteworthy to the poet. Observe, too, that the above lines, like all true poetry that deals with the colours and shadows of human emotion, are written *without thought*—that is to say, by the pure sympathetic intuition of genius, without conscious reflection of any kind. It is not too much to say that poetry written in this way is *always true*, always faithful to the eternal verities, however repellent it may appear at first sight. The untrue poetry (and the untrue preaching) is that which sets itself consciously and deliberately to formulate preconceived ideas, which struggles to give a seductive sound to popular conceptions, and which keeps one eye on the paper and the other cast steadfastly towards its artistic or theological heaven. Where fear enters there can be no true poetical inspiration, and no genuine oratorical success. Therefore we may quote here, as an *à priori* argument against the likelihood of our finding anything very original or valuable in the sermons before us, the words with which the preface concludes: "It only remains for the writer to express his fervent hope that by God's grace this volume may be of service. . . . And that it may be found to contain nothing inconsistent with simple submission to the mind of Holy Scripture as set forth in the teaching of the Church." The concluding paragraph augurs ill, we think, for the chance of finding the power or the passion of genius in the addresses which follow. "Simple submission" may sound well from a pulpit, the words may fall with a gentle caressing sound on the ears of the women who adore such eloquence as Canon Liddon's; and may have a lulling, soothing, quietizing effect on those who are too idle or too feeble to think for themselves; but the world of deep-souled men requires more than this in one who aspires to be a leader and a teacher of the age. Not submission, but rebellion; not peace and softness and quietude, but the passionate and restless aggression of novel, untameable thought; not the repression, but the exaltation of individuality—these are the truer characteristics of those who bear the blood-stained message of genius, and fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ in every age. How would it have been, we cannot help asking, if Christ had started on his course with a reverent and tender "submission" to the Jewish and patriarchal mind? How would it have been if he had come to send peace on earth instead of a fiery, insatiable sword? "Simple submission" would not have helped mankind much at that marvellous era, nor would it at any era pregnant with masterly revolution and unuttered throes of thought. What was wanted then, what was wanted at the time of the Reformation, what is wanted *now*—is

strong rebellion against worn-out dogmas, and a brave assertion of the new ideas which will presently gather round them the amenities of poetry and painting and social observance and sculpture. What is wanted is anything but "simple submission," we repeat; rather infinite insubordination for the present, that shall furnish the ground for a reasonable and brave obedience hereafter. For the only human road to peace is through the seas of anarchy and bloodshed—the redder our swords are now, the purer shall they be hereafter, the more nobly free from stain. We are living in a troublous time, and thought has gone too far to recede. The vessel of thought, to use a metaphor, has been wafted, half involuntarily, out of sight of shore; the breezy "Zeit-geist" has driven the toiling ship far out of sight of land, and the planks and timbers are now tossed amid the foaming mid-sea breakers. This being so, there is but one course to pursue—we must go *forward*. Return we cannot; the orthodox gates have long been closed behind us, the orthodox harbours are as harbours of iron—imperturbably, endlessly shut. Nor do we long for zephyrs blown from the balmy orthodox cliffs, rather we will test the breakers, and urge our storm-shod course towards new Americas of thought and discovery beyond the utmost west. Infinite Hope gleams before us in that golden sunset; bonds and imprisonment are behind. The "white sails" of explorers "fill the purple and the sombre seas, and they hail each the other to ask for the summer land, where faith climbs to beauty, and the lost bowers of childhood's trust may be found again."

GEORGE BARLOW.

BIBLIOLATRY ILLUSTRATED BY JEWISH DEDUCTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

It is an inconvenience incidental to the possession of a divine traditional revelation, that it tends to confine the mental development of the people accepting it to a course of thought issuing at last in gross and even ridiculous conceptions of the system of the universe. All such revelations promulgate dogmas that not only do not admit of sensuous verification, but carry their adherents further and further from the realm of nature and fact. This is especially likely to be the case when the revelation has been consigned to writing, for it then operates in a twofold way to repress the free exercise of thought. For, first the dogmas themselves have a hold on the reverence of the devotee, and next the written words become an object of idolatry. Mental expansion, therefore, with a people whose only intellectual development is in the sphere of theology, can assist only in an endless

discussion of written texts, in which at last the texts come to be charged with a hidden meaning which they never contained, and the deductions of fancy are at last exalted to a level in authority with the original Scripture.

No better exemplification of these truths can be found than in the Jewish notions of the structure of the heavens and hells, as deduced by their rabbis and doctors from the Scriptures that were in vogue among them as sacred during the five centuries preceding the Christian era.

Acknowledging my dependence upon the great work of Gfroerer upon the sources of Christian doctrine (*Urchristenthum*) for my proofs, I will make a few citations from the Talmud, the Targums, the Sohar, and other Jewish works, which have grown up in the course of ages in the form of commentary and interpretation of their elder Scriptures, in illustration at once of the enslaving authority of a written revelation, and of the extravagant absurdities which religious devotion can evolve from it.

STRUCTURE OF THE HEAVENS.

The earth, according to these rabbis, stands in the middle of the Universe, and above it are spread the heavens, one above another. Thus, in the treatise *Chagigah* of the Talmud we find the following:—Rabbi Judah has said, There are two heavens, because it is written (Deut. x. 19), "Behold, the heaven and the heaven of all heavens are the Lord thy God's." On the other hand, Rabbi Risch Lakisch maintains that there are seven heavens. They are called Velon, the Curtain; Rakia, the Arch; Schekakim, the Clouds; Zebool, the Apartments; Maon, the Habitation; Makon, the Residence; Arabeth, the Ether. Velon serves no other purpose than to be drawn up in the morning and spread out again at evening; and every day the work of creation is renewed. To it applies the words of Isaiah (xl. 22), "That stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreads them out as a tent to dwell in."

The Rakia, or the Arch, is the place where the moon, the sun, and the stars are fastened up, as it stands written in Genesis (i. 17). "And God fastened them to the Arch of heaven."

Schekakim is the welkin, where are the mill-stones which grind the manna-bread for the just. Of them it is said in Psalms (lxxviii. 25), "He had commanded the clouds from above, and opened the doors of heaven, and caused the manna to rain down."

In the heaven Zebool is the celestial Jerusalem, the temple, and the altar where Michael, the great prince, stands and offers sacrifice. To him applies the saying in 1st Kings (viii. 13), "I have built thee a house, a settled place, for thee to abide in forever."

Maon is the heaven where the hosts of angels sit enthroned, who by night sing praises, but by day keep silence in honour of Israel (for by day the holy people sing their songs aloft in heaven). To the Maon applies the passage in Deut. (xxvi. 15), "Look down from thy holy dwelling, from heaven."

Makon is the heaven where are to be found the treasures of the snow and hail, the chamber of the baneful dew, of the rain-drops, of the tempest, and the grottoes of the vapours. Of this heaven it is written in 1st Kings (viii. 39), "Thou wilt hear from heaven, the abode where thou dwellest."

Arabeth is the heaven where abide righteousness, the court of compassion, the treasures of life, peace, and blessing, the souls of the just, the spirits who are at some time to be embodied, and the dew with which God is hereafter to raise the dead to life. There also dwell the Ophanim, the Seraphim, the holy animals, the angels of the covenant, the throne of glory, the eternal king, who there sits enthroned, as it stands written in Psalms (lxviii. 9), "Sing unto God, sing praises to his name; extol him that rideth upon the Arabeth by his name Jah."

There was a diversity of opinion among the rabbis, we see, as to whether there were two or seven heavens. The greater number by far believed in seven. A famous commentary called the Midrasch Tanchuma, says: "The Schochinah once dwelt upon earth, but after Adam sinned it ascended to the first heaven; after Cain sinned it arose to the second; at the time of the flood it mounted to the fourth; at the time of the tower of Babel to the fifth; at the time of the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah to the sixth; at the time of the Egyptians of the days of Abraham to the seventh. Seven just men—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Deir, Kakoth, Amram, and Moses, brought it down again by successive flights, to the earth."

The Sohar, a compilation of Jewish theology, completed in the fourteenth century, though attributed to Simeon Ben Jochai, a rabbi of the second century, agrees in the number of the heavens with the Talmud. Thus, it declares: "God most holy made seven heavens, and in each are fixed and wandering stars, and above all is the heaven Arabeth."

So, too, a Christian Father of the third century, Clement of Alexandria, in his *Miscellanies* (iv. 25), says: "There are seven heavens, which some reckon by stages upward." In the apocryphal book, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the patriarch Levi is introduced as saying, "I fell asleep and beheld a high mountain; . . . and behold the heavens were opened, and an angel of the Lord said to me, 'Levi, enter within.' And I stepped forth from the first heaven into the second, and I beheld the upper waters which were suspended between the first

and second heaven. Then I beheld the third heaven, which was much more luminous than the first two, and its height was immeasurable. I said to the angel, Why is this? He answered, 'Wonder not, for thou wilt find the other four incomparably purer and brighter when thou ascendest.' Hear the doctrine of the seven heavens. The lowest is darker than the rest, because it is near by all the wickedness of men. The second contains fire, snow, ice,—all ready for the day when the Lord shall execute just judgment. In it are all the spirits which are to be sent out to take vengeance on the unjust. In the third heaven are the powers of the camps which are ordained for the day of judgment to take vengeance on the spirits of error and Belial. In the fourth heaven, above this, are holy angels, for highest above all dwells the Shechinah in the holy of holies. In the fifth heaven dwell the angels of the countenance, who serve there and atone to the Lord for all the sins of weakness of the just. They offer to the Lord the fragrance of spiritual service and bloodless sacrifices. In the next heaven are the angels who bear answers from the Lord to the spirits of the countenance. Finally, in the seventh dwell the thrones and powers; and there forever resound songs of praise to God."

So the apocryphal book, the Ascension of Isaiah, reckons seven heavens: "The Lord shall come with his angels and with holy powers from the seventh heaven, clad in the splendour of the seventh heaven."

These old Jewish speculations not only found a place in Christian apocryphal literature, but made part of the creed of inspired New Testament writers. Thus, in Ephesians (iv. 10), we have the words, "Who ascended above all the heavens." And in Hebrews (iv. 14) we have the passage, "Having therefore a great high priest who has passed *through* the heavens." The Apostle Paul speaks of a third heaven (2 Cor. xii. 2)—"I knew a man . . . caught up to the third heaven." And it is probable that he held to the accepted Jewish tradition on the subject; but as he forgot to reveal it as from the Lord, we can only work out the conception by the aid of the carnal understanding.

God being of the nature of light, wove the heavens also out of light. Thus, in the treatise *Pirke Eliezer*, it is said, "The heavens were created of the light of the ever-blessed God. He took his vesture and spread it out like a cloak. And the heavens were spread out and extended till he said to them, Enough! Hence the name of God is called Shaddai, *sufficient*, because he said to them, It is enough! and they stood fast." (Now for the proof, which is also enough.) "But that the heaven was created from his vesture of light is evident from this, because it stands written (Psalms civ. 2), 'Who coverest

thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.”

Heaven is therefore light and serene, and night arises because at evening the first heaven, called *Velon*, is drawn like a curtain over the Arch above. So in the treatise *Beracoth* of the Talmud it is asserted, “Rabbi Huna has said, we see certain stars when the curtain of heaven is drawn asunder and rolled up, so that we catch a glimpse of the splendour of heaven.” Some darkness remains over by day for the common eye, which darkness proceeds from the Curtain, and the gaze of inspired persons only sees all things clear and bright and pierces heaven with its mysteries.

In the second heaven are found, according to the Testament of Levi, the upper waters, which fall upon the earth as rain when the celestial water-gates are opened.

The distance from one heaven to another is very great. In a commentary on Malachi, called *Talkut Simeon* (Simeon’s Pouch), it is said, “From the earth to the first heaven is as far as one can travel in 500 years; and it is just as far from the second to the third, from the third to the fourth, from the fourth to the fifth, from the fifth to the sixth, and from the sixth to the seventh. And the reason is given in the Jerusalem Talmud as follows:—“Our rabbies say, from heaven to earth one must travel as many years as are equal to all the years of the patriarchs added together. Abraham (deducting the years in which he knew not God) lived 173 years, Isaac 187, and Jacob 140; in all, 500 years.” And, in conclusive proof that this reasoning was correct, reliance was had upon Deuteronomy xi. 21, upon the words, “As the days of heaven upon earth,”—which passage is as applicable in proof of the doctrine as were Sancho Panza’s proverbs in illustration of his wise remarks. In the same way they inferred, that as there was a journey of 500 years from the earth to the firmament, so 500 years were needed to travel from one firmament to another.

The earth remains fixed in the middle of the Universe, but the seven heavens revolve around it one above another. A strange tale in illustration of this is found in the treatise *Bava Boltra* of the Talmud. Rabba, the grandson of Annas, said, “I was once journeying through the desert, when a merchant joined me, who said to me, ‘Come, I will show thee the place where earth and heaven touch each other.’ I took my bread-basket and set it in the window of heaven till I should have uttered my prayer. When I had finished, I missed my basket. Then I said, to the merchant, ‘Thieves here, too?’ He answered, ‘No; but the turning over of the heaven is the cause of your loss. Wait till morning, and you will find your basket again!’” It is not

related whether the basket did, in fact, literally "turn up" again, but faith in the actual revolution of the heaven lies at the basis of the story, and the same view was entertained by the learned Philo of Alexandria.

Paradise, Hell, and the Storehouse of Souls were made, according to some rabbis, at the same time with heaven and earth; according to others, beforehand. Says the Targum of Jerusalem on Genesis, "Before the world was founded, God created the Law, and prepared the garden of Eden for the just, that they might be happy and eat of the fruits of the tree of life, for having during life observed the commands of that law; and for the godless he made Hell, which is like a sharp two-edged sword; sparks of fire and glowing coals issue forth from it to punish evil-doers, who during life have despised the law."

THE PARADISES AND HELLS.

But some rabbis held to two paradises and two hells. Says a rabbi of the middle ages (Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel): "They who are versed in the secret doctrine maintain unanimously that there is an upper and a lower paradise. The one is called the upper palace; there are rivers of balsam and all the joys of the future life. The lower paradise, which is called the under palace, possesses something of the joys of the future life, but not of itself; they are communicated from the upper one. . . . Our rabbis have taught that there is one Hell above, and another here below."

Paradise and hell are both enormously large, but the latter is more spacious than the former, because there are more bad than good men. In the treatise *Taanith* of the Talmud it is said: "Our rabbis teach that Egypt is 400 miles long and as many in breadth, and Africa is six times as large as Egypt, and the world six times as large as Africa, the garden of Eden six times as large as the world, Eden itself six times as large as the garden, but hell six times as large as Eden, so that the whole world compares with hell as the cover to the vessel whose mouth it closes. Some assert that hell cannot be measured; while others maintain that Eden cannot be measured."

Paradise has seven divisions. Says a rabbi in the Talmud: "In the garden of Eden are built seven mansions, each of which is 12,000 miles in length, and 10,000 miles in breadth, and 100,000 miles in height." The materials of which these mansions are built are pearls and precious stones. The glory of paradise is thus described (in the *Jalkut Simeon*): "Rabbi Joshua, the son of Levi, has said, There are two gates of rubies in paradise, and by them stand 600,000 attendant angels, and the countenance of every one gleams like the glory of heaven.

When a just man arrives, they take off the clothes which he had worn in the grave and invest him with eight garments woven out of the cloud of glory; and they set two crowns upon his head, one made of pearls and precious stones, the other of the finest gold; then they put eight myrtle branches in his hands, praise him and say, Go, eat thy bread with joy. Then they bring him where there are streams of water, surrounded by 800 species of roses and myrtles, and every just man has a special covering or canopy, as it stands written (in Isaiah iv. 5), 'The glory shall be a covering for all.' . . . Over every canopy also shines a golden vine, on which are thirty pearls, each of which shines like the evening star. Under every canopy stands a table of precious stones and pearls, and sixty angels surround every just man, and say to him, 'Go hence and eat honey with joy.' The most uncomely among the just is as fair in figure as Joseph and Rabbi Johanan. Porticoes of silver pomegranates are set up around, which shine so that there is no night with them. . . . There are also in this paradise 800,000 varieties of trees in every corner, the smallest of which is more excellent than all the trees that bear spices. In every corner stand 600,000 attendant angels, that sing with charming voice, and in the midst rises the bread of life, whose branches overshadow all paradise. This tree has 500,000 varieties of savour, no one of which is like another; and of its 500,000 varieties of odour none resemble one another. Seven clouds of glory are over it, and it is shaken from the four sides of the world, so that its fragrance distils from one end of paradise to the other. Beneath it sit the disciples of the sages, who expound the law, and every one has over him two canopies, one formed of stars, the other of sun and moon, and between every two is a curtain woven of the cloud of glory."

As the divisions of paradise are sevenfold, so also are those of hell, and each has its name, the proof of which is found in a Scripture text. According to an old commentary on Isaiah, every one of the hells is 300 miles long, 300 broad, 1000 in height, and 100 miles deep. Some rabbis give it seven gates, and some three. Thus the treatise *Erubin* of the Talmud: "Rabbi Jeremiah has said, Three gates lead to hell; one is in the desert, one in the sea, and one in Jerusalem." That there is one in the desert is proved from the saying (in Numb. xvi. 33), "And they and all that they had went down into the pit." That there is one in the sea is proved from Jonah ii. 3, "I cried from the belly of hell, and thou did'st hear me." There is one in Jerusalem, for it stands written in Isaiah xxxi. 9, "Thus saith the Lord whose fire is in Zion, and whose furnace is in Jerusalem."

As paradise is a place of happiness, so pain and anguish pre-

vail in hell; eternal flames of fire blaze through it. In regard to the duration of these flames it is related in the Talmud that Rabbi Joseph declared, "The fire of Gehenna, which was created on the second day, shall not be extinguished forever, because it is written (Isaiah lxvi. 24): Their fire shall not be quenched."

The torture of the denizens of hell, as well as the happiness of the occupants of paradise, is increased by the circumstance that both realms are closely contiguous, barely separated by a wall, so that the unhappy can behold the joys of the pious, and the latter the torments of the former. "How great," inquires the Talmud, "is the interval between the two? A hand's breadth! Rabbi Johanan has said there is a wall between them; our rabbis maintain that they are closely conjoined, so that it is possible to look from one into the other."

In the apocryphal Jewish book of Esdra, which dates from before the time of Christ, is the following passage:—"Then the abyss of punishment shall open over against the abodes of joy; and then shall appear the nether furnace near by the paradise of bliss. Then the Highest shall say to the risen dead: Look ye and understand who he is whom ye have denied, to whose precepts ye have been unwilling to submit, and whose commands ye despised. Ye see before you on the one side joy and consolation, on the other judgment and unquenchable fire, which shall gird you about." Thus, according to the opinion of the writer, will the Highest address the reprobate in the future world, because they have despised the Messiah.

This idea came down to the times of the composition of the Gospels, for in Luke xvi. 26 Jesus is made to say in the parable of Dives and Lazarus: "Between you and us there is fixed a great gulf (or chasm), so that they who would pass hence to you cannot, neither can they on that side pass over to us."

But long before the gospel of Luke was written, the unknown author of the Book of Enoch, differing from the Talmudists, had said, "Three separations have been made between the spirits of the dead, and thus have the spirits of the righteous been separated, namely, by a chasm, by water, and by light." But he also takes for granted that paradise and hell are in close contiguity.

A theory of creation prevalent among the rabbis before the time of Christ, embraced a speculation about the origin of souls. The souls of all men were made at the creation, and kept in a storehouse called *Suph*, awaiting their chances to be born. Thus we read in the Talmud: "Rabbi Joseph has said, the son of David, that is the Messiah, will not come till all the souls in *Suph* have an end, that is shall have been invested with bodies. And Rabbi Solomon says, *Suph* is a great treasure-room in which God has deposited all souls since the creation of the world."

In the fourth book of Esdras we have these unborn souls anxiously inquiring concerning the coming of Messiah, thus: "About these things the souls of the just in their storehouse asked, saying, How long shall we be here, and when shall come the harvest of our reward? And the archangel Jeremiel answered, Messiah shall come when the number of those who are as you are shall be full. . . . In the time of the Messiah it shall come to pass that infants of a year old shall talk and converse. . . . And the earth that does not appear shall be seen soon, and the full storehouse of souls shall be found empty." The sense of these last words is—A new earth shall appear, adorned with all manner of fruits, and the storehouses of souls, which were previously full, shall become empty; for all the souls there kept have put on bodies, and the last condition to the coming of the Messiah is thereby fulfilled. Thus the souls of the dead and the unborn, according to the theory, are stored away till Messiah shall come.

The passages of Scripture upon which the rabbis relied to establish this theory are not given by the author whom I follow, but doubtless there were many from which rabbinical subtlety and invention could deduce them.

As a pendant to this general view of creation, I may mention that these rabbis, by diligent study of Scripture, had discovered many particulars incident to the different days of the week of creation, which no mind not besotted in its idolatry to a written revelation would ever have discerned. Thus in the *Pirke Aboth*, one of the treatises of the Talmud, we have this remarkable information: Ten things were made on the first Friday, in the evening twilight—the crevice in the earth (in which Korah and his host sank down), the outlet of the fountain of Miriam, the mouth of Balaam's ass, the rainbow, the rod of Moses, the worm *schamir*, the original of the law and the copy, and the two tables. To these some add—the devils, the grave of Moses, the ram of our father Abraham, and the first pair of tongs. Inasmuch as to the forging of a pair of tongs, another pair is requisite, God by His omnipotence provided for the first pair by which others could be made. From which it appears that questions similar to that about the priority of the hen or the egg, occupied the leisure of these worthy doctors.

In the Targum of Jerusalem we read, "On the fifth day God created the great monsters of the waters, leviathan and his female, which have been prepared against the day of consolation." That is, they are to be eaten in the days of the Messiah.

So in the Talmud it is said, "On the sixth day God created the behemoth, the great wild ox that lies on a thousand hills. . . . That ox is destined for the great banquet of the just in

the future world. Therefore is it said (in Job xiv. 14), 'He who hath made him shall smite him with the sword.'

From the Talmud it also appears that the same fate awaits the female leviathan: "Of everything living, God in his world made male and female. Therefore he formed leviathan male and female. But if they had multiplied and increased, they would have destroyed the whole world. What did the Lord. He rendered the male impotent, and the female he slew and salted down for the just in the future world, as it stands written (in Isaiah xxvii. 1), 'He shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.'"

The author of the Book of Enoch entertained the same view of the destination of these two animals. "But when the time shall come," says he, "then shall the power, the punishment, and the judgment take place, which the Lord of Spirits has prepared for those who do homage to the judgment of righteousness, for those who abjure that judgment, and for those who take his name in vain. That day has been prepared for the elect as a day of covenant, and for sinners as a day of inquisition. In that day shall be distributed for food two monsters--a female monster whose name is leviathan, dwelling in the depths of the sea, above the springs of water; and a male monster, whose name is behemoth, which possesses the invisible wilderness."

Our inspired New Testament writer, Jude, quotes as authority from this same book of Enoch the following words, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon all." We have seen what kind of a banquet Enoch expected the just would enjoy on that day. If he had turned over the roll of his book of Enoch a little farther, and quoted what I have just given from the same book, can any one doubt that this wonderful banquet of the just at the last day would have constituted an unquestionable article of faith in the creed of all Christendom? And that it would have been an accepted criterion of an orthodox Christian to believe that pickled leviathan and salted behemoth will be served out to the righteous at the last judgment?

Upon just such trivial accidents does the faith of any man depend who believes in infallible religious books; and the mass of nonsense I have here exhibited is the simple and inevitable outgrowth of all shades of bibliolatry, where the authority of reason is set aside, and the safe ground of the study of the world of fact and reality is abandoned. To receive any *doctrine* whatever on the authority of a person or a church, is to that extent to submit to voluntary mental blindness for the poor advantages of being guided by the despotic ignorance of the past.

D. LYMON.

Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

IRVINGITES AND SPIRITUALISTS.

By ST. GEORGE STOCK, Pembroke College, Oxon.

OVER a small alley off the High Street of Oxford have lately appeared the words, "Catholic Apostolic Church," showing that a section of the Irvingite body has established itself in this city. A fortnight ago I had the curiosity to attend Sunday evening service at 6.30, as conducted by this somewhat eccentric sect. After passing through a door at the bottom of the alley, I mounted some steps, and found myself in a veritable upper chamber, where a score or so of respectable but not aristocratic people were assembled. They were in immediate expectation of the end of the world, though one could not have gathered it from their appearance. From the decorations of the altar and the attire of the minister, the uninitiated stranger might have imagined himself in some make-shift Ritualistic chapel. The service, however, was very quiet, and differed little from that of the Church of England, as by law established. The "pastor" was not distinguished for unction; in fact, he was a very dull speaker. During his discourse I employed myself in looking over a prayer book that had been supplied me. Some of the contents struck me as rather quaint. For instance, "A form of service for invoking the blessing of God upon a doorkeeper," and "A form of service for blessing a lodging-chamber." I noticed also "A form of service to be used in passing an altar." The pastor's discourse was on the subject of the Apostleship, the main differentiating tenet of the Irvingites. It was directed to show that bishops were not apostles, and could not do the work of apostles. Apostles were appointed by God, bishops and all subordinate functionaries were appointed by men. As of old, God had appointed twelve apostles to set the affairs of the Church going, so in these last days he had appointed twelve more to wind them up. After the service was over, the pastor very politely came and offered to lend me the prayer book which he had seen me examining, if I could promise to return it. Though this offer was declined, it opened up an opportunity for conversation. I was naturally anxious to know what was the guarantee of the divine appointment of the apostles whom I had just been called upon to obey implicitly, but, as usual, I found my want of faith come in my way. The proof of the divine appointment of the Irvingite apostles was that they *were* of divine appointment, and if my heart was in a right state I would know it. Having thus had my doubts upon this point resolved, I next inquired what, as a practical question, and one that must before long be faced, the Irvingites would do when the last of the three surviving apostles followed in the way of

his fathers. It seemed to me that their chief point of difference from the English Church lay in the non-acceptance by the latter of the Apostolate, and that, therefore, on the removal of this stumbling-block the most obvious course would be quietly to fall into that communion. The pastor considered this speculation vain and curious, and told me he would not undertake to answer all the questions I might ask. Having the apostles, they would obey them, and not trouble themselves with what did not concern them. It was evidently his own opinion that the Lord's Coming would get them out of the difficulty. My next question was whether it was true, as alleged, that the exercise of spiritual gifts among the Irvingites had been dying out of late years. I wanted to know whether it was possible to witness any such gifts at present in operation. But all the satisfaction I got was to be told that "I might, in some places." Very humbly, then, I suggested that the only people among whom such things were now to be seen were the Spiritualists. This, however, was too much for the pastor's patience. "Gifts of the Devil!" he exclaimed, and proceeded at once to launch out against a certain Mr. Mathews of Eynsham, a Baptist minister, who had recently published his experiences in the *Oxford Times*. I was sufficiently rewarded for my evening's attendance by being set on the track of a spiritualist, though, if I had been a reader of the local paper, I might have known all about the man for myself.

Craving the reader's indulgence for the egotistic form of this narrative, I will proceed to give him an account of a visit to Mr. Mathews. So people agree in calling him; though he signs himself "Mathew," and as a Baptist, has, I suppose, a peculiar right to shape his own designation. Taking a walk the other day with a military friend who was interested in Spiritualism, but required evidence to produce conviction, it suddenly struck me that it might be a good plan to proceed to Eynsham, a small town five miles from Oxford, and see if we could get a séance out of Mr. Mathews. The first man we met in Eynsham was able to direct us to the minister's "hermitage," as he called it. Passing through a graveyard, we found Mr. Mathews' residence, consisting of a couple of very small rooms attached to the rear of the chapel. Mr. Mathews himself appeared at the door, a stout, fresh-looking person, somewhat advanced in life. The dressing-gown in which he was arrayed might well have passed for a wizard's garb, but the open Bible on the table showed that he was occupied with his next Sunday's discourse. In the two rooms I have mentioned dwells Mr. Mathews, unfortunately a widower, with two pretty, intelligent-looking children, a girl and a boy, the former of whom was the medium in the very curious

manifestations he obtained. We were disappointed to hear that he had abjured Spiritualism, though it became plain that he had good reason for that resolve. He spoke feelingly of the distress it had occasioned him, owing to persecution and the desertion of friends. In a small town or village these grievances are very real, and especially to a man of Mr. Mathews' profession. Before we left Mr. Mathews very kindly furnished me with a copy of a paper containing a long letter which embodies his principal experience. I think I shall be consulting the reader's interest by letting the dealer in devils speak for himself.

SPIRITUALISM AT EYNSHAM—THE BAPTIST MINISTER ATTACKED
BY RAGING DEVILS.

(*To the Editor of the "Oxford Times."*)

DEAR SIR,—Your contributor, "Jack o' Lantern," in his remarks on my last letter, says he is "an utter disbeliever in spiritualism." On the contrary, although he considers me credulous and simple for believing in it, I could no more disbelieve it than I could disbelieve in the visible existence of human beings around me.

I will, however, state the grounds of my believing that good and evil spirits are in active agency around us.

Your contributor speaks of one whose bed spirits made; I am not thus obliged, for my bed is often dashed at with an angry hand, and water thrown upon it, when there has been a jug full left out in the house, which has been thrown down so as to have it spread as far as possible over the floor. I often envy those spoken of in the *Spiritual Magazine*, who at seances have delicious fruit of every kind brought to them by spirits, and to whom only good spirits respond.

About two years ago, on the death of my wife, I procured a planchette, which is an instrument for facilitating spirit communication. It is of polished mahogany, heart-shaped, with a hole at the heart-point, bordered with cork into which a pencil is fixed. Underneath are wheels, made so as to turn every way, and moving on the least impulse given. I tried for about twelve months to get writing, but was not mediumistic. The spirits told me afterwards that they could not pass through me. I regretted this at the time, but have since been glad of it.

One evening I said to my little daughter, eight years of age, "Suppose you try!" She put her hand on the planchette, and after awhile it began to move, and a word was written. She tried again and there came, "Dear Emma, I will kiss you while you sleep." She threw up her hands in excited astonishment. We found afterwards that these were evil spirits writing; and it was some time before we got writing from my wife. But afterwards we did frequently (as we suppose). It would take too long to state the circumstances under which we heard from her.

But before such communication came the writing went on to hundreds of communications, but we afterwards found that many of them were by evil spirits or devils, signing the names of deceased relatives, and pretending to be them. At last came drawings under the hand of the medium, representing among other things battles between good and evil spirits, and by the side of fallen evil spirits was written, "dead." And the victors were represented with harps, praising God. And the shields of the good spirits were shown as having the likeness of God, as He is described in the book of Daniel, with "God" written; while the shields of evil spirits were shown as having Satan's image, with "Satan" written. I did not feel

satisfied with this, and put a variety of questions, to which I received curious answers, which would require too much space here.

Among the evil spirits represented as slain, was one over whom was written the name "Appolyon," and a subordinate evil spirit was behind him as his servant. And it was said that this "Appolyon" was Satan's chief officer. We shall have occasion to refer to him again.

They also wrote, and signed it as if written by my wife, that in my cellar was buried a treasure, in lumps of gold and some silver, to the amount of a thousand pounds, stating it to have been buried with a monk of the name of Phete, in 1554, and that he died the first Sunday in May, and that the whole ground was once a burial ground for monks. I raised objections to the name and the probability of the treasure, and received curious answers. But it is strange that when the cellar was dug human bones were dug out, which I was much surprised at, as no burial there by us had ever taken place. Just at this juncture, one evening, came a writing professing to be from my wife, saying that she had not been for some time, that evil spirits had been writing, that all about the gold was nonsense, that good spirits never went out to battle as was pretended, and that they wanted me to dig, to fall down and be killed, requesting that the books should be burnt, and stating, "there are evil spirits here now." In the course of the communications came one, whose writer professed to come to guard us for the night. I had inquired some time before, as they so frequently spoke of guarding us, if there were any special danger. The answer was, "Yes, danger from evil spirits." But I suspected this was probably an evil spirit. I therefore demanded, "Are you really our own dear Ma?" For it was signed as if from her. And I used with the demand a loud invocation. In a moment the child's hand dashed swiftly along the paper. "No! you murderer, you vagabond, you liar, &c., &c., &c., you fool, my name is Appolyon." I then repeated the invocation, and commanded him to leave us. With greater rage and more multiplied epithets he wrote as the hand dashed over the paper, "I will never leave you, I will always be with you, and be your tormentor." In a communication I received next day, professing to be from my wife, it was said, "He was obliged to tell who he was under your invocation." My little daughter was afraid, and said he would do us some harm, but I reminded her we were under the protection of God, and he was stronger than devils. That night I shall never forget; I never expected to have the experience of sleeping in a room where raging devils were. I wound my watch up in the twilight very carefully, but there seemed a hand upon it; it stopped, and in the morning the mainspring was found broken. We had some intimation of what we might expect, for the wires of the clock were rattled, although the door was shut. I hesitated whether to put out the gas or let it burn all night, but, as there was something of a moon, I decided to commit ourselves into God's hand.

But then began, and lasted all night, rappings, and rattlings, and cracklings, and noises from all parts of the room. Every time we were just dozing off to sleep, we were touched by a kind of electrical touch. The children were pinched and pulled, their hair was pulled, and often after there were little places as if dug out with nails. We were more weary when we rose than when we went to bed. I said to my little daughter this week, "You will never forget that night if you live a hundred years." "No," she answered, "and how the washing-stand rattled when you came into the room." I remembered that, and that I passed by it again to see if it would vibrate from my tread, but it did not.

The next day a drawing by the spirits was made of the scene. Some of the devils were represented as under the bed, some as over it, some as round it, and a drawing of my wife as guarding by my side, beside whom

was written "Ma," and I was told the next day that there were a "lot of them." I inquired on the morrow if there were any way of getting rid of these evil spirits, and was answered, "No." I then inquired how we were to get sleep, and it was said, "Put two Bibles on the pillows and try that." The next night I put three open Bibles on the pillows, and all was still as death. The children slept so still that I could not tell whether they were dead or alive in the night. I lifted up the hand of my little boy in the dark, and it fell as if devoid of all life. It was only by putting my ear to his heart that I could tell whether he lived. But when I awoke in the night I noticed a peculiar smell in the bed, a kind of sour vinegary, brimstone smell. I inquired what this was, and the answer was it was the smell of evil spirits drawn out from the bed by the Bibles.

Only this week as we rose from worship a large spider was found on my daughter's arm, with its fangs buried in her flesh and sucking her blood. I have often had to cut out of the children's copy books indelicate and unclean drawings, when they had left their books for a moment and left their pens unwiped. And when chalk has been about, or pencils, I have had to use the sponge or flannel on the floor or on boxes. Evil spirits, no doubt, are "unclean" in every sense.

When one who pretended to be a good spirit wrote about their consulting to kill me, it was said that if I bought a lamb it would drive them away. The idea I suppose was taken from the Passover lamb screening the Israelites from harm. I said I did not care about dying. I was ready, for I should reach my home. But I told my executor where he would find my will in case anything should happen to me.

I bought the lamb, but as I discovered that devils and not good spirits had been writing, I sold it again.

The lamb that I parted with the butcher told me went on very well for about a fortnight, but one morning he found it sitting up on its haunches with its head up as though it had tried to get through the wall, and quite dead. It seemed to me as if it had been frightened to death. The butcher thought it very curious.

About this time there was a strong struggle or pretended struggle between the spirits which should use the medium's hand. Sometimes I have put the usual question as to the presence of the good spirits, and the answer has come, "Yes! she is here, but I won't let her write. Apollyon." Then I have said "She shall." Then we reached our Bibles, and while the medium wrote I read, and while I wrote questions she read, and thus we got communications with the right signature. But if a break occurred in the reading the wrong signature came, and the writing was partly crossed or altered. Then we agreed upon a form of words to be used by the true spirit, and before beginning I uttered the invocation, which was answered by invocation which we thought was safe, and that no evil spirit could use it. But after that one evening the invocation was used and answered, but the Bibles were not used, and there came a communication charging a person with going and persuading certain parties not to come to our Sunday worship. I went round and found it all false. Then I said, "They are all lying spirits;" so I came home, and a second time burned all the communications.

After feeling much discouraged for a few days I one morning found a leaf of a Bible folded over and over, pointing to the passage Rev. ii. 1 and 2 verses.

And now communications from us having ceased, passages of Scripture

were found dotted down by other hands than ours. I had been praying one morning between four and five, I think for half-an-hour or an hour, and weeping till my eyes were red and swollen, I found this dotted down, Timothy i. 3 and 4 verses.

We one day were troubled with writings all about the place, full of swearing and blasphemy, scratched with broken needles taken from us. The devils are evidently up to the mark, with all the swearers' vocabulary of b's. "Oh, here is writing!" said the children. I answered, "If we can't have writing from heaven, we won't have it from hell." So I rubbed and scraped it out, time after time; then it was written with a pointed stone, pulled up from between two stones in the aisle. This was so deep on the top of one of the seats that I had hard matter to scrape it out. I then found dotted down in Watt's hymn-book a corner of the leaf to the verse:—

"Should vile blasphemers with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing, and triumph in his name."

When I have been preaching and referring to devils, and their inevitable doom, and how the whole range of the Word of God gives intimation only of punishment and not of pardon to them, I have found the clothes and papers in my bedroom dashed about, and the large looking-glass of my chiffonier running down with spittle.

But time would fail me to tell of all the troubles we have to pass through; the spots of blood coming on chairs; the smearing of bloody fingers on stockings; the breaking or hiding of strong darning needles, the cutting out of pieces from stockings while they were being mended, if left for a moment; the sudden slamming of the pulpit door while the children were playing at church in the table pew, so that I can now hardly shut the door to; the dashing of the children on the ground, so that they came in covered with dust and crying; the dashing of their hands and heads against walls, so that they came in bleeding and bruised to the bone; the laying about of a substance that looks like salt or white sugar, but which we were told is brimstone, and put there to kill the children (my little girl was going to eat it, but she smelt it first, and it smelt like brimstone; I saw and wondered at it several days, and then washed it away); matches left on the table were dashed all about, (twice) I found one on a pile of papers one morning, as much as to say—I would burn you out. When I have written a coffin plate, and have cleaned the paint away, and wiped it off the glass with a leaf, fingers have smeared it over the door outside. I put a direction of a coffin plate in a drawer for security; when I went for it it was gone, but afterwards, when the plate was done, found in a cobweb behind a board. Money has been taken from the pocket and hidden. A beautiful old-fashioned very small china cup, used when tea was first introduced, was taken from others on the chiffonier and crushed under a foot. Hymn books are hidden for weeks. A hand is struck on a dusty lid of a padded box in the parlour. I went in and was startled by it leaving a clear impression. I measured my own hand on it, and found mine was smaller; the two middle fingers were curiously crooked. Just as tea is about to be poured into the cups, insects are there. A second time insects are there. A third time a single blight is there. When the tea is poured out, sometimes a brown powder is put in containing brown living insects. And knobs of butter or cheese, saved by the children on the edge of their plates to finish off with, suddenly disappear. These are *some* of the annoyances.

One day my daughter came in with her hand streaming with blood. She said that while coming by the malthouse, in the wall there was fixed a rusty nail, head in; that the nail point had small hooks, and in the nail was a large poisonous beetle, which she seems to know quite well, with its poison bag on the nail empty, and the venom smeared on the nail; that just as she passed her hand was dashed against it, the nail disappeared in the wall; some of the poison, she said, went on the back of her thumb, and the nail in the ball of it. I washed the wound well, and kept applying turpentine, but on the back of the thumb rose up an eruption, which is not gone away yet. The devils seem to have a perfect hatred of the children and me also.

Some time ago, having to go to Oxford, my little daughter was sent to a relative for the day, who prepared for her a nice dinner. But the child was driven into the street by one of these evil ones, and there I found her when I came home. She said she had been in-doors with her relative till late in the afternoon. But words that were dropped made me doubt this, and after I had set her down to her writing I went to enquire, found out the truth, and punished her severely. While she was still weeping, I cast my eye on her writing book, and there was written with the still wet pen, just left, writing so small that I had to get an eye glass to read it—"Silly thing, I filled her mouth with lies; now whip her." I felt powerless before an invisible foe like this, for it was actuating to evil and then demanding punishment on the victim. I fell on my knees with tears, and gathering my children in my arms, supplicated God's protection against the oppression. Sometimes the combination is so strong, and the children so driven, that I am ready to give up, and to think I had better destroy myself. But no doubt this is one aim of the enemies, while they are working that deep depression which has often made life almost unendurable. But at other times good angels seem about us, the milk on the fire, forgotten by all, has in two instances, when just ready to boil over, been taken off the fire and put on the hob. When the little girl is asleep, she will dream that she is praying, and wake and find herself on her knees. She will dream she is playing with a feather, and wake and find the feather she dreamed about in her hand. A few mornings ago it was a very dark green feather, soft, and bending round; this morning it was a very black feather, I never felt such a soft one, between three and four inches long, and bending round.

I was praying in our church one evening, and the children were sitting at each end of a small table in the room, at the window; I was enjoying prayer, I suppose too much for the devils, for I had struck a line of thought from the promise,—"I will make crooked things straight," and was pleading and ranging through the Bible, and through the histories of David, Joseph, Jacob, Mordecai, &c., &c., where the crooked had been made straight, when all at once I heard such an outcry, and rushing into the room I saw the table, the two chairs, and the two children, all ailt together, ready to be turned over, and an inkstand which had been corked, and put up on the window ledge, half way across the room and the cork out, and ink and bottle where no accidental impulse could have thrown them; I ran with help, and they told me that an effort was suddenly made to dash them all over. My daughter said that she could feel that an effort was made to strike the spine; but that by great exertion she twisted her back round to bring the blow against the outside of the thigh. When I looked I found there a dark bruise about three inches long.

But I must come from incident to argument, on which I must but just touch.

I think I have said enough to show that whoever else may "poke fun at

Spiritualism." I could not do it. It seems to me that Spiritualism is the God-intended remedy for that growing materialism of the age which would soon land the world in atheism. Spiritualism is interwoven with the history of every age and nation. I suppose there are few families in which incidents of Spiritualism have not occurred. Paul was a spiritualist, for he speaks of a "Messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, and he besought the Lord thrice" (2 Cor. xii. 7); and he says also, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." Peter and James were spiritualists, for they met the spirits of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. Christ was a spiritualist, for he often cast out devils. Matthew was a spiritualist, for he says (Matt. xxvii. 52, 53), "Many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many." Wesley was a spiritualist. Luther was a spiritualist, for he speaks of sleeping in a certain place and of being kept from sleeping by devils, whose noise all night was like the rolling of cannon balls about the room. And I remember he speaks of the devil mocking him from a tower. The Pilgrim Fathers were spiritualists, and gave records to that effect. Some of the Puritans in Cromwell's time were spiritualists. And the spiritualists in America number by millions.

It remains for me to state a few conclusions I have come to from all the above.

1. It has deepened my faith and interest in the Word of God, and in all its descriptions concerning the evil spirit world. It has also deepened my interest in the Book of Psalms, for where I once read of enemies in application to men may I read of them in application to devils also.

2. I believe that the whole world is full of active evil spirits, whose existence is only developed or preceptible to us, according as we are in contact with mediumship, that they are chiefly responsible for three parts of the crime and accidents occurring. If a magnetizer on a platform can make his subjects of operation forget their own name, how soon may confusion be introduced into railway routine by the action of invisible agency, so that the most disastrous results may spring. Human suffering in any form is gladdening to devils. "Give her a double lesson." "I am glad you have whipped her," have been frequent writings about. I can see now how they have sometimes made the helpless sick suffer; and in looking back trace positive tokens of their presence, and their work of guilt has been going on 6000 years.

3. One of their great efforts is to induce fear. It is debilitating, and seems to give more power to them. My children have feared, and when I sent my daughter one day into the cellar, she came rushing up, and saying, there was a dark figure with his arms spread out. I can't get her to go down now without her little brother. But I have all along felt more indignation than fear, especially when they begin their mischief; and when they make the children so that I am compelled to whip them, I have dashed the switch into the air, and thought, if I could but reach the authors there would be a little "muscular Christianity."

4. I have often thought they have rendezvous, where they meet and tell and rejoice in their exploits. I judge thus because there are times of absence when everything works naturally. In a former communication, I was told evil spirits left at 11 o'clock, but were in and out occasionally. I then say, when the dogs begin to howl, "These devils are about again." They howled this morning when I was in prayer at five o'clock, and I soon had evidence of their presence. And at seven while washing my child's arms, they still became dirty whatever soap was used, and at last came a lot of black dirt; so then I began to sing a hymn—they can't bear singing

Divine songs. And after a discouraging Sunday evening when I have gone about singing—

“ Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.”

they have seemed to rage; and the boy has come in covered with dust, having been dashed down. And when we have been singing the evening hymn in bed, he has made a curious noise, and when I stopped, he said a hand had hold of his throat.

5. I believe they are merry as well as murderous. Three m's would describe them, merry, mocking, and murderous. Two of the first words we had written were mocking words. I could give a curious incident of their merriness, and for mischief they are ready for anything from a marble to a murder. The panics on battle-fields and in congregations, which have often been so fearful, and the frenzy of mobs I trace all to them. I remember reading when a boy of the murder of a woman in Berkshire. I think the man struck her head off. But the murderer said a sudden temptation came upon him, and when he struck the blow, the demon's eyes flashed fire. As to marbles, I was one Sunday morning at one o'clock pacing the aisle, and praying, when all at once a marble was put into a hollow in one of the stones. That was to distract attention, and to let me know who was at hand. But though mocking, like other mockers they don't like to be mocked. I called one a dunce-devil, because a name he writes often to mock me by, he spells wrongly. In any mischief I find done, I say, There is that dunce-devil again! I saw that the last time he wrote he abbreviated the word.

It only remains that I should refer to the writings by an invisible hand, and the productions called lilies. They are not the Dodder plant, for I have looked into the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and find them quite different; but with the letter which I sent to you, which came from Stourbridge, I received some which are the exact counterpart of those which have been discussed. Newspaper light has been the leading to the truth. No doubt they are produced by an insect. And this proves the written communications to be by lying spirits. Having premised this, and stated that all my “household” comprises myself, my daughter of eight years, and my son of five years, and that the communications were written, the one in a pew during service, with children all round, and the other when the Bible lay on a flat part under the pulpit, while the square pew under the pulpit was full of girls. My daughter had a pencil in her pocket, which she found in both cases laid by her side. She had been accustomed to use the pencil to mark the attendance of the scholars. The first was, I think, the Sunday before I wrote:—

“Dear Pa.—I wish I could write, but these evil spirits won't let me. I hope God will help you through in the deepest trouble. I hope you will trust in God. I am here all to-day. Farewell, dear Pa.”

The next was on the following Sunday. I had expressed a wish to know if there was any meaning in the number of the lilies, and whether they were supernatural:—

“Dear Pa.—Those lilies I planted, and there is nothing in the 29. I hope God will help you in your preaching. They are supernatural. I am your dear Ma. Farewell.”

The next Sunday I said I should like to know the purpose of them, and where they came from. I put a bit of paper in a hymn-book, and this was written:—

“Dear Pa.—They came from heaven, and I put them there to encourage you. I hope God will help you. Farewell, dear Pa.”

They were therefore written by one of the lying spirits of whom I have said so much.

I must now abruptly close. Yours truly,

Baptist Church, Eynsham, August 13, 1874.

H. MATHEW.

[The great length of our correspondent's letter has compelled us to cut out certain unimportant passages where asterisks appear.—Ed.]

Many points in the above letter may be thought foolish; and there is no doubt a tendency manifested to ascribe the most ordinary incidents to demoniacal agency. A man might easily break the spring of his watch, especially if he went to wind it in the twilight, and a spider fasten on a little girl's arm, without evil spirits having anything to do with the matter. The natural history, by the way, both of the spider and beetle, strikes one as being slightly peculiar. Still the letter is a most interesting and instructive one, and shows very clearly that Spiritualism is by no means a rose without thorns. This is a truth which spiritualists ought to be the first to acknowledge, instead of leaving it to their enemies to point out. The true defence of Spiritualism is not that there is no evil in it, but that the good predominates over the evil. Mr. Mathews' experiences have certainly been of a sombre cast; and it is amusing to see how this fact has coloured his view of the whole subject. "Paul," he tells us, "was a spiritualist, for he speaks of a 'messenger of Satan sent to buffet him.'" . . . "Christ was a spiritualist, for he often cast out devils." . . . "Luther was a spiritualist, for he speaks . . . of being kept from sleeping by devils." Why spirits of such a low order should have assailed the worthy minister is no doubt to be attributed to the fact of a burial-ground being within a yard of his dwelling. So early as the time of Plato it was known that carnal and earth-bound spirits hover about among the gross vapors of the graveyard. (Plat. Phæd. 81 B.) Yet even such spirits as Mr. Mathews had got hold of might have used him better had he been a little more considerate. To talk of "their inevitable doom, and how the whole range of the Word of God gives intimation only of punishment and not of pardon," must have been trying to the temper of the "devils," and goes far to explain their ungentlemanly conduct. Moreover, it was aggravating to call them "dunce-devils," as if their "inevitable doom" was not enough for them; and the pastor's desire to display a little muscular Christianity was human certainly, but hardly Christian.

But to face the question more seriously for a moment, what are we to make of such a narrative as the foregoing? What it most recalls to one's mind is the accounts of witchcraft cases of a couple of centuries back. The pettiness and mean spitefulness of many of the incidents present an exact parallel to those

curious outbreaks of the supernatural. "Hallucination," of course, will be the ready answer of the disbeliever. But Spiritualists will not be content with that cheap explanation. They know from experience that things equally odd and freakish are nevertheless sober facts. Mr. Mathews, it is plain, had made up his mind that the intelligences with which he was in communication were "goblins damned," and from the matter of the invocations and the Bibles and the brimstone, one might be inclined to draw the conclusion that they had determined to humour him to the top of his bent. Yet, it may be questioned whether the Baptist minister's own mind had not a larger share in the peculiar turn taken by the manifestations than even the volition of the invisible beings themselves. We know that, according to the teachings of spirits, what is subjective in the material state becomes objective in the spiritual, constituting the environment of the disembodied human being; and it would seem to be a law of spirit-agency that under its influence what is subjective to us in our normal condition becomes for the time being objective, and assumes external, audible, visible, and tangible form. We are presented, in a word, with our own thoughts in concrete shape; and thus the investigator, unless on his guard, will merely have his private prejudices confirmed by what seems incontrovertible proof of fact. This principle, perhaps, best explains, that is to say, is the most correct general expression of, many anomalies of spirit-manifestations, which a rash theoriser might impute to obvious delusion, as being amply accounted for by the pre-existent ideas of the recipient. Of course, no theory will afford to be ridden to death; but the principle stated above seems to throw considerable light upon the way in which spirit-manifestations in different ages and countries adapt themselves, as a rule, to current notions.

I must not conclude these remarks without calling attention to the fact that, despite his own uncomfortable experiences, Mr. Mathews bravely declares that "Spiritualism is the God-intended remedy for that growing materialism of the age which would soon land the world in atheism." So that even the "devils" get their due after all.

THE world is God's journal, wherein He writes His thoughts, and traces His tastes. The world overflows with beauty. Beauty should no more be called trivial, since it is the thought of God. Through beauty things become useful. It is a religious duty for a man, so far as he honestly can, to surround His children with creations of taste and beauty, that their finer instincts may be cultured and gratified. The love of beauty is the gift of God, and it is born in the heart of every child.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE, AUTHOR OF THE "ARGUMENT A PRIORI."

THE characteristic manner in which Mr. Gillespie defended the great work of his life till within a few days of his death, entirely disarmed any apprehensions of his sudden decease. The last letter received at this office from his pen was as follows:—

"The Mineral Villa, Stirling, 13th Feb., 1875.

"My Dear Sir,—What a wonderfully clever comment upon the first, or foundation, division of my 'Argument A Priori' is that of Mr. Stock, the second part of which occurs in the current number of *Human Nature*. I suppose I must take up the cudgels in defence of the said Argument. Mr. Stock is certainly among the very ablest assailants of the work in question, and, as much as any hostile critic ever did, deserves a reply. Please drop me a line.

"Thanks for your kindly notice of my mother's death. I shall send you shortly a copy of a beautiful memorial card, which has been executed with reference to the demise.

"I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

"Mr. Jas. Burns, London.

"WILLIAM GILLESPIE."

The reply transmitted in return was to the effect that any strictures which Mr. Gillespie might have to offer would be gladly inserted in *Human Nature*, but instead of the expected "copy," the following intimation came to hand:—

"Died at No. 1 New Killorn, Park Place, Stirling, on the 8th inst., at a quarter-past six o'clock, p.m., William Honyman Gillespie, Esq., of Torbanehill, and of the Mineral Villa, Stirling.—Stirling, March 9, 1875."

Thus, the great polemic closed his career with words of commendation bestowed on an opponent. Mr. Gillespie was not a Spiritualist, but he must have been well acquainted with its facts, as he was for a long time in constant communication with this office. He was a warm friend of J. W. Jackson, and took great interest in *Human Nature*. We avail ourselves of the following which appeared in some of the Scotch newspapers:—

The death is announced of Mr. William Honyman Gillespie of Torbanehill, Linlithgowshire, a gentleman who in his day bulked more prominently in the Court of Session than any other of his contemporaries, and who was at the same time, one of the most acute metaphysicians and polemics. Educated in the University of Glasgow, the deceased gentleman very early in life showed the extraordinary influence which Scotch metaphysics had upon his mind by writing a work known as "The Necessary Existence of God," which ranks not much less in the estimation of metaphysicians than the works of Dugald Stewart, Reid, and Sir William Hamilton. The first edition of that remarkable book was given to the world about forty years ago, and it at once excited the

attention of Lord Brougham, who spoke of it as "a valuable addition to the science of Natural Theology;" of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, who characterised it as being "among the very ablest specimens of speculative philosophy which the country has latterly exhibited;" and of many other distinguished philosophers. The work dealt with the defects of the *à posteriori* arguments for a God as they had never been dealt with before. After it had been some time before the public, the author found that in Edinburgh there was a Society of Atheists, and in Glasgow the Zetetic Society, whose members disputed the relevancy of the reasoning adopted by Mr. Gillespie; and one of their number, under the *nom de plume* of "Antitheos," formally entered the lists, and published what he believed to be a complete refutation of the *à priori* arguments which Mr. Gillespie employed. In the year 1837, the third edition of the work appeared, and in it there were embodied many additions that were required by the attacks of "Antitheos" and other polemical writers. The fourth edition appeared in the year 1863, and was known as the "People's Edition," and more formally as "Russel Edition." In right of his wife, Mr. Gillespie came into possession of the small estate of Torbanehill, a short distance from Bathgate. Immediately adjoining it there is another estate called Boghead, in which Messrs. James Russel & Son, of Blackbraes and Arnotdale, were working, in the year 1849, a very valuable mineral, whose use as a source of illuminating gas was exciting a great amount of attention. In the following year, believing the same mineral to extend into the Torbanehill estate, they leased all the "coal, ironstone, iron ore, limestone, and fire-clay" contained in it. But in the course of the next two or three years Mr. Gillespie, for himself and wife, raised an action in the Court of Session against the lessees, on the plea that the gas-yielding mineral just referred to was not in the terms of the lease, as it was not in his opinion a coal. The trial that ensued was one of the most remarkable scientific litigations on record. Messrs. Russel & Son were eventually successful. Litigation was again resumed by Mr. Gillespie, but the law pleas were ended by a compromise on the 11th January, 1860, between Mr. James Russel, jun. (for his father had died some two years previously) and Mr. Gillespie. Mr. Gillespie publicly stated that his former opponent adhered to the resolution most faithfully and honourably; and both he and Mr. Russel became such fast friends that the latter undertook to pay for the bringing out of a good readable edition of Mr. Gillespie's book "at a cheap price for the working classes." Out of respect for the generous donor and fast friend (who died on the 31st October, 1860,) Mr. Gillespie called the fourth edition the "Russel Edition."

Mr. Gillespie subsequently lived a very quiet life. For the last ten or a dozen years he was in rather weak health, but he never ceased to take an interest in philosophical studies and in scientific progress.

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

DEAR SIR,—You and many of your readers are doubtless aware that there is a private circle named "Mr. Ronald's Circle," whereat Messrs. Bastian and Taylor are the mediums, and which sits once a week for the materialisation of spirit-forms. The circle meets on Tuesday, and is limited to twelve, including the mediums. A vacancy having occurred in the circle, I was fortunate enough to be permitted to fill it by the consent of the controlling spirit, "George Fox," and of the several members of the circle. Such being the case, I found myself, at 8 p.m. of the 16th inst., at No. 2 Vernon Place, in the rooms occupied by Messrs. Bastian and Taylor. Our party consisted of Mrs. Woodforde, Mrs. L. and daughter, Miss V., Mr. Ronalds, Messrs. P. and C., Mr. A., myself, and the two mediums.

The proceedings of the evening were commenced by our taking our seats on chairs placed in a row in the centre of the room, and by Mrs. W. then reading over some rules for the guidance of the company, and also certain remarks communicated through Mrs. W. in writing, by "George Fox," and relating to our line of speech and conduct whilst sitting, and pointing out that the final aim and object of the spirits in giving to humanity, as they at present are giving, such wonderful evidences of spirit power and proofs of a life beyond the grave, are the desire to crush out the baneful influences of materialism and atheism, at present enshrouding the world.

At the conclusion of the remarks the gas was extinguished, Mr. Bastian being separated from the rest of us, and seated in the right hand corner fronting us, and Mr. Taylor at the extreme left of the circle. After the lapse of four or five minutes, the trumpet used by "George" to speak through, and which is of tin, was heard to roll into the centre of the room from Mr. Bastian's corner; next a low treble voice, which was recognised as that of "Johnnie," was heard coming from the floor, as it were, while at the same time the trumpet was moved to and fro over the carpet, as if being rubbed on it. "Johnnie" remarked upon our silence, saying we were as grave as though we had been to a funeral. Presently, "George Fox" addressed us through the trumpet, saying he did not wish to lose time over the dark seance, and requesting me to change my present place by going next Mr. Taylor, while the others were to take one seat downwards. To effect this and complete our arrangements, the gas was relighted. I then, as I had been directed by "George," proceeded to examine a long sack or bag, which consisted of black calico, having a cord running round its upper end, and long enough and wide enough to receive the entire person of the medium, Mr. Bastian, as far as the throat, which, with the head, was left outside the covering, the stitching of the outer rope of which I was instructed to direct my particular attention to. Several of us next examined the back rooms, two in number, the

one a bed-room, shut off from us by a temporarily arranged curtain, and the other a small dressing-room leading from the bed-room, from which it was separated by a door. Having carefully looked under the bed, scrutinised drawers, boxes, &c., we ended by bolting the door leading from the bed-room on to the stairs, and by gumming slips of paper on to the doors and panels, so as to guard against the possibility of their being opened; and the better to secure against this, lines were drawn from the edges of the paper on to the doors and panels, for it is obvious that had the doors been opened by any one wishing to get into the bed-room, the slips of paper must have been removed, in which case it would have been almost impossible, and certainly very improbable, that they should have been replaced in the dark so cleverly as to make the pencil lines fall into their exact places. I next tied Mr. B. into his sack, and sealed the cord in two places with my crest, one in such a fashion as to secure the knot round the neck, and the other the knot which secured him with the remaining portion of the cords to the back of the chair on which he was seated. Finally, he was lifted up and placed bodily in the bedchamber behind, but on one side of the aforementioned curtain, and when he had been thus placed in position, he was last of all secured by having tacks driven into the floor, so as to fasten that portion of the sack where his feet were.

These precautions ended, and the medium left to himself behind the screen, we all resumed our seats as before, and at a distance of nine or ten feet from the curtain. The light we at first had consisted of one gas burner, turned down so low that we could fairly distinguish each other the width of the room. At the request of our controlling spirit, "George," we first sang, and then turned on the musical box.

Presently the curtain was seen to part asunder and a tall, commanding figure, clothed from head to foot in heavy drapery of a particularly white colour, stood before us. At this period the light was such that I could very nearly, but not quite, distinguish the features of our visitor. I observed that he had dark hair, black whiskers, and a short "stubby" beard. The figure was that of a tall, strongly-built man, of I should say quite six feet in height. It essayed to advance, putting forward the right foot, but after several faltering attempts, closed the curtain and disappeared. "George" thereupon informed us that there was too much light, whereupon Mr. Taylor rose and lowered it, and some little while after, in obedience to a further command from "George," the burner was changed, owing to the cock of the one which had been first in use being stiff and difficult to manage.

But to return to our visitor, who had only temporarily disappeared in order to admit of the light difficulty being settled. No sooner had this been satisfactorily disposed of than he once more appeared, evincing this time more strength, and at length carrying out his purpose of advancing some distance into the

room, but with a good deal of apparent difficulty, so much so, that he had to retire after getting forward about four feet or so. His desire seemed to be to get towards some one in that portion of the circle where I was seated—that is, at the left end facing the curtain—and on his being asked if it was for me he came, he replied in a whisper, "Yes." I was now convinced, as I had been from his first appearance, that it was indeed for me he had come, and that it was in all probability my brother, who the day before had promised in writing automatically through my own hand that he would this evening manifest himself to me. Still I said nothing aloud, for I wished to see his features and be satisfied it was he ere I addressed him by name, and I contented myself with merely asking him, on his appearing the third time, to try and shake hands. This he tried very hard to do, poor fellow; and I on my part did all I could to assist him; but just as we hoped to succeed the power decreased, the figure seemed to collapse about the waist, the drapery to get less brilliant, and with a deep—oh! such a deep sigh of regret—he retired behind the curtain, and his chance of once more clasping me by the hand and of convincing me that it was indeed he whom I had last seen fifteen and a half years ago in rude health and strength, was gone, for this evening at any rate. For a brief space he remained at the opening of the curtain, and on my addressing him by name and asking if it were indeed he, he replied in a loud whisper as before, which we all heard, "Yes," and he was gone.

More singing and more tunes on the musical-box, and once again the curtain opened, and the tall, graceful figure of a female stood before us. With some hesitation but more power she advanced slowly, and, as it were, stealthily into the room and made for a gentleman, Mr. P., who at once ejaculated, "Is that you, my little darling wife?" Her strength, however, failed to carry her to the object of her love, and she had momentarily to retire; she very soon, however, returned, more vigorous, too, and yet not over strong; still she managed to take slowly three steps, her little foot showing as she advanced each step, and seeming as if encased in white satin shoe. More fortunate than my brother (if it was he) she succeeded in touching the outstretched hand of her husband, who, by his ejaculations, showed that he felt satisfied that he once more beheld his dearly cherished one; but the clasp of the hands was of short duration, and she had to retire almost immediately after it behind the curtain, from whence, however, she advanced again very shortly, and made a gallant attempt to plant a kiss on Mr. P.'s lips; but strength failed, the figure got dark, collapsed, and hurriedly retired from before us, stretching out as she did so her hands with gestures of regret.

The next form that made its appearance was that of Mr. Ronald's brother Tom, who, with firmer and quicker step, advanced towards his brother and shook him by the hand. This form was like the others, clothed in heavy white drapery, and seemed to

stand quite six feet two in height. The figure was commanding, and reminded me of a Knight Templar. The features were not visible, but from the chin flowed a long black beard which the owner seemed proud of, stroking it with the left hand, as also parting it with both as if to let us see and admire its length and luxuriance of growth. After shaking hands with his brother he retired to gain fresh strength, and in a moment or two threw out from behind the curtain a stool, which Mr. R. picked up and set on its legs. Shortly after which the form re-appeared, and speaking in a good audible voice, said he would try to sit down. The attempt to do so caused manifest loss of power in the materialised form, which doubled up awkwardly in carrying out to it this novel feat, got quite dark coloured, sunk at the head, which became indistinct, and had to beat a rapid retreat behind the curtain; he re-appeared, however, very shortly and made a more successful attempt, saying, as he once more retired after accomplishing his object, "This sort of thing is nothing when you're accustomed to it!"

Again he came, went round the circle touching several, and coming close enough to me to admit of my distinguishing his nose plainly enough; but ere he could touch my hand he had to retire. His two next appearances he devoted to putting his foot upon the stool and getting his brother to feel it. The last attempt at this was particularly successful, and Mr. R. informed us that he felt the foot distinctly, that it was pleasantly warm; and he felt the nails, not only where they joined the flesh, but at their extremities. I noticed the left foot on the ground while the right one was on the stool; also that the feet seemed whiter than the hand, which had more the appearance of flesh.

The next form that appeared, after some more singing and tunes from the musical-box, was that of a female, whom Mr. R. recognised as his sister-in-law, and addressed as "Josie." She advanced with less uncertainty than any of the others, and straightway proceeded to Mr. R., whose hand and that of others she touched during her several visits; she also (so Mr. R. and Mrs. W. informed me) lifted her veil so as to admit of her features being more distinctly seen. This lady was in stature shorter than the one who preceded her. The hair, which was flaxen or light in colour and somewhat wavy, fell over her back and shoulders, and the head seemed from where I regarded it to be surrounded by a kind of mist, probably the veil, which in the uncertain light gave the idea of mist. The figure was well shaped and graceful, and the fairness of the hair and complexion gave one the idea of a "blonde." She passed round the circle touching some, but as she got to our end she began to lose power; I, however, saw her closely and clearly enough to describe her to Mr. R. as a woman of 25 years of age, fair in complexion, face oval, features regular and pretty,—a description which he subsequently informed me tallied with her appearance on earth, when she departed at the early age of 23. On retiring for the last time she waved a kind of melancholy adieu, and as she reached the

curtain, suddenly shrank and fell to pieces, as it were, as far as the chest, from which part of her body she continued getting shorter and shorter till she sank down to the neck, when the curtain was drawn to. This melting away seemed to be in answer to a remark I had made, that it would be very satisfactory were the figure to vanish from our sight while in the midst of us. I was, however, informed by Mr. Taylor that were this to take place in the early part of the séance the materialisation would all have to commence *ab initio*, and thus cause loss of power,—a line of reasoning I can thoroughly understand. Moreover, while referring to the drapery, it is perhaps as well to mention that although all the forms as has been shown came clothed in white drapery of a striking brilliancy, which always grew darker in colour as the spirit lost power and became less distinct, yet in each case this drapery was differently worn and disposed of about the person of the phantom-form. I have only to add, that Mr. Bastian is a sharp-featured, small-sized, slim-shaped man, with dark hair, sallow complexion, and long dark moustaches; and I can most positively assert that the features of "Josie" and "Tom," which I saw plainly enough, were most assuredly not those of Bastian, while Mr. Taylor, the other medium, was sitting by my side the whole time with one hand in mine; and there was no one in the next room save Mr. Bastian, whom I found corded and sealed up in the bag as when I last left him. The knots and seals were intact, and the slips of paper which I had gummed on to the doors did not give the faintest indications of having been tampered with; and I believe I only give utterance to the sentiments of all our party when I say that there was not one of our number who had not the fullest belief and conviction in the genuineness of the wonderful phenomena we had witnessed. My statements may appear wild and incredible to outsiders who have not studied the marvels of Spiritualism, but to those who have and are acquainted with them, either by personal experience or through the mediumship of friends on whose word they can implicitly rely, this narrative will, I hope, be only one more proof of the truth of the assertion of Spiritualists, that the inhabitants of the other world possess the power of holding communion with us in various ways, not the least marvellous and incomprehensible of which is that of presenting themselves to us once again in solid, tangible, and recognisable forms. The perfect truth of such manifestations must sooner or later be established beyond all dispute. Perchance it may be given to us to know how and by what laws they are effected. Be this as it may, all true well-wishers of Spiritualism may rest assured that the light which has been vouchsafed, and which is now pouring in upon us, will never be taken from us, but will assuredly increase more and more unto the perfect day. Let me only add, that I have done my best to narrate truthfully and as perfectly as my memory will permit me the incidents of this wonderful séance. I have recorded my own impressions as best I can recall them, and, I trust, to the entire satisfaction of those who formed the circle. I may

add that, with the exception of "Tom," not one of these figures have ever made his or her appearance before. This will account for their want of power to stay long with us at one time. Doubtless, as our circle becomes more harmonised, and the spirits more accustomed to rehabilitate themselves, they will become less evanescent. The only drawback to perfection in this séance was the dimness of the light we were obliged to operate with. We must hope that even this will at a future date be in a great measure overcome.—I remain, yours faithfully,

Col. S.

24th March, 1875.

[The writer of the foregoing account is a military gentleman, well known for his scientific acquirements. The facts recorded are fully corroborated by the observation of other sitters with Messrs. Bastian and Taylor. A séance of the same kind is reported in the *Medium*, No. 259. The phenomena described above have also been certified by observations made on a subsequent evening by the writer.—Ed. H. N.]

RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.*

In previous notices of this work, as it appeared in parts, we have referred to its leading features, and we take it up now in response to a general demand that our readers have the privilege of securing the bound volume on the same easy terms as they had the parts. The wide circulation which the pamphlet form enjoyed has only served as a stimulus to excite a desire to possess this valuable work in a more permanent form. Mr. Crookes' essays are of such construction that it is difficult for the caviller to find any excuse for the exercise of his peculiar talent. Facts alone are dealt with, and in such a manner that doubt fails to find a footing. The character of the author, taken in connection with his work, places these phenomena in the high position which the best attested scientific facts occupy. This is of fundamental importance, and constitutes the basis upon which all further investigations must rest. This foundation is most conclusively laid by Mr. Crookes. The phenomena recorded embrace the whole range of those termed physical, even to the photographing of the materialised spirit form leaning on the arm of the investigator, as a lady would in ordinary cases on the arm of a gentleman friend.

The recent experiment with Mrs. Fay, conducted in Mr. Crookes' Laboratory, with electrical apparatus, as described in the *Medium*, No. 258, has revived the interest in the "Researches" of Mr. Crookes, and our readers will appreciate the act whereby we place at their disposal this handsome and valuable work almost as a present.

* By William Crookes, F.R.S. London: J. Burns. 5s. Offered to the purchasers of this number of *Human Nature*; post free, 2s. 6d.