

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------|-----|
| "The Gates Between"—Review | 493 | Cure by Mr. Omerin | 500 |
| The Aksakow-Eglinton Spirit | 494 | A Vision Verified | 500 |
| Photographs | 494 | Jottings | 501 |
| More Startling Facts | 496 | Mr. Watkins, the Psychographic | 502 |
| Far Away Music | 497 | Medium | 502 |
| Mr. S. J. Davey—Once More | 498 | Mr. Wilson's Slate-Writing in | 502 |
| "From Matter to Spirit"—Review | 498 | Italian | 502 |
| Chasing a Ghost | 500 | Séance with Mr. Wilson (Dr. Slade) | 502 |
| The Electric Boy—A Mystery | 500 | Wanted, a Common Bond of | 503 |
| Explained | 500 | Union | 503 |

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

"THE GATES BETWEEN."*

It would be impossible for Miss Phelps to write anything on her favourite subject without being suggestive. It is her occasional utterances rather than the narrative itself that are striking, though it becomes impressive enough before it closes. But I had read it half through with a feeling of disappointment before I came to anything that struck me. I will endeavour to give some idea of what the book is like. Dr. Esmerald Thorne was a successful doctor: "the son of a chemist, the grandson of a surgeon: born and bred, as the children of science are, a physical fact in a world of physical facts: a man who rises, if ever, by a miracle to a higher set of facts: who thinks the thought of his father, who does the deed of his father's father, who contests the heredity of his mother, who shuts the pressure of his special education like a clasp about his nature, and locks it down with the iron experience of his calling." "It is easy for a physician to agree to anything which emphasises the visible and erases the invisible fact." You see the scalpel cannot cut its way to the soul; the doctor's business is with the body principally, unless he is strong enough to rise to a due conception of the part played by spirit, to a grasp of invisible causes. Then he may become a great man. Like most of his calling, he had seen the best and the worst side of woman, and it was not till he was five-and-forty that he found one whom he wished to make his wife. Mrs. Thorne is a sweet woman very sweetly drawn.

The marriage was one of perfect affection, but the Doctor was an uneven man, emotional, and over-wrought with professional cares, and accustomed to be "quick" with those about him. Three years had passed, and their little boy was a year old. One evening the Doctor came home, and his nervous irritability showed itself in girding at his wife. He had kept his carriage waiting, and the mare became restless and finally ran away, dashing into another carriage, throwing the Doctor out, and killing him on the spot. But he did not know that till after. When he came to himself, he was on the place where he had fallen. His head felt uncomfortable, but not seriously: the carriage was a wreck, and no one seemed to take any particular notice of it. By degrees the whole scene came back, and he concluded to go and find out exactly the extent of the mischief. But he could not recognise the street, nor any of the people in it, nor could he get any information from them. Gradually the idea of going to inquire faded out, and he remembered only that he had

been long overdue at the hospital at a consultation, and at various appointments. He flung himself on to a passing road-car which he hailed without the driver noticing his call. He left it forgetting his fare. He wondered why the conductor had not asked for it in the usual way. At the hospital the whole staff was gathered, and a discussion was in process. Dr. Thorne joined in, but nobody took any notice, and, offended by what he regarded as their rudeness, he abruptly left, and hurried to the consultation, only to find the lady dead.

And here we come on what I must regard as a piece of incongruity in the working out of the idea of the book which recurs more than once. Dr. Thorne did not know that he was dead, but his *confrères* could not see him or hear him. He is invisible, and when he spoke "he raised a voice that none could hear." Yet he rings the bell, meets the family physician on the stairs, and at once enters into conversation. By all the laws of continuity he ought to have been invisible and inaudible still, unless it is intended to imply that this physician had spiritual faculties denied to or dormant in others. But that would not account for a similar incongruity. He picks up in his broker's office, to which he had gone, a copy of a newspaper containing an account of his own death, and hands it to the broker, who turns to his clerk and says, "Pick up the *Herald*. A gust of wind has blown it from the table." Surely if a man saw a newspaper coming to him as this must have done, held and supported by nothing, he would hardly think only that there was a draught! These, however, are minor flaws, and the story is very difficult to tell.

Gradually it dawns on this poor spirit that he has passed the change called death, and that from being a person of much consequence in the world he is now "a desolate and outcast creature: a dumb thing in a deaf world." The only living thing that can see and hear him dimly is a St. Bernard dog. He looks at him wistfully and howls as dogs do in the presence of death. He goes up to this lonely spirit and speaks in his way. "What is that dog about?" asked one, staring. "He is standing in the middle of the room and wagging his tail as if he had met somebody." By-and-bye the idea of his wife recurs. He will go and see her. Now that he is dead who is to take care of her? At the top of the street there was some kind of obstruction, and he tried to push by, when lo! he found himself repelled and driven back in the heart of the town by an invisible force, by an inexplicable barrier. "It was like the current of an unknown natural force of infinite capability. Set the will of soul and body as I would, I could not pass the head of the street." He was tied to the place where he had first learned that he had died; not permitted to pass the invisible barriers that separated him from the wife whom he had insulted with his petty tempers just before he died, and came all unready, uninstructed, unripe, unfit to this world of spirit.

How long he remained pacing that narrow street he does not know, but long enough to feel that he was being

* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Ward, Lock and Co., 1887.

saturated with the sordid meannesses, the selfishness, the feverish money-grubbing of the men who lived only to get gain. It was as if the moral motives of the living created the atmosphere that he must breathe, and be stifled in the breathing, "as those live men would be if the gas-pipes had burst in the street." I must not go through the very striking account of the way in which the spirit was awakened within Dr. Thorne. At first he was bitterly angry: he had not been a religious man, and he had been a very dominating personality. He had cut his way by intellectual force to fame and fortune, but he had cared nothing for the things of spirit; and he cared nothing still. What had interested him in life interested him in death. Death had raised the temperature of intellect, had, perhaps, a little quickened conscience, but it had not made him devout. It was not till he found himself baffled by his present state, with intellect no use or very little, with the old cant terms, "phenomena," "law," no longer words to juggle with, that he turned in impulsive and entreating cries to inquire whether there was really a Something which men had called Almighty God.

So his spiritual education began. He was directed to the hospital in which he had had such pride, and taught that there was something beyond medicine for the body, even the ministering to a mind diseased and the dealing with spiritual wants in the name of the God who is Spirit and is to be worshipped in spirit. As he gazes at the long line of beds, and sees the faces that used to light up at his entrance now irresponsive, he feels once more the full weight of his own bereavement. (It is a suggestive thought that Death may bereave those whom he removes as well as those who are left on earth.) How the lady who had been fatally injured in the collision which caused Dr. Thorne's death met him and the way in which the contrasts between the two characters are brought out, I must leave my readers to discover for themselves. How he sees just once his wife, but cannot reach her, barred by that same irresistible and incomprehensible Power; and how he finds that a spirit may not be able to endure to gaze upon the faces of the dear ones that he cannot reach, this is strikingly told. So, too, is the gradual development of the stunted and starved spirit, a stranger in a strange place, until it realised that the knowledge which had been so valuable on earth was useless now, until it laid up for itself store of that which alone could avail.

Just one indication of the closing scene. It is a hill country wild and desolate. The Guardian has told him to proceed, and to await what would occur, doing as his heart prompted. "I lifted up my eyes and looked, and saw that I was not alone in the dark defile. A figure was coming towards me. . . . I hastened, and advanced, desiring (for my heart prompted) to be of service to the woman. It was perfectly dark. I could not see her face. When I would have spoken with her I could not find my voice. . . . But I gathered her hands and held her, and led her on, and shielded her . . . and thought of my dear wife, and prayed that there might be found some soul—since it was denied to me—to do as much as this for her in some hour of unknown need. But when I had led the woman out into the lighter space, and turned to look upon her, lo! it was none other. It was she herself. It was no man's beloved but mine own."

THE FAITH OF THE FUTURE.—Belief in the spiritual will more and more become a visibly elevating and ennobling doctrine, lifting man out of himself, and drawing him by sweet and strong constraints to all nobleness, purity, and charity. Salvation will be restored to its old deep meaning of health and soundness; the saved man will be the man who does strenuously his duty to God, to himself, and to all mankind.

THE AKSAKOW-EGLINTON SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the current number of the *Sphinx* there appears an article by the editor, entitled "The Spirit-Photographs of Mr. Eglinton, considered in the Light of Frauds." I have neither the time nor the inclination to give a translation of the whole of this article, in which Dr. Hübbe Schleiden professes to be an impartial critic; but I will endeavour to give some idea of it for the benefit of the readers of "LIGHT."

He commences by saying that he has received a letter on the subject from the well-known astronomer Dr. Klein, of Cologne, and though he says he himself is well convinced of the good faith of M. Aksakow, yet he thinks the proofs of fraud in the case of the spirit-photographs obtained during his stay in London in last year are almost overpowering. He says, however, that the writer is too hard upon M. Aksakow, in blaming him so severely for his confidence (*Vertrauensseligkeit*), inasmuch as "in all spiritual manifestations a circle composed of selected sympathetic persons is an indispensable condition." He then gives the letter *in extenso*. The writer, as well as Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, exonerates M. Aksakow from intentional participation in the fraud, but he looks upon him as a dupe, and says his whole conduct with regard to Mr. Eglinton shows how little he is suited to be an authority in a case of this kind! Further on he says that if he had only made use of his common-sense, he might have spared himself the trouble of his journey to London, and the mystification prepared for him there. If it was through Mr. Eglinton's powers that the spirit-photographs were obtained, the experiments might just as readily have been made at St. Petersburg, where Mr. Eglinton was at the time. (In a note Dr. Hübbe Schleiden writes: "An experiment was made, but did not succeed.") The only precautions M. Aksakow appears to have taken, according to him (visiting at a gentleman's house he could scarcely have taken more!), were to buy the plates himself and to mark them with his own name. From M. Aksakow's account, which some of the readers of "LIGHT" may have read, he accompanied the gentleman in question, who took the photographs, into the dark room, saw him put the plates into the slide, which was never a moment out of his sight, till, the photographs being taken, he again went with the photographer into the dark room and watched him develop them. It is almost needless to say that the writer takes it for granted the circle, consisting of the master of the house, his wife, and a friend, were Mr. Eglinton's paid accomplices, and only more clever than he himself in producing fraudulent spirit-photographs. I cannot here go into the arguments he uses, to prove that the two photographs which were reproduced in the *Sphinx* were frauds, but I will translate the note appended by the impartial editor of the *Sphinx*.

"I cannot here unreservedly agree with the writer. The fact that the spirit-head appears reversed in the photograph cannot in itself be received as a proof of fraud; for if the affirmed projection or objectivication of thought-pictures may be conceived possible, they may just as well be reversed as not. And if this 'spirit form' were standing in an upright position, Dr. Klein would not on this account allow that it was genuine. The other grounds in favour of the probability of these photographs with Mr. Eglinton being frauds are certainly very important."

At the end of the letter the editor makes some remarks concerning the observations of Mr. C. C. Massey in favour of the genuineness of the spirit-photographs in question, and then proceeds to say, in a note, that he has received another communication on the subject, "which discusses minutely the proofs that these photographs are fraudulent. We do not think it necessary to recount these, as our readers for the time being will be quite sufficiently convinced of the fraudulent character of these 'spirit

photographs." He, however, gives a long extract, commencing thus:—

"I have now no longer the slightest doubt that these photographs are frauds. I do not even share in Mr. Massey's opinion of the honesty of the unknown master of the house. I look upon him as an accomplice of Eglinton. . . . Let us examine this gentleman closer. Introduced by Eglinton *he must be suspicious*.* His offer to give his name, if necessary, seems to me, on closer consideration, only to be made in case the projected frauds should be successful. *As this was not the case*, he remains concealed, he well knows why. M. Aksakow describes him as a man of independent position; this, too, is untrue. He writes himself in 'LIGHT' of March 5th, 1887, that he is neither, as M. Aksakow had made out, a nobleman,† a Gloucestershire landowner, nor a wealthy man; but he has never published his name, in spite of its being so earnestly asked for by Mr. Massey. It is scarcely to be imagined that Eglinton could commit the frauds without his assistance, or he without Eglinton's and that of the unknown Mr. N. And so it ceases to be a matter of wonder that there should be any difficulty on Eglinton's part in securing an accomplice. . . . The whole affair may have happened as follows:—Eglinton may probably formerly have tried with the unknown master of the house to produce fraudulent spirit-photographs, perhaps even with the intention later on to add fresh lustre to his name, and to give increased impetus to Spiritualism. When he was in St. Petersburg, M. Aksakow expressed a great desire to obtain such photographs. 'Now,' says Eglinton to, his friend, 'you must help me; for if I can procure these for the Russian, a second triumphal progress awaits me in the very highest circles of Russia, where there rain diamonds and rubies. My spirits will look after this.' These or other motives of a kindred kind, on a basis of pure egotism, may easily be imagined, and who knows whether the worthy private detectives of the Society for Psychical Research may not in time bring all to light? They will scarcely rest till they have discovered this honourable gentleman and found out all about him."

The editor of the *Sphinx* shall finish the article.

"We cannot say that the motive here sought for satisfies us. But, on the other side, it is in favour of the supposition that Eglinton had bought over an accomplice for these experiments, that such an accomplice would for the remainder of his life have been able to use his power over him in unbearable extortions, and such an accomplice must, therefore, have himself been at some time a 'fraudulent medium.' But, otherwise, the motives which could induce the unknown master of the house to help Eglinton in such a refined 'imposition' are not easily explainable. Can it be imagined that Spiritualistic fanaticism could urge anyone on to be the accomplice in such a fraud? If so, then similar motives may be imagined for the asserted spuriousness of all 'theosophical phenomena'!"

I must be permitted to add a few words to the foregoing. Some years ago I was slightly acquainted with the gentleman and lady in whose house these experiments were made, though I am not justified in mentioning their names. I may, I think, however, say that though not a nobleman, nor a very wealthy man, the gentleman in question is a man of good birth and position, and in the enjoyment of an independent income. They, like myself, in the first place, became acquainted with Mr. Eglinton in his capacity of a professional medium.

It was in consequence of hearing of the success they had obtained in getting spirit-photographs, the summer before M. Aksakow came to England, and by the desire of my "guide," that I myself experimented in spirit-photography, and with innumerable failures have obtained some very remarkable results. I have been warmly pressed by several prominent Spiritualists, to whom I have shown them, to publish an account of them, but have *firmly declined to do so*, giving as my reason that, as I look upon Mr. Eglinton as a friend, and as his name must appear in connection with them, to do so would simply be to expose myself to insult and suspicions, which, being a medium, and, therefore, very sensitive, would probably distress me more

than I ought to allow them to do. There is one other fact I wish to call attention to. Though Mr. Eglinton's mediumistic gifts are very various, I do not believe he possesses that requisite to obtain transcendental photographs. It is probable that in the Aksakow experiments, and I believe it was the case, that the master of the house was the principal medium, Mr. Eglinton assisting by his great psychic powers. At least, I know that I have obtained transcendental results when Mr. Eglinton has not been present, and that he has told me he never has, unless in the presence of another medium. The gift of transcendental photography requires developing just like all other phases of mediumistic power, and for many months the gentleman spoken of had to sit for it, as I had myself, before obtaining any success. I do not believe Mr. Eglinton has ever taken any pains to obtain it, as he did, for instance, with direct writing, for which he sat daily for three years before it came! I must just add that the insulting remarks and criticisms which are allowed to appear in journals devoted to Spiritualistic and occult subjects have a distinctly deterrent effect upon persons who would otherwise willingly make public their mediumistic experiences. If they do so, and, further, if they give their names, they are accused of egotism and vanity; if they do not give their names they lay themselves open to suspicion of their good faith and genuineness, and even, as in the above instance, are accused of being accomplices in an abominable fraud. If the truth could be crushed by the illogical arguments of a Dr. Klein or his compeer it would stand little chance, but it is founded on a rock, and therefore all the waves and winds brought to bear against it by sceptics and savants will have no avail against its ultimate triumph. "V."

We reprint the material part of the denial in "LIGHT":—

"In regard to these experiments, the gentleman in whose house they were made desires us to say that he is improperly described as a 'nobleman,' 'a Gloucestershire landowner,' or 'a wealthy man.' He has suffered some annoyance from this misdescription, and wishes to say that he is simply the owner of the house in some of the rooms of which the experiments were conducted."—["LIGHT," March 5th, 1887.]

To the Editor of "LIGHT."—SIR,—I regret that in the German translation of my article on "Transcendental Photography," which was originally written in French, an error has inadvertently crept in, which needs correction. In my French manuscript I said: "The séances were held at the house of a rich gentleman." The last word was translated into German "Edelmann," which was exactly translated in English "a nobleman"; and as this mistake of my German translator may be of possible annoyance to the gentleman in question, as well as to the English translator, I beg you to insert this correction.—Yours truly, A. AKSAKOW. St. Petersburg, 8th March, 1887.—["LIGHT," April 2nd, 1887.]

[Since the above was written, a proof of which was forwarded to the gentleman in question, at whose residence the photographs were taken, we have received a letter from him declining in very categorical terms to permit any publication in which his name is brought in. However much we may regret this decision, we have no alternative but to respect it. We shall no doubt hear from M. Aksakow, whose evidence is of a public nature, and who has no objection to publicity.—ED. "LIGHT."]

"V." desires to add further: I have thought that I ought, in justice to Dr. Klein, to add a few words giving his reasons for condemning as fraudulent the photograph of the spirit head and bust of which a copy is given in the August number of the *Sphinx*, reasons which are considered sufficient by Dr. Hübbe Schleiden: 1. That the head is reversed in position, resting upside down on the knee of Mr. Eglinton. 2. That part only of the head

* The italics are mine.—Tr.

† The original was written in French, where M. Aksakow speaks of him as a "gentilhomme."—Tr.

and drapery is transparent, showing the knee of the sitter through it. Ghosts, according to Dr Klein, if they are transparent at all, should be so altogether. 3. That there is a flatness about the figure. 4. That the large beard is intensely black. 5. That the figure appears to be lighted from a different side to what the sitter is, and 6. That the figure, though between Mr. Eglinton and the camera, is not larger in size than the latter. From all these facts, he adduces the certainty that the spirit manifestation must have been on the plate *before* Mr. Eglinton's photograph was taken, though a person of *ordinary* intellect would think that in that case Mr. Eglinton's figure would obscure that of the spirit instead of the reverse being the case. There is one item I have omitted, viz., that the spirit seems unconscious of the sitter's presence. The other photograph, reproduced in the *Sphinx*, that of the materialised spirit supporting Mr. Eglinton, he disposes of very simply, by taking it for granted that the spirit was personated by another confederate, who, as M. Aksakow had the key of the door in his pocket, must, I suppose, have come down the chimney.

Now, as I have said in my previous article, I have had some experience in transcendental photography, and with the exception of reasons 1, 4, and 5, I find most of the peculiarities referred to in *every* transcendental manifestation I have obtained.* I think it very possible with regard to the indifference shown by the spirits to the presence of the sitter that the latter may be as invisible to the spirit as the spirit is to the sitter, for spirits have frequently asserted that they cannot or do not see the *material* forms even of their own mediums, unless they themselves are materialised.

As to the argument that the spirit form, though in front of the sitter, is not bigger in size (which would be the case with a normal photograph, in which it would likewise be out of focus), I have found such forms even much smaller than that of the sitter, and in perfectly good focus, though nearer the camera. We do not suppose that these figures are likenesses of our invisible visitors as they are in their spirit bodies, but that they are pictures of them in their earthly forms, and they may therefore have the power of making these forms larger or smaller at their will, and may be able to produce a better likeness from the materials at their command on a smaller scale.

Dr. Klein does not attempt to explain how the spirit form was impressed upon the plate before Mr. Eglinton sat for his likeness; the plate, it will be remembered, was one from a box, which M. Aksakow purchased himself at Marion's warehouse in Soho-square. He brought it to the house in a bag, which he did not open till he went into the dark room with the photographer (the master of the house), when he took out two plates from the box and wrote upon them his name and the date in the Russian character, then saw them placed in the dark slide, and returned with the photographer into the room where the camera was and where the séance then took place. In the photograph the inscription in Russian is distinctly visible. This, however, is but a detail unworthy the attention of such great minds!

Dr. Klein (the celebrated astronomer, as Dr. Hübbe Schleiden calls him) says he knows little of Spiritualistic literature, and from his style of writing I should say that he knows about as much about Spiritualistic phenomena as I do about astronomy, which I am sorry to say is very little; and yet his flippant criticism of the photograph in question is sufficient to convince the editor of the *Sphinx*, and probably many of his readers, that it is a fraudulent production!

I prefer, for private reasons, in my letters to "LIGHT," to use the signature I have adopted, but my name and address are well known to the Editors of the journal, with both of whom I am personally acquainted, and who have my full permission to give them to anyone wishing to know them.

"V."

* I have never seen a spirit photograph in which *some* portion of the form or drapery was not transparent.

MORE STARTLING FACTS.

Dr. Wolfe gives in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* some further facts, additional to those which have been reproduced in "LIGHT," of his experiences in his own house with Mrs. Helen Fairchild. Those who know Dr. Wolfe's *Startling Facts* will recognise his somewhat pronounced style. We have slightly abridged his account by the omission of some unimportant details. Otherwise he stands before our readers as he writes in the paper which published his narrative. We have also omitted, from considerations of space, some opinions and prophecies given to Dr. Wolfe by the spirit Plimpton, so often mentioned in his book.

In the beginning of July, 1887, Mrs. Fairchild, who had been living three years in Boston, visited Cincinnati. She stopped at the Queen City Hotel, and while there gave several séances to a number of friends who knew of her wonderful endowment as a medium. After a short interview I invited Mrs. Fairchild and her son to become my guests while they remained in the city, which they consented to do.

I am not quick to extend hospitality to travelling mediums or preachers, but I found Mrs. Fairchild not to be one of that sort. She possesses a rare mediumistic endowment, which makes her a welcome visitor to thinking people wherever she goes. As an investigator of the facts and philosophy of spirit control I became interested in the mediumship of this remarkable woman. It is only justice to her, and due to the public, to say so much by way of introducing her to the reader, and the motive for this article. I will now record briefly some of the startling facts occurring in her presence.

The day after Mrs. Fairchild and her son came to my house I asked her to sit for independent slate-writing, and produced a slate and pencil for that purpose. She said no pencil was needed, and that I should get a half-dozen slates or more and set them anywhere about the house, without letting her know where they were concealed, but before doing this to wash and let the water remain unwiped upon them. I carried out the instructions literally by placing the dripping slates in an iron safe, fastened with a combination lock. No one but myself could unlock it.

Dinner was now called, and as we sat at the table Mrs. Fairchild said, "A middle-aged man, with a sandy-grey beard, of medium height, wearing gold spectacles, is standing by you, with his right hand resting on your left shoulder. He says: 'Old boy, I have written for you on one of the slates.'" The description of the person and the manner of addressing me gave me the impression that it was my friend, Florus B. Plimpton. This conjecture was subsequently confirmed. Again Mrs. Fairchild said: "Josephine Bonaparte has written on one of the slates, also a man recently passed to the spirit world, who gives his name as Henry Carpenter, of Lancaster, Pa."

In this manner others were announced, and that which was more surprising than all in some instances the literal "lingo" of the communications was given.

After dinner I opened the safe and found the slates had all been written upon, as already described, with strongly-marked and diversified individual chirography.

After transcribing the messages and again washing the slates, I placed them in different parts of the house, and in a few minutes they were again covered with writing without visible human agency, the medium not even knowing where they had been placed. A communication on one, signed "Harry Carpenter," read as follows:—

"MY FRIEND,—Tell 'Bummie' and all I still live. I could not have my way after all. I hope you will be as much at home here as I am. Dickey drops in occasionally.

"HENRY CARPENTER."

Dr. Carpenter has been for many years a most intimate friend, and while lingering with paralysis on his death-bed I wrote him cheerful words a few hours before he passed away. After he had escaped from the body, and before its final disposition had been made, he wrote, in the presence of Mrs. Fairchild:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Tell them all I am satisfied. I am too weak now to write more.

"HENRY CARPENTER."

To understand the purport of his messages it is necessary to state that Dr. Carpenter was an official member of the Cremation

and Funeral Reform Society of Lancaster City, and as such favoured the quick disposition of bodies by fire.

This was known to his friends and family, and that it was his wish to have his remains incinerated instead of buried. But when the time came to carry out his desires in this respect the family failed in their resolutions and the body was committed to the earth, instead of fire, for destruction. Although he wrote "he was satisfied," he seemed to have some feeling on account of not having his own way after all.

To those acquainted with the friends and relations of Dr. Carpenter and Henry Baumgardner (Bummie), the message on the slate must appear appropriate and highly characteristic. The introduction of Dickey's name was, to my mind, a strong evidence of the actual presence of the spirit of Dr. Carpenter. Dickey was a member of the "Californian party," and had met with them several times at their annual feasts before he passed to the spirit world. The public will recognise him as the man who succeeded Thaddeus Stephens in the House of Representatives of the United States.

It would not be doing justice to Mrs. Fairchild to represent her as having any one leading phase of mediumship which would in itself overshadow others. She appears to me to be simply an instrument in the hands of spirits who make use of her for any and every purpose they choose. I have had a good deal of experience with mediums in and out of the form, but never with one who can be used well in so many different ways as this remarkable woman.

I will now briefly notice a few of the startling facts I personally witnessed in the presence of Mrs. Fairchild, and give them in the order in which they occur to my mind.

FIRST—In any part of the house, at any hour of the day, in broad sunlight or shade, spirit voices speak audibly short sentences as clearly as if uttered by a person. It is not necessary she should be present when such utterances as the following are heard loud enough to be recognised in the adjacent room: "How are you, Doctor?" "Glad to see you back!" "It's a hot day, old boy!" "Good séance last night!" &c.

SECOND—I have seen furniture tumble after this woman as she passed from one room to another, just as leaves and feathers swirl in the eddying wake of the wind, without visible touch.

THIRD—On the skin of her forearm I have seen with amazement letters, monograms, and symbolic characters form in elevated red lines, and then disappear, without apparent volition or control of her own mind.

FOURTH—I have seen Mrs. Fairchild robbed of her rings and dress jewels in the "twinkling of an eye," and with equal celerity had them placed in my closed hand on the opposite side of the room, in broad daylight, and at a distance of ten feet. On handing them back to her, before she could readjust them to her collar, cuffs and fingers, they would again disappear, only to be found in the pocket-book of some one present.

FIFTH—She has announced the arrival of undelivered letters in the Cincinnati Post-office addressed to me from distant places, which she said Ski (a great Indian control) would bring and deliver to me if I desired him to do so. In a few minutes thereafter such letters have been placed in my hand without envelopes. By due course of regular mail delivery the empty but unsealed envelopes were delivered at my house by the letter-carrier.

SIXTH—This woman has read and repeated the contents of private letters and memoranda which I carried about my person with as much circumstantiality as if they had been placed open in her hands for her perusal.

SEVENTH—She has put her empty hands together, and by rubbing them violently and blowing between them developed in a few seconds a materialised cloth, "warp and woof," made of cotton fibre.

EIGHTH—In the back parlour of my dwelling I have fixed a ten-foot pole reaching from the jamb of the chimney to the casing of the door, about eight feet from the floor, forming with the angle of the room a triangular space, the deepest part of which is about four feet. Over this wooden stick, cloth has been hung reaching to the floor. I have seen emerge from this enclosure in discernible light, more than 100 different materialised spirits of all sizes and age. They have stepped from this dark corner, noiselessly, into the middle of the room to meet and converse with their friends and kindred. I have walked with some of them about the room, talking with them as I would to friends in the form; I have sat with them a quarter of an hour at a time; have held them by the hands, in

my arms, and looked into their lovely eyes; I have seen them rise from the floor to the height of the tallest man, and again disappear by sinking out of sight while holding their hands; I have held the two ends of a piece of spirit lace while the spirit wove thirty yards of it in length and no less than two yards in breadth; I have seen the spirit gather this lace in her arms, and with it fade from sight, seemingly through the floor. I have approached this corner nook wherein the spirit stood with her arms extended, holding and parting the drapery, to gaze upon the walls, decorated and gorgeously festooned with spirit lace, richly set with pastines of golden spirit lights. From this cabinet the forms come singly, often in pairs—a mother and child, two sisters, a man and woman, together, returning to the cabinet or fading away in the room, Mrs. Fairchild remaining in the room with the sitters all the time.

NINTH—I have held the hand and looked into the face and eyes, and conversed with F. B. Plimpton for three-quarters of an hour at a time. I have walked with him through the parlour and introduced him to persons, some of whom he quickly recognised, calling them by name. To Mr. C. W. Gerard, the well-known lawyer at Fifth and Walnut streets, he spoke in this way; also to Dr. Hunt, the homœopathic physician of Covington, Ky.

FAR AWAY MUSIC.

I ran across a little fellow eleven or twelve years ago, pale and light-haired, in Northern Colorado, who was herding sheep. He was lying by a large rock reading a badly-worn paper-covered book while the sheep grazed in the valley below.

"Don't you get lonesome out here?" I asked.

"Yes, I get pretty lonesome sometimes. I read a good deal when the sheep don't need any 'tendin' to, but that makes me all the more lonesomer sometimes."

"What are you reading now?"

"Great Expectations. Ever read it?"

"Yes."

"Charles Dickens wrote it, you know. I don't b'lieve there are many folks 'round here that ever read Dickens much, or any other books, either. They mostly seem to like the *Police Gazette*. I s'pose the pictures are all right in that, but I don't think much o' the readin'. I found this up-stairs in an old trunk. I only begun it yesterday, an' I got it more'n half done. I'll finish it to-morrow. Some days I don't have anything to read, an' then I lay and look up at the sky an' think. An' lots o' times when I'm 'way off by myself an' the sheep are off a little ways an' there ain't no noise but just a little wind blowin' through the tall grass, I can hear music which sounds as if it was playin' 'way off somewhere solemn and sweet like. I heard it once when I went past a church on Sunday when pa took me to Denver with him. I hear it oftener since my little brother died—I guess it's 'cos I'm alone so much more since he went away. I used to think it was the wind blowin' through the grass that I heard, but it ain't, 'cos sometimes I hear it when the wind ain't blowin', an' lots o' times I can't hear it when it is. I like to listen to it if it does make me feel sort o' sorry and sad like. It's 'way off somewhere ever so far, an' kinder rises and falls, an' rings, an' trembles, an' it most always makes me cry to listen to it; but I like it if it does, an' there ain't nobody to see me 'cept the sheep; an' when I have to get up an' go an' 'tend to them I feel better after all."—*Dakota Bell Man*, in "*Chicago Tribune*."

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday morning last Mr. J. Cartwright gave an account of his experience in Spiritualism. In the evening Dr. S. Chadwick gave a fine discourse on "The New Nobility," which was attentively listened to by a crowded audience.—W. E. LONG, 9, Pasley-road, Walworth.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—At the general meeting, on Sunday morning last, it was decided that the above title be adopted as the name of the society. On Sunday evening next, at seven, Mr. A. E. Waite will deliver a lecture, entitled "The History of the Rosicrucians: an Elucidatory Sketch." This being a most important occasion, we hope as many as possible will endeavour to be present. During the evening Mrs. Tindall will sing a sacred solo, "The Great Master."—F. W. READ, Secretary, 79, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity.—BURRITT.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
16, CRAVEN STREET,
CHARING CROSS, W.C.

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Light:

Edited by "M.A. (OXON.)" and E. DAWSON ROGERS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 1887.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editors. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable.

MR. S. J. DAVEY—ONCE MORE.

In the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. S. J. Davey has a letter in which he publishes more testimony of a character similar to that which has already been given. But he does not make any offer to show what he can do in the presence of experienced Spiritualists. If he could do so, there is no conceivable reason whatever why he should decline. But so far from taking this course, he expressly avoids saying more than that "it would be just as difficult for me to duplicate under similar conditions [as in Eglinton's cases] certain avowed conjuring performances," of which one said to have been performed before the Seybert Commission is cited. It is not necessary to point out that this is no reply at all, but only further mystification, which has all the appearance of being planned to cover Mr. Davey's retreat. He tells us that "a further expenditure of time on my part seems unnecessary," and implies that he will not devote further time and study to the question unless something which is not the same thing as has been reasonably asked of him is done.

We think, on the contrary, that this is precisely the time for Mr. Davey to redouble his study of our evidence, and to give any time at his disposal to comply with the conditions published in "LIGHT," No. 337, p. 269, if he wishes us to attach *value* to his *allegations*. The published opinion of two more amateur conjurers does not advance us. Mr. Davey has declined, he tells us, "an offer of 2,000 guineas per annum if I would repeat before a public audience certain slate-writing tricks I had performed in a private studio. I declined upon the ground that conditions essential for the success of my performance could never be obtained in full sight of a public assembly."

Can it be that these "essential conditions" are also not to be had in "full sight" of experienced Spiritualists?

The same number contains a forcible letter from Mr. George Harpur, which concludes by challenging Mr. Davey to impart his tricks to Mr. Lewis—there is a confusion between Professor Carvill Lewis and Mr. Angelo J. Lewis—so that they may be performed and explained by someone who is not a medium. We do not see that much would thus be gained. Nor do we conceive that any such challenge is more likely to meet with acceptance than that previously given.

"FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT."

PART I.—THE PREFACE.

In 1863 there appeared a remarkable work entitled, *From Matter to Spirit. The result of ten years' experience in spirit manifestations, intended as a guide to inquirers. By C. D., with a preface by A. B.*

It has long been known who A. B. and C. D. were, so that to speak of A. B. as Professor De Morgan, and of C. D. as Mrs. De Morgan is now no breach of either faith or good manners. Professor De Morgan has "changed belief for knowledge," but Mrs. De Morgan is still with us here. Before proceeding to comment on the preface by A. B., to which this paper is to be devoted, it will perhaps be advisable to say a few words concerning its author.

To the present generation, even in the world of science, De Morgan's name is not so familiar as it was a quarter of a century ago, when the book appeared. The prefix "Professor," too, in this age of "professors," conveys no very serious distinctive meaning. Yet it is not too much to say that, during his occupancy of the chair of mathematics at University College, London, De Morgan influenced the course of mathematical thought as did no man of his time. And more—though modern mathematics have spread out over so vast an area that the old nomenclature, the old methods, nay, the old foundations of the science are passing away, the influence of De Morgan is subtly felt through it all. For, above everything else, he taught his pupils to think, and that masculine habit has descended through more than one generation. In the hands of De Morgan English mathematical science passed through a crucible, where the dross which had gathered about it was burnt away, and the pure metal was left for those wonderful transformations which his successors have produced.

Such was the man then who, as far back as 1863, under a pseudonym certainly, but a pseudonym that was understood by everybody, had the courage to write the preface to the book which was just as well known to be the work of his wife.

Let it be borne in mind, too, that this preface was written long before the days of Psychical Research. Bulwer Lytton had certainly written *Zanoni*, but then, like Walter Scott, he was only using the licence of romance. The ghost was *not* the stock-in-trade of the fashionable novelist. To believe in anything which was not explained by the science of those days was to be, if not criminal, at any rate lunatic, or perhaps worse, American. And this is how De Morgan declares himself in the very first lines of the preface:—

"I am satisfied, by the evidence of my own senses, of *some* of the facts narrated: of some others I have evidence as good as testimony can give. I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make disbelief impossible, things *called* spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far, I feel the ground firm under me."

The meaning of the phenomena was not easy to the Professor, for he says, a very little further on:—

"The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient: the spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult."

This "miserably insufficient" explanation is to this day urged by that class of people which always falls back on Faraday and electricity to account for anything and everything which it does not understand. Yet, the "physical explanation" was scouted by one of the most original and acute thinkers of his day as soon as that explanation was promulgated.

The "preface" then, in that tone of delightful irony, of pungent sarcasm, which alone would have sufficed to make its author stand out in strong relief against the commonplaceness of his time, goes on to describe the attitude of the

world with regard to the occurrences about which he is writing, especially of such as sit in judgment on their fellows:—

"Nine-tenths of the positive opinions which are given in conversation or writing are given judicially; that is, the proposer speaks to his conclusion as if it were his office to know the truth; and implies that any opposition is a thing for him to judge of. He is annihilated by being reduced, no matter in how courteous a way, from judge to counsel: but this must be done; the jurisdiction must be denied. Some persons pull him off the bench with little ceremony, but this is hard upon a poor fellow who really believes in his own right to decide: the great art is to pull the bench from under him without his seeing exactly how he comes to tumble, and without proceeding to sit upon it yourself."

On the assertion that these *appearances* or *phenomena* must be the result of imposture, the Professor was humorously severe. Referring to the introduction of Spiritualism from America, he says:—

"When the infection had crossed the sea, and London and Paris were running after tables in a new sense, no very deep research made it apparent that every one of the new phenomena—I believe literally *every one*—was as old as history. This very remarkable point is to some an evidence of delusion or imposture; they argue that the old divinations were one or the other, whence the modern phenomena, being of the same character as phenomena, must be of similar source. But it ought to be obvious that the proper way is to settle the modern phenomena first, and to return from them to the old ones, instead of founding a conclusion about the new upon pure assumption as to the old. It would be a very curious thing if, in a country in which knowledge of antiquity does not flourish, persons of no information should have hit upon striking resemblances to old forms of delusion and fraud."

And a little further on the writer exclaims:—

"What a grand resource is belief in imposture! There are savages, we are told, who fill their stomachs with clay when food is scarce, which clay they vomit when they get a meal. In like manner the civilised man of *non-nescience*—a word I take the liberty of using for *science*, since two negatives make an affirmative—distends his theory-bag with belief in imposture until he can find something to satisfy his appetite. Self-knowledge would do better; this valuable commodity would not only keep the wind out of the receptacle, but it need not be displaced to make room when wholesome aliment comes to hand."

Treating with the acuteness of a trained intellect the question of evidence, and showing the difference between the *quid debet monstrari* and the *quid facit videre*, De Morgan passes on to the question of belief, and says, with much force:—

"What is belief? A *state* of the mind. What is it often taken to be? An *act* of the mind. The *imperative* future sense—I will believe, thou shalt believe, &c., which has no existence except in the grammar-book, represents a futile attempt which people make upon themselves and upon others. We all know what a horrible chapter of human history has the second person for its heading."

The argument continues on the line that advocates of neither side in matters of opinion have the right to condemn others for not adopting their own views, and leads up to this:—

"The Spiritualists, beyond a doubt, are on the track that has led to all advancement in physical science; their opponents are the representatives of those who have striven against progress."

These were courageous words to be used in 1863! And they are followed up by excellent illustrations, in which the small greatnesses of the moment fare badly:—

"When the great engineer said before the Parliamentary Committee that he expected more than ten miles an hour, the greater barrister—greater for the moment—turned away and said 'I will not ask this witness another question.'"

How excellent this as applied to Spiritualism.

Then follows an attack upon the Baconian methods, and the author shows how far facts without theory may lead

one astray, and instancing Newton's daring speculation as to gravitation, he says:—

"Suppose Newton had merely collected his facts; where should we have been now? . . . Facts have sometimes started a theory; but until sagacity had conjectured, divined, guessed, surmised, what they pointed to, the facts were a mob and not an army. Some theory, then, is essential; a bad one may lead to discovery."

As to Spiritualistic phenomena, the spirit theory is asserted to be the best:—

"It will appear on reflection that the most probable direction of inquiry, the best chance of eliciting a satisfactory result, is that which is suggested by the spirit hypothesis. I mean the hypothesis that some intelligence, which is not that of any human beings clothed in flesh and blood, has a direct share in the phenomena."

The description of the "philosophical world," and the "four courts of the mind," too lengthy to be reproduced here, is exquisite, and brings back, with some sadness, the recollection of the "voice that is still," but which might well have said it all to an assembly of eager and delighted listeners, the voice that could throw a charm over even the most abstruse and elaborate mathematical investigation.

In this "preface," what De Morgan claims chiefly is fair-play, and as to this, his arguments are of the most cogent nature. As illustrating his method, another quotation must be made; its importance is sufficient excuse for its length:—

"I should have been well pleased to have borne equally hard upon both sides of the spirit controversy, but circumstances make this impracticable. The *Spiritualist* appeals to evidence; he may have enough, or he may not; but he relies on what has been seen and heard. When he assumes that there is a world of spirits, it is no more than all nations and ages have assumed, and many on alleged record of actual communication, which all who think him a fool ought to laugh at. If he should take the concurrent feeling of mankind as presumption in favour of such a world—a thing which may be known—he is on more reasonable ground than the opponent who draws its impossibility—a thing which cannot be known—out of the minds of a very small minority. He may be wrong, then, and I hold him too hasty; but his error is one which cannot be ascertained except by further use of his own method; he may work his own cure, if cure be needed. But the opponent philosopher, if he be wrong, is obnoxious to all that can be said against wrong reason. He takes a mode in which he can only be right by accident, and in which he can only guard against error by also guarding against truth."

De Morgan concludes these pages of "preface" by narrating some of the experiences he had gone through, asserting carefully that "neither they nor hundreds of others have produced either acceptance or rejection of the spirit hypothesis."

This delightful essay, full of the admirable wit of its author, and lighted up on every page with that bright humour which was peculiarly his, is now out of print, and not easily obtained; but, not only as a record of what a distinguished man wrote on the arguments for and against the Spiritualistic hypothesis a quarter of a century ago, but also because of its applicability to the present time, it has been somewhat lengthily quoted from here.

To show its applicability to present circumstances, two short quotations will suffice. Referring to certain curious communications, we get this:—

"The celebrated apparition of Giles Scroggins is a serious personage compared to some which have fallen in my way, and a logical one, too. If these things be spirits, they show that pretenders, coxcombs, and liars are to be found on the other side of the grave as well as on this; and what for no? as Meg Dods said."

And this will commend itself to every one:—

"It is now twelve or thirteen years since the matter began everywhere to be talked about, during which there have been many announcements of the total extinction of the 'spirit-mania.' But in several cases, as in *Tom Moore's fable*, the extinguishers have caught fire."

So wrote the great mathematician, the admirable teacher, the genial humourist, of whom it may be said in more assemblies than one, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

CHASING A GHOST!

In the last chapter of a work entitled, *The Western Pacific and New Guinea: Notes on the Natives, Christian and Cannibal, with some Account of the old Labour Trade*, by Hugh Hastings Romilly (Murray: London), the author tells a curious incident which happened to himself while dwelling on the island of Rotumah, which is situated north of the Fiji Islands.

For some days he noticed that something unusual had happened to the natives, which had upset the whole village. On making inquiries he was told that they had all been greatly alarmed at the spirit of a man who had been murdered some time before walking about the village and entering the houses. On hearing this he resolved to await the appearance of the ghost, warning those around him that he would have his rifle with him, to prevent anyone from playing him a trick. He continues:—

"Allardyce (an Englishman) and I were to have dinner in Albert's house; after that we were going to sit outside and watch for Kimueli (the murdered man). All the natives had come in very early that day from the bush. They were evidently unwilling to run the risk of being out after dark. Evening was now closing in, and they were all sitting in clusters outside their houses. It was, however, a bright moonlight night, and I could plainly recognise people at a considerable distance. Albert (a native) was getting very nervous, and only answered my questions in monosyllables.

"For about two hours we sat there smoking, and I was beginning to lose faith in Albert's ghost, when all of a sudden he clutched my elbow and pointed with his finger. I looked in the direction pointed out by him, and he whispered 'Kimueli.'

"I certainly saw about a hundred yards off what appeared to be the ordinary figure of a native advancing. He had something tied round his head, as yet I could not see what. He was advancing straight towards us. We sat still and waited. The natives sitting in front of their doors got closer together, and pointed at the advancing figure. All this time I was watching it most intently. A recollection of having seen that figure was forcing itself upon my mind more strongly every moment, and suddenly the exact scene, when I had gone with Gordon to visit the murdered man, came back on my mind with great vividness. There was the same man in front of me, his face covered with blood, and a dirty cloth over his head, kept in its place by banana leaves which were secured with fibre and cotton thread. There was the same man, and there was the bandage round his head, leaf for leaf and tie for tie, identical with the picture already present in my mind.

"'By Jove, it is Kimueli,' I said to Allardyce, in a whisper. By this time he had passed us, walking straight in the direction of the clump of bush in which my house was situated. We jumped up and gave chase, but he got to the edge of the bush before we reached him. Though only a few yards ahead of us, and a bright moonlight night, we here lost all trace of him. He had disappeared, and all that was left was a feeling of consternation and annoyance in my mind. We had to accept what we had seen; no explanation was possible. It was impossible to account for his appearance or disappearance. I went back to Albert's house in a most perplexed frame of mind. The fact of its being Christmas Day, the anniversary of Tom's attack on Kimueli, made it still more remarkable.

"I had myself only seen Kimueli two or three times in life, but still I remembered him perfectly, and the man or ghost, whichever it was, who had just passed exactly recalled his features. I had remembered, too, in a general way how Kimueli's head had been bandaged with rag and banana leaves, but on the appearance of this figure it came back to me exactly, even to the position of the knots. I could not then, and do not now, believe it was in the power of any native to play the part so exactly. A native could and often does work himself up into a state of temporary madness, under the influence of which he might believe himself to be any one he chose, but the calm, quiet manner in which this figure had passed was, I believe, entirely impossible for a native, acting such a part and before such an audience, to assume. Moreover, Albert and every one else scouted the idea. They all knew Kimueli intimately, had seen him every day, and could not be mistaken. Allardyce had never seen him before, but can bear witness to what he saw that night.

"I went back to my house and tried to dismiss the matter from my mind, but with indifferent success. I could not get over his disappearance. We were so close behind him that if

it had been a man forcing his way through the thick undergrowth we must have heard and seen him. There was no path where he had disappeared. I determined to watch again next night. Till two in the morning I sat up with Albert smoking. No Kimueli made his appearance. Albert said he would not be seen again, and during my stay on the island he certainly never was. . . . I can offer no explanation for this story. . . . I am not a believer in ghosts. I believe a natural explanation of the story to exist, but the reader, who has patiently followed me thus far, must find it for himself, as I am unable to supply one."

In an earlier part of the chapter the author mentions that it was an everyday occurrence for natives who had been out late at night to come home saying they had seen ghosts. After sunset, he says, it was always necessary to send three or four men together if he wished to send a message. Nothing would have induced any man to go by himself.

THE ELECTRIC BOY.—A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

An American journal gives the following account of the "electrical boy" mystery:—Johnny Norton, who a few years ago was well-known all over the country as Bunnell's "electric boy," is now working in this city as a compositor. In reply to the query of a reporter as to what had become of his electricity, he said: "When I was on exhibition I was enclosed in an oblong stall about seven or eight feet long, the front of which was like a narrow counter. Opposite the counter was a rail which only allowed the visitors to pass in single file. A long strip of cocoa-matting served as a carpet for the passage-way and also as a cover for a sheet of zinc which extended beneath it, running the length of the stall. My box was similarly invested with zinc and matting. Attached to the sheets of metal, but hidden from view, were the two poles of a galvanic battery, one under my feet and the other in the passage. Now, any one passing over the zinc and touching me behind the counter completed the circuit and received a shock. So did I. The matting, of course, had to be kept damp, water being the conductor. It was surprising what intelligent people were duped by this trick. Why, I was kept shaking hands and being fingered from morning until night. Many is the two dollar note I received from doctors and others for a couple of drops of my blood for analysis. One evening three or four young students came in to unmask me. One of them made a wager that he would electrify the audience the same way if he was in the box. I immediately invited him in and he accepted the challenge. I then retired, but before doing so I pressed a hidden button that cut off my wire. He, of course, failed and ignominiously retreated, after being gayed unmercifully by those present. This proved me genuine to the satisfaction of every one in that town, and I became famous. There was a lot of fun in the business; but I had to give it up, as the constant strain caused by the battery was too much for me."

CURE BY MR. OMERIN.—To the Editor of "LIGHT."—SIR,—In the interest of the public, kindly allow me to mention the following fact, at any time worth knowing, but particularly so at this season: Having been for several years a sufferer from the throat, I had become lately so unwell that on Sunday, the 10th inst., my wife, in her anxiety, sent for Mr. Omerin at nine o'clock in the evening. My throat and glands were so swollen that I breathed with very great difficulty, and as a consequence I had a strong fever, besides great pain all over my body. In little more than an hour Mr. Omerin removed the swelling, the fever, and the pain completely. As a preventive measure, I asked Mr. Omerin to attend me again at 11.30, when he repeated the treatment, as well as on the following Monday morning, and since then I have remained quite well.—Yours obediently, L. STRAUSSLER, 75, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. October 7th, 1887.

A VISION VERIFIED.—The following incident, which is well-authenticated, will doubtless prove acceptable to those who believe in dreams. A short time since, Private Bateman, 19th Hussars, was thrown from his horse, at Colchester, and dragged for a considerable distance, receiving a kick in the face and other injuries. He was taken to the Camp Hospital, and remained for a day or two in a critical condition. In a case of this kind it is usual for the hospital authorities to write or telegraph to the friends of the patient; but before this was done the mother of the soldier made her appearance at the hospital, and stated that she had dreamt several times in succession that her son had been badly injured, and was lying in hospital. At last she could bear the suspense no longer, and travelled from her home at Cambridge to Colchester, to find her dream verified. It is pleasant to be able to add that Private Bateman is now convalescent, and will soon return to duty.—*East Anglian Daily Times*.

JOTTINGS.

A critic, who writes in a paper not obviously friendly to this line of thought (the *Pall Mall Gazette*), thus estimates Miss Phelps' work, reviewed in another column. The praise is high and deserved:—

"Imaginative as Miss Phelps' work undoubtedly is, her fancy only serves to adorn a broad, deep purpose, and her whole creed of life is hidden in the spiritual conversion of Esmerald Thorne. But, apart from any further motive, the situation allows of a fine psychological study in tracing the results of such a change of existence, were it possible, on the human character. There is nothing forced in the *dénouement*; the reader is made to feel that it is the natural logical result of certain given conditions. Our sense of reality in the book is increased by the fact that Dr. Thorne is a very masculine type of humanity; he is pre-eminently a man's man, gifted with very manlike faults and feelings, and far removed from the effeminate versions of mankind which lady novelists are apt to serve up in place of the genuine article. Helen, on the contrary, in her somewhat chill goodness, is curiously unsympathetic and lifeless, and might have been drawn by some one who enjoyed but a distant acquaintance with womankind. The book cannot fail to be widely read both in England and America, and it is one that cannot be laid down without having awakened deep and serious thoughts in the mind of the reader."

* * *

To remove a possible misapprehension:—

"Some misapprehension existing with regard to the editorship and publication of the *Harbinger*, I wish to inform readers of this journal that I did not transfer it with my book business, but am still the editor, publisher, and proprietor. The allusion in last *Harbinger* to the possible termination of its publication at 84, Russell-street, after December next, was consequent upon the uncertainty of my being able to come to terms about the renewal of my lease, which terminates in December."

"W. H. TERRY."

* * *

Thought-reading *in excelsis*. Mr. Stuart Cumberland has been discovering "the most beautiful woman in Cardiff" by means of thought-reading or otherwise. He and an excited crowd rushed violently through the streets in a carriage; Cumberland tied by the wrist to one Mr. Jones, "the gentleman selected to perform the delicate duty of thinking of the most beautiful woman in Cardiff," as the local reporter beautifully puts it.

* * *

"The celebrated thought-reader" was blindfolded. Two thousand people followed in the wake. The fair sex was in an agony of expectation. But we must have recourse once more to the exalted language of our reporter.

"Along the route were scores of agitated females. Basket-girls turned up at every street corner, chambermaids popped their heads from untold garret windows, and the comely wives and daughters of affluent citizens peered through their curtains with a look of confident expectancy which clearly indicated that after mature reflection each one had arrived at the conclusion that she alone had any claim to that seductive fruit which had proved the bane of primeval man."

* * *

The performer at length rushed violently at a certain door, and knocked vigorously at it. Naturally the frightened inmates refused to open, until a parley through the key-hole removed their scruples. If they had handed the disturbers of the public peace to the legal guardians of it they would have done well. However, the prettiest woman was in the house, owned the soft impeachment, and one Mr. Trounce gave testimony to the fairness of what had been done. So the lady and the performance are both reputed fair.

* * *

Miss Caroline Corner is contributing to the *Vienna Weekly News*, which is published in English, a series of "Pictures of Steyermark." No. 9 is last to hand, bright, cheerful, and pleasant reading.

* * *

On Saturday, October 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Morse celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage, and favoured us with an invitation to join in its celebration. A little too far to go; but all good wishes.

* * *

Two writers in the *Society for Psychical Research Journal* deal with Mr. Keulemans very severely. They had gone to him for information, and they listened to all he told with open minds, and—for what he said was passing strange—with open eyes. They are very properly astonished, therefore, at his letter to the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research of June last,

which certainly indicates a change of front that is profoundly remarkable and calls for some explanation.

* * *

There is now passing thorough the columns of some provincial journals (the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, &c.) a novel of Walter Besant's called *Herr Paulus: his Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall*. It is concerned with Spiritualism, and is evidently to turn on the conflicts between votaries and opponents of the faith. Mr. Cyrus and Lady Augusta Brudenel, leaders of the Spiritualistic Society of London: Tom Langston, of the School of Mines, anti-Spiritualist, but over head and ears with the leading Spiritualist's fascinating daughter, who also is non-Spiritualist at heart, but dare not say so:—here is some of the material out of which Mr. Besant may be expected by some to advertise, and by others to crush, Spiritualism.

* * *

A curious instance of the way in which the total loss of one of the most important of the senses may be got over is given in the following letter from the daughter of William Rippin, known as the "Blind Watchmaker of Holbeach" (Lincolnshire). It is addressed to the *Standard*:—

"My father, who was an excellent workman, commenced business at Holbeach, but three or four years afterwards caught a severe cold in his eyes, which resulted in amaurosis, and although under treatment of the leading oculists of the day, he became totally and hopelessly blind at twenty-eight years of age. Instead of being crushed by this misfortune, he, by great and untiring energy and perseverance, became one of the cleverest of blind men. His ability to clean and repair clocks, watches, musical instruments, and every article connected with the business, was truly marvellous, being able to work as well as before. He could do any repairs required, even turning in verges, &c. The only aid required in taking to pieces and putting together a watch was in unpinning and pinning the hair-spring, which was impossible for a blind man to do, and which was done by my mother, whom he taught to work at the business after his loss of sight. We generally had 100 watches in the shop for repairs, some of them being brought from a distance of 100 to 200 miles. Every watch he knew by the touch, and every customer by his voice. Having been a first-class cricketer, after his loss of sight he played two single-wicket matches, both of which he won. He could play cards, dominoes, bagatelle, was a musician, and leader of the Holbeach Brass Band.

"He was an intelligent, handsome man, standing five feet ten inches high, and many who saw and conversed with him were unaware that he was blind. His early death, October 12th, 1857—just thirty years to-day—was partly attributable to the severe treatment he had received for his eyes. My mother and myself carried on the business at Holbeach until five years ago, and the statements I have made can be vouched for by many people who knew him.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"11, The Crescent, Spalding."

"ANNE RIPPIN."

* * *

Mr. A. B. Richmond publishes in the *Meadville Daily Tribune—Republican* an open letter to the Seybert Commission, which is reproduced in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in which the writer deals very cogently with their report. Here is his conclusion. This conjuring hypothesis is sheer stuff: and the conjurers who profess to simulate psychical phenomena are very careful not to submit to any real test.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, let me make a suggestion to you. If this so-called independent slate-writing is the work of a conjurer, as you report, cannot you find within the broad confines of this earth some professor of magic who can make, through the agency of his art, an inanimate piece of stone write an intelligent sentence on a slate? It is a simple thing to do if legerdemain can do it. Then hire him to explain to the world how it is done—surely your means are ample—you would be but obeying the wishes of the generous dead who gave the money for that purpose, should you so expend a small portion of the bequest. Let the professor of magic do what the mediums of Cassadaga Lake did in the presence of scores of intelligent men and women, and science will know something not now known to her votaries—or a great fraud will be exposed to the gaze of an amused and credulous public."

* * *

The *Glasgow Herald* notices Colonel Olcott's new book, *Posthumous Humanity*. We wish we could reprint the article, for it is extremely curious. The writer starts off with a kind of appalled surprise at the "recrudescence of superstition" evidenced by the fact that Colonel Olcott has thought fit to translate this book. Gradually he pulls himself together and after floundering through a column consoles himself with the reflection that none of these things can move him so long as he trusts the conclusions of his *mens sana in corpore sano*. Very pretty!

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is desirable that letters to the Editor should be signed by the writers. In any case name and address must be confidentially given. It is essential that letters should not occupy more than half a column of space, as a rule. Letters extending over more than a column are likely to be delayed. In exceptional cases correspondents are urgently requested to be as brief as is consistent with clearness.]

Mr. Watkins, the Psychographic Medium.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I noticed recently in "Jottings" an allusion to Mr. C. E. Watkins, the American psychographic medium, and his little child. This brings to my mind an incident that occurred to myself which I think will be of interest to the readers of "LIGHT." On Mr. Watkins' arrival in Boston, some eight years ago, I called on him one evening, and after some little conversation he produced a slate and put it on the table with a fragment of pencil underneath. In a very short time a short sentence was written, signed "Graham Hewett." This was the name of a young military officer who was born and died in Eastbourne, well-known to myself, but quite unknown in America. I asked a question in reference to the communication just made, to which Watkins proceeded to get an answer by placing another slate on the table. "I want to make an experiment," he said, and calling to his wife, who was at the other end of the room nursing the baby, then about twelve months old, to come to the table, he placed the child's hands on the slate as it sat on its mother's lap. Master Watkins, however, could not be induced to hold his hands still for even the fraction of a minute, whereupon Watkins said, "We will try another plan," and, taking the slate from the table placed it on a chair, and sat the baby on it. In a very short time writing was found on the slate; being an appropriate answer to my query relative to the previous communication. I was thus satisfied of the genuineness of Watkins' mediumship. The next morning, I called upon him, and asked him to accompany me to the residence of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, who had intimated his desire to "see something," in consequence of what I had told him of the subject. I will not narrate all that took place on this occasion, but will only mention the principal incident that occurred. After some preliminary phenomena of a mental character, Mr. Savage held two slates in his hands, which he had just washed with a wet sponge, the medium also holding them. Almost directly, writing was heard, and on separating the slates, one of them was found to be covered with writing, at the bottom of which was the name of Mr. Savage's brother. The name was a peculiar one, the middle one I had never heard before. Mr. Savage said the writing was like his brother's, and tried to find some to show us, but could not do so. This was this gentleman's first experience in psychography, and it appeared to greatly astonish him, and he followed it up.

After this, I accompanied Watkins to the residence of Mr. Epes Sargent, who has recorded his experiences with this medium in his excellent work *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, which I was privileged to look through in its manuscript form. I forget whether Mr. Sargent has mentioned the fact in his book, but on one occasion a slate was placed in a corner of his library, and the medium and those present went to the opposite corner, a distance of twenty-three feet, and writing was produced under these circumstances.—Trusting these few items may be of interest, I remain, yours faithfully,

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

October 12th, 1887.

Mr. Wilson's Slate Writing in Italian at Newcastle.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I think the two Italian sentences that you give in your number for October 15th, as written on a slate at Mr. Wilson's psychographic séance in Newcastle, are rather thoughtlessly handled by the critic who comments upon them in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. In the first place, there are three words there that are not Italian at all; so the original must have been in those cases illegibly written or carelessly transcribed, or both.

The two sentences run thus:—

"Quanto sinio felici di avere un tempo *voi* bello! La prego di *muoi* rispetti a tutta la di lei cara famiglia."

I would change the *italicised* words thus:—

"Quanto siamo felici di avere un tempo *così* bello! La prego di *miei* rispetti a tutta la di lei cara famiglia."

Turn this into plain English, and we have:—

"How much pleased we are to have such a fine time! (or,

such beautiful weather!) I pray you tell (or impart) my respects to all your dear family."

The second of these two sentences is a thoroughly Italian one, the idiom of which is not likely to have emanated from the depths of the inward consciousness of Mr. Wilson, or of any other frank and free-speaking American. It is entirely the deferential and polite mode of putting things peculiar to the politest nation in the world, the Italians.

When people in society in Italy are not intimate, they address each other in the third person. A servant will address his master as "Sua Eccellenza" (Her Excellency), *eccellenza* being a feminine substantive. Instead of saying "voi" (you), society and servants say "la" and "lei," both which terms mean "la sua Eccellenza" (the her Excellency), the two latter words being understood; "la" and "lei" being pronouns having the same signification, and both agreeing in gender with the implied substantive, "Eccellenza." So the second sentence, written in Italian on the slate, may be literally interpreted thus: "La prego" (I pray his or her Excellency) "di miei rispetti" (impart my respects) "a tutta la" (to all the) "di lei" (of his or her Excellency's) "cara famiglia" (dear family).

Who his or her Excellency was, thus addressed at the séance in question; and who his or her dear family were; may be better judged, perhaps, by some person present at the above-named séance than by an outsider.

As a proof of what I have alleged, I turn to Goldoni's Comédies and find one gentleman saying to another: "Obbligatissimo alle di lei grazie" (most obliged for her favours). While a waiter at a café says to a male customer: "La ringrazio dell'elogio" (I thank her for the praise), "Eccellenza" being, of course, understood. And an apothecary, speaking to a count, says: "I am surprised that *ella* (she) talks so, Signore; *ella* (she) who would have been dead without my pills."

T. W.

Psychographic Séance in the Provinces.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I must begin by saying that I do not belong to any Spiritualistic society, nor am I in connection with those who professedly avow Spiritualism as a form of faith. Having occasion to call on an acquaintance, and having heard incidentally that a Mr. Wilson had just arrived in this town—a large provincial one—calling himself a slate-writing medium, I did not make any comment on this, but resolved to have a sitting. Knowing a certain bookseller to be the secretary of the Spiritual Evidence Society of this town, I went to him, said that I had heard a Mr. Wilson had come to give séances, and asked if he would book a time for me. He mentioned 3.30 next day as disengaged. I did not say who was to take part in the séance, nor whether I was going alone. I had certainly never spoken to the above-named tradesman before, and I saw my name being entered, where several others had already been booked, without any indication of its being other than a business transaction of no personal moment. He certainly did not know my husband, who, on the following day, accompanied me at the time stated, to the address I received.

We were ushered into a room with a large window, having no curtains. At that time there was bright sunlight, and the afternoon was clear and light throughout. In the centre of the room stood a plain deal table about 4ft. square. We were asked to inspect it; we turned it over, and looked and felt over the underside carefully. Then we were invited to sit down. There were ordinary, cane-seated bedroom chairs, one on each side of the table; three of these we now occupied, and all six hands were laid touching each other, on the centre of the table. Directly this was done, three knocks were given on the back of the medium's chair, and three yet louder knocks instantly followed on the back of my husband's chair. We were at the time all leaning forward, so that the chair backs were entirely within view. The medium now reached over to a chest of drawers, where several new common school-slates were lying. He took one, and held it under the flap of the table, with a small fragment of pencil on the top, having previously held out the slate for us to inspect. The bit of pencil seemed to give a number of impatient taps all over the slate; so he brought it up, remarking that the force was strongly pulling, as though indicating that the slate should be placed against my husband's chest. Another slate was now put on the table beside the first. We examined each carefully and saw that they were absolutely blank on both sides. The medium now held them together (with a scrap of slate pencil between) against my husband's chest. The four fingers of the medium's

right hand were felt by him to rest, without movement during any part of the writing which followed, against the front of his arm; and the thumb of the medium, being on the outside, was seen by our four eyes continuously during the whole time, sticking outwards, only the ball of the thumb being against the outer slate, and the medium's left hand was laid, with ours, on the centre of the table. The writing began instantly at the top of the slates close to my husband's chin, and proceeded slowly downwards till we heard the last of the writing at the very lowest part. The medium's hand never moved from the top edge, as held at first. We now heard a long stroke being made, and three taps came between the slates, which were then laid on the table round which we sat, and the topmost, having been slowly turned over, was found to be covered with neat, straight lines of writing signed with full Christian and surname, underlined with a long stroke as we had heard. Though it was astonishing enough to see the same surface covered with writing which we had positively seen to be blank five minutes previously, the contents were still more remarkable, as the writing purported to be from a relative, of a former generation, on my husband's side,—a member of the Society of Friends, and throughout indited with the "thee and thou of the Quakers." The first part related to private family matters, concerning an uncle, who had died some thirty years ago, then followed a message from a deceased son, giving his Christian name—an unusual one—and another from a deceased niece, who died some years ago in London, giving initials of Christian and family name on her side, which, therefore, represented information from both sides of our respective families, the one family entirely unconnected with this town. The medium said he had never before had a message through himself from any "Quaker," and seemed much pleased. We thereupon wrote a succession of questions privately on one side of a slate, never leaving go, but allowing the medium to hold it slightly—blank side upwards—partly under the corner of the table, never entirely out of sight for an instant. The questions were addressed to relatives on private family matters. We received in every case short and correct answers, giving names of living relatives, place of residence, and other private particulars. We carried away the slates used, containing this interesting matter, and, if the account seems long, I can only say it is because I have taken every pains to be exact, and if any who are inclined to be sceptical should peruse this, suspecting deception, I should be very glad to know at which point the possibility of fraud or previous knowledge could suggest itself to any candid mind.

I enclose our cards and address, and beg to remain, yours truly,

October 11th, 1887.

H.

Wanted—A Common Bond of Union.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—For many years the necessity for a "common bond" among Spiritualists has occupied my thoughts. Each succeeding year seems to call more and more for this; there is a feeling that in spite of all the numbers that go to make up our ranks, individually there is an isolation; there is no common centre, no attempt at organisation, no system of unity or common bond.

When one thinks of the years that have passed, and of the great minds that have been, and are now in our midst, one cannot help feeling surprised that more efforts have not been made in this direction.

Some years ago I wrote two or three letters on this subject to the *Herald of Progress*, and received many very favourable suggestions, but nothing came of it. The *Herald* itself ceased to "progress," and died out through lack of subscribers. Since then I have spoken to very many Spiritualists on the subject, who all agree that it is very necessary that some such bond should exist, but that the enterprising spirit necessary to give the start is wanting.

While in England this matter was constantly before my mind, but I never felt the great need of a bond of union until I arrived in another land, and while I know that in this country there are very many thousands holding the same views as myself, yet there is no means of finding them out without attending promiscuous gatherings, which may or may not be composed of earnest men and women seeking truth.

I would suggest that a society or fraternity should be founded which should partake of the character of a secret Order, based on Masonic lines, but admitting both sexes to membership, as

with the Order of Good Templars; that lodges or temples should be organised, which should be self-supporting, the charter to be granted only when a sufficient number of members had been guaranteed for the support of a temple or lodge, and one of the principal rules being strict secrecy as to membership.

There are, I feel convinced, a very great number who would gladly join the movement and enjoy communion with kindred spirits, were it not for the injurious effect "socially" that a publicity of their views would entail. To many, from a business standpoint, it would mean financial ruin, and while everyone should be ready to make some sacrifice in his or her life if called upon, it is too much to ask people to give up everything.

An organisation such as I have suggested in outline, having for its object fraternal communion, and being universal in its extension, would, I believe, supply the want, so that if a member of an English (or any other) lodge should find himself in a foreign country, he might by word and signs enter the circle, and at once find that he was in the midst of friends who, as it were, were members of his own family.

The subscription to this Order should be sufficient in amount to allow of various charitable objects being accomplished, but to enter into all the details would take up too much of your valuable space, upon which I fear I have already unduly trespassed. I should be glad to get views upon this subject from others in order to ascertain if something cannot be done whereby a person can be known as a Spiritualist without suffering social penalties.

As a medium in my own family circle for nearly twelve years, I have perhaps rather looked at, than joined in with, the workers for the cause, while I have ever been eager to do what I consistently could, and I am conscious that good has been done through my desire to assist, yet I often feel that I could have contributed very much more to the general good had it not been for the fear of publicity.

Should your space permit of this letter being published, I hope it will bring some response, and while I think the ideas I have set forth are worthy of consideration, yet I shall be very glad to get other views on the subject, and therefore trust you will lend your aid in ventilating it. I shall also be pleased to correspond with any friends in order more fully to open up the plans I have in mind for carrying out the ideas touched upon in this letter.—Sincerely yours,

U. S. A.

JOSEPH FAIRHALL.

September 20th, 1887.

[The question raised by our correspondent is one that has been fully ventilated, and, we regret to say, without success. A serious attempt was made to organise Spiritualist societies throughout the world, with only partial success. We do not think that any application of the principle of Freemasonry is likely to gain approval. Spiritualists must learn by experience, and they have evidently not had enough yet.—Ed.]

Mr. Thomas Wilks.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your appeal in "LIGHT" for Mr. Wilks—as one of the earliest and most unselfish workers for our sublime faith—now unhappily in poverty, seems to me so reasonable a one, that I gladly send a sovereign towards a subscription for him, feeling sure that the appeal will find a cordial response in many sympathising hearts.—Faithfully yours,

October 18th, 1887.

LULY.

[We have also the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of £1 from "X.Y.Z." and 2s. 6d., "A Widow's Mite," in response to the appeal on behalf of Mr. Wilks.—Ed.]

In Caroline Fox's delightful diary, which will surely be handed down to posterity as one of the best works of the kind produced in recent years, she speaks of her own religious struggles, saying, "Carlyle admirably expresses my state of mind when he speaks of the spasmodic efforts of some 'to believe that they believe.' But it would not do. I felt I was playing a dishonest part with myself, and with my God. . . . The first gleam of light! the first cold light of morning, which gave promise of day, with its noontide glories, dawned on me one day at Meeting; when I had been meditating on my state in great depression. I seemed to hear the words articulated in my spirit, 'Live up to the light thou hast, and more will be granted thee.' Then I believed that God speaks to man, by His spirit."

SUBSCRIBERS RESIDENT ON THE CONTINENT will greatly oblige if, when they send remittances through the Post-office, they will kindly forward to us, at the same time, a notice that they have done so. We frequently receive "orders" through the Post-office without any intimation as to whom they come from, and do not know, therefore, to whose account to credit them.

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; *Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., some time President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; *Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; *Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; *Dr. Ashburner *Mr. Rutter; *Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of *Transcendental Physics*, &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman, of Würzburg; *Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and *Butlerof, of Petersburg; *Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; M. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Sir R. Burton; *Professor Cassal, LL.D.; *Lord Brougham; *Lord Lytton; *Lord Lyndhurst; *Archbishop Whately; *Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; *W. M. Thackeray; *Nassau Senior; *George Thompson; *W. Howitt; *Serjeant Cox; *Mrs. Browning; Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; *Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness Von Vay; *W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; *Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; *Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; *Epes Sargent; *Baron du Potet; *Count A. de Gasparin; *Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. S. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; *H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Countess of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairoz, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of *Russia and *France; Presidents *Thiers and *Lincoln, &c., &c.

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. FICHTE, THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR.—“Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent.”

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—“I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionise the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.”—*Extract from a Letter to A. Russel Wallace.*

PROFESSOR HARE, EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—“Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months” (this was written in 1858), “had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question.”

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, THE LATE PLUMERIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY AT CAMBRIDGE.—“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and contemporaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.”—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

PROFESSORS TORNBERG AND EDLAND, THE SWEDISH PHYSICISTS.—“Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages.”—*Aftonblad* (Stockholm), October 30th, 1879.

PROFESSOR GREGORY, F.R.S.E.—“The essential question is this, What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honourable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.”

LORD BROUGHAM.—“There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism.”—*Preface by Lord Brougham to 'The Book of Nature.'* By C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL COMMITTEE reported: “1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical

contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.”

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.—“Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception.” He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: “Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence.”

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—“I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated ‘magnetic,’ ‘somnambule,’ ‘mediumic,’ and others not yet explained by science to be ‘impossible,’ is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that every thing which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to.”

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.G.S.—“My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.”—*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.*

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—“The writer” (i.e., Dr. L. Robertson) “can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.”—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 24.

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.—“No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phrenology, Homeopathy, and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded, and arranged; and whether we call by the name of mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this, is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and rash systematisers; their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex almost equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science.” These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the *Spiritual Magazine*, 1864, p. 336: “We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honours of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience a firm believer in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Home was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he authorised the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a near and dear member of his family.”

BARON CARL DU PREL (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—“One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.”