

THE
SPIRITUAL RECORD.

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SPIRITUALISM.

SPIRITUALISM is the belief that the mind of man—that which perceives, thinks, remembers, wills, and loves—survives the death of the body. It teaches that the brain, nerves, muscles, etc., are the instruments of the soul or spirit, and that at the decay or death of this body the man enters upon a higher life, with superior powers of perception, thought, and action. And since the mind of man survives the death of the body, it is inferred that this mind—this living personality, is immortal—that it will live on through endless ages—for ever and ever.

As a Science, Spiritualism rests upon facts which have been observed and recorded, perhaps in all ages, but especially in our own time. The facts of early times became traditions, and belief in them was a matter of faith. Thus every religion in the world has been based upon the belief in immortality. If there is no basis of fact for such belief, how can we account for the existence of religions?

Creation, it may be said, must have a Creator, there is no effect without a cause, design supposes a Designer, the Universe must have its Architect to plan and form it. But the idea of a great controlling Spirit of the Universe—a Being of infinite wisdom and power, does not necessitate a belief in human immortality—a life after the death of the body.

How did such a belief become universal? It existed in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome. It pervades China, India, and all the Orient. It was found in Mexico, Peru, and all the tribes of American Aborigines. Our Norse, Celtic, and Germanic ancestors

all believed that man was immortal. The worshippers of Brahma, Odin, Jupiter, and all the gods of East and West, were Spiritualists.

These are facts that Materialists have to account for. If the religions of the world, and their pervading belief in human immortality, are the results of development, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, the process requires some proof and some explanation.

We know that we have at the present day abundant proofs of the great fact that the Spirits of men survive the decay of their bodies. We have no doubt that we shall continue to live, and no reasonable doubt that our conscious and progressive existence will endure forever.

The object of the SPIRITUAL RECORD is, in the words of its Prospectus, "to give a concise statement of the most striking and important FACTS which demonstrate the existence of Spirits, and their power to manifest themselves to, and communicate with, men in this earthly life."

"The requirement of this work," we have said, "is the careful scientific observation and permanent record of all kinds of Spirit manifestations. We must gather our facts, and bring forward unimpeachable testimony, such as must convince the most sceptical and incredulous, because the world now, more than ever, needs a real knowledge and absolute proofs of a continued existence. Human life, dependent upon the existence of the material body, and ending with its decay, is one thing. Life, rising to higher powers, a wider range, and more exquisite enjoyments, opening out to the infinite and eternal, is something inconceivably glorious, and the knowledge of such a life—not only the hope, the faith, but the ABSOLUTE PROOF of individual immortality—is, at this time, *the greatest need of, as it is the greatest blessing to, humanity*. It brings new motives, higher aims, a nobler culture, and more exalted ambitions and aspirations. It vanquishes the pessimism of a materialism that makes man only the most powerful and most unnatural of beasts. Spiritualism, resting upon knowledge and fortified by proof, is therefore the hope of humanity, and opens not only a brighter and happier era for the earth-life of our race, but the assurance of Eternal Spiritual Life and Progress."

The late WILLIAM HOWITT, a man whose downright sturdy honesty and varied ability made him an honour to English literature, compiled a body of testimonies to the existence of Spiritual Manifestations "in all Ages and Nations." Mr. THOMAS SHORTER—"Thomas Brevior"—a faithful worker in the same field, has

given us in his "Two Worlds" a somewhat similar compilation. The late EPES SARGENT, an esteemed American Author and Journalist, has given us a work of great value in his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," as did the late ROBERT DALE OWEN, legislator and diplomatist, in his "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World."

The men of science of our time are, as a rule, committed to some theory which they are not willing to relinquish. Those who are Materialists have generally refused not only to accept, but to examine any fact which might compel them to abandon Materialism. They have recorded their opinions in books which they do not wish to revise or burn. Any fact which would prove that they had blundered they consider unworthy of notice. As disciples of Hume they simply deny the *possibility* of any fact which would prove the existence of a disembodied spirit, and consider all who profess to believe such facts as either knaves who are engaged in deceiving their fellow-men, or fools who have no capacity for detecting their impostures. To speak of a miracle or a ghost to most persons who call themselves Secularists, Materialists, or Agnostics is like showing a red rag to a bull.

But men of science who are really wise are very careful how they use the word impossible. Out of the range of mathematics they have no use for it. "No one," says Mr. Lecky, "can prove that a ghost is impossible." It is not easy to prove a negative, and it is much better to deal with facts. One absolute proof stands against a million denials. The witness who saw a man pick a pocket was good against any number who did not happen to see that phenomenon.

The sciences in which all intelligent persons believe—physics, astronomy, chemistry, geography, natural history—are based upon facts observed by a few witnesses. The science of Spiritualism has precisely this basis, only that a greater personal interest in the facts has secured for them a vastly greater number of observers. Millions of people who have some pleasure in natural history find no difficulty in accepting the facts observed by Darwin, Wallace, or Lubbock, but it is quite different with the facts that give them proof of personal immortality—facts relating to the natural history of man. Such facts are eagerly sought and gladly accepted by some, and contemptuously scouted and rejected by others. The man who has made up his mind that there is no life beyond the grave will not admit that he can possibly be mistaken, while many

who believe it as a matter of faith—as a fundamental doctrine of their religion—passionately reject any actual proof of its verity.

There is a curious reason for this. The Christian world is divided into two parties. The larger portion of Christendom of the Roman Catholic and Greek, or Russo-Greek, Communion believe in the continuance of miracles and other spiritual manifestations. Two centuries ago it was thought necessary by some Protestant controversialists to declare that all miracles ceased with the apostles. Consequently all pretended miracles and supernatural manifestations in the Roman and Eastern Churches were impostures, and instead of being proofs of sanctity were evidences of corruption and fraud. Up to this time Protestants had believed in ghosts and witches—and had burned and hanged a great number of the latter; but Middleton and Hume set the current the other way, and Protestants in our day do not, as a rule, believe in miracles, ghosts, or witches, or any manner of supernatural manifestations—while Roman Catholics have full faith in miracles of healing and all the Spiritualism of which the Lives of the Saints give so many examples. We may say, then, that three-fourths of the Christian world believe in Spiritualism, though many manifestations might be considered by some as of diabolic or doubtful origin. Catholics believe in present miracles, Protestants in past miracles, while Materialists deny that there are or ever were any phenomena inconsistent with “the known laws of Nature.”

Our work is to make a *Record* of carefully observed and well authenticated facts which prove that all races of men from the earliest times, and all religions in their origin rightly held the fundamental doctrine of the continued existence of man—that he survives the decay and death of the body, preserving his individuality, his identity, and all his mental and moral attributes.

We hold this work to be as useful as it is interesting. All truth has its influence upon character and development. The knowledge of the future is a motive to action. The man who knows without a doubt that he will live on for centuries—for an unlimited period—has different conceptions of his duties and responsibilities from one who believes that his existence may end at any moment. One says—

“My life, my very being, must soon be extinguished. Why should I trouble myself about a life so uncertain, and sure to end?”

The other says—

“Whatever may be the condition or duration of this present life, I know that I shall still live; therefore, let me make my whole life worthy of all the possibilities of its development, progress, and happiness in the great future which lies before me.”

A knowledge of the reality of Spiritualism cannot but be a great moral force, and improve and elevate the world. Hence our duty to make it known. The certainty of another life than this—of a life beyond the grave—gives hope of happiness. Can we do a better work than to make that certainty known to all to whom it may be a consolation, an inspiration, a motive for improvement, a spring of joy?

To teach this as a religious dogma or a philosophical opinion is one thing; to have it demonstrated as a FACT—proved by positive evidence—is another. Some doubt whether any amount of testimony will compel belief of a fact which people are disposed to deny. Many say—“I must see for myself.” Some seem unable to credit their own sensations.

But the human mind has its own laws. Belief is involuntary. No one can truly say, “I will believe this and I will not believe that.” Evidence compels recognition. A certain kind and quantity of evidence overcomes and sweeps away all doubt. A man conscious of the full possession of his reason is compelled to accept the evidence of his senses. What he sees, hears, and touches, he knows must exist. When others with him testify that they have seen, heard, and felt the same things, all doubt is removed. Each recurring experience confirms his trust in the reality of his impressions. The most determined sceptic cannot resist such facts as are given of spirit existence and spirit power.

Therefore in our prospectus we said—

“We shall devote at least two-thirds of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD to concise and accurate statements of facts by competent witnesses, making each successive number as complete a demonstration of the ONE GREAT TRUTH as human testimony can give. These facts will be gathered from the whole range of scientific observation—the old and the new—facts which show the powers of the human soul—facts which prove its continued existence.

“This is our first and most important work—to set forth the *Phenomena* which must be the basis of all Science and Philosophy. The deductions from these facts, and the opinions and teachings of human spirits enjoying the wider ranges of a supernatural existence will occupy a lesser space, but will, we trust, have their

redeeming and elevating use and influence; but the instant, evident, unquestionable value and usefulness of our work will be its presentation of the Facts, which must be the foundation of all real knowledge."

Such are our motives and objects. We hope to have the aid of some who will add to our store of facts, and of many who will see the use of giving them a wider circulation. The world has never had a greater need of spiritual truth than now. We believe also that the world has never been so ready to welcome it and draw from it the highest and deepest lessons.

HEAVEN AND HELL.—The God whom we know and whom we declare to you is in very truth a God of Love—a God whose acts do not belie His name, but whose love is boundless, and His pity unceasing to all. He knows no partiality for any, but deals out unwavering justice to all. Between Him and you are ranks of ministering spirits, the bearers of His loving message, the revealers from time to time of His will to man. By His spirit messengers the train of ministering mercy is never suffered to fail. This is our God, manifested by His works, and operating through the agency of His ministering angels. And you yourselves, what of you? Are ye immortal souls who, by a cry, a word, by an act of faith in an unintelligible and monstrous creed can purchase a heaven of inactivity, and avoid a hell of material torment? Verily, nay. Ye are spirits placed for a while in a garb of flesh to get training for an advanced spirit-life, where the seeds sown in the past bear their fruit, and the spirit reaps the crop which it has prepared. No fabled dreamy heaven of eternal inactivity awaits you, but a sphere of progressive usefulness and growth to higher perfection. Immutable laws govern the results of deeds. Deeds of good advance the spirit, whilst deeds of evil degrade and retard it. Happiness is found in progress, and in gradual assimilation to the Godlike and the perfect. The spirit of divine love animates the acts, and in mutual blessing the spirits find their happiness. For them there is no craving for sluggish idleness; no cessation of desire for progressive advancement in knowledge. Human passions, and human needs and wishes are gone with the body, and the spirit lives a spirit life of purity, progress, and love. Such is its heaven. We know of no hell save that within the soul: a hell which is fed by the flame of unpurified and untamed lust and passion, which is kept alive by remorse and agony of sorrow: which is fraught with the pangs that spring unbidden from the results of past misdeeds; and from which the only escape lies in retracing the steps, and in cultivating the qualities which shall bear fruit in love and knowledge of God.—*Spirit-Teachings through* "M.A. (OXON.)."

THE PHOTOGRAPHING OF A SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

[Having spoken elsewhere of Mr. William Crookes, Fellow of the Royal Society, the discoverer of Thallium, the inventor of the Radiometer, editor of the *Journal of Science, &c.*, &c., as a scientific demonstrator of the reality of Spiritualism, we copy from the *Spiritualist* the following most lucid account of one of his many experiments.]

HAVING taken a very prominent part of late at Miss Cook's séances, and having been very successful in taking numerous photographs of "Katie King" by the aid of the electric light, I have thought that the publication of a few of the details would be of interest.

During the week before "Katie" took her departure, she gave séances at my house almost nightly, to enable me to photograph her by artificial light. Five complete sets of photographic apparatus were accordingly fitted up for the purpose, consisting of five cameras, one of the whole-plate size, and one half-plate, one quarter-plate, and two binocular stereoscopic cameras, which were all brought to bear upon "Katie" at the same time on each occasion on which she stood for her portrait. Five sensitising and fixing baths were used, and plenty of plates were cleaned ready for use in advance, so that there might be no hitch or delay during the photographing operations which were performed by myself, aided by one assistant.

My library was used as a dark cabinet. It has folding doors opening into the laboratory; one of these doors was taken off its hinges, and a curtain suspended in its place to enable "Katie" to pass in and out easily. Those of our friends who were present were seated in the laboratory facing the curtain, and the cameras were placed a little behind them, ready to photograph "Katie" when she came outside, and to photograph anything also inside the cabinet, whenever the curtain was withdrawn for that purpose. Each evening there were three or four exposures of plates in the five cameras, giving at least fifteen separate pictures at each séance; some of these were spoilt in the developing, and some in regulating the amount of light. Altogether I have forty-four negatives, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent.

"Katie" instructed all the sitters but myself to keep their seats and to keep conditions, but for some time past she has given me permission to do what I liked—to touch her, and to enter and leave the cabinet almost whenever I pleased. I have frequently followed her into the cabinet, and have sometimes seen her and her medium, Miss Cook, together, but most generally I have found nobody but the entranced medium lying on the floor, "Katie" and her white robes having instantaneously disappeared.

During the last six months, Miss Cook has been a frequent visitor at my house, remaining sometimes a week at a time. She brings nothing with her but a small hand-bag, not locked. During the day she is constantly in the presence of Mrs. Crookes, myself, or some other member of my family, and, not sleeping by herself, there is absolutely no opportunity for any preparation even of a less elaborate character than would be required for enacting "Katie King." I prepare and arrange my library myself, as the dark cabinet, and usually, after Miss Cook has been dining and conversing with us, and scarcely out of our sight for a minute, she walks into the cabinet, and I, at her request, lock its second door, and keep possession of the key all through the séance. The gas is then turned out, and Miss Cook is left in darkness.

On entering the cabinet Miss Cook lies down upon the floor, with her head upon a pillow, and is soon entranced. During the photographic séances, "Katie" muffled her medium's head up in a shawl to prevent the light falling upon her face. I frequently drew the curtain on one side when "Katie" was standing near her, and it was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and "Katie" at the same time, under the full blaze of the electric light. We did not on these occasions actually see the face of the medium because of the shawl, but we saw her hands and feet; we saw her move uneasily under the influence of the intense light, and we heard her moan occasionally. I have one photograph of the two together, but "Katie" is seated in front of Miss Cook's head.

One of the most interesting of the pictures is one in which I am standing at the side of "Katie"; she has her bare foot upon a part of the floor. Afterwards I dressed Miss Cook like "Katie," placed her and myself in exactly the same position, and we were photographed by the same cameras, placed exactly as in the other experiment, and illuminated in the same light. When these two pictures were placed over each other, the two photographs of myself coincide exactly as regards stature, &c., but "Katie" is half-a-head taller than Miss Cook, and looks a big woman in comparison with her. In the breadth of her face, in many of the pictures, she differs essentially in size from her medium, and the photographs show several other points of difference.

On one evening I timed "Katie's" pulse. It beat steadily at 75; while Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after, was going at its usual rate of 90. On applying my ear to "Katie's" chest, I could hear a heart beating rythmically inside, and pulsating even more steadily than did Miss Cook's heart, when she allowed me to try a similar experiment after the séance. Tested in the same way, "Katie's" lungs were found to be sounder than her medium's, for, at the time I tried my experiment, Miss Cook was under medical treatment for a severe cough.

"Katie," after closing the curtain, conversed with me for some

time, and then walked across the room to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, "Katie" touched her and said, "Wake up, Florie, wake up! I must leave you now." Miss Cook then woke up and tearfully entreated "Katie" to stay a little time longer. "My dear, I can't; my work is done. God bless you," "Katie" replied, and then continued speaking to Miss Cook. For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following "Katie's" instructions, I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on to the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked round, but the white-robed "Katie" had gone.

Those who know the scientific reputation of Mr. Crookes, will need no confirmation, even if we could presume to give it, of the above clear and graphic description. We may, however, mention the fact, that we had a somewhat similar experience with a materialised spirit, in the presence of a younger sister of Miss Cook, who is also an excellent medium. With this spirit, "Lily," we have spent some hours, talked with her, felt her hands and arms, and her naked feet, passing instantly to the booted feet of her medium; feeling her pulse, seeing her eat and drink, and satisfying ourselves in every way of the fact that she was a materialised spirit. We have her photograph, taken as she stood before a window in daylight. An examination of it would show to an artist or anatomist that it is not the photograph of any living person, and can only be what it is—that of a materialised spirit.

THE SALVATION ARMY shows that there remains a substratum of faith. There are believers in second sight in Scotland. The *Daily Telegraph* collected two years ago twenty or thirty columns of authentic ghost stories. We have a Psychic Research Society with University Professors for its chief officers and most active members, actively investigating all sorts of violations of the well known laws of nature, and collecting a great body of facts to prove the "impossible." Meantime England's premier Duke, his Grace of Norfolk, leads a pilgrimage composed of the nobility and gentry of England to the scene of the miracles of healing at Lourdes; miracles, not of eighteen centuries ago, but of our own day, which are certified by hundreds of living witnesses, and have been carefully examined and attested by physicians of the University of Paris—quite "contrary to the known laws of nature."

WHAT'S THE USE?

THE late Dr. Gully was a man of rare talent and energy, both of which he gave to reform the art of healing. His practice and his books during the life-time of a generation did much to promote hydropathy and health. Dr. Gully was also a Spiritualist, and the unfailing friend of that most remarkable medium and most genial and gifted man, D. D. Home. I believe it was through the mediumship of Mr. Home that Dr. Gully was converted from Materialism to Christian Spiritualism. In 1868 I was in Malvern, and lodged with a woman who had for many years been Dr. Gully's cook. She was remarkable for sound sense, good judgment, and a very large capacity for maltreating the Queen's English. I once asked her what was Dr. Gully's religious belief. She replied, without a moment's hesitation, "He used to be a hinfidel or a hathist, or summat o' that sort; but since he got it from the sperrits as he is to live for hever, he's made a beginning, and he do a great deal better than he did—he do."

The use of Spiritualism, which gives it a right to be, and to be cultivated, was as well expressed as to sense as it was badly as to form, in this remarkable utterance.

Some may say of Dr. Gully's life, in the light of a celebrated inquest, that the spirits had not done much to reform it. To this I reply, his sins were natural, and the result of an isolated position; and if many so-called good men were as cruelly exposed, some very respectable idols might be shattered.

Those who knew Dr. Gully intimately, uniformly testified to his habitual kindness and charity to the poor, and to many good deeds done not for show, but from kindly impulse or a sense of duty. I never received any kindness from Dr. Gully. Like many other clever men, he had something like an antipathy to clever women; but he was a man of remarkable ability, and able "to point a moral" in belief or practice. He used to say of a good, kind woman who served him faithfully, "I shall be *her* servant in the next world." He was quite in earnest, and this was his sense of justice.

The uses of Spiritualism are not plain to those who do not need it—those who have faith, or habits that are the fruit of faith.

The gradual decadence of vital faith is not observed, because men become hard, selfish Materialists by slow degrees as faith

dies. Few realise how much an earnest belief in the existence and presence and loving care of friends who have passed from material life affects our feelings and our practice.

If our term of existence is confined to this dull round of struggle to live ; if we are forsaken of God and our loved ones ; if there is no hereafter, no progressive life of learning and doing—why should we care for any but the selfish pleasures of the moment ?

Simple faith ! the faith of the child in loving parents seems to me of surpassing value and loveliness. The child does not see that its parents are great, gifted, and learned—that they have a world of interest and achievement, but he sees that they are his lovers and caretakers. God may be great, and fill immensity, and do the inconceivable ; but His merit to the child-like soul is that the infinitely little is His care as much as the infinitely great.

What I want first of all, and out of which all comes, as flowers and fruits come of the spring and summer time—is to be loved. If God is only a hard scientific fact—a congeries of inexorable laws, involving no tenderness of the mother, no manly affection of the father—if He has no angels or blessed spirits to hold us in hearts of love, especially in our troubles in this disciplinary state, He is, to my apprehension, but a poor and imperfect God, unworthy of a capital letter to His name, however rich and beautiful Nature may be.

We want ALL in Almighty God—the inexorable law, the ever-enduring tenderness, the all-embracing and unceasing care of love, that is more than the wisest father, or the dearest mother, can ask or think. Infinitely more than we can conceive of in our deepest want, we need in God. We want to have faith that truth and love will never fail ; that if we live humbly, justly, and lovingly with our fellows, we are in harmony with just and loving spirits who surround us, visibly or invisibly. If we are clairvoyant, we see our friends ; if not, we feel and know their presence as surely.

The confidence of simple faith is what we need. A wave of distrust, the consequence of partial knowledge, seems to have gone over the world. There is a spirit of caretaking for others that may be very kind, but also is often very impertinent. The same amiable spirit that made the Inquisition to save people from heresy, seems now rife in churches and theosophic societies, trying to protect people from “devils,” “shells,” “tricksies,” and “elementaries.”

At this day each must settle how much he or she will be protected, and who shall be the protector. I learned a good while ago not to be afraid of the devil, and when the same bogie is written "shell," or "elementary," I am not any more afraid. The only fear I have is that I may do wrong, or that some one who is mine and me may go wrong. Then only has any evil one power over us.

It is certain that people learn the right through wrong-doing, though it is an expensive mode of learning. When my eldest child was a baby, creeping about the room, she wished to touch a new stove that had just been put up, and that excited her infantile curiosity. I said, "Baby must not touch—stove bite!" But the curious babe would not be advised. One day when she was nearer the stove than I was, I saw her measure the distance with her eye, and it was plain that she knew she could reach it before I could catch her. She did reach it, and laid her little palm flat on the hot iron. The result was a full blister the size of the hand. In the childhood of the race we seem destined to get our education through many burnings.

Believing in the usefulness of all that is, whether we call it good or evil, and knowing the reality of Spiritualism, I cannot doubt its usefulness. The simple apprehension of so mighty a fact cannot but be the beginning of a new life to millions of souls. The Materialist who becomes a Spiritualist loses the idea of a life which may end at any moment, and gains the assurance of a life that will endure, and may grow brighter and better for ever.

M. S. G. N.

SECULARISTS, as a rule, are not Spiritualists. We have known one Atheist who admitted the facts of spirit-manifestations; and one president of a Secularist Society, who declared himself a Spiritualist, and took the chair at Spiritualist lectures. On the other hand, the two chief organs of the Secular movement in London believe in the "well-known laws of nature," and consider the existence of spirits impossible. To the thoroughgoing Secularist, "all is matter, and matter is all," and every one who asserts the existence of a human spirit which has survived the death of the body, and can make itself known by acting upon matter, is one of two things—a knave, trying to deceive others, or a fool, himself deceived, and incapable of forming a reasonable judgment of phenomena.

THREE WITNESSES.

“In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established.”

THE first witness I call is Mr. S. C. HALL, for many years well known as editor of the *Art Journal*, and who, at an advanced age, has lately published his reminiscences of men and affairs extending over nearly a century.

Mr. Hall, some years ago, gave his testimony as to the facts he had witnessed, in the form of a challenge to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. It has never been accepted, and is still open to them or any other “exposer” of Spiritualism. Mr. Hall says:—

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke are clever conjurors; that and nothing else; but they lead the public to think they can do what Spiritual mediums do. Can they?

Let the matter be tested and—proved.

I undertake to pay £50 to any charity they may name if they will do any one of the eight things of which I append a list.

But it must be done in my drawing-room in the presence of four persons invited by them, including themselves, and four persons invited by me, including myself.

The conditions shall—and to that I give my honour—in no degree differ from those under which I have seen that done which I shall call upon them to do—if they can.

These eight things I have seen done in my own drawing-room, some of them more than once.

The conditions, as I have said, shall be exactly the same. No one shall enter the drawing-room until all enter together; but Messrs. M. and C. shall consent to be searched before entering it.

These three persons chosen by me shall be gentlemen high in position, literary or scientific; and the two brought by Messrs. M. and C. shall be in no way their auxiliaries, but gentlemen whose names will guarantee assurance that they aim only at elucidating truth.

I have not the remotest expectation that this challenge will be accepted. The marvels of Messrs. M. and C. are very different indeed from those of admitted Spiritual mediums. The imitation is no more like the real than the basest pinchbeck is like that which it simulates—pure gold.

1. Mr. Maskelyne shall take in his hand, from a clear fire in my drawing-room, a large blazing coal; put it on my white head, let it remain there two minutes, and not singe a hair.

2. He shall be seated on one of my drawing-room chairs, and be raised thence to the ceiling, where he shall make a pencil mark,

and descend and again sit on the chair. This in sufficient light for on-lookers to trace his course.

3. A piano, closed and locked, at a distance from the table, shall play a well-known air of three minutes' duration.

4. On a sheet of paper, marked so as to be identified, he shall write (in the dark) a sentence in Greek—first assuring the persons present that it is a language of which he is ignorant.

5. He shall read a name written by me lightly in pencil on a slip of paper, which I shall enclose in seven thick envelopes.

6. He shall, in sufficient light, cause a handbell to be taken by a hand (perceptible) from the table, and to be rung in distant parts of the room, as well as over the heads of the sitters.

7. He shall, in the dark, make a drawing that competent judges shall declare to be of excellence as a work of art, the subject chosen by me at the moment; or paint a landscape in oil-colours, the colours provided by me, and placed by me with brushes and (marked) canvas on my table.

8. He shall take *my* accordion, hold it in one hand, his other hand being held by one of the persons present, and cause it to play good, true, and beautiful music, of seven minutes' duration.

It would be easy for me to greatly extend this list; but it is unnecessary to do so. I think I could name twenty other things I have seen mediums do, which I am very sure Messrs. M. and C. cannot do, unless, indeed, they are permitted to make their own arrangements beforehand, which I shall take good care they shall not be in a position to do.

It would be as easy for me to name tasks, perhaps more out of "the course of nature" than either of these eight; but I confine myself to those I have myself witnessed, and to which, if Messrs. M. and C. wish, I will testify on oath, sustaining my affidavit by the testimony of at least a dozen persons, whose testimony would be, without a moment's hesitation, accepted as unquestionable on any other subject by all who read their statements.

I may state that among the names of some of my guests on one or more of the eight occasions were Lord Lindsay, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lytton (the late), Robert Chambers, Sergeant Cox, W. Crookes, F.R.S., Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., William and Mary Howitt, Colonel Drayson.

I repeat that if under the conditions I lay down, which are simply those that have been accorded to mediums who have done them, they will do any one of the eight, I will give the sum of £50 to any charity they will name.

Our second witness is T. P. BARKAS, Esq., a Town-Councillor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a man of science and letters, astronomer and paleontologist, who has one of the finest collections of fossils in

the world; a thoroughly solid matter-of-fact man, and a good witness.

Mr. Barkas says:—

The first *séance* I attended was on June 12, 1854. The early manifestations were simple, rudimentary, but rapidly increased in complexity, until full-sized living forms of men, women, and children, that grew from apparent nothingness, walked about the room like ordinary human forms, but were in reality abnormal forms, as was proved by their appearing and disappearing in the open room without screen or shelter of any kind, in the full and continuous observation of many critical observers.

Among the phenomena I have witnessed, and received evidence to justify my acceptance of them as real, are the following:—

1. I have witnessed motions of tables and other articles of furniture when such motions could not be produced deceptively, under the conditions, by any one present.

2. I have witnessed responses to questions which could not be accounted for on the theory of deception or coincidence.

3. I have been present at *séances* when objects have moved without any visible or mechanical contact, and are not known to move by magnetic or other invisible physical influence.

4. I have witnessed a musical instrument played with great ability in a well-lighted room, when no visible human musician was near it; and, on one occasion, I have had a guitar played in my own hands with no one near it but myself.

5. I have seen articles of furniture move about a room and obey unspoken, complex requests.

6. I have seen tables rise from the floor, notwithstanding the fact that by considerable pressure I endeavoured to prevent them from rising.

7. I have been present when writing on a slate was produced in open daylight, when no human being nor any mechanical contrivance was near the slate or writing.

8. I have, in daylight, had writing produced upon a slate when held in my own hand, and when it was impossible for any human being to interfere with it without my observing it, the writing being both in longhand and shorthand.

9. I have, in good daylight, had writing produced within the covers of a tightly-tied book, when it was quite impossible that such writing could, under the circumstances, be produced by any trick or deception.

10. I have grasped and carefully examined living hands, or hands with the semblance of life, when no such hands were in the room connected with any ordinarily-embodied human being.

11. I have, when alone in a private apartment, been patted and touched by warm human hands when no embodied human being was within several feet of me.

12. I have seen living forms having the appearance of men, women, and children, walk from behind curtained recesses when I had good reasons for believing that no such ordinarily-embodied human beings were in the room.

13. I have seen living human forms grow up in the middle of a room from apparent nothingness, have witnessed those forms move about the room, shake hands with the sitters, show signs of affection to those who were present, and then in the open room gradually decrease in size and become invisible. I have heard similar forms speak and sing; I have seen them walk, sit, write, and lift heavy objects; I have felt their hands, feet, and pulses, and have ascertained on various occasions that their hands and feet were sometimes pleasantly warm, and at other times icy-cold, with a corpse-like, clammy chilliness. I have gazed in their faces in good light, and have had as much proof of their real, though only temporarily visible, existence as I have of the existence of any person with whom I am familiar.

14. I have, for many hours and on many occasions, sat with an automatic sensitive, apparently in her normal condition—that is, without any signs of trance or unconsciousness, and have seen her reply in writing to questions I had personally asked on almost every department of physics, physiology, biology, and metaphysics, in a manner which was utterly beyond my own ability either to equal or imitate, and far beyond the capacity of anyone present in the room—the sensitive herself being a very ordinarily educated woman, and entirely ignorant of every branch of physics, biology, and psychology.

15. I have, as the result of nearly one quarter of a century's experiences, notwithstanding that I have on all occasions approached the investigation of the phenomena in an unbiassed, but severely critical manner, arrived at the conclusion that I have witnessed illustrations on various occasions of the whole of the foregoing epitomised phenomena, and am satisfied, from extensive experience, that many of the alleged deceptions which are said to take place at séances are not deceptions, but misunderstood genuine phenomena; and that the only course requisite in order to convince the most critical of their genuineness, is long continued, candid, and careful observation, without any offensive display of suspicion or hyper-scepticism—a suspicion which, when seen, naturally hurts the feelings of sensitives through whom the phenomena occur, and in some occult way militates against the occurrence of the phenomena.

I have seen, heard, and felt the phenomena I have briefly described, the reality of which I could not, without having witnessed them, have accepted on the testimony of a hundred ordinarily credible witnesses. Had they not come under my own observation, it would, apart from observation, have appeared to me more probable that a hundred credible witnesses were deceived, than that the alleged phenomena really took place.

When we bear in mind, however, that these phenomena are not merely testified to by a hundred credible witnesses, but that they are taking place in every part of the civilised world, that they occur in family circles, and in more public séances; that about every tenth person is a medium for their manifestation; that the phenomena have been examined by thousands of the acutest minds in the world; and that in every instance where full and careful examination has taken place, it has been followed by conviction of their genuineness; it becomes every inquiring man and woman, either to refrain from the expression of any opinion on the subject, or to examine the phenomena with fulness and fairness, before they either form or express a positive opinion respecting them.

To his statement of facts, Mr. Barkas appends the following conclusions :—

1. Whatever the agents, they unanimously affirm that they are beings who have passed the portals of the tomb, and are now living in various stages of spiritual exaltation or degradation.
2. The phenomena produced are not such as can be produced under similar conditions by any known natural appliances.
3. The phenomena are of a kind for which natural science, as at present understood, cannot account.
4. The phenomena are not only inexplicable as physical facts, on the basis of known mundane laws, but they manifest considerable intelligence, and are therefore produced by intelligent agents.
5. The phenomena are not only physical but psychological, and mediums under control exhibit knowledge of a quality and extent incompatible with what is known of their normal acquirements.
6. The human forms which frequently manifest themselves at séances where materialisations occur, appear to possess the ordinary characteristics of living human beings; they speak, sing, walk, and write, in a manner which would be impossible to a mere automaton, and they appear and disappear in the midst of a circle of critical observers.
7. Not only is invisible matter rendered visible and apparently living, but solid matter, such as iron, wood, cord, etc., appears to be decomposed and recomposed instantaneously, and apparently at the will of some invisible agent.

Whom shall I call for my third witness? Witnesses crowd on every side. We hope to be able to give the world the benefit of their testimony; but for the moment, for economy of time and space, I will enter the witness-box myself, and tell a little of what I have seen, heard, and felt.

In my own room, in my own house, with the door locked, and the key in my pocket, I have had sentences written in French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, in closed boxes with my hand upon the cover, on closed slates held in my hand, on paper placed blank between the leaves of a thick volume, pressed or weighted.

In a drawer, beside me as I write, are written messages in the handwriting of familiar friends long dead, written on marked paper, in perfect darkness, and with inconceivable rapidity. I heard the process of writing and recognise the handwriting as that of persons well known to me.

In the same drawer, produced under the same conditions, are drawings done in my hearing, but in perfect darkness, in one minute, which no living artist could copy in the full light in an hour.

I have seen a materialised spirit take two slates, which I cleaned at his request, tie them together, seal the knots, and then sit facing me, both holding the slates, while I heard and felt writing going on between them.

On opening the slates, I found on one a letter from a deceased friend, in his own handwriting, and on the other, in quite different writing, a message in three languages—English, Greek, and French.

I have seen a materialised spirit make the thin drapery like that with which he was clothed, gathering a heap of white fog, from which he wove many yards of a thin tissue, which he allowed all present to examine, and which then disappeared.

I have seen a materialised spirit six feet high gradually shrink into a small heap of white drapery on the carpet, which then dissolved. Then there came a little white cloud at the same place, which, in the sight of all present, expanded to the original figure of a full-clothed man.

I have held the hand of a medium when he has been raised into the air, until his whole body was above my head, with an upward pull of fifteen or twenty pounds. When two ladies held his hands, both were obliged to stand on their chairs, and his feet touched the heads of persons across the table.

Eight times I have witnessed the phenomenon of a chair being "threaded" upon the arm of a person while he was firmly holding the hand of a medium, so that the chair must have passed through the arm of one of the two persons, or the arm through the chair. In one case, one of my own chairs was put upon my arm while I

firmly grasped the hand of the medium. In another case I tied the two wrists together with cotton thread to satisfy myself that the hands were not fraudulently or involuntarily divided.

Reading the statement that Professor Zöllner, sitting with Dr. Slade, had had three knots tied on an endless cord, I prepared such a cord by tying together the ends of three yards of common twine, and sealed the knot to a carefully marked card. Sitting in the light, with my finger on the sealed knot, five single knots were tied about a foot apart upon the endless cord.

I have had moulds of paraffin from the hands and feet of materialised spirits, made in my own house of materials prepared by myself, and under absolute test conditions.

I have carefully observed these manifestations for thirty years in both hemispheres, and under circumstances that made fraud or any kind of deception impossible.

T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

32 Fopstone Road, London, S.W.

[It is difficult to imagine what a modern Sadducee—a thorough Secularist, or scientific Materialist—can say to such facts so attested. Three hundred or three thousand witnesses could be called as easily as three. The facts are indisputable. They are simple, physical facts, which any one can test for himself, and be satisfied of their genuineness and reality. These facts prove the existence of spirits, and their power to make their existence known. They give us also strong evidence, if not absolute proof, of personal identity.—ED. *Spiritual Record*.]

“SPIRITUALISM,” says Alfred R. Wallace, “is an experimental science, and affords the only foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the terms ‘supernatural’ and ‘miracle’ by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature; and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. A science of human nature, which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature, and by no other method, is and must be the natural enemy of all superstitions.”

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

FOR a series of years so long that the memory of man scarcely runneth to the contrary, a number of sleight-of-hand performers have been engaged in advertising—or, what they prefer to call exposing—Spiritualism. Among the oldest of these mountebank exhibitions is that of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London—a well puffed and persevering institution. Its latest attraction is an imitation of the cabinet and dark séances of the Davenport Brothers—a festival in whose honour was recently celebrated in Boston, the New England capital.

Unusually elaborate puffs, inserted by the usual means in the “leading organs of opinion,” heralded and effectively advertised the new departure. The *Times*, of April 25th, said :—

“In performance of a promise made by Mr. Maskelyne some time ago to explain the means by which he and his partner were enabled to imitate and reproduce the wonders attributed by the Davenport Brothers to Spiritualistic agency, a full and satisfactory demonstration is now given in the course of the nightly entertainments at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of feats which have for years puzzled those who witnessed them. How Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Cooke, seated in a dark cabinet, securely tie themselves, and thus bound hand and foot contrive to rattle tambourines and ring a bell, without a movement that can be detected by one of the audience, blindfolded and seated between them, but holding one with each hand ; how Mr. Maskelyne, still so tightly tied that the knotted cords almost cut into the wrists, removes, first his waistcoat, and then his coat, which has been tied across his chest with a piece of tape ; and how other doings of the Davenports are repeated, under more difficult conditions than those clever performers allowed, it would not be fair to tell. Proof of the ease with which such so-called phenomena can be produced without the aid of spirits, bad or good, will surprise and amuse all who care to know, and the visitor will besides find much to wonder at of which no explanation is given, in the exhibition of mental telegraphy, and in the amusing sketch called ‘Mrs. Daffodil Downy’s Light and Dark Séance,’ with an appearance of the ‘materialised ghost of the Skeleton Army.’”

In another journal of even larger circulation we find a paragraph evidently written by the same hand, with slight but effective variations :—

"SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED.—Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke are well known as skilful conjurers, and they have now set themselves to work, in accordance with a long-standing promise, to expose the frauds practised by spirit media. With this object they introduced, on Wednesday, an important change into their programme at the Egyptian Hall. This was an explanation of the well-known cabinet séance of the Davenport Brothers, which obtained some notoriety about eight * years ago, and the success of which Mr. Maskelyne—who originally discovered the trick by accident—shows to consist in nothing more than an adroit arrangement of the cord by which the hands are bound. Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke do all that the Davenport Brothers used to do. But in the case of the former the result is avowedly accomplished by jugglery. Why should it not have been so in the other cases? Spiritualism will need to put forward evidence far stronger and far more capable of bearing examination than any which has yet been adduced, before rational beings can even begin to examine its pretensions."

We must not expect scrupulous accuracy in the writers of paid paragraphs, for which editors are not held responsible by readers who "know the ropes," and a mistake of ten years or so in a date is of no consequence. The advertisements answered their intended purpose in drawing three shillings out of our pocket; but the facility with which people far too clever ever to be deluded by Spiritual mediums can be humbugged by their expositors was, once in a way, worth seeing. Truth to say, it was not our first visit to Maskelyne and Cooke. Years ago, in a good seat, armed with a good opera-glass, we inspected their operations. Mr. Maskelyne twirls plates much better now than he did then, and there was room, and has been time, for improvement. Zoe drew portraits with mechanical accuracy, as a musical-box plays tunes. The imitations of cabinet and dark séances are much improved. Then it was easy with a good glass to see the strings with which various articles were made to jump out of the cabinet, and the mechanism of Mr. Cooke's levitation—a painting of a well corded man drawn up to the roof by cords and pulleys in the semi-darkness was ludicrously evident.

They have lived and learned. Years of constant practice have made a really adroit plate twirler of Mr. Maskelyne, and he has even improved in the easy art of hiding the truth, which enters into so many trades and professions. We do not know that it is

* Probably written eighteen.

any worse for a conjurer to get his living by an hour's downright deception than for a cheap jack, an auctioneer, a shopkeeper, or a lawyer to do the same. Then it may be said that we do not expect truth from a mountebank, a card-sharper, or any one who gets a living by imposture and fraud. Still, when a man professes to expose the frauds of others, there is at least a tacit understanding that he will tell the truth. In the hour's exposure of the frauds of Spiritual mediums, and especially of the Brothers Davenport, we cannot remember that Mr. Maskelyne once ever so slightly deviated into veracity.

We were well acquainted with the Brothers Davenport, and attended a dozen or more of their séances in the Hanover Square Rooms, and at private houses. They consulted us in regard to their health ; they gave us the account of their life and adventures, contained in their published biography,* of which the *Standard* said :—"Dr. Nichols had a difficult task to perform, but it could not have been better done." The only reason why it was well done was, it was written as every biography should be—simply and truthfully. The story of the lives of the two Brothers from the days they sold newspapers in Buffalo until they came to England was their own autobiography, carefully noted and recorded. What they did—or what was done in their presence—we saw, heard, and felt, or gathered from other witnesses. It was not in the least like the travestie of Maskelyne and Cooke, with their absurd slip knots, stage traps, and confederates.

This is a matter we can claim to know something about. We knew the late Dr. Ferguson, an American Unitarian minister, who came to London with the Brothers Davenport simply because he believed he could do mankind no better service. We lived under the same roof at 47 Brompton Square, in an intimacy of mutual friendly service, which, though he died some eight years ago in America, has never ceased. In 1865 we edited a work he wished to leave with his English friends,† from which we hope to give some extracts in these pages.

* "A Biography of the Brothers Davenport, with some Account of the Physical and Psychological Phenomena which have occurred in their presence in America and Europe." By T. L. Nichols, M.D., Author of "Forty Years of American Life," etc. London : Saunders, Otley & Co. 1864.

† "Supramundane Facts in the Life of the Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, M.A., LL.D., including Twenty Years of Preternatural Phenomena." Edited by T. L. Nichols, M.D., &c. F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row. 1865.

The character, position, ability, and transparent sincerity of Dr. Ferguson were the best possible guarantee of the genuineness of the Brothers Davenport, and their equally gifted comrade, Mr. Fay. The astounding phenomena which attended these three young men fully warranted Dr. Ferguson in devoting himself to the mission of making these facts known to the great world, of which London is the centre of intelligence. Dr. Ferguson knew that an article in the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, would be read by the entire English speaking world; and there were at that time gentlemen connected with each of the above-named journals who faithfully recorded what they saw at public and private séances of the Brothers Davenport. Some of these testimonies we may hope to give in future numbers of the SPIRITUAL RECORD, but for the present we prefer to summon two witnesses—DION BOUCICAULT, Esq., dramatist and actor, and Hon. J. L. O'SULLIVAN, an accomplished publicist, late United States Minister to Portugal, and to add to their testimony some of our own observations, as the most suitable reply to the purchased "opinions of the press" on the idiocies and chicaneries of Egyptian Hall exposures of Spiritualism.

The following is the testimony of Mr. Boucicault in a letter to the *Star*, copied in the *Spiritual Magazine* of November, 1864:—

SIR,—A séance by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, took place in my house, Albemarle Street, yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardiner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain F. A. Inglefield; Messrs. Charles Reade, James Matthews, Algernon Borthwick, J. Willes, H. E. Omerod, J. W. Kaye, J. A. Bostock, W. J. Rideout, Robert Bell, J. N. Mangles, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M.D., E. Tyler Smith, T. L. Coward, John Brown, M.D., Robert Chambers, Dion Boucicault. The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock, six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet to be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then erected in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room, and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we mended it. At three o'clock our party was fully assembled, and

continued the scrutiny. We sent to a neighbouring music-seller for six guitars and two tambourines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The séance then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet and sat facing each other. Captain Inglefield then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr. I. Davenport. The knots on these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tambourine, two bells, and a brass trumpet were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open and the instruments expelled, the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet. The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note :—While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the door being open, and the two operators seen to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again in the full light of the gas-chandelier, and during an interval in the séance, the doors of the cabinet being open, and when the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin, female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. This appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party. Sir Charles Wyke now entered the cabinet, and sat between the two young men—his hands being right and left on each, and secured to them. The doors were then closed, and the Babel of sound recommenced. Several hands appeared at the orifice—among them the hands of a child. After a space, Sir Charles returned amongst us and stated that, while he held the two brothers, several hands touched his face and pulled his hair ; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head, one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders. During the foregoing incidents, the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Inglefield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena, an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere. The next part of the séance

was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands behind their backs, bound tightly to their chairs, and their chairs bound to an adjacent table. While this process was going on, the guitar rose from the table, and swung or floated round the room, and over the heads of the party, and lightly touching some. Now a phosphoric light shot from side to side over our heads; the laps and hands and shoulders of several were simultaneously touched, struck, or pawed by hands, the guitar meanwhile sailing round the room, now near the ceiling, and then scuffling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whisked here and there, and a light thrumming was maintained on the violin. The two tambourines seemed to roll hither and thither on the floor, now shaking violently, and now visiting the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being simultaneous. Mr. Rideout, holding a tambourine, requested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same time Lord Bury made a similar request, and a forcible attempt to pluck a tambourine from his grasp was made, which he resisted. Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twitch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat was rushed on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rapidity. During the above occurrences in the dark, we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of the two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved they might be detected. They of their own accord offered to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove they made no use of them, but this precaution was deemed unnecessary. We required them, however, to count from one to twelve repeatedly, that their voices, constantly heard, might certify to us that they were in the same places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbour firmly, so that no one could move without two adjacent neighbours being aware of it.

At the termination of this séance, a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay, *that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present*

could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery; and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that, so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

Before leaving this question in which my name has been accidentally mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called Spiritualism, and nothing I have seen inclines me to believe in it; indeed, the puerility of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently alienate such a theory; but I do believe that we have not yet quite explored the realms of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of late years been confined to useful inventions, and we are content at last to think that the laws of nature are finite, ascertained, and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed, ascribe them to supernatural agency, others wander round the subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America, is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we reply to him who should say, "I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe; otherwise, not till then!" It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun-picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.—Yours, obediently,

DION BOUCICAULT.

326 Regent Street, October 12.

The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* remarks that—

"This report is the first document, we believe, which has been laid before the public, of persons so high in science and literature, and so fully entitled to and enjoying confidence and respect. It would be difficult to bring together twenty-four better men for the purpose of passing an independent judgment, and we have no intention of letting any one of the gentlemen easily free from his decided judgment in the case. Following upon the favourable decisions of the great leaders of the Press, it is too valuable to have the opinion of these twenty-four close observers in our favour, for us to relinquish our hold upon them. We find in it, at all events, a full certificate of character for all the inquirers into

spiritual philosophy, and much more than a justification for all such to persevere. If anything be said about the absurdity and impossibility of spiritual phenomena, we wish to have this report ready to our hands, and in our mouths, as the recorded opinion of 24 first-class men, who found a unanimous verdict in our favour. What other decision, indeed, could they have come to after such experiments as they tried, and such tests as they applied. Mr. Boucicault should have prefaced his report by stating that the conjurors Anderson and Tolmaque, and their patron Mr. Faraday, were invited to attend, but would not be present, for the very sufficient reason, that it would have thereby become apparent how entirely their pretensions differ from the phenomena of the Davenports; and Mr. Boucicault might also have left out his personal disclaimer of Spiritualism. We hope he does not think it is of any use to disguise before the world that these things are either spiritual or nothing. It is no good to try to gild the pill for the public, for after all it has enough of acuteness to know that it is as a spiritual manifestation, and that only, that what is presented has any value or interest, and the intense hatred and horror of the public to such will not be parried by any namby-pamby about 'preter-natural,' or 'new force,' or any such verbiage."

We now come to the testimony of Hon. J. L. O'SULLIVAN, given in a letter read at a celebration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of the development of the Davenport mediums, at Investigator Hall, Boston, Feb. 14th, 1883, in the presence of Dr. Ira Davenport, Sen., father of the Brothers Davenport, and Mrs. Blandy, their sister, by Dr. H. B. Storer, President. Mr. Sullivan says—

Boston Common would not contain the multitudes if all flocked to the "Davenport Anniversary" who owe to the famous brothers that same debt of gratitude which I cheerfully recognise as due to them from myself, for they were the first mediums whose conclusive physical phenomena unlocked for me the outer door of the temple of Spiritualism—from whom I learned my first A B C of the knowledge which eventually leads to the sublime heights of its philosophy and its religion, its poetry and its bible. I therefore send this my little offering of tribute to the occasion.

Though I had been at home in New York for over five years after the first advent of Modern Spiritualism, in 1848, before I went to Europe, where I was destined to spend nearly a quarter of a century—and though I could count as personal friends Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, Professor Mapes, and Dr. Gray, and had heard of others who used to attend "rapping" séances of "the Fox girls"—yet was my conceited mind so strongly pre-possessed against the absurd blasphemy, as it seemed, of holding "an hour's communion with the dead" around a table at a dollar

a head, that I would have nothing to do with it. I knew enough of the facts of animal magnetism and the electric forces resident in the human organism to be able, I thought, to philosophise away a considerable part of the phenomena reported of this new thing, "Spiritualism." Mesmeric power in a medium might give him cognisance of all knowledge existing in the mind of the sitter respecting our friends deceased, whom, therefore, the medium might then personate in his "communications." - Since weight was only the attraction of telluric electricity, there might be some hitherto unknown potency in the electricity of the human body, able, under conditions yet unknown to us, to counteract and overcome the "weight" of tables, etc., and so explain their gyrations and levitations under the contact of hands. Anything, as Sir David Brewster said, rather than "give in to spirits"—at a dollar a head. After 1854 no opportunity fell in my way in Europe of seeing a medium. I count for nothing three months of anguish spent at home just before the beginning of the Civil War, the red shadow of whose approaching cloud of blood then darkened the earth and sky, to me as to many others who then almost sweated blood in labours to avert it.

Such was my state of mind in regard to Spiritualism when the Davenport Brothers came to London (in 1863 or '64), and marvels were bruited about as having astonished distinguished circles at private residences, especially at the residence of Dion Boucicault. An invitation soon fell in my way to see them in the house of a Civil Engineer, where I found myself one of a company of nearly twenty hard-headed men, chiefly barristers, engineers, and large contractors, &c. So far as I could judge, there was not one of the company in sympathy with the Spiritualistic idea. My own curiosity was mainly directed to the object of finding support to my own pet theories—mesmeric and electric—on which I had wasted a good deal of such philosophical ingenuity as I possessed.

Arriving early, I witnessed the arrival of the two young men, accompanied by their spokesman, the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tennessee, bringing with them their cabinet, in many pieces, in a trunk; and several of us scanned closely the operation of its parts being put together in the dining-room of our host. It was certain that there were no machinery, wires, nor springs in or about it, nor room for any. When thus built up under our eyes, it resembled a wardrobe, raised on four legs some twelve or fifteen inches from the ground, with a small lozenge-shaped window or opening cut in one of the doors, behind which hung a small black curtain. There were a lot of musical instruments and a copious provision of strong thin cord. We were invited to tie the wrists of the two brothers behind their backs, palms outward, which was very thoroughly done in such way that by no human

possibility could they have ever wriggled out of such bonds. As further security, the palms of their hands were filled with flour, over which their fingers closed. They took their seats at the two ends of the cabinet, facing each other, and the long ends of the cords were passed through holes behind them in the fixed seats, knotted tightly under the seats, and then tied round and round their legs and arms.

It was clear and certain that, if left thus imprisoned, they must have starved to death and rotted to skeletons, unless relief should come to them from without; and also that they could not have stirred a finger without spilling the flour. A carcel lamp burned brightly on the mantel-piece. Not only was there no possible confederate in the room (in which they had never been before), but there was no possible communication with the world outside the cabinet except through the doors, which we closed after depositing on the floor of the cabinet a guitar, tambourine, a couple of toy trumpets, and three hand-bells of different sizes. The cabinet stood forward three or four feet from the wall, and we were invited to station one or two of the company behind it. The rest of us took seats opposite to it, mine being in the centre of the front row, some four or five feet from the cabinet. Its two doors were then closed. The lamp was turned down to about half light; it was easy to see the time by our watches, and without raising them close up to the eye; and so we sat for a few moments, expectant. Presently the instruments inside began to twang, ring, and jingle. A trumpet and then a bell were thrown out of the window of the cabinet. A white hand was thrust out through, with rapid movements of the fingers. After a *charivari* of confused sounds within, the instruments struck into a regular tune. The tune presently changed. Two hands were thrust through the window—several hands—once six in a bunch, the fingers all twinkling in rapid motion—once or twice a long bare white arm. After about a couple of minutes of all this, Dr. Ferguson said—“Now, gentlemen, open the doors.” The sounds ceased instantly, and we could hear the instruments fall to the floor. We started forward, and inside of two seconds the doors were thrown open. There sat the two brothers calmly, just as we had left them, the knots of their bonds seemingly untouched, and not a grain of flour spilled from their hands. Even if it had been conceivable that they had wriggled out of such tight knots, how could they have wriggled back into them, and in two seconds? And what of proof afforded by the flour that *their* hands had nothing to do with all that had taken place inside of that cabinet?

All this was repeated some four or five times, always with variations of detail. Nothing less than the presence of half-a-dozen persons in that small cabinet—persons other than the two “medium” brothers—seemed sufficient to account for all the

simultaneous operations taking place within it. Their hands, bound at the wrists, grew colder and colder to the touch, and were darkly red each time they were examined, from the prolonged interruption of the circulation, and the last time, when hands were thrust forward through the window of the cabinet, I asked Dr. Ferguson if we might touch them. Consent being given, one or two others besides myself took hold of them. The hand I grasped was white, and felt warm and natural. I held it for a moment, and whether it dissolved, or only slipped out of mine, I could not say. The company was about to adjourn to the drawing-room for a dark séance, when I asked Dr. Ferguson whether any other persons were ever allowed to go into the cabinet with the brothers and sit there with them. He answered that it had been done, and that if my question meant a desire to do it, I might try if I chose. I accordingly went into it, sat in the middle between the two mediums, and placing one hand on the shoulder of one of them, and the other hand on the knees of the other, requested the company to tie my hands securely to those places, which was done accordingly. This was for my own protection against any suspicion of participation on my part in whatever might take place. I was bent on getting at the truth by exhaustive investigation, and if the theory of spirits were true, I knew no reason why they should be likely to do me any mischief, or why I should be afraid of them.

Throughout all that followed it was certain that my two companions there in the dark were as motionless as the foundations of the house. Scarcely had three seconds passed when I felt a hand of natural warmth pat my forehead and then stroke my cheek. Then I was touched on half-a-dozen parts of my body by hands which gripped pretty strongly. The instruments began to sound, and were lifted from the floor and placed on my knees and about me, and soon fell into a tune as before. Presently one of the young men advised me not to be alarmed; that no harm would happen to me. I was as calm and coolly observant as ever in my life, and answered accordingly. One of them then said: "If there is anything in particular, sir, you would like to have done, I dare say it will be done, but we cannot answer for it." "Well, can they take off my spectacles?" The words were scarcely uttered when I felt a hand at my right temple, and my spectacles were taken off and left hanging on my left ear. "I don't hear the bells." Instantly they were vigorously rung. "Will they take out my scarf-pin?" It was instantly done, and left sticking in the scarf, which remained hanging on both sides from my neck. While at a loss what further to ask, I said: "Suppose they put the tambourine on top of my head." No sooner said than done. I then called out to the company outside to open the door—that I was quite satisfied. And there we were all three seated, as

above described, the guitar, &c., on my lap, the tambourine on my head, my spectacles hanging from my left ear, and my scarf unpinned and hanging down on both sides from my neck.

A dark séance followed, all the company being seated round the drawing-room with hands joined, and the two mediums securely bound as before, on and to their chairs in the middle. The guitar and tambourine gyrated about in the air overhead, now slowly, now like the flight of a swallow, now touching our heads, now knocking the ceiling, playing as they thus floated or whirled, and made visible in their movements by phosphoric oil, with which they were a little smeared. And yet little or no impression had been made on the minds of two friends with whom I walked away from the house, the one a distinguished Civil Engineer, the other a brilliant young barrister, who soon after was promoted to the rank of a Queen's Counsel. They classed the whole with the tricks of conjurors, equally inexplicable to the spectator. It was in vain that I argued the difference between what we had witnessed in a strange private house which they saw for the first time and the exhibitions of a conjuror on his own stage, with his elaborate machinery, traps, prepared tables and boxes, apparatus for optical illusion, sleight-of-hand, confederates, &c. "But how," I asked, "did they touch us with hands all round the circle when they were so tightly bound, hand and legs, to their chairs?" "Oh! they moved round on their knees, carrying their chairs with them on their backs." "But how could they then have touched our heads with their hands tied behind them to the seats and backs of their chairs?" No reply. "And then the guitar and tambourine that flew about over our heads at the same time, and that we saw as well as heard—how about that?" "Oh! they worked them by strings, which they managed from below." "And, pray, how did they play on them up there at the same time?" "Oh! I don't know, and don't care. How do the conjurors do all their tricks?" As we parted, I said, "Well, I have witnessed strange things this evening, which give a great deal to think about; but the strangest thing of all is that an able lawyer like you could so appreciate evidence and so reason upon it as you have been doing just now on things witnessed by yourself and a score of people at the same time."

Possibly the effect on them might have been different had they also gone into the cabinet. But probably not; many minds cannot be reached by *any* evidence on this subject. But to me that first evening with the Davenport Brothers was the commencement of a new era in my life. Sharply critical as I was by nature and habit, while deeply and fearlessly loyal to truth, the evidence was conclusive, once for all and forever, as to the existence of invisible beings about us and in relation with us, possessing intelligence, and power to act upon matter, with not unkindly dispositions

toward us—in a word, *spirits*. But the evidence did not go further than that. Mankind, in all ages and climes and civilisations, had not been in error in recognising the existence of such beings under a score of different designations, fairies, elves, sylphs, demons, &c., &c. What! were we to place the limits of our senses and our prejudices to the creative power of Omnipotence? Might there not exist in space myriads of different orders of beings as little known to us as the infusoria before the discovery of the microscope? But that these invisibles who most certainly had been with us there in that cabinet were *disembodied spirits* of the dead of our kind—who had lived the life we are living, and whose survival of death proved the future awaiting us—there was thus far no proof. But there was enough to arouse serious attention, to open a door through which any man not an idiot nor a bigot enslaved by his prejudices must needs enter in for further exploration.

Reading, of course, followed, conversation and discussion with good and able men experienced in the matter (among whom I must acknowledge a special degree of obligation to the late Benjamin Coleman, one of the noblest pioneers of Spiritualism in England), and eager pursuit of broader and more varied knowledge on the subject.

It was months before the proof rose higher than to the level of mere probability that they were, indeed, returning disembodied human spirits, as they claimed to be—probability strong indeed, and daily strengthening, but not demonstration. But at last it came, complete and conclusive. The identity of a spirit communicating with me (my mother) was proved by so many simultaneous and cumulative evidences that it was impossible longer to doubt. These were—1st. Responses to my mental questions; 2nd. Knowledge of a thing known only to ourselves; 3rd. Responses wholly foreign to my thought, and at variance with my expectation and desire, proving that they were no reflections from my brain; 4th. Intensified maternal love; 5th. Striking manifestation of a very peculiar personal characteristic, unchanged by death; and 6th. Antique and now disused spelling of a word through the alphabet as in life she would have spelled it, and other minor indications in things felt to be *just like her*. The force of coincident and cumulative proofs is multiplied much more than in the arithmetical ratio of their number. Their value, as compared with one alone, is worth at least the square of their number, as a diamond of fifty carats is worth immensely more than ten diamonds of five carats each.

The proof was judicially—I may say scientifically—complete. How much I have since witnessed, how much further penetrated into the temple of this divine and holy knowledge, to what higher reaches of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism advanced,

it would take long to tell, and be here misplaced. My object is now simply to testify to the true mediumship of the Davenport Brothers, and to its great importance and value, though it did not rise above the plane of physical manifestations, which the metaphysical and transcendental school of Spiritualists sometimes now affects to belittle and disparage. How can we mount to the upper heights of a ladder without beginning with its first rung, next the ground? The angels know what they are about in sending us the "physical mediums" to do their work and fulfil their mission. How but through them were the eyes of any of us first opened? How but through them are the eyes of the hundreds of millions still blind to receive their sight? And among the "physical mediums" I know of none who have done a greater work, or done it more honestly, conscientiously, and usefully to mankind, than the Davenport Brothers, whose anniversary is to be commemorated on the day this tribute of gratitude to them is received, and to those whose instruments they were.

Such is the testimony of a man of clear mind, well-trained intelligence, and remarkable memory. We were present at the séance he has described, and can testify to the accuracy of the above account down to the minutest particular.

In conclusion (changing for definiteness to the first person) let me give some of my own observations of the wonders performed by some usually, but not always, invisible powers in the presence of Ira and William Davenport and William Fay.

In their darkened sitting-room at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, I had my first conversation with a materialised spirit—sufficiently materialised, at least, to have lungs, vocal chords and tongue, teeth and lips—all organs necessary to clear, articulate speech. The voice was produced at a point quite near to me, and not near either of the four persons present, with whose voices I was familiar. The matter and manner of the conversation proved the presence of a communicating intelligence, not visibly present when the doors were locked and the window darkened.

Later, I met Mr. Fay at a house in Newman Street, Oxford Street. He came by himself, and Mr. Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Powell went with me into a closet used as a coal-hole, a place without a window, and when the door was shut, quite dark. We five stood in this space, as there was no room for chairs, and the door was shut. To us came "Katy King," who declared herself a daughter of the "John King" who had talked with me at the hotel. She gave me her hand, which I held for a few moments, and carefully examined—a small, delicate feminine hand, and

certainly not that of Mr. Fay or Mrs. Powell, or any of the four with me. She talked with me face to face, in a voice and with intonations utterly distinct and peculiar, impossible of imitation by the two Englishmen and one English woman present, and still more unlike the German speech of Mr. Fay. The best test was an answer to a question I asked in English, which she gave in French, spoken with a perfect Parisian accent.

Besides the séance so admirably described by Mr. O'Sullivan, I remember attending one at a mansion in one of the west-end squares. It was a dark séance, after the cabinet and dark séances in Hanover Square. The brothers were carefully tied to their chairs at one end of a large dining-room. The company was seated in a close row of chairs forming a crescent across the room. Dr. Ferguson was held. I sat with a gentleman just behind the living cordon, in which there was not room for us, and the servants of the house were grouped at the bottom of the room.

• When the lights were extinguished we heard first a few notes on the guitar. Then it rose twanging to the high ceiling, and then flew like a swallow all over the room. Several times it passed within a yard of my head. I learned from the exclamations of ladies and gentlemen in the line before me that several had been touched by the instrument; and as it approached high in air I mentally wished that it might also touch me. In an instant there fell upon my head, with the flat back of the instrument, a blow so heavy that it would have made a severe bruise, and also shattered the guitar, but for an exertion of the power of spirits over matter—so unaccountable, but so often observed. When the back of the guitar came in contact with the top of my head it yielded so as to form a close-fitting scull-cap about three inches deep, distributing the force of the blow over the whole upper part of the skull, down to a well defined line around it. I carefully examined the guitar afterward. It showed no marks of contact.

One night at the Hanover Square Rooms I tied William Davenport, while a gentleman of my acquaintance performed the same office for Ira. I had considered my method of tying, and carried it out with great care. With some dozen feet of good rope I tied the wrists together behind him, running binding knots at every point, so that nothing could slip. He was fastened to the seat, the ankles tied like the wrists, and the last knots were made *outside* the cabinet. No malefactor was ever more securely bound. Self-release was simply impossible. When all was done, I was

shutting the door of the cabinet, and it was nearly closed when a hand, seen by all present, came out and struck a sharp blow upon my shoulder. Both doors were instantly opened, and both of the brothers found to be securely bound.

That is one of many things which Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke have not attempted to imitate.

USE OF SPIRITUALISM.—As noteworthy a case [as that of Dr. Elliotson] is that of Professor Hare—a very celebrated chemist and physicist of Philadelphia—an avowed unbeliever, who, according to his own statement to Judge Edmonds, had been “all his life long an enemy to the Christian religion, a denier of the possibility of revelation, and a disbeliever in God and in our immortality.” He had, indeed, published extracts from the Bible with a view to negative its testimony. Not long before his removal from earth, he said to the Judge,—to the intense happiness of that most excellent man—“I believe in revelation, and in a revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. I am a Christian.” He had been taught by a Christian sister, years previously removed from earth. Spiritualism—and Spiritualism only—had done *that* work. I may be permitted reference to another remarkable man, although I have no right to infer that he was at any time “a sceptic,” in the ordinary sense of the term; but he was not a believer in miracles until he had seen miracles. I allude to Robert Chambers, one of the most estimable, as well as the most enlightened, men I have ever known. He was a thorough Spiritualist, although he lacked the courage to avow his opinions publicly. In a letter from him to me, dated Sept. 1, 1866, he writes, “What a rich thing Spiritualism is, if men of the world could only be induced to take a candid view of it.” And he once said to me, “If I did not believe that the spirits of those who have gone from earth can and do communicate with those who remain on earth I could believe nothing.” He also told me that after he became convinced by Spiritualism, he destroyed a MS. for which he had been many years collecting materials—a History of Superstition. I do not know if he were or were not the author of “Vestiges of Creation:” but if he did write that book, I am very sure he would not have published it after he became a Spiritualist.—S. C. Hall.

SLADE WITH ZÖLLNER.

IT will be in the memory of most of our readers that HENRY SLADE, sometimes called Dr. Slade, an American medium for slate-writing and other spirit-manifestations, was a few years ago prosecuted at Bow Street, and, on the testimony of three professors—Prof. Lankester, Prof. Donkin, and Prof. Maskelyne (of Maskelyne and Cooke)—in spite of what the magistrate admitted to be overwhelming evidence in his favour, sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, as a rogue and vagabond. An appeal was made to a higher court by Serjeant Ballantyne, and the sentence set aside for an informality. Advised by his friends, Mr. Slade, to avoid another trial, left our inhospitable hostile shores, and at the invitation of Professor Zöllner, the celebrated astronomer and physicist of the University of Leipzig, remained for three months at that renowned seat of learning, giving constant séances to him and his friends, Professors Fechner, Weber, and Scheibner.

Lankester, it seems, had studied at Leipzig, and was remembered there as "an excitable and conceited youth," and a proof of his unscientific prejudice in the matter was his refusal to accept Slade's offer to give him and his friend Donkin a series of séances, in which they could carefully test the reality of the manifestations. Similar offers, we may observe, have been repeatedly made to Messrs. Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, etc., which have in like manner been scornfully refused.

Professor Zöllner and the Leipzig professors showed a more philosophic spirit. They thoroughly tested the manifestations of Dr. Slade, as they have since done with those of Mr. Wm. Eglinton, a full account of both, with beautiful photographic illustrations, having been published in successive volumes.

The following translation of Professor Zöllner's account of his first acquaintance with Dr. Slade will interest our readers, and will, we hope, induce them to procure and read the volume, admirably translated by Mr. C. C. Massey, a London barrister, which contains also the illustrations. Professor Zöllner writes:—

On the 15th November, 1877, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Slade came to Leipzig for the first time, and took a room in the Palmtree Hotel (*Palmbalm*), which had been ordered for him by

two of my friends, at whose invitation he had come here from Berlin. Although I was not a stranger to the literature of Spiritualism, I had hitherto declined to occupy myself personally with its asserted phenomena, because, in the first place, I was quite satisfied to leave these for the present in the hands of two such excellent and unprejudiced observers as Crookes and Wallace; and, secondly, because my time was already fully occupied with my physical researches. Still, I had no reason for refusing the request of my friends to use so convenient an opportunity as the present, and at least to have a look at Slade. I therefore accompanied my two friends on a visit to him on the evening of his arrival, without the least intention, however, of taking part in a sitting, or even of arranging one.

Slade came alone to Leipzig. He had left his niece (the daughter of his deceased wife's sister) as well as his secretary, Mr. Simmons, and his daughter, which three persons accompanied him on his travels, in Berlin, at the Hotel Kronprinz; these persons are, therefore, wholly unknown to me.

The personal impression which Slade made upon me was a favourable one. His demeanour was modest and reserved, and his conversation (he spoke only English) was quiet and discreet. . . . I asked him whether he had ever tried to influence a magnetic needle, for I remembered that Professor Fechner had observed a similar phenomenon with Erdmann, the deceased professor of chemistry at the Leipzig University, in the presence of a certain Madame Ruf, a sensitive whom Reichenbach had introduced to those gentlemen.

Then follows a transcript of the said experiment, from Fechner's book on *The Last Days of Old Science*, &c.—a fact which Mr. Zöllner considers of the highest interest to all *true* men of science. He continues:—

This account awakened in me the desire to experiment with Slade in the same direction; and as the next evening a usual weekly meeting of friends was to take place at my house, I invited Mr. Slade to come and take a cup of tea with us. I explained to him that we should be quite satisfied if he could produce nothing but the divergence of a magnetic needle under conditions which would preclude all notion of suspicion even for the most distant bystanders. Slade accepted my invitation, and was even ready to come *at once* to my house in company with one of my friends. I wished to make sure of the experiment that evening, in order to guarantee its success the following day in the presence of my friends. This intention I, of course, did not intimate to Slade.

Arrived at my dwelling, my friend asked whether I had a compass at hand. I brought a celestial globe, in the stand of which a compass was fixed, and placed it on the table. At our request

Slade moved his hand horizontally across the closely-fitting glass cover of the magnet-case. The needle remained immovable, and I concluded from this that Slade had no magnet concealed beneath his skin. On a second trial, which was made immediately afterwards, the needle was violently agitated in a manner which could only be the result of strong magnetic power.

This observation decided my position towards Mr. Slade. I had here to do with a fact which confirmed the observations of Fechner, and was, therefore, worthy of further investigation.

The next evening (Friday, Nov. 16th, 1877) I placed a card-table, with four chairs, in a room which Slade had not yet entered. After Fechner, Professor Braune, Slade, and myself were seated, and had placed our interlinked hands upon the table, there were raps in the table. Two hours previously I had bought a slate and marked it; on this the writing began in the usual manner. My pocket-knife, which I had lent to Slade to cut off a fragment of pencil, was laid upon the slate, and while Slade was placing the slate partially under the flap of the table, the knife was suddenly projected to the height of one foot, and then thrown down upon the table. . . . On repeating the experiment, it was found that the fragment of pencil, against the position of which we made a mark, remained in the same place on the slate. The double slate, after being well cleaned, and a piece of pencil was placed in it, was then held by Slade over the head of Professor Braune. The scratching was soon heard, and when the slate was opened, a long piece of writing was found upon it.

While this was going on, a bed which stood in the room behind a screen suddenly moved about two feet from the wall, pushing the screen outwards. Slade was more than four feet distant from the bed; had his back turned towards it, and his legs crossed; this was visible to all. I then returned the bed to its original place.

A second sitting took place immediately with Professor Weber, Scheibner, and myself. While experiments similar to those first described were being successfully made, a violent crack was suddenly heard, as in the discharging of a large battery of Leyden jars. On turning, with some alarm, in the direction of the sound, the before-mentioned screen fell apart in two pieces. The strong wooden screws, half an inch thick, were torn from above and below, without any visible contact of Slade with the screen. The parts broken were at least five feet removed from Slade, who had his back to the screen; but, even if he had intended to tear it down by a cleverly-devised sideward motion, it would have been necessary to fasten it on the opposite side. As it was, the screen stood quite unattached, and the grain of the wood being parallel to the axis of the cylindrical wooden fastenings, the wrenching asunder could only be accomplished by a force acting longitudinally to the part in question. We were all astonished at this

unexpected manifestation of enormous mechanical force, and asked Slade what it all meant ; but he only shrugged his shoulders, saying that such phenomena occasionally, though somewhat rarely, occurred in his presence. As he spoke he placed, while still standing, a piece of slate pencil on the polished surface of the table, laid over it a slate purchased and just cleaned by myself, and pressed the five spread fingers of his right hand on the upper surface of the slate, while his left hand rested on the centre of the table. Writing began on the inner surface of the slate, and when Slade turned it up, the following sentence was written in English: "It was not our intention to do harm ; forgive what has happened." We were the more surprised at the production of the writing under these circumstances, for we particularly observed that both Slade's hands remained quite motionless while the writing was going on.

The above-mentioned phenomena, which we witnessed at our first meeting with Slade, appeared to me and my friends so extraordinary, and so much at variance with all our former conceptions, that William Weber and myself resolved to give some of our colleagues the opportunity of testifying to them. We therefore went the next day to Professor C. Ludwig and informed him of the facts. The interest which he took in the subject encouraged me to invite two other friends to come to my house the next day, Sunday, November 18th, to judge for themselves in the presence of Slade. I proposed my colleagues, Herr Geheimrath Thiersch, surgeon, and Herr Wundt, Professor of Philosophy, in which choice Herr Ludwig fully concurred.

On Sunday, the 18th November, at three o'clock in the afternoon, these three gentlemen met at my house. I had purchased the previous day a *new* walnut wood card-table from a cabinet-maker in this town, named J. G. Ritter, and had put it in the place of the table used at the former sitting. The slates, single and folding, which we placed at Slade's disposal were bought by myself and my friends, and were marked by us. There were present at the *séance* only Herr Geheimrath Thiersch, C. Ludwig, and Professor Wundt. After half an hour's sitting they left the room ; of the phenomena observed by them I will only mention that related to me by Herr Thiersch, viz., a successful experiment similar to my own with my pocket-knife, and, in addition, that between the folds of a double slate, which Slade held in his right hand *over* the table in view of all, three sentences were written in the English, French, and German languages, each one in a different handwriting. The slate remains in my possession, and affords opportunity for investigation with regard to the question of previous preparation.

It is to be understood that the present relation of facts in no way presupposes a judgment in the minds of my colleagues as

regard the causes of the phenomena. I perfectly agree with the Imperial Court conjurer, Herr Bellachini, whose testimony concerning Slade begins with the following words:—"I hereby declare it to be a rash act to form any conclusion with regard to the objective mediumistic performances of the American, Mr. Henry Slade, even with the minutest observation, after one sitting only." Slade returned the same afternoon about six o'clock to Berlin. All that had been observed in his presence appeared to me and my friends to be of so interesting a nature, and so entirely worthy of further investigation, that we thankfully and willingly accepted the offer of my friend, Mr. Oscar von Hoffmann, to invite Slade to spend a longer time in Leipzig as his guest, that he might be thus withdrawn from all publicity, and placed entirely at our disposal for the purposes of scientific research. In consequence of this invitation, Slade came a second time alone to Leipzig, on Monday, 10th December, 1877, and took up his appointed quarters in the house of my friend.

All our readers will agree with us that these were more sensible and philosophic proceedings than took place at the prosecution of Slade at Bow Street, where overwhelming testimony, given by as respectable men as live, was set aside by the magistrate because, in his opinion, it was "contrary to the well-known laws of nature."

The following letter by the late Epes Sargent on Slate Writing, though written in 1877, seems to us timely and appropriate. Mr. Sargent, one of the most intelligent, fair-minded, and indefatigable of spiritualistic investigators, says:—

In one of my recent communications to you on the subject of the slate-writing phenomenon, in the presence of the medium, Charles E. Watkins, I referred to the experience of Mr. Timayenis, a Greek gentleman, as corroborative of what I myself had witnessed. He is connected with an "educational institute," at Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of that city, formerly a contributor to the London *Spiritual Magazine*, and who is favourably known to Spiritualists, being informed of my wish to get further particulars, kindly called on Mr. Timayenis. The following extract from her letter to me, dated Springfield, November 11th, 1877, will tell the rest:—"I made inquiries as to where Mr. Timayenis was to be found. Mr. Stebbins, the principal, informed me that he made his home in Holyoke, but that I could see him any day at the school. Last evening Mr. Timayenis, having heard that I desired to see him, very kindly called upon me. He is a fine manly-looking fellow, with clear eyes, strong white teeth, and altogether such evidences of bright, all-pervading life and health as are too rarely seen in Americans. He corroborated fully the statement which we saw in print, and which was published

with his approval. Being entirely sceptical, it was only by the urgent entreaties of a friend that he was induced to call upon Watkins. On slips of paper, which he afterwards rolled into pellets, Mr. Timayenis wrote (making sure that the medium could by no possibility read them) several names of non-existent people, but among them that of his grandfather. He said to me, 'His is a very singular and polysyllabic name, one that, if I should pronounce it for you several times, I think you would not be able to repeat.' Mr. Timayenis held the slate himself, Watkins merely touching the corner of it, and keeping his hand in sight and motionless. His grandfather's name was then written on the slate, and *with it a communication in perfectly correct Greek*. Mr. Timayenis said to me, 'It was a singular thing; one I can never forget all my life; I cannot account for it, but it was just as I have told you.' He speaks very good, though peculiar English, and his manner and bearing are those of a gentleman."

Will such accumulations of testimony (continues Mr. Sargent) as we are daily getting in regard to this slate-writing phenomenon, have any effect upon the minds of your incredulous physicists? Or shall we be told that it requires an "expert" to say whether a clean slate was held out, and writing got independently of human touch? Well is it asked, "What expert in any science, art, or trade, is better qualified to testify to the fact, than any shrewd, careful, cool-witted man, who can tell his right hand from his left, has steady nerves, and a sound mind in a sound body?" This prattle about its requiring *experts* to satisfy one whether this purely simple phenomenon of independent slate-writing is genuine or not, is all uttered either in ignorance of the actual conditions, or in a preposterous assumption of superior cleverness.

It is truly remarked by Dr. Carpenter:—"That while *ordinary* evidence may very properly be admitted as adequate proof of any ordinary occurrence, an *extraordinary* weight of evidence would be rightly required to establish the credibility of any statement that is in itself inherently improbable; the strength of the proof required being proportional to the improbability."

Admitted. But who that has kept track of the well-attested published proofs of independent slate-writing in the light, under conditions precluding fraud, can deny that we *do* most incontestably present "an *extraordinary* weight of evidence"?

Let me assume that Mr. Serjeant Cox and Dr. Carpenter are equally respectable as veracious witnesses. Now, what is there in Dr. Carpenter's training or experience to make his testimony more trustworthy in regard to so simple a phenomenon as that I have mentioned? Plainly, the common sense of those who read and weigh our facts, and who consider the number of intelligent persons by whom they are corroborated, will incontinently reject any theory that would explain away those facts either by the

supposition of fraud, or by that of "prepossession and expectancy."

I think it is Mr. A. R. Wallace who quotes from La Place (*Essai sur les Probabilités*) the following pertinent remark, which I would commend to the attention of those who say that any amount of testimony in support of what seems to them a miraculous occurrence, must not be admitted by scientific minds:—"Any case, however apparently incredible, if it is a recurrent case, is as much entitled to a fair valuation, under the laws of induction, as if it had been more probable beforehand."

This independent slate-writing is a "recurrent case," attested as taking place under a great variety of conditions, some the most perfect and irresistible, by men and women of unquestioned ability, good sense, and veracity. May we not now reasonably accept it as a fact of nature, placed beyond all cavil and question by what Dr. Carpenter calls "*an extraordinary weight of evidence*?"

You may think I am hammering away at this slate-writing phenomenon overmuch. But no. I take my stand by it as a representative fact in phenomenal Spiritualism, demonstrated and demonstrable, occurring in broad daylight, and frequently (as in my case and that of Mr. Wetherbee) under all the conditions demanded by the most exacting scepticism.

We agree with our friend, who has, since writing the above, himself tested the realities of spirit life, that independent spirit writing is one of the finest evidences of spirit existence and power. Such writing, under absolute test conditions, is permanent and satisfactory evidence of personal identity.

In our next we shall follow "Slade with Zöllner," by an account of what brought about that conjuncture—"Slade at Bow Street," giving some of the testimony which the magistrate admitted was quite overwhelming, but unfortunately all contradicted by the "well known laws of nature," so well understood by police magistrates. This will include the evidence of Mr. Serjeant Cox, Alfred Russell Wallace, Dr. George Wyld, Mr. Algernon Joy, Civil Engineer, etc. Had Dr. Slade been merely accused of murder, a tenth part of this testimony would have sent him out of court without a stain on his character.

IN perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us *little or nothing*, directly, of the composition of living matter; and it is also in strictness true that we KNOW NOTHING about the composition of any body whatever, as it is!—*Huxley*.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

THIS Society, formed for the collection of the facts of Spiritualism, in its broadest sense, has published the second part of its proceedings—an octavo pamphlet of 160 pages—containing a very able address by Professor Sidgwick, the President, and reports of the Committee on Thought-Transference, with very curious illustrations, the Richenbach Committee, the Committee on Haunted Houses, and the Literary Committee: the latter containing testimony as to a variety of what are usually called “supernatural manifestations.” Some of the latter are so interesting, and so carefully authenticated, that we gladly add them to our collection.

A DYING MOTHER VISITS HER CHILDREN.

This narrative is abridged from the words of the late Mrs. Chas. Fox, of Trebah, Falmouth (a lady well known to one of us), who had heard the story from her grandmother, one of the children who witnessed the apparition. Few families could be named in which such traditions were likely to be at once more sacredly and more soberly preserved.

“In 1739 Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cocker-mouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends, at whose house the death occurred, made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck’s last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements, as to time as well as place, was beyond the doubtfulness of man’s memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other.

“One morning, between seven and eight o’clock, the relation to whom the care of the children at Settle had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual, and found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight. ‘Mamma has been here!’ they cried, and the little one said, ‘She called, “Come, Esther!”’ Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother on her return home. That same morning, as their mother lay on her dying-bed at Cocker-mouth, she said, ‘I should be ready to go if I could but see my children.’ She then closed her eyes to reopen them, as they thought, no more; but after ten minutes of perfect stillness she looked up brightly and said, ‘I am ready now; I have been with my children;’ and then at once peacefully passed away. When

the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same.

“One of the three children was my grandmother, *née* Sarah Birkbeck, afterwards the wife of Dr. Fell, of Ulverstone. From her lips I heard the above almost literally as I have repeated it. The elder was Morris Birkbeck, afterwards of Guildford. Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it. Esther, the youngest, died soon after. Her brother and sister heard the child say that her mother called her, but could not speak with certainty of having themselves heard the words, nor were sensible of more than their mother’s standing there and looking on them.”

A SOLDIER KILLED IN BATTLE APPEARS TO HIS BROTHER.

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N.B., allows us to publish the following narrative :—

“I was at home for my holidays, and residing with my father and mother, not here, but at another old family place in Mid-Lothian, built by an ancestor in Queen Mary of Scots’ time, called Inveresk House. My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end of the room and a door at the other. My bed was on the right of the window, looking towards the door. I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night and indulged in a surreptitious pipe and chat. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me. Having done this, he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place, and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him on the right temple, and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or, rather, he *fell*, though he may not have died immediately, on the 8th Sept., 1855.

“That night I awoke suddenly, and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist, as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak, but

could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy, and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place. But on looking up, there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon; but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned, and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly, and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple, with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent-looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it is almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said, 'I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect;' and he said 'Yes.' Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his small prayer-book *and the letter I had written to him* were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now."

Mr. Colt mentioned several persons who could corroborate this narrative.

A WOMAN DYING IN ENGLAND APPEARING TO HER NIECE IN THE WEST INDIES.

The Rev. W. S. Grignon, Hanbrook, Bristol, writes to us as follows:—

"I give the annexed narrative of the apparition of a deceased

or dying person on the authority of my mother, the late Mrs. Elizabeth A. Grignon, wife of the late William Stanford Grignon, of Upton, near Montego Bay, Jamaica, Esq., and youngest sister of the well known counsel, Sir James Scarlett, afterwards the first Lord Abinger. I received the account from her, and have had it confirmed by my late sister, Miss Elizabeth Scarlett Grignon, who had often heard it from our mother. I may say that my mother was a cool-headed, accurate person.

“About the year 1820, she was resident at Upton, in Jamaica, and had as an upper nurse in her family a Mrs. Duchoux, an Englishwoman, who had married a Frenchman. With the exception of this nurse, every servant in the house was black or brown. One morning my mother observed that this woman seemed much depressed, so much so that she pressed her for the reason. She said she was sure she should hear of the death of an aunt of hers resident in England. Her statement was as follows:—She had got into bed, but not yet fallen asleep, and had before this locked the door of her bedroom. A negro girl was sleeping on a mattress on the floor of her room. Near the foot of her bed was a small table, on which stood a candle under a shade. Looking up, she saw a female figure in a night-dress, standing with its back towards her at the foot of the bed, near the table with the light on it, and holding a roll of paper in its hand. As she looked, the figure turned its face round towards her, and she at once recognised an aunt then living in England. The figure then moved towards the door, and seemed to pass out of it or disappear. Mrs. Duchoux was not at all frightened, but jumped out of bed and found the door still locked on the inside, and the negro girl asleep. She was quite sure it was her aunt's and no other face which she saw, and that she should hear of her death. My mother told her that she must have dreamed the whole scene; but, nevertheless, was so far impressed at the woman's reiterated assurance that she had been wide awake, that she at once made a note of the statement, with the date. On the arrival of the packet which left England shortly after the date of the apparition, a letter reached Mrs. Duchoux, informing her that her aunt had died just about the date of the vision, and had in her will left her £100. I cannot say that the time of the apparition coincided exactly with the last moments of the deceased. I doubt if this was inquired into at the time. But I remember that my mother stated that the woman had not previously heard anything to make her anxious about her aunt.”

A WOMAN APPEARS TO HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

The following account is by Mr. C. Colchester, of Bushey Heath, Herts:—

“Forty-two or three years ago, my father was with a detachment

of his regiment, the Royal Artillery, stationed at Montreal, Canada. He had left his mother some months before in England, in an indifferent state of health. One evening he was sitting at his desk, writing to her, when my mother, looking up from her work, was startled to see *his* mother looking over his shoulder, seemingly intent on the letter. My mother gave a cry of alarm, and on my father turning round the apparition vanished. On the same evening I and my brother (aged about six and five years) were in bed watching the bright moonlight, when suddenly we saw a figure—a lady with her hands folded on her breast—walking slowly between the bed and the window, backwards and forwards. She wore a cap with a frill tied under her chin, and a dressing-gown, of the appearance of white flannel, her white hair being neatly arranged. She continued to walk, it seemed to me, fully five minutes, and then was gone. We did not cry out, and were not even alarmed, but after her disappearance we said to each other, 'What a nice, kind lady!' and then went to sleep. The children mentioned what they had seen to their mother next morning, but were told not to talk about it. The news of their grandmother's death on that same evening arrived a few weeks afterwards. 'I may add,' Mr. Colchester concludes, 'that neither I nor my brother had ever seen our grandmother till that evening, nor knew of what my mother had seen till years after. The apparition I saw is as palpably before me now as it was forty years since.'

PERSONS WARNED OF THE DROWNING OF FRIENDS AT SEA.

The Rev. R. B. F. Elrington, Vicar of Lower Brixham, a friend of one of us, vouches for the fact that the following occurrence in his parish was described hours before the arrival of the news confirming the fears which it occasioned; and he certifies to the good character of the witnesses.

"(xxix.) In the early spring of 1881, Mrs. Barnes, of Brixham, Devonshire, whose husband was at sea, dreamt that his fishing-vessel was run into by a steamer. Their boy was with him, and she called out in her dream, 'Save the boy!' At this moment another son sleeping in the next room rushed into hers, crying out, 'Where's father?' She asked what he meant, when he said he had distinctly heard his father come upstairs and kick with his heavy boots against the door, as he was in the habit of doing when he returned from sea. The boy's statement and her own dream so alarmed the woman that early next morning she told Mrs. Strong and other neighbours of her fears. News afterwards came that her husband's vessel had been run into by a steamer, and that he and the boy were drowned."

It is, perhaps, the first time that a learned Society composed of

University professors, and men belonging to the learned professions or engaged in literary and scientific pursuits, has entered upon a serious and scientific investigation of Spiritual Facts, and this small sample of their work in one department must, we are sure, greatly interest our readers. The members deserve every credit for their exercise of moral courage—as if psychology were not as legitimate a subject of scientific inquiry as geology. We believe the time is at hand when the importance of such investigations will have a wider recognition.

THE mystery is now solved—as is many other problem, past, present, and future, that has hitherto baffled explanation—by the sublime revelations of Spiritualism. It is the great Isis of antiquity; “all that is, that was, and is to be; whose veil no mortal had ever lifted.” It is the source of every ancient prophecy, of every miracle, of every oracle, of every wonder that history has ever recorded. It is the wisdom of the magi; the secret of the hierophants and gymnosophists of Egypt; of the mysteries of Eleusis; of Mithra, and of Trophonius; the illumination of Pythagoras; the demon of Socrates; the inspiration of Plato; the ring of Solomon. Its invisible and fluid entities are the gods and demigods of every mythology. They are the nymphs, naiads, fauns, sylvans, and satyrs of Greece. They are the lares and penates, the manes and lemures of Rome; the valkyines and nornas, the gnomes, elves, fairies, sylphs, brownies, vampires, latins of the North, and the peris, genii, houris, and afreetes of the East. Their occult agencies are the wand of Merlin, the lore of the sibyls, the Druids, and the augurs; the demonology and witchcraft of the middle ages; the miracle-workers of Apollonius, of the apostles and the saints of Mahomet and Albertus Magnus, of Paracelsus, Cagliostro, and the Count of St. Germans, no less than of Hindoo and Arabian sorcerers. They are the doctrine of the *illuminati*, the conviction and strength of the martyrs. In a word, spiritual agency is the key of every enigma, and the explanation of every phenomenon at which short-sighted *savants* and sceptics have strained and revolted from the earliest dawn of scientific arrogance to its full development in its present noonday, and with which baffled science, from the days of Herodotus and Aristotle down to those of Professor Faraday, has invariably failed to grapple.—*Scepticism and Spiritualism.*

SPIRIT MEDIUMS.

FROM the Latin *medius*—middle, we have the words medial, mediate, mediation, mediator, mediatorial, mediocre, mediocrity, and medium; and this last word of the list we find in "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary" defined as—"the middle; the middle place or degree; anything intervening; means or instrument; the substance in which bodies exist, or through which they move."

A person through whom, or by means of whom, in whose presence, or on account of some quality of whom, a spirit can manifest its presence and powers, is called, and very properly called, a SPIRIT MEDIUM.

What the quality is which makes one a medium, and *how* spirits are able to perform their various manifestations, we know as little as we know of the *what* and *how* of everything in the universe around us. I do not know *how* my spirit moves my own body. I do not know *how* I am conscious, and perceive, think, feel, remember, and love. I do not know *how* other spirits around me, with bodies like mine, are able to produce their various manifestations. By brain will, nerve transmission, muscular action, they cause aerial and ethereal vibrations, which act upon my senses, and through certain nerve and brain mediums, reach my soul, or central seat of conscious life—but how these miracles are performed is past my comprehension. The production of the page of manuscript before me, and the printed page now under the eyes of the reader, is a series of spirit manifestations utterly inexplicable. No marvels we can hear or read of go beyond the marvel of our own existence and the exercise of our mental and physical powers.

Observation of the phenomena of Spiritualism shows that they are usually produced in the presence or vicinity of certain persons who have some special quality—some mediumistic element—which spirits can make use of in producing their manifestations. Mr. T. P. BARKAS, a careful scientific observer, thinks one person in ten may possess this mediumistic quality. I cannot see that it is quite so common. If it were, there would be a greater number of manifestations. It is true, however, that where circles are formed and persevere in sitting regularly, some degree of the mediumistic element is usually developed.

But the question arises—if mediums are so common, why was so little known of spiritual manifestations in recent times, until the advent of what is called “Modern Spiritualism” thirty-five years ago, first in America, then extending to Europe, and over the world? This is a pertinent question, but it can no more be answered than similar questions relating to science, arts, civilization, governments or religions. In the world’s progress there are ages of darkness and eras of light. The Ages of Faith were full of miracles. Two or three centuries ago thousands of men and women, and even children, in the most enlightened countries of Europe, and even in America, were put to death for witchcraft. Every religion has its miracles. The Quakers, the Methodists, the Mormons have enjoyed supernatural manifestations. Miracles have never ceased in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Orient, we know, from the accounts of many intelligent observers, is full of magic. No scientific Englishman has been able to account for the supernatural feats of Indian “jugglers,” any more than he can account for the spiritual manifestations now of daily occurrence in Europe and America.

Mais, revenons a nos mediums. The SPIRITUAL RECORD will find space, no doubt, for many examples of the miraculous, but my actual subject is the Medium, who is to us what the Pythoness was to the Greeks, or the Augur to the Romans; somewhat, but more and different. I cannot do better than to describe by examples. Let me give some account of mediums I have known during thirty years of observation of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

We began with raps—physical manifestations of a very simple, mechanical character. In the case of the “Fox girls,” in western New York, their attention was arrested by loud, distinct knockings, and they had the ingenuity, or the inspiration, to contrive a code, by which they could get answers to questions. There were three girls working for their living with a widowed mother. When they were no longer frightened at the mysterious knockings, they began to question. “Knock three times for *yes*,” they said, “and once for *no*.” Then catechism began. It answered—and the intelligent force that rapped “yes” and “no” to questions answered—very well, to a certain extent, but not enough. “Yes” and “no” can give no information beyond the questioning power. Then came the happy thought of calling over the letters of the alphabet, when a rap at the needed letter would, with time and

patience, spell out a message. We can imagine first the little lone family around their work-table at night taking down spirit-messages—then the eager crowd of curious, excited neighbours. Twenty-five years ago, I sat at such a table by the side of one of these girls. The “raps”—the “Rochester knockings”—which said “yes” or “no,” and spelled out messages by the alphabet, were no tiny taps that one could make with his finger-nail. They were loud resounding explosions, or blows, as if struck with an auctioneer’s hammer, which could have been heard over the house, and were made not only on the table, but on a door which I held open, so as to see both sides of it, and be sure that the blows which jarred the door were not made by the medium, nor by any visible confederate.

With some mediums the table rises upon two legs, and with the other two makes loud knockings on the floor. I have assured myself by careful tests that this movement was not, either consciously or unconsciously, produced by the muscular force of the medium.

The hand of the medium is made to write spirit-messages—thoughts and facts entirely beyond his natural power or knowledge. Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York, has testified that his daughter wrote in seven languages with which she was totally unacquainted. It is common for writing-mediums to write under spirit-influence upon brain or nerves of persons, things and events of which they have no knowledge.

In the presence of some mediums, we have the astonishing and most satisfactory phenomena of *direct* writing and drawing. In perfect darkness, in sealed boxes, in enclosed, tied, sealed slates, on cards or paper laid in the centre of thick books, and lying under heavy pressure, and under watchful eyes, I have had messages written in pencil and in ink, and in the handwriting of dear departed friends, and pictures of artistic merit drawn under similar conditions—sitting in the light, or while the hands of the medium were held in total darkness.

The rapidity of this kind of work is very wonderful. An elaborate drawing, requiring thousands of pencil strokes—a long letter or message, which would require twenty or thirty minutes to write—is done in total darkness, or in a small enclosed space, in a few seconds—in less than one minute.

In the presence of some mediums, the spirits of our friends are able to materialise—that is, to appear in bodily forms. We see

them in their well-known features ; they speak to us in their well-remembered voices ; sometimes they are able to grasp our hands, or lay their fingers upon our foreheads. I, who write these lines, have many times, in my own house, in the presence of my family and friends, under conditions that made any kind of fraud impossible—*seen, heard, felt* the materialised spirits of some who were very dear to me in this world, but whose earthly bodies had long since mouldered into dust. I have had this experience at several different places, but generally in my own house ; in the presence of several different mediums ; and, on one occasion, when the medium, or mediums, whom I supposed to be the means of such materialisation were in the house, but not in the room in which it took place, and were, I believe, fast asleep.

There are also trance-mediums who, while in an abnormal condition, seem to be taken possession of by some spirit who speaks through them, and, in some cases, gives to the possessed, or mediumistic body, the looks, tone of voice, mode of speaking, and characteristic actions which assure friends of his or her identity. When a person long dead is so personated by a medium, who has never seen or known of him, there is very convincing proof of two facts—the continued existence of the spirit, and its power to manifest that existence through the medium.

How precious is this marvellous gift of mediumship ! How great its responsibilities ! I can hardly conceive of a higher crime than to either neglect or abuse such a faculty. It seems to me that every genuine, honest medium should be cherished, protected, honoured, and above all helped in every way to make his gift useful to the world. What can any man or woman do of more value to mankind than to give to men real, tangible, positive evidences of immortality ?

We do not know what it is that makes any man or woman a medium. It is not intellect, for many mediums, when not “under influence,” show little brain power, and are deficient in education. But when a weak and ignorant woman, as in the remarkable case described by Mr. Barkas, can, under spirit influence, answer questions concerning the deepest problems of science, in technical terms known only to scientific men, we have a phenomenon of the highest interest.

What is evident, and what the spirits themselves assert, is that a medium must have a specially sensitive or impressionable organisation—brain and nerve elements that can be taken hold of, and

used by the spirits for different forms of manifestation. We can have no better testimony than that of the spirits themselves. They declare that they use the materials borrowed from the entranced medium to build up their materialised forms; also that, through the organisation of the medium, they can draw similar materials from persons attending the séance. Experiments have been made, especially by Mr. Blackburn, who has spent much time and money in these investigations, showing that the medium actually loses weight during materialisations.

A writing medium, as I know by personal experience, draws force—nerve-power, whatever it may be—from the sitter. A lady with whom I often sit while she is writing under spirit-influence—who is, at least, writing what I believe to be the thoughts and words of spirits I have known in this life—can always tell by her loss of power, when my brain has begun to act—when I have entered upon any train of thought which carries me away from her, and uses the force on which she depends for her power to write. I can always suspend her writing by beginning to think.

But what of the character of mediums? Are they honest? Are they truthful? Can they be depended upon? How do we know that they are not playing tricks upon us—cheating, defrauding, deceiving us?

In regard to character, mediums are like other people—good—bad—indifferent. They are human. They have the same vanities, temptations, vices, and virtues as have others. They are not, perhaps, as a rule, more honest and virtuous than clergymen, physicians, lawyers, or speculators in stocks or staples. Good mediums attract good spirits. Bad ones, of course, by universal law, attract their own kind.

As a medium is sensitive and impressionable, he has more than the average liability to be influenced by those “evil communications” which “corrupt good manners.” Many mediums are jealous of other mediums—like singers and actors. Artists and writers are also subject to the same weakness. In fact, I do not see that any vice of mediums is peculiar to them, but their liabilities are special. For one thing the exhaustion of giving an ordinary séance to a miscellaneous company is a direct temptation to intemperate eating, and to the use of stimulants. This liability should be most carefully guarded against. I have known

five mediums demoralised by drink, and heard of several others. Some have lost all power—some have found refuge in asylums—some have died. One, chiefly through drink, but partly from impressibility and bad associations, became a hopeless vagabond and swindler. Such demoralised mediums, driven by dire necessity, when they can no longer prey upon Spiritualists, turn expositors of Spiritualism, and plunder the opposition.

But the proportion of reprobate mediums is not, I think, larger than in other professions—even those held most sacred or honourable. All I can say is that mediums are men and women, and that the mediumistic element may have no more to do with moral character than the genius of the poet or the strength and skill of the athlete.

And as to fraud. I hold that any Spiritualist or investigator into Spiritualism has only himself to blame if he allows himself to be cheated. *Caveat emptor*. No person of cool common sense will allow himself to be cheated in such a matter. It is perfectly easy to detect a fraud, or to make it impossible. If for any reason there be room to doubt, you may charitably give the medium "the benefit of the doubt," but you will not rely upon doubtful evidence. Accept no fact as a fact that is not perfectly clear and free from any shadow of doubt. As in science, doubtful experiments do not count.

I do not see that a *paid* medium is more to be suspected of fraud than a paid clergyman, or lawyer, or physician. These are all professional—all paid—but not consequently swindlers, thieves, liars, or cheats. Any gift exercised for a livelihood becomes a profession. The labourer is worthy of his hire. How can I employ the time and strength of a medium for the gratification of a scientific curiosity, or to get evidences of immortality, without wishing to give some equivalent for so great a service?

I think all honest—that is, genuine—mediums should be honorably treated in every way. All frauds are necessarily punished, first in being frauds, and next in being detected. Of course, those who do not believe in the reality, or even the possibility, of the phenomena of Spiritualism must believe every medium to be a "fraud," and every Spiritualist a fool. If mediums are cheats, of course Spiritualists are idiots; but as hundreds of Spiritualists are known to be men of high intelligence, men of science, men of the highest position, and of eminent ability, it follows that *all*

mediums are not impostors, and that there must be *some* truth in Spiritualism. If there be one honest medium in the world—if there has been one genuine spiritual manifestation, THEN SPIRITUALISM IS TRUE, AND THERE IS LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE—not alone the hope or the belief—but the ABSOLUTE, DEMONSTRATED CERTAINTY—for which we are indebted to Spiritualism and its despised, persecuted, neglected, but yet TRIUMPHANT MEDIUMS.

THE CENTRAL SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION opened a course of lectures on the 15th of May at Langham Hall with a very able discourse by the Rev. John Page Hopps, of Leicester, when the chair was taken by the Hon. Percy Wyndham, M.P. The second lecture, a fortnight later, was given by one of the Three Witnesses of this number, T. P. Barkas, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the chairman was Joseph Cowen, Esq., M.P., who edits the *Chronicle* with a special wire, and with the aid of John Morley, represents the Black Diamond Metropolis. Mr. Page Hopps gave us a very solid and thoroughly good lecture, quoting Tyndall, Huxley, and Mill, to show that science knows nothing about matter, and is dependent upon spirit, and spiritual forces for the little it knows about anything. No spontaneous combination of atoms could originate consciousness, perception, memory, and thought. All we know of matter leads us to the recognition of the higher properties and forces of spirit. Mr. Hopps did not leave Materialism an atom to rest upon—atoms being hypothetical conceptions of mind. We have in ourselves the consciousness of mind moving matter—we can form no conception of any process by which matter can produce or act upon mind. The lecture of Mr. Barkas was a proper sequel to that of Mr. Hopps. As a practical scientist he gave us facts of his own observation which demonstrate spirit existence and power. Some of these facts we hope to record in our next.

POETRY is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.—*Coleridge*.

He who holds the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great ;
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Embittering all his state.

*THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT AND THE
EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.*

[In connection with Dr. Nichols' paper on "The Brothers Davenport," we give the following article by the late Mr. Benjamin Coleman, from the *Spiritual Magazine* of December, 1865, which is of historical as well as psychological interest.]

THE French special correspondent of the *Star* announced that the Davenports had "performed at St. Cloud in the presence of the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, and all the Court!" and adds that on the following day Robert Houdin (*not* M. Robin, who has been trading on the Davenports' repute by vulgar imitations), their scientific rival, was summoned to the palace. He initiated the Court into the mysterious manœuvres of his predecessors with such success that both their Imperial Majesties thanked him for having unveiled the piece of charlatan-ism. The facts of their visit I have from one who was present, and they are as follows:—

On the arrival of the Davenports at St. Cloud, accompanied by their *confrère*, Mr. Wm. Fay, they found to their surprise that all the preliminary arrangements had been made for the dark circle. Two strong common chairs were placed in the *salon*, and the fires had been put out to secure the necessary condition of complete darkness. The cabinet being erected in the presence of the Imperial party, under the closest scrutiny, the exhibition commenced. As it proceeded, the Emperor showed that he was not only intensely interested, by repeated ejaculations of "How extraordinary!" "How wonderful!" but he readily complied with every condition, and insisted upon perfect order being kept. Two persons who were laughing and making sceptical remarks were reprov'd, and reminded by him that if they felt no interest in the exhibition they might find more amusement in the billiard room. The Marquis la Grange having entered the cabinet with the Davenports, he extended his arms, and was fast bound to each of the brothers in the usual way. The instant the doors were closed the noise and confusion which was heard within the cabinet surprised the Imperial party extremely; when the doors were thrown open and the Marquis was seen with his cravat removed, a bell stuck in his waistcoat, the violin and guitar fantastically arranged about his person, and the tambourine upon his head, the Emperor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily at the grotesque appearance of the helpless and somewhat frightened Marquis, who, on his part, seriously and emphatically assured the company that the brothers had not moved a muscle.

During the dark circle the Emperor and Empress frequently exclaimed, "a hand is touching me." A watch being held by the Emperor in the palm of his hand, it was at his request given to the Empress, and upon her asking that it might be taken to the Prince Imperial it was instantly conveyed a distance of 60 feet to the young Prince, who threw it from him exclaiming, "It was so hot, he could not hold it."

When Mr. Fay's hands were tightly bound behind his back, the Emperor gave his seal to impress the wax with which the knots on Mr. Fay's wrists were secured. In an instant Mr. Fay's coat was whisked from his back, and was seen flying through the air. The Emperor satisfying himself that the cords and seal were still intact upon Mr. Fay's wrists, he exclaimed again and again, "Most wonderful! most extraordinary!"

At the close of the *séance* the Imperial party asked many questions, the Emperor saying he was not surprised at the excitement which such an extraordinary exhibition created in a large assembly. It was, he thought, imprudent to attempt to show such phenomena to many persons at one time, who could not test for themselves their reality. After many expressions of their entire satisfaction the Imperial party withdrew at half-past one in the morning, and the Davenport party sat down to a sumptuous supper which had been provided for them at the palace.

On the following day the Emperor marked his further appreciation of the exhibition by sending to the Davenport party an unusually munificent gift for their services.

At the Davenports' suggestion the Emperor sent for M. Houdin, who exhibited his imitations, and without any comment being made by the Emperor, he was dismissed and paid the usual fee of 500 francs, and his expenses.

THE TIDE.

The tide slips up the silver sand,
 Dark night and rosy day;
 It brings sea-treasures to the land,
 Then bears them all away,
 On mighty shores from east to west,
 It wails, and gropes, and cannot rest.

Oh, Tide, that still doth ebb and flow
 Through night to golden day:—
 Wit, learning, beauty come and go,
 Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away,
 But sometime, on some gracious shore
 Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

TERSE PROVERBS.—Russian: "Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore." Sanscrit: "Silence is the ornament of the ignorant." Chinese: "There are two good men: one dead and the other unborn." Persian: "One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FIVE DIRECT DRAWINGS IN THE LIGHT!

To the Editor of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

SIR,—In your prospectus of *The Spiritual Record* you ask for facts. The following occurred in the presence of nine individuals whose names can be given :—At the weekly sitting of the “Hafed” Circle, in the autumn of 1882, the medium (Mr. David Duguid) being entranced, took from his pocket a piece of thick printing paper, about 20 inches by 5. After folding it into five, he requested Mr. H. Nisbet to lay his felt hat on the table. He then stretched out the blank paper and passed it round the table for inspection. Taking the bible and a number of hymn books, he placed them in juxtaposition, with a space of six inches between them; on these he laid the hat, then folding up the paper he placed it, along with a pencil, below, and enclosed all with a handkerchief. The medium thereafter addressed the circle in trance condition for about thirty minutes, and when so engaged stood at fully two feet from the table, while a bright light burned all the time. On sitting down at the table after his trance address, he looked, as it were, into the little darkened cabinet, and shook his head. Mr. Nisbet (the chairman) asked if it had been a failure. He turned to him and smilingly said, “Just be patient,” and after a minute or two he removed the handkerchief, when we observed the paper lying folded as when it was put in, but the pencil, which had been laid in a horizontal position, now stood upright. The medium took out the folded paper and handed it to me. On opening it up we found on each side of the five folds a half-length portrait evidently of one individual at five different stages of life—from a youth of 18 or 20 to an aged man of 70 years, and habited in the fashion of the 16th century. We were very much gratified by this somewhat singular but satisfactory manifestation of spirit power, which has only occurred once before, as recorded in page 575 of “Hafed, Prince of Persia.” The drawings, we were told, were portraits of Sir John Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth’s naval captains, and companion of Sir Francis Drake, the celebrated navigator. This spirit has manifested at the circle from the first, now eighteen years ago, but withheld his name till September, 1882, when, in concluding his eventful history through the trance-medium, he said he had borne the name of John Hawkins. Some curious details regarding this spirit are to be found at page 524, appendix to “Hafed.”

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

“CONTRARY to the well known laws of nature,” said his Worship, “therefore no number of witnesses and no quantity of testimony will affect my opinion.”

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He could have stated the case in the one convenient word “impossible.”

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What do we mean by impossible?

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A man who has sounded the depths of human science has said—“The word impossible should never be used out of the region of mathematics.”

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We can say that it is impossible that two and two can make five; impossible that the three angles of any triangle should make more or less than two right angles, and so on.

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But it was a rash scientist who declared that steamers would never cross the Atlantic—that no railway train could ever run thirty miles an hour—that it was impossible to send a message from London to New York and get an answer within an hour; or for two persons a thousand miles apart to hold a conversation through a wire.

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These were all impossibilities a few years ago—all quite “contrary to the known laws of nature,” and the witness who swore to either of them would have been considered by any respectable magistrate as unworthy of belief.

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“Impossible,” out of the range of what are called the certain sciences, means something we have not yet personally observed; something which seems to us unlikely; something we have been taught to deny.

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Two centuries ago Englishmen, trained in universities, sitting in Parliament, or on the Bench, believed in witches, made laws against them, and sentenced them to be burnt alive or hanged.

It is little more than a century since a witch was burnt in Scotland. Within twenty years a man was drowned in England by a mob for his supposed dealings with the devil—"contrary to the well known laws of nature." —::—

The thoughtful boy comes home from Sunday School. "Papa," he says, "are there any miracles now?" "No, my son." "Why are there no miracles now?" "Because they ceased with the Apostles." Papa was taught this when he went to Sunday School, and so hands it on. Miracles, with all good Protestants, are contrary to the known laws of nature.

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With the Catholic child it is quite different. He reads the Lives of the Saints all the way down from the days of the Apostles to our own, and finds them crowded with all sorts of miracles, occurring all over the world, to great numbers of which there are still living witnesses.

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All Roman Catholics are consequently Spiritualists—but are naturally disposed to attribute manifestations among those not recognised as Catholics to evil spirits. No Catholic considers them impossible, or "contrary to the well known laws of nature."

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And with Protestants, who burnt or hung witches for two hundred years with great devotion, denial of the supernatural is a new departure forced upon them by the exigencies of their polemics. When a Papist said—"We have the true faith—it is attested by constant miracles," what could the Protestant do but deny the Catholic miracles, and pretty soon, in Germany, and in the more advanced sects in England and America, all miracles, even those recorded in the Bible?

So Bradlaugh, M.P., declares that "So help me God!" is a phrase which has to him no meaning. "Then don't use it," says the House. "Please let me affirm," says the seatless one. "No; that is for Quakers, like Bright and Forster." "Then I will swear. I don't believe in a God, but I don't mind swearing a little for the sake of my constituents."

But the majority said—"No. If you had done it quietly like Mill or Morley and the rest of them, we might not have noticed it, but for a blatant atheist, neo-malthusian, Fruits-of-Philosophy

fellow to call God to witness his promise to give faithful allegiance to a Sovereign he fully intends to overthrow is "contrary to the known laws of nature."

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According to the Secularist, Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, Hare, Mapes, De Morgan, Barrett, and scores of men of science, who have thoroughly examined and attested the facts of spirit existence and power, were and are either knaves or fools!

It would seem to require a pretty robust faith to accept such a belief as that; but Secularist editors and writers are quite equal to it. No Roman Catholic holds half as firmly the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope as the mass of Secularists believe in the infallibility of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant among the Nationals, or the Marquis of Queensberry, Mr. Watts, and "Saladin" among the Britishers.

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Of course there are sects among Secularists. People who reject all creeds still manage to find something to disagree about and split upon. Those who reject faith may yet quarrel about morals. Watts threw up the "Fruits." They did not agree with him. "Saladin" denounces with the fierceness of a Gaelic poet the efforts of Bradlaugh and Besant "to limit the output of humanity"; and the Marquis of Queensberry rises in a theatre to denounce the Poet-Laureate for his libel on Secularism, which he insists could only apply to the rival society.

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When Spiritualists come to doctrines or morals, they may, and probably must divide like others. It is safe to keep to the facts. It is best not to hurry conclusions. We may doubt whether a spirit is good or bad. We may not believe what he tells us. A spirit may not be truthful, and may not be wise, but he may prove to us the *one great fact, that spirits exist and can communicate with us who are still in the bodily life.*

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If the man who died on Wednesday were at once to lose all his ignorance, all his folly, all his wrong notions and selfish feelings, he might not know himself for the same person, much less be able to prove it to his friends. It is not reasonable to expect changes so rapid as to destroy identity. Growth and progress, and gradual changes we may reasonably presume to be among the

well known laws of nature in all states of being. We have a thousand facts which prove to us that there is a life beyond the grave—that our friends still live—that we shall soon join them ; but of the nature of that spirit-life we know very little. The spirits with whom we have been able to converse in various ways—by medial writing, by direct writing, by medial speech, by the direct speech of materialised organs—have not seemed able to give us a definite idea of their life and its conditions. The spirit best known to us has said, “You have no words by which we can describe our life, and nothing with which we can compare it. Therefore, we cannot convey the idea of it to you, and you cannot receive it.” And it was written long ago—“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

What we know is simply, surely, but almost only—that after the decay and death of the body **WE SHALL STILL LIVE**. So much the facts assure us. So much our departed friends can tell us, and demonstrate by every means in their power.

So much it seems our duty to make known, that others may have the same assurance of absolute knowledge.

It is well to *believe*; but we think it is better to **KNOW**.

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Give us Facts! Whatever else our friends may send us, we beg them to give us those facts upon which all real science must be based. One clearly stated fact is worth more than reams of speculation. We do not care very much what people *believe*—what they *know* is what we are after. We specially like what are sometimes called the “lower manifestations.” One good solid “rap” is worth ten trances. Three lines in the handwriting of a dear friend in the spirit world, which I *know* was not written by any earthly hand, is worth more, as a proof of the reality of spirit life, than volumes of ever so eloquent discourses about and around it. What some may call a very puerile manifestation may be a very important one. This, for example :—

There came to us one day a little nursemaid, about 15 years old, said to be a medium. In the full light of noon she sat opposite to us, in our own room, at our own table. There came on it small raps, which she did not make, and then beneath it a loud metallic whirl and jingle. Looking to see what produced it, we saw the castor on one leg of the table, freed from pressure by an

inequality in the floor, rapidly whirling, until it stopped with a jingle. It was near our feet. No hand or foot could reach it. Again and again some invisible force set the loose brass wheel in motion, just as if a child had crawled under the table and found the plaything. Asking of the girl if she knew what it meant, she said a little boy, five years old, whom she had nursed, had died a few weeks before, and that he often came and made his presence known by his little infantile raps, and similar childish manifestations.

Clang! went the castor again. Again we saw it whirling until stopped by its friction—there, close by our feet—the girl four feet away. Only a whirl and jingle; but what a fact! and what a proof of spirit life and power!

The raps—so like the working of that wonder of our time—the electro-magnetic telegraph—the movements of ponderous bodies—the slow spelling out of messages, when they tell us facts which no one but some spirit friend could know—the revelation, by means ever so rude, of some personality or identity which could not be known to any one present but ourself—these are the little facts that convince men of the *great* fact of immortality.

Therefore, we wish to gather a magazine of facts—a veritable SPIRITUAL RECORD; and we shall be glad of all the aid we can get in this endeavour. Give us your facts in the clearest form and fewest words.

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SPIRITUALISM, as we intend to treat it, is the ultimatum of natural history, or the culmination of biology—the science of life. In his anatomy and physiology, man is to be studied precisely as we study all organised bodies—plants or animals. Psychology—the science of the soul—naturally follows the science of the body. Feeling and thought we find to be functions of nerves and brain, intimately connected with them, and usually dependent upon them, in our earthly life. The question, Do thought and feeling, memory and will, survive the decay of nerve and brain? is the most important that science can answer. That science must rest on the observation of phenomena. These phenomena it is our mission to record.

“The proper study of mankind is man,” past, present, and future; the life of the individual and the life of the race. But the facts we wish to gather and record are those which prove that the life of the individual man, if it has its beginning upon the earth,

does not have its end in physical death. They prove that the soul—that inner life, or animating principle of man—survives the death of the body. We have, in the phenomena of Spiritualism, attested by thousands of witnesses, proof of continued existence, and at least reasonable ground for hope of life eternal.

People who are firm in a religious faith in immortality may not need our facts, but our facts will not hurt them. Every truth is useful. Each truth is in harmony with every other. If you believe in development you must accept all its phenomena, not only the physical, but the mental and moral. If civilisation is a result of development, why not religion? And why should Darwinians quarrel with natural selection and the survival of the fittest?

—:—

If it be useless, generally, to appeal to men of science, who are for the most part steeped in scientific bigotries, we can and do appeal to the scientific spirit which examines *all* facts and is ready for *any* legitimate conclusion. We ask for no logic that is not as simple as two and two make four. But we do not expect much from any man of recognised position, one who has written a book or is in receipt of a salary.

For example, it is not in the least likely that a million of facts would cause the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Professor Tyndall, or Mr. Gladstone, or a pastor, or professor, or physician, to declare his faith in Spiritualism, or any unpopular belief. No leader can march more than ten paces in advance of his flock, and it may be safer to follow than to lead. No Scriptural character has so many imitators as Nicodemus. There is no end of free-thought in the world, but there is very little free expression. The men are very scarce who dare tell even their wives all they know, or think, or feel.

Therefore we must not look for many professed converts to Spiritualism. The world is full of those who dare not tell each other their *real* opinions or beliefs. If there were a "Palace of Truth," how very few would dare to enter it!