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TESTIMONY OF WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

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FREQUENT allusions have been made in the *Spiritual Record*, as in all Spiritualist publications, to the remarkable investigations of psychic forces and phenomena made by so distinguished a member of the Royal Society, and so accomplished a physicist as Mr. WILLIAM CROOKES, the discoverer of the new metal Thallium, and the inventor of the new instrument which demonstrates an unsuspected force, or action of force, in nature—the Radiometer.

Mr. Crookes's earliest Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism were published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and reprinted in an octavo volume of 112 pages in 1874. The first article bears the date of July 1, 1871. An apparently previously written introduction, bearing no date, is entitled, "Spiritualism viewed in the Light of Modern Science." In this preface Mr. Crookes says:—

"Some weeks ago, the fact that I was engaged in investigating Spiritualism, so called, was announced in *The Athenæum*, and in consequence of the many communications I have since received, I think it desirable to say a little concerning the investigation which I have commenced. Views or opinions I cannot be said to possess on a subject which I do not pretend to understand. I consider it the duty of scientific men who have learnt exact modes of working, to examine phenomena which attract the attention of the public, in order to confirm their genuineness, or to explain, if possible, the delusions of the honest, and to expose the tricks of deceivers. . . .

“A man may be a true scientific man, and yet agree with Professor De Morgan, when he says—‘I have both seen and heard in a manner which would make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me; but when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I cannot adopt any explanation which has yet been suggested. . . . The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient. The spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult.’

“That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances, and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary fact in chemistry. My whole scientific education has been one long lesson in exactness of observation, and I wish it to be distinctly understood, that this firm conviction is the result of most careful investigation. . . .

“Faraday says—‘Before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible.’ But this appears like reasoning in a circle: we are to investigate nothing till we know it to be *possible*, whilst we cannot say what is *impossible*, outside pure mathematics, till we know every thing.

“In the present case, I prefer to enter upon the inquiry with no preconceived notions whatever as to what can or cannot be, but with all my senses alert and ready to convey information to the brain; believing, as I do, that we have by no means exhausted all human knowledge, or fathomed the depths of all the physical forces, and remembering that the great philosopher already quoted said, in reference to some speculations on the gravitating force—‘Nothing is too wonderful to be true, if it be consistent with the laws of nature; and in such things as these, experiment is the best test of such consistency.’

After some observations on the perfection of instruments that may be used in such investigations, and the lack and need of scientific accuracy, Mr. Crookes says in a note:—

“In justice to my subject, I must state that, on repeating these views to some of the leading ‘Spiritualists’ and most trustworthy ‘mediums’ in England, they express perfect confidence in the success of the inquiry, if honestly carried out in the spirit here exemplified, and they have offered to assist me to the utmost of their ability, by placing their peculiar powers at my disposal. As far as I have proceeded, I may as well add that the preliminary tests have been satisfactory.”

When Mr. Crookes gave notice of his intention to investigate Spiritualism, a shout of triumph went up from its opponents. He was of all men the very one best qualified by character and acquirements for such an investigation ; and though it was too contemptible an imposture or hallucination to be worth a moment's notice from any scientific man, it was best, on the whole, to have it once for all and thoroughly exploded. The blank amazement with which these enlighteners of the human understanding read, if they did read, the result of Mr. Crookes's investigations may be imagined. All they could say was, that he had become either a knave or fool, like all the rest, and allowed himself to be humbugged—like Hare ; like De Morgan ; like Zöllner—and all the men of science, with whom, as Professor Varley said, conviction has always followed examination.

Mr. Crookes began his experiments with the famous medium, Mr. D. D. Home. He was assisted by Dr. Wm. Huggins, F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Cox. The testing apparatus was mechanical and electrical. Mr. Crookes saw the medium dress, and made sure that he had no concealed machinery about him. He bought a new accordion. He prepared a wire and wicker cage, in which it was to be suspended, and into which no human hand could penetrate to touch the keys. He arranged a delicate machine to register force, which the muscles of Home could not control. When all was ready, in a large room lighted by gas,—

“ Mr. Home sat in a low easy chair at the side of the table. In front of him under the table was the aforesaid cage, one of his legs being on each side of it. I sat close to him on his left, and another observer sat close to him on his right, the rest of the party being seated at convenient distances round the table.

“ For the greater part of the evening, particularly when anything of importance was proceeding, the observers on each side of Mr. Home kept their feet respectively on his feet, so as to be able to detect his slightest movement.

“ Mr. Home took the accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand, at the opposite end to the keys. Having previously opened the bass key myself, and the cage being drawn from under the table so as just to allow the accordion to be passed in with its keys downwards, it was pushed back as close as Mr. Home's arm would permit, but without hiding his hand from those next to him. Very soon the accordion was seen by those on each side to be waving about in a somewhat curious manner ; then sounds came from it, and finally several notes were played in succession. Whilst this was going on, my assistant went under the

table, and reported that the accordion was expanding and contracting ; at the same time it was seen that the hand of Mr. Home, by which it was held was quite still, his other hand resting on the table.

“ Presently the accordion was seen by those on either side of Mr. Home to move about, oscillating and going round and round the cage, and playing at the same time. Dr. Huggins now looked under the table, and said that Mr. Home’s hand appeared quite still whilst the accordion was moving about emitting distinct sounds.

“ Mr. Home still holding the accordion in the usual manner in the cage, his feet being held by those next him, and his other hand resting on the table, we heard distinct and separate notes sounded in succession, and then a simple air was played. As such a result could only have been produced by the various keys of the instrument being acted upon in harmonious succession, this was considered by those present to be a crucial experiment. But the sequel was still more striking, for Mr. Home then removed his hand altogether from the accordion, taking it quite out of the cage, and placed it in the hand of the person next to him. The instrument then continued to play, no person touching it and no hand being near it.

“ I was now desirous of trying what would be the effect of passing the battery current round the insulated wire of the cage, and my assistant accordingly made the connection with the wires from the two Grove’s cells. Mr. Home again held the instrument inside the cage in the same manner as before, when it immediately sounded and moved about vigorously. But whether the electric current passing round the cage assisted the manifestation of force inside it is impossible to say.

“ The accordion was now again taken without any visible touch from Mr. Home’s hand, which he removed from it entirely and placed upon the table, where it was taken by the person next to him, and seen, as now were both his hands, by all present. I and two of the others present saw the accordion distinctly floating about inside the cage with no visible support. This was repeated a second time, after a short interval. Mr. Home presently re-inserted his hand in the cage and again took hold of the accordion. It then commenced to play, at first chords and runs, and afterwards a well-known sweet and plaintive melody, which it executed perfectly in a very beautiful manner. Whilst this tune was being played, I grasped Mr. Home’s arm, below the elbow, and gently slid my hand down it until I touched the top of the accordion. He was not moving a muscle. His other hand was on the table, visible to all, and his feet were under the feet of those next to him.

“ Having met with such striking results in the experiments with the accordion in the cage, we turned to the balance apparatus

already described. Mr. Home placed the tips of his fingers lightly on the extreme end of the mahogany board which was resting on the support, whilst Dr. Huggins and myself sat, one on each side of it, watching for any effect which might be produced. Almost immediately the pointer of the balance was seen to descend. After a few seconds it rose again. This movement was repeated several times, as if by successive waves of the Psychic Force. The end of the board was observed to oscillate slowly up and down during the experiment.

“ Mr. Home now, of his own accord, took a small hand-bell and a little card match-box, which happened to be near, and placed one under each hand, to satisfy us, as he said, that he was not producing the downward pressure. The very slow oscillation of the spring balance became more marked, and Dr. Huggins, watching the index, said that he saw it descend to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. The normal weight of the board as so suspended being 3 lbs., the additional downward pull was therefore  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. On looking immediately afterwards at the automatic register we saw that the index had at one time descended as low as 9 lbs., showing a maximum pull of 6 lbs. upon a board whose normal weight was 3 lbs.

“ In order to see whether it was possible to produce much effect on the spring balance by pressure at the place where Mr. Home's fingers had been, I stepped upon the table and stood on one foot at the end of the board. Dr. Huggins, who was observing the index of the balance, said that the whole weight of my body (140 lbs.) so applied only sunk the index  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., or 2 lbs. when I jerked up and down. Mr. Home had been sitting in a low easy-chair, and could not, therefore, had he tried his utmost, have exerted any material influence on these results. I need scarcely add that his feet as well as his hands were closely guarded by all in the room.

“ I confess I am surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject. Some little time ago, when an opportunity for examination was first presented to me, I invited the co-operation of some scientific friends in a systematic investigation; but I soon found that to obtain a scientific committee for the investigation of this class of facts was out of the question, and that I must be content to rely on my own endeavours, aided by the co-operation from time to time of a few scientific and learned friends who were willing to join in the inquiry. I still feel that it would be better were such a committee of known men to be formed, who would meet Mr. Home in a fair and unbiased manner, and I would gladly assist in its formation; but the difficulties in the way are great. . . .

“ Respecting the cause of these phenomena, the nature of the force to which, to avoid periphrasis, I have ventured to give the

name of *Psychic*, and the correlation existing between that and the other forces of nature, it would be wrong to hazard the most vague hypothesis. Indeed, in inquiries connected so intimately with rare physiological and psychological conditions, it is the duty of the inquirer to abstain altogether from framing theories until he has accumulated a sufficient number of facts to form a substantial basis upon which to reason. In the presence of strange phenomena as yet unexplored and unexplained following each other in such rapid succession, I confess it is difficult to avoid clothing their record in language of a sensational character. But, to be successful, an inquiry of this kind must be undertaken by the philosopher without prejudice and without sentiment. Romantic and superstitious ideas should be entirely banished, and the steps of his investigation should be guided by intellect as cold and passionless as the instruments he uses. Having once satisfied himself that he is on the track of a new truth, that single object should animate him to pursue it, without regarding whether the facts which occur before his eyes are 'naturally possible or impossible.'"

Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Cox, attested the accuracy of this statement.

In the next number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* (July, 1871) Mr. Crookes says:—

"It is edifying to compare some of the present criticisms with those that were written twelve months ago. When I first stated in this journal that I was about to investigate the phenomenon of so-called Spiritualism, the announcement called forth universal expressions of approval. One said that my 'statements deserved respectful consideration;' another expressed 'profound satisfaction that the subject was about to be investigated by a man so thoroughly qualified as,' etc.; a third was 'gratified to learn that the matter is now receiving the attention of cool and clear-headed men of recognised position in science;' a fourth asserted that 'no one could doubt Mr. Crookes's ability to conduct the investigation with rigid philosophical impartiality;' and a fifth was good enough to tell its readers that 'if men like Mr. Crookes grapple with the subject, taking nothing for granted until it is proved, we shall soon know how much to believe.'

"These remarks, however, were written too hastily. It was taken for granted by the writers that the results of my experiments would be in accordance with their preconceptions. What they really desired was not *the truth*, but an additional witness in favour of their own foregone conclusion. When they found that the facts which that investigation established could not be made to fit those opinions, why,—'so much the worse for the facts.' They try to creep out of their own confident recommendations of the

inquiry by declaring that 'Mr. Home is a clever conjurer, who has duped us all.' 'Mr. Crookes might, with equal propriety, examine the performances of an Indian juggler.' 'Mr. Crookes must get better witnesses before he can be believed.' 'The thing is too absurd to be treated seriously.' 'It is impossible, and therefore can't be.' 'The observers have all been biologised (!) and fancy they saw things occur which really never took place,' etc., etc.

"These remarks imply a curious oblivion of the very functions which the scientific inquirer has to fulfil. I am scarcely surprised when the objectors say that I have been deceived merely because they are unconvinced without personal investigation, since the same unscientific course of *à priori* argument has been opposed to all great discoveries. When I am told that what I describe cannot be explained in accordance with preconceived ideas of the laws of nature, the objector really begs the very question at issue and resorts to a mode of reasoning which brings science to a standstill. The argument runs in a vicious circle; we must not assert a fact till we know that it is in accordance with the laws of nature, while our only knowledge of the laws of nature must be based on an extensive observation of facts. If a new fact seems to oppose what is called a law of nature, it does not prove the asserted fact to be false, but only that we have not yet ascertained all the laws of nature, or not learned them correctly.

"In his opening address before the British Association at Edinburgh this year, Sir William Thomson said, 'Science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it.' My object in thus placing on record the results of a very remarkable series of experiments is to present such a problem, which, according to Sir William Thomson, 'Science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly.' It will not do merely to deny its existence, or try to sneer it down. Remember, I hazard no hypothesis or theory whatever; I merely vouch for certain facts, my only object being—the *truth*. Doubt, but do not deny; point out, by the severest criticism, what are considered fallacies in my experimental tests, and suggest more conclusive trials; but do not let us hastily call our senses lying witnesses merely because they testify against preconceptions. I say to my critics, Try the experiments; investigate with care and patience as I have done. If, having examined, you discover imposture or delusion, proclaim it and say how it was done. But, if you find it be a fact, avow it fearlessly, as 'by the everlasting law of honour' you are bound to do. . . .

"Before fitting up special apparatus for these experiments, I had seen on five separate occasions, objects varying in weight from 25 to 100 lbs., temporarily influenced in such a manner,

that I, and others present could with difficulty lift them from the floor. Wishing to ascertain whether this was a physical fact, or merely due to a variation in the power of our own strength under the influence of imagination, I tested with a weighing machine the phenomenon on two subsequent occasions when I had an opportunity of meeting Mr. Home at the house of a friend. On the first occasion the increase of weight was from 8 lbs. normally to 36 lbs., 48 lbs., and 46 lbs., in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny. On the second occasion, tried about a fortnight after, in the presence of other observers, I found the increase of weight to be from 8 lbs. to 23 lbs., 43 lbs., and 27 lbs., in three successive trials, varying the conditions. As I had the entire management of the above-mentioned experimental trials, employed an instrument of great accuracy, and took every care to exclude the possibility of the results being influenced by trickery, I was not unprepared for a satisfactory result when the fact was properly tested in my own laboratory. . . .

"I am informed by my friend Professor Boutlerow, that during the last winter, he tried almost the same experiments as those here detailed, and with still more striking results. The normal tension on the dynamometer being 100 lbs., it was increased to about 150 lbs., Mr. Home's hands being placed in contact with the apparatus in such a manner that any exertion of power on his part would diminish, instead of increase, the tension. . . .

"The late Dr. Robert Hare, in one of his works, gives an engraving of an apparatus very similar to my own, by which the young man with whom he was experimenting was prevented from having any other communication with the apparatus except through water; yet, under these circumstances, the spring balance indicated the exertion of a force equal to 18 lbs. The details of this experiment were communicated by Dr. Hare to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the meeting in August, 1855."

Naturally Mr. Crookes got into difficulties with the Royal Society. Such investigations were out of their line, and his results "contrary to the well-known laws of nature." They could not have been treated more ignominiously at Bow Street; but he went on with his experiments all the same—constructed a self-registering apparatus to measure the Psychic force, and found that it acted when the only contact with Home was his placing his fingers in water, through which, of course, no muscular force could be exerted.

Then the *Quarterly Review* came down upon him "in the bad old style which formerly characterised this periodical," and among other grievous accusations, accused him of Spiritualism—which



he strenuously denied. He was only experimenting with Psychic force. Spiritualism, materialism, and photographing of spirit-forms came later on. The reviewer declared that Mr. Home's tricks with the accordion were performed by jugglers at country fairs, and Mr. Crookes quotes another writer who, to prove that the accounts of Mr. Home's levitations given by the Earl of Dunraven, the Earl of Balcarres, Mr. S. C. Hall, and many other witnesses, said:—"An Indian juggler could sit down in Trafalgar Square and then slowly and steadily rise in the air to a height of five or six feet, still sitting, and as slowly come down again:" which proves, of course, that Mr. Home never did anything of the kind.

The curious thing in all this matter is that neither Mr. Crookes nor Serjeant Cox at that time believed that these manifestations were produced by Spirits. It was a force in nature they were after—a force that could not only act on matter, but so operate upon the keys of an accordion as to play a series of tunes—which requires thought, memory, special skill, judgment, will, as well as force—a combination of faculties and actions no blind force of nature could display. Force, electric, magnetic, nervous, and muscular, can do wonderful things—when there is mind to direct and guide it; but how can force play "Home, Sweet Home" on an accordion so enclosed in a wire cage that no human hand can reach its keys; or on a locked pianoforte; or, as we have heard, on the vibrators of a closed musical box?

But Mr. Crookes was soon forced to give up his Psychic force theory, and even Serjeant Cox abandoned it, when his own daughter in the Spirit world came and assured him of her existence, and that she herself, and no soulless force of nature was speaking to him. The man who sees a spirit he has known and loved in this life, who feels the soft pressure of her hands, and listens to a voice whose intonations are as familiar as his own, speaking words which prove identity—and all this has happened to hundreds, perhaps thousands of perfectly sane and capable observers—cannot help believing in the great fact of spirit existence.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, 1874, Mr. Crookes published some results of observations made during three previous years, "in my own house," he says, "in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict conditions as I could devise. Having satisfied myself of their *truth*," he continues, "it would be

moral cowardice to withhold my testimony because my previous publications were ridiculed by critics and others who knew nothing whatever of the subject, and who were too prejudiced to see and judge for themselves whether or not there was truth in the phenomena. I shall state simply what I have seen and proved by repeated experiment and test, and I have yet to learn that it is irrational to endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena."

He then goes on to explain that except where darkness has been a necessary condition, as in the production of luminous appearances, everything was done in the light; that "the many hundreds of facts," to imitate which by known mechanical or physical means would baffle the skill or machinery of the most celebrated conjurers, all took place in his own house, at times appointed by himself, and under circumstances which absolutely preclude the employment of the very simplest instrumental aids. He chose his own circle of friends, including the most hard-headed unbelievers of his acquaintance.

Under these conditions Mr. Crookes observed and has carefully recorded the following phenomena:—

1. The movement of heavy bodies, with contact, but without mechanical exertion. This he proved by careful tests, and found that the cold air blasts which generally precede such movements, would blow about sheets of paper and lower the thermometer, the cold in some cases being intense like that of frozen mercury.

2. Percussive sounds, called "raps," in great variety. Mr. Crookes says:—

"At different times, during my experiments, I have heard delicate ticks, as with the point of a pin; a cascade of sharp sounds as from an induction coil in full work; detonations in the air; sharp metallic taps; a cracking like that heard when a frictional machine is at work; sounds like scratching; the twittering as of a bird, &c.

"These sounds are noticed with almost every medium, each having a special peculiarity; they are more varied with Mr. Home, but for power and certainty I have met with no one who at all approached Miss Kate Fox. For several months I enjoyed almost unlimited opportunity of testing the various phenomena occurring in the presence of this lady, and I especially examined the phenomena of these sounds. With mediums, generally, it is necessary to sit for a formal séance before anything is heard; but in the case of Miss Fox it seems only necessary for her to place her hand on

any substance for loud thuds to be heard in it, like a triple pulsation, sometimes loud enough to be heard several rooms off. In this manner I have heard them in a living tree—on a sheet of glass—on a stretched iron wire—on a stretched membrane—a tambourine—on the roof of a cab—and on the floor of a theatre. Moreover, actual contact is not always necessary; I have had these sounds proceeding from the floor, walls, etc., when the medium's hands and feet were held—when she was standing on a chair—when she was suspended in a swing from the ceiling—when she was enclosed in a wire cage—and when she had fallen fainting on a sofa. I have heard them on a glass harmonicon—I have felt them on my shoulder and under my own hands—I have heard them on a sheet of paper, held between the fingers by a piece of thread passed through one corner. With a full knowledge of the numerous theories which have been started, chiefly in America, to explain these sounds, I have tested them in every way that I could devise, until there has been no escape from the conviction that they were true objective occurrences not produced by trickery or mechanical means.

“An important question here forces itself upon the attention. *Are the movements and sounds governed by intelligence?* At a very early stage of the inquiry, it was seen that the power producing the phenomena was not merely a blind force, but was associated with or governed by intelligence: thus the sounds to which I have just alluded will be repeated a definite number of times, they will come loud or faint, and in different places at request; and by a pre-arranged code of signals, questions are answered, and messages given with more or less accuracy.

“The intelligence governing the phenomena is sometimes manifestly below that of the medium. It is frequently in direct opposition to the wishes of the medium: when a determination has been expressed to do something which might not be considered quite right, I have known urgent messages given to induce a reconsideration. The intelligence is sometimes of such a character as to lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present.”

3. Alteration in the weight of bodies, as tested by weighing instruments.

“4. Movements of heavy Substances when at a distance from the medium.

“The instances in which heavy bodies, such as tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved, when the medium has not been touching them, are very numerous. I will briefly mention a few of the most striking. My own chair has been twisted partly round, whilst my feet were off the floor. A chair was seen by all present to move slowly up to the table from a far corner, when all were watching it; on another occasion an arm chair moved to where

we were sitting, and then moved slowly back again (a distance of about three feet) at my request. On three successive evenings a small table moved slowly across the room, under conditions which I had specially pre-arranged, so as to answer any objection which might be raised to the evidence. I have had several repetitions of the experiment considered by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to be conclusive, viz., the movement of a heavy table in full light, the chairs turned with their backs to the table, about a foot off, and each person kneeling on his chair, with hands resting over the backs of the chair, but not touching the table. On one occasion this took place when I was moving about so as to see how every one was placed.

“5. The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.

“On five separate occasions, a heavy dining table rose between a few inches and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet off the floor, under special circumstances, which rendered trickery impossible. On another occasion, a heavy table rose from the floor in full light, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet. On another occasion the table rose from the floor, not only when no person was touching it, but under conditions which I had pre-arranged so as to assure unquestionable proof of the fact.”

“6. The levitation of human beings has occurred in my presence on four occasions in darkness.

“On one occasion I witnessed a chair, with a lady sitting on it, rise several inches from the ground. On another occasion, to avoid the suspicion of this being in some way performed by herself, the lady knelt on the chair in such manner that its four feet were visible to us. It then rose about three inches, remained suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. At another time two children, on separate occasions, rose from the floor with their chairs, in full daylight, under (to me) most satisfactory conditions; for I was kneeling and keeping close watch upon the feet of the chair, and observing that no one might touch them.

“The most striking cases of levitation which I have witnessed have been with Mr. Home. On three separate occasions have I seen him raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting in an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

“There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute

accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever ; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

“The accumulated testimony establishing Mr. Home’s levitations is overwhelming. It is greatly to be desired that some person, whose evidence would be accepted as conclusive by the scientific world—if indeed there lives a person whose testimony *in favour* of such phenomena would be taken—would seriously and patiently examine these alleged facts. Most of the eye witnesses to these levitations are now living, and would, doubtless, be willing to give their evidence. But, in a few years, such *direct* evidence will be difficult, if not impossible, to be obtained.”

“7. Movement of various small articles without contact with any person. A medium, walking into my dining-room, cannot, while seated in one part of the room with a number of persons keenly watching him, by trickery make an accordion play in *my own* hand when I hold it key downwards, or cause the same accordion to float about the room playing all the time. He cannot introduce machinery which will wave window curtains or pull up Venetian blinds eight feet off, tie a knot in a handkerchief and place in a far corner of the room, sound notes on a distant piano, cause a card-plate to float about the room, raise a water-bottle and tumbler from the table, make a coral necklace rise on end, cause a fan to move about and fan the company, or set in motion a pendulum when enclosed in a glass case firmly cemented to the wall.”

“8. Luminous appearances. Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and shape of a turkey’s egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard, solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible in an easy chair.

“I have seen luminous points of light darting about and settling on the heads of different persons ; I have had questions answered by the flashing of a bright light a desired number of times in front of my face. I have seen sparks of light rising from the table to the ceiling, and again falling upon the table, striking it with an audible sound. I have had an alphabetic communication given by luminous flashes occurring before me in the air, whilst my hand was moving about amongst them. I have seen a luminous cloud floating upwards to a picture. Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not

belong to any person in the room. *In the light* I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about."

"9. The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light. The forms of hands are frequently *felt* at dark *séances*, or under circumstances where they cannot be seen. More rarely I have *seen* the hands.

"A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower; it appeared and then disappeared three times at intervals, affording me ample opportunity of satisfying myself that it was as real in appearance as my own. This occurred in the light in my own room, whilst I was holding the medium's hands and feet.

"On another occasion a small hand and arm, like a baby's, appeared playing about a lady who was sitting next to me. It then passed to me and patted my arm and pulled my coat several times.

"At another time a finger and thumb were seen to pick the petals from a flower in Mr. Home's button-hole, and lay them in front of several persons who were sitting near him.

"A hand has repeatedly been seen by myself and others playing the keys of an accordion, both of the medium's hands being visible at the same time, and sometimes being held by those near him.

"To the touch, the hand sometimes appears icy cold and dead; at other times, warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend.

"I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from my grasp."

"10. Direct writing. This is the term employed to express writing which is not produced by any person present. I have had words and messages repeatedly written on privately-marked paper, under the most rigid test conditions, and have heard the pencil moving over the paper in the dark. The conditions—pre-arranged by myself—have been so strict as to be equally convincing to my mind as if I had seen the written characters formed.

"I was sitting next to the medium, Miss Fox, the only other persons present being my wife and a lady relative, and I was holding the medium's two hands in one of mine, whilst her feet were resting on my feet. Paper was on the table before us, and my disengaged hand was holding a pencil. A luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room, and after hovering near me for a few seconds, took the pencil from my hand, rapidly wrote

on a sheet of paper, threw the pencil down, and then rose up over our heads, gradually fading into darkness.

“My second instance may be considered the record of a failure. ‘A good failure often teaches more than the most successful experiment.’ It took place in the light, in my own room, with only a few private friends and Mr. Home present. I expressed a wish to witness the actual production of a written message such as I had heard described a short time before by a friend. Immediately an alphabetic communication was made as follows—‘We will try.’ A pencil and some sheets of paper had been lying on the centre of the table; presently the pencil rose up on its point, and, after advancing by hesitating jerks to the paper, fell down. It then rose and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. After three unsuccessful attempts, a small wooden lath, which was lying near upon the table, slid towards the pencil, and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again, and propping itself against the lath, the two together made an effort to mark the paper. It fell, and then a joint effort was again made. After a third trial, the lath gave it up and moved back to its place, the pencil lay as it fell across the paper, and an alphabetic message told us—‘We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted.’”

The story of this bit of lath is completed under another section, in which the source of the intelligence is discussed, and the experiment satisfied Mr. Crookes that the mental power which controlled the movement was not that of the medium. The lath, one end of which was resting on the table, spelled out a message by tapping on Mr. Crookes' hand to indicate the required letters. Mr. Crookes says—

“The taps were so sharp and clear, and the lath was evidently so well under control of the invisible power which was governing its movements, that I said, ‘Can the intelligence governing the motion of this lath change the character of the movements, and give me a telegraphic message through the Morse alphabet by taps on my hand?’ (I have every reason to believe that the Morse code was quite unknown to any other person present, and it was only imperfectly known to me). Immediately I said this, the character of the taps changed, and the message was continued in the way I had requested. The letters were given too rapidly for me to do more than catch a word here and there, and consequently I lost the message; but I heard sufficient to convince me that there was a good Morse operator at the other end of the line, wherever that might be.

“Another instance. A lady was writing automatically by means of the planchette. I was trying to devise a means of proving that

what she wrote was not due to 'unconscious cerebration.' The planchette, as it always does, insisted that, although it was moved by the hand and arm of the lady, the *intelligence* was that of an invisible being who was playing on her brain as on a musical instrument, and thus moving her muscles. I therefore said to this intelligence, 'Can you see the contents of this room?' 'Yes,' wrote the planchette. 'Can you see to read this newspaper?' said I, putting my finger on a copy of the *Times*, which was on a table behind me, but without looking at it. 'Yes,' was the reply of the planchette. 'Well,' I said, 'if you can see that, write the word which is now covered by my finger, and I will believe you.' The planchette commenced to move. Slowly and with great difficulty, the word 'however' was written. I turned round and saw that the word 'however' was covered by the tip of my finger.

"I had purposely avoided looking at the newspaper when I tried this experiment, and it was impossible for the lady, had she tried, to have seen any of the printed words, for she was sitting at one table, and the paper was on another table behind, my body intervening."

This record of facts, so clearly stated by Mr. Crookes, is of inestimable value, from the character and position of the observer and writer. What we require in a witness is a bright and clear intelligence, transparent honesty, and heroic courage. Timid time-servers are of no value. Confused and foggy numbskulls are of no use. A man who does not know a simple physical fact when he sees, feels, or hears it; or who shrinks from the lesson which any fact may teach, has no business to be a Spiritualist, or to meddle with scientific questions in any way whatever. What we want is simply and only TRUTH—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,"—whatever may come of it.

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France, like America, is honey-combed with Spiritualist Societies, with many journals, and a long list of other publications. The French are especially social, and have a genius for friendly organisation. In their societies there is no lack of mediums, and most of the addresses appear to come through them from spirit friends, who are affectionate and enthusiastic. It is, of course, quite natural that the spirit of a Frenchman should be French; the question is how long will these national peculiarities endure?



*PSYCHOLOGY IN ART.*

*Gabriel Max, of Munich.*

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THE SPIRIT HAND, 1879.

**A** PHOTOGRAPH bearing the title, *Geistesgruss* (spirit-greeting), from a picture of the celebrated painter, Gabriel Max, has been published in the Gallery of Modern Masters by Franz Hanfstaengl, of Munich. It is a remarkable outcome in the world of Art from the study of manifestation of spiritual power. Let me seek to describe this composition.

At a piano, on the music-desk of which lies open the "Moonlight" Sonata of Beethoven, sits a young lady. In the act of playing she has been arrested by "the touch of a vanished hand." The hand of the spirit, materialised from the wrist, is represented as touching the girl's shoulder. The sad, startled young face, filled with emotion, gazes upwards, fixed keenly upon the spot where must be the face of the spirit, although invisible to the spectator. Her hands are clasped together with agitation. Her dark, seeress-eyes dilate; her childish lips are opening with a cry of surprise. She is listening, all ear, to the spirit's utterances. Astonishment as yet overwhelms her—joy has yet to come.

A more thoroughly realistic treatment of a spiritualistic subject—of one of the not unfrequent experiences of the believers in "modern spiritual manifestations," could not be imagined. It is itself a reality. You see before you a young "medium" receiving a communication. The story is beautifully told, and simple as truth itself. Though a lady, and educated, you see that this young girl is poor; the extreme simplicity and worn appearance of her dress tell you this much. That she is an orphan, its heavy deep mourning suggests to you. She is probably a teacher of music—has to be her own bread-winner. Her face informs you at once that her temperament is that of a "sensitive." The picture is solemnly tender, earnest, and pathetic. Though we behold the *spirit hand*, there is nothing "sensational" in the picture. A psychological experience is here, with an earnest and sympathetic treatment, set before us by the genius of a great artist.

The following information is condensed and extracted, for the greater part, from an interesting article upon the works of Gabriel Max in the *Art Journal*, for 1881, by Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, the well-known writer upon German art.

## GABRIEL MAX

was born at Prague. His father, Mr. Atkinson tells us, was "a sculptor of refinement and culture, judging from the public monuments he set up in the Bohemian capital." Gabriel was destined to follow his father's calling, and remained working at home until his father's death, in 1855. "Young Max in the family-home acquired habits of reading and thought, and in neighbouring churches and monasteries he made the acquaintance of mystic and miracle-working pictures, and thus gained early insight into the primitive and spiritual school which had been transplanted from Byzantium into Bohemia. Of such deep wells, in after years, this extremely æsthetic painter drank copiously." He betook himself to Vienna, entering the Academy there. He appears at this time to have remained much alone in his own rooms. The first fruits of his boyish meditations took an entirely original form; they appeared in a pictorial rendering of musical thought—twelve Indian-Ink drawings illustrative of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. "Max's pictorial phantoms, or musical fantasies, are sufficiently wild and weird. There is a reason why Max should illustrate music, and why his art should be melodious, lyric, and rhythmic, for he himself is a passionate musician, and plays on several instruments. His pictorial touch, as well as the poise and movement of his figures, are indicative of the musical sense." After a sojourn of eight years in Vienna, "he migrated to Munich, a city which he still makes his head-quarters. He entered Munich Academy, then and still under the directorship of the celebrated Carl Piloty. Max's mind proved foreign to that of his master, at any rate, he was too self-centered to move in the orbit of another."

## WOMAN CRUCIFIED.

In 1867, on the opening of the Munich Exhibition, the public were astonished by a picture of Max, entitled, "The Christian Martyr;" it represented a young girl crucified. ("The Crucified Woman" may be recognised by some of our readers as the subject of various visions beheld by "sensitives," and of various spirit designs. It is an idea not unfamiliar to persons versed in the esotericism of modern spirit-manifestation. As in the case of the subjects of numerous pictures painted by another Gabriel—our

English painter, the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, incontestably the origin of this picture of the Crucified Woman was spiritual.\*)

Not alone has Gabriel Max painted pictures of the weird and spiritual nature; his sympathies being very wide, he has painted almost every class of subjects—the secular, the sacred, the domestic, the historical—nothing has been too homely or too lofty for his powerful pencil. Speaking of his “*genre* pictures,” Mr. Atkinson observes: “Such studies are close to life, yet are not taken from the life literally; they are, in fact, interpenetrated by the inner life, and possessed by what Emerson designates the “over soul.” Max, in short, paints what the Germans call “soul-pictures.” Especially in the landscape back-ground of his pictures is this ideality of genius to be recognised, since they are like a rhythmic chorus of a drama. Their sentiment is always pathetic; it may be even through the very force of contrast.

#### THE FACE OF THE SAVIOUR.

The reader will recall the legend which speaks of St. Veronica wiping the face of the Lord when on His way to crucifixion, and of a portrait of the Lord remaining impressed for ever upon the napkin which had touched the divine face of human agony.

Transcripts from the picture by Max of the *Vera Icon*, or True Image—from whence, doubtless, originated the name of the holy woman herself—may be occasionally seen in the photograph and print shops in London. “The spectator,” says Mr. Atkinson, speaking of this picture, “will discover in it a phenomenon approaching the supernatural: on fixing the vision intently on the eyes, the lids appear to open and close, as if in alternate life and death. This miraculous semblance is supposed to have some symbolic allusion to the text, ‘He who keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.’ The optical illusion depends on the

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- \* “Wisdom Divine, the Mother and the Bride  
 Upon the Cross of Reason crucified!  
 Judged by the dead, and bonded by the blind,  
 Nailed to the narrow compass of man’s mind,  
 Born into darkness with enfolded wings,  
 Enlargement, light and heaven, to man she brings.

Yet,—for all these works doom we Her to die;  
 Free thought, which is Her body, crucify,—  
 (Free to believe, not only free to doubt;)  
 And having searched and set a watch about  
 Of forms and formulas, see safe entombed  
 Her, but for whom the worlds themselves were doomed  
 To death in one vast sepulchre.”

*On the Cross.* “Aurora,” p. 145.

equal demarcation of the pupil within the eye, and the eyelashes beneath the lid. When the spectator concentrates his vision on the central pupil, the eye appears to open; and when on the lower lashes, the lid seems closed. The picture, on its exhibition in this country, some years since, produced a deep impression. Gabriel Max, it may be urged, has given to the world pictures which come as a new revelation, and offer glimpses of the supernatural. He is gifted, it may be supposed, with second sight, or mesmeric power, the faculty of looking into the world of spirits and of realising the unseen. . . . A certain spiritualistic society in Dresden has made him an honorary member."

"Among the 'obstinate questionings' and perplexed problems which now find on the side of Science an entrance into the modern Art of Germany, is Darwinism, the transformation of species, the doctrine of evolution or development. The tentative inquiries of Gabriel Max, his museum of natural curiosities, his colony of living monkeys, as well as certain peculiar phases of his art, signify, perhaps, that he has groped with such light as might be vouchsafed into the dark regions of creation, and has looked inquisitively into the conditions of mind and matter which lie immediately below or above man. Above man rises the world of spirits, and below is the animal creation. Max has searched into both spheres, and accordingly his art becomes occasionally anthropomorphous and Pythagorean."

An outcome of these studies, and of the reflection engendered by them, is perhaps the most original and the most powerfully earnest work from his pencil—

"THE ANATOMIST."\*

Let me attempt a sketch of this unique work of art, wherein it may be said that the materialistic and rationalistic genius of German Art and Philosophy has found its acme, and where the spiritual New-philosophy and reborn genius of Art may be said to arise out of the dead husk of the past-away and completed outer body of material things.

In the solitude of his cell-like study we behold a Professor of Anatomy, in whom we may regard as embodied the speculative, materialistic philosophy of the nineteenth century. He is seated in his arm-chair, attired in his black professorial gown, one hand propping his head; the other is in act to unveil the face of a dead

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\* An admirable engraving of this picture is given as illustration in the *Art Journal*, page 3, volume for 1881.

girl, whose stark form lies extended beneath a sheet upon a trestle-supported board. Deep meditation is expressed in the solid, and stolid, albeit cultured features of the professor: intellect and acute perception are characterised by the massy formation of his closely-cropped head. There is the reason of the nineteenth century unsoftened by the tenderness of imaginative sympathy. But in the object unveiled by his hand to the searching gaze and speculative eye of the hard philosopher, the young face of the dead girl, with her heavy masses of hair moist with the damps of death, and her scarcely-closed, glazed, death-darkened eyes, and in the softly-rounded, half-revealed bosom, a new thought seems to have arisen for him—a mystery is shown which no search into matter can penetrate to or solve—the thought that here, possibly, may be simply discovered the chrysalis of an already escaped spiritual being! As symbol of a fuller life proceeding out of death, the painter has depicted near to the shrouded feet of the corpse—not a butterfly, the creature of the sunlight and of the day—but a moth, with, as yet, unexpanded wings; referable, possibly, to the obscure condition of the thought just born in the mind of the materialist, as well as to the obscure condition of the scarcely yet awakened spirit of the girl herself.

Beside the black form of the meditative philosopher, and beyond the white form of the corpse, is seen upon the study table a confused mass of manuscripts and books, open and shut, a time-piece, a not yet lighted taper, pen and ink, and two skulls—one human, the other that of an ape. Here has the artist painted for his readers an ideograph, so to speak, of the materialistic, unilluminated science and learning of the time. The picture throughout is not less solemn than it is suggestive. In it we have the meeting of two great schools—the school of the Materialist, and the school of the Idealist.

“The habits of life of Gabriel Max are those of a student or recluse. An art so esoteric naturally pertains,” observes Mr. Atkinson, “to tastes fastidious. With the common herd there can be but few points of contrast. No one but a most intimate friend dares intrude on the quietude of the painter when secluded in his beautiful villa at Ammerland, near the Starnberger See. In this lovely spot his finely strung mind finds itself attuned to the music of nature. He looks on, but stands aloof from the crowd and tumult of the world. He has retained in Munich his town residence; also, two studios and a museum.”

A. M. H. W.

*A REMARKABLE SEANCE WITH MRS. MARY  
MARSHALL NINETEEN YEARS AGO.*

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*(To the Editor of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.)*

SIR,—In the year 1865, when, after careful investigation, I became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, I wrote a letter to the three Bristol daily papers, in which I publicly avowed my new belief, and somewhat took the three editors—Messrs. Leech, Macliver, and Powell—to task for their hostile attitude towards Mrs. Marshall, who had just left Clifton after a fortnight's stay of most successful séances. The effect of the publication of my letter was my receiving numerous communications from Bristol and South Wales, from both friends and strangers who wished to know more of the paramount subject. Amongst them there called upon me a Mr. Theodore Brain, a Bristol merchant, asking elucidations on certain phenomena which for years he had been a witness of. He said that his father had for fifty years been a cask manufacturer, with very extensive premises on the Bristol quay, with a dwelling-house attached to them. As far back as he can remember, on going into a certain room on the ground floor of the factory, he used to hear inexplicable noises as from two persons running about the room. When he was a boy he asked his father what it meant, and received the reply not to mind it, and not to speak of it to anybody. But these were not the only spirit manifestations he witnessed in the place, one of which was certainly most remarkable. At three o'clock in the morning, on a winter's day, he was awakened by noises as if all the men were at work. Thinking his father had received some pressing order which demanded extra expedition, and marvelling that he had not been informed of it—being now a partner in the firm—he got up and looked from his bedroom window, from which he saw all the windows of the factory lit up; but on going down he was not a little astonished to find everything in darkness and quiet. After his father's death, wishing to enlarge the premises, destined now for other purposes, the architect suggested the lowering of that very haunted room on the ground floor to the depth of six feet. On doing this the workmen fell upon a perfect human skeleton, and immediately gave notice of the finding to the police, the consequence being an inquest in

which the men of science having declared that the skeleton was of a very old date, no further proceedings were taken, and Mr. Brain had the bones placed in a box, which he put in the attic of his dwelling-house. From that time the hauntings left the warehouse, and were transferred to the house. The object of his interviewing me, he said, was to know whether through Spiritualism he might ascertain if there was any connection between the hauntings and the bones found, and to discover if possible the name of the owner of the bones, and to learn something of his story. I told him that most likely we might succeed in this object if we sat with the then renowned London medium, Mrs. Mary Marshall, and as I was shortly going to the metropolis to continue my investigations of Spiritualism with that medium, he might go with me; and I advised him, if he resolved to accompany me, to take with him some of the bones, which might prove an attraction to the spirit.

He readily accepted my offer, and a few days after we were at Mrs. Marshall's, he carrying a hand-bag with the skull and an arm of the skeleton. We rather frightened the sensitive by placing the bones on the séance table, but we had no sooner done so than very loud knockings were heard in every part of the room, and then on the table. We asked the name of the manifesting spirit, and the following reply was spelt:—

“My name was James Pullen, and I once owned these bones. [The spirit here asked the year we were in, and being told went on saying]—About 95 years ago the place where these bones have been found was a coachhouse, where the mail conveyance put up, and I was employed there for night work. I was in love with a girl who, when I was on duty, used to come to me. It unfortunately happened that a younger brother of mine fell desperately in love with that girl, and coming to me one day told me of it, and begged of me not to continue my relations with her, or he would not answer for the consequences. I became angry and told him to go about his business. A few days afterwards, it being my turn to guard the premises, my sweetheart, about midnight, came as usual. On hearing her knock I opened the door, when suddenly my brother rushed in, and seizing a crowbar used in the coach-house, with it killed me at one blow. The girl, affrighted, ran away, and fearing to be implicated in the murder left the place, and shortly after joined me in spirit-world. After murdering me my brother dug a hole in the room, buried my

body and replaced the earth so well, covering it over with lumber, that the murder was never found out."

We asked him if he was happy, and he replied he was after going through some trouble, adding that the reason of the manifestations in the warehouse was his desire that the crime should be discovered. On returning to Bristol Mr. Brain, consulting a file of very old newspapers, found in them the account of the mysterious disappearance of Pullen, and of the unsuccessful efforts of the police to find out what had become of him. He also ascertained that his present warehouse had been before his father's occupation a coach-house and stabling a century ago, a circumstance which he was not aware of, the whole being as the spirit had described.—I am, sir, very truly yours,

G. DAMIANI.

29 Colville Road, Notting Hill, London, W.

Dec. 29, 1883.

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MR. D. D. HOME IN GLASGOW.

THE FIRE TEST—AN AFFECTING SCENE, ETC.

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AS what we want above all is the most direct personal and reliable testimony as to the facts of Spiritualism, the editor of the *Spiritual Record* has called upon Mr. Nisbet, its publisher, to furnish some records of his large experience, and he has given us the following admirably clear and affecting account of what took place in some sittings with Mr. Home in his own house in Glasgow:—

In January, 1870, Mr. D. D. Home, while on a visit to Glasgow, held several séances for spiritual manifestations in my house. The persons present were adherents of or interested in Spiritualism. I gave a report of these sittings in *Human Nature* for February, 1870, from which I extract the following:—

"*January 10th.*—We sat again this evening—the only difference in the conditions being a slight change of company. We had the movements and knockings as on the previous evening, and vibrations on table, chairs, and floor were felt by all. One young lady was touched on the wrist, and in a few minutes thereafter I felt a tug at my coat sleeve. The skirt of my wife's gown was pulled repeatedly. I was then touched gently on the knee, and shortly afterwards I felt a hand press firmly three times on my thigh, just above the knee. Others of the circle were touched



in a similar way; and one, a celebrated medium (D. Duguid), had his leg grasped during the whole sitting, as if in the embrace of a child. After these manifestations, Mr. Home went into trance. Walking about the room, the spirit controlling him seemed to recognise other spirits present; after which he went round the circle advising us to be as passive as possible. Mr. Home then laid his hands on a little table standing apart, and after a few movements, it was seen to rise right up off the floor, and then quietly come down again. He then invited Mr. James Nicholson to sit beside my wife; and, this being done, he placed their hands together, palms upwards; then, putting his hands over the fire, he grasped, as it were, the heat, and conveyed it towards their hands, repeating the movement several times, and advising them to have faith. He walked about for a short time, and then knelt down before the fire, and taking into his hand a small piece of red-hot coal, he laid it for a few seconds on the hands respectively of my wife, one of my daughters, and Mr. Nicholson, remarking as he did so, 'It will not burn you.' They said they felt a slight warmth while the coal lay on their hands. He then took the same coal, which he had still in his grasp, and applied it to their hands as before—telling them that *now* it would burn them, and this they unmistakably *felt*. After getting from me a copy of *Daybreak* he took from the fire another piece of blazing coal, and put it on the doubled-up magazine which was lying on the palm of his left hand, and walked about the room for at least three minutes, the coal burning brightly all the time. Removing the coal from the paper, he allowed us to examine it. We saw it was unscathed, excepting a small portion of the surface which showed traces of smoke. He then placed the same piece of coal on *Daybreak*, and it at once burned a hole through the eight sheets of paper. Holding it up, so that we might see the hole, he said—'*There is Daybreak!*' Throwing the still burning coal on the fire, the magazine was handed to Mr. Nicholson, with the request to keep it as a memorial. The spirit, through Mr. Home, then spoke of the progress of science in spirit life, and, in doing so, told us we were not to term such manifestations miraculous—there was nothing beyond law, either in earth life or spirit life, and that in the fire-test, he was merely bringing one law into operation to counteract another. He then broke forth into one of the most impressive and soul-stirring invocations it has ever been our privilege to listen to; after which Mr. Home came out of trance."

Mr. James Nicholson (now of Merryflats, Govan) gave the following interesting account of a subsequent sitting with Mr. Home, in *Human Nature* for March:—

"On the evening of 14th February I had the pleasure of being present at a seance with Mr. D. D. Home at the house of my

friend, Mr. H. Nisbet. The circle included Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, two of their daughters, a friend and his wife, Mr. A. Keith and his son, Mr. Home, and myself. For a considerable time we did not see or hear the slightest indications of spirit presence, during which we engaged freely in conversation. At length slight knockings began to be heard on the floor, gradually growing louder, and extending to the heavy pillar-and-claw table, where they varied exceedingly in character, thus plainly indicating diversity of spirits present. To most of those present the knockings were no novelty; but Mr. Keith and his son, not having heard anything of the kind before, seemed deeply interested. Mr. Keith began to read the literature of Spiritualism about two years ago, having been led to do so by excess of sorrow for the loss of a beloved son,—a youth of great promise, who was suddenly cut off in the bloom of early manhood; so that, though an earnest student in the new philosophy, he had witnessed almost nothing of its phenomena. It was thus the more wonderful to him to hear knocks all over the table, and to see it tilted to an angle of forty-five degrees while only the tips of our fingers rested upon its surface, and while his son, by Mr. Home's direction, sat beneath the table to satisfy himself that nothing in the shape of trickery or imposition was attempted. Mr. Home then called for an accordion, and one was handed to him which he had no possibility of before seeing. Taking it by the bottom with his right hand, he held it for a few seconds beneath the table, his left, meanwhile, resting on the top in view of all. We now began to hear the 'sough' of the moving bellows, then the sound of the notes as it gradually acquired power, and then a symphony was played as if to test the powers of the instrument. Meanwhile Mr. Home brought it from beneath the table that all might see its movements. He said we might, if we liked, request some particular air to be played. I suggested 'Sweet Home,' and a portion of it was played; but there being an apparent want of force, it was not finished. The well-known five raps were then heard on the table for the alphabet, when the words 'My Great Joy' were spelled out. This was immediately followed by a strain of peculiar beauty on the instrument. In listening to the piece it was evident that at least two hands were manipulating the keys, though nothing was visible to those looking on. There was something in the tones produced in this piece which reminded me not a little of the Æolian harp; now rising into a grand chorus, then dying away into thread-like echoes, as if in reply from some celestial instrument in the distance. This was followed up by the 'Last Rose of Summer,' which was played with great taste and sweetness, accompanied by a gentle drumming, as of fingers upon the table.

"During this performance both Mr. Keith and his son were

touched several times on the knee by an invisible hand ; while Mr. Home declared that he felt a warm hand laid upon that with which he held the instrument. Upon Mr. Keith remarking that he thought there were friends of his present, three knocks were given in the affirmative, while through the alphabet was spelled out, 'I touched you both.' The spirit being requested to give his name, gave through the alphabet the christian and surname of Mr. Keith's deceased son, adding, 'I do not forget,' immediately on spelling out which part of the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne' was played on the instrument—thus forming the sentence, 'I do not forget auld lang syne.' Here Mr. Keith, jun., fairly broke down through emotion, upon which it was spelled out, 'No tears for me ; I live, and love you and my mother.' But the most remarkable part of this communication was that, while spelling out the last letters of the surname, it was pronounced audibly, and heard by the majority of those present—just as if the spirit in his impatience had made a strong effort to make himself understood. Another peculiarity was that the name was spelled out by raps not only on the table, but on Mr. Keith's knee. I should also have stated that, previous to the communication, 'Sweet Home' was played with exquisite taste and feeling—just as Mr. Keith's deceased son used to play it at his father's fireside.

"As was to be expected, the announcement of the beloved name deeply affected both father and son ; tears and sobs of joy mingled with broken ejaculations of thanksgiving and praise to God for this—to them—unquestionable evidence of the beloved one's presence. Mr. Home now went into trance, being evidently controlled by the spirit of H. W. Keith. Rising from his chair, he went over to Mr. Keith, laid his hand lovingly upon his shoulder, caressing him the while in the most endearing manner. After which, in the same manner, he embraced Mr. Keith the younger. The spirit then addressed his father, as near as can be remembered, as follows :—'Father, I know you were sorry to see me fading away, and your grief may have been heightened by the thought that I possessed, perhaps, *some* little talent ;\* while to me it was sad to think that I would have to close my eyes on those I loved so dearly, with the certainty that I must soon pass into another world, and feeling that I was not prepared. Ah, prepared ! How

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\* This is explained by the following obituary notice :—“DEATH OF A PROMISING ARTIST.—We this week record the death at an early age of a vocalist of great promise, Mr. Haydon William Keith, at the Bridge of Allan. This gentleman was for three years a pupil at the London Academy of Music, and under Signor Schira made great progress in the cultivation of his voice, a tenore robusto of great power and remarkably sympathetic in quality. He intended spending a twelvemonth in Italy before his appearance in public, had not a neglected cold brought on a severe attack of bronchitis, which ended fatally.—*Orchestra*.—[We understand the above promising young gentleman was son of Mr. Alexander Keith, W.S.A., Glasgow.]”

little I knew then of the love and goodness of God, or I would not have been so distressed. And when I awoke in the spirit-life—oh, how bright and glorious the scene that flashed upon my soul! What a contrast to that I had just left! Yet amid all its beauty and bliss I never forgot those loved ones I had left in such deep sorrow. No; heaven is not a place where we can forget those we have left on earth. On the contrary, here our sympathies and affections are far more intense. Oh, I remember when a boy, as I used to sit and watch you at your work (painting), and thinking of the great questions of life and death, telling you that were I to die before you and go to heaven, how I would like to come sometimes and sit beside you as I used to do.\* Here a lady who had lost a dear little one about a month previous became deeply affected. Turning to her the spirit said, while a beautiful expression lit up the face of the medium, 'Do not cry; God gave, but he has *not* taken away; he has only taken him a little nearer to himself. Often in heaven, when we weave a chaplet of flowers, to make it more complete we come down to earth and cull a few buds from your earthly parterres to intertwine with ours, and these we cherish more than all the rest.' He then laid his hands on the heads of father and son, and lifting up his face toward heaven, he uttered the most sublime and impressive prayer I ever listened to, praying especially that the divine blessing in all its fulness of joy and consolation might rest upon the heads of those he loved. And while blessing God for his mercies, he said, that if men only knew a tithe of the happiness He has prepared for His children, earth would become one immense temple resounding with His praise. All through the prayer, Mr. Keith's eyes never left the face of the medium, which seemed to wear the very expression of his deceased boy, while he gave utterance to such expressions as, 'My God, I thank thee! Oh, this is wonderful! What are millions of wealth compared to this!' So great, indeed, was his emotion, and so real the impression that his son stood before him, that he threw his arms round the neck of the medium and kissed him again and again. While this scene was enacting, it may well be imagined what were the feelings of all present—even bearded men had enough to do to control their feelings. Truly I must say that it was the most

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\* Since writing the above, Mr. Keith, in a note, tells me that this actually occurred when the deceased was a boy of five years, and that he was so impressed with the remark at the time, that he wrote some verses on it; and as he is sure no one present at the séance knew of the incident, it was to him a precious test of the spirit's identity. Here also I may state that Mr. Home, before sitting down, laid his hand upon Mr. Nisbet's arm, the spirit meanwhile thanking him for the opportunity that had been afforded him of meeting with his friends. It also accounts for the fact that a day or two previous to the seance, Mr. Home felt an intense and unaccountable desire to be introduced to Mr. Keith.

extraordinary scene I ever witnessed, while on no other occasion have I ever realised such overpowering sense of the presence of the departed. Among the last words uttered by the medium before he resumed his seat were—'There is no death—no! no! there is no death!'"

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## A SPIRITUALIST OUTBURST.

(Continued from p. 477.)

THE reader will keep in mind that this was on Saturday of the first week of these strange proceedings, and many persons were still believing that they must be produced by some one in the house; every member of the family therefore was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, which makes it morally certain that no member of the household could have had any agency in the matter without being at once detected. Besides the neatness and despatch with which they were formed, the natural appearance of most of them must have required taste and skill beyond the conception of ordinary persons in the flesh. Mr. M—— remained there throughout the day, Mr. W——, Governor Plant, and Captain S——, a part of the day. During the day and evening various things were thrown in different parts of the house. A brick, which lay on the stairs leading to the third storey, was thrown violently downstairs, passing very near the head of the eldest daughter as she was descending the stairs. A fire-shovel was also thrown near her, which she first saw high above her in a position to fall upon her head. She was severally times constrained to cry out from fear, so much as to cause apprehension on her account.

The hiding of hats, caps, clothing, etc., seems at this time to have become of common occurrence. On several occasions a hat was seen to go upstairs—not thrown, but seemed to be carried rapidly by unseen hands. For several days Dr. Phelps was forced to keep his hat under lock and key to prevent its disappearance if left out as usual. Coats, hats, and canes of gentlemen who were strangers in the house were spirited away. They were found sometimes in the chimney, under the bed, and in the bottom of trunks. The design seemed to be to detain the owners to witness further demonstrations. Two gentlemen from an adjoining town called, one of whom had expressed an earnest desire to witness the phenomena; but, having passed several hours and seen nothing, they were about to leave, when the person who expressed the wish found himself minus a hat. A thorough search followed, but no hat could be found; consequently the gentleman decided to remain until the next day. During the evening and night phenomena transpired sufficient to gratify his most abundant desire.

On the nineteenth and twentieth little occurred to cause alarm. Some of the family heard loud and frightful screams in an adjacent outhouse, which must have been torturing to the feelings, much more so than the silent images. Small articles were also thrown about the house.

Dr. Phelps adopted the rule of giving all who called an opportunity to investigate for themselves, and to this rule he adhered, notwithstanding the annoyance such a constant visitation must have occasioned.

On Friday and Saturday, March 23rd and 24th, the disturbances increased, and became still more annoying. Loud poundings and screams were heard in different places, and on Saturday evening, between sunset and dark, Harry was passing through the dining-room, and felt himself suddenly caught up by some unseen power from the floor, and supposed that he was about to be carried off through the ceiling. He was very much frightened, and screamed so as to alarm the family, and remained in a state of great nervous excitement for two or three hours, and the effects did not wholly wear off for more than a week. At times he was in such a state as to require two men to hold him. For several days after this he spent a portion of his time with one of the neighbours during the day, but the disturbances continued the same at the house, although he appeared to be more or less the medium as long as the phenomena continued. At one time he was thrown into a cistern of water; at another he was tied up and suspended from a tree; and several times was thrown into a state of apparent insensibility, in which he would remain from ten to fifty minutes, and for which no human cause could be assigned.

On the afternoon of the 8th of April the breaking of glass commenced for the first time by the breaking of a pane in a mysterious manner. In the evening of the same day another was broken during family prayers, some of the pieces falling inside and some outside. There were no indications of anything being thrown against it. From this time forward for several weeks glass was broken almost daily, until the whole number of panes broken amounted to *seventy-one* in the house and out-buildings. Most of them were broken by something being thrown against them; among the articles were a brush, a shoe, a poker, a fire-shovel, a candlestick, a pair of snuffers, books, and numerous other things; occasionally a stone or piece of brick thrown from the outside.

Dr. Phelps thinks it would have been possible, but not probable, that, in some of these cases, they might have been broken by human agency, but he was an eye-witness in some twenty or thirty cases, and knows that they could not have been so done. He saw a brush, which he knew to have been on a certain shelf, fly to the window, break out a glass, and fall down between the shutter and sash, where he knew from the position that no one

could have thrown it. He saw a tumbler, which was standing on a bureau, rise from its place, fly to the window, and dash out the only pane remaining whole in the window, when no person was within twenty feet of it, and the only persons in the room were himself and Harry, the latter standing by the doctor's side in the doorway of the room—a position in which it was utterly impossible for him to have done it without detection.

About this time Dr. Phelps's attention was called to the fact that the demonstrations were much more violent in the presence of some persons than of others. While some were present they would cease entirely, and commence as soon as they left with great vehemence.

On the 17th the communications were renewed, and from that time they had frequent communications, mainly respecting the property affair. At one time they asked how they should know that this was really from the spirit it purported to be, and requested his signature, when, in less than four minutes, a small piece of paper, having on it an exact fac-simile of his writing, was seen sticking to the wall—the writing apparently done with a pencil. Dr. Phelps still preserves the original paper with the name inked over. It was stuck to the wall by being made damp.

It was now discovered that, in order to get the rapping, the presence of Henry was necessary. At one time a request was made by the rapping to send him to New York ; and a threat that all the windows in the house would be broken, if they did not, was made ; but, in a few minutes after, a small piece of paper was seen to fall, apparently from the ceiling, and on it written, "Send him not to N. Y.—evil will befall him." It was evident that there were two or more contending agencies engaged in the manifestations. It was not easy to define or imagine what their objects were. At times, when one was making a communication the other would rap, seemingly to make confusion. At other times, when a communication was being made by alphabet, a paper would be dropped down, and on it written, "It is all a lie ; don't believe what he says." Sometimes language the most profane, and occasionally, but rarely, obscene, would be written out in this way. Inquiry was made as to how these communications were to be accounted for, and the answer was that an opposing spirit was attempting to defeat the object of the first ; that this spirit was now one of his tormentors ; that both were in a state of misery, and his suffering would be mitigated if the object of the first could be accomplished, although he would never go to a state of happiness.

Among the spirits who communicated were two who professed to be in a state of happiness, and three in a state of misery. One of the good spirits claimed to be a sister of him who made the first communication ; she communicated frequently, and con-

stantly manifested herself in the morning and evening devotions of the family, and always gave two distinct knocks at the utterance of "Amen." Upon inquiry as to the meaning of these two knocks, the answer was given that it was a response, after the manner of the Episcopal service, signifying that she joined in the devotions.

Much that was communicated after the first few days was of a trifling and childish character; some more like what would be received from street rowdies than anything else. To the question why they destroyed property, they replied, "For fun." It was asked of the opposing spirit what could be done to afford him relief; he answered that "The best thing they could do would be to give him a piece of pie." Sometimes letters would come purporting to be from ministers of Philadelphia, giving accounts of conversions in their congregations, and additions to their churches. These were addressed to the doctor, and indicated a knowledge of things in Philadelphia to an astonishing degree. Some of the letters were addressed to Mrs. Phelps, signed, or rather purporting to be signed, by departed spirits of persons who had lived in Philadelphia, and all, or nearly all, who had lived in a single square, and were the acquaintances of Mrs. Phelps, during a residence in that city, in the time of her former marriage. Sentimental notes were also addressed to the daughter. These letters and billets were frequent, amounting in all to nearly one hundred, and were all written in one hand, though purporting to come from different persons. The fact was at one time referred to, and an explanation desired, to which the following was given:—"We do not write with the hand—do not touch the pencil; we write with the will."

Spirit-writing, without visible human agency, has never been a common mode of communicating, although it was among the early occurrences at Hydesville, Rochester, and Auburn.

Sometimes these missives were enclosed in a book, and thrown down stairs or into the room; sometimes wrapped about a key or nail, or anything that would give a momentum, and thrown into the room. Often they were seen to fall from above; this occurring frequently when the doors were closed, and it was not possible for any visible agent to have been the cause. Writing would appear on the walls at times, made, as it appeared, with a pencil. On one occasion Dr. Phelps was writing at his desk, and, turning his back for a few moments, without leaving his chair, turned again to his paper, where he found written in large letters, "Very nice paper and very nice ink for the devil." The ink was not yet dry, the desk was not two feet from him as he sat, and he was entirely alone in the room.

About the 1st of May, Dr. Phelps, of Boston, brother of the Rev. Doctor, and Professor Phelps, of Andover, a son of the Rev. Doctor, went to Stratford to "expose the humbug;" and



with a full belief that it was a trick of evil-minded persons, and that they should be able to detect and expose it without trouble; and they were disappointed, as hundreds have been under like circumstances. On Tuesday evening a loud rap was heard on the back door, seeming to be made by the knocker, loud enough to be heard twenty rods distant. The servant went to the door, but no person was there. After the lapse of five or eight minutes the rap was repeated. It was then supposed that some one had done it mischievously, but on looking about no person was discovered. It was in the shades of evening, but not dark enough to prevent any person being seen who might have done it as easily as at midday. The knocking came the third time, when Dr. Phelps (the visitor) placed himself in the hall, perhaps four feet from the door, and the Professor, of Andover, took a position on the steps without, each having full view of the door. The same loud raps were repeated on the door between them. The knocker did not move, nor could the eye detect any cause for what met the ear. The noise was heard throughout the house, and both the gentlemen were positive that no visible agent was employed to produce it. About bed-time a loud pounding was heard on the chamber door. The gentlemen, each with a candle in hand, stood on either side of the door, as the pounding, as though done with a heavy boot, was continued. The noise appeared to each to be on the side of the door opposite to him. On the following morning, as Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, was standing at the foot of the stairs leading to the third storey, a noise as loud, and much resembling the report of a pistol, occurred apparently close to his ear. These boisterous sounds occurred at intervals during a great part of the time that the disturbance was continued. Sometimes for weeks they would be heard; and again for days they were heard every day.

It would seem, from various occurrences, that the agents of these sounds, whoever they were, must have been human beings, or at least possessed of all the leading characteristics of humanity. They were evidently influenced by kindness or unkindness, by respect and confidence, as persons generally are in this life. Some instances illustrating this are given. One morning, during the breakfast hour, they would push the breakfast table suddenly, raise up one side and shake it in such a manner as to spill the coffee, and otherwise occasion serious inconvenience. A person at the table spoke to them in a tone of authority, commanding them to desist; but the act was at once repeated. Again they were commanded to cease, but increased violence followed this demand. This was five or six times repeated, and the shaking was each time renewed. At length another person at the table said, "I request you kindly to cease this annoyance, and allow us to take our breakfast quietly," and they ceased at once without

a repetition. It was found from this time that kindness had about the same effect upon them that it produces upon mankind at large. A lady, the wife of a clergyman, spent a few weeks in the family during the summer, who received many communications from them, would often, when the scissors, thimble, or things of that kind were mislaid, say, "I will thank the spirits to return my thimble, scissors," or whatever was missing, and the article missing would drop at her side, or in her lap, within a minute. Things of this kind occurred very many times in course of the time that these phenomena were continued. If a key or knife, or anything of the kind was mislaid, and any person was looking for it, frequently it would be thrown to them as though their wants were anticipated. Dr. Phelps was once with Harry in the stable, when the currycomb could not be found, and he asked Harry where it was, to which Harry replied that he did not know. At that moment the Doctor saw it rise, as if thrown, from a point ten feet distant from them, and, describing a parabola, fall within a short distance of the spot where they both were standing.

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### *DIRECT WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS.*

**I**N previous numbers of the *Record* we have given several illustrations of *Direct* writings and drawings, all more or less convincing as tests of spirit-communication. The following, supplied by our publisher, will be found not a whit less interesting than those already given :—

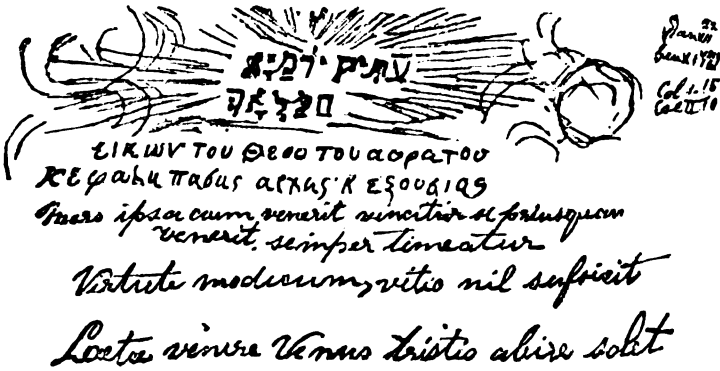
#### FIVE LANGUAGES ON ONE CARD.

In the month of July, 1872, it was suggested that our spirit friends should supply us with an appropriate inscription for a large panel on the wall above the platform of the Glasgow Spiritualists' Hall. In the expectation that the suggestion would be carried out, a sitting was arranged, when Messrs. Bowman, J. B. Stones (Blackburn), and others, sat along with myself and Mr. Duguid. After being entranced for a short time, the medium selected two clean cards, and tearing a corner off one of them, dropped the piece into the hands of Mr. Bowman. Laying the card on the table along with a pencil, he sat back, and made the usual signal for darkness. The gas-light was extinguished, and in about two minutes the signal was made to light up, when we found the card (which was identified by the fitting in of the corner piece) covered with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin inscriptions, with four Scripture references in English on the margin, and a word in strange characters below, apparently a signature. The translations of the Hebrew and Greek lines are taken from the verses given in the margin, and these are as follows :—

- Dan. vii. 22,..... "The Ancient of Days."
- Gen. xlviii. 16,..... "The Angel."
- Col. i. 15, ..... "The image of the Invisible God."
- Col. ii. 10,..... "The Head of all principality and power."

As no one at the sitting knew any language but English, we could make little of the Latin inscription. As for the strange characters in the corner, we could not tell what they were.

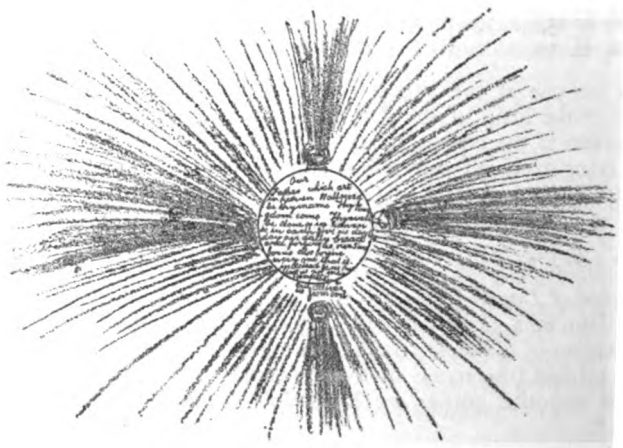
Having received our direct model, we got the medium to undertake, in trance, the painting of the panel in large characters. This was done in his own house on a sheet of paper 7 feet by 3½. A few sittings brought the work to a close. The direct model was faithfully copied, with one exception: the first line of Hebrew, "Ancient of Days," forms the centre of the halo, from which rays dart down on a globe half submerged in a sea of dark clouds. At the bottom of the sheet, on the left corner, the word "Hafed" has been painted (the name of the Persian, according to Steen), and at the opposite corner we have "J. Steen, D. Duguid, Meds., 1872."



[30-51]

Towards the close of the painting of the large sheet, which was nailed to the wall of Mr. Duguid's parlour, he found one morning, on the extreme edge of the bottom part, about 15 inches from the floor, the following translation of the Latin lines, written in pencil, and evidently by the same hand that has executed the various Latin and English direct writings:—"When death comes it is conquered, though before its coming it be continually feared. Virtue is content with a little, but nothing can satisfy vice. Venus approaches with bewitching smiles, but sorrow comes as soon as she retires."

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.



The above photo-electrotype of a Direct Card—among the earliest of these spirit productions—was given under the conditions above-mentioned, in the presence of Mr. J. F. Procter, Birmingham, and myself.

H. NISBET.

## DIRECT WRITING ON GLASS.

*Le Monde Invisible*, Paris, gives a very pretty account of direct, or independent spirit-writing upon glass, as if engraved with a diamond. A lady, going to her window to watch for the approach of a friend she was expecting, but who did not arrive that day, found her name beautifully engraved upon the window. At a séance of inquiry a spirit, who said he had been a professional glass engraver, confessed that he had effected the manifestation. However that may be, there is the writing, and the occupants of the apartment are satisfied that no person now living in *this* world could have done it. In fact, "direct spirit-writing," says *Le Monde Invisible*, "has been known through all the centuries, but never so commonly as in our own day, when we have writing upon slates in full light; on blank paper fastened in an envelope; in red or black letters on the arms of the medium; upon the walls in letters of light; and now as with a diamond point upon glass, and all this in many places and in the presence of innumerable witnesses."

Direct writing is, in fact, one of the most frequent as well as one of the most satisfactory of all kinds of spiritual manifestations.

*SPIRIT MATERIALISATION.*

IT has been thought that high mountain regions and a pure atmosphere are more favourable to Spiritualism than dense and crowded valleys, so that mountain caves and solitary deserts have been the resorts of men who wished to cultivate occult gifts. We should therefore expect to find powerful mediums in Denver, Colorado, and a letter in the *Spiritual Offering* gives an account of one—a Mrs. Miller—who sits in a blanket cabinet—tent rather, for materialisations. The writer, Mr. Cassidy, says—

“Forms materialise and walk out of the cabinet as soon as the medium takes her seat and the curtain falls, the medium being perfectly conscious, talking with those in the circle, describing and giving the names of the spirits as they materialise and come out to greet their friends. On this occasion the lamp was fully burning rendering the room very light, so that the most minute features as well as the dress of each person could be clearly seen and fully described by any one present. After several forms had presented themselves, drawn aside the curtain and greeted friends, there appeared a lady of fine proportions, tall and majestic, dressed in white, her hair auburn, falling loosely over her shoulders; she held back the curtain and stood just on the threshold. At this juncture all the sitters heard a voice saying: ‘Light,’ which is a signal by the control for Mr. Miller to throw up the blanket which covers the front part or side of the cabinet, which he instantly did, exposing the entire interior of the cabinet to the full light, so that every sitter saw Mrs. Miller sitting in the chair dressed in dark clothing, with a white scarf around her neck, talking and describing the spirit-form before her. As soon as the curtain was thrown back, and the medium and spirit-form were fully exposed, the spirit-form turned toward the medium and with outstretched arms appeared to float over the medium, enveloping her in a white vapoury cloud, which quickly disappeared.

“The medium says she saw the whole scene, and felt for a second as if a dagger had been run through her head, and that she did not call for the raising of the curtain, and that the voice heard was a spirit voice. Certain it is that every sitter saw distinctly, at the same time, both the medium and spirit-form, fully six feet apart, and as distinctly and clearly saw the spirit-form return to the medium. The medium soon after this was entranced and at least twenty forms walked out, were recognised and talked with their friends.”

Mr. Austin A. Burnham, 299 Park Avenue, Chicago, writes to the *Banner of Light*:—

“In the summer of 1875, here in Chicago, I saw, as did many others, the materialisation of spirit-hands in moderate gas-light

through an aperture cut in a common dining-table. The mediums were the Bangs sisters, two young ladies of unquestioned integrity, to whom the spirits came several years previous. Had carping critics been present at these circles, *they might have seen spirit-hands in various degrees of formation*, from tiny fingers not much larger than a wax taper to perfectly-formed hands—hands of different sizes, shapes, and shades, that were flexible, strong, and intelligently moved—writing names and messages in plain view of the entire company.”

Mr. John Wetherbee testifies to the same phenomena, as occurring under conditions which made deception or doubt impossible.

Some accounts of materialisation with Mrs. Fay in Boston, Mass., given in the *Banner of Light*, are clear and conclusive. It says:

“At one time three distinct forms were plainly visible, standing just inside the door of the cabinet. A beautiful female spirit, dressed in fine satin, and wearing an exquisite lace mantle, which fell in graceful folds from her shoulders, walked around the entire circle, allowing the company to handle and criticise the texture of her garments. Another female form appeared—her vestments covered with bright spirit-lights. She made the tour of the circle, and illuminated her features by holding her opened hands containing a spirit-light closely up beneath her face, and a Spanish girl, dressed in her national costume, walked around the circle. Other spirit-forms came to friends present, and quite a number were fully recognised. Several spirits dematerialised just within the folds of the curtain, while holding the hands of their friends; and other friends in the mortal form were led into the cabinet, and one hand placed on the medium’s head, thus demonstrating the fact of the presence there of two forms, the spirit and the medium, at one and the same time.

“During the evening as many as twenty-five or thirty spirits manifested; and owing to the perfect harmony existing in the circle, the manifestations were marvellous.”

John A. Woodruff, of Hutchinson, Kansas, writes to the *Spiritual Offering* an account of a séance attended by six gentlemen of that place with two mediums. He says—“Our spirit-friends came and placed their hands upon us. My wife in the spirit-world came in her fully materialised form and put her arms round my neck and her face against mine, fondly embracing me; and Mr. Dunkin’s sister, brother, and children also came and embraced him. It was a grand séance, and is to-day the talk of the town.”

Dr. Chazarain, a French Physician, has published in *Le Spiritisme* (Paris) a series of papers giving an account of his personal observations of spirit materialisation. His conclusion is very clear and emphatic. He says—

“ Thus we find established, by our series of observations, the fact that by the light of a lamp, in the presence of twelve to fifteen persons,—under conditions precluding the possibility of deception—and during five consecutive months, forms of men, women, and children, having every appearance of living, acting, thinking human beings, have manifested themselves ; that these forms walked alone, or with one or other of the persons present ; have wound up a musical box ; have brought and distributed flowers ; have turned the light of a shaded lamp upon themselves and upon the circle ; have touched, embraced, and sometimes spoken to one or other of those present ; have written before our eyes, in prose and in poetry ; and have given, by various means, proofs of their identity and of their real and intellectual life. The facts, of themselves, refute the notion, expressed by some, that such forms are doubles of the medium, being unlike her in size, form, countenance, colour of eyes, and apparent age—some of them, indeed, being infants. Such facts warrant Spiritualists in affirming spirit materialisations and direct spirit-writing to be realities.”

And facts like these some of our men of science consider quite unworthy of notice.

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### THE TRUTH SPREADING.

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THE following letter from South Africa is given, because we think it will interest all readers of the *Record*—given without note or comment, “*for what it is worth,*” as we are sure the writer would desire. Every fact of human life is of interest, and has its own weight. Spiritualism in all its varied phenomena deserves, and must receive thoughtful consideration :—

CATO MANOR ESTATE, DURBAN, PORT NATAL,  
SOUTH AFRICA, *December 2nd, 1883.*

MR. H. NISBET, Dear Sir,—Permit me to offer you my sincerest thanks, as well as that of my husband, for your thoughtful kindness in sending us the *Spiritual Record*, the reading of which afforded us great pleasure and satisfaction—insomuch that we wish to subscribe yearly to it, and for two copies monthly, in order to send one to India for the edification of our relatives and friends. I should like to possess the back numbers of this year ; so, dear sir, when I shall send you next month a P.O.O. for £1 please forward them to me. Latterly I have been in the habit of writing to my dear father a few facts relative to Spiritualism. The following is what he says in his letter to me of September, 1883 :—“ I read it with great interest—especially the portion in which you give extracts from Spirit Communications. I sent it also for your grandfather’s perusal. Your Aunt Livy does not believe a word of it, but I do not see any cause to reject these revelations,

since they do not militate against *truth* and *religion*. I should like to see some more of these communications, as I feel that they chasten and elevate our thoughts and aspirations." I have been rather at a loss lately what more extracts to send him, as the old numbers of the [periodical], from which I copied, had been quite exhausted—I mean parts worth perusal, for it does contain subjects and lectures unfit for a Spiritualist journal. You quite truly observe that "the lesson of Spiritualism is peace and love."

In such a work there should be no dogmatism, and no controversy, but a mere stating of facts—facts that the dullest intellect can grasp and profit by. Your Editorial Notes are worth perusing, and will, I trust, do a great deal of good. In these you refer to Louise Lateau, the Belgian Extatica. This emboldens me to send you the following for publication—that is to say, if you have never seen it before. It is an extract taken from a book which records the life of "Anna Maria Taigi," born in 1769, died 1837. This book is worth perusal as it contains a lot of subject matter for Spiritualism. However, what I wish to write is this:—"A Neapolitan widow, still living (1879), and now about forty-eight years of age, Palma Maria Addolorata Matarelli, a native of Aria, in the Terra di Lavoro. She enjoys a great reputation for sanctity, has received the stigmata, and on every Friday has a participation of the agonies of the Passion, including the Sweat of Blood. She is also said to possess the gift of bilocation. Of future events she speaks as confidently as others do of what is passing before their eyes. She is greatly revered by the people of Naples; a circumstance naturally irritating to Victor Emmanuel's Government. She was accordingly subjected to a severe inquiry by the civil authorities, on the 8th of December, 1865, which in that year fell on a Friday, as also to a medical examination, the result being a more complete establishment of the supernatural facts exhibited in her person. For more than seven years this stigmatised woman has taken no material nourishment. Three times a day Our Lord communicates Himself to her visibly under the form of an ordinary host. She also communicates every morning from the hand of a priest." (See "*Les Stigmatisés, par Le Docteur A. Imbert-Gourbege, Professeur à l'École de Médecine de Clermont-Ferrand.*")

The Roman Catholic Church does indeed "embody more Spiritual manifestations than that of any religious body we know of"; and I say that every good and true Christian must needs be a Spiritualist, no matter what may be his religious creed—none but a person devoid of all reason can disallow this fact.

Oh! how I do long to be able to do something in the way of bringing home some of these grand and consoling truths to those with whom I may come in contact. At present, however, I am leading the life of a perfect hermit. For five years I have never left my house for a day, nor crossed anyone else's threshold. But I am happy and contented, as we hope soon, by the help of God



Almighty, to be able once more to rejoin our dear parents, brothers, and sisters. I earnestly hope that Mr. D. Duguid will grant me my request. Believe me, it will not be trouble thrown away, as we intend, in however humble a manner, to do all we can in the furtherance of the cause.\* The time, I am sure, is not very far distant, when we all shall be of one faith and one baptism; united in loving and serving our God with pure and joyful hearts, untrammelled by selfish propensities, which deaden every impulse of the affections.

Spiritualism is working steadily to bring mankind together. But to term it a science is, I think, a mistake. Is this not the "outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh"? Why, then, term it a science—something that mere study and brain power will place within one's grasp? The numberless spirit manifestations which we have now are truly needed, and God has permitted these as the beginning of a grand and glorious end, and not for the purpose of adding one more item to the list of the so-called sciences. The pure and good will necessarily draw down the pure spirits, and the wicked their own kind. No wonder there are so many queer manifestations. To me it seems that the gates of the spirit-world have been thrown wide open, so that both the good and evil are now striving all in their power, the one to elevate and purify, the other to degrade mankind—"but for the sake of the elect the days will be shortened." People should be very careful and not believe every spirit, but "prove" them by the gospel of Christ. This should be their standpoint; all who teach to the contrary are *lying spirits*, no matter if they were SAINTS on earth. "By their fruits ye shall judge them." Where is the touchstone whereby to judge but the words of Christ, our God and Redeemer. Those who seek to bring down the workings of the *All Mighty* to their own mean level are, to say the least of them, insane.

Dear Sir, I am afraid I have gone further than I intended, and hope I have not trespassed on your valuable time with ventilating my poor opinions. I think very earnestly upon the subject—let this plead for me.—Yours very sincerely,

EDITH A. BURTON JONES.

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\* The request referred to by the writer of this letter was made in a long and very interesting letter to Mr. D. Duguid, received two or three months ago. The lady, deeply interested in spirit-communion, desired to know from the spirit Ruisdal, the chief control of Mr. Duguid, whether she could be developed as a medium, and of what class. Her request was granted, and a letter containing the counsel of the spirit was subsequently sent off. Her husband, she tells us, had procured a copy of "Hafed, Prince of Persia," the perusal of which had given them the greatest delight. "We felt as if the whole world should read it, and reading be better for it. . . . We did the best we could, and lent the book out to as many as would read it; after months I have got it back again, and earnestly hope that, by God's blessing, it will be the means of reviving their spiritual natures." Not willing to part with the book at present, she writes extracts from it and sends them to her relatives in India. The book, she says, "has worked a wonderful change in us."

## GHOSTLY WARNINGS.

**M**R. H. Wedgwood, one of the oldest and most faithful of London Spiritualists, a man of science and letters, and for just fifty years a magistrate, gives in *Light* the following ghost story told him by the late eminent physician, Sir Thomas Watson. Sir Thomas, whom he met at a dinner party said:—

“You know that I am a matter-of-fact person ; and I will now tell you the strangest of all the strange things that ever happened to me. I was called in, some years ago, to see a gentleman, a stranger to me, who had been taken dangerously ill at his chambers in the Temple. Directly I saw him I knew that he had not more than twenty-four hours to live ; and I told him that he must lose no time in settling any worldly affairs and in sending for any of his relations whom he might wish to see. He told me he had only one near relation, a brother, living in one of the Midland counties. By my patient's desire I sat down and wrote to the brother, telling him that if he would find the sick man still alive he must come off at once on receipt of my letter. The next morning, while I was visiting my patient, who was then sinking fast, the brother arrived. As he came in at the door the dying man fixed his eyes on his face, and said : ‘Ah ! brother ; how d'ye do ? I saw you last night, you know.’ To my infinite surprise, the brother, instead of taking these words as I did, for the dreamy wanderings of extreme weakness, replied quietly, ‘Ah, yes—so you did—so you did.’ All was over in a very short time, and when we left the bedroom together, I could not help asking the brother what those strange words meant. He said, ‘You may well ask, but as sure as I see you now I saw my brother in the middle of last night. He came out of a cupboard at the foot of my bed, and after gazing at me for a minute or two without speaking he disappeared.’”

Baron T. Spedalieri writes from Marseilles to *Light* a curious account of a death warning. He was staying with his father at a hotel in Naples, having two rooms on the first floor, each provided with a bell. These bells were repeatedly rung by some means that could not be discovered. The ropes were removed, but the ringing continued.

“My father,” says Baron Spedalieri, “became thoughtful, and directed the servants to pull down both the bells. As soon as this order was executed the bell, the rope of which hung at the head of my father's bed, rang violently. My father then said to me, ‘I know what that means ; replace the bells at the doors.’ The bells were replaced, and rang no more. My father, though not feeling any worse, called in his notary, made his will, and gave me, the eldest son, the directions necessary for the management of the family affairs. Ten days later he died.”

Any one who wished to do so could collect hundreds of similar cases, in which people have been warned by their spirit friends of their approaching change.

There is a similar case of bell ringing recorded in Sir Walter Scott's notes to the *Antiquary*.

"All who were acquainted with that accomplished nobleman, John, Duke of Roxburgh, must remember that he was not more remarkable for creating and possessing a most curious and splendid library than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures which it contained. In arranging his books, fetching and replacing volumes which he wanted, and carrying on all the necessary intercourse which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ not a secretary or librarian, but a livery servant, called Archie, whom habit had made so perfectly acquainted with the library that he knew every book as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called 'head-mark,' and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and afford all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of Archie, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's study.

"His Grace died in St. James's-square, London, in the year 1804; the body was conveyed to Scotland to lie in state at his mansion of Fleurs, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Bowden.

"At this time, Archie, who had been long attacked by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist in rendering the last honours to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor invalid was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland, but when he reached Fleurs he was totally exhausted and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor, which announced his dissolution.

"On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell rang. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the well-known summons, rose up in his bed, and faltered in broken accents, 'Yes, my Lord Duke; I will wait on your Grace instantly;' and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired."

*THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE ON APPARITIONS.*

GHOSTS are coming to the front. Ghost stories are to be found in most magazines, and a popular edition of Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, a collection of the most authentic stories of ghosts, apparitions, and similar objects of psychic research, now sells for sixpence. Even bishops do not disdain to write on ghosts; and the *Contemporary Review* has an article explaining apparitions from the Bishop of Carlisle.

Adopting the theory of optical illusions, the good Bishop tells us how it is done. The optic nerve becomes inverted and goes to work wrong end foremost; so that, instead of conveying an impression from the eye to the brain, it carries an idea, of a ghost, for example, from the brain to the eye—but how it gets back to the brain again the scientific Bishop does not explain.

And how if the ghost acts upon other senses than sight? If the spirit I see in this topsy-turvy fashion speaks to me, are my aural nerves inverted so as to bring sounds from the brain to the ear; and if he shake hands with me, are the nerves of feeling working backward? It won't do, my good Lord Bishop. When Mr. Crookes and his scientific friends photographed an apparition with fine cameras at once, by the electric light, neither their lenses nor optic nerves were inverted. The negatives were upside-down, of course, as they always are. Even a fashionable beauty or a bishop gets into that undignified position in the camera.

It is probable that in many cases one may imagine that he sees ghosts when there are none out of his own brains. A clairvoyant person may see a spirit not visible to others present, and may give such a description as to satisfy those who knew the spirit in life of his presence and identity. But when the ghost is so materialised as to be seen, heard, and felt by a dozen persons, who are, perhaps, strangers to each other, what possible condition of nerves can account for such a phenomenon?

The absurd thing is that people deny, or try to explain away, what they have taken no trouble to investigate. When a man has seen a ghost gradually form itself, growing from a little vaporous cloud to a full-sized man, and then slowly melt again into thin air; when he has talked with and handled such materialised spirits, whom he had known in life, and in regard to whose personal identity he can have no doubt whatever, such discussions about ghosts

and efforts to explain them by abnormal nervous, or cerebral action, are nonsensical and ludicrous.

We invite the Bishop of Carlisle to read the statements of Mr. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., in the present number of the *Record*, and some that we hope to give in the next, that he may see how a really scientific man investigates such a subject. First of all he makes sure of his facts. When a bishop has seen, heard, and felt a few ghosts, he will certainly be better qualified to write about them—as he would in like case about an earthquake or a water-spout.

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### A SPIRIT'S DISCOURSE ON HEALTH.

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THE *Banner of Light*, to which faithful journal of Spiritualism we are indebted for many kindly notices, has published, for twenty years or more, its weekly page of Spirit communications, given in its own weekly circle, through its own selected medium. We copied from this treasury a message said to have been given by the Spirit of the scientist AGASSIZ. We find in a recent number a communication or discourse on health from an American doctor, which is so wise that it does not in the least matter which world it comes from. If the *Banner* has a medium capable of giving such lectures on health, disease, and medical treatment, it cannot do better than to keep him or her at work. If spirits come with such advice, we shall do well to heed it. In either case we need not bother about *Cui bono*.

The Spirit of Dr. Carter says to those who wish to get rid of the habit of intemperance—

“Seek to surround yourself with cheerful companions who are of strictly temperate principles. By no means tamper with the patent medicines and nostrums of the day, which go under the name of tonic or bitters. Bathe the surface of the body frequently in tepid water, that all the little pores of the skin may have something to drink—that they may absorb into the system a moisture which shall quench this unnatural thirst which at times comes upon you. Let your diet be composed principally of fruit and vegetables, that the acid and water of this food may allay your thirst and strengthen your system generally. If you will do this, and cultivate your will-power—determine within yourselves to resist the temptation—I am sure you will succeed. This is my word to certain ones whom I knew when on earth, who are addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.”

Dr. Carter finds that the efficacy of remedies varies with the constitutions of patients and their surroundings. The treatment which is good for one locality has no effect in another, but he sees that "the application of magnetism through the human form, applied by healthy, genial, sympathetic beings, will be of more assistance and benefit in curing diseases of every nature than any other curative agent that can be supplied."

It may be said that we do not need to have spirits come to tell us that, but it is well to have truth from any quarter. We must judge of the matter by its quality, not its source. There is no question as to the benefit of what is called magnetism—a name given to the power of one nervous system over another. Health is as contagious as disease. Health is communicable and curative. The best physicians are they who can give health to their patients. Good nursing is better than medicine, because nurses are more constantly with the sick, and can therefore give the more health.

The Spirit of Dr. Carter could not give better advice than is contained in his concluding observations. He says:—

"People should guard their own systems. Whatever serves to debilitate the physical body, whether it be the indulgence of the passions or the appetites, whether it be excess of grief and anxiety, or over-exertion of mind or body; whatever tends to weaken the system, whether it be by partaking too lightly of food or exercising the stomach too much in over-eating, will open the organism to disease, and will surely encourage the growth and spread of the germs of disease in the system. To all these things must we look if we would have a healthy race of men and women. Children who are allowed to gorge themselves with all kinds of food, particularly sweets and pastry, are often those first attacked by the diseases incident to childhood, by the ravages of diphtheria and kindred complaints."

It may be said that there is no need of spirits to tell us this; but there is evident need of every possible influence to make us regard it.

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The lectures given weekly, every Sunday evening, at the Metropolitan Spiritual Lyceum, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W., through Mr. J. J. Morse, the celebrated trance medium, are regularly reported and published, and can be had of Mrs. Williams, Hon. Sec., 103 Great Portland Street, W. Let us say that we hold Mr. Morse to be one of the most reliable of men and of mediums.

## VICTOR HUGO.

THE principles of the Spiritual philosophy run like golden threads through nearly all the writings of this gifted man. The following words, pronounced over M. Hennett de Kesler, his companion in exile, are truly eloquent:—

“Let me honour this talented author and this gallant man. He possessed all forms of courage,—from the lively courage of the combat, even to the slow courage of endurance; from the bravery which faces the cannon, to the heroism which accepts the loss of home. He was a champion and a sufferer. Kesler had, like many of us, educated himself over again. Matured in years, and warned by reality, and set right by logic, from being a Royalist, he became a Republican. Once he had seen the truth, he devoted himself to it. Never was there more profound and tenacious devotion than his. Although affected with love of home, he refused the amnesty; he ratified his faith by his death.

“Behold him here at last, asleep! Asleep,—no: I withdraw that word. Death does not sleep. Death lives. Death is a splendid realisation. Death touches man in two ways,—it freezes him; then it resuscitates him. His breath is extinct. Yes; but it again revives. We see the eyes which it closes: we do not see those which it opens.

“Adieu, my old companion! Thou art going now to live in the true life. Thou art going to find justice, truth, brotherhood, harmony, and love in the sphere of immense serenity. Behold! thou art taking wing to the light. Thou art going to live the sacred and eternal life of the stars. Thou art going where live all the bright spirits which have enlightened and lived,—where dwell thinkers, martyrs, apostles, prophets, and liberators. Thou art going to see all these great souls shining in the radiant form which death has given them. Listen! say to Jean-Jacques Rousseau that human reason is beaten with rods; tell Peccaria that law has arrived at that degree of shame, that it hides itself when it kills; tell Mirabeau that '89 is tied to the pillory; tell Danton that the land is invaded by a horde worse than the stranger; tell Saint Just that the people have not the right to speak; Moreau, that the army have not the right to think; tell Robespierre that the Republic has been stabbed; and Camille Desmoulins, that justice is dead. And tell them all that all is well; and that in France an intrepid legion fights more ardently than ever; and that away from France, we, the voluntary sacrifices,—we, the handful of the proscribed who survive,—still persevere, and are resolved, standing on that great breach which is called exile, never to surrender, with our convictions and their phantoms.”—*Year-Book, 1871.*

*EDITORIAL NOTES.*

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The *Saturday Review*, like many other periodicals, has its fling at Spiritualism, and in its issue of 10th November, 1883, under the title of *Mystery Mongering*, attacks the "Society of Psychical Research" with its accustomed virulence. The attack this time is on mesmerism, declared to be mostly fraud, with traces of natural phenomena called hypnotism. "Collusion and imposture," the writer asserts, "are known to be active elements in most that is called mesmerism." "Science has nothing to do with wonders as such."

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"What is to be the end of the pseudo-scientific proceedings of our modern Psychics?" asks the *Saturday Review*—

"Their position as advocates of other marvellous phenomena is significant, as illustrating the confusion which has been the strength of the common belief in the unsifted phenomena of mesmerism *en masse*. Spiritualism and mesmerism derive aid and support from each other. Mesmerism in the lips of the Spiritualist is the half truth which is always the worst of lies. The small truth in mesmerism lends apparent weight to the psychic force, which is invented to account for the material manifestations of spirits in the séance room; and this material proof of the immaterial in its turn is called on to help the inquirer to swallow the absurdities of ultra-mesmerism. In this curious coupling of unrelated things, this artificial alliance of conjuring with nervous disease, is to be seen some explanation of the confusion or connection in the popular mind of the appearance of 'John King' and 'Peter' to the Spiritualists, with some of the ordinary phenomena of hysteria, catalepsy, and somnambulism, attributed, as they are, to mesmeric effluence. The common element of mesmerism and Spiritualism, and it is indeed a large one, is really fraud, and fraud alone."

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It comes to the common ground of all sceptics. "You who see what I will not see, and therefore believe what I will not believe, are, all of you, either knaves or fools. Either you are deceived by frauds which I can readily see to be rank and transparent impostures, or you are in a conspiracy to impose upon mankind."

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"To contend against these thrice-exploded superstitions may seem to some like fighting shadows," says the *Saturday Review*,



"but a denial even that two and two make four, when hidden under pseudo-scientific language and a show of formal logic, may be sufficiently dangerous to render some reply desirable." And that is the excuse for two pages of arrogant assertion and accusation of fraud and folly without a particle of proof. As if men like Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, Professor Barrett of Belfast, Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, and other active members of the Society for Psychical Research, were not as good judges of phenomena and logic as a simply impudent, ignorant, and mercenary reviler who accuses them of silliness or dishonesty at a penny a line.

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Every Spiritualist, in the present sense of the word, and since Spiritualism has become a science based upon observation, knows from facts as clear and well established as any facts of astronomy, or chemistry, or natural history, that some men, and presumably all men, continue to live after the death of their bodily organism. How long, there may be no means of knowing. That there is a survival of life, and thought, and love, we have abundant evidence. Immortality seems a fair presumption, but, so far as we can see, has no absolute proof. How can it have? That which has had a beginning may, for aught we know, have an end. Or, what seems a not improbable conclusion, all souls may be absorbed into the Central Universal Soul.

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Some professed Agnostics strenuously insist upon the eternity of matter, and its controlling forces—attractions, repulsions, and powers, when in certain combinations of thought, affection, and agnosticism generally. Professor Tyndall teaches that all the potentialities of being are in self-existing, self-controlling atoms. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, calcium, sodium, etc., existing as distinct elements from all eternity, and through infinite space, with the ethereal elements of electricity, light, heat, magnetism, etc., have forever been at work "on their own hook," making suns, planets, vegetables, animals, men, women, and at last scientific agnostics—probably the last effort of evolution, the struggle of existence, and the survival of the fittest.

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Of this latest outbirth of atomic forces possibly the most perfect example of sublimated agnosticism is the junior M.P. for Northampton. No atom of explosive nitrogen in the infinities of

time and space was ever more determined to fulfil its destiny. Mr. Bradlaugh holds that the character and actions of every man and woman were fixed by the play of atomic forces before any sun, much less any planet, in the universe had gathered itself together and begun the evolution of life. It was settled from all eternity—as also says the logical Calvinist—that Bradlaugh should vex Gladstone and sit for Northampton. The atomic forces arranged it all. If such a thing as moral responsibility exists—or any reason for praise or blame, reward or punishment—it must be sought for among the atomic forces, in which are “all the potencies of life.”

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Of the causes of those facts, or the mode of their production, philosophers and fools are alike profoundly ignorant.

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This is a world of effects, and we can only speculate about causes. In the life to come we may see further and perhaps know something of *how* and *why*. The heart of man wishes to live beyond the tomb that it may love. The mind of man longs for immortality that it may know. These are two grand human instincts that point to life eternal.

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“Attractions are proportional to destinies,” said Fourier. Every insect—every animal is guided by its instincts—driven by its impulses—drawn by its attractions. In the same way men are guided, driven, and drawn to their all but universal hope and belief in the life-to-come.

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Voltaire, a theist somewhat against his will, was forced to believe in God and immortality by a relentless logic. He found God so necessary to any comprehension of the universe that he said if no God existed it would be necessary to invent one, which was his way of saying that a Supreme Being is a logical necessity. Mr. Huxley and his agnostics may not know how there is or can be a God—but they modestly admit that they cannot have any proof of his non-existence—but only, in some cases, a somewhat violent presumption drawn from the undeniable fact that *they* exist.

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Is Spiritualism anything more than a subtle and refined materialism? If we knew what matter is, or how it came to be; if we

knew the how and why of spirit; if existence and thought, will and work, were not the insoluble mysteries they are we might get at definitions. The Hylo-Idealist settles all these questions, and the questioners as well, off hand, effectually, and satisfactorily for himself. He creates his own universe. His one article of belief—or the single fact he assumes to be established, so far as he is concerned, is “I am.” He says all to himself *Ego Sum*. The universe of which he is the centre and source exists in the operations of his consciousness. He creates his world from moment to moment, but all he feels sure of is himself. His own sensations are no proof of the objective reality of any existence but his own.

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This Egoism in excelsis is no novelty. It is but a refinement or ultimatum of Atheism. To admit matter and force, and deny any cause of either is a logical difficulty. If you deny the existence of matter and force, and admit only an egotistic idea, the thing is simplified. You have only yourself to account for, and that not a material self, but only a small parcel of sensations. If the lamp-post you run against has no real existence, why the aching head, or the cerebral convolutions or cells with which you think, or think you think? Assuredly there is no reason why a Hylo-Idealist should not be an agnostic—or let us say *the* agnostic, since he has no satisfactory evidence of the existence of any other. He is the universe; and to put an end to this perplexing universe all he has to do is to take an ideal pistol and blow out his imaginary brains.

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Better keep to common sense. A sensation is proof of something that causes it. What we can see, feel, and hear, to say nothing of taste and smell, has a quite sufficiently real existence—one as real as our own. When fifty other sentient beings, men and animals, give evidence that they have the same sensations, it is mere silliness to doubt their objective reality. What we call spirits are as real as men and animals. We see, hear, and feel them just the same. We test their reality in every way. They aid us, very ingeniously at times, in our investigations. They would do more, probably, if it were more important. They know that the reality of the spirit-life will be known by experience to all of us, and therefore leave those who will not or cannot receive their testimony to their own observations and sensations.

No one can believe in what he knows to be "impossible." I know that the spirit of man cannot survive the death of his body; ergo, there can be no truth in Spiritualism, and a million of witnessses to a million of facts cannot prove its reality.

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That is the argument of Materialism as neatly put as we know how to state it. It stands upon an assumption liable to be knocked over at any moment by the smallest fact. Millions of men and women have had sensible proof of the continued existence of human spirits after the death of their bodies. One such fact proves its possibility, and no metaphysical argument can destroy a *fact*. What men call the "laws of nature" are established facts.

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Surely there is progress. Two centuries ago, the little Shropshire maiden would certainly have gone to the gallows, unless she had escaped, as she happily did from the bullying of the London newspaper correspondent, by confession of fraud, when he threatened her with imprisonment. There is no reasonable doubt that such physical manifestations as occurred in the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps, in Connecticut, described in this number; in the home of the Wesleys; in the home of the Fox's, thirty odd years ago, at Rochester, and since then in thousands of homes all over the world, were the real causes of the horrible witchcraft prosecutions, in which so many thousands perished.

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The sworn-to and recorded phenomena of WITCHCRAFT in Old and New England, for being connected with which so many men, women, and even children, were hanged two centuries ago—the last in Scotland in 1720—have a curious similarity to the everyday spirit-manifestations now common over the civilised world, and only punished by considerable ignorant objurgations, and occasional imprisonment. Here are a few of the alleged facts, proved in open court by witnesses, recorded in ALLEN PUTNAM'S book, entitled, "Witchcraft of New England Explained by Modern Spiritualism":—

"In 1648, while Margaret Jones was in jail, the officer saw, in broad daylight, a little child run from her into another room, where it vanished (p. 87). In 1692, Sarah Good, while in prison and strongly guarded, disappeared, and the guards reported in the morning that she was gone some time from them. At the same

time she was seen in another place (p. 326). Margaret Rule was often raised by an invisible power toward the ceiling of her room, where she remained for some time, and the united power of several men failed to prevent her being thus raised (p. 44). When people tried to carry Martha Goodwin upstairs, her weight was increased to three times what it usually was (p. 219). Articles of furniture danced about, cooking utensils leaped from place to place, and chairs, like intelligent beings, bowed gracefully to those who came 'to detect the witchcraft' (p. 171). At the house of William Morse, in Newburyport, 1679, an awl was placed in a cupboard, and the door shut. A moment after the awl came down the chimney. Caps were taken from the heads of persons; an inkstand was taken from Mr. M. while writing, and found on the floor under the table; a cat that was put outside was thrown in at the window, and afterward rolled up in a red waistcoat. These, and numerous other similar things, were constantly occurring in full daylight (p. 184), and the book abounds with accounts of such manifestations."

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Take the other hypothesis, and see where you come to. Take the case of an enlightened Christian judge, like Sir Matthew Hale. Is it probable that he sentenced scores of people to death upon perjured evidence, for which there was no possible motive? He must have been satisfied of the truth of the facts sworn to by unimpeachable witnesses. Under his instructions juries were compelled to convict, and he was compelled to sentence. Women and children, in one case a mother and daughter, were hanged on one gallows at Oxford. All the learning of the University could not save them. The theory of imposture will not explain such tragedies.

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Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has an article in the January *Nineteenth Century* on Religion, which, though somewhat hard reading in places from its long, involved sentences, and the number of words of six to eight syllables, yet comes to a clearly expressed and definite conclusion which is neither Atheistic nor Agnostic. It is, that the searcher after truth, in contemplating the universe, will find that, "amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the *one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.*"

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And Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, who scoffs at the idea of a miracle—declares that "miracles don't happen," still urgently insists

upon the "Something, not ourselves, that maketh for righteousness." Thus the philosophers dealing with undifferentiated unthinkablenesses, find an absolute need of creative energy and moral power. To these the Spiritualist adds the demonstration of a continuous existence, as a solid basis for belief in eternal life

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Mr. Labouchere, M.P., editor of a somewhat misnamed weekly paper, "*Truth*," has pretty thoroughly exposed Bishop, the thought-reading exposé of Spiritualism. He has got hold of Bishop's secretary, who explains how he manages his tricks. But it seems difficult to expose one falsehood without running into another. A writer in *Truth* says:—"We were favoured with the Davenport knot trick, which, as you know, Mr. Maskelyne now performs in sight of his audience, in order that they may see how easily it is done, and which has been done abroad by hundreds of conjurers." This is not the TRUTH. The Davenports, whom we knew very well twenty years ago, had no "knot." They were tied, night after night at the Hanover Square Rooms, by men like William Howitt, Benjamin Coleman, naval officers, engineers, journalists—by men well known, and who could not be suspected for a moment of engaging in a conspiracy to cheat the public. The present writer has seen them tied in private mansions by the residents of those mansions; at the Hanover Square Rooms by gentlemen of his acquaintance; and has tied them in the most thorough manner himself—in a way that no living man could get out of. There was never any trick in the tying of the Brothers Davenport. This was shown times without number by the manifestations taking place when their hands were held by persons of unquestionable honour, the same as when they were tied. Of all this there is abundant testimony.

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In the near future we shall be sorry for all misspent opportunities. We shall be very sorry that we did not do what we might have done to give men a true idea of the life to come. In that life there will be many who will be glad that they did what they could do for others; but there will also be many who will be sorry that they did no more. Let us join the two worlds more nearly and do what we can *now*, that we may be more satisfied in the future with our lives in the *past*. This is the practical outcome of Spiritualism. What we sow here we shall reap in the hereafter.

The Society for Psychical Research has issued its second circular, asking for information chiefly as to dreaming, but including hallucinations, somnambulism, or visions and mental impressions connected with fainting, trance, coma, delirium, and anæsthesia. Those who have had any such experiences should get the circular of Hon. Sec. S.P.R., 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

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The S.P.R., it will be observed, is carefully working its way in military fashion, digging trenches and zigzagging toward the fortress of Materialism. When the outworks are carried we shall come to the core of the matter—Spiritualism pure and simple, which the Society at present fights shy of, though largely composed of men and women who have had a large experience of spirit manifestations. We care little for the order of proceeding so long as we get at the facts. If the less lead up to the greater, the greater includes the less. If a spirit has the power and conditions to make visible, audible, tangible manifestations, it will not bother with dreams. They do what they can, and we must be thankful for the smallest favours.

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We give, in this, as in other numbers of the *Spiritual Record*, Facts, Experiences, Observations, which may not be new to many readers, but which are worthy of a wider circulation. The true impulse of our work is Give! Give! Give! Every one who has a truth should be eager to impart it to others. This is the law of progress. "Give to him that asketh of thee" is the law of life. What can be given of higher value than the assurance of immortality? Every number of the *Record*, which contains proofs of a continuous existence, should be sent on and on, as long as it can be read, to awake humanity from its dream of death.

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The notices given of each number of the *Spiritual Record* in certain Secular—not to say Secularist—newspapers are kindly, but a bit provoking. The facts with which our pages are crowded are admitted to be interesting and important—*if true*. As if a judge should say to a jury, "Gentlemen, the evidence given for the prosecution in this case by men of high intelligence, who have no possible motive to deceive you, would be very important if you could only believe it; but as you were not on the spot to see what was done, you cannot be expected to base your verdict on any amount of testimony."

Take the testimony of Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., published in a scientific journal; its verity certified by scientific witnesses; its facts verified by scientific appliances—where is the possibility of a reasonable doubt of its perfect reliability? Are not men hanged every month in England upon far slighter testimony?

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What hinders belief of plain, physical facts, in regard to which no intelligent man like Mr. Crookes, Serjeant Cox, Professor Wallace, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and hundreds more could possibly be mistaken? Nothing but preconceived opinions, such as might prevent an equatorial philosopher from believing in the existence of icebergs, or our ancestors from getting a true idea of the electric telegraph.

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The preconceived opinion, sometimes called vulgar prejudice, formulates itself in this settled conviction—"Every one who pretends to know more than I know, or to believe what I do not believe, is either a knave or fool, and to be held in suitable contempt and ignominy accordingly." In our day such persons are tolerated, and in rare cases asked to dine with us. Formerly they were sent to Coventry—sometimes to prison, and further back roasted alive. This is an age of toleration, to a certain extent, but there are, at this writing, men in prison for blasphemy, and one deprived of his seat in Parliament, not for being an Atheist, but for unpleasantly confessing his unbelief.

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Morally, or æsthetically, there may not be much difference between an arrogant and intolerant Theist, or Christian, and some Atheists or Agnostics. It would be difficult to speak more contemptuously of any one than a certain Secular periodical habitually speaks of Theists, Spiritualists, or Christians. No scorn is bitter enough for any sort of believer. There is insolent contempt shown at times even for any one who believes in matter as an objective reality.

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The Hylo-Idealist may tolerate a man who believes that he has, or is, a brain, but would excommunicate any brain that claimed to have a body, or believed that men, animals, earth, and stars had any objective existence. Of course he would not burn him, because there is nobody to burn, and no fire to burn him with. And how can a man who does not believe in bodies be expected to believe in spirits?



If Mr. Watts, or any other Materialist, is willing to fairly investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, what is there to hinder him from going to Mr. Husk, or any medium, and pursuing such investigation? We have made careful experiments with many mediums, and have been convinced of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Every Materialist who really wishes to know the truth must come to the same result. If a man is committed to a certain theory—that is another matter. He will naturally avoid any proof of the falsity of his belief.

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Men like Huxley, Tyndall, Bradlaugh, Watts, etc., will be the last to seek or yield to evidence of the falsity of the theories which they have laboured all their lives to sustain. We must look to quite another class of men for experimental investigations, and a frank avowal of the truth: to men like William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, the late Professor Zöllner, Professor Hare, Professor De Morgan, etc., etc., who have frankly and heroically given their testimony to the Facts of Spiritualism. To these be all honour. These are the men who are ready to “prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.”

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But, on the other hand, what shame for those who will not examine, who will not experiment or investigate—who refuse evidence—who reject the truth. We can conceive of nothing more contemptible than a man pretending to science who refuses to examine facts—who clings to a theory utterly contradicted by experience—who refuses to examine phenomena when they contradict opinion. Contemptible is a very mild word for such “philosophers.”

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Here is the case of Spiritualism “in a nutshell.” A hundred intelligent observers assert the facts of Spiritual manifestations. A hundred unbelievers, who have made no examination, deny them. The late Professor Varley said no scientific man who had examined the phenomena of Spiritualism ever denied its reality. The only ones who deny it are those who know nothing about it. The jury which decides against the truth of Spiritualism has never examined the evidence. *Voilà tout.*

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A gentleman writes to us from Birmingham that he has found a “first class physical medium in a gentleman in business.” In his

presence a heavy table rolls and tips, raps are heard, pictures on the walls swing about and are reversed, fire-irons and fenders dance about, cupboard doors bang, direct Spirit-writing is produced, and fully materialised spirits walk about, and in various ways manifest their reality. All this at one's own home, he says, is very convincing, especially when there is no question of money in the matter. Of course we shall be glad to have a clear and concise account of all such manifestations. We want *facts*. The world wants the simple naked facts of Spiritual manifestations. The "why" and the "how" may take their time.

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Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," it is recorded by Lockhart, was given by Sir Walter Scott in a species of trance, and written by his daughter at his dictation. Scott had not the slightest recollection of this process, and carefully examined the work, after its completion, and was naturally delighted to find that he had unconsciously produced so interesting a novel. Here is a curious example of a work of high literary merit produced in a condition of trance, and by one we should now call a medium. Dr. Carpenter would call it a case of "unconscious cerebration." The name does not much matter. The phenomena is abnormal, and the Spiritual hypothesis is as good as another.

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We are all spirits, and as such we have our duties and our rights. We have to work out our own salvation here and hereafter. This life is one of "probation," no doubt, but there is no reason to believe that probation or progress ends with this state of being. Whether we rise to a higher life, or sink to a lower, the law of progress is still open to us. In all worlds we must be free to shun the evil and to choose the good. If there be no world but this—no life beyond, no chance to amend and atone, then Mrs. Job was in her right as a philosophical pessimist when she advised her afflicted husband to "curse God and die."

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No; the universe is ours. We are free spirits, with all the world before us where to choose. Continuous life is a demonstrated FACT. Eternal life is a reasonable deduction. We know that human beings live after the change which we call death. We believe that they may live on and on for ever. And in that life there must be every possibility of progress, of perfectability, and of happiness. Possibilities of going from bad to worse, it may be, but also from good to better, and so upward and onward

to the best. Our own free choice must decide our destiny in time and eternity.

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An interesting case of suspended animation has just occurred at Leeds, of which we should like to have more particulars. A girl of 17, long failing from consumption, appeared to die. Her body in the afternoon was washed, laid out in the usual grave clothes, and the undertaker sent for. In the evening her mother, talking with a friend in the lower part of the house, heard her daughter's voice crying "Mother!" She found her at the top of the stairs standing in her grave clothes, and complaining that she was *very cold*.

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In many similar cases, as in the noted one of the Rev. Mr. Tennant, the supposed dead person has been able to relate the experiences of the trance condition. In some such, the apparition of the entranced person has appeared and spoken to friends at a distance, and the story of his experiences has been confirmed. This has happened in so many cases as to leave no doubt that under certain conditions the human spirit may leave its body, appear to others, help and comfort them, and then return. Some believe that this may happen in what seems ordinary sleep.

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There are more British subjects who are Brahmins and Mahomedans than belong to all Christian denominations. In the United Kingdom there are probably more non-conformists than members of the Church established by law, there being about a hundred registered sects. Her Majesty, the head of the Anglican Church, sets an example of toleration by attending a Presbyterian Kirk during her residence in Scotland, and does not forget that she is Empress over millions of Oriental Polygamists and Idolaters. Those who govern so many peoples, holding such varied opinions and practices, should consider whether they can consistently punish any form of belief or unbelief. And those who speak or write about believers or unbelievers may also consider whether a decent regard for the opinions and feelings of others may not be good policy as well as good manners.

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The *Cornubian and Redruth Times* of December 14, gives a goodly-sized extract from Mr. Carson's Spiritualistic experiences, published in our issue for that month. Thanks, *Cornubian*: it is not often our secular contemporaries venture to copy from Spiritualist publications.

Mr. THOMAS HARDING, of Sturgis, Michigan, gives, in the *Banner of Light*, an account of some remarkable tests given to a friend of his, Mr. Parker, a very solid Justice of the Peace, and a thorough sceptic, many years ago. A little girl, thirteen years old, child of a neighbour, came to his house one day, sat at a table, and began writing on a slate, without looking to see what she was writing. The name of a deceased friend of Mr. Parker was written; but he wished it to be done by the spirit herself, if there were one, and not by the child. The girl, or her hand, at once wrote—"You will find my name on the bureau drawer." He found the name written as if with a sharp instrument. Another name of one formerly known to him was written on the slate, and repeated a moment after, at his request, on the back of a chair. A third name was similarly written on the slate, and also on the casing at the top of a window. After these tests the sceptic surrendered.

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Mr. COLBY, the senior editor of the *Banner of Light*, worn by the labour of many years, lately made a holiday trip to Washington. Visiting on his way, and in a neighbourly way, the office of the *Psychometric Circular* at Brooklyn, he was introduced to Mr. COLE, a medium for Direct Spirit-Writing. Tearing from a pad a leaf of paper, Mr. Cole requested Mr. Colby to examine it, to be certain it bore no writing, and then to inscribe his name upon it for purpose of identification. The *Banner of Light* editor, after examining the sheet and writing his surname upon it, placed it in a small box upon the mantel, opposite the party. Careful scrutiny of the box satisfied Mr. Colby that, at the time of placing the paper within it, it contained nothing but a piece of lead pencil about one inch and a half in length. The medium then described a spirit near the box, whom Mr. Colby recognised as his late partner, Mr. White. Opening the box, and identifying the paper he had placed in it, Mr. Colby found written upon it the following:

"DEAR LUTHER,—This is a pleasure you may think I had not anticipated; yet I have brought this very matter about. Now, I want to say that independent writing should be introduced at the *Banner* office, as independent communications will do more to advance the spiritual cause than most any other phenomenon. It does seem like writing to friends as I did in earth-life.

"I commend the course of the *Banner*, and feel proud of my past and present connection with it. It is *the* 'pioneer,' you know, Luther, and has made many converts, and will continue to do so.

WM. WHITE, *Banner of Light*."