

SPIRITUALISM.

NARRATIVE OF FACTS OBSERVED.

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

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INTRODUCTORY.

"SPIRITUALISM" is the name given to an unseen cause, the results of which are seen, felt, and heard in the moving of tables and other articles of furniture,—tappings thereon, which often resolve themselves into answers to questions asked, and many other kinds of manifestations. The phenomena describe themselves as being the spirits of the departed, and hence perhaps the term "Spiritualism" has been adopted; but like "Magnetism," or "Electricity," or "Heat," it is a mere name for a force we know nothing of. We see the results of all these, but cannot catch nor analyse the causes.

To develop this latent force called Spiritualism into action, a Medium is necessary, and though as yet these are few in number, I doubt not that by persevering effort it will be found that many people have the power. The extent of the power varies in different individuals, also in the same individual at different times. The Mediums whom I have seen all say they know not in what their power consists, nor why they have it. With some Mediums physical manifestations occur more readily; with others intellectual communications, and some are writing Mediums.

The incidents detailed in the narrative following these introductory remarks were written down daily as they happened, and the narrative speaks for itself. While I observed the phenomena at the houses of hired Mediums, I might wonder, or

doubt, or suspect trickery; but in the circle of my own family, with the proofs I have had—before so many and different people, at various times, in various places, and under different conditions—I, and a score of people besides, who have seen the manifestations, could not resist the testimony of our senses, and have been obliged to admit the existence of the phenomena, while quite unable to discover the cause.

Opponents of Spiritualism, who decide without examination, have tried to draw a parallel between it and the superstitious practices of the peasantry in distant parts of the country; but there is no likeness. The superstitious do something—say, bury a live fowl in the ground, and believe that, as a consequence, somebody on whose behalf the cruel deed has been done will be cured of his disease. It is not so with Spiritualism. It appeals to *facts* in proof of its existence. The phenomena are to be seen, heard, and felt. They appeal to the senses, and can claim the proof of trustworthy evidence for their existence. The *cause* has yet to be ascertained. Spiritualism, "odid force," "Mary Jane," etc., etc., it has been called; one name is as good as another for an unknown substance.

While the succeeding narrative was in manuscript, I gave it for perusal to a friend, accompanying it with the following remarks:—

"With this I send you for perusal a statement of phenomena observed by myself, and I mention in the narrative how I became interested in the subject. Please to read it, and, let me add, 'inwardly digest.' I cannot resist belief in the existence of the phenomena, seeing they have been exhibited in my own family at various times, in various places, and before many witnesses. That they are the results of power exerted by the spirits of the deceased I don't believe, yet the cause is to me inexplicable.

"The manifestations I have detailed are such as have been

observed thousands of times and by thousands of persons. Many of them may seem absurd, yet they exist, and it is the cause of their existence I should like to fathom.

"Facts, I know, are unpopular, for although the examination into them is the condition of sound opinion, yet with most men it is more easy to take a side, and pronounce without study and decide without examination; but from experience I expect better things of you."

Shortly afterwards I had a conversation with my friend on the subject of Spiritualism, when he told me he would soon be in London, and would call on the Marshalls, the Mediums in Bloomsbury.

I wrote him:—

"I hope, through the mediumship of the old woman and her niece, you will see enough to convince you that the phenomena are not the result of trick or collusion,—not an affair of springs and strings. I seek only this admission in the meantime.

"As regards your remark to me, that in a matter of the kind you would doubt your nearest and dearest friend, I may state, so far as such remark may refer to my boy (fourteen years of age), that I think a calm perusal of the narrative itself will dispel the idea of trick; besides, such could not exist in the minds of those who have seen the surprise manifested by himself, and his whole manner at the various times.

"It is quite probable that when at the Marshalls you may not get satisfying answers under the conditions you impose. They may be inconsistent with the laws of this unknown power or substance called Spiritualism (an ugly name). Electricity exists, though a man should say, 'I will not believe therein unless I get a shock through a non-conducting substance.'"

NOTE.

In the manuscript there are many communications wonderful and striking which I omit in the printed copy, because of the nature of them, and their personal bearing. For the same reasons I place several names in initials. With one exception, noted at the place, all the manifestations purport to come from deceased persons. When I use the phrase, "Mr A., or B., or C. came," I mean it to be understood that the physical manifestation at the time declared itself to be Mr A., or B., or C.

J. B.

SPIRITUALISM.

NARRATIVE OF FACTS OBSERVED.

HAVING often heard of the wonders of Spiritualism, and being in London in February, 1863, I concluded to investigate the phenomena, and from a friend of mine, a believer, albeit a prudent member of the Stock Exchange, I obtained the address of a Medium.

I had full confidence in my friend's honesty, yet I instantly took a cab, and drove to the place before he could possibly have any communication therewith.

Arriving there, I was ushered into a room where two women, each about thirty years of age, an elderly one, and a gentleman (who afterwards told me he was a Wesleyan clergyman), were sitting at a round table about three feet in diameter, mounted on a tripod stand. Their hands were on the table, and a golden alphabet lay upon it. I heard smart raps on the under surface of the table, and these, through means of the alphabet, answered, or declined to answer, such questions as were asked; three raps representing "yes," two "doubtful," and one "no."

When the minister had gone, I sat down, and placed my hands on the table, along with the three females. In a few minutes I heard the sound of rapid taps coming along the floor and ending in two or three smart raps just beneath my hand.

I inquired who was there, and by the alphabet the raps answered "Margaret." I knew of no dead Margaret, so I inquired if she knew my name, when she replied "James," correctly. I asked if she could bring my mother, "Yes" was answered, and the taps receded as they had come. In a few minutes raps were heard advancing as the others had done, but of a different sound. The first were clear and sharp, those now sonorous and slower. I will now give, in detail, the questions and answers, with my remarks upon them.

Q. Do you know who I am?

A. Yes; you are James.

Q. Can you tell my surname?

A. B——.

Q. Prove you are right by telling me your own Christian name.

A. Agnes.

Q. I am still doubtful. Will you tell me where you died?

No answer. I was told that spirits do not admit of *death*. They speak of it as leaving the world. I then asked,

Q. Please say where you left this world?

A. Whitevale, Glasgow.

Q. Will you tell me what street in London I shall sleep in to-night?

A. Dover Street.

N.B.—The above answers were entirely correct.

Q. Prove to me you are my mother by saying the lines of a song I have heard you sing.

A. "I'll sit on my stool, and spin at my wheel."

N.B.—My mother sung "creepie," not stool; and I may mention that when I asked the question I thought of that song.

Q. Are you happy?

A. Quite happy.

Q. Does anything vex you?

A. Yes.

Q. What is it?

A. When I see those I love commit folly.

Q. Have you anything to say to me?

A. Give your heart to the Lord, that you may be happy in this world, called heaven.

Q. Anything else?

A. I will be often with you—I will impress you for good.

Q. Anything more?

A. Nothing more.

Then I heard the raps go away across the floor as they came.

Again I was in London in the first week of April, and called at the same place. The persons present were the old lady, a young one, and myself. I asked for my mother, but got no response. While our hands were on the table it was tilted about, and lifted often right off the floor, and raps on the table, on the floor, and all around, were heard. In an interval of quiet, I heard, right beneath my chair, some heavy knocks, as if made with the butt-end of a stick. I asked who it was, but was answered he had no power to respond by the alphabet. I then wrote down several Christian names, and afterwards read them over. When I came to Robert, three knocks were given. I bethought me what Robert it could be. I lost a child of that name in infancy, and inquired if it was him, and was answered "No." I gave several surnames, to which "No" was replied, but when I came to B——, "Yes" was given. I then wrote down the names of many manaiou-houses, and requested to be informed in which of them he left this world. When I came to C——, an affirmative answer was given. Now, my late friend, Mr R—— B——, died at C——. The answers were all given by the same deep-sounding taps; and I may here remark that each individual answerer has a different sound and manner of tapping, quite distinguishable from others.

While seated at the table, a lady came in and sat down beside

us, placing her hands on a corner of the table. In a short time I heard smart little taps beneath her hands. She asked many loving questions, and got replies, which pleased her. She told me it was the spirit of her little boy who had died about a year before; that he was pleased with the interview, and that they comforted her very much.

This *séance*, however, on the whole, was unsatisfactory as an intellectual one, the spirits—of whom there were many—delighting to toss the table about, catch me round the ankle, and such like, rather than to give answers to questions. One thing worthy of note happened, however. The table was lifted right up so high that we had to stand up to keep our hands on it. While in that state of suspension, I looked below and placed my hands beneath the feet and satisfied myself that it was sustained in the air without visible support.

Again, I returned to London towards the close of April, and visited the same Mediums, and this time my mother came at once. I shall detail the conversation, which I noted down at the time.

Q. Do you know what I am doing?

A. I am often with you.

Q. Can you tell me what I am thinking of?

A. Sweeties.

N.B.—I was thinking of these children's delights as a test word likely to be unknown to the Mediums.

Q. Can you tell me of what I am now thinking of?

A. Yea.

Q. Will you tell me?

A. No.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is an improper word.

N.B.—This is true. I did name an improper word to myself to see if it would be given in answer.

Q. Are you quite happy?

A. Yes; but I must go—I have a message from the Lord.
Good-bye, my son!

The taps then gradually died away. We continued to sit with our hands on the table waiting for my mother's return, or some other manifestation. In about five minutes I heard taps, first on my chair-back, and then beneath the table, of a strong and entirely different sound from the previous ones. I inquired—

Q. Who are you?

A. Your father.

Q. To prove that you are so, say when you left this world.

A. November, 1848.

Q. Had you any property in this world? If so, say where.

A. In Calton, Glasgow.

N.B.—Both these answers are correct.

Q. Have you any message for me?

A. Marry a decent, honest woman; pray to God; and lead a life of virtue.

N.B.—As I have a dear wife already, this answer was *mal a propos*.

Here I heard taps of the same kind as I had heard before, and I inquired—

Q. Are you my mother back again?

A. Yea.

Q. Where have you been?

A. The Lord sent me to Glasgow to convey a spirit from earth to this world.

Q. Did you know the person while you were on earth?

A. No.

Q. How do you spend your time?

A. In playing and singing, praying and dancing.

Q. Were you always happy in your present state?

A. No; at first I suffered remorse for the sins committed on earth.

Q. Does every one so suffer?

A. Yes; some for a longer time than others; but all get to happiness, and step by step attain to a higher existence.

Q. Is there any bodily pain?

A. No; only the mind.

Q. How long did you feel this?

A. Six months.

Q. What is the greatest of virtues?

A. Love for all.

Q. What is the greatest vice?

A. A malicious and revengeful disposition.

Q. Have you any message for me?

A. Pray to God; and obey His commands; and love Jesus.

Here the table began to tilt violently about, so I said, "Will you like me to sing you a song?" when "Yes" was rapped out smartly. I sung the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," and the table kept jumping and dancing in time to the tune. It seemed so ridiculous to suppose that my mother, a staid woman of strong "Calvinistic principles," could take delight in tilting a table to what she would have considered a profane song, that I stopped, and so did the table, and thus ended the *stance*.

NOTE.—I have been since told by a Spiritualist that it would not be the spirit of my mother who tilted the table, and made it dance, but some other one: she would leave when she gave me the message to love Jesus.

2d July, 1867.—I was on business in London on behalf of a person in America. I went to the Medium. After sitting a short time at the table, taps were heard, and by the alphabet I was told my mother was present. I asked—

Q. Can you tell me what I am in London about?

A. Yea.

Q. Give me the name of the person on whose affair I am here?

A. R—— I——.

Q. Where does he reside?

A. In New York.

NOTE.—Both name and place were correct.

Q. Shall I be successful?

A. Yes; all will be well. (It was so.)

Q. Can you bring A—— B—— to me?

A. Yes.

In a few minutes loud knocks were heard on the table, and it was driven about violently. I asked—

Q. Are you A—— B——?

A. Yes.

Q. Had you any other name?

A. The B——.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The fourth.

Q. Have you any message for me?

A. You had better turn over a new leaf and behave yourself, for this is a queer place. Good-bye!

With that the table took a jump in the air, and another heavy table at the side of the room rushed forward about two yards along the floor.

Shortly after he had gone, I heard sharp, rapid tapping on the table, and inquired who was there. I was answered—“Margaret.” She said she had known me on earth, but had not power to say when nor where, nor to give me her surname. I remembered I had a *carte-de-visite* in my pocket in a closed envelope. I took it out and laid it on the table, in the envelope, so as it was impossible for any one to see what was in it, and asked if she could tell me whose portrait was enclosed, when, by the alphabet, the Christian name and surname were correctly rapped out. I also, seven different times, asked her to say what number I was thinking of, and each time the correct number was given.

NOTE.—Reader, pause a little and consider of these answers, and of those given by my mother (see page 10) in reply to the query—"Can you tell me what I am thinking of?" and say on what hypothesis can you account for the answers given? Surely the hackneyed phrase of "a remarkable coincidence" will not avail here; neither will trickery nor collusion on the part of the Mediuma. Do the answers not rather point to the fact of some intelligence being *en rapport* with my mind?

On 25th July, 1863.—In my lodgings at Scarborough, my two sons, my daughter, and myself, sat at a small table, just to ascertain if we could get any of the manifestations such as I had witnessed in London. In about twenty minutes we heard small taps on the table, which gradually grew louder and quite distinct, so as to be heard plainly by others in the room. By a good deal of perseverance and use of the alphabet, we were answered that it was the Duke of Hamilton, and that he belonged to Lanarkshire.

NOTE.—The Duke was buried at Hamilton on the Thursday previous.

On the 28th July, 1863.—Still in our lodgings at Scarborough, and the same persons present. In a few minutes the sound of scratching was heard under the table, and it was gently tilted up. I was answered that it was the Duke, and that no other spirit was present. But the scratching and tilting were so continuous that we could get no replies worthy of being written down; but at five different times the table was lifted right off the floor some eight inches, and set down with a "dunt," and when sloped at the tilting it took much force to press it down to its natural position.

On 30th July, 1863.—At Scarborough, myself and children at the table.

"DUKE OF HAMILTON" came.

Q. Where did you die?

No answer given.

Q. Where did you leave this world?

A. France, in Paris.

Q. In what state were you at the time?

A. I was drunk.

Q. Where were you buried?

A. Hamilton.

Q. Name the county of your abode.

A. Lanark.

"STONEWALL JACKSON" came.

Q. Will the South get free?

A. Yes.

Q. What will be the boundary?

A. The Potomac.

Q. Have you anything more to say?

A. The Federals will think that they can beat us, but they will find us equal with them. New Orleans will be re-taken by the Confederates in January, 1864. The war will be ended in October, 1864.

Q. What do you think of slavery?

A. I am an abolitionist now.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The sixth.

Q. Name somebody I know in America.

A. Bouve.

NOTE.—I do know a gentleman in Boston, United States, of that name.

I was absent for some time, and on coming down stairs again, found my two boys alone at the table. One of them said, "Papa, one calling herself C—— H—— has come." They knew nothing of such a person, but I recollected that I knew a young lady of

that name twenty-five years ago, and that she had died nearly twenty years since. My son asked—

Q. Have you any message?

A. I loved your father; tell him to think of me often.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The third.

The Rev. Dr BARR came; four of my children sitting at the table. One of them asked—

Q. Have you any message for Ross?

NOTE.—Ross is my wife's maid, and was in the room at the time.

A. Be sure and marry the one you love—be married to the one you are engaged to.

NOTE.—Ross told us she is engaged.

Q. Name your successor in the church.

A. Mr Brown.

Q. Anything more to say?

A. Tell your mother to obey her husband, and go to church.

Mrs D——, my wife's mother, came; myself and children at the table. I asked—

Q. Have you any message?

A. I am often with you, watching the progress of your soul in holiness; love your wife.

Q. What do you do where you are?

A. I dance, and sing, and pray.

NOTE.—Here tapping in country-dance time was heard on the table, and we were told the tune was "Petronella."

Dr BELL, our late medical man, came.

Q. Have you a message?

A. Your mamma will recover in ten days.

NOTE.—My wife was ill at the time, and in bed. Dr Dale, who was attending her, came in, and heard the tapping and message.

Q. What is Dr Dale to do?

A. Go and see Mrs B——.

M—— D——, my wife's deceased niece, came. One of my children asked—

Q. What have you to say?

A. Tell your mother to trust in God, and take a bath chair.

NOTE.—My wife was lame at the time, and could not walk to the railway station, whence she had to leave next day.

31st July, 1863.—In my house, Glasgow. Myself, wife, and children, and several friends present.

C—— H—— came. I inquired—

Q. What have you to say?

A. I have come, according to promise, to say I loved you dearly. Love my rival, Mary D——.

NOTE.—This is my wife's maiden name.

Q. Have you any message for my wife?

A. She has got a darling boy for a husband.

Q. What do you call me?

A. You duck.

Q. Where did I dwell when you knew me?

A. Whitevale.

Q. Tell me your married sister's name.

A. W——.

NOTE.—Both place and name are correct. My son inquired—

Q. Have you anything to say to me?

A. Your father is a duck of a drake.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The third.

JESSIE M'PHERSON came.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The fourth.

Q. Have you any message?

A. Old Fleming and M'Lachlan murdered me. They mur-

dered me in cold blood. Should he escape, death will overtake him.

3d August, 1863.—In my house, Glasgow. All my family at the table, also my sister-in-law, Mrs T——.

A—— B——, R—— B——, D—— B——, and Dr BARR, all came, one after another, without being thought of, and said, "Tell Mrs T—— not to go to England. If she does, she will die in the train."

Afterwards S—— D——, Mrs T——'s brother, came.

Q. Have you any message?

A. Mrs T—— is to obey the warning, and not to go to England. I love her dearly, and do not wish her to die in the train.

Q. What part of England did she intend to go to?

A. Rokesbury.

NOTE.—Mrs T. did intend to go to Rookesbury, in England.

Q. Were you at the Peel Banquet?

A. Yes.

Q. What was done there?

A. Kentish fire.

Q. Can you let us hear it?

In reply, the raps on the table struck loudly, for some time. "rat, tat, tat, tat, tat."

Dr BARR came again.

Q. Have you a message for any one at this table?

A. All of you fear God, and ask Him, for Jesus' sake, to pardon you.

6th August, 1863.—In my house, Glasgow. Myself, family, and some friends present.

M—— S—— came.

Q. What have you come to say?

A. I am a murderess; I murdered L——.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The first.

Q. How long will you be there?

A. A thousand years.

Q. What kind of a place is it?

A. A dark, bleak, dreary waste.

Q. Have you any more to say?

A. Tell the world I am a murderess, and feeling remorse.

NOTE.—M—— S—— is still alive, and this militates against the view that the manifestations are made by departed spirits only. I have seen it stated in some book on Spiritualism, that the spirits of the living can come while the body is asleep. M—— S—— has come often, and always tells the same story.

C—— H—— came. I asked—

Q. What do you want?

A. Darling, you will come to me when you die. I will cherish and love you.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The third.

Q. Are you happy in it?

A. No.

Q. Do you wish to get to a higher?

A. No.

Q. Why?

A. Because you will come to me here. I wait for you. I love you. Your wife is a fool.

Q. Does God permit you to bring such messages?

A. No.

Q. Who does then?

A. (After a pause)—The devil.

At this stage I distinguished the loud, marked tapping of Dr BARR. I inquired—

Q. Have you a message?

A. Do not believe C—— H——; she is a lying spirit.

Q. What do you wish me to do?

A. Love your wife, and do not love another. Do not think on C—— H——, for if you do you will bring the judgments of God upon you.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The ninth.

Q. Have you a message for any of us?

A. For all of you.

Q. What is it?

A. Love one another, and, above all, love God.

NOTE.—These answers were given out in loud, sonorous raps, all the time the sharp tapping of C—— H—— was heard, as if trying to drown the Doctor's message.

12th August, 1863.—In my own house, self and family present, loud tappings heard. I asked—

Q. Who are you?

A. R—— B——.

Q. What have you come to say?

A. To tell Mrs T—— not to go to England.

Here we heard sharp, metallic tapping just under my hand. It was peculiar in sound, and we had not heard it before. I inquired—

Q. Who are you?

A. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

Here R—— B——'s knocks were heard again, and I asked—

Q. What do you want?

A. I will wait till my Queen delivers her message.

Then I asked Mary Stuart—

Q. What are you tapping with?

A. My sceptre.

Q. What have you to say?

A. I loved the Earl of Bute.

Q. Anything more?

A. The Earl of Darnley was a villain.

Q. What sphere are you in?

A. The eighth.

Q. Are you a Roman Catholic?

A. Not now.

The tapping ceased, and—

R—— B—— knocked again.

Q. What do you want?

A. Put out the gas, and I will try to move the table.

The gas was lowered till nearly out, and then the table was drawn along the floor. A handkerchief held by my son was pulled out of his hand, and we found it afterwards folded in the interior of the pedestal of the table beyond the reach of any one sitting at the table. One of my daughters had her dress drawn round behind her chair, and one of my sons was drawn out, chair and all, suddenly from the table.

13th August, 1863.—Myself and family present, in my own house.

“GENERAL BLUCHER” came.

Q. Where did you fight?

A. Waterloo.

Q. Who was your ally?

A. Wellington.

Q. Is he with you now?

A. Yes.

Q. In what sphere?

A. The seventh.

Q. Where is Napoleon Buonaparte?

A. In the third.

Q. Do you approve of war now?

A. No.

Q. What have you come to say?

A. France and Austria will fight next year against Russia to free the Poles.

Q. Will England join them?

A. No.

Q. Will the Poles get free?

A. No.

14th August, 1863.—In my own house, my family and sister-in-law present at first, and afterwards myself with them.

"J— D—" came. I may mention that J. D. was a brother of my wife and of Mrs T—. He died many years ago. He was very expert at cabinet-work, and for his amusement made several articles for his sisters.

Mrs T— inquired—

Q. Where did you dwell on earth?

A. Hope Street. (This is correct.)

Q. Did you make anything for me?

A. A box.

Q. What to hold?

A. Money.

Q. For what purpose?

A. Missionary.

Q. What became of it?

A. A servant stole the money and burned the box.

NOTE.—He did make a missionary box, and box and money were abstracted, but how was never discovered. This is a sixteen year old story.

Q. Can you still use your tools?

A. Yes.

Q. Let us hear the saw.

A. Put out the gas first.

This was done, and then the sounds of a saw, hammer, and plane were heard by all of us as plainly as if they had been used by living beings. The sounds were so loud as to be heard by the servants throughout the house. A small hand-bell was placed beneath the table. It was lifted, and rung, and moved about.

Some of the children felt something like a hand clasping around the ankle. A drawer in the table flew out, and a handkerchief was taken out of one of the children's hands, and was afterwards found tightly pressed into a crevice between the drawer and the top of the table. Some of the children took fright and ran out of the room, and we ceased to sit.

25th August, 1863.—The family present and some friends, eight of us in all.

R—— B—— came. I inquired—

Q. What have you to say?

A. There are many spirits present.

Q. Have you any message?

A. Mrs T—— may now go to England. We have prayed for her life, and no harm will now happen to her.

One of our visitors who had not been at a *séance* before, burst out laughing. I inquired if the spirit present had any message for him, and was answered, "Tell him not to stand grinning there, but believe."

Here the tapping became very strong and loud. I desired all present to sit back from the table. We did so gradually, till we were three feet from it all round, and were not in contact with it at any point. In this position the table rapped and answered questions, as when we sat close to it, but not so loudly. I noticed that if we held out our hands pointing to the top of the table, the tapping was louder than when they hung by our sides.

NOTE.—The experiments this night led me to think that some sort of force may be eliminated from the bodies of the sitters particularly from the Mediums, and that the table may be charged with it through the fingers and toes.

26th August, 1863.—Myself and four members of my family present. I thought it advisable to ascertain if tables were the only articles which would speak. So we stood at the bookcase

in the library, placing our hands on the base, when we heard the tapping, and got answers as at the table.

4th September, 1863.—In my own house. Ten of us present.

COLIN CAMPBELL came. I inquired—

Q. What have you come for?

A. I love John. Make him a soldier. He will be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Q. Are you Lord Clyde?

A. Yes; but I like Colin Campbell better.

While continuing to question, the tapping suddenly ceased. In a few minutes it began again, and I inquired why it had stopped, and was told it was because one of the party had sat down on the sofa. Afterwards we found we could get no manifestation when any one sat on the sofa, and we were told it was because Colin Campbell sat there when not at the table.

7th September, 1863.—Colin Campbell and several others came. We had the usual sort of questions and answers, which, though wonderful as phenomena, are becoming somewhat tiresome from their monotony, but while I was making some angry remark to the children, the tapping stopped, and, though we continued to sit, was not renewed till I had left the room (the other nine or ten persons remained). When I had gone, the tapping recommenced, and rapped out, "Tell your father to keep his temper."

12th September, 1863.—In my own house. My family and some friends present.

COLIN CAMPBELL came. I inquired—

Q. What have you to say?

A. This will be a great night with the spirits—but put out the gas.

Q. But first tell me what is that cold air we feel going over our hands and legs?

A. It is spirits; the room is full of them.

We lowered the gas, when we heard powerful knocking on the table. We asked who it was, and were told they were "Carpenters," but would give no other name. They said there were eight of them, and each one gave his distinctive rap—they being all quite distinct in sound each one from the others. They sawed, planed, and hammered so loudly, that the room resounded with the noise, and the sounds were heard up and down stairs as if the table was being broken up. It is a heavy oak table. I told them to take the axe and hack at it. When told so, we heard blows as of an axe on the pillar of the table—so strong that it shook at each stroke. In fact, it is somewhat loose and creaky ever since.

The foregoing narrative contains a relation of a few of the phenomena observed by myself and others. It is unnecessary to go farther into detail, but I may mention some occurrences which I have witnessed.

Four of us were in a room with a heavy table which it took the whole of us with difficulty to lift, yet after laying hands on it, it began to tilt, and rose off the floor, and two of us got on it, and were lifted right off the floor. Again, a small hand-bell was placed beneath the table. One of us sung, and the bell was rung in time to the music, and carried by an unseen hand round the room, behind us, and placed in a corner of it. A concertina has been put under the table, and has been lifted up, pressed against my legs, and played on. I have felt as it were a soft velvety paw tapping on my feet and legs, and grasping me round the ankle. It seemed to melt away as it grasped.

GENERAL REMARKS.

When we first sat, my younger son, about twelve years old, was the Medium, but his power soon declined, and does not now exist. His elder brother, fourteen years of age, acquired the power as the other lost it, and still has it. The manifestations are irregular, being sometimes very strong, at other times faint, and occasionally altogether absent. I notice, however, that when we sit day after day we obtain more powerful manifestations than we do when sitting irregularly, say only once in ten or fourteen days. Without the boy we get no manifestation whatever. He is strong, in good health, active, eats and sleeps well. When sitting at the table he feels in nothing different from the rest of us, and his pulse beats neither quicker nor slower for the *séance*. The novelty of the thing has worn off, and he does not often care to sit now. When he takes pleasure in sitting, the manifestations are much more powerful than when he sits down reluctantly. He likes eggs, and eats a good many. A Spiritualist tells me his power is increased by them. He says eating eggs adds to the quantity of phosphorus in the body, and that phosphorus in excess is a cause of the Medium's power.

At various times we asked the different spirits to describe the spheres they stated themselves to be in, and we inquired about them at the Rev. Dr Barr, who seems to possess a knowledge of them all. All the answers coincided in the following characteristics of the different spheres:—

- 1st. A dark, dreary, bleak waste.
- 2d. A place of swamps, pitfalls, and briny lakes.
- 3d. Tangled brambles and thorns.
- 4th. Tall trees with golden apples and leaves.
- 5th. Golden palaces.

- 6th. Rivers of milk and honey.
 7th. A city built of gold.
 8th. Quiet and blissful pastures.
 9th. All that is holy and good.
 We have been told—

That there are thousands of spheres, each one nearer to God than the preceding, but that after the twelfth they are unconnected with this earth:

That the greater portion of mankind, on leaving this world, enter the fourth sphere, which is a place happier and holier than this earth:

That according as they have lived and died in holiness or in sin, shall be the nature of the sphere they will enter:

That there is a progression from a lower to a higher sphere for all:

That into whatever sphere you may enter at death, you will feel remorse for the sins committed in the flesh:

That the spirits in any sphere have the privilege of praying to God in behalf of those in a lower sphere, and for the denizens of this world:

That prayer to be acceptable must be offered through "Jesus Christ the Son of God:"

That the prayers of people on this earth in behalf of the spirits of departed friends are sinful and of no avail.

We have noticed that the manifestations are irregular in power, being sometimes very strong and marked, at other times faint, or altogether absent, and yet, so far as we can see, the conditions remain the same. As a rule, manifestations are more readily obtained in the gloamin'.

In the sittings of my family, we have not wished for any person in particular.

The tappings of each spirit are different in sound and charac-

ter, and often we can tell who it is, by the nature of the taps, before we are told the name of our visitant.

During the manifestations we sometimes have the feeling of a current of cold air passing over our hands, feet, and legs. I have asked what it is, and been answered that it is a spirit coming in contact with us.

We are often told to change places at the table; and when we have arranged ourselves as the spirits desire us to do, we obtain more powerful manifestations.

With the single exception of my mother saying I would sleep in Dover Street, we have found that no reliance whatever is to be placed in the spirits' predictions of futuro events.

I have often inquired at the manifestations if they be the result of magnetism, odyle, or of a force eliminated from the bodies or minds of the sitters. Such questions I have asked in London, Brussels, Glasgow, and other places. In all cases, the answers have positively affirmed that the manifestations are made by the spirits of the departed, and by them only.

There are many diverse views as to the *rationale* of the phenomena. Some see in them a revelation from the spirit world, and a testimony to the truth of the Christian religion, for the messages testify of Christ, inculcate virtue, prayer to God, and love to man; and in all ages, writers, sacred and profane, have spoken of guardian angels, ministering spirits, and the cloud of witnesses with which we are *compassed*. Others refer all the phenomena to material causes as yet unexplainable. "Mind reading," by the Medium unknown to him or herself, combined with some sort of magnetic influence.

As regards the tilting and rising up of the table, and its resisting the laws of gravitation, which it is held no well-behaved table ought to do, I may remark that, many years ago, I heard the late Professor Nichol speak of a power in Nature, as then being in course of discovery, antagonistic to, and perhaps superior to gravitation, and lately Herschel has referred to the

same power, calling it the "levitating," as opposed to the gravitating force. As yet the action of this force has been observed and commented on in connection with comets; but as the same *gravitating* force rounds a world and a drop of dew, may not the *levitating* force be found yet to have as wide a range?

A party, of whom the author of "Mary Jane" is one, consider that the phenomena are all caused by emanations from the bodies of those present, or, I may say, from all and every body. They believe that the exudations thrown off continuously by living beings, though invisible, are yet endowed with life and intelligence; that man, in fact, is continually and unconsciously creating intelligence, and that these intelligences float about, and are the spirits of the Spiritualist.

As for the belief of the Spiritualists generally, it is that the communications, however absurd and stupid they may be, are really made by the spirits of the departed.

I asked a calm, sensible, plodding merchant, who has had reason to believe in the existence of the phenomena, to give me his opinion, and he gave me it much as follows:—

"You ask me why we must place our hands on the table—I answer I cannot tell, any more than why Moses' hands required to be held up that Israel might win in battle. You say, What is a Medium, and what is his power?—why have not all men got it? Again I cannot tell. I don't know why at the approach of a piece of loadstone a needle, disobeying the laws of gravitation, flies up to it, yet it is not stirred by the approach of other kinds of stone; neither can I say why a table rises at the touch of a Medium, and not at that of another person who is not one. Try to define Magnetism and Electricity, and say what they are. You will find it as difficult as to define what Spiritualism is. They are merely recognised names for the cause of the actions we observe, but the substances themselves have yet to be laid hold off and analysed; but analogy points to them as being material though imponderable in our scales."

Such are the views of my friend. As for myself, I merely give the facts as seen, heard, and felt by me and by witnesses in my presence. I draw no inference, I deduce no hypothesis, I build no theory. I am content to add a stone to the accumulating cairn of facts, and leave to some Baconian philosopher of future times the task of drawing just inferences, and developing a true theory.