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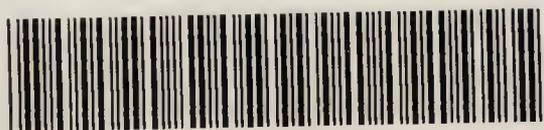
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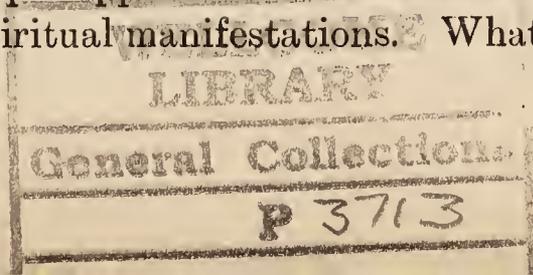


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An Investigative Study of Spiritualism.

HALF a score of years ago or more, I decided to write an exhaustive article on Spiritualism. I had proceeded as far as an elaborate introduction, and was about to enter upon the consideration of my theme, when the fancy seized me to learn a little of something about it by personal experience before proceeding further, instead of drawing my inspiration from my inner consciousness and from the opinions, not to say prejudices, of others. Such a course will seem unnecessary and uncalled for, possibly preposterous, to the professional writer, to whom actual knowledge of any given subject to be written upon is not regarded as at all necessary, and may sometimes prove a real drawback, when the view to be taken is already decided upon, either by the free will of the writer, or by that absolute authority, the dictum of a publisher.

Fortunately, in the case of this article, I was my own mistress, and so I humored my whim, and, laying aside my pen, I put my carefully prepared introduction safely away, and turned investigator. For five years circumstances seemed to favor me, and I had ample opportunities to examine various phases of the so-called spiritual manifestations. What my conclusions



were, I will not state in this the beginning of my essay ; I will only warn the reader that if he is not prepared to admit that "there is something in these phenomena," not necessarily all they claim, but something which demands the closest and most careful attention of all candid minds—something which must have an important bearing in the scientific if not in the religious realm of thought, he will hardly find anything to interest him in these pages ; for he must be shut in by an impenetrable wall of bigotry and prejudice, or else by an atmosphere of the densest ignorance, through which a ray of reason cannot denetrate.

It did not take me long to become convinced of the existence of this "something," and the next question to be considered was, What is it? If Spiritualism be true, this is only the beginning of our study. If it be true, a hundred other questions start to their feet, like the Highlanders at the whistle of McGregor. Its ethnological, ethical, and religious aspects the investigator can relegate to the future ; for if he study this single question relating to the truth or falsity of these strange manifestations ; if he have an analytical mind, and bring all its powers to bear upon his studies and his researches, he will find that he has enough to occupy his time and attention for years without needing to go any further.

There is only one state of mind for an honest and rigid investigator—that of reverence for truth. There is only one attitude for him—that of the most rigorous scrutiny. We must take nothing for granted. Whatever evidence is not entirely flawless counts for nothing. The onus of proof is thrown upon this affirmative of Spiritualism. We cannot take our evidence, and offer it to the world as evidence, at second hand. We may not individually doubt the integrity of motive or the keenness of perception of others. We may have reliance in our own judgment in judging of them, but we cannot offer this judgment as a link in an otherwise incomplete chain of evidence. We may be satisfied individually, but we must not offer our own belief as testimony. Therefore I cannot ask

or expect any one to become converted to the position I now hold in regard to these phenomena, merely on the evidence which I offer here. I may only hope to so interest others to assume the *rôle* of investigators; and if they are more keensighted and more logical than I, and can demonstrate the incorrectness of my conclusions, showing a more rational way for accounting for these phenomena, I have no bias which will prevent me acknowledging and accepting the result of their reasoning, for I am seeking truth for truth's sake.

The word "test" has diverse meanings, according to the individual who uses it. I once happened to remark to a gentleman who possessed the power of table-tipping, and who was withal a member in good standing of the M. E. Church, that I seldom individually received tests. He was desirous of giving me a sitting. With him the tips did not respond to the alphabet, but only indicated "yes" by three tips, "no" by one, and uncertainty by two tips. We were seated at the table.

"Is there any spirit present who wishes to communicate with me?" Three tips. ("Yes.") "Is it my father?" "Yes." I was at a loss what next to ask. Whatever my questions were, they were most commonplace, their answers shedding no light whatever on any subject terrestrial or celestial.

"There," exclaimed the gentleman, when the sitting was concluded, with a glow of satisfaction upon his countenance, "you can never say again you do not get tests, for here you have been getting them all the evening."

It is hardly necessary to explain that this is not my ideal of a test, which, to have any scientific value, must be surrounded by a complete chain of evidence which makes it utterly impossible to explain it in any other manner than by the super-mundane hypothesis. If my father tells me he is present, is happy, etc., these statements are not tests. If he refers to something with which he and I are familiar, and of which I am satisfied, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the medium knows nothing, that is a test of—what? Well, the

test of a power beyond the ordinary known laws of nature. If he tells me something of the past of which I am ignorant, but which I afterwards verify, here again is a test of—something—what? Telepathy? That is winning at least half the battle for Spiritualism. If he predicts something for the future, or tells me of matters of which no living soul is cognizant; if the prediction comes true or the information is capable of verification, then I hold that the spiritual hypothesis is proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Only an intelligence—and a super-mundance—that is to say, a spiritual—intelligence could know these things. This is a test complete in every link of the chain of evidence, and it is by the means of such tests as these alone that victory for Spiritualism must be finally and fully won.

My initial studies of psychic science were beset with difficulties. While assuming the attitude of a mere investigator, I was almost invariably declared an inharmonious element in the circles to which I was admitted, because, it was said, I disorganized the “influences” by the atmosphere of doubt and disbelief which I brought with me. I might preach a sermon here, taking this for a text,—a sermon to which a large class of professed Spiritualists stand woefully in need of listening,—but I refrain. It is a significant fact that on those occasions when the mortals of the circle did not know of my doubting mind, the unseen influences never seemed to discover it.

There was only one way to pursue my investigations in a satisfactory manner, and that was to enter the penetralia of Spiritualistic belief, and view the phenomena from the inside. Circumstances favored me in this. About this time I took up my abode in a city new to me. I began a regular attendance at the gatherings of the Spiritualists, and was soon regarded as one of them, and invited to take part in their meetings. In accepting this state of affairs I do not feel that I was hypocritical. I had already reached the position of recognising the “something,” and I was now only asking “what”? Moreover, I found that the more intelligent ones among them, though

perhaps better grounded in the faith, were scarcely less investigators than myself. Only from this inner circle of apparent perfect belief could I have had the full opportunity for the study which I so much desired.

Let me say here that I found the honesty and candour of these adherents of Spiritualistic belief quite up to the average of the outside world; they were quite as intolerant of fraud, when known or suspected to be fraud; and if there was any deception of others, there was self-deception as well. They were, perhaps, a little too impatient with unbelievers that they did not see matters in the same light with themselves; but I think that is rather human nature, than any special and distinctive trait of the believers in the Spiritualistic phenomena. They at least did not try to force their beliefs and opinions upon others, and in that matter displayed more tolerance than I have sometimes seen in orthodox quarters.

I have not space to give a detailed account of the experience of these five years. I can only take here and there a sample page from my mental note-book, regretting that I was not wise and far-seeing enough to make written memoranda of that which interested or startled me.

There are two phases of the so-called spiritual manifestations which, under my study, proved utterly abortive. These are materialization and independent slate writing. I do not say that these are impossible. Far be it from me to make such a sweeping assertion. I only affirm that in my limited experience I found them plain, palpable, unvarnished frauds, and I not only completely lost faith in them, but also my last remaining glimmer of faith in the value of the average mortal as a competent witness. Yet I repeat that I do not go so far as to say that these personal experiences invalidate the claims of all slate-writers and materializers. The broader become my knowledge and observation, the farther do I extend the limit of the possible. Only that class of people who believe that at the bidding of Joshua the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, and hasted not to go down about

a whole day, dare to speak with authority, and say *such* a thing can be, but such another cannot, and thus map out and circumscribe the boundaries of infinite knowledge and infinite power.

In the winter of 1884 I was one of four to stand around a small table, touching its top with the tips of our fingers, when the table was raised a foot from the floor. This was done in the full blaze of lamplight, when each could plainly perceive that no other one of us was touching it except in the light manner already described. The one man of the number who was an openly expressed disbeliever in all occult phenomena said that this movement of the table was due simply to electricity. Perhaps he was qualified to judge, as it was through some power possessed by him that the table was lifted. But if we only knew what electricity really is and how it works!

I quote from a letter, dated Feb. 15, 1893, recently received from my daughter, an extract which describes a similar fact and announces a like conclusion:—

Two or three nights ago M. said to me, "O, mamma, let's sit with our hands on the table; I feel awful full of electricity." I noticed the paper she was working on was full of it, for it kept sticking to her book. I felt full, too, for that matter. So we sat down, and in a very little while the table began to creak and groan, and raps were heard all over it; and pretty soon we had it prancing all over the floor, jumping up and down like a horse. Part of the time we would just have our fingers on it. I believe, though, it was nothing but electricity.

Perhaps it *was* electricity: let it go at that. It will serve just as well as anything else for an explanation at present. I think I may believe that my daughter has not deceived me in the matter, since she had no motive for so doing, and the letter was a purely personal one. In this instance the raps apparently manifested no intelligence.

Let me cite another case in which the experience goes on a little farther. In June, 1883, I was living in the city of New York. One evening I was visited by a friend whom I had known almost as long, and knew quite as well, as my mother. She brought her sister, a stranger, with her. Incidentally it

transpired that this sister was a rapping medium; and in a spirit of curiosity my two visitors, my daughter of fourteen, my son of twelve, and myself gathered about the table. Presently the raps came, but were faint and confused, and did not respond intelligently to our questions. After a little time the two ladies withdrew to the further side of the room, leaving my daughter, son, and myself alone at the table. It was in one of the old-fashioned houses of lower New York, built before it was deemed necessary to squeeze two buildings in barely space for one; so the room was large, and the ladies were quite a distance from the table. At once the raps became loud and distinct, and responded readily to the alphabet. They began to spell a name. The name given was the same as that of my deceased father, and I expected his name in full. Then the raps commenced with the first letter of his surname, skipping the middle name. At the second letter they ran off the track, and after the third ceased entirely. Thrice I ran the alphabet as far as W, and thrice the same three letters were given, and then a silence. At last my daughter suggested, as I reached W again and paused in perplexity, "Finish the alphabet." "X—Y—Z—" a prompt, unmistakable rap at the final letter. It was the married name of a personal friend, not present—a name that was as far as possible from all our minds. The intelligence went on to say that it was a deceased brother of this friend's husband, and some message was sent—I have forgotten what—to the absent lady. Not one of us knew whether such a person had ever existed. Subsequent inquiry verified the fact. Was it electricity, in this instance manifesting an independent intelligence, and going in knowledge beyond those present?

In March, 1882, while living in New Jersey, I contemplated a sudden journey to Florida. Partly because I did not care to have my personal affairs gossiped about, and partly to see whether the supernormal intelligences (electricity?) would show any knowledge of the matter, I said nothing to anyone outside my family about a proposed trip. I came to my decision on

Monday, and was to set out the following Friday. On Wednesday night I attended our regular *séance*, or circle, as we preferred to call it. The medium, in this instance a man, addressed me, and said he saw me going away; said he saw lakes, surrounded by evergreen trees and bushes, and saw also a United States flag by one of the lakes. (Could this indicate that I was seeking United States land at the end of my journey?) This may have been a case of simple mind-reading. *Simple* mind-reading, I say; but is not mind-reading itself quite as difficult to understand as the spiritual hypothesis? Take away the Spiritualistic alternative, and is there a single pseudo-scientist that would admit the fact of mind-reading? Undoubtedly my proposed journey was in my mind, and perhaps it was not difficult for the sensitive to apprehend my thought; though in his prophecy he went beyond my own mental operations, for I had formed no conception of a Florida lake, and did not realize how correct was description until I stood upon the shores of one. It would be well to state that the medium had never been in Florida.

In this instance he told me something I already knew. On Sunday evening, June 11, 1882, he went further than this. He told me that some one brought a little child to me, a little girl, a mere babe. He insisted that it was for me, and that it had been before its death near and dear to me. I shook my head; I could not identify the babe. If it had been of the other sex, I might have done so. On Tuesday morning, June 13, there came a letter telling me that an infant grand-daughter had died in Ohio on Sunday morning, June 11. Was this telepathy? Perhaps.

Here is a nearly parallel case. In the autumn of 1892, the daughter referred to in the beginning of this article, wrote me that she had been amusing herself with an Espirito board, which I understand to be a new and revised edition of the old planchette. One evening she asked where her husband was and what he was doing, and expected the reply that he was in W., in western New York, whither he had gone two days

before with his employer, and that he was busy taking dictations and writing letters. To her surprise the board replied that he was in the mountains fishing and hunting. She thought she had caught it napping for once ; but the second day after, she received a letter from her husband, saying that in company with his employer he had gone to the Adirondacks directly upon their arrival at W. What accounts for this? Surely not electricity. We will call it telepathy, since we have yet the broadest latitude for its application ; and where no other word serves, this will, perhaps, fit in. In the previous case there was a human intelligence at either end of the invisible line of communication ; but how, with a man at one terminus only, and an insensate board with dial and pointer at the other, there was established any telepathetic interchange of thought, I leave for others wiser than I in these matters to explain.

In the winter of 1883-84 I was interested in an experiment which was as curious as it was successful. A gentleman was about to pay a short visit to Boston. A medium with whom we were both personally acquainted roomed in the same house with me. The gentleman, who was an investigator like myself, said that during his absence, at certain specified hours each day, he would send a message telepathically. This medium should see if she could receive these messages and report them correctly to his wife, who should keep a record of them ; while he, on his part, would keep a record as he sent them. The messages were received and recorded, as arranged ; and when on his return they were compared, the messages as reported by the medium were found to be correct. There was one peculiar feature which gives additional interest to this case. The gentleman expected to arrive home about midnight, but found, when only a few miles distant, that he would be compelled to wait until morning. So he sent one more message than he had arranged for, which was received on time at 2 a.m. ; his wife, in company with the medium, having sat up until that hour awaiting his return. There was this addition to the message, " He is very impatient, and can't keep himself quiet," or words

to that effect. Now what power was it that used that pronoun "he"? Does the telegraph line ever burst out into independent speech like this? He did not send this as part of his message, it was volunteered by the medium of communication, whoever or whatever it was. He said that it spoke truly: that he was so restless that he kept walking about the waiting-room. Whatever it was, it had intelligence enough to appreciate his state and put a brief description of it into language.

In the winter of 1885-86 I attended a dark *séance* given by Mrs. Maud Lord, now Mrs. Drake. It is seldom that any so-called communications are given to me. I usually sit on these occasions a quiet listener, and pass my judgment on the communications given others. There were twenty-two persons present, sitting in a circle, our chairs drawn closely together, while Mrs. Lord sat in the centre, about four feet from each individual—so far from us, in fact, that she could neither reach us nor we her without a manifest effort. Near the close of the *séance* she turned to me, and said there was an old gentleman present who wished to communicate with me. After several failures I identified him as my grandfather, who had died many years before. She proceeded to detail the manner of his death, which was most peculiar. I frequently corrected her in her narrative, but in each case she maintained that she was correct and I the mistaken one. "Think the matter over," she said, "and you will know that I am right." I did think the matter over, and in the end was convinced that she had been right in every particular and I the mistaken one when we differed. My grandfather had died in the first half of the present century, and was buried in an obscure village in one of the middle states. I am not going to give name, place, date, and particulars, for some other medium to tell back to me as a first-class test. And here let me say that during all these years I purposely abstained from giving any family names, or making any reference to family affairs, or speaking in any but the most indefinite way of my dead, in order to give no fraudulent medium a clue for a "test."

There was one further fact that I must record. During the entire time Mrs. Lord was talking with me, hands, as plainly felt as any mortal hands, were patting my forehead. Perhaps they were Mrs. Lord's hands, though I could hear her voice in an uninterrupted flow from the centre of the circle, at least four feet distant; and if the light had been suddenly turned on, it would have discovered me in a most ungraceful, not to say ridiculous, attitude, with one foot extended to the utmost, describing semi-circles in front of me, to prevent her by any possibility leaning over and touching me between breaths; but my foot encountered not so much as the flutter of a garment.

The whole matter of my grandfather's death had passed from my mind years before, as I was the merest child when he died; and when the details were narrated to me by this perfect stranger, it was with some little difficulty that I recalled the circumstances. This was to me a supreme "test." There is probably not in the world, outside of three or four aged members of my own family, and possibly a very few old people in the little hamlet where he died, a single person who has knowledge of the event. Whence, then, comes all this particular and correct information? Why—"unconscious cerebration." I had known the facts more than forty years before. Though I had forgotten them, they were still buried deep in my memory; and the psychic, in overhauling the mass of rubbish, the accumulation of a lifetime, that lumbers up the chambers of my brain, had been able to detect between the right memory and the wrong one, and had thus repeated the incident to me. This explanation will do as well as any other, especially as we do not know what "unconscious cerebration" is, and it may work that way for aught we know to the contrary.

One other case of telepathy, or unconscious cerebration, or some other obscure word, and I will turn to another phase of my subject. I have already spoken of a medium lodging in the same house with me, in the winter of 1883-84. I was glad of this, for it gave me daily and hourly opportunities for my study. How much truth and how much deliberate, intentional

fraud I discovered, has nothing to do with the case in point. She fell ill, and I cared for her during her sickness. One night the doctor paid his last call for the day at nine o'clock in the evening, and left her comfortable and with the prospect of passing a good night. Scarcely had he gone when she was taken with a conjestive chill, and all my efforts failed to aid her. She begged for whiskey, but I had good reason for not wishing to give it to her. Moreover, her "control," the inevitable little Indian girl, steadfastly urged me to refuse her. I was at my wits' end. About ten o'clock I said to the control, "Can you go and find the doctor and bring him back?" The reply was, "I don't know; I will try." About twelve the chill passed off, and presently we were asleep. At three in the morning I heard a ring of the door-bell. Hastily slipping on a wrapper, I went down to the door, and there stood the doctor. He was looking very foolish, and his first words were, "I don't know but I have come on a fool's errand, but I felt I had to come." "It is all right," I replied; "I sent for you."

He said he had loitered about the city, talking to friends and reading the evening papers, until about midnight, when he had taken the last car to his home, three miles distant, reaching there about one. He had no sooner gained the quiet of his room than he felt a strong impulse to return to his patient. Resisting this impulse, he had gone to bed, but could not sleep for the feeling that he ought to return. At last he arose, dressed himself, and walked the three miles, along snowy roads and icy pavements, in one of the bitterest, coldest nights of winter. To add to the difficulties of locomotion, he was already slightly lame, having on a previous occasion fallen and injured himself on a slippery pavement. I ought to say here, in order that there may be no mistake, that this was the single exceptional case when he came in the dead of night; so such nocturnal visits were not, even on rare occasions, a custom of his. The "control" explained that she had not been able to find the doctor in the city, and so had gone to his home and waited for him there.

I shall be told that telepathy explains this incident. But why was telepathy so long in getting in its work, thus bringing the physician on a fruitless errand at an hour when he was not needed? I sent for him at 10 p.m. ; he did not receive the message until 1 a.m., three hours later. Perhaps, like Munchausen's horn, which froze with its music in it, to let it free when the weather moderated, my thoughts froze in crossing the city, and only thawed on reaching the warmth of the doctor's chamber !

Here is an incident which came to my personal knowledge, to which telepathy fails to furnish any explanation. At a *séance* a medium went from the dimly-lighted room into a dark closet she had never before entered ; opened a trunk and took from it a satchel ; from the satchel took a bundle of legal documents ; in the obscure light of the room unhesitatingly selected one, and handing it to the owner of the trunk, charged her to "attend to it at once." I do not now recall the nature of the paper, for, unfortunately, I was not at that time noting down my experiences ; but that is of minor importance. The document was taken to a lawyer the next morning, when it was discovered that for some reason it required immediate attention, or certain property would be jeopardized. The person who had drawn the paper, now deceased, claimed to come to set the matter right, and he alone, of all persons living or dead, knew of the necessity for this attention. Unconscious cerebration would not explain this matter, for the lady owner of the paper had taken it on faith from her lawyer, a man in whom she justly placed the highest confidence, and had filed it away without examining it. She had not known at one time and then forgotten ; *she never knew*. If it was telepathy, it must have been telepathic communication between the living and the so-called dead ; and that is all that is claimed for Spiritualism.

I wish to say a few words in regard to psychometric readings. That the uninitiated may know the meaning of the phrase, I will explain that a sensitive takes a handkerchief, glove, letter,

—anything which another has handled,—and by holding it a few moments receives impressions in regard to the character, the past and future of the individual. As wonderful as this seems, I have seen it done so many times that it is an old story to me. It proves to me that the record of our lives is written on inanimate nature, so that we may never efface it. I do not believe, as those who possess the gift seem to do, that it comes through the intermediation of spirits, but that it is an individual, personal attribute, which certain persons possess in a high degree, others only slightly, and still others not at all.

In the summer of 1885 I attended the Spiritualistic camp then held at Neshaminy, a few miles distant from Philadelphia. The evening meetings were placed in my charge. During the week we held conference meetings; but on Sunday evening, when the attendance was much larger, we usually had an address, closing with psychometric readings. One Sunday evening—I think it was August 30—the small hall was filled. The lecture was finished, and the lady sensitive was giving her “handkerchief readings,” as they were called. She had a handkerchief belonging to a lady in the audience, and gave her many details of her past life, which the lady acknowledged to be correct. Then the sensitive proceeded to tell her that she had recently lost her husband—“partner” she designated him—and spoke of her deep grief at the loss. No, the lady said, her husband was not dead, consequently she had felt no grief concerning him. “It is certainly so in the handkerchief,” the sensitive maintained, and it certainly was not so out of the handkerchief, the lady persisted; and the handkerchief was passed back to its owner by the sensitive, with the remark that she did not see how she could make such a mistake. I could perceive that she felt greatly mortified at her blunder; and after the meeting was dismissed, and the audience partially dispersed, as we were standing talking of the matter, a gentleman came to us and introduced himself as a reporter of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He told us he thought he could explain the affair to our satisfaction. He had been sufficiently interested to seek out the

lady and inquire particularly about the circumstances of the case. "Did no one else handle your handkerchief?" he had asked her. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I remember now. I was talking this afternoon with Mr.——, who has recently lost his wife; and while he was telling me about it, the tears came into his eyes, and I lent him my handkerchief to wipe them away."

Here is a nut for the scientists to crack. What do you make of it, ye wise men who are never at a loss for a name to explain a thing you do not understand? Verily the scribes shall enter the kingdom before you.

I will narrate just one more occurrence, a thing trivial in itself, yet having an important bearing on the subject under discussion. And now I must enter the prisoner's dock, being no longer a mere disinterested witness, but the chief party concerned. Perhaps I am a liar; perhaps I take special delight in gulling the public. I have no way to disprove these suppositions. My testimony has, of course, no value in this instance, except as the reader may have faith in me, and will accept my word as true in every particular.

In the summer of 1886—I think in June—I went with my daughter and a lady nearer my own age to spend a day in one of the many beautiful ravines which open into the Hudson below the city of Troy. We spent some time in gathering wild flowers, which grew in profusion. We rambled over hillsides, and through the valley, crossed the stream, climbed rocks, and skirted a wood. I had taken my scissors in my hand in order to cut the flowers, and had then forgotten to use them. I had wandered off by myself, when suddenly I heard a voice saying, "Your scissors are lost!" It did not say "my scissors," as I must have said if I had been thinking to myself. I was not even thinking of my scissors when the voice startled me, just as that of a companion would have done in saying the same thing in the same sudden way. Where I had lost them I did not know, for I had rambled over probably ten acres. I called my companions and told my loss, and we set out, each in a different direction,—they taking the well worn paths, and I

striking through the woods where the underbrush was denser. I had gone some little distance in a fruitless search, when the thought came to me : “ If they ” (the “ they ” loosely indicating the unknown intelligence) “ can tell me that my scissors are lost, why can they not tell me where to find them ? ” I dropped at once to the ground, and put myself in the passive condition that I knew by experience I must assume in order to hear the voice again. Presently I heard it. I do not need to repeat all it said, but the substance was that if I would search carefully within a radius of four or five feet of where I was then sitting, looking the ground over and over, I should find them. I tried to search in the wilderness of grass and plants ; but it was a warm day, and my near-sighted eye-glasses refused to keep right side up on my nose as I bent over. So I summoned my companions, told them I knew where to find my scissors, and asked my daughter to search for me. She looked industriously for about half a minute, then her interest began to flag. Presently she broke out, “ I can’t find them ; they’re not here ; it’s all nonsense, anyhow,—here they are ! ”

Who or what was it told me, in ten acres of hill and valley, wood and ravine, the exact place to find my scissors, and in what manner to search for them ? I was not aided in my search by any remembrance of having had my scissors after the first moment of setting out on our ramble through the ravine. It was certainly a matter of very small moment whether I found my scissors or not. But it was one of the most important events of my life, the crowning lesson in the course of my psychic studies, to be thus made positive that the voices I had heard the voices I had heard from childhood, supposing every one else heard similar ones, were objective instead of subjective, and that an outside intelligence could convey to me information which not a living person possessed.

In thus giving illustration, briefly, as I must, of the different phases of the so-called spiritual phenomena, I have omitted all mention of prophetic vision. In no way have I received so much conclusive evidence of a power not ourselves as in this—I

have had my immediate future foretold, and foretold correctly, as subsequent events proved, many times; but I cannot here narrate any of these prophecies, for two reasons—first, because it would unduly lengthen an article already too long; and second, because I could not speak of them satisfactorily without revealing more personal history than one cares to give the public. My spirit friends seemed almost invariably to leave me unnoticed; but if anything was said to me at all, it was some promise for the future—promises which, so far as I can recall them now, were always fulfilled. Neither have I spoken of inspirational writing and speaking. I have had my own experiences, but I do not care to speak about them too freely, because, while I believe there are such things, I know it is sometimes very difficult to draw the line between that which originates in one's own mind, and that which is the dictation of an independent mind. Still, the fact of inspirational writing I recognised as a child,—though I did not dare to mention such a thing for fear of being ridiculed,—before the historical Rochester knockings had knocked holes in both the religion and the science of the nineteenth century.

Leaving out of the count materialization and independent slate-writing, concerning which I am in no position to give an unbiassed and intelligent opinion, here we have a variety of phenomena, beginning at the crudest table-tipping, for which no intelligence may be required, and ranging upward to that which would be simply impossible if there were not more than an embodied human intelligence concerned. How are we going to account for these? Shall we take up each one by itself, and give a separate and independent explanation? I once read an article in a newspaper about the now unfashionable crazy patch-work, in which it was stated that its inventor was unknown. I think I have got on the track of him, and it is no other than the individual who essays to explain away “scientifically” the phenomena of Spiritualism. When the raps first came, an attempt was made to represent them by a black patch called fraud. When it was reluctantly admitted that they were not

all fraud, then a patch of another colour, sometimes called magnetism, sometimes electricity, was tastefully embroidered on. Then as the manifestations multiplied, in the form of table tipping, clairvoyance, and all the other diverse phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, each old explanation was found inadequate, until we had a curious medley of causes, represented not only by fraud and magnetism, but by electricity, mesmerism, telepathy, the Odic force of Reichenbach, and "unconscious cerebration"—whatever that may be—to explain and account for something which must scientifically admit of but one explanation. The more obscure the word, the less the constructor of the crazy quilt understands it, the more eagerly it is accepted and the more glibly it is used.

There is one feature running through all this psychic phenomena which cannot be gainsaid. There is an independent intelligence back of them all ; and whether it be Odic force, or a surplus of intelligence lying around loose, which has nothing better to do than to rap on furniture, tip tables, and fabricate messages, poems, and sermons, it is at least curious that it is always consistently heterodox in its utterances. If it is electricity, we should think that orthodox people generally would fear to send telegrams or have telephone boxes in their houses, lest this independent, intelligent electricity might at any moment break out into heterodox and Spiritualistic utterances.

It seems to me that these haphazard explanations are not given in quite the scientific spirit. To begin with, I will admit that there is fraud—plenty of fraud and self-delusion ; but if we find one-tenth of these manifestations to be genuine (I believe there is far more than this), that one-tenth demands the earnest and honest investigation of all scientific minds, since it may and does mean something not heretofore taken account of in our plan of the universe. It is more than possible that electricity has something to do with the physical manifestations, but let us not be led into the error of mistaking a means for a cause. Electricity is a force, not an intelligence. Mind-reading, or telepathy, is fast being established as a fact.

I am glad to see the scientists recognise it. Science is always, as it should be, conservative. It must move slowly, and cover the ground as it goes. Sometimes we who are quick at thinking, and are falsely accused of jumping at conclusions because we intuitively get there before the slower reasoner (intuition is, after all, but a rapid process of reasoning, the mind going over the whole ground at a flash, instead of step by step, as slower intellects must do)—we, I repeat, who have reached our conclusions long ago, sometimes think science too slow. But we are wrong in attacking science; it is the scientists, who are only human after all, and have human foibles, prejudices, and predilections like less gifted mortals. So when we see them so readily admit the newly discovered power of telepathy, we smile quietly in our sleeves, knowing that it would be scouted as the wildest of chimeras, were it not that it affords at least a temporary entrenchment from which they can give battle, before being forced to yield the whole field, and admit that Spiritualism is all that it claims to be. Telepathy is truth. It is the fundamental truth of the spiritualistic phenomena. The manifestation of intercommunication between mind and mind is what we find in the higher forms of these spiritualistic phenomena.

Unconscious cerebration is something I do not understand. How I can know something which I do not know; how my mind, which is the I, can perform labor of which I am not conscious; how there is an intelligence within me which works independently of myself, producing results beyond myself, and still be only I;—these are problems the solving of which I hesitate to attempt. To me far simpler, far more reasonable, to accept the explanation which these phenomena give of themselves; a simple explanation, fitting in harmoniously with all the varying manifestations, accounting consistently for them all; an explanation fully proved by evidence the tenth part of which would establish any case in any court of law—would even convict a man of liquor selling, the hardest thing to do under any prohibitory laws I know of. The evidence is con-

sistent, absolute, cumulative, overwhelming. It is amply supported by the testimony of all the ages, and of every nation, tribe, and people that ever existed under the sun. As far as belief goes, we are not obliged to assume a new attitude. Our faces have turned toward the dawn from the first moment humanity began to have religious aspirations and a conception of a future existence. These manifestations only prove that which all but the few profess already to believe, and in rejecting them one is rejecting the only evidence possible of immortality. Solomon asks, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward?" And unless we listen to the voices from the unseen, which reply, "We know, because we live; we still possess conscious, sentient being," we must continue to ask mournfully of one another, "Who knoweth?" and the answer must be, to the end of time, "Alas, no one!"

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

Bartow, Fla.



[The above paper is reprinted from the *American Psychical Review*, a quarterly magazine published at Room 19, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston; subscription three dollars yearly. We reproduce it because of the clear testimony to facts, which point conclusively to the presence and power of exarnate human beings. Psychometry is not necessarily due to the influence of spirits upon the medium, although many mediums are only capable of practising it when under spirit control. Mrs. Duffey has been unfortunate *re* slate-writing and materializations; she expresses her *opinions*, for which she only is responsible. We know that both slate-writing and materializations are in many instances perfectly genuine. Her emphatic testimony to the reality of the communion with the so-called dead, is the more valuable because of her cautious methods.—E. W. W., Editor *Two Worlds*.]

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