

# The Spiritualist,

## AND JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

The Oldest Newspaper connected with Spiritualism in Great Britain.

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Friday, 8th.—Seance Committee at 6 p.m.  
" Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Tuesday, 12th.—Finance Committee, at 5.30 p.m.  
" Correspondence Committee, at 6 p.m.  
" COUNCIL MEETING, at 6.30 p.m.  
Friday, 15th.—House and Offices Committee, at 6 p.m.  
" Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Wednesday, 20th.—Library Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Friday, 22nd.—Correspondence Committee, at 6 p.m.  
" Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Tuesday, 26th.—Soiree Committee, at 6.30 p.m.  
Friday, 29th.—Seance Committee, at 6 p.m.  
" Experimental Research Committee, at 6.30 p.m.

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# The Spiritualist Newspaper,

A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

VOLUME NINE. NUMBER SIX.

LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1876.

## THE BEARINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY ST. GEORGE STOCK, M.A.

SOME time ago a remark was made by *The Spectator* as to the philosophical importance of the phenomena of Spiritualism, whether the practice of necromancy were to be approved of or not. Let it serve as a text for the following discourse. Upon a subject so vast I must be brief even to boldness. It will be enough to indicate a few lines of thought. "Phenomena" means in plain English "facts;" for facts we have to deal with, whatever theory we may choose to account for them. And what are the facts of Spiritualism? There is no room here to answer this question in detail. But let the reader recall some of the stories of the supernatural that have sounded to his ears most grotesquely incredible, fit only to raise a passing smile, or tickle the fancy by the quaintness of their conception—these are the kind of facts that have to be admitted. This may sound uncompromising, a pill without gilding; but plain dealing prospers best in the long run. Spiritualists, as a rule, believe overmuch; they multiply the real marvels; but they cannot out-miracle them. The facts of Spiritualism are obstinately objective; they refuse to be quenched either by laughter or scorn; they force themselves with increasing persistency upon the attention of thoughtful minds. View them historically, scientifically, metaphysically, theologically, it is impossible in any aspect to overrate or overstate their importance. To make good this assertion, I shall set down a few bare heads of thought, dry bones which I look to see vivified by some prophet's touch. And first—

### THE LOGICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By this I mean their effect upon the theory of belief. They give a final triumph to the philosophy of experience, so loudly professed in theory, so deeply disdained in practice. Persons who have encountered the facts of Spiritualism have had a dose likely to purge them for ever of prejudice. They will never again reject assertions that admit of verification on the mere ground of intrinsic incredibility. Incredibility is a totally different thing from impossibility. Incredibility has relation only to the mind, impossibility to the course of nature. To deny what violates, or seems to violate, analogy, where investigation is impracticable, is wise; where practicable, silly. We must remember that probability is a fit guide only in the enforced absence of experience. Our minds have no power to impose laws upon nature; there is no archetype within to which the universe without must conform. It is true order reigns everywhere, but not of our making. Nature pays no heed to our notions of precision and consistency. She will not make the earth the centre of things, nor cause the planets to move in perfect circles; neither will she limit their number to seven, nor make the course of the Nile exactly correspond to that of the Danube. Men have foregone their pet fancies in the past, and been rewarded with glimpses of a grander harmony. Are there no pet fancies to be renounced now? no limits which nature is forbidden to transgress? We are children sitting at the great mother's knees, painfully spelling out the lessons of life; and when we are advanced into words of two syllables, we array our tiny experience to prove that no word had ever more than one. Our minds are a fair index of what nature has done within the compass of our observation, but no measure at all of what she can do. We depend on her teaching for all our knowledge, deriving our mental nourishment from the sights and sounds about us, and from experience of the feelings that pass within. Shall we then put out the eye of our soul, and, having reached a certain point of enlightenment, refuse further credit to the experience of ourselves or our neighbours? Such is the course that we actually do pursue; such is the attitude of mind which is belauded and

called scientific. Rest content within an allotted compass of inquiry, and suppress everything beyond it with the potent logic of a sneer, that is what constitutes you a scientific man, that is scientific method. The lesson which the facts of Spiritualism convey to us in this direction is an old one, but one which, unfortunately, still needs enforcement. It was well put long ago by Dr. Chalmers, when he said, "It is a very obvious principle, although often forgotten in the pride of prejudice and controversy, that what has been seen by one pair of human eyes is of force to countervail all that has been reasoned or guessed at by a thousand human understandings."

But if the Philosophy of Experience condemns incredulity, it condones it too, as the unavoidable result of the weakness of the human intellect, a weakness which it mistakes for strength. It is not that the world will not believe what runs counter to its experience, though vouched for by men of unimpeachable veracity and intelligence, but that it cannot believe it. Belief is a feeling generated in the mind by association; and it is not possible to divest ourselves of it by a mere act of the will without the aid of fresh experience of an opposite kind. It is the office of reason to teach us that since even the limits of our conceptive faculties are no measure of the possibilities of nature, much less should our beliefs be accepted as such. But it is rare indeed to find a mind that has learnt this lesson in its full application, and to which "secondary evidence" is more than a grain of dust in the balance when weighed against a prior belief. Students of physical science exhibit in an eminent degree this incapacity of escaping from a groove of thought. They have grown so accustomed to one uniform flow of natural phenomena that they cannot comprehend any perturbation by unusual causes, and avenge the mental disquietude that testimony causes them by angry denunciations of the witness. It is a curious and instructive sight to watch the sanguine condescension with which each new observer extends his patronage to the facts of Spiritualism—he knows that he is unprejudiced, and thinks he surely will be believed—only to find himself consigned by the world at large, and scientific men in particular, to the same limbo of folly as his predecessors. From the logical importance of the facts under consideration we must pass on next to

### THE METAPHYSICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

It were idle to point out how deeply they must affect all subsequent speculations on the nature of matter and mind, and other fundamental problems of being. The doctrine current among Spiritualists as to the nature of man is precisely that of St. Paul—"There is a soul-body (*i.e.*, the body proper) and a spirit-body (*i.e.*, the soul)." As the outer is to the inner in this present life, so is the inner to a yet more interior principle in the life beyond. Clairvoyants and mediums, as with one mouth, declare that, permeating every fibre of our physical body there is a spiritual substance, incognisable to sense, which at death issues from its corporeal integument, and re-forms in precisely similar shape, constituting the resurrection-body. Numberless disquisitions on this topic may be found by those who have a desire to pursue it. The language may be metaphorical, and express only superficial appearances. It is not plain whether we are born naked into the next world as into this, or where the spirit gets its clothes from. Neither has it, to my knowledge, been determined whether this spiritual body is matter, however refined or subtilised, or, if not, what else it can be. But, leaving the beaten track, let us glance at the correlation of Berkeleyism, and the phenomena of the supernatural. Common sense says there is an external reality which is the cause of our sensations. "Yes," says Bishop Berkeley, "and this external reality is God." So,

in the view of this philosopher, what we call the universe, with its ever-changing phenomena, is but a series of parables—the wisdom of the Omniscient's mouth. According to the measure of knowledge already gained by the soul do these parables speak much or little, reveal deep truths or sound as cold platitudes. The peculiarity of Berkeley's theory is that he allows nothing intermediate between the soul and its Maker. There is nothing anywhere but the voice of God speaking to the spirit of man. Our minds are mere instruments touched by the fingers of the Almighty:—

A spirit came out from the Lord,  
To play on the spirit of man,  
That thrilled like a wind-shaken chord  
When the hymn of the ages began.

According to Bishop Berkeley we are in a spirit-world already. Death cannot make us more so. We may indeed lose the series of impressions which indicate to us the existence of others. But why suppose that because *we* have lost one set of impressions, *they* have lost all? Or why assume our loss to be irrevocable? For Berkeley does not deny the existence of a plurality of individual spirits besides the Infinite Spirit, though it is difficult on his principles to arrive at it. Now, suppose these finite spirits endowed to some extent with the divine attribute of impressing ideas by a mere act of the will upon others (which the facts of mesmerism strongly point to), and many things connected with the supernatural, that have hitherto proved great stumbling blocks, at once become plain. What, for instance, can be more natural on this supposition than the ghost of a cocked hat on a pair of breeches? A spirit wishing to impress the thought of himself upon a mortal raises in the latter the ideas which were wont to be associated with the thought of his identity in the mind of that mortal himself or others. The wonder would be if the cocked hat and breeches were not there, and if the spirit presented himself under the unusual condition of nudity. From the metaphysical aspect of the facts of Spiritualism we pass naturally to

#### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

We have had the Columbus of the world of mind in Swedenborg. It remains to explore and subdue the country. The facts of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism reveal a universe of unsuspected laws regulating the interaction of mind on mind. They reveal the indelibility and recoverability of impressions on the memory. Every thought, word, and deed of our lives is there; the Books of Judgment are there. They show that there is a self within, latent to consciousness, of an apt apprehension, that needs no repetition to fortify its remembrance. There is a vast mass of evidence tending to show that what are mistaken for the utterances of spirits, because no author is forthcoming to claim them, are but the hidden contents of our own minds; but there is another mass, equally vast, equally irrefragable, which seems to force us to the inference of external intelligence, of what kind soever, but acting through the human mind, and modified by the nature of its medium. Hence we are presented by Spiritualism with the only consistent theory of revelation—that which gives its authority and withholds infallibility, which accounts for its progressive character without denying its external origin; which recognises its services in the past and its promises for the future, but will not ascribe to the Fount of Holiness sentiments unworthy of civilised man. But we are already trenching upon the next point that has to be considered. I mean

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

It is by their aid alone that such a science becomes possible. Thinkers on this subject who fail to recognise them are hopelessly groping in the dark. They choose to dissect the dry bones of dead religions, while a living one is growing up under their eyes and courting their observation. Every religion is founded upon spirit-manifestations; and without such displays of a power to command matter, none would ever take root among the vulgar. The long mooted question of miracles is at length decisively settled by Spiritualism. Miracles do actually occur. Of that keen and sceptical minds have been amply satisfied by observation; and any reader of this paper may satisfy himself too if he take the proper pains. It is not true that scepticism interferes with

spiritual manifestations, though, as they depend upon psychical conditions, it is quite feasible for a strong antagonistic will to hinder them, just as a mesmerist on the platform may find himself defeated by a person in the crowd resolutely setting his will in opposition. And since it is certain that miracles occur in the present, what more reasonable than to believe well-authenticated accounts of them in the past? If Professor Lightfoot would only invite the author of *Supernatural Religion* in a friendly way to a few *séances* in his own house with Mr. Williams, what a deal of paper might be spared! The controversy on miracles is now obsolete; and for this boon we are indebted to the facts of Spiritualism. But mark the consequence. Miracles are the monopoly of no religion; neither do they invariably accompany moral superiority. If St. Paul cured diseases by handkerchiefs taken from his body, so does Mr. Ashman—a worthy man, but no saint; if Philip was levitated, so was Mrs. Guppy; if Christ healed the blind by the touch of his spittle, so did Vespasian. No claim to authority can be grounded on miracles. If we were to pin our faith to the greatest miracle-monger, we would have some queer prophets. There is, however, a natural connection between miracles and religion. Religions are the products of spiritual forces; their origin is behind the veil of our world; and these spiritual forces at the outset of every new religion override and master the laws of matter. There is no interruption in this of the course of nature; only we must learn to extend that term.

The facts of Spiritualism, again, throw light on the question of prayer, and offer the only rational explanation of what are called Special Providences, many instances of which rest on too solid a basis of evidence for a blunt denial. It is not uncommon at a *séance* to have an internal request complied with. Extend this conception, no matter what theory you adopt to account for the fact, and you have physical answers to prayer, which it is absurd and blasphemous in the highest degree to ascribe to Him "in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Mr. W. R. Greg, in an admirable passage on prayer, argues that for "prayer to be a *bonâ fide* effective agent in obtaining any boon (he is not here talking of spiritual blessings), it must operate on an impressible and *mutable* will; therefore, if there be superior intermediate beings, showing human sympathies and imperfections, but possessing more than human powers and knowledge, prayer may secure their aid, but not that of a supreme God." And Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in his striking papers in the *Fortnightly*, has come forward to assure us that such is precisely the theory of prayer which his own mind, long trained in scientific habits of thought, finds itself forced by experience to accept.

The different heads under which I am endeavouring to exhibit the philosophical bearings of the facts of Spiritualism unavoidably run into one another, and we have already touched on

#### THE HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Still the subject is wider than the field of religious history, and will bear a few words of further comment. Nature, it has been said, was discovered yesterday: but history is certainly the invention of to-day. It is only quite recently we have gained that infallible criterion of truth, which enables the historian to accept one set of statements from a valued author, while others, on the same page, it may be, and resting on equally valid evidence, are to be set aside as on the bare face of them incredible. The facts of Spiritualism are of overwhelming importance to the historical student. Page after page of history, which modern criticism has mythicised, are by them restored to the simplicity of a genuine record. Can it, for instance, for one moment be believed that the Delphic oracle, which exerted so important an influence on the fortunes of the Greek race, which Plato recognised, and to which Socrates appealed as the standing proof of the existence of the Gods, and their care for men, was nothing but a gigantic swindle, imposed for ages on the most sharp-witted of nations by Pagan priests, a tribe ignorant and corrupt beyond the ordinary measure of popular priestcraft. No; it was a genuine source of inspiration and clairvoyance, whence men could obtain real information as to distant and future events; it was tested in

a thousand ingenious ways and passed unscathed through the ordeal; though, when power was deficient, it eked out its resources by vagueness and ambiguity, as medial utterances do now. The same remarks hold true, more or less, of oracles of minor note. Volumes might be written displaying the homogeneity of spiritual phenomena in all ages and all countries. To take but a single example. Any one who has witnessed an "inspirational speaker," of a certain type, passing under "influence," has had a vivid realisation of Virgil's powerful picture of the Camcean Sibyl succumbing to the mastery of Phœbus. That picture is true to nature, and could have been penned by none but an eye-witness of the kind of scene portrayed:—

Nor yet subdued the Sibyl, phrensy-struck,  
Ranges her cavern's length in awful strife  
To drive the deity from out her breast:  
So much the more her frantic mouth he tires,  
Tames the wild heart and moulds her to his will.

The connection of Spiritualism with ancient oracles is but one of numerous historical applications. Our fathers were not absolute fools, though we are apt to flatter ourselves that "we are the men," and that if wisdom will not die with us, it was at all events born when we saw the light. The lamentable history of witchcraft presents itself in a new and startling aspect to the inquirer into Spiritualism. The same may be said of the art of magic. It is incredible that men should have spent laborious days and nights in the study of—nothing. Tricks of legerdemain might have imposed upon outsiders, but could hardly have bamboozled the performers themselves; yet we have only to dip into the treatises of writers on magic to see that they were thoroughly in earnest. Surely anything which throws even the gleam of a farthing rushlight into so obscure a corner of the mental history of man must be worth our most curious study!

But enough, I hope, has been said to show the deep-lying, wide-reaching importance of facts, to which we must either give credence, or reject all testimony, and reduce the individual within the narrow sphere of his own observation. It will doubtless be observed that though their value in the comparative study of religion has been insisted on, no word has been said with regard to their moral and religious significance. That does not flow from the mere existence of the facts, but from the acceptance of the only theory by which some at least of them seem capable of explanation. If we ascribe the phenomena with Dr. Carpenter wholly to unconscious cerebration, or with Serjeant Cox to psychic force, or with Mr. Charles Bray to an omnipresent thought-atmosphere, we deprive them of all moral value. One point, however, we may dwell upon without begging the question in favour of any theory. Whatever view we may adopt of inspiration, and with it of revelation; whether we ascribe its source to superhuman intelligence, or only to the working of the mind of the age; whether the fire be kindled in heaven or on earth, it is certain that it has been a most important instrument in the education of the human race. The utterances of Hebrew seers, the professed spirit-teachings of St. Paul, the pages of the Koran, how they have moulded the thoughts of millions! And to each age has been given according to its capacity; on each such motives have been brought to bear as were most appropriate to enforce obedience. We have now reached that point in the education of humanity when the fear of the rod may be finally dispensed with. Accordingly, we hear nothing in modern revelations about judgment, nothing about damnation, no word of a hell save such as the sinner may make for himself in this world as in the next. We have grown up to mature rationality, and our reason is appealed to. Threats which were salutary in the past would now create contumacy and not compliance, or produce servility in the man, though the simpler nature of childhood might escape the taint.

But it is time that this paper should draw to a close. If it has awakened attention, it has not failed of its object. We have seen how the facts of Spiritualism intertwine themselves with almost every branch of human inquiry. They strikingly illustrate the difficulties of truth in winning its way to acceptance; suggest a reconsideration of the most fundamental problems of being; reveal innumerable hidden laws of mind; throw light on the deep mystery of the rise of religions; and connect themselves with the history

of every age. Fresh from their study, we feel inclined to exclaim, with Seneca—"Nullo nobis seculo interdictum est: in omnia admittimur." They are fraught with significance to all who care to speculate on their present condition, their possible future, or the past history of their race. But, further, they are silently and steadily taking hold of the popular mind, not as facts to be reasoned on, but as a religion to be lived. And here I would recall one striking observation of Hume's. "In the infancy of new religions, the wise and learned commonly esteem the matter too inconsiderable to deserve their attention or regard. And when afterwards they would willingly detect the cheat, in order to undeceive the deluded multitude, the season is now past, and the records and witnesses which might clear up the matter have perished beyond recovery." Let us not in our wisdom and learning repeat this error of the past, nor in allowing another "cheat" to grow to the full dimensions of a scheme of faith, bequeath a legacy of endless controversy to a new age of criticism. By following, consciously or unconsciously, the rules of inductive logic, we have rid ourselves already of many groundless prejudices. But is the sun of truth yet at meridian-height? or more than peering above the morning clouds? The day may come when the facts of Spiritualism shall be clearly understood, and the shadow distinguished from the substance: but never so long as we refuse to apply to these facts the established principles of induction. Let us, as the *Daily Telegraph* once put it, "be Baconian, even to our ghosts." Of course, it is very disagreeable to be brought face to face with a number of facts one cannot account for; it is too provoking to have chairs and tables taking it into their legs to set up life on their own account; to have miracles and omens and visions and inspirations going on under the nose of the British Association, and just, too, as science was reaching the end of her synthesis, and discussing the condensation of the primal nebula! It is very disagreeable: but then how is it to be avoided? Hiding our heads is but a sorry expedient. Let us prefer to face the facts undismayed by the anathemas of those who have not looked into them. That is not true science which pronounces before examining; which, so far from venturing out into strange waters, is determined to keep well within the shelter of a bold, solid bluff of popular prejudice. The science which would investigate the deeper mysteries of nature must be a science which will investigate instead of denying; a science which is ready to learn as well as eager to teach—a science which will shirk no facts, because the conclusions they point to are distasteful.

#### EXPERIENCES OF A SEER.

A CLAIRVOYANT, Mr. Skipsey, of Ashington Colliery, near Morpeth, Northumberland, sends us a private letter he has received, from which the following is an extract:—

I have no doubt myself, but that the history of man, or mind, will be read from the earth's crust, as the actions of man will be read from his body, or from his life. I should very much like to go with you to some of the old ruins and the old battle-fields. Every word I have said above would be verified. The very rocks and earth would throw off an atmosphere which would mirror the past, and you would read it as plainly as you would read a book. If mind be master of matter, why should there be any doubt of the geology of mind? I well remember the time when the geology of the earth was considered a Utopian idea, and the thought of it from the devil; and the geology of mind cannot expect to share a better fate.

In the course of his reply Mr. Skipsey said:—

One day, while looking at a newly-limed blank house wall, a blue mist came over my sight; the wall disappeared, and in its stead there arose before me a large cliff, or steep mountain, that appeared to be pregnant with all kinds of fossil remains. At some distance from this rolled the sea, on the beach of which, and along by the foot of the mountain, passed to and fro a number of copper-coloured people, in what appeared to me the most uncouth garb. I was watching their proceedings, when a heavy wind arose, laden with sleet and snow, that darkened their faces, and continued to rage for a few moments, when a "change came o'er the spirit of the scene," and my attention became riveted in the contemplation of a summer-clad landscape near the same part of the globe, but in a less remote age. The weather was fine, and by the side of a river was a grotesque temple, into which were gathered, or were gathering, a multitude of similar hued people to those already described, and in which they appeared to hold a solemn council. I was just on the point of giving way to some excellent reflections on the calm and peaceful spirit that therein prevailed, when the council broke up, and the next thing I saw was, as the people left the temple, that they, men and women, and as naked

as they were when they were brought into the world, had plunged into the river, in which they swam about like ducks, and they were so engaged when I was called to attend to other business.

My next experience is, perhaps, a harder nut still for the psychological student to crack. In this I beheld a fossil youth, or what to the clairvoyant ken appeared as such—gradually revivify, as it were, beneath the touch of my own glance. The first indication of animation was shown in the scum or thick skin in which he was enveloped beginning to fly off. The whole of that which covered the face came off in its entirety—hung a moment in the air, a perfect mask—and then dissolved and disappeared. The parts thus unshelled had the identical appearance of newly-skinned live flesh, but this soon changed, and, ere the elapse of two minutes, the whole body had regained its native and pristine hues, nay, had become a body of light. In the meantime the lips and the eye-lids, that had been glued together, had opened, and the eyes and the mouth had begun to glow with intelligence, and the figure itself to move and to recede to some distance from its original position, where for a time, with outstretched arms, it stood before my gaze—"a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." I have had a number of such visions as these, all tending to show that, as you say, "there is a geology of the deeds and actions of men," as well as a geology of the earth; but, let me tell you that, in general, for such visions I have little liking, and I would rather at any time that you would set before me the task of tracing the earth career of some unhappy soul, the truth of my statements in relation to whom might be criticised.

## Poetry.

### THRUMMY CAP: A GHOST STORY.

NEARLY, if not quite twelve months ago, one of your correspondents expressed a desire to obtain some information as to the ancient ballad of "Thrummy Cap." Like the writer, I had long been desirous of becoming possessed of a copy of the humorous story. In this, by the good offices of a friend in the North of Scotland, I have at length succeeded. The poem is too long to be published *in extenso*, but an outline of its incidents, with a few extracts, may prove not unacceptable to your readers. The two leading personages in the tale are thus introduced:—

In ancient times, far i' the north,  
A hunder miles ayont the Forth,  
Upon a stormy winter day,  
Twa men forgathered o' the way.  
Ane was a sturdy bardoeh chiel,  
An' frae the weather happit weel,  
Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey coat,  
An' eke on his head had got  
A thrummy cap, baith large and stout,  
Wi' flaps abind, as weel's a snout,  
Whilk buttoned close aneath his chin,  
To keep the cauld frae getting in.  
Upon his legs he had gammashes,  
Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes;  
An' on his hands, instead o' gloves,  
Largo doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose  
For warmness, an' an alken stick,  
Nae verra lang, but unco thick,  
Intil his neive. He drave awa',  
An' cared for neither frost nor snaw.  
The ither was just the reverse—  
His fears he hardly could disperse.  
Grew verra thick upon the wind,  
Whilk, to their wae, they soon did find,  
A mighty shower of snaw and drift,  
As ever dang doon frae the lift.  
Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd.  
"Preserve's," quoth John, "we'll baith be smor'd,  
Our trystic end we'll ne'er mak' out."

By persuasive words, Thrummy endeavours to cheer his disconsolate companion, and the two walk on until, overtaken by darkness, they beg a night's lodging at a mansion house by the way. They meet with anything but a hospitable reception; but at length, pleading the united power of purse and stick, they force their way into the wayside dwelling. The landlord, philosophically submitting to the inevitable, addresses his unwelcome visitors as follows:—

. . . Ye're raither rash;  
To turn you out I canna fash,  
Since ye're sae positive to bido,  
But troth yese sit by the fireside.  
I tauld ye else o' bods I've nane  
Unoccupied, except bare ane.  
In it, I fear, ye winna lie,  
For stoutest heart has aft been shy  
To venture in within the room,  
After the night begins to gloom;  
For in it they can ne'er got rest,  
'Tis haunted by a frightfu' ghaist.

John shudders at the terrible prospect, but again he is fortified by his more courageous associate, and in due course the strangers repair to the "spare bed" upstairs. Towards midnight Thrummy is seized by the pangs of thirst, and this is his apology for rising and leaving his bed-fellow behind:—

Sae doon he gaes to seek a drink,  
An' then, behold, he sees a blink  
O' light, that shone upo' the floor,  
Out through the lock-hole of the door,  
Which was na fast, but stood a-jee.  
Whatever's there he thinks he'll see;  
Sae bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,  
An' in within the door he enters.  
But, reader, judge of the surprise,  
When there he saw with wond'ring eyes

A spacious vault well stor'd wi' casks  
O' reaming ale, and some big flasks,  
An' stride-logs o'er a cask o' ale,  
He saw the likeness o' himsel'.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our hero at the spectro star'd,  
But neither daunted was nor car'd;  
But to the Ghaist stright up did stap,  
An' says, "Dear brithor Thrummy Cap,  
The warst ye surely dinna drink,  
Sao I wi' you will taste, I think."  
Synne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,  
An' filled it up wi' the same ale,  
Frae under where the spectre sat,  
An' up the stair wi' it he gat;  
Took ae' gude drink, gae John anither,  
But never tauld him o' his brithor,  
That he within the cellar saw,  
Mair than he'd naething seen ava.

The experiment is repeated with a like result, and at last the travellers settle down to sleep. Their slumbers, however, are soon disturbed by a "dreadfu' din and clamour" in an adjoining apartment. Once more, the stout heart of Thrummy Cap stands him in good stead, and—

. . . Fast as he could rin,  
Set aff to see what made the din.  
The cham'er seemed to him as licht  
As if the sun were shinin' bricht.  
The Ghaist was stanen at the door  
In the samo dress he had afore;  
An' o'er anent it at the wa'  
Were ither apparitions twa.  
Thrummy beheld them for a-wee,  
But feint a word as yet spak he.  
The spirits seemed to kick a ba'—  
The Ghaist against the ither twa;  
Whilk close they drave baith back and fore,  
Atween the chimney an' the door.  
He stops a-while and sees the play,  
Synne, rinnin' up, he thus did say,  
"Ane for ane may weel compare,  
But twa for one is raither sair;  
The play's nae equal, sae I vow,  
Dear brithor Thrummy, I'll help you."

The proffered help is accepted, and the two minor spirits having eventually vanished from the scene, the Ghost thus reveals the secret of his wanderings to his *alter ego*, Thrummy:—

Frae this aback near forty year,  
I of this place was overseer;  
When this laird's father had the land,  
A' thing was then at my command,  
Wi' power to do as I thocht fit,  
In ilka cause I chief did sit.  
The laird paid great respect to me,  
But I an ill return did gie.  
The title deeds of his estate,  
Out of the same I him did cheat,  
An' stole them frae where they did lie,  
Some days afore the laird did die,  
His son at that time was in France,  
An' sae I thocht I'd hae a chance,  
Gin he sud never come again,  
That the estate would be my ain.  
But scarcely three bare weeks were past,  
When death did come and grip me fast,  
Sae sudden that I had nae pow'r  
The charter back for to restore.  
Soon after that cam' ham the heir,  
An' syne gat up the reefu' rair,  
"Fat sorrow was come o'er the Richts?"  
They socht them several days and nichts.  
But never yet hae they been seen,  
As I aneath a muckle stane  
Did hide them i' this cham'er wa',  
Weel sew'd up in a leather ba'.  
But I was ne'er allowed to rest  
Until that I the samo confest,  
But this to do I hadna power,  
From that time to this verra hour,  
That I've reveal'd it a' to you,  
An' noo' I'll tell you what to do.  
Till nao lang syno noe mony kent  
That this same laird the Richts did want;  
But noo they hae him at the law,  
An' the neist ook the laird maun shaw  
Afore the coort the Richts o's land  
This puts him to an unco stand;  
For if he didna shaw them there,  
O' a' his lands he'll be stripp'd baro;  
Nae hopes has he to savo his state,  
This mak's him sour and unco blate.  
He canna think whaur's Richts can bo,  
And ne'er expects them mair to see.  
But noo, my frien', mark what I tell,  
An' ye'll get something to yoursel'—  
Tak' out the stane there in the wa',  
And there ye'll get the leather ba'.  
'Tis jist the same that you did see,  
When you said that you would help me.  
The Richts are sew'd up in its heart,  
But see ye dinna wi' them pairt,  
Until the laird shall pay you doon  
Jist fifty guineas and a croon,  
Whilk at my death was due to me.

This for thy trouble I'll giv' thee;  
An' I'll disturb this hoose nae mair,  
'Cause I'll be free frae a' my care.

The behest of the Ghost was complied with by Thrummy to the very letter. Before the inmates wore astir, the deeds were removed from their hiding-place, and on the host presenting himself in the morning, he again manifested a strong desire to get rid of his guests. He little dreamt, however, of what was in store for him:—

Quoth Thrummy, "Sir, mind what I tell,  
I've mair richt hero than you yoursel',  
Sao till I like I here sall bide."  
The laird at this began to chido:  
Says he, "My friend, you're turning rude."  
Quoth Thrummy, "I'll my claim make good,  
For here I jist before you a'  
The Richts o' this estate can shaw,  
And that is mair than ye can do."  
"What!" quoth the laird, "can that be true?"  
"Tis true," quoth Thrummy, "look an' see,  
D'ye think that I wad toll a lee?"  
The parchments frae his pouch thon drew,  
An' doon upon the table threw.  
The laird at this up to him ran,  
An' cried, "Whar did ye got them, man?"  
Syne Thrummy tauld him a' the tale,  
As I've tauld you baith clear an' hale.  
The laird at this was fidgin' fain,  
That he had got his Richts again;  
An' fifty guineas doon did tell,  
Besides a present frae himsel'.

Exempt travellers, leaving the landlord in happy and unexpected possession of his property and its title deeds, and so the amusing story ends. On the authorship of this old ballad I can throw very little light. I believe, however, it was the composition of a soldier in Aberdeenshire, and nearly a hundred years must now have elapsed since it was written. With the rising generation, especially in the North of Scotland, it was once very popular, but it is now out of print, the copy forwarded by my friend having actually been obtained from the private collection of an Aberdeen bookseller.—*Newcastle Paper.*

THE SPIRITS AND THE BRAVO CASE.

The following letter appeared in last week's *Penny Illustrated Paper*:—

To the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Paper."

SIR,—In your last number I observe that under the above heading you say, "The letter which *The Spiritualist* had the effrontery to publish as from the spirit hand of Mr. Bravo . . . was . . . as different as it well could be from the epistolary style of the deceased gentleman."

Now, I am sure that, whatever you may think of Spiritualism, or *The Spiritualist*, you do not wish to do an injustice to the latter. Allow me, then, to call your attention to the fact that in the article you refer to, the editor guards himself most carefully throughout against the possibility of its being imputed to him that he endorses the hypothesis of the letter in question having been really written by Mr. Bravo. Moreover, that he calls attention to the difference in the style from that of Mr. Bravo when on earth; and, though he suggests an explanation, admits distinctly that the said difference throws a doubt on the authenticity of the communication.

As to the "sacrilegious declaration" you speak of, I really cannot make out what you refer to. I have not a dictionary at hand at the moment, but I understand "sacrilegious" to mean that which is insulting to religion.

"At the Egyptian Hall." On page 134 you exalt Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke at the cost of Spiritualism. Perhaps you can explain to your readers why neither Mr. Maskelyne nor any other conjuror ever accepted my challenge to produce, for £1,000, any of their "exposures" of Spiritualism, under the same conditions as those under which my medium should produce the very manifestations which they, the conjurors, "expose." I send, by book post, a copy of my correspondence with Mr. Maskelyne. The challenge is still open. ALGERNON JOY.

Junior United Service Club, Aug. 27, 1876.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE.

The editor of the *Illustrated Paper* appended the following note to the foregoing letter:—

We are informed by Mr. William Morton, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's manager, that Mr. Maskelyne did accept the challenge, but that Mr. Joy then wished "to impose such conditions that no man—medium or otherwise—could adopt." We have only to add that a glance through Mr. Joy's correspondence with Mr. Maskelyne makes it clear that Mr. Joy wished the latter to agree to perform the Davenport Brothers' tricks under conditions far more rigorous than those the Davenports were subjected to. We print an illustration of the Davenports' cabinet *séance*, from a sketch taken when they made their first appearance in London; and we are inclined to believe, with our "Playgoer," that Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, performing under virtually the same conditions as the Davenports did in public, fully equal, if they do not surpass, the pseudo-mediums in manual dexterity at the Egyptian Hall.

To this Mr. Joy has sent the following reply:—

To the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Paper."

SIR,—My correspondence with Mr. Maskelyne dealt with two distinctly separate challenges. The first, referring to the Davenports, fell through, because Mr. Maskelyne claimed that the Davenports not being

available, he himself, and not *the committee* (in the appointment of which he and I were to have equal voices), should define what the Davenports had done. (See his letter on page 5 of my pamphlet, "£1,000 Reward.") As this was contrary to the terms of my challenge No. 1, Mr. Morton cannot say that "Mr. Maskelyne did accept" *that one*, which runs thus: "If two out of three" of the committee "certify that you have done what *they have seen* the Davenports do, . . . they shall hand you the £250" (see page 4 of my pamphlet).

I cannot understand where you find that I wish "Mr. Maskelyne to perform under conditions far more rigorous than the Davenports were subjected to." I expressly and invariably stipulate the contrary, viz., that the conditions shall be "the same," and I defy you to quote one word in my correspondence to the opposite effect.

As regards the second challenge, Mr. Morton begs the very point at issue in saying that "no medium *could* adopt" such conditions as I "wished to impose." I offered to produce the medium who *would* accept them. If *Mr. Maskelyne could not*, how can Mr. Morton say that he did accept *this* challenge?

It is still open!

A. JOY.

SPIRIT MATERIALISATION IN PORTLAND, U.S.

A WRITER in the *Boston Sunday Courier* says:—"Having heard, not only in Boston, but elsewhere, of the existence of astounding phenomena in a private family of Portland, I sought admission (as a reporter) into the family circle, in the belief that a faithful report of such proceedings as might take place before my eyes would be acceptable. This method of entrance was absolutely necessary, as only intimate friends of the family, or those who are invited by intimate friends, can ever gain admission. At eight o'clock we were seated—twelve of us—in one of the large parlours of the house. Across the corner of the room a black gingham curtain, in two parts, was drawn. It enclosed only the two walls of the room, making the corner—a common black walnut stand, with books upon it, and a low stool. The gas was turned off, so that we could just distinguish each other's faces and the pictures upon the walls. After sitting in pleasant conversation for perhaps ten minutes, some one suggested that a song be sung. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee!' was thereupon begun, and the first verse sung. As the second was started, the figure of a woman, with outstretched hands and in long white raiment, floated stationary over the curtain above our heads, and then vanished. Immediately following this the figure of a young girl, of twenty years (as we know ages here), stepped from behind the curtain, through the opening, and stood in front of it, not six feet from us—the medium, a lady of forty-five, being seated upon the low stool in the enclosure. I desire to say here that we could see the dress of the medium through the whole time of the sitting—an hour and a half—the curtain not coming down to the floor. Neither tongue nor pen can describe the utter radiance of the figure we all saw. The whole of its garments were white and shining, giving out a sort of phosphoric light, such as is seen upon the water on certain brilliant nights. Every person present saw the whole form of this being as she stood—a crown of flowers upon her head, her arms bare to the shoulders, her feet firmly set upon the floor. We saw her lift the crown from her head; we saw her place her hands under her long black curls, that came down to her shoulders; we saw her lift the veil from her face, and drape herself often in her snowy garments. Suddenly she beckoned for a young man and a young lady in the party to come to her. Timidly they did so, and immediately were enveloped in the folds of a fabric finer than gossamer. This presently was withdrawn, and they were motioned back to their seats. All again seated, the veil was lifted clear from the face, and the face was recognised by several of those present as that of the departed sister of the young man who was called up from the circle. We next saw that the figure was becoming thoroughly defined, and then that it was slowly evaporating, or rather dematerialising away. In a few moments nothing was visible to us but a white mist in the place where it stood, and that shortly vanished. The figure of a full-grown man, of a woman clothed in Turkish robes, and of a little child also, appeared to us, but no person present recognised either. I make no comment upon all this, my readers, but simply offer it to you and to those that are investigating 'these things.'"

THE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The seventh annual report of the "Executive Committee for Amending the Law with respect to the Property of Married Women," has been forwarded to us. All interested in the good work of promoting honesty, by securing property to its rightful owners, should obtain the report, which can be had, post free, for three-halfpence from Messrs. A. Ireland and Co., Pall Mall, Manchester.

CURIOUS PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.—A friend writes to us from the Continent:—"There was a Mr. — here last winter, ordered here by John King for his health. He had much to do with spirit photography. He took to curing hump-backed people, and photographed the subjects, from time to time, to exhibit the changes; he thought he should do wonders, and be another Jesus Christ. He was a lively, sensible man, aged sixty, and had much scientific and practical knowledge. He believed that he had an attendant spirit, who spoke to him and prompted him in all this. For instance, he was told to live entirely on rice and water, though he would take a glass of wine some times when I offered it, but generally put it to his lips and set it down again. When I asked 'Why?' he would say he was touched on the forehead not to take it. The last time I saw him he came dancing into my room full of glee, saying the spirit had told him that he would effect wonderful cures, and live more than twenty years. A week after this he was in his grave. I tell you this because you must care to know the practical working of Spiritualism in every way.

THE PETITIONS ON BEHALF OF THE PERSECUTED  
M. LEYMARIE.

THE following is an extract from the French daily newspaper, *Le Figaro*, one of the most popular and widely-read journals in France:—"August 29th. They are having a hearty laugh just now in the Chamber of Justice. Do you remember the trial of the spirit-photographer, Buguet? One of the victims of that affair, which had its amusing side, is a certain Leymarie, editor of the *Révue Spirite*. All his co-religionists in England and America—all, you understand—are now soliciting his pardon. You will not believe us, but we solemnly swear that yesterday two petitions—immense, impossible, unheard-of, unimaginable, insane—were brought into M. Dufaure's cabinet. One of them, that which was sent from England, is ten yards long. The text of the petition is printed, the remainder of the document pasted upon linen and rolled up, bears the signatures of the English followers of Allan Kardec. The demand that has been sent from the United States is not less than sixty yards long! May we be hanged, high and tight, if we exaggerate one single inch. As to the number of signatures on this boundless roll, you can understand that we did not even attempt to count them. Spiritualism is going ahead in America!"

THE TESTIMONIAL TO ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

COMMITTEE.	
MR. CHAS. BLACKBURN.	MR. J. N. T. MARTHEZE.
MR. B. COLEMAN.	MR. H. D. JENCKEN.
DR. GEO. SEXTON.	MR. H. COLLEN.
MR. A. CALDER.	MR. W. H. HARRISON.
MR. W. TEBB.	MR. A. GLENDINNING.
SIR CHAS. ISHAM, BART.	

IN consequence of the efforts and advocacy of Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, the above gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, to act in conjunction with that in America, for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis. In America, we learn by the last mail, about three thousand two hundred dollars have been collected. Those English friends who wish to subscribe—and it is to be hoped there will be many—are requested to send their contributions to Mr. Martheze, 20, Palmeira-square, Brighton, with as little delay as possible. The following amounts have already been received:—Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, £25; Mr. Chas. Blackburn, £20; Mr. P. R. Harrison, £3 3s.; Mrs. Berry, £2 2s.; Sir Chas. Isham, £1 1s.; Miss Ponder, £1 1s.; Mr. H. Collen, £1 0s.; Miss Kislingbury, 10s. 6d.

A REMARKABLE TEST SEANCE WITH MR. E. BULLOCK.  
*To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."*

SIR,—On the evening of the 21st instant, a party of ten ladies and eight gentlemen, of Leeds, assembled to test the mediumship of Mr. E. Bullock, of London, this being the last of a series of three *séances* held on consecutive evenings.

In the first part, a dark *séance*, we had the following phenomena: spirit lights; musical instruments and bells floated and sounded vigorously over our heads; many of the circle were freely touched by hands; the fire-irons were with considerable clattering brought on to the table; and, as a *finale*, the medium was floated on to the table in his chair, while contact was sustained all round the circle by each person holding his neighbours' hands.

In the interval previous to the second part of the *séance*, the eight gentlemen accompanied the medium to a bedroom, where we entirely changed the whole of his apparel, and gave him the following quite new outfit of clothing, specially provided for the purpose: viz., a dark-blue shirt, black socks, black coat and pants, and black kid gloves. On descending into the drawing-room, a lady in the presence of the whole circle stitched the coat sleeves to the gloves all round the wrists; the coat was also stitched in front of the chest of the medium; we then buckled a leather strap tightly round each wrist, and, as an additional security, we, with a needle and linen thread fastened each strap separately through holes specially made in the slack of the strap that had passed the buckle and that part next the wrist; we then secured both hands at the back of the medium with a third strap and buckle, this strap being slipped under those

already on his wrists, and buckled tightly; this third strap we also secured with thread, as in the case of the wrists.

Having satisfied ourselves all round that the foregoing had been very properly and carefully arranged, we put our medium into a black bag, which had been thoroughly scrutinized; we then drew the strings of the bag tight, and fastened the same very securely, tying it over and over again at the back of the medium's neck. Then we placed him in the ante-room leading into the conservatory, and secured all doors and windows by locks, fasteners, and gummed slips of paper; the keys of the doors were removed, and put into a sceptic's pocket. On the floor, near the medium, we placed a guitar, bells, mouth harmonicon, and two birch curtain rings; these rings had been purchased at a neighbouring store by three of the gentlemen, immediately before we assembled.

We then drew the curtains, the said curtains being the permanent ornamental upholstery hangings between the drawing-room where we sat, and the aforesaid small ante-room which formed the cabinet. Shortly we commenced to sing, and, with the gas at full glare, we were, by raps, told to reduce the light. This we did accordingly, but not to a greater extent than enabled everyone in the circle to see distinctly in any part of the room what time it was by his or her watch; in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that I should not have had any difficulty in reading the *Times* newspaper sitting in any part of the room, and it was under these conditions of light, without any alteration, that the *séance* proceeded.

We were very quickly gratified and greatly interested by the appearances of quite a variety of hands—a variety both of size and colour—and all, more or less, evidencing considerable power; for instance, pictures hanging near the curtains were made to oscillate, and were visibly moved in position; the walls outside the cabinet, in full view of every one, were audibly slapped with flat hands; ornaments were brought from the ante-room mantelpiece and pushed under the curtains, the hands always being visible; the said ornaments were all arranged in an orderly manner on the carpet of our room fronting the curtains, and consisted of valuable parian and glass lustres, and nick-nacks; then a pair of hands appeared at the sides of the curtains, and also in centre, holding the two curtain rings, which were quite gaily knocked against the woodwork, as if in great glee at what was to be done next. We were told by raps that the rings were about to be put on the medium's wrists, and some minutes after we were assured that this was accomplished. At this point one of our circle was compelled by a professional appointment to retire, which he did, after being allowed to satisfy himself that the said rings were on the medium's wrist.

Shortly afterwards we drew aside the curtains, and found the medium still entranced; and having brought him into the centre of the company we began carefully to examine and undo our fastenings, which in every case we found exactly as we made them. When we had taken the medium out of the black bag we were all very anxious to ascertain about the rings, and sure enough both rings were found on his left wrist under the blue shirt, the stitching and fastenings in every case being intact. There was no doubt about it; the ligatures and knots and straps and all were exactly in the same condition at the termination of the *séance* as at the time we put the medium into the bag, and the rings were unmistakably tight upon his skin. The said rings were so small that they were with slight difficulty moved backwards and forwards over the prominent portion of the wrist bone. On the medium taking off the black kids, it was specially remarked by several of the more careful observers that his nails were considerably long and fouled, whereas it had been noticed particularly that the spirit hands—some of which were much larger than the medium's—had in every case nails well pared, and of neat appearance. In conclusion, I would say that the medium retired with me to my house, when he said he hoped the rings would be removed by the spirits during the night. My surprise was great next morning to find but one ring on his wrist, and the other one was found on his bedroom floor. This ring he left in Leeds; the other he took to London, still on his wrist.

G. HUDSON.

Leeds, August 28th, 1876.

## REMARKABLE SEANCES WITH DR. SLADE.

To the Editor of "The Banner of Light" (August 12th, 1876).

SEVERAL of the *séances* which I attended during my late stay with Dr. Slade in New York, were held during the day, the clear sunlight streaming in through two large windows. Under these conditions, no one being present but the medium and myself, a double slate placed upon the top of the table was filled inside with writing. This slate was not touched by the medium, whose hands were clasping mine while the communication was being written. Chairs several feet from us were overthrown and lifted again, being, at my request, replaced as they had stood before, and sometimes held for several seconds suspended in the air. Hands were felt and seen, and other phenomena occurred which are only in rare cases to be witnessed in broad daylight. The hands were strong in their grasp, and very distinctly shown. One of them forced itself, with apparent difficulty, under the cuff of my sleeve, and clasped my arm forcibly. At one of these light *séances* a copy of Webster's unabridged dictionary, which lay upon a desk some distance off, was brought and fell upon the table, striking the hand of the medium and bruising it severely.

On another occasion a large walking-stick, which had been standing against the wall at a distance from where we sat, came towards the table and danced about on the floor, at my right hand and opposite the medium, as if it were alive. It then proceeded, by leaning over, to force itself under a table cover which had been thrown over the back of a chair standing beside me, and rising upright again, with the red drapery hanging about it, resumed its *pas de seul* with apparent satisfaction and in the most animated manner.

After, as it seemed, exhausting itself by its efforts, it fell upon the floor and moved no more. The effect of this exhibition, as seen in broad daylight, was not only remarkable, but extremely ludicrous, and the most earnest stickler for a serious and devout spirit at *séances* could hardly have maintained his gravity in witnessing it. If not a sublime or dignified manifestation, it was, at least, a very innocent one, and since nature is not always on her dignity, and human nature has many varied phases, all good in their way, I do not think we should object because those who return to us as human as they went indulge in harmless fun occasionally.

During my last visit to Dr. Slade I had only one sitting for materialisation, as the heat of the weather made this form of manifestation difficult to the spirits and exhausting to the medium. He used no cabinet or curtain, but simply turned the gas partially down in the room in which we had been sitting the greater part of the day. The forms gathered like a rapidly forming cloud, becoming gradually more dense, and taking shape before our eyes. They were extremely ethereal, so much so that objects were sometimes visible through them. As they drew near, both the face and the drapery became more material, and the latter swept over my head and shoulders as the form seemed to pass unobstructed through me. No words were spoken, but only affirmative nods, or a shake of the head to indicate a negative reply. The faces were not sufficiently material for me to recognise them, though in one I saw a general resemblance to a spirit friend who had shown herself distinctly when I sat with Dr. Slade four years ago. The peculiar interest of these materialisations was in their being produced without any preparation, in a common sitting-room, used throughout the day, even the hanging of a curtain being dispensed with.

On the evening of April 26th, we sat in the dark for voices, the medium frequently making remarks and exclamations while the spirit was speaking, so that I was forced again and again to urge him to remain silent. After some conversation on family matters with dear friends, a loud male voice uttered these words, the speaker standing apparently close to my side: "Good evening, my friend. Tell Colby that William White bids him God-speed, and tells him to keep firmly in his present course, and fear nothing. We are with him. Tell Mrs. Hardy to stand on her rights and not yield an inch. Say that I tell her to be strong and fear not; we will see her through." Some of the voices were in whispers, but this and one or two others were loud, bearing no resemblance to that of the medium. One, the sweetest I ever heard from man or spirit, spoke in an Indian language. Seven spoke in succession. Sometimes the sounds seemed to draw nearer and nearer, till the speaker was close to my ear, and I felt the form against my side, and again the voice floated away, as if rising in the air and passing slowly to the furthest extremity of the large room in which we sat. Frequently hands touched and grasped me; my hair was smoothed by them, and firm, voluminous drapery drawn over my face, shutting out the streaks of light which came through the crevices of the closed shutters. During these dark *séances* I either held the hands of the medium or kept my feet upon his.

One day while Dr. Slade and I were conversing on general subjects, not during a *séance*, he exclaimed that he saw the form of a woman standing behind me. I did not recognise, from the description, any one I had ever known, and he added that she held over my head a cross. That evening, when we had our sitting, the following was written upon a slate placed on the top of the table:—

"Dear Woman, and let me say Friend,—I have been a long time trying to come to some medium so I could speak a word to my friends. My name is Catherine Paul, the wife of Joseph Paul. I left my form November the 19th, 1872. My remains were taken from my home, 246, West 35th-street, on Thursday morning, to the Church of the Holy Innocents that was on 37th-street, where mass was performed. Now my body is at rest in Calvary Cemetery, and I want my friends to know I am with them and anxious to tell them how happy I would be if they would believe I can return. My religion did do me good. Also mass after death helped me to feel better and more happy. All will be happy who try to live a good, true life. My friends will see this if you publish it. Will you please do so, and oblige,  
CATHERINE PAUL."

On showing this letter to my friends, Robert Dale Owen and Dr. Crowell, they urged me, as I was unable to attend to it myself, to com-

mission a friend to make inquiries and ascertain whether such a person as Catherine Paul had lived and died as indicated by the communication. I did so, and after some trouble and many searchings after parties possessed of the requisite knowledge, all the statements made in the letter were found to be correct. Such a woman had lived, four years ago, at 246, West 35th-street, had died November 19th, 1872, and been buried, on Thursday, from the Church of the Holy Innocents, in Calvary Cemetery.

Some weeks after these inquiries had been made, and the subject dismissed from our minds, the medium was sitting unoccupied in a rocking-chair, my sister being in the room, when he started with a sharp exclamation of fright and surprise, and, putting his hand to the back of his neck, declared that something had fallen and struck him there. My sister noticed upon his throat a bright red mark as he took from the spot indicated a slip of paper on which was written in pencil "C. Paul died November 19th, 1872." The woman living in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Paul did not remember, when my friend first called upon her, the date of the death, but said she would ascertain from the undertaker or sexton who had the record, and would send a note to Dr. Slade's residence containing the desired information. This note failed to come, though, on inquiry, we learned that it had been written, and that in it the statement was made that "C. Paul died November 19th, 1872." It would seem that the spirit had used the power afforded by the medium to quote these words upon paper, and bring them to us in the way described. She was probably anxious to remind me of her behest and of my promise, the performance of which will, I hope, gratify her and bring to her friends the assurance which she was so desirous to have them receive through the publication of her letter. LOUISA ANDREWS.

ERRATUM.—The *séance* with Mr. Williams, described by Mr. Pycock in our last, took place at Antwerp, and not at Brussels.

LAST week an interesting account of *séances* held in a family circle at Brighton, appeared in the *Brighton and Sussex Daily Post*.

THE *Penny Illustrated Paper* of last week contains a large engraving, representing the Davenport Brothers in their cabinet, also a picture of Faraday's apparatus for indicating the existence of unconscious muscular action—that long-since-exploded explanation of certain spiritual phenomena.

DR. SLADE has received invitations to hold *séances* in Berlin and Leipzig on his way to St. Petersburg. Dr. Slade has determined to make no more than the necessary halts on the road, and to defer all further appointments on the Continent until after the fulfilment of his engagements in the Russian capital.

THE REVIVAL OF SPIRITUALITY.—The *Boston Sunday Herald* says:—"The spiritual reorganisation, which is the necessary condition of all social reorganisation, must repose upon the authority of demonstration; it must be based upon science, with a priesthood properly constituted out of the regenerated scientific classes. In other words, the spiritual authority must issue from a philosophy which can be demonstrated, and not from a philosophy which is imagined."

SPIRIT MESSAGES.—We have abundant proof of long conversations held with supposed spirits, where voices independent of the medium's have been used, and where the intelligence, and thought, and language given through them have been worthy of a Plato or a Kant; so we well know that the reckless assertion so often made, that our spirit communications are *all* trash, is made in utter ignorance of *all* the facts.—*Banner of Light*.

LIBRARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The library at 38, Great Russell-street, has lately received the following addition of books, presented by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson:—Davis's *Great Harmonia*, one vol.; Richer's *Key to the Mystery*; Hayden's *Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism*; Spicer's *Sights and Sounds*; D. D. Home's *Révélations sur sa vie surnaturelle*; Swedenborg a *Hermetic Philosopher*; Tallmadge's *Healing of the Nations*, and various early numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

SEVERAL inquirers have lately become members of the National Association of Spiritualists, it being now generally understood that no one joining the Association is expected to subscribe to any special views or doctrines in explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Thus one of the most important objects for which the Association was founded is being attained—that of "aiding students and inquirers in their researches." The names of members joining on this footing are, if they should so desire it, not made public.

MR. SPURGEON ON SPIRITUAL CONTROL OF THE BODY.—Mr. Spurgeon recently said:—"How is it that a spirit can dwell within an abode of flesh, look out of these eyes, listen through these ears, speak by these lips, and perform its will by these hands? Eyes and ears and hands are but earth; they are made of such matter as we meet with in other parts of the solid world, mere dust of the earth, materialism wisely moulded, but yet corruptible materialism; and yet the soul somehow manages to indwell and inhabit its house of clay—a far more wonderful thing, it seems to me, than for a spirit to exist without a body."

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—At the last Council meeting the motion to no longer exclude as members of Council, those Spiritualists who received payment for services or goods rendered to the National Association, was not brought forward by Mr. Dawson Rogers, as we stated, but by another member, and we exceedingly regret the error. It arose in consequence of Mr. Rogers having given notice of such a motion, for the purpose, as he afterwards stated, of raising a discussion on the question; but he afterwards seconded Mr. Joy's amendment in opposition to admitting paid members to the Council, which amendment was unfortunately lost.

## Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers.]

## SPECULATIONS ABOUT THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

SIR,—I find the last letters on reincarnation in *The Spiritualist* are headed "The Controversy on Reincarnation." If our differences are to assume that title, and the controversy to continue, allow me to suggest that the subject should be discussed with that calmness and urbanity, which become a very momentous question, and which the writers in *The Spiritualist*, certainly for the most part adopt, and especially when referring to ladies. If we allow our feelings to master our judgment, we do not forward our object, and at the same time become subject to a quality generally quoted as a feminine attribute, but which, if truly quoted, has certainly found some very marked exceptions indeed in the field of Spiritualism. It might be well, moreover, in furtherance of truth, goodwill, and propriety of action, to keep in mind that men are not the cause of this controversy, not even Jesuits, but, as has been probably always the case, spirits, and that, in the present day of free discussion, the controversy on this very ancient topic is not likely to be swamped by the numerically stronger or more blatant party, as was the case in the middle ages, when the Peripatetics subjected the Platonist Christians to fire, sword, and persecution of every description, spiritual and carnal.

Brevity also, in itself so necessary in your most important and crowded journal, may, if carried to an extreme, miss its aim, and become misleading. For instance, it would require a great stretch of imagination to understand the few words on old religious doctrines in Baron Holmfeld's letter of June 10th to mean all his interpretation of them in his letter of August 18th, in *The Spiritualist*. Had he so expressed himself at first, I should have been the first to acknowledge my accord with him, that spirits of evil-doers very frequently do appear to clairvoyants in animal forms, doubtless, as the Baron remarks, "according to the animal propensities of their ill-used self-hood," just as the defunct friends of Ulysses appeared to the medium Circe. And, as Kardec says, "The *perisprit* expands, contracts, and transforms itself in accordance with the desire that sets it in motion. It is a full knowledge of this, not only from experience, but from the dicta of superior spirits, which has led modern reincarnationists not only to reject metempsychosis in its retrograde sense, but to recognise that that doctrine probably originated from the ancient seers believing spirits so appearing to be really those of animals, when they were intrinsically only the spirits of men, "transforming themselves in accordance with their desires." With regard to the Baron's assumption that "Evolution, in a life of liberty, of necessity involves the possibility of descending into animals just as well as ascending," I would refer him to Kardec's *Livre des Mediums*, "The Medium's Book," part 2nd, ch. xxii., and also to *Speculations about the Beginning of Life*, a translation from the French in *The Spiritualist* of August 4th, for the refutation of that assertion.

There is one point in the Baron's explanation of the meaning of his former letter which I read with surprise, proceeding, as it does, from a Spiritualist. He writes of evil-doers, after leaving the natural world, being, "in a spiritual future, or in hell, left to the animal propensities of their ill-used self-hood;" while subsequently, as if to remove any doubt as to his assumed meaning of the term *left*, he writes of the opinions of a believer in reincarnation as being contrary to "a revealed Divine Word, which teaches a directly opposite doctrine of unavoidable judgment after death." Now, would the Baron, since he refers to the revealed Divine Word in the direction I have pointed out, deny to David the application to himself of the prophetic assumption, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell," though St. Peter, so many hundred years afterwards, alleged that David had not then ascended into heaven? Would the Baron deny to mankind in general the use of the 16th Psalm, where David so pathetically prophesies his own final delivery? Would he, I say, deny the use of this psalm to any soul upon earth, to help him in his faith, his prayers, and his personal aspirations? If so, I am sorry for him! Would he persuade any believer in a Redeemer of the world to forego the frequent, the legitimate prayer, that the Redeemer of the world will not be angry with the world for ever? If so, perhaps he will give us his interpretation of the Greek word *aiónios*, pronounced *aiounios*, so long a subject of conflict in the churches. How does the Baron make these assertions tally with his letter of June 10th, where he writes of "a law of never-ceasing development," for which he adds, mistakenly, "the reincarnationists substitute a physical remoulding into another individual?" Does not this discrepancy look like writing from feeling rather than from conviction, and demonstrate a yielding to so-called feminine idiosyncrasies, which he professes to despise? Is it not more hopeful for suffering humanity, to use the Baron's own ironical words, that "sublime reincarnation should make even adult men to be reborn as natural infants," than that they should be "left in hell" by "the doctrine of unavoidable judgment after death," though their sojourn of suffering may have been as long as it has been dreadful? Let me refer the Baron to M. Kardec's *Ciel et Enfer* (Heaven and Hell), to point out, in a very marked manner indeed, that future life trials, in respect both to time and severity, are not "merely a supposition," while as to his calumny, that "Christianity is not admitted by reincarnationists," I can only add that it is entirely refuted in Kardec's *L'Évangile selon le Spiritisme* (The Gospel according to Spiritualism), Miss Blackwell's *Testimony of the Ages*, and the works of reincarnationists, who follow Kardec, everywhere.

The Baron refers to Addison's *Spectator* in confirmation of his views. Let me remind him that Addison was the author of the well-known lines on immortality, in which "that sound British rationalist" makes that great Pythagorean reincarnationist, Plato, his authority for argument on immortality:—

"It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality!  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heav'n itself that points out our hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man."

Since the Baron gives over the reincarnationists so uncompromisingly to the "Kako demons," *i.e.*, evil demons, I feel bound to quote a few words in their favour from a letter by Miss Kislingbury in *The Spiritualist* of August 18th. That talented lady, after alluding to the extraordinary prophetic foreknowledge since realised, displayed in the works of Kardec, adds—"The great value of the Kardec writings is, in my opinion, that they set forth as the aim of his doctrines, the moral elevation of man—an aim which I once fondly hoped was to be achieved by what we understand as Spiritualism, but which experience shows that mere phenomenalism will never accomplish." Is Baron Holmfeld prepared to deny these opinions? If so, let him do so; if not, let him remember that a tree is known by its fruit.

In answer to the Baron's remark that "reincarnationists are interiorly the prey of such obsessing false spirits,"—*i.e.*, spirits teaching reincarnation ideas—I can only reply that Kardec was no medium, therefore he could not be obsessed, but a man of clear judgment, who has given mediums perhaps the best rules extant for getting rid of obsessing spirits, Luther not excepted. Personally, beyond the Bible, reason, the writings of reincarnationists ancient and modern, the *consensees* of the ages, and my own opinion concerning the *aioun* (*aión*), I know very little. I do not remember to have received a single personal communication from a spirit in favour of reincarnation in my life, though I have great comfort in believing, from evidence which satisfies myself, that souls, God's offspring, by coming back to earth in the flesh, give good token, the best that we in the flesh can conceive, that they are neither left in hell nor lost, but are moving on *visibly*, under "a law of never ceasing development."

Baron Holmfeld bids us—"Ask the millions of living men whether any one of them knows of ever having been another person, and he will answer, 'No!'" Of course he will, and for the best of reasons, because he never has been another person. He has merely changed his station; he now follows a new calling; he has got another place, but keeps his individuality. Christ, speaking of John the Baptist, did not say, "This man has been another person," but "This is Elias." A spirit, having attained individuality, remains one—ever one! On the mazy trail of early progress we slough our skins, like the snake, and grow thereby. On the material tree of life we change our coverings, like the silkworm, until, under Providence, we have weaved for ourselves a golden habitation, from whence we emerge into a more perfect life and condition, while retaining our identity. M.A. (CANTAB.)

## THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

SIR,—Once having succeeded in obtaining implicit and instinctive obedience, I have in reality gained everything required of a child. I easily get it to pay attention; its fingers are taught not to go straying after that which is not given to it.

There must be some strange instinct which makes a child secrete a pebble, a little piece of stick, old match, old dirty rag, scrap of paper, or dead fly, for the purpose of twirling it about in its fingers the moment it is asked to answer a question, or to repeat a lesson. In default of such provision a corner of the pinafore will be found an invariable solace for the nervous little fingers. All nervous or involuntary movements or tricks should be rooted out in children as early as possible; disobedience is often an involuntary action, proceeding, as it frequently does, from the forgetfulness, or want of attention on the part of the child; and one act of disobedience on the part of that child is a sign that sufficient attention is not bestowed by the teacher.

Having explained how it is that I start in my *crèche* (as it were) by obtaining from my children implicit obedience and all their attention, my readers will understand that I have no difficulty in obtaining silence.

I set the infants, old enough to sit up, at the table. I have a bag of snippets or old rags cut up into pieces about an inch or two inches square, and I teach the children to pull out the threads one by one, to make little heaps of shreds, and when a sufficient quantity has been pulled it is used for stuffing their pillows. "*Stuffing pillows for poor little children!*" that is what they are brought up to do. *To work for others!* "The more pillows they stuff, the more poor children can Grannie get," so they generally unpick with a good will. The divers colours, shapes, and sizes among the snippets are ceaseless topics of interest. Serge is the easiest thing for children to pick at. Difficulties should be kept in the background in training children; therefore it is very important children should never be given to do that which does not amuse them, and which they cannot, at once, do easily. Tearing is a thing all children delight in. Destroying these coloured snippets and making them look like something else is real delight, and children joyfully sit three or four hours steadily at this mechanical occupation, which educates their natural instincts of destruction and activity—commonly called "mischief."

To a grown-up person this occupation savours of sameness, and my readers must, I dare say, have difficulty in believing that it is rather difficult to suppress the excitement of the children at the colour or pattern of some of the snippets. The size, the shape of the heap is of overpowering and never dying interest; the difficulty of preventing shouts and conversation is the work of one person, and if I had fifty children, it would be at least two persons' business besides myself to keep order.

While all this is going on—(let us imagine fifty children of different ages present)—some babies are asleep, some prattling prettily and cheer-

fully to themselves, or listening to what is going on. What is going on? Grannie is at the piano playing certain chords and exercises, and the elder children are singing them. The exercises are repeated one after the other three times, and the full exercises on one sound take from twenty to forty minutes according to the number of notes practised.

GEORGINA WELDON.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

SIR,—I have often read with much interest in your journal strange narratives of clairvoyance or "spirit-seeing" through the mediumship of certain persons connected with Spiritualism, especially such as Miss Lottie Fowler, whose reputation is well known. And as too much evidence cannot be adduced in support of any cause, I wish to relate a few facts which have come within my own experience, and which are accurate in every respect.

No doubt many of the readers of *The Spiritualist* have already heard of Miss Jessie Nicole, of Newcastle, to whose mediumship I am indebted for the wonderful tests of spirit identity which I am about to narrate. She is only sixteen years of age, and although her mother informs me that she has described the presence of dead persons since her earliest childhood, yet the exercise of her medial powers among Spiritualists began within the last twelve months.

I sat with the family, who are nearly all mediums of some kind—for the first time in March last, and previously I knew nothing of any of them. I was introduced by a friend of the family, with whom I became acquainted whilst attending a *séance* at Weirs Court, in this town, a few nights previously, and who informed me of tests received by himself through Miss Nicole. Up to that time I had received no evidence of the presence of departed relations, although I was a three years' old inquirer into Spiritualism, so when I sat down in the strange circle I did not expect much. We took our seats, which were arranged to form a circle. I was opposite to "Jessie," who was looked on by the others as the most developed of their mediums. The light was extinguished to afford greater facilities for seeing the spirit forms. After singing a little, the medium began to describe different appearances presented to her spiritual vision, whilst she was in a normal condition. Presently she began to describe a tall man, thin faced, very light eyes, and looking anxiously at myself; she also estimated his age, from appearance, to be about 46, and told me exactly how he wore his beard and hair. I recognised the description as that of my father, who died on the 7th of December last, but I said nothing to anyone at the time. She next told me he was baring his breast, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, what a great scar there is;" and in reply to my inquiry as to the appearance of the scar, she said it looked like a burn or cut, reddish-blue in colour, and extending right across the breast.

At this point the medium was controlled, and advancing towards me, exclaimed, "Oh, William," and placing her hands on my shoulders, wept over me bitterly. I can never forget the indescribable sensation I felt, as I became more convinced that I was really in the presence of my father. On my asking the cause of his apparent grief, the words, "I was not spared to speak to you" were sobbed out, which I instantly recognised as alluding to his passing away about ten minutes before my arrival home to see him, after being summoned in haste, for I had a distance of 73 miles to travel. References to different members of my family at home were made, and I was requested to tell them all that he was "quite happy," and that they need not fret after him. After the *séance* concluded a light was struck, and, before my departure, Miss Nicole was controlled again, and, to my astonishment, her face was transformed, for a short time, into a very striking likeness of my deceased father. The last manifestation has frequently occurred since then.

At a sitting a few nights afterwards, the medium announced my father's presence again, and on this occasion I had a remarkable test, and one which I commend to the notice of Dr. Carpenter and his disciples. After being told that he was standing near me, I remarked to the medium that I thought she had described all his peculiarities. Presently she told me he had turned his back towards her, and baring his left shoulder proceeded to show to her a very large brown mole in close proximity to the "shoulder blade," as it is commonly called. Well, I was at a loss completely, as I had not the slightest knowledge of such a mark. Neither had any of his brothers, to whom I mentioned this afterwards. However, I wrote to my mother, asking her about it, and as she was not acquainted with Spiritualism, I did not tell her my reason for asking.

From her reply I quote the following, "You ask—had your father a 'mole' on his back? Yes, he had one, close behind his left shoulder. I am at a loss to know your motive for asking such a question, but it is quite correct." I will just relate one more of the numerous tests given me. My father only sat once during his life for a portrait, and it was taken on glass. I took it to a photographer, and had some more copied from it on cardboard. I then procured some other photographs of men about the same age and general appearance, representing persons the medium knew nothing about. I put the whole into an album, which was filled with portraits of different people. I repaired to Mrs. Nicole's, and laying the album on the table, requested Miss Nicole to show me the portrait of the spirit-friend she had described to me; she opened the album, and looking over it carefully I left her, and was conversing with Mrs. Nicole, when our medium was suddenly controlled, and turning round to us took me by the hand, led me to the table, and pointed out to me the portrait of my father. I asked if it was my father who controlled, and was answered affirmatively by a "nod" of the medium's head. By the time she regained her normal state I had closed the album, and she, seeming to be unaware of having fulfilled my request, I told her to try again to find the picture I wished for. This she did in a few seconds, telling me it was the only one like the person she had seen. I was quite satisfied and convinced, and felt I had got clear evidence of a future state, which I still believe in, and which I had

not the least proof of before. I began to investigate Spiritism in the year 1873. Since that time I have experienced enough to stagger any mind sceptical as to immortality. The facts given speak for themselves, and need no comment; the medium could by no means have gained any information from any one, respecting what she related to me. She knew none of my relations, and was, and still is, a total stranger to all my family; she never heard of or knew me before I was as already stated, introduced to her a few months since. Before I conclude it is necessary to state—and I should have done so before—that my father died after a long illness from "aneurism of the aorta," and the scar on his breast, was caused by his being operated upon five different times, and it presented the same appearance as described by Miss Nicole. He was 47 years old, so that her estimate was nearly correct in reference to his age.

I write these facts for publication in your most valuable paper, and as a slight recognition of Miss Nicole's services, and as testimony to the valuable phases of mediumship with which she is gifted, and to which others as well as myself can testify. With care in developing I think she may look forward to a useful career.

W. BOWMAN.

49, Pine-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aug. 28.

SPIRITUALISM WITHOUT SPIRITUALITY.

SIR,—It is written "we," the non-reincarnationists, "represent physics, they," the reincarnationists, "morality!" God forbid, sir, that this awful confession be true, and that we be really in antithesis to morality. Surely, if morality and spirituality be not the basis of our Spiritualism, if higher and nobler views of morality and religion be not its ultimate object, if *physics* be the only ensign graven on our banner, our Spiritualism is nought, and the hope that we may "ultimately arrive at one goal," with those who represent morality, wild indeed. Physics may be, and no doubt are, useful as a means to an end, but are not a worthy motive of action—not a master to be served, not an aim to be glorified. This *would* be phenomenalism with a vengeance. But I am happy to say, sir, I quite agree with you that it does not necessarily follow that those who have set up an idol, whether it be reincarnation or anything else, hold a monopoly of morality. I firmly believe, and I think I have good reason for believing, if the tree is known by its fruits, that the aims and motives of many non-reincarnationists are as high and pure, *i.e.*, as *moral*, as those of any of the opposite school.

Nor do I see any reason why it should be otherwise. And I am surprised that any should be found, not only to admit the contrary, but to seem rather to glory in it.

Mr. Markley seems to me to touch a higher, truer, nobler chord in his letter. There is, no doubt, too little spirituality in our Spiritualism; but I cannot bring myself to think, as your other correspondent seems to do, that it is because we do not believe in reincarnation.

A. Joy.

REGENERATION *versus* REINCARNATION.

SIR,—I have some confidence in your British heart, which is generally disposed to side with the weak, and the assistance I expect is space for these few lines, in which I announce my submission to the Herculean antagonist, who has come forward anonymously as B. P. J. in your paper of the 18th, against my Blackwell review in the August number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. I show the white feather because I am afraid B. P. J. might be a reincarnated Minerva, jumping in full armour from a feverish Jupiter-brain, so I had better keep quiet and bear the aspersions with which she honours me. But it might quite as well be a reincarnated Bacchanalian, shouting his *Evoe* in my face. There really is something in favour of my first impression, because, as B. P. J. confesses not to have read the reviewed essay itself, there is a great probability of her not-at-all having read even the critical review which is so strongly castigated. It would be preposterous to enter into combat with such an impartial writer. In such a case as this it is advisable to hold one's tongue.

Now you see, Mr. Editor, I am not at all in the mood for fighting, and I will not risk a *rencontre* with such a formidable know-nothing enemy. But, whether the horns which threaten my young life are those of a she-goat, or of a he-goat, I regret the aggression, and take to my heels. Nevertheless, because in some future emergency my heels may show something of the Achilles quality, and will not suffice to protect me in my flight, I wish to throw out a suggestion to my glorious adversary. If it is a she-male, I wish she would ponder whether there is reason, or may be truth in my reasons, or in my attempt at reasoning. I always have tried to give reasons for my opinions, even for my intuitions, impressions, and emotions, and, as I invariably state these reasons, I never shall be afraid of discussing the sufficiency of the adduced evidence. If contrariwise, B. P. J. is a he-male, he, of course, will meet me on the rational plane, even if he shrinks from the spiritual. But it is time to tell why I deal with one point, though I refrain from repelling the attack. B. P. J. musters the whole fair sex in array against me, telling me, by the way, that I do not understand it, not being aware of the great change our modern era has wrought in its position and relation to humanity, universally, and to the male sex especially. Perhaps I have misunderstood his or her meaning. Perhaps I really did not understand the sex, and perhaps neither he nor she has understood it; and, finally, nobody understands it. I will not speak of B. P. J.'s curious idea that nowadays an essential change should have taken place, woman no more being what she from creation had been made to be. What an incredible revolution in the evolution of mankind must it have been, when, without our being aware of it, the quality of the fair sex at once had undergone a total change, particularly as nobody, B. P. J. as little as anybody else, can state, or say, or guess what this change is, or might be, in what it consists, and what is the end of it! Swift, perchance, or Lucian *redivivus* might tell

us, and perhaps B. P. J. is Lucian reincarnated. I cannot get out of this dark labyrinth, except by simply stating and explaining my plain views of what the fair sex from the Creation always had been, is, and will continue to be without any change as to essence and to form.

The fair sex is created and born to teach man love, to act upon him and educate him to the purpose of loving and being and causing happiness through love. Thus she herself is love, incarnated love, endowed with the faculty of elevating her soul to higher love in its essential, celestial degree, and with the liberty of joining herself to man in whatever lower, egotistical, sensual degree he may entice her to follow him. There is either ascent or descent in her love. Thence her natural love is to the infant she has born in her bosom, to the family she has around her, to the household, whose preserving and animating soul she is, to the husband who without her is only a calculating machine, dry, cold, egotistical, a wasted power, reduced to nought. Make her male, and you are a malevolent rascal, and she will become a reckoning machine like yourself, dry, cold, nasty, nauseous, a blue-stocking for a wooden leg, an unenjoyable paragon of disgust instead of a delectable paragon of amiability. You want to introduce her into the male department of calculating, reasoning, &c., and you make a political, philosophical monster of her, an imitation of a man. If you are a male and do so, you are an infernal scoundrel. If you are a female, you are a deluded nonsensical being, unfit for life as God wills it.

You see, I could write a book about it, without exhausting the matter. But I know that the view I take of the sex exalts it beyond description, beyond what B. P. J. could ever say or think. Dr. J. Garth Wilkinson has recently given some fine elucidations about the paragon sex in his book about science. Read that before we begin to fight.

DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD.

Pinneberg, Holstein.

#### SPIRITUALISM AND CONJURORS.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Maskelyne's book, and he has, to my thinking, written cleverly (assuming, of course, that he wrote it himself); but to a reader wanting to know the truth of the matter, it sadly fails just where it should explain. Sarcasm and jest will not convince where sober argument is essential.

Spiritualism affords plenty of scope for such a book as Mr. Maskelyne writes, but so does the *Christian World*, in a similar way. It offers any amount of nonsense if we take the trouble to gather it, but would a collection of the weak and odd sayings, doing, sins, and opinions of professing Christians, prove Christianity to be all humbug? I am afraid Mr. Maskelyne would not admit it.

It strikes me that a fair thing now for Mr. Maskelyne to do would be to visit Dr. Slade, and give his candid opinion afterwards in *The Spiritualist* whether it is all a trick or whether there is something in it. He should not object to do this on the ground that he declines to fee a rogue—for he must think *all* mediums such—but he should be manly enough to accept an invitation to witness phenomena in the light, and I am sure Mr. Blackburn will only be too glad to see him come. Now, Mr. Maskelyne, what say you? The conditions are surely all you could desire, and thousands would look with interest for your opinion. Will you, therefore, condescend to oblige or remain away? G. G.

Edinburgh, August 31st.

#### MONSIEUR FABRE, THE DRAWING MEDIUM.

SIR,—I send you a translation of an account which I have received from Monsieur Leymarie of the mediumship of Monsieur Fabre, through whom was produced the very remarkable and beautiful drawing now to be seen at the rooms of the National Association of Spiritualists, and which I mentioned in my notes from Paris.

Gustave Fabre was a journeyman machine smith: he has a slight knowledge of mechanical drawing, as taught to boys at school; but he is illiterate and uneducated, and knows nothing of artistic drawing, such as he has executed mediumistically. He was on the point of drowning himself in the harbour of La Follette, to escape from a life which extreme want had made insupportable, when Mr. Barneaud, a sculptor of some note, came across him, gave him some food, and then set him to work to reduce a block of marble, which, to the astonishment of Mr. Barneaud, he proceeded to do in the most artistic manner, as though he were an old hand. "Why! how is this? You are a sculptor, then?" "Not I," says Fabre, "I never handled chisel or mallet before." "Then," says Barneaud, "you must have been a sculptor in a previous existence;" and then he spoke to him about Spiritualism and reincarnation. Fabre, who was an atheist, said to himself, "This is a noble fellow, but evidently cracked on the subject of spirits." Nevertheless, he listened, and even allowed himself to be taken to *séances*, where he was told by spirit communications that he was a drawing medium, and the reincarnation of Benvenuto Cellini; at which he laughed, and said, jeeringly, "Then I suppose I shall presently execute some wonderful performances." Then, taking up a pencil, he rested the point on a sheet of paper. His hand forthwith began to work as though the object of the guiding force were to give suppleness to his stiff and callous joints.

The next day, and on the succeeding days, his hand drew noses, eyes, ears, and at last a perfect leg, and outlines of figures, remarkable in the boldness and delicacy of their execution. In a fortnight, during which he sat for an hour daily, he drew like a finished artist. By this time he was an enthusiast and a believer, and he asked that Raphael Sanzio, his controlling influence, would make him draw the battle between Constantine and Maxence, of which he had an outline sketch, such as is given to art students. With a free hand, without rest, or rule, or compass, he sketched the outline with an extraordinary delicacy, six times the size of the original, and completed the drawing in a month, in the presence of witnesses. Professional draughtsmen say that it would have taken a first-rate artist a year to execute this splendid and astonishing work. He next made, in six weeks, a copy of Glaize's picture of the capture of Samson by the Philistines. The style is here so different that one would

never suppose that it came from the same hand as the former drawing; the relief is so wonderful, the shadows so deep, and the execution so spirited; the finish is exquisite, and the shadows look as though they were cut out rather than mere pencil strokes. There is also the most delicate stippling, the fineness of which can only be perfectly seen through a strong magnifying glass. In doing all this work, his hand travels with the rapidity of a machine.

Since the above he has produced three heads of Christ, so different in execution, attitude, and touch, from one another, that they are evidently the productions of different artists, who each send us a specimen from their more exalted sphere.

Fabre is now at Marseilles, working at his trade for his daily bread. The picture at the Association rooms is for sale, at £8. A. JOY.

#### SPECULATIONS ABOUT REINCARNATION.

SIR,—There is a passage in Baron Holmfeld's letter in *The Spiritualist* of August 18th, where he professes to quote from the writings of Miss Blackwell, but he does not do so. Instead of this, the Baron writes of "Kakodemons, who rejoice in leading people astray, and who, as Miss Blackwell pertinently has it, 'are only the reflex of the perversity of the medium.'" And he adds, "In this she is right, just as in some other few remarks, which display her truly feminine aspirations." Now, where in the *Prize Essay*, or in any other of that lady's writings, does the sentence or the sentiment occur that kako, or evil demons, "are only the reflex of the perversity of the mediums"? Nowhere! I have authority for saying so. What Miss Blackwell does assert, in page 19 of the *first Prize Essay*, is this; she says, "It is evident that the great mass of medianimic communications can only be a reflex of the present ideas of the spirits who are nearest to the earth, and of the mediums to whom they are sympathetically attracted." Here is a wide difference. Miss Blackwell writes of medial communication not as an effect of the perversity of the medium on spirits, but as a reflex of the present ideas of spirits, as well as a reflex of the present ideas of mediums; while the Baron, by misquotation, confines the cause of evil demons leading people astray to centre in the medium alone, "as *only* the reflex of the perversity of the medium," with the view, apparently, as the context seems to show, of casting a new slur on "feminine aspirations."

It is a perverse thing, to say the least, to misquote this lady, or any other person, for any purpose whatever, and surely it is a very poor way of showing the superiority of mental endowment in the male sex.

There certainly seems good reason in the present day for supposing that, far from kakodemons being "only the reflex of the perversity of the medium," they are, on the contrary, and especially some of them on the phenomenal plane, objectively far more false than any mediums, the latter being apparently, when not under the control of perverse spirits, honest men in the main, while perverse spirits everywhere, as is now well known, and as has been always more than suspected, beat mortals hollow in the art of successful misrepresentation. M. A. (CANTAB.)

#### SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

SIR,—You will, perhaps, kindly allow me a word or two in reply to Mr. C. C. Massey. Knowing, as I do, a little of the "secrets of the sanctum," it never suggested itself to me that investigation and inquiry would convince the whole body of journalists of the truth of the theory of you Spiritualists. But a personal knowledge of the peculiar "facts" of Spiritualism must have, with the majority, the negative result which Mr. Massey admits might be expected; and it is that negative result, in the present position of Spiritualism, that is just needed. So long as ninety-five per cent. of writers for the press put down Spiritualism as trickery, and believe the illusionists of the Egyptian Hall to have shown the whole system to be conjuring and deception, so long will Spiritualism be tabooed as unworthy of more than a passing thought. My own experience has been what, I believe, will be that of every honest newspaper editor who inquires as I have inquired. Twelve months ago it would have been almost impossible for me to have written on Spiritualism without making what I now know would have been deceiving mis-statements, just such as may be read almost daily in our newspapers. Supposing I were a Spiritualist (which I am not), my editorial "we" would, it is true, have no weight; but, my judgment being assisted by some knowledge of the subject, if the question of Spiritualism is referred to or discussed in the journal with which I am connected, it is very likely to be fairly respected, and not made the subject of feeble witticisms. Such fair discussion familiarises the readers with Spiritualism, and is certain to lead to individual study and examination. The opinion of journalists may be *nil* compared with that of scientific men, but, as the latter hold aloof, the former should not be ignored. If five hundred newspaper editors could be convinced to-morrow that the facts of Spiritualism were true, I believe they would before long cause such an uncertain feeling in the minds of the people that scientists would wish to know something and, to see something for themselves; and that is, as I understand, the very consummation for which you are praying. A NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope Dr. Slade will prosecute *The Standard* for calling him a "first-class impostor." It is most unfair that *The Standard* should have refused to publish "A Barrister's" letter (printed in your last number), but newspapers think they have the right to libel mediums with impunity. In the interests of Spiritualism, steps should be taken to protect them. I would myself guarantee £20 towards a fund to aid Dr. Slade in prosecuting *The Standard* for libel. Surely this is a fit subject for consideration by the National Association of Spiritualists at its meeting next Tuesday; indeed, it may not be necessary for the whole Association to take up this matter, since some five or six of its wealthier members could find all the funds without inconvenience to themselves. GEORGINA WELDON.

Tavistock House, Tavistock-square, W.C.

## REMARKABLE SEANCE WITH W. EGLINTON AND ARTHUR CÖLMAN.

SIR,—Knowing that with the names of the distinguished mediums at the top of my letter, the readers of *The Spiritualist* will feel attracted, and peruse with attention the results of their combined powers in a circle, highly favourable, “to set free all there is,” I may be forgiven for taking advantage of the occasion to state (according to my annual custom) my impression about the progress of our cause on the Continent, having returned to England on the same day of the memorable *séance*, last Thursday, August 31st. I spent my holidays this time only in a country place near Hamburg, a capital city for “feeling the pulse” of the slowly-recovering spiritual consciousness of Fatherland. Hamburg is said to be extremely materialistic, and, having an important harbour, is more adapted for communication with other seaports, than with the “unseen universe.” The resistance of old, inborn traditions against the waves of modern culture will always be features of attraction to the student of history; but the redevelopment of the spiritual instincts of human nature in general, crushed under the mighty blocks of modern materialistic philosophy, will present a spectacle which will make observers drop their eyeglasses, fancying themselves spell-bound before other fascinating events of the day. The slow, poor advance of our cause has cowed many a Spiritualist into despair, and killed his hope to hail its triumph in this generation. He would be right if the short, measured steps of the past would indicate a permanent, slow march for ever, but the Press, after continuing its elephant-like trampling on the new intruder, has hurt itself at last, and as soon as people discover the slightest limping, there will be a “make up” for lost time. If I noticed not the least sign of progress since last year by way of increased demand for periodicals or information on the subject of forming circles, the simple fact, that there appeared some months ago in a prominent local paper here an appeal to form an Association for Inquirers into Spiritualism is a more salutary proof of inward growth, than stray records of table-tilting, after perhaps sitting most harmoniously for the “dema-terialisation of roast beef.”

Having satisfied myself that the arguments against our cause had lost much of their former weight, I invited a little party of select friends to the grounds of a brother of mine in Bahrenfeld, near Altona, and with Baron Dirckinck Holmfeld as a guest, felt confidence in doing a little business. In relating our experiences many a smile passed over the lips of our listeners (I perceived even a slight touch of elbows now and then), and we of course, the Baron and myself, exchanged smiles in turn, and when one gentleman very sensibly remarked, that the weighty testimony of scientific men in all countries commanded respect, the assurances of a highly fashionable Russian lady, who is acquainted with Alex. Aksakof's position in the movement, completed a success, which compared splendidly with former attempts, which generally ended in wild rude laughter and abuse. With the first gleam of fairness in newspaper reports there will be a general outburst of long suppressed interest. This is my firm conviction, and that we are drawing near to it shows the unmasked perfidy of recent writers. The eyes of the duped sceptics will be opened, and hands, formerly stretched for applause, will close into fists. That the grand wave of Spiritualism will reach northern Germany last, as Baron Holmfeld remarked, may be true, but a little sprinkling is already perceptible, and if the wind increases, a forerunner of the coming rush may soon be expected. Last Tuesday I departed and alighted in London at the “Mysterious Cave,” as the *World* has it, 8, Upper Bedford-place, where the last vibrations of “sceptical Germany” were quite subdued by meeting Dr. Slade and W. Eglinton. Then, repairing to 38, Woburn-street, the kind welcome of Miss Kislbury would have alone been sufficient to restore the perfect balance of my mind, but to my surprise there came also Mr. C. Blackburn, of grim, sceptical Manchester, and when Mr. Harrison and Mr. Martheze too put in an appearance, indeed it looked like a concocted plan to crush out the bewildering impression of sceptical Fatherland, and in shaking hands with these friends of truth I kicked from behind at the proud professors of matter. Everybody, after some stay on the Continent, and a taste of bitter opposition, will return with increased respect for those who have kept faithful to their convictions, and particularly editors, who, carrying single-handed their paper through the battle without having it torn to pieces, deserve special praise. Personal differences, little bubbles of temper, quite unavoidable in a movement shaking violently the ground under the feet of all co-workers, ought to be taken in good humour; a glance at the grand aim inspiring all, should dissolve petty quarrels instead of allowing them to grow, like Pharaoh's serpents, into ugly forms, which present no other scientific value, than to show what a lot of useless stuff can be made out of small material, if properly ignited.

Let me now describe the marvellous effect of the union of Eglinton's and Cöلمان's mediumship in a perfectly harmonious circle, and I hope your readers will feel compensated for their patience up to this point. We assembled at Mr. Davis's, Alexandra-villas, Clapton. I felt at once to be in an atmosphere of power, before even sitting down, which we did almost mechanically, as if gently pressed down by the invisibles, sharing with us the happy anticipation of grand proceedings, which were soon announced by the direct voice of one of the controlling spirits of Mr. Eglinton. A poodle annoyed me a little by his presence at the beginning, but perfect quiet being effected, I fancied that the animal had been let out without my noticing it. Touches being felt under the table, I put my hand down to the mysterious something. It felt rather cold and clammy; I opened my full hand for the occasion, and secured—the snout of the poodle! An expression of disappointment in the direction where the tail might be guessed coinciding with my own impression (for the dog seemed delighted with my fondling), inspired me with the resolution to order the brute out, which was quickly seconded by the party whose delight with the lovely “fanning” was so cruelly cut short

by the brush of the tail. The dog was placed on the table to be forwarded by the spirits, so as not to disturb our sitting (in the dark). I looked towards the door for a gleam of light when opened by a materialised spirit or entranced medium; but nothing of the kind. After a little while of perfect stillness, there was a kind of shuffling thud. The poodle was outside! I should have liked a look at him, standing with pricked ears, wondering how he came there, sneaking off into his corner, reflecting over the marvels of Spiritualism, as we did inside; for indeed this tremendous fact made up fully for the preceding trouble! Having thus disposed of the brute element in our circle, a succession of wonders followed, like the emptying of an overlaid cask. Mrs. Davis clairvoyantly described clouds, which were later dimly seen by myself at the designated place, and finally became concentrated into the well-known phosphoric lamps, reflecting on the full form of a spirit, floating about several times straight over my head, and in a manner to show a perfect isolation from the mediums—for, although the *séance* was originally intended for Mr. Eglinton's guides, the presence of Mr. Cöلمان's attendant spirits soon became evident. Direct voices spoke with a distinctness which forced on us the impression of being in company with so many additional living beings. When Eglinton's guide spoke quite away from his seat, Cöلمان's “chief” conversed high over his medium's head, and no sooner had I turned my ear in that direction than he spoke close behind me, triumphantly shouting, “What do you say to that?” I never witnessed such a play of detached voices before, and should it nevertheless be produced by elongation of the medium's neck, the giraffes at the “Zoo” would be licked into fits! The amount of “stuff” for the operating spirits must have been enormous, for the brightness of the lamps was surprising, but rather flashing, so that the floating forms could only be caught by glimpses. The moving music-box and ringing bell will kindly forgive for not being noticed, for what followed, after a short pause, was to me the grandest sight of all my past experiences, and, as far as I know, quite new. The curtains of the bow-window touched the walls, dividing thus the whole space across. A chair was placed near the small table (permanent in its place) in the centre, and on this table the burning lamp! contrary to all custom, for I presumed the medium was to be seated there too. I expressed my surprise, but Mrs. Davis acted on impression, as she explained, and so I gave in. We remained round the table as before, Eglinton and Cöلمان sitting opposite, and furthest from the curtain, through which the globe of the lamp and surroundings could be plainly seen; likewise all of us. I now expected the evolving of “forms” from behind the mediums, where a deep shadow would favour the process, for it seemed downright nonsense to me to place the lamp where the centre of development would be expected. Being perplexed where to look out for a figure, we were startled with discovering a shadow thrown on the wall by something between that point and the lamp! I heard a heavy thud, and Mr. Cöلمان exclaimed, “Mr. Eglinton has dropped on the floor!” We watched the curtains, which were pulled, then suddenly separated, and a full figure, the spirit Ernest, moving, bowing, whilst holding the curtains wide apart, to let the light of the lamp reveal every feature, standing there long enough to allow us to rub our eyes, and to make sure whether it were true or not. If ever there was a temptation for a sceptic to rush on a “spirit,” to collar a fellow who found his way through a trap-door, here was one!—as I now, at my breakfast-table, coolly can assert. But at the time no such thought could enter my mind, without making a fool of myself, considering the conditions and locality, and the circle, a family gathering, at which my presence was a mere chance, in consequence of meeting Mr. Eglinton the same morning, and whose kind suggestion brought me into this amiable circle. As I cannot willingly part with my theory, that materialisation must set out from the dark, like the root of a plant, I feel perplexed at finding no such corner in the cabinet in this instance, and having well ascertained that there was no dark passage even from the mediums to the curtains, a distance of at least fifteen feet, I confess I feel in a fix. This was of course the culmination, though not the end, of our tremendous *séance*. The lamp being placed (and light lowered) at the former spot, away from our table, sheets of paper and a pencil were laid near the mediums. One sheet I plainly saw floating unsupported. The pencil was seen moving, but not by me (being too far off), and a message produced, which we read afterwards. To try the spirit's sight in the dark (that is, our darkness), I hit upon a new plan. I drew a cross and a face on paper, and placing a pair of scissors on it, extinguished the light. Cöلمان's “chief” promised to do my experiment, and soon we found, on re-lighting, that the figures were neatly cut out. This little piece of work may now be seen on the table of the reading-room of the National Association. I consider it a marvellous test, as there was no preparation between drawing and cutting, except putting out the light. Then I cut four equal pieces of paper, each being a letter of the name “Joey,” mixed them together, and placed them (letters underneath) on the lid of the music-box. The “chief” said he would do it, and after signal for light, we found the pieces arranged J-o-e-y inside the box. The fact occurred within about a quarter of a minute; the explanation may require a quarter of a century. As for the total effect, or the sensation, on our whole organism, the appearance of the spirit Ernest in full splendour, at a distance from the medium, bore away the palm, although the mysterious forms floating high in the air were fascinating in the extreme; but I almost hesitate where to give the first prize when I recollect how Samuel's (Dr. Monck's control) rough voice greeted me, and his hands shook my head, out of sheer joy after my long absence. The close resemblance of his voice here to that in our circle in Manchester, with all the peculiarities of Dr. Monck's organ, when controlled, baffled me so much that it would have been a relief to me to see Dr. Monck coming out of his concealment. In short, I feel bewildered by the succession of tremendous facts, among which the, to me, unmistakable signs of the presence of my own spirit guide was of course the most gratifying. At the close of our meeting we read the letter addressed to me, which, although I believe it to be direct

spirit-writing, seems not to me direct communication, for I discovered in it a mere composition of details previously passing, partly, at least, between mine and Mr. Eglinton's lips. There is now before us a stupendous stock of facts! Careful selection will perhaps result in only a tiny small sediment of truly spiritual grains and pearls, but these are precious, and well worth soiling our hands for in the search among the enormous heaps of rubbish, and what we may call the perplexities of mediumship.

This distinction, so ably advocated by the Editor of *The Spiritualist* will probably elevate his paper, after hot and fierce attacks, to the dignity of the true exponent of our cause, a kind of stage, on which the scenes may be presented open to all points of view—the *beau idéal* of a real mirror of truth!

CHRISTIAN REIMERS.

#### AT THE CAVE OF MYSTERY.

A LONG and amusing article with the above title, in *The World* of last week, gives the following description of Dr. Slade, Mr. Simmons, and their surroundings:—

I found myself in the society of a pleasant middle-aged gentleman and of a young lady attired in spotless white. The young lady was writing at a davenport in a corner, with her back to the rest of the room; the gentleman was smoking a cigar in a low-seated reclining chair, and faced the door by which I entered. The former, after one critical glance over her shoulder, dismissed me silently as an unsatisfactory male object, and did not again deign to look round from her writing. The latter shook hands with me kindly, while I stammered out my wish to consult Dr. Slade, and in a few minutes we were smoking amicably together, like friends of long standing, with similar tastes and views. This gentleman was Mr. Simmons, the secretary or agent of Dr. Slade, who, if I may venture to say so, is particularly fortunate in his man of business. There is nothing mystical about Mr. Simmons, who, by his tone, manner, and conversation, restored me to earth, dispelled my tremulous fears, put me at my ease, and made me feel that talking familiarly with your great grandmother or maiden aunt deceased is far less wonderful than that the Democratic party should have been so long out of office in the United States.

You have only to accept "the truths of Spiritualism" as too firmly established for argument, and to speak of them as you would of a leader in that morning's *Times*, to find Mr. Simmons an intelligent and pleasing companion, with a sedate placidity of manner, and a judicially deliberate utterance, which are both fascinating and reassuring. He is dressed in a complete suit of black, with a surtout-coat and whity-brown ankles, caused by a broad margin of sock becoming visible between his trousers and stout highlows as he rocks himself back in the low chair. A black silk sailor's knot partly covers the shirt-wrinkles the open waistcoat would otherwise reveal. He has a broad, shrewd, pleasant face, and a stoutly-built English figure. His bushy brown beard and full whiskers are beginning to be tinged with grey, and his thick hair surmounts a broad forehead and a square and solid face. He looks the sort of stuff out of which elders, deacons, and popular local preachers are made, not of the ascetic, but genial type, ready to make allowances for, while smiling at, the weaknesses of unbelief, and I could quite fancy him inspiring confidence in many a wavering soul. His air of solid repose, and the quiet confidence with which he brushed away, as it were, the human animalcula who doubted Spiritualism, or presumed to apply vulgar mundane tests to its marvels, impressed me highly, and seemed to gather strength from the every-day character of the apartment in which they were observed. For this antechamber to the Cave of Mystery had nothing to distinguish it from any other well-furnished London lodging. A handsome well-proportioned room, with the light from three lofty windows streaming over its bright green carpet and new and highly-polished tables and chairs, it had just that lack of odds and ends and nicknacks which distinguish the temporary lodging from the permanent home, and was as little calculated to suggest mystic communion between this world and the next as a comic song or any other the most vulgar thing to sense.

Mr. Simmons was far above affectation or pretence, and his very frankness had its effect. Asked as to the length of Dr. Slade's stay in London, he replied, "Wal, this is a business tower, and we air under contract to be in St. Peters-

burg in October. We have taken London city on our way; it is a first visit, and so far people seem to have been pleased with the manifestations. Yes, sir, the intelligences have been under control and favourable, and investigators have been satisfied." Thus ended my first visit to the Cave of Mystery. Other visitors, disgustingly prudent creatures, who had made appointments beforehand, came in; and I left Mr. Simmons booking ten o'clock the next morning in his diary for my consultation with Dr. Slade.

A wholly different type of man this doctor. He and Mr. Simmons were seated side by side in the room already described when I presented myself, and, shade of Jane Austen!—I dubbed them Sense and Sensibility at the first glance. The contrast between the two was complete. A highly-wrought nervous temperament, a dreamy mystical face, regular features, eyes luminous with expression, a rather sad smile, and a certain melancholy grace of manner were the impressions conveyed by the tall lithe figure introduced to me as Dr. Slade. He is the sort of man you would pick out of a roomful as an enthusiast. He at once invited me into a back room on the same floor, in the centre of which stood a small table, without a cloth or other covering. We were now alone together, the door was closed, and, responding to Dr. Slade's invitation, I seated myself at one side of the table, he also sitting at it sideways. The corner of the table was between us. The table was about five feet by four, had four legs, no ledge below, or covering upon it. It would be difficult to imagine anything simpler or more above-board, as we both placed our palms upon it.

Dr. Slade's long, white, nervous fingers had scarcely touched mine when a violent knocking began. The doctor became visibly agitated. There is no mistaking the signs of genuine agitation; and I may say at once that Dr. Slade's own transitions of expression, his excitement, and subsequent exhaustion impressed me as strongly as anything which happened during this curious interview. "You are a medium, sir!" he gasped; and I, feeling like the man who had talked prose all his life without knowing it, smiled feebly, as if to say, "So you've found me out." The knocking immediately became more vehement, and the doctor declared the spirit (of his wife) wished to pronounce upon my claims to mediumship. There were a couple of ordinary-looking school slates lying near, and taking one of these, and placing on it loosely a tiny piece of common slate-pencil, bitten from a stick, and about the size of a grain of wheat, the doctor held the slate under the table with one hand, saying at the same time, "Is this gentleman a medium, Allie?" The words were hardly spoken before there was a sound of writing, followed by two or three vigorous taps. The slate was looked at, and "He is not," in a flowing hand, was written on it.

Then came more and violent knockings at the table, a chair at the farthest corner from Dr. Slade was lifted rapidly in the air, and then hurled to the ground without visible agency. My coat and trousers were plucked violently, and I was pinched and patted, all with great rapidity, and in quarters which it seemed absolutely impossible Dr. Slade could reach. A hand appeared and disappeared fitfully, but with unmistakable reality, close to me; and when the slate was produced with a similar crumb of pencil, once on it when it was held under the table, and once under it when it was placed on the table, messages of various kinds were inscribed rapidly, and in different handwritings.

I explained to Dr. Slade that, while I was both puzzled and impressed by what I saw and felt—for I was being pinched and patted and had "spirit hands" flickering before me at intervals all this time—it would be, I submitted, very much more satisfactory if I could receive a communication of an individual and unmistakably personal character. Dr. Slade agreed with me, but explained that at a first visit the phenomena were as a rule of a general character, as if to place their reality and the absence of all trickery beyond dispute; and then at a subsequent visit, when "the ground had been thus cleared," there were frequently communications of the direct character I craved.

I had not and have not a glimmering of an idea how the effects described had been produced, and I came away inexpressibly puzzled and perplexed. I had seen so much that my spirit craved for more.

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