

(Mr. Munton) had been rebuked for attempting to designate Professor Lankester as a "skilled observer." He now apologised for using the expression, as he had come to the conclusion that that gentleman in this particular business had shown himself to be a very unskilled observer. (Laughter.) Referring to the objections frequently raised to "paid mediums," Mr. Munton said that unfortunately the persons gifted with those powers were not generally rich, and could not, therefore, afford to be philanthropists; besides which they were as much entitled to be paid for their services as either Mr. Lewis or himself.

Mr. Flowers—But yours are "material" services. (Laughter.)

Mr. Munton—Yes. But the clergy are paid, and their services can hardly be said to be "material." He urged that numbers of eminent persons in this country accepted the truth of the phenomena, and that it was a subject for honest investigation, and not to be crushed by an endeavour to strain the provisions of the Vagrant Act, which was passed with the view of protecting ignorant persons from "fortune tellers," and had no more real application to this new science than to anything which might be discovered fifty years hence. The fourth section of the Act was apparently that under which the summons was issued. Shortly set forth, it dealt with "every person pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or devices by palmistry or otherwise to deceive or impose on any of Her Majesty's subjects." Now, there was no such thing as craft and device, except so far as they related to the words which went before, and these words must be taken *ejusdem generis* with the words "telling fortunes" and "palmistry." No one said that Slade pretended to tell fortunes, while it was admitted that it had nothing to do with palmistry.

Mr. Lewis begged to be understood as admitting nothing of the sort.

Mr. Munton—There was not a pretence that it had anything to do with palmistry.

Mr. Lewis—The whole evidence went to show that it was done by sleight of hand and palmistry.

Mr. Munton—What was meant by palmistry?

Mr. Lewis—Something done with the palm of the hand.

Mr. Munton said he would not suppose Mr. Lewis was serious; indeed, it could not be argued that because a man was unable to hold a slate under the table without taking the palm of his hand with him that that had anything to do with palmistry within the well-known meaning of that term. Another point was the intention to defraud by false pretences, but there was no evidence of false pretences. If Professor Lankester or Dr. Doukin had said, "I paid a pound to Simmons because I believed what Slade said," he (Mr. Munton) might have felt himself in a different position, but a false pretence in law must, to make it complete, be not only false as a fact, but be believed in and relied on by the person paying his money. All the witnesses said was, "We should not have paid our money, if we had known it was conjuring." What he submitted, then, was that there was no evidence whatever that any representations were made by Slade to those gentleman on the faith of which they had parted with their money. Consequently, apart from other circumstances, there was no false pretence within the meaning of the law, and that part of the case failed entirely. With regard to Dr. Slade, he was an utter stranger in this country; he came here on his way to Russia to fulfil an engagement there under distinguished scientific auspices, and he (Mr. Munton) thought it specially hard that Slade, a foreigner, should be selected for prosecution when there were Englishmen, with their friends around them who could have been equally well proceeded against if there were any question to raise. Whatever was the result at the trial, it could not fail to be most disastrous to Dr. Slade. Before sitting down he would mention the names of a few of the large number of persons who had certified to the genuineness of the phenomena—gentlemen of undoubted position; for example: Archbishop Whately, Mr. A. R. Wallace (President of the Biological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science), Lord Lindsay, F.R.S., Mr. Gerald Massey, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen (formerly American Minister at the Court of Naples), Captain

R. F. Burton (the traveller), and Mr. Serjeant Cox. He did not pretend that these gentlemen were Spiritualists, but they had examined into the phenomena, and had no doubt as to their genuineness. The subject had been so much inquired into that there were some thirty newspapers in Europe and America devoting themselves entirely to it, amongst them *The Spiritualist*—a London journal that frequently contained very well-written articles of much interest, and which inexperienced inquirers would do well to peruse. Mr. Munton then concluded his "lengthy" speech, which had been listened to throughout with great attention, saying that he earnestly and confidently submitted to the magistrate that the charge against Dr. Slade had wholly failed, and that his client ought to go free. (Applause.)

EVIDENCE IN DEFENCE OF DR. SLADE.

THE TESTIMONY OF MR. SERJEANT COX.

LAST Saturday, at Bow-street police-court, after the delivery of Mr. Munton's speech in defence of Dr. Slade, the following colloquy took place:—

Mr. Munton was, he said, anxious to call Mr. Serjeant Cox, Mr. Wallace, and another witness, upon this part of the case.

Mr. Flowers: If you will limit yourself to those witnesses, I have no objection to them being called.

Mr. Munton: I intend to call four witnesses, who will not take more than five minutes each.

Mr. Lewis: Will you dispose of your case to-day?

Mr. Munton: I desire to call Mr. Serjeant Cox, and he is not here.

Mr. Flowers: Mr. Serjeant Cox will probably be the judge who will try the case if you appeal from my decision.—The Court then adjourned for half-an-hour.

Upon the Court re-assembling,

Mr. Munton (addressing Mr. Flowers) said: I have considered what should be done in relation to the evidence of Mr. Serjeant Cox. I should be sorry to cause an adjournment for that evidence. You have spoken, sir, of reading a letter by the learned serjeant on the subject. Might I ask whether that is the letter which he wrote as president of the Psychological Society of Great Britain?

Mr. Flowers: It is.

Mr. Munton: Then if your worship will allow me to read the letter in question for what it is worth, I shall not call Serjeant Cox.

Mr. Flowers: Very well; read the letter, if you please.

Mr. Munton proceeded to read as follows the letter in question, which appeared in *The Spiritualist* of August 11th:—

Having undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favour, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychological phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

I sat alone with him, at three o'clock, in a room at 8, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet by four, having four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body being fully in my view as he faced me. I sat at the side, the corner of the table between us. As I sat I could see half-way below the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, which was wholly exposed in full daylight. An ordinary drawing-room chair was about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A heavy arm-chair was in the corner of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate pencil were upon the table.

Instantly upon taking our seats very loud rattling came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of furious blows upon the table, jarring my hands as they were laying upon it. These blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given with a sledge hammer, were being made. Dr. Slade's hands were on the table upon my hands, and his whole body to his feet was fully before my eyes. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate, after I had carefully inspected it, to be assured that no writing was upon it, and placing there a piece of slate pencil, the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate tightly below but against the slab of the table. Presently I heard the sound as of writing on a slate. The slate was removed, and on it a zigzag line was drawn from end to end.

At this moment the chair that I had described as standing by the table was lifted up to a level with the table, held in that position for several seconds, and then dropped to the floor. While the chair was so suspended in the air I carefully noted Dr. Slade. It was far beyond his reach. But his hands were under my hands, and his feet were fully in view near my own on the side of the table opposite to that on which the chair had risen.

While I was taking note of his position at this moment, a hand rudely grasped my knee on the opposite side to where Dr. Slade was seated, and his hands were still in mine on the table.

Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present, and desired the slate. After the slate had been carefully cleaned, it was laid upon the top of the table, with a like piece of pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and I placed my left hand, and with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did also distinctly hear, something writing upon it. The communication was evidently a long one; but, before I report the result, I desire to note here a remarkable phenomenon, to my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the parties, therefore I repeat it.

Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the slate that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from mine it ceased instantly, and

as instantly was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

Here, then, was a chain or circle formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade's arms and body, the slate being between us, my hand at one end of it, his hand at the other end, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was. When the chain was broken forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was re-formed the writing was at once resumed. The effect was instantaneous. In this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychological mystery.

Some rapid rappings, indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:—

"DEAR SERJ.—You are now investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in most cases make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth, to make man and woman better, wiser, and purer.—I am truly,
"A. W. SLADE."

While I was reading this a hand again grasped my knee furthest from Dr. Slade, whose hands were at that moment holding the slate that I might copy the writing. As I wrote, a hand, which I saw distinctly, came from under the table, seized my waistcoat, and pulled it violently.

Seeing this I took the pencil with which I was copying the words, and laid it at the edge of the table furthest from Dr. Slade, and far beyond his reach, the end of the pencil projecting about two inches over the ledge. I asked if the hand would take the pencil. Fortwith a hand came from under the table, seized the pencil, and threw it upon the floor. I again asked that it would pick up the pencil and bring it to me. In a minute it was brought and put upon the table by my side. I saw the hand that brought it as distinctly as I could see my own. It was a small hand, seemingly that of a woman.

Again the slate was cleaned and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil upon the slate, and its motion as every word was written:—

"I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen's physician. God bless you.
"J. FORBES."

While I was reading this, the hand again came from under the table and seized the sleeve of my coat, and tried to pull my arm down, but I resisted, and it disappeared. Then it came up again, as if from my legs, and caught the eye-glass that was hanging from my neck, and opened it. During all these phenomena Dr. Slade's hands were before me on the table, and his feet full in my view upon the floor. The hand on each occasion came from the side of the table opposite to where Dr. Slade was sitting. He was seated on my left, and the hand came and seized me on my right leg, in a position impossible to him. The hand I saw was not half the size of Dr. Slade's hand. It touched my hand three times, and I could feel that it was warm, soft, and moist, and as solid and fleshy as my own.

Again the slate was cleaned and held under the table tight against the wood, one half of it projecting beyond the edge, so that I might be assured that it was tightly pressed against the wood; but the slate was seized, and with great force drawn away, and rapidly raised above me and placed upon my head. In this position the sound of writing upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it, I found written upon it the following words:—

"Man must not doubt any more, when we can come in this way.
"J. F., M.D."

Then the large arm-chair, rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed to the table.

Again the slate was placed under the table, and projecting from it. A hand twice seized and shook my leg, both of the hands of Dr. Slade being at the moment before me, and his whole person visible.

Thus ended this experiment. All that I have reported was done, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can say only that I was in the full possession of my senses; that I was wide awake; that it was in broad daylight; that Dr. Slade was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me.

That it was not a self-delusion is shown by this, that any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their causes, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained, by doing the same thing, and showing how it is done.

August 21st, 1876.

Mr. Munton: Now, having read that letter, if Mr. Lewis does not ask for Serjeant Cox to attend here for cross-examination, I will not trouble the court with any observations upon it.

Mr. Lewis made no response.

EVIDENCE OF MR. A. R. WALLACE, PRESIDENT OF THE BIOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Alfred Russel Wallace was accordingly called, and examined by Mr. Munton: I am an author. I have written works on natural history. I have written a work entitled, *The Miracles of Modern Spiritualism*. I have been investigating this subject for eleven years. I have had many sittings with paid mediums, but probably ten times as many sittings in private families. These sittings satisfied me of the genuineness of the phenomena, and that they proceeded from some unknown force. I know the defendant Slade. I have had three sittings with him. On the 9th of August I sat down with him in the back room. I took up the slate, examined it, and thoroughly cleaned it myself with a wet sponge. We then both rubbed it until it was dry. A small crumb of slate pencil was then placed upon it. It was then placed under the side of the table, and held close to the woodwork. A sound of writing was heard, and in a few seconds the slate was produced with writing upon it. The slate was close to the woodwork of the table, and Slade held it by the thumb. The message was certainly on the upper side of the slate; that which faced the lower surface of the table. Slade moved the slate deliberately from under the table. There was no shuffling on his part. I cannot say the purport of the message. Two or three messages of this kind were produced while Slade held the slate. I then wished to hold it myself. He cleaned it with his hand, and I held it close under the table, as he had done, both his hands being on the table upon my other hand. The result was that I heard writing, as before, and taking out the slate, I read writing upon it. The next experiment was on the slate when it lay on the table with a bit of pencil under it. Writing was again heard, and a message appeared. No other experiment was made on that occasion. I paid another visit to Dr. Slade on October the 7th, since the commencement of this inquiry. On that occasion, after several trials, when nothing occurred, he held the slate under the table again, when we heard a faint sound of writing, and on bringing the slate

out we found upon it the words "Can't now." I examined the slate, and could distinctly see the dust of the slate pencil. I went to Slade again on Oct. 14, after the table had been impounded here, and found a common mahogany Pembroke table with two brackets. Dr. Slade pushed back the bracket between us, saying it was in the way. On that occasion I took a small bookslate. Pieces of pencil were put between the slates, and Dr. Slade held it under the corner of the table. He was in a state of considerable agitation, passing the slate from the table frequently. I do not think there was more than one or two seconds during which I did not see the slate. Dr. Slade apologised for touching my body with the slate, but said he could not help it. The slate was not out of my sight more than a second or two, and it was impossible Slade could have written upon it. The message which came was in four distinct lines, with the "i" dotted where it occurred, and the "t" crossed. The message was, "Is this proof? I hope so."

You have heard witnesses speak of convulsive movements on the part of Dr. Slade. In your experience have you found that to be exceedingly common?—So common as to be an almost universal characteristic of mediums.

From beginning to end of your sitting was there anything indicative of imposture?—I could see nothing whatever indicative of imposture.

Were there any raps or movements that attracted your attention?—I heard the raps and felt the touches which have been described, but the most remarkable thing was that the flat table, when my hands and those of Dr. Slade were clasped together, rose up, and almost instantaneously turned completely over on to the top of my head and slid down my back. (Laughter.)

Was it possible that this could have been produced by Slade's feet or legs?—I think not. It appeared to me to be absolutely impossible.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: Did you understand from the defendant who wrote this message "Is this proof?"

Witness: I did not on that occasion. On the previous occasion he had a message signed "Allie," and he then told me that "Allie" was the spirit of his wife.

On the occasion of the message, "Is this proof?" did Slade lead you to suppose it was spirit-writing?—On that occasion there was not a word spoken on the subject between us. The writing was there, and that was what I took particular notice of.

What did you understand by this message?—I understood it to be "is it proof" of a power not his own.

The slate had four divisions; a piece of pencil was placed between each?—Yes.

But no writing appeared except just under the lid?—No. He did not press this slate up against the lower portion of the table.

Did he explain to you that if he had pressed the slate up against the table, it would be impossible to write inside?—No, he did not.

Did that fact occur to you?—It did not occur to me that one would be more proof than the other.

Does it occur to you now that if he had pressed the slate against the under surface of the table that it would be impossible to write inside it?—Yes.

Mr. Flowers: Even by a spirit, you know?

Mr. Lewis: Oh, no. (Laughter.)

But the impossibility would be somewhat removed if the slate was not pressed up against the under surface of the table?—Yes. Before the message appeared he moved about a great deal. I believe that he could not help that; it is an old experience of mine.

Will you look at that slate (produced), which was handed in by Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and say whether you see any resemblance to the handwriting which you got?—(After inspection): Well, there is a general resemblance, I believe.

Does it appear to you to be writing done under difficulty?—No. It appears to me to be plain, quick writing, done without any difficulty whatever.

Before you went to make this inquiry did you insist upon seeing Slade's writing, to show you his style of handwriting?—No; certainly not.

Why didn't you ask for it?—Because I did not consider that I had any bearing upon the subject.

Why not?—Because the only evidence I would expect would be evidence that he could not have done it.

Would you not think that if the writing on the slate was like his writing that it would be some evidence?—Not if I had direct ocular evidence to the contrary.

Did Slade explain to you why the slate was put under the corner of the table?—That seems self-evident. If it were put under any other part it would have been further from me, and, of course, further from my observation.

Was the bracket near the corner of the table?—Yes; of the double table.

But I speak of the last time you went?—The bracket was shut up where the slate was held. When, on the previous occasion, I asked Slade why the slate was put under the table, he said he could not help it, that he had no power over the place at which it was held, and that the slate moved involuntarily. I believe that the motion of Slade's arm was to some extent involuntary.

Did he explain why it was necessary to use the table?—No.

Did you ask him?—No.

Could it not have been done on the sideboard or mantelpiece?—I did not ask him. It would have been a foolish question.

Did you ask him if the spirit could write on a locked slate?—No.

Did it not strike you as singular that writing could not be produced on a locked slate?—I don't know that it could not have been produced. I don't believe that Slade could not produce it. The only fact is that he did not produce it on that occasion.

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EVIDENCE IN DEFENCE OF DR. SLADE.

Continued from page 161.

You have said that you do not pay much attention to the writing?—I attach no importance whatever to the message.

What do you mean by that?—I have seen many, and they possess a general similarity. I attach importance to the fact that there is writing, not to the subject matter of the writing. On the first occasion he told me the messages were written by spirits, and I understood they all were. I did not investigate Slade's history before I went there.

Mr. Flowers: You took your own slate, you say; did you take the pencil also?

Witness: I did not.

Mr. Hutton's slate was handed to the witness, and he was asked by Mr. Flowers whether he could read the writing upon it, but he was unable to do so, although he saw in the characters a similarity to the writing on his own slate.

Re-examined: You went there to investigate the phenomena of slate writing?—Yes.

Re-examined by Mr. Munton: I have generally found that there is no reliance to be placed on identity in the matter of the messages. I have heard it said that some slates are one of the recognised conditions for slate writing. I may add that during the whole time that the slate was being held by Slade his feet and knees were fully visible to me outside the table, as he was sitting sideways.

EVIDENCE OF DR. GEORGE WYLD.

George Wyld, M.D., 12, Great Cumberland-place, was next examined. He said he had resided in Great Cumberland-place for twenty-two years, and had believed in mesmerism for thirty-five years, and in Spiritualism for twenty-two years. He paid three visits to Dr. Slade between the 4th and the 12th of August, and had about twenty experiments, but, to save the time of the court, he would confine his observations to two experiments. These he called his *crucial* experiments. He wished to remark that, although a believer in Dr. Slade, he yet acted as if he were a sceptic, because he wished to obtain test experiments, in order to convince his brother, Mr. Wyld, Doctor of Philosophy, Edinburgh, who was a philosophical sceptic in these matters. Dr. Slade willingly submitted to Dr. Wyld's crucial tests. He proceeded to say:—The first experiment was thus performed—I held both Dr. Slade's feet with my feet; I held his right hand in my left hand, and his left hand lay before me on the table. I then took up the slate, minutely examined it, and found it a dry, dusty slate; there was no possibility of there being sympathetic writing on it. I examined it for a minute or two. I then placed a crumb of pencil on the slate, and placed the slate below the flap of the table, holding it tightly to the under surface, retaining meanwhile my hold of Dr. Slade's feet and right hand, while his left hand lay upon the table. Immediately I heard writing, which became louder and louder as I approached my ear to the slate. Three raps were given. I drew out the slate slowly and carefully, as if it had been a drawer, and there lay the little bit of pencil and this message—"Let this convince you." Again I took up the slate, cleaned it, and placed the crumb of pencil on the surface of the table; and now, holding both Dr. Slade's feet with my feet, and his right hand in my left hand, I covered the bit of pencil with the slate, and then seized Dr. Slade's remaining hand, and rested my elbow on the slate. Immediately writing was heard, then three raps. I then lifted the slate, and there found a message of a secret family nature, involving four family names. During the twenty experiments I never allowed the slate to be out of my sight, and during these two crucial experiments I did not allow Slade to touch the slate, it was in my own hands from first to last. These facts enable me to say, solemnly, that I am not more convinced of my own existence than I am that the writing appeared on my slate without the intervention of human hands. The convulsions spoken of as affecting Dr. Slade are well known to medical men under the name of *chorea*; they, more or less, affect all mediums when under influence. The hoarse clearing of the throat is, also, purely a nervous affection, called *hysterical throat*, very commonly affecting public speakers and others when agitated. All the writing I had in my twenty experiments was, beyond all doubt, the dry dusty writing of slate-pencil.

By Mr. Lewis: Did you ever, Dr. Wyld, see Mrs. Guppy come through the ceiling?—No, Mr. Lewis, I never did. (Laughter.)

The message convinced you?—My twenty-two years' experience convinced me.

Were you present when Professor Lankester seized the slate?—I was not; and I am glad I was not present, as I might, perhaps, have been tempted to use a little psychic force. (Laughter.)

EVIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE C. JOAD.

George Curling Joad examined: I am nothing at all; I am nobody. (Laughter.)

Are you a gentleman of independent means?—Yes.

Mr. Joad continued: I reside at Oakfield, Wimbledon-park. I have seen the defendant Slade on five different occasions. I wrote one letter to the *Times*. I have not had much experience in this matter. Three months ago I thought the whole thing humbug. I went on the first occasion before Professor Lankester. On the first occasion I did not apply any particular test. I went twice after that to test him. On reading Professor Lankester's letter I wrote to the defendant, and said that as I was not satisfied, I should like to see him again, and he appointed an interview. I accordingly went on the Monday morning, and took with me a double slate. I first examined a slate of Dr. Slade's, in order to see whether it was free from writing. I placed my initials at one corner. He then put the slate under the corner of the table, in such a way that my initials projected. The sound of writing occurred almost immediately, and the slate was raised without going out of my sight at

all, and I saw a short message, "We are here," or something of that sort. I then said I would like to try my book slate, and he placed between the two slates a crumb of pencil, and placed it under the table, without it having been out of my sight for an instant. It was then closed, and writing took place on one side of my slate. The slate was next turned over, and a piece of pencil placed on the side which was free from writing. Slade raised the slate, and placed it on my shoulder within my view, and I immediately heard the sound of writing close to my ear. The slate was brought down, and a message was found written on it, "We cannot do more now. Allie." I was pretty well convinced by this that the writing was genuine; but since this inquiry commenced I wished to try two slates of my own tied together with a string. Dr. Slade consented to this. I took two slates to him. He first said he would try a slate of his own to see how the power was. He was about to put mine under the corner of the table as usual, but it seemed to be pushed away, and he remarked that the power was very strong. He kept swaying it to and fro a good deal; ultimately it came very near the ground, and I heard a sound as of a mallet or a hammer striking, and the slate flew into pieces. Slade then said he would try again with a slate of his own. He placed a slate under the table, and asked whether writing would come with tied slates, and the reply was, "We will try." I said to him that I did not see how I could now tie my slates together, as one of them had been broken. (Laughter.) Slade then got a slate of his own which was at hand. It was of the same size as mine. I examined it, and found it clean. A piece of pencil was put on my slate. Slade's slate was next placed on the top of mine, and the two were tied together. He then took them up by one corner to place under the table, but they also appeared to be pushed away. I said, "Perhaps they want to write on the table." He replied, "We will try." He asked me to hold the opposite corner to himself, which I did, and we held the slates above the table, our fingers resting on the table. In two seconds the sound of writing was heard, and continued for at least five minutes. I said to Slade, "I want to open these myself." I then opened the slates, which had never been out of my sight, and on both the inner sides (his slate and mine) there appeared a long message containing 67 words. That was perfectly convincing to me as to the slate writing. A hand-bell was placed on the floor. I could see the whole of Dr. Slade's body. He asked for the bell to be rung, and it was rung twice. Then the bell rose up, passed over the table between him and me, and fell on the floor on the other side.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: I examined the bell. I found nothing whatever. I did not ask him to account for the phenomenon. He did not say whether he broke the slate himself, or offer any explanation with reference to it. I did not ask him for any explanation. I did not want to ask him.

EVIDENCE OF MR. ALGERNON JOY, M. INST. C.E.

Algernon Joy, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and formerly in the Royal Artillery: I have been interested in Spiritualism for over fifteen years. I had a *séance* with Slade at New York a year ago, which I described in a letter to the *Times*. I went, without any previous arrangement, with Colonel Olcott and Mr. Massey. They had a *séance* first, and after it was over, Slade took me at once into his *séance* room, without any previous communication with Simmons. There were two or three strong gas burners full on, immediately over the table we sat at, which was just like the one in court. Slade sat with his chair turned towards me and sideways to the table, and close up to and square against it, so that he could not possibly move his legs over to the other side, as the leg of the table was in the way, and close against his leg and the chair. Moreover, his legs were never out of my sight. I sat against the flap of the table, and close to the corner, so that I could see his whole body all the time, and I overlooked him as much as possible. It did not occur to me, as it did to some witnesses for the prosecution, to avoid looking into things. A chair, opposite me, and about two or three feet behind Slade's left shoulder, rose slowly six or eight inches in the air, and then toppled over away from Slade, and lay on the ground about three yards from him. I got up, examined the floor, which was carpeted, and the chair, and satisfied myself that there were no wires or hairs or machinery connected with it. Subsequently, the chair, which I could see from my seat as it lay on the floor, got up, and came back to its place at the table. Slade never once left his seat during the whole *séance*. I stood up at some distance from him, holding the slate up against him so that he could not see my hand nor the surface of the slate nearest me. I also made him turn his head on one side. There was no looking-glass in the room. I then wrote, "Is my father Henry here to-night?" My reason for wording the question so peculiarly was that after I had written "Is my father," Slade said, "You had better give the name of the spirit you wish to hear from." I then turned the slate over on to my hand, so that my hand covered the writing, and the blank surface was uppermost. Slade took hold of one corner, and we passed the slate under the table, when he instantly let go. I heard a sound as of slate writing, and on bringing the slate up found on the upper surface the words, "Your father, Henry, is not present." The slate had never left my hand, and Slade had never had an opportunity of seeing my question, or of writing on the slate, unless he did it by psychic force, whatever that may be, and had found out my question by clairvoyance or mind-reading, if there is such a thing. I can swear that Slade did not write it by any ordinary means, or by conjuring, or anything of the kind. I have had three sittings since Lankester's letter appeared in the *Times*. Once I went with Miss Kinslingbury, who brought a new book-slate with her. It was never out of my sight for more than three seconds at a time, except when Miss Kinslingbury sat upon it. We opened it, and saw that there was no writing on it. Immediately afterwards Slade took it and held it under the table for ten or twelve seconds, during the greater part of which I could see a good portion of the corner projecting beyond the table. It

was a front corner, and not a corner next to the hinged side, and I could see that the slate was closed all the time. He then brought it up and rested it partly on the edge of the table, when we heard the sound of writing begin, which continued for five minutes, during which he slid the slate forward till it rested completely on the table, and then turned his hand over and rested the tips of his five fingers on the top of it. On opening it we found the message which I produce. Mr. Joy handed the slate to the magistrate. The message was as follows:—"Dear Friend,—We all feel to bless you for the kindness shone my dear husband. I hope he will not get discouraged, for all will be well for him. He is in the right, and in coming years will prove it so. I shall be with him to encourage and to give him strength.—I am truly, A. W. SLADE."

Mr. Lewis (examining the message and handing it to the magistrate): You will observe that the spirit does not spell very well. "Shewn" is written "shone." (Laughter.)

Mr. Flowers: They spell in the other world as they spelled in this, and a spirit that spelled badly would go on spelling badly. (Laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: While I was in New York I took an opportunity of seeing as much as I could of several of the leading Spiritualists there, and though there is no class of beings about whom more scandalous stories are told than mediums, I did not hear a whisper against Slade's fair fame. There is no class who say more evil about each other than mediums, but even among them, some ten or a dozen whom I heard express an opinion had not a word to say against him.

Did Slade say anything against any other medium?—No.
Did it not occur to you that three persons might discover what one would not?—Yes, but my experience in Spiritualism taught me that there were other reasons against the admission of more than two at a time. With some mediums the presence of mixed influences draws from and exhausts them.

Mr. Munton desired to put in as evidence a framed slate, which had written on its surface the Lord's Prayer in Greek, obtained at a *séance* at Dr. Slade's by a gentleman from Manchester.

Mr. Flowers: I do not think it necessary. Your evidence is already overwhelming, supposing that I take it into consideration.

EVIDENCE OF MR. GEOFFREY SIMMONS.

Geoffrey Simmons: I reside at 8, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square. I arrived in England two or three months since. I am an American. Prior to the war between the Northern and Southern States I was a merchant there. From April, 1863, until the close of the war I was officially recognised as a sutler. I have known Slade personally since January, 1863. After the war broke out in 1863 Slade resided at Jackson. At the time Slade was practising as a clairvoyant physician. At that time, according to the law of the States, men of that class paid a tax to the revenue. It was an internal revenue tax.

Mr. Lewis: What was the name of it; a showman's tax? (Hisses and laughter.)

Mr. Munton having protested against this interruption, the examination proceeded.

Witness: It was a physician's tax. Dr. Slade has always, since I have known him, been a man in delicate health. He proposed to me at that time that I should go to Jackson, with a view to carrying on the commercial part of his practice. That was because he required some assistance. Besides, the state of his health compelled him. He had two places of business. They were 75 miles apart. In the course of his practice he visited both. I accepted his proposal, after taking time to consider it. The war having ceased, and I not being engaged in my business, I agreed to stop with him; and for some years I acted as his secretary and treasurer, and carried on the commercial part of the business.

I believe you, after a time, shared the proceeds?—Yes.
Do you recollect Dr. Slade marrying in 1868?—Yes.
Did he marry a lady publicly known as a lecturer on Spiritualism?—Yes.

And did that lady die about a year after her marriage?—Yes.
Do you know of your own knowledge that these manifestations occurred to Slade?—Yes.

After Mrs. Slade's death did Dr. Slade commence to give sittings something like those he has been giving in England?—He had been giving sittings before I saw him, and he continued to do so after her death. I have continued to carry on the commercial part of his engagements ever since, and have shared the proceeds with him.

Have you been concerned in the correspondence with Russia as to an engagement?—Yes.

And that he has entered into an engagement with a Russian society?—Yes.

And that he is passing on route to Russia?—Yes.

Cross-examined: Have you received the larger share of the sovereigns?

Witness: No. Equal.

Did he pretend to produce spirit masks?—No; never.

Did you ever have any masks seized?—No.

Did you ever have anything seized?—Only when Professor Lankester seized the slate. (Laughter.)

Mr. Munton then said that that was the case for the defence. Of course his worship would recognise the fact that he had restricted the evidence on behalf of Dr. Slade.

Mr. Flowers said he knew that was the case; and that it had been done at his own request. He should take a little time to consider his observations on the case, and with this view further proceedings in the matter were adjourned until Tuesday.

MISS LATTIE FOWLER sails for New York from Liverpool to-morrow, by the Channel steamer, *Abgair*. She will go through at once from New York to Chicago.

LETTERS ABOUT DR. SLADE.

AN AMERICAN LAWYER ON DR. SLADE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

THE following letter directed to Dr. Slade, "London," was sent to Bow-street Police-court last Tuesday, and put into his hands there:—
Oregon, Holt Co., Missouri, Oct. 10, 1876.

HENRY SLADE,—Sir,—The *exposé* in your case gives me great annoyance, although you do not know me. I will tell you why I am annoyed. I went to see you one afternoon at your house in New York. My name was never given to you; I went from here almost direct, and was a perfect stranger in New York—never was there before; no one in your room but our two selves, and the sun shone into the window. As soon as I entered your room it seemed to me that invisible hands manipulated my person; my hands were seized by invisible hands. You did not offer to hold the little slate; I alone held it, you sitting off quite a distance. The slate, which I cleaned, was written upon both when I held it in my hand and when I held it under against the table top. My own name was written on the slate, and names of friends deceased twenty or twenty-five years were subscribed. I will swear you did not know the names, for no name was given to you by me—not even my own. You tried to hold an accordion, which was violently wrested from you, to your apparent alarm; I took hold of it and held it tightly in one hand, with the keys turned toward me. The force pulled violently and pushed, and the keys raised and fell to the tune of "Home, sweet home." I could not have started the tune had my life been the forfeit. I silently requested (mentally as it is called) that "Hail, Columbia," be played, and it was played. Also a dinner bell was rung in mid air, while whirled about by a power to me unseen. No experience can account for these things to me, but it puzzles me that you had to hold these articles, as you admit, while Lankester and Donkin were present. All the men and women in God Almighty's world cannot persuade me I am such a fool, idiot, weakling, as to have been deceived at your house. I know you did not touch any article on that occasion. Why then, when so much depended on it, did you have to touch and handle in London? When I read the cool explanations of such men as Lankester and Donkin, I ask myself—Is it possible I was deceived on that occasion? Now, I respectfully ask you if you think I am mistaken as to your not touching the articles on the occasion of my visit? Nothing can make me think so, not even your "say so." But, then, I will never say anything more about it.—I am, very respectfully, yours etc.,
CLARKE IRVINE, Attorney-at-Law, &c., &c.

Oregon, Holt Co., Missouri, Lock Box, No. 5.

A LETTER FROM MISS SLADE.

WE have received the following letter from Miss Slade, an American young lady, now in this hospitable country, but whose natural protector is threatened with three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, on the assertions of Messrs. Lankester and Donkin:—

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

SIR,—This is my first attempt at writing an article for publication, and I hope its want of eloquence will not exclude it from your columns. The attack upon Dr. Slade, my uncle, has caused me to write, in the first place, to say that Prof. Lankester, as a man of science, should have investigated this subject with more patience, instead of at once rushing to the supposition that it is all mere trickery, for supposition it is, and he has nothing to prove it otherwise. Older men of science have also been looking into the subject, and have come to their own conclusions; but I am sure all would unite in saying that it is a force which does not proceed from the medium, and would also say, most emphatically, that there is no possibility of trickery being resorted to in the production of these various manifestations.

If Prof. Lankester had had a little more experience in Spiritualism in general, and a little more knowledge about the construction of a common table, he would not have placed himself in so ridiculous a position before the public. It is to be hoped that, in coming years, he may be benefited by the conclusions of older and wiser men, and not be so ready to form an hypothesis on a subject of which he knows comparatively nothing.

But my main object in writing this letter is to thank the National Association of Spiritualists for their kindness in extending their helping hands to those who are strangers in this country, and for showing themselves to be truly "friends in need." Mediums, surrounded by such a spirit of kindness, cannot fail in doing right. It is my earnest hope that my uncle may be able to repay the Spiritualists for all their kindness towards him, and it will always be my aim to try to support him in anything that goes for the promotion of the cause. Why should I not support a cause that has been the means of bringing me face to face with my spirit mother? It is enough to make me believe in this Divine truth, and cause me to bless the day when I was so fortunate as to fall into the hands of my dear uncle, when it has been my good fortune to receive living truths from the shores of immortality. When I see this cause assailed, it makes me feel sorry for its enemies, as "they know not what they do."

The knowledge of Spiritualism has proved a blessing to thousands who were groaning in darkness and superstition. Spiritualism unfolds the light and splendour of the opening heavens. It leads its followers away from dark paths, and shows them the glories of the present and future. It bids them cease to mourn over the sins of the past, and tells them, "Go, and sin no more." It gives them the blessed assurance that they are all children of one Father, and that all are cared for by Him. It points to every one the way of purity, and sings in thunder tones, "Do thy duty to thyself and to thy Maker." This is a truth which makes its appeal to the living soul, and cheers and gladdens the inner vision. Does jugglery teach us this? I say