

A SITTING WITH DR. SLADE.

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

My *séance* with Dr. Slade, on August 9th, was very similar in its details to that so admirably and fully described by Serjeant Cox, in the pages of *The Spiritualist*. Little is needed, therefore, but for me to confirm the accuracy of that description.

Writing came upon the upper part of the slate, when I myself held it pressed close up to the under-side of the table, both Dr. Slade's hands being upon the table in contact with my other hand. The writing was *audible* while in progress. This one phenomenon is absolutely conclusive. It admits of no explanation or imitation by conjuring.

Writing also came on the under-side of the slate while laid flat upon the table, Dr. Slade's hand being laid flat on it, immediately under my eyes.

A chair was moved, and held for several seconds with the seat up to the table at the furthest corner from Dr. Slade, while both his hands were clasped on mine, and his body was quiescent.

I was repeatedly touched and my clothes pulled on the side turned away from Dr. Slade; my chair was rapped on the back, and sharp taps came under the cane seat of my chair.

While Dr. Slade was holding the slate in one hand, the other being clasped on mine, a distinct hand rose rapidly up and down between the table and my body; and, finally, while Dr. Slade's hands and mine were both on the centre of the table, the further side rose up till it was nearly vertical, when the whole table rose and turned over on to my head.

These phenomena occurred in broad daylight, with the sun shining into the room, and with no one present but Dr. Slade and myself. They may be witnessed with slight variations by any of our men of science, and it is to be hoped that those who do not take the trouble to see them will, at all events, cease to speak disparagingly of the intellectual and perceptive powers of those who, having seen, declare them to be realities.

It is also not too much to ask that men who have previously denied the possibility of such phenomena, and have accused others of prepossession and self-delusion, should, after having seen Dr. Slade, make some public acknowledgment of their error.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MATERIALISATION SEANCE.

BY T. F. BARKAS, F.G.S.

On Tuesday evening, August 15th, 1876, I, by invitation, attended a *séance* at the house of Mr. Petty, No. 6, Suffolk-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The hour appointed for the commencement of the *séance* was eight o'clock, and I was requested to be present a few minutes before that time. I reached the house at 7.56 p.m., and found the company assembled in the *séance* room, which is a small, plainly furnished sitting-room on the first floor of the house—that is, the floor above the basement story, and about 12 or 14 feet above the level of the street. The room is 14 feet by 11 feet, and is entered by one door in the corner of the room; the window at the other end faces the main street. One corner or recess of the room formed of the front wall and gable end of the house was screened off by a dark curtain suspended by an iron rod; the window was entirely closed by deal boarding; the door or entrance of the room was locked, fastened from the inside, and fastened by a sneck, so that there was no access to, or egress from, the room. Across the window, and close to it, an ordinary double ended sofa was placed, and the medium, Mrs. Petty, a lady about forty years of age, stout and matronly, reclined upon the sofa, with her feet towards the curtained corner of the room, and her head at the other end of the sofa, resting on a pillow.

The company sat in the quadrant of a circle in the following order, and extended entirely from the end of the sofa on which the medium lay, round the two sides of the room close to the walls, thus preventing the possibility of either ingress or egress through the circle of the sitters. The sitters were in the following order—Mr. W. Petty next the sofa, Mrs. Hare, Mr. Lee, Mr. Hare, Mr. Barkas, Mrs.

Mould, Mr. Mould, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Petty. During the whole time the lamp was burning, and during the greater part of the time it burned so brightly that I could see with distinctness the features of all who were sitting in the room, and the medium lying on the sofa. That all present saw the medium on the sofa during the whole of the *séance* there is not the shadow of a doubt.

The *séance* commenced at eight o'clock promptly. A suitable hymn was sung, and Mr. Petty engaged in prayer, after which the musical box played and we sat in silence. After sitting for about twelve minutes the curtains screening the recess began to move, and a tall white form presented itself. This partial presentation took place five or six times, at intervals of about one minute, and finally a tall female form emerged from behind the curtains. She was draped in brilliantly white raiment, which covered her after the fashion of the clothing of the young girls of ancient Greece, or in a manner resembling to some extent the models used by modern artists. Over her head and face there was a thin almost perfectly transparent gauze veil; on her shoulders was a cape or cover, which descended a little below her waist. She was clothed from the neck to the feet in a loosely-fitting white garment; her bust, which was small and slightly developed, was loosely covered by her cape and dress, and her body and lower extremities were well covered by moderately ample skirts. When she raised her arms, which she frequently did, the cape fell from them and left exposed, slender arms, naked to the shoulder. She was as I have said slender, elegant and sylph-like, and the medium, who visibly lay on the sofa, is a stout and very fully developed matron. The figure was the beau ideal of a lovely girl in the first flush of womanhood; she moved about the room freely, gracefully, modestly, with all the air and modest grace of a girl accustomed to good society.

The figure, on first emerging from the recess, walked timidly into the centre of the room and looked modestly round on the circle of sitters. She approached Mr. J. Petty, and, after shaking hands with him, she went to Mrs. Hare, who presented her with a bouquet of flowers, which she gracefully accepted. She then went to Mrs. Mould and received a bouquet from her, and another from Mr. Petty, who sat at the end of the circle. Gathering these flowers in her hands she passed behind the curtains, and on her next appearance, in the course of a couple of minutes, she was without the flowers. She shook hands with and embraced Mr. W. Petty, kissed Mrs. Mould and others on the cheek and mouth, and nearly saluted the entire circle. When she approached me, she proffered her right hand, which I took in mine, and held it in mine while she kissed me on the brow. The feeling was that of human lips, and the sound that of kissing. Her hand was warm and moist. She again entered the recess, and I observed—as I perceived several times during this remarkable *séance*—that when the psychic form remained visibly in our presence for about five minutes, her garments became less white and substantial; that her power of motion appeared to decrease; but, after entering the recess, on returning, her dress was brilliantly white and her motions free and firm. She appeared to lose power and solidity in the open room. She entered the recess and reappeared in the midst of the sitters at least twenty times during the evening, and always with the same result. When next she presented herself, I was desirous of ascertaining her exact height, and requested permission to stand beside her; this she kindly granted, and I stood before and within a few inches of her. I then saw that the top of her head was on a level with my eyes, and that her height was five feet five inches; that is, three and a-half inches taller than the medium, who lay visible on the sofa. After the measuring she sat down on an unoccupied arm-chair, which stood near the centre of the room, and while she and we sat in a hushed and impressive silence, one of the gentlemen present introduced the following words, which were sung softly and earnestly by the company:—

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night, &c.—(Hymn 143).

The hymn being finished she again retired, and re-appearing looked cautiously round the room, and when at a distance from her medium made mesmeric passes towards her. The