

8633 666-23

# PSYCHIC FACTS.

A SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS OF VARIOUS  
AUTHORS ON PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

EDITED BY W. H. HARRISON.

*THIS WORK CONTAINS ARTICLES BY*

ROBERT HARE, M.D.	CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON.
WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.	ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.
A COMMITTEE OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.	THE LORD LINDSAY.
CROMWELL FLEETWOOD VARLEY, F.R.S., C.E.	DR. A. BUTLEROF.
EDWARD W. COX, SERJEANT-AT- LAW.	EPES SARGENT.
PROFESSOR ZÖLLNER.	EUGENE CROWELL, M.D.
	JUDGE EDMONDS.
	COLONEL SIR WILLIAM TOPHAM.

LONDON:  
W. H. HARRISON, 33 MUSEUM STREET.

1880.

Hallantyne Press  
HALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ELEMENTARY INFORMATION FOR INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM. By the EDITOR . . . . .	I
ELEMENTARY PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA EXPERIMENTALLY TESTED. By ROBERT HARE, M.D., Professor of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania . . . . .	11
EXPERIMENTS WITH PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA. By WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S. . . . .	19
PHENOMENA I HAVE SEEN. By CROMWELL FLEETWOOD VARLEY, F.R.S., C.E. . . . .	32
REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM. By a Committee of the Dialectical Society of London . . . . .	41
PSYCHOGRAPHY. By EDWARD W. COX, Serjeant-at-Law . . . . .	55
EXTRAORDINARY PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA IN GERMANY. By FREDERICK ZÖLLNER, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig . . . . .	63
CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON'S EXPERIENCES . . . . .	70
EXPERIENCES AT A SÉANCE. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE . . . . .	80
REICHENBACH'S MAGNETIC FLAMES AND OTHER PHENOMENA. By The LORD LINDSAY . . . . .	83

	PAGE
POWERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS. By DR. A. BUTLEROF, Professor of Chemistry in the University of St. Petersburg . . . . .	86
TESTIMONY OF "THE TIMES" NEWSPAPER . . . . .	93
TESTIMONY OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" . . . . .	95
SLATE-WRITING EXPERIMENTS. By EPES SARGENT . . . . .	99
SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY. By EUGENE CROWELL, M.D. . . . .	111
LINGUISTIC PHENOMENA. By J. W. EDMONDS, Judge of the Supreme Court, New York . . . . .	130
A SEVERE SURGICAL OPERATION UNDER MESMERIC INFLUENCE. By Colonel SIR WILLIAM TOPHAM . . . . .	135
SIGNOR DAMIANI'S CHALLENGE . . . . .	148
MANIFESTATIONS WITNESSED BY THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY . . . . .	151
MANIFESTATIONS WITNESSED BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA . . . . .	152

"How pure at heart and sound in head,  
 With what Divine affections bold,  
 Should be the man whose thoughts would hold  
 An hour's communion with the dead!"

—Tennyson.

"I merely mean to say what Johnson said,  
 That in the course of some six thousand years,  
 All nations have believed that from the dead  
 A visitant at intervals appears;  
 And what is strangest upon this strange head  
 Is, that whatever bar the reason rears  
 'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still  
 In its behalf, let those deny who will."

—Byron.

CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON'S EXPERIENCES.\*

CAPTAIN BURTON, after making careful study of the phenomena which took place in the presence of the Davenport Brothers, wrote the following letter to Dr. J. B. Ferguson :—

\* Mrs. Burton, in her work on *Syria*, sets forth that Captain R. F. Burton began life at Oxford, and was originally destined for the Church ; but preferring military service, he entered the Indian army, in which he served for nineteen years, eight of them in active service, chiefly on the staff of Sir Charles Napier. He knows and speaks fluently twenty-nine languages — Hindostani, Persian, and Arabic among others ; and he is a good swordsman, shot, and horseman. He has written about thirty volumes. He was the first to lead the way for Livingstone, Baker, Speke and Grant, and Stanley in African exploration. He is the only man not a true Moslem and Oriental who has ever performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. In 1856 he set out upon his exploration of the lake regions of Central Africa, when he discovered Tanganyika, and made the first attempt to open up the Nile. After an absence of three years, during which he suffered from fever, paralysis, and blindness, he returned home, and then went to America, spending six weeks with Brigham Young at the Salt Lake City. When, in 1861, he came under the Indian reduction, Lord John Russell sent him as consul to Fernando Po. For three years he did good service on the west coast of Africa. He was then transferred to Santos, in Brazil, whence for four years he made explorations of the coast and the interior. From South America he was despatched to Damascus ; and at present he is the British consul at Trieste. —Ed.

“As you are aware, I have now witnessed, under advantageous circumstances, four of the so-called ‘dark *séances*.’ These were all in private houses, one of them in my own lodgings. We sedulously rejected all believers, and chose the most sceptical and hard-headed of our friends and acquaintances, some of whom had prepared the severest tests. We provided carefully against all possibility of ‘confederates,’ bolting the doors, &c., and brought our own cords, sealing-wax, tape, diachylon, musical instruments, (harmonicon, bird-whistle, tambourine, bells), &c.

“The results of the *séances* were almost invariably the same. After the two strongest ‘mediums’ had been tied up, hands and feet, by us, you suddenly extinguished the light ; we then, the darkness being complete, sat in a semicircle fronting the mediums, each holding his neighbour’s arm or hand, and each warned not to break the chain. On one occasion I placed my feet on one of the medium’s, while Mr. B., the master of the house, did the same to the other ; and we measured their distance from the semicircle—ten feet.

“Within two seconds (I speak advisedly) after the candle was put out, the musical instruments, placed on the table between the two mediums, began to shudder and tremble. Presently the guitar-strings commenced twanging, as if badly played with a single finger, and the instrument went round the semicircle with the velocity of a bird, fanning our cheeks as it passed. The prettiest effect was to hear it buzzing in the dis-

tance, as a humming-bee would sound when flying away. If the guitar happened to be in a good-humour, the instrument patted our heads softly, or lay on our laps, or thrust itself into our hands. If the 'spirits' were displeased, the manifestations were decidedly rough. I received once a rather severe contusion with the tip of the guitar, when the heavy bells and the tambourine struck the ground and the table with a noise and force that suggested the kick of a horse on a splashboard. Presently the sounds cease, the candle is re-lit, we run up to the mediums, we find them in our own cords, taped with our own tape; sealed with our own seals, and, perhaps, plastered with diachylon strip. Every one inquires how it was done, and no one answers; and not a few are clearly and palpably frightened. The honest declare themselves puzzled.

"The most remarkable manifestations that occurred in my presence were the following:—A tumbler of water, placed on the table, with a bird-whistle in it, was thrown on the carpet at my feet without noise or breakage; a dry, hot, and rough hand on one occasion felt my hands, fell on my face, and then pulled my moustaches, and, finally, thrust between my lips a cigar taken from the mantelpiece; my legs have also been twitched, and my head patted. My neighbour in the same *séance* felt a cold, clammy, and feminine hand, screwed up at times like a bird's claw, running over her face, and evidently with a large portion of the arm resting on her head. Sparks of red and pale fire

have fallen from the ceiling, sometimes perpendicularly, at other times crossing the room, and coming from a point apparently higher than the ceiling. The medium's coat was removed whilst he was securely fastened hand and foot, and a lucifer match was struck at the same instant, showing us the two gentlemen, fast bound, and the coat in the air, on its way to the other side of the room. Under precisely similar circumstances, the coat of another gentleman present was placed upon him. A gruff voice repeatedly addressed me and others. There are many others, for which you have not space, of my own 'experiences.' A lady, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, and who is supposed to have strong mesmeric powers, assured me that she perceived the musical instruments floating high in the air, or wriggling along the floor. Being able to see them in a dark room, she imagined that we had applied to them phosphorised oil, which we had not. On the same occasion she distinguished the outline of a figure, which stooped slightly, and was not, as she thought, that of any one in the room. I have spent a great part of my life in Oriental lands, and have seen there many magicians. Lately, I have been permitted to see and be present at the performances of Messrs. Anderson and Tolmaque. The latter showed, as they profess, clever conjuring; but they do not even attempt what the Messrs. Davenport succeed in doing; for instance, the beautiful management of the musical instruments. Finally, I have read and listened to

every explanation of the Davenport 'tricks,' hitherto placed before the English public, and, believe me, if anything would make me take the tremendous jump 'from matter to spirit,' it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons with which the 'manifestations' are explained."

Mr. Frederick Hockley, in an article in *The Spiritualist* newspaper, sets forth facts in relation to visions in crystals, as appended. The article has been carefully revised by the author for publication in this work:—

"The late Earl Stanhope (grandfather of the present Earl) having informed me that the Honourable Captain H. A. Murray, to whom he had given a card of recommendation, was extremely curious about crystals, and intended to visit me at Croydon, accompanied by his friend, Lieutenant R. F. Burton, who had travelled much in India, and studied occult sciences, on the 18th July 1852 I had the honour of making their acquaintance. Mr. Burton was then contemplating his pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca. At this time, at the suggestion of my spirit-guides, I was entirely changing my process of spirit-calling and my spirit-acquaintances. As Mr. Burton was desirous of taking with him a crystal and mirror, and I was on the point of using new ones, I had the pleasure of giving to him

a small, oval, mounted crystal, which I had used for the previous sixteen years; and dedicating it afresh to a guide appointed for Mr. Burton, I also prepared for him a black mirror. After several visits, Lieutenant Burton left London on the evening of 3d April 1853, and on arriving at Alexandria, he there appeared as an Indian doctor. He wrote:—

"It is not to be supposed that the people of Alexandria could look upon my phials and pill-boxes without a yearning for their contents. An Indian doctor, too, was a novelty to them; Franks they despised, but a man who had come so far West! Then there was something infinitely seducing in the character of a magician, doctor, and fakir, each admirable of itself, thus combined to make 'great medicine.' Men, women, and children besieged my door; even respectable natives, after witnessing a performance of *Mandal* and the *Magic Mirror*, opined that the stranger was a holy man, gifted with supernatural powers, and knowing everything. But the reader must not be led to suppose that I acted 'Carabin' or 'Sangrado' without any knowledge of my trade. From youth I have always been a dabbler in medical and mystical study."\*

"After Mr. Burton's departure we were naturally anxious to hear of his welfare, but being often assured by our spirit-guides of his safety, I did not call him into the mirror, until the 17th December 1853, when I

\* *Pilgrimage*, vol. i. p. 17.

requested that we might have a vision in the Evani glass, a curiously-shaped mirror, made from instructions given to me by a spirit for seeing visions past and present.

“*December 17th, 1853, 9.30 P.M.*—Called R. F. Burton.

“Emma my seeress (who was then fourteen years old) inspected and said:—

“‘Now it’s light; I see some sand: all sand. Now I see some camels—one is lying down, the other two standing up; there’s a black boy with a tremendously rough wig; he looks like a negro lying down. There’s a tall, dark man, with a black beard and moustache, and no hair; he’s quite clean-shaved; he looks so funny! He’s got some sort of a white dress and trousers on, and something round his waist, loosely tied at his side, and something like a knife, but no sheath, stuck in something coming from the girdle; it hangs from the girdle; he looks quite white against the black boy; he *has* got a head of hair, there’s no mistake about that. It’s getting plain. There’s sand coming behind them, and a clump of trees more like dried thyme. There are tents. They are very low, not peaked; they look as though you would be obliged to creep into the tree, if it is a tree; it looks more like a bunch of dried thyme sticking up above the tent.

“‘Now there are two or three men dressed like the other, who are lying down flat on their faces. There’s one smoking; he is standing up. None of them have

any hair; the one standing up is dressed in a yellow and white striped dress, and rather a greyish-blue round the bottom; they are comical-looking little figures. Now there’s one gone up to the first. I don’t think he is Mr. Burton, though he has such black hair and eyes. The other is a nasty-looking old man; his beard is grey. He does show his teeth so; he is all action; he looks like a monkey going to eat him; it is Mr. Burton. The old man keeps on spitting; he looks so spiteful. Mr. Burton only smiles.

“‘Now the boy has jumped up. I don’t know hardly what shape he is. I never saw such a droll boy; he looks almost a dwarf. The one that is smoking would be good-looking if he had some hair. The black boy has gone up to him and laid hold of his pipe, and taken it out of his mouth. Now they seem quarrelling; there are two or three more round them.

“‘Now there’s such a beautiful horse come up, and a man with a turban by the side of it; he is the only one with a turban on. They all seem quarrelling. The old man seems exactly as if he were going to eat the other; he has a grey beard and moustache and wide mouth, but such white teeth for an old man!

“‘Now it’s going—it is all gone. 9.50 P.M.’

“I did not see Captain Burton again until he called upon me on the 5th July 1861, when I prepared and consecrated another crystal, or, properly speaking, a glass receptacle, for his use, and then showed him the entry as above, in my MS. minutes, which he read

through, and on the opposite page gave his attestation as follows :—

“*I quite recognise the correctness of this vision—the old grey man, the boy, and the quarrel about the pipe. This is easily ascertained by a reference to the ‘Pilgrimage.’*—RICHARD F. BURTON.

“The following is the statement in Captain Burton’s work :—

“*September 4, 1853.*—At 6 P.M., before the light of day had faded, we traversed a rough and troublesome ridge. At 8 P.M. the camels began to stumble over the dwarf dykes of the wheat and barley fields, and presently we arrived at our halting-place, a large village called El Sufayna. The plain was already dotted with tents and lights. We found the Baghdad caravan, which consists of Persians and Kurds, and collects the people of north-eastern Arabia, Wahhabis, and others, escorted by the Agayl tribe and the fierce mountaineers of Jebel Shamac—though not more than 2000 in number—men, women, and children, they had been proving to the Damascus caravan, that being perfectly ready to fight, they were not going to yield any point of precedence. From that time the two bodies encamped in different places.

“I never saw a more pugnacious assembly; a look sufficed for a quarrel. Once a Wahhabi stood in front of us, and by pointing with his finger, and other insulting gestures, showed his hatred to the chibouque in which I was peaceably indulging. It was impossible

to refrain from chastising his insolence—by a polite and smiling offer of the offending pipe. This made him draw his dagger without a thought; but it was sheathed again, for we all cocked our pistols, and these gentry greatly prefer steel to lead.”\*

\* *Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Mecca*, vol. iii. p. 108. Published 1856.