

A
T
D
E

NEWS FROM THE NEXT WORLD



Gesellschaft für metaphysische Forschung e. V.

R59

NEWS FROM THE NEXT WORLD

Being an account of the Survival of ANTONIUS STRADIURIUS, FREDERICK CHOPIN, SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, THE BRONTËS, and of many of the Author's relatives and friends, as proved by their after-death manifestations, photographs and signatures; together with their description of the other-world life, and a discussion of the bearing of these evidences on the present-day religious teaching and practice of the Churches.

BY

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE

VICAR OF WESTON, OTLEY

AUTHOR OF "MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH"

"PRESENT-DAY SPIRIT PHENOMENA AND THE CHURCHES," ETC. ETC.

Part I



Special Edition for

THE PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

5 BLOOMSBURY COURT, LONDON, W.C.1

260

First Edition 1940
Second Edition 1947

PNFL 84



1988. 1747

(B 2034)

Printed in Great Britain by
Lowe & Brydone Printers Ltd., London, N.W.10

FOREWORD

MY former work, *Man's Survival after Death*, has been described by Professor Bozzano as "sufficient of itself to prove, on the incontestable basis of fact, the survival of the human spirit." In that work I have gone very thoroughly into the whole subject both from the religious and the scientific points of view, therefore it is not my intention to write another work with this object *primarily* in view, though the fact of survival and the immanence and reality of the Spirit world will constantly emerge from the evidence here given and recorded. The especial object of this present work is rather to cast light upon the nature of the life and existence following on survival of bodily death, and so satisfy one of the most secret longings of the human heart. I have already answered in the affirmative the age-long question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Now I shall endeavour while sustaining that evidence to answer the further question "How does he live and where?" Thousands of persons have written to me during the last twenty-nine years from all over the world touching these subjects, and the question of Survival of those near and dear to them, and while it is generally recognised among the open-minded and well-informed that survival of bodily death has been scientifically proven by scientific methods, as Lodge has said, yet on the other hand the most lively curiosity is constantly shown as to *what kind of life* the discarnate or ex-carnate lead after they have ended "the changes and chances of this mortal life." The Church on the one hand maintains an attitude of reserve and tells us little or nothing, for the all-sufficient reason that *she does not know*. This ignorance is consequent on her deliberate ignoring of the subject of communication with the departed, and the spirit world, and of the total absence of the real Communion of Saints—the actual and objective communication with the departed—from her services and religious system. For a full discussion of this see my former work.¹

On the other hand it is to be noted that the Bible, which is largely an ancient record of psychic happenings, as well as of religious and moral teaching, has also very little to say on this subject. The Psalmist David says that "when he awakes (from the sleep of death) he will be satisfied." While Jesus tells us that after death we shall be "as the Angels of God in heaven, and can die no more" (Matt. xxii. 30; Luke xx. 36). We shall occupy "Mansions" (lit. resting places, as on a journey), and he

¹ Future references to my work, *Man's Survival after Death*, will give the letters M.S. and page number.

informs us that in our Father's house there are many of them. We shall be engaged in doing God's work, if we have been found worthy, and this will be often in the service of mankind as "angelloi" or messenger spirits. The good will be rewarded, the evil punished, but beyond this little is said. We are given broad statements, but few details, and for the discussion of those which are given I refer the reader to my former work.

Of late years have appeared volumes of automatic writings purporting to give elaborate accounts of the scenes and doings of the future life, but these have been either unaccompanied by psychic evidences, or so much above our heads in other-world descriptions and so disconnected with our mortal earth life, that they have been, for the most part, incapable of proof or verification; producing no sense of conviction, satisfaction, restfulness or reality, and have had little effect or impress on the mind.

The wonderful experiences which I and the members of my household have been privileged to receive during a long and extraordinary leading and guidance, the full records of which fill more than a dozen quarto volumes of MSS., and which are as real and definite as anything recorded in ancient times, are well evidenced, being more definitely associated with the earth life, more evidential, and capable of verification on the one hand, and less "up in the clouds," on the other.

The narrative I have to unfold shows definite attempts on the part of personalities who once lived our mortal life upon earth, and having passed through the gates of death, have survived that experience and have deliberately engaged in a scheme of communication with those still in the earth life, with the object of conveying information, instruction and consolation. Their life is shown to be one of intelligent activity, either as the Agents of God, in happy willing service, or as His subjects under correction and discipline; but in whatever state, living under a definite body of law both physical and moral.

The information here given does not profess to treat of more than a very small part, relatively, of that life beyond and its innumerable activities, and that only which in the majority of the cases shortly succeeds the death of the mortal body, but it is worthy of note that in the case of our Italian communicator, the period covered is two hundred years, and there is no valid reason to suppose that communications may not be received from departed spirits who have lived the earth life long prior to this (as in the case of the Egyptian communicator, whose name dates back to the eighteenth dynasty) and who being "as the Angels of God in heaven," know no decay, but in the world to come have that *ζωήν Αιώνιον*—life everlasting—of which Jesus spake, and of which he gave evidence in his own times. Let us thank God that, to-day, He also allows a corner of the veil to be lifted.



PLATE I.
WESTON CHURCH PULPIT AND THE AUTHOR.



PLATE II.
The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale.
Weston Vicarage.
Mrs. Tweedale and family.



The path by the hedge.
(Strad's walk.)



PLATE III.
The man on the path.
Dorothy's sketch.



Rinaldo's picture of Strad's
workshop.



PLATE IV.

Mrs. M. E. Tweedale.

Dorothy Mary Tweedale.



PLATE V.

Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiuarius,
showing letter *a* on forehead.
January 13th, 1926.

Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiuarius,
showing letter *a* on forehead.
January 13th, 1926.



Spirit photograph of Elizabeth Coates.
(Sitters : Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Tweedale.)
(Normal photograph for comparison.)



PLATE VI.

Spirit photograph of Sir William Crookes
(Sitter : Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)
(Inset for comparison.)



Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiuarius.
(Sitters : Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Tweedale.
March 26th, 1929.)



PLATE VII.

Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiuarius.
(Sitters : Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Tweedale, Marjorie, Herschel,
Sylvia, and Dorothy Tweedale. March 26th, 1929.)
(Inset, reputed picture of Stradiuarius.)



PLATE VIII.

Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiarius.
(Sitter: Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)

Spirit photograph of Antonius Stradiarius
and Brock's wife.
(Sitter: Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)



PLATE IX.

Spirit photo of Mr. Brock and of his
wife's dog.
(Sitter: Mrs. Leverson.)

Willie's grave.

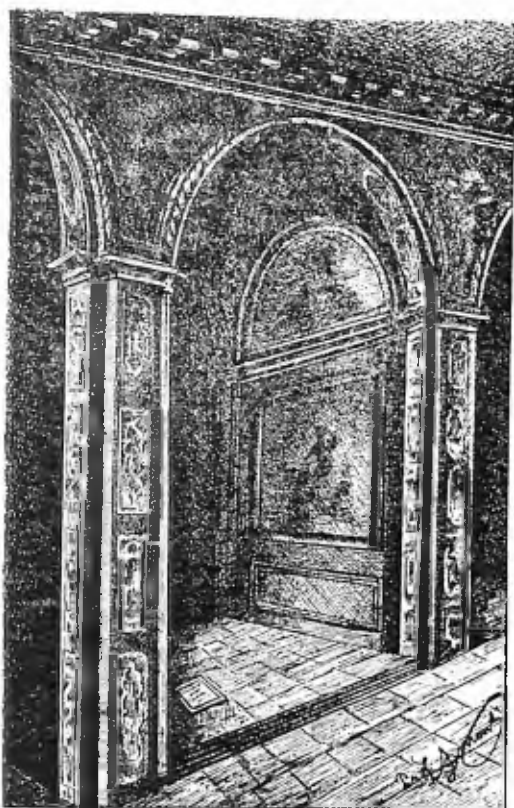


PLATE X.
The tomb of Stradiarius in the Chapel of the
Rosary.



House of Stradiarius,
Piazza Domenico, Cremona.



PLATE XI.
The Church of San Domenico and the Chapel of the Rosary with the house of Stradiarius.



Frederick Chopin.

George Sand.

PLATE XII.

Spirit photograph of Chopin and George Sand, taken at Weston Vicarage, Aug. 2nd, 1930.

Rare daguerrotype of Chopin taken shortly before his death and not seen by us until Oct. 14th, 1938.



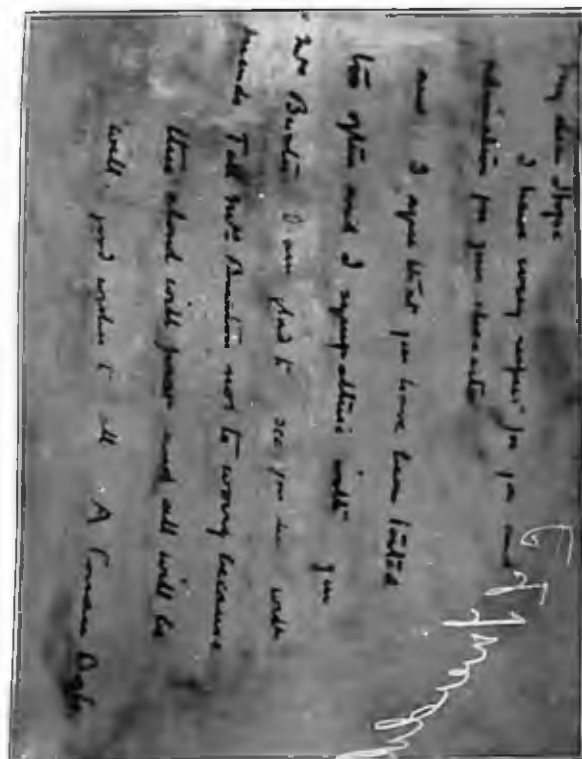
Triple spirit photograph of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
(Inset, a normal photograph of Sir Arthur.)
(Sitter: Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)



Spirit photograph of Mrs. John Burnett, senior.
(Sitter: Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)

PLATE XIII.

Arthur
Arthur Conan Doyle
Colley. T Colley
T Colley
Robert Ball
Mabel
Mary Stoddale
Mary Stoddale
John Leonard
John Leonard



Spirit photograph of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
(Sitters: Rev. C. L. Tweedale, Mrs. Tweedale, Dorothy
Tweedale.) Inset photo for comparison
Below: Sir Arthur's writing and signature.

Sir Arthur's spirit photographic writing
and message.



PLATE XVI.

The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale photographing the Total Eclipse of the Sun at Giggleswick.
June 29th, 1929.

(Left to right: Sylvia, Mrs. Tweedale, Dorothy, Marjorie Tweedale.)



PLATE XVII.

Spirit photograph of Tabitha.
(Sitters: Rev. C. L. Tweedale and Dorothy Tweedale.)

Spirit photograph of W. Appleyard, Mayor of Sheffield.
(Sitters: Dorothy Tweedale, Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Tweedale.)
(Inset, normal photograph of the Mayor.)



PLATE XVIII.
The clock-driven equatorial telescope at Weston Observatory.
Rev. C. L. Tweedale.
Marjorie Tweedale.
Mrs. M. E. Tweedale.



Rev. C. L. Tweedale and the Dial
at Weston Church.



PLATE XIX.

Weston Church.

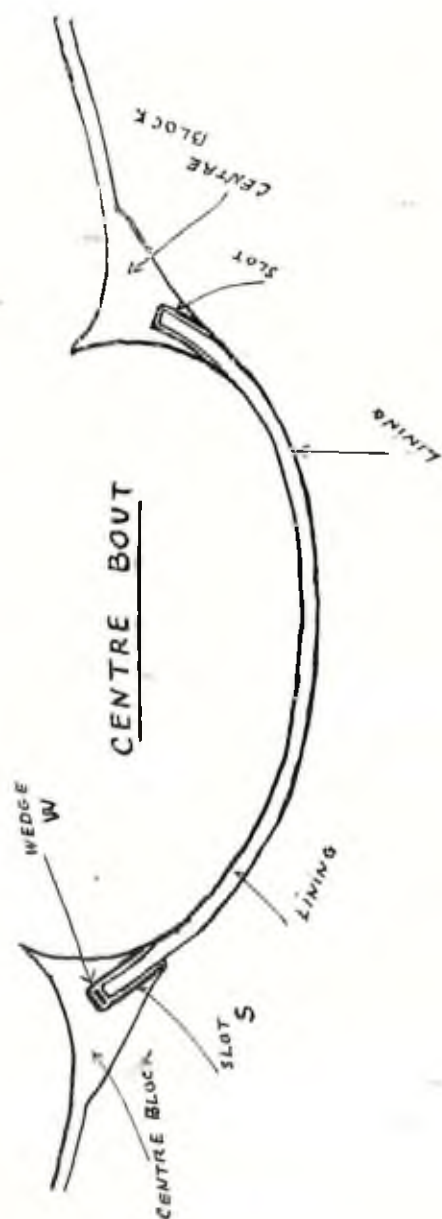


PLATE XX.

Centre bout of a violin by Antonius Stradiuarius, showing the wedge indicated by him.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	5
CHAPTER	
I. THE GENESIS OF THE COMMUNICATION	13
SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT WESTON VICARAGE FROM 1905-1910	
II. MANIFESTATIONS AT WESTON VICARAGE FROM 1910-1923	37
III. THE BEGINNING OF THE AUTOMATIC WRITING	46
IV. STRADIUARIUS REVEALS HIS IDENTITY	51
V. ANIMAL SURVIVAL	66
VI. LIFE AND WORK OF ANTONIUS STRADIUARIUS	74
VII. THE COMING OF CHOPIN	95
VIII. CONAN DOYLE JOINS	117
IX. THE PREMONITIONS AND THEIR FULFILMENT	143
X. MORE PREMONITIONS	160
XI. HOPE OF CREWE	219
XII. OTHER EVIDENTIAL EXPERIENCES, OR MANY INFALLIBLE PROOFS—THE RETURN OF THE BRONTES	241
XIII. STRAD'S TASK COMPLETED—THE LOST VARNISH REGAINED	303
XIV. SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AFTER-DEATH LIFE AND THE SPHERES—CONCLUSION	310
INDEX	361

TO
A BUILDER OF BRIDGES
W. T. OVERSBY, Esq., J.P.
MRS. E. NAYLOR

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit,
saith the Lord of hosts."

ZECHARIAH IV. 6.

CHAPTER I

THE GENESIS OF THE COMMUNICATION.

MANIFESTATIONS AT WESTON VICARAGE FROM 1905-1910

"The invisible world with thee hath sympathised,
Uplift thine heart and be thou solemnised."

Wherefore I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.—
ACTS xxvi. 19.

AFTER being curate of Ormskirk for three years I accepted the post of curate of H—— in Norfolk, and as the Rector, Canon C——, was aged, and his wife had just died, he vacated the Rectory, and it was arranged that I and my wife should live there. We arrived at H—— on Thursday, 2nd February 1900, and in the evening went down to the Rectory and began unpacking our goods, which had come the day before. We had no light save that of candles, as darkness drew on, and to illuminate the hall I dropped melted wax from one of them upon the top of the banister pillar at the foot of the staircase and stuck the lighted candle upright in the wax. About 8.40 p.m. my wife came to me and said "This is an eerie sort of place. I have just seen a man in the hall." I grasped the iron bar with which I was in the act of opening a packing-case and rushed down the passage into the hall to interview the man. No mortal man was to be seen, but at the top of the first flight of stairs there hung an oil painting of Dr Caius, founder of Caius College, Cambridge, and also of the benefice of H——. This picture belonged to the Rectory, and Canon C—— informed me afterwards that it had hung there for generations. Turning to my wife and pointing triumphantly to the painting I said "That is what has frightened you; you have seen that picture in the candlelight." She, however, persisted that she had not done so, but had seen a man coming down the stairs with his foot raised in act to take another step. She said he resembled the picture, was stout and had a ruddy face. I laughed it off, and next morning saying to her "He shall not frighten you again," I sprang up the stairs, took down the picture, and hurrying with it up to the third storey of the house, locked it up in one of an extensive range of attics.

All Friday and Saturday up to late in the evening we were hard at work unpacking and arranging our furniture. About 8 p.m. we were coming through the hall, now lighted by a lamp. I had just passed through the dining-room door when I heard a noise behind me, and

turning, saw my wife in the act of falling forward in a faint. I caught her in my arms and dragged her into the room. On recovery, she gasped, "Oh, I have just seen that man again." She described him as near the top of the flight, descending the stairs with one foot raised, and wearing a cassock. She saw the figure full length on both occasions, while the painting showed only the head and shoulders of Dr Caius.

As the picture was *not* hanging in its usual place at the top of the first flight of stairs on this second occasion, it obviously could not have been mistaken by my wife for the figure. This second incident much upset me, and I could not tell what to make of it. The Rectory was a large three-storeyed house with long corridors and passages and was, to one just fresh from town life, a rather lonely sort of place.

Next morning, Sunday, my first Sunday in the place, at 7 a.m. the girl we had secured as a maid, came to the bedroom door saying "Did you ring, ma'am?" We had not rung; in fact, the girl awoke us by knocking on the door. We told her she was mistaken, and she retired. However, very soon she began to come several times a day to us, asking whether we had rung and what we wanted. We began to realise that bells were ringing in some mysterious way. I made a thorough examination of the bells, which were in perfect order, and found that the wire of one bell—that from the drawing-room—passed through the outer wall for a couple of feet on to the outside of the house. This seemed at first to solve the mystery. Alas, however, for this fine theory. This drawing-room bell *never rang*, nor gave us any trouble, nor did its wire when pulled interfere with or cause any other bell to ring. Moreover, its tone was entirely different from the bell that rang. Still, to make sure, I had this outside wire **SOLIDLY COVERED OVER, SO THAT NO ONE COULD TOUCH IT**. We were now on the alert. I fixed pendulums to all the bells, which pendulums swayed for a long time after a ring, lighted the passage with lamps and watched the bells carefully. To my astonishment I then found that the bell which rang was *the one communicating with the particular attic in which I had locked up the oil painting of Dr. Caius!!*

I shall not easily forget the mental shock I received on realising this fact. The thing seemed incredible. However, taking a pair of wire-cutters I said, "Well, if the picture has anything to do with it I will stop it." I then cut the bell wire close to the bell, thus destroying the connection and isolating the room.

Next day and for several days *the same bell still rang*, in spite of the fact that the wire was cut! At this time we got another maid from a neighbouring village. The bell continued to ring, in spite of our utmost endeavours to discover the cause. The maids denied all knowledge of the ringing, and on no occasion did we ever have reason to suspect them. In fact they were terrified. After this attic bell had rung for a week, the study bell began to ring. The wire from this bell traversed the passage high up near the ceiling and passed into the study through a small iron pipe. Its course was entirely **INSIDE** the house, and at no

point could it be touched by rats. We never saw or heard a rat all the time we were in the house.

This study bell rang several times a day for two months, and defied all efforts to trace the cause. Several times I have returned from town and found the servants and my wife in the garden, afraid to enter the house. On one occasion when all the persons in the house were assembled together in one room, where there was neither bell nor bell-pull and all under my wife's vigilant observation, she said, "I wonder whether the bell will ring to-night." She had scarcely uttered the words before the bell rang furiously, lashing from side to side.

I vacated the study at the end of the first week of this bell's ringing and put up the shutters and locked the door. Canon C—— told me that this part of the house dated back hundreds of years. At the end of the first month we began to have another form of manifestation. Footsteps began to sound in some of the rooms, along the passages and descend the back stairs. Sometimes these were the heavy footsteps of a man, at others they were lighter steps, but characterised by a heavy beat or halt on one foot as though the person were lame. On one occasion we had a woman and her daughter from the village doing some dress-making and who had done similar work for the Canon's late wife. The footsteps with the heavy beat and halt began to sound overhead while they were at work with my wife. The woman and her daughter at once recognised them as the footsteps of Mrs C——, who it appeared had the misfortune to be lame and walked with a heavy beat on one foot. They were terrified, and exclaiming, "Oh, it's Mrs C——!" throwing down their work, they rushed for their hats and left the house at once, and nothing could induce them to return. At the end of two months the manifestations came to an end by a regular *tour de force* of bell-ringing, footsteps and heavy tramping in the old part of the Rectory, which so frightened a new maid who had the previous day been boasting that she was not afraid, that she immediately wrung out her wet clothes from the wash-tub without waiting to dry them, packed them in her trunk, which she shouldered, and incontinently fled. We remained in the house several months after this incident but neither heard nor saw anything further.

In view of the undoubted after-death manifestations of Mrs C——, the conduct of the big cat attached to the house was most striking and evidential. It had been her great pet and showed a rare devotion to her memory, which was one of the most wonderful and pathetic things that has ever come to my notice. Whenever Tim could gain entrance to the bedroom in which his mistress died, he would leap upon the bed which occupied the same position as Mrs C——'s, and then stretching himself out at full length upon his side, he would mourn for his departed mistress in a manner which affected everyone who saw it, his cries resounding through the house. It was the most affecting and pathetic sight imaginable, and brought tears to the eyes of all who beheld it.

This experience at the Rectory was our preliminary introduction to psychic manifestations. Having received the usual ideas in my youth concerning such things and being at that time, like practically the whole body of the clergy, entirely ignorant of the verities and objective realities of the spirit world, I found it rather disconcerting. I had yet to add to my faith knowledge, and to learn that men chiefly fear what they do not understand. It was the beginning of a psychic education which was to enlarge my outlook upon life and to transform my ideas almost from top to bottom. There were here indications of the manifestation of two personalities, Dr Caius, founder of the benefice, whose portrait hung on the staircase, and Mrs C——, who had passed from this mortal life only a few months previously.

After serving a curacy at Harrogate, I became vicar of Weston in the autumn of 1901. I found myself in possession of a house of three storeys, not unlike the Rectory at H—— but entirely free, so it appeared, from happenings similar to those narrated, and we looked back on the phenomena experienced at H—— as extraordinary experiences connected in some way with the Rectory house, and not likely to be encountered again.

Nothing happened at my vicarage of Weston until four years had elapsed, and we had no abnormal experiences save only the apparition of a man close by my side when on the open road about a hundred yards from the house. This occurred in 1902.

In 1905, loud triple blows began to sound on the doors of our bedrooms. They sounded as though struck with the clenched fist and sometimes loud knocks, as with the knuckles. Servants and visitors heard these blows and knocks from time to time, one visitor noting that he could hear the ring of the wood panel. This continued at intervals until 1907, and no explanation of the phenomena was forthcoming.

June 28th, 1907.—This morning my wife astonished me by telling me that as she went down the front stairs to light the fire (at that time we were without a maid), she had got nearly to the bottom of the main staircase, when a tall man brushed past her, between herself and the wall, coming down the stairs likewise, and rapidly walked before her along the passage to the kitchen and turned in at the door. She followed about three yards behind, too astonished to be frightened, wondering whoever could have got into the house, and thinking that it must be someone who had got in and was running back. Entering the kitchen she found no one there, and was astounded to find the outer door locked. I put it down to some illusion, or some abnormal state of her health.

On July 10th, 1907, some time after midnight, I was awakened by my wife crying out in alarm, "Who are you?" I at once sprang out of bed and heard my wife say in very intense tones, "Charles! strike a match and look under the bed, there is a man in the room." I at once did so and looked round the room in some alarm, but there was no one to be seen. My wife, who was in a great state of fright, then told me that she

was awakened by someone lifting up the bedclothes and turning them back from her hands. Then a hand grasped hers and felt her fingers one by one as if feeling for her rings. She tried to cry out, but was paralysed by fright and could not utter a sound. At last, with a big effort she got out the cry, "Who are you?" which cry I heard. At the same moment she grasped the hand just as it was leaving hers. For an instant it seemed solid; then it seemed to melt away in her grasp. This incident greatly upset us, but finally I put it down to nightmare.

October 27th, 1907.—My wife awoke me in great agitation saying she had seen a tall dark figure three times, walking about the room and showing a distinct face. She first saw it reflected in the mirror of the wardrobe, and the third time it cast a moving shadow on the ceiling, when it passed the night-light which was on the hearth, both incidents showing its OBJECTIVITY. She again saw it reflected in the mirror, and then buried her head under the clothes. The man's face was calm and serene, gazing straight ahead and not looking at her. Thinking that the reflection from the wardrobe mirror might have something to do with it, after the figure had appeared again, I hung a curtain over the mirror to stop what I thought might be an illusion due to a reflection.

In November 1908 business took me to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I had not been for twenty years. Having heard that there were persons in the town who claimed to possess supernormal powers, in view of the remarkable occurrences lately happening in my vicarage at Weston (vide *Man's Survival*), after business I sought out these persons by enquiry made on the spot—a stranger among strangers. One of the persons named to me was a Mr W. H. Robinson, a well-known bookseller of that town, whom I had never before seen. I went to his shop and began to examine his books. He spoke to me, and I told him that I had heard of his powers as a clairvoyant and asked him for a demonstration. Although I refused my name and address, he most kindly asked me to his private house for tea. After tea we sat round the fire and he gave me clairvoyant descriptions (*M.S.*, pp. 245-52). In one of these he said, "there is an old man with you, an Italian, who lived in one of the middle cities of Italy; he is teaching you something but I cannot make out what it is, but within ten years you will be well known." He also informed me that I should write books and that I had to take care that all my writings were done in good ink which would not fade, and while all would not be published, many would. This struck me as being remarkable, for, all unknown to him, I had since my nineteenth year been engaged in a laborious attempt to rediscover the long lost varnish of Antonius Stradiuarius, the famous violin-maker of Cremona, which, on referring to the map, I found to lie nearly in the middle of the Italian plain. Stradiuarius lived and worked to an extreme old age, making instruments in his ninety-third year. This old man Mr Robinson saw. I said nothing to him, but was impressed by what he told me.

In March 1909 I paid another visit to Mr Robinson in Newcastle.

My wife was with me and shortly expecting the birth of her child, which she was convinced, and had been from the first, would be a boy. Turning to her, he said, "The child will be a girl." We both laughed, and my wife strongly combatted the idea, I explaining at the same time her strong preconception. He listened quietly to what we had to say and then calmly replied, "Well, when the girl is born you can write and tell me." A month afterwards my youngest daughter, Dorothy, was born, and write we did. He also told my wife that the nurse she would have would be a young, very fair woman with golden hair, which was so long that it fell far below her waist and that she would come from South Africa. My wife stared at him incredulously, for she had *already engaged* her former nurse, a woman of about thirty-five, with dark brown hair, and totally unlike the person described. A fortnight before the birth, this nurse was taken ill and unable to come, and we had to advertise hurriedly for another. Out of several applicants one was chosen who resided a hundred miles away and whom we had never seen or heard of before. On arrival she proved to be very young, and had bright golden hair of such extraordinary length that she could sit on it, and *mirabile dictu*, she informed us for the first time that she came from South Africa and had only been in England a week! This experience destroys all subliminal or telepathic theories.

Here I must interrupt my narrative to explain that in the year 1885, shortly after my father's death, I became interested in the violin, and having an old one which had been made by my grandfather, Benjamin Tweedale, I taught myself to play it. One night in the autumn of the year, I had been playing from an instruction book, and seated in a chair, all alone in the house, I paused meditatively with the violin under my chin and the heel of the bow against my right side with its point up in the air. Suddenly I felt someone *lay hold of the end of the bow in the air* and give it a tug. I was astounded, and looking all round and seeing no one (the room was brightly lighted by gas and the door shut), I sprang to my feet and searched the room but found no one. At the time, though not understanding it, I felt convinced that it was something "supernatural," as such happenings are usually termed.

I now began to make a violin, and after much labour finished two instruments. The bellies were cut on the layers, and the work very well done seeing that they were my first attempts. The purfling was excellent for a first attempt and the tone of both very mellow and good.

Many long and arduous years of experiment followed these days. They were interrupted by my University career, during which I met and used to play with Arthur F. Hill, who was destined to collaborate in writing the Classical monograph on the work of Stradivari. I remember playing with him at a concert in the College Lecture Hall, he playing the viola and I the violin. After ordination and when curate of Hyson Green, I again took up the quest and continued it with ardour

and unremitting toil, among many other activities. This love for the queen of instruments I probably inherited from my forebears, for my grandfather, Benjamin Tweedale, who was an astronomer, surveyor and lover of the natural sciences, was also an ardent musician and devoted to the violin, of which he made several, including the one on which he used to play at all the oratorios and concerts in the district, at which he was invariably to be found. My father, Dr Thomas Tweedale, also a player, used often to relate how one night after a rendering of the *Messiah* he and his father, walking home late and over the moors, lost themselves in the darkness, and coming at last to a wall, which proved to be on the cliff edge of a deep quarry, my grandfather, tired out, rested his arms, holding the precious violin in its case, on the wall; and momentarily falling asleep from sheer exhaustion, the case slipped from his hand to be caught in the nick of time by my father, on its way to destruction in the depths below.

Many stories of my grandfather fiddling all afternoon, on through the night, and even to the dawn, when he and other ardent "knights of the bow" got together, have I heard my father narrate. Strange to say, my grandfather, on my mother's side, Charles Coates, was also attracted by the constructional problems of the violin, and I found several very well wrought parts among his effects.

The ineffable charm which a good violin exercises over a lover of the instrument has never been more ingeniously or humorously portrayed than in the delightful verses which will be found on the next page.

To resume. When I settled down seriously to the task, I found this problem which had baffled all research for well-nigh two hundred years, a work of almost inconceivable difficulty. As Charles Reade said long ago, "The varnish of Cremona, as acted on by time and usage, has an inimitable beauty, and we pay an enormous price for it in a fine Strad or Joseph Guarnerius. No wonder that many makers have tried hard to discover this secret, many chemists giving days and nights of anxious study to it. At last despair has succeeded to all that energetic study, and the varnish of Cremona has been sullenly given up as a lost art"—while the Hill brothers, writing in 1909 and speaking of the varnish in the light of all their experience, say, "It is to time and use, and to those alone, that we unhesitatingly attribute all that charms us now," thus voicing the same despair of ever regaining the long-lost secret.

It will be readily understood that the research I was engaged on was almost hopeless. I remember about the year 1905, a letter of mine being psychometrised by a London psychic to whom I was entirely unknown. She said among other things, "This man is engaged on a problem which is almost insoluble," and this indeed I found to be the case. All through the years 1905-1907 I continued the investigation, making innumerable experiments often far into the night. Progress was slow, and only dogged persistency kept me at the task. Years sped

Torn,
 Worn,
 Oppressed I mourn,
 Bad,
 Sad,
 Three-quarter's mad;
 Money gone,
 Credit none.
 Duns at door
 Half a score,
 Wife in lain.
 Twins again!!
 Others ailing,
 Nurse a-railing,
 Billy hooping,
 Betsy crooping,
 Beside poor Joe,
 With festered toe.
 Come, then, my fiddle,
 Come, my well-tried friend,
 With gay and brilliant sounds.
 Some sweet and precious solace lend.
 Thy polished neck, in close embrace,
 I clasp, whilst joy illumines my face.
 When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
 My drooping spirit pants to rise;
 A lively strain I touch—and lo!
 I seem to mount above the skies.
 There, on Fancy's wing I soar,
 And range the world enchanted o'er.
 Oblivious to them all, I feel my woes no more
 But skip o'er the strings,
 As my good Fiddle sings,
 "Cheerily oh! merrily go!
 "Presto! good master
 "You very well know,
 "I will find Music,
 "If you will find bow,
 "From E, up in alto, to G, down below."
 Fatigued, I pause, to change the time
 For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime.
 With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
 My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
 Throbs equably; whilst every health-corroding care
 Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air.
 More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow
 And resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.
 Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
 The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl,
 But my rare Strad Fiddle's the Prince of them all,
 Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
 His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
 Now to thy *casa*, in softest silk apart,
 Till call'd again to cheer thy master's
 heart.

away, during which, as afterwards came to light, events were being engineered and situations prepared towards the gradual unfoldment of the whole scheme of purposeful revelation and guidance.

One must now continue the story of the amazing series of psychic or objectively-spiritual manifestations in my vicarage at Weston, which commencing in August 1905 attained their height in 1910-1911 constituting the most remarkable series of manifestations on record, and covering the whole range of psychic phenomena. Some are recorded in this volume, but I must refer readers to my work, *Man's Survival after Death*, for other accounts. (The records in my Journal fill more than 4500 quarto pages.)

On December 19th, 1907, my wife was awakened by a feeling of intense cold and by a strong breeze blowing upon her cheek. She turned her head, and raising herself saw to her wonderful amazement at the foot of the bed, and on my side of it, a tall column of white cloudy light, reaching up to the ceiling. She gazed at it spellbound (the cold wind blowing on her the whole time) and noticed that the light illuminated the bed coverlet and she could see its pattern distinctly. Becoming terrified she buried her head under the clothes, and on looking up after some time found the thing gone and the room in darkness. She said the light was like a pillar of gauze with an electric light inside it.

This extraordinary experience was repeated on April 7th, 1908. I was then aroused by my wife shaking me and saying, "Hush, that thing is here." I sat up but could see nothing and searched the room without result. My wife informed me that, when she awoke, she saw a ball of light at the bed's foot, as big as an orange. This increased until it was the thickness of a man's body, and stood up three feet above the bed's foot. As soon as I awoke the column of light crumpled up and vanished. Greatly astonished at this recital, I gave her strict instructions to awaken me if it appeared again.

Nothing more occurred until the night of November 8th, 1908. I was then awakened by my wife frantically clutching at my side and saying in a low voice, "That thing is here." I instantly sprang up to a sitting posture and saw straight in front of me at the bed's foot a beautiful cloud of phosphorescent light about four feet in diameter. It was close to me, not more than five feet away. As I looked at it, it began to ascend like a small balloon. It went straight up with a steady motion and right through the ceiling. I uttered an exclamation of wonder, feeling no fear, but filled with intense interest and curiosity.

The time was 5.30 a.m. The window was heavily curtained and the door locked. Without telling my wife what I had seen I asked her why she had awakened me. She then said that she had been roused by a shock or blow under the bed which made her start into a sitting posture. At the foot of the bed she saw the figure of a tall man, dressed in black, with a calm grave face; his clenched hand resting on the brass rail of the bed as though he had just struck it. A light surrounded the

figure showing the pattern of the coverlet and making the brass rail glisten. The moment she saw it she began to clutch at my side. As soon as I awoke and cried out, the man's figure dissolved into a cloud and went up through the ceiling. On this occasion we had *both* been witnesses of this extraordinary thing, and I could no longer doubt her narration.

Following this manifestation the apparition began to be very frequently seen on all three floors of the house, both at night, by lamp-light and in broad daylight. Various other phenomena such as loud reverberating noises and crashes began to be experienced, and these at times were so strong as to shake the house. All these things are recorded in my Journal, but as it would be tedious to mention them all, I only give a few of the more interesting.

On March 19th, 1909, my wife was in the kitchen; she turned round hastily to check one of the children and found herself face to face with the apparition of the man. He at once stretched out his hand and touched her gently but firmly with several fingers on her right arm which was bare. His fingers felt intensely cold—cold as ice. She started back as far as the fireplace and stood looking at him much frightened. As on a previous occasion his jaws moved and the mouth opened and he spoke, but the voice sounded far away, though perfectly distinct, but seemed to come from the throat, and not from the lips. He said, "Be not afraid, I have been with thee so far; even so to the end." He then became a column of vapour and so disappeared. After this occurrence I entered the following in my Diary:

"There is now no doubt that a series of manifestations have commenced here similar to those which began at H— Rectory in 1900, and the explanation appears to be not that H— Rectory was haunted, but that I have married a psychic and my wife is one of those wonderful persons through whom spiritual beings can and do manifest, and who form a means of, or channel for, communication whereby those persons now alive in the spirit world—who have either been connected with the house in which we reside, or who desire to communicate with mankind—can and do so communicate. It is all most marvellous and wonderful and is going to throw a flood of light on those narratives one finds in Holy Scripture."

April 23rd, 1908.—The apparition of the man has been frequently seen these last ten days, sometimes in our bedroom, and his fingers have played upon my wife's face. This happened last night, my wife first hearing the fingers strummed upon the rail of the bed, and then immediately afterwards feeling them on her face. Later in the day, just at dusk, she was going upstairs from the hall and had nearly reached the passage-landing when the apparition of the man *collided with her violently and seemed to strike her a powerful blow on the abdomen.* She staggered back from the blow and half fell down the two top steps and then hastily ran down much shaken and alarmed. She said the apparition appeared to be quite solid and just like a mortal.

April 27th, 1908. Tuesday.—Wife confined of a girl. Thus Robinson's prediction, made last month, has been literally fulfilled.

How strange! Within three days one comes upon the stage of mortal life, and another leaves it.

May 1st, 1908.—Aunt Elizabeth Coates died, aged seventy-two, after long suffering bravely borne. Peace and rest be unto her. My little daughter is a bonnie child and starts out well on the journey of life.

May 5th, 1908.—On this night occurred one of the most marvellous experiences on record.

My wife was lying in bed in the Red Room, with her new-born baby girl. The room was well lighted not only by a lamp on the dressing-table, but also by the rays of the moon, the blind being up and the large Tudor window allowing the moonlight to stream in. The time was 2.15 a.m., she having only just previously looked at her watch. The bedroom door, which opens out on to the passage, was shut and locked, but the door leading into the small dressing-room in which the nurse was sleeping, was open. A portière curtain was on the bedroom door, and dresses hung behind it made the curtain stand off six or eight inches from the door. Suddenly there emerged from the space between the door and the curtain, a ball of white phosphorescent light. It rolled as it came and seemed to spin on its axis. When it had emerged about a yard, it expanded upwards and developed into a pillar of light as high as a man. This pillar resolved itself into the form of the man who has been so often previously seen. The man advanced slowly to the bedside. At this moment a stream or cord of phosphorescent light shot from the man's side, in substance apparently similar to the ball of light which emerged from behind the curtain, and extended over the bed; and this cord enlarged at the end and became a small pillar of light which in turn took the form of a little child with a kind of frilled cap around its face. This little child then began to dance all over the bed, being all the while attached to the man's side by the luminous cord of milky white light. My wife could feel the little feet of the child dancing upon her feet and knees, as it danced about. Thinking that the man had got hold of her baby, she cried out, "Oh, don't take baby," when glancing down at her side she saw her baby lying there quite safe. Meanwhile the little form attached to the man by the cord continued to dance, my wife intently watching it. Suddenly the man leaned forward and put his hand on her brow and face, pressing her down, and said, "Rest, perfect rest." As on several previous occasions his face became convulsed before the words could be uttered, as though a great effort had to be made to speak. My wife now uttered a loud cry, calling for the nurse, and the forms of the man and little child vanished in an instant. My wife at once went to the nurse, whose bed was on the other side of the partition and who was just awaking, and told her. She said that she had been roused by a sensation of the bedclothes being dragged down tightly upon her. It is evident that the power and ectoplasmic matter

must have been largely drawn from her sleeping figure, distant only a few feet away through the half open door, just as it was drawn from the sleeping figures of the Apostles on the Mount. This instance of the psychic umbilicus, connecting the psychic with the materialised figure, is a rare phenomenon. I believe this production of a *child's* figure from the side of *another materialised form*, the two connected by the luminous cord or psychic umbilicus, to be absolutely unique. The extraordinary appropriateness of it all in view of the birth of my daughter only a few days before, will be evident.

After this wonderful experience, manifestations of various kinds, knocks, raps, noises as of things being dragged about in the rooms and apparitions of the man were of frequent occurrence. The objectivity and reality of the apparition were abundantly proved on many occasions on which he touched my wife, or grasped her arm, or allowed her to grasp his hand, or moved material objects. On May 26th, after three loud blows on the door, she saw the man emerge from my bedroom and cross the passage to the store-room opposite. He raised his hand and *pushed the door open* and entered. No mortal was in either room. On May 27th, my wife, sleeping in the bedroom next door to mine, came at 1.20 a.m. and knocking at my door which was locked, when admitted, said that shortly before she had heard loud noises in the room above hers (then unoccupied). These roused my son Herschel sleeping near baby's cot which was close to the dressing-room door and almost touching its portière curtain. The curtain began to be agitated, and the face of the man peeped out round its edge and baby moved restlessly. A big lamp was burning, the room strongly lighted. The man constantly played with the curtain and moved the rings on the metal rod. Shortly after he appeared at the other portière curtain on the main door. My wife now spoke to him and asked him who he was and what he wanted. He replied, "I am he, he, he." She said, "Who is he?" Again he said, "I am he, he, he," with great emphasis. She queried, "Can you indicate by letter of the alphabet?" Answer, "I am he, he." She now said, "Are you William?" He then *manifested great impatience* and cried, "No, I am *he, he*," with great emphasis. Immediately he vanished away and a great noise sounded beneath in my study (which was locked) as though many things were thrown about. After this narrative she returned to the bedroom. Shortly after the voice of the man again sounded from behind the portière on the main door leading into the passage. He repeated many times the words, "I am he, he, he," with great emphasis. At 3.40 and again at 5.40 I was awakened by very loud knockings over my head, and noises like a man pounding with his fist upon the study door. My little son, Herschel, also heard these sounds.

At 12 noon, in broad daylight, my wife was seated with baby on her knee, when the portière curtain was agitated and drawn together from each side and the man showed himself wrapped in it and peeping out

from behind. Again she asked who it was, and he answered, "I am *he, he*." She said, "Will you hurt the baby?" and he replied, "No, I will not hurt the baby, I have often been with thee," and again shook the curtain saying, "I am *he, he, he*." This was one of the most remarkable manifestations we have had in this wonderful house.

On very many occasions my wife has described the agitation of curtains or drapery from behind which the man appeared. On two occasions I saw this agitation myself (once in daylight), the appearance being exactly as though a hand were placed behind the curtain and the fingers strongly agitated, and on another the whole fabric leaping up with a jerk. On both occasions no one was within several feet of the hanging drapery. Others have also frequently seen it, and also the figure of the man, thus completely confirming my wife's statements.

On February 8th, 1910, my wife going into the dining-room about 10.30 p.m. found the apparition of the man seated on the chair close to the door. Entering hurriedly she *stumbled on to him*, kicking against his leg, and as she was falling *put her left hand on him* to save herself! As it was she nearly fell, and nearly dropped the lamp she was carrying. She avers that his leg and body felt solid, and she had a distinct sensation of cloth when she put her hand on his coat. He vanished instantly. This again was evidently a full materialisation.

Here is another experience showing the objectivity of the apparition. On February 16th, 1910, at 9.15, the man appeared very perfectly and standing before the door. My wife endeavoured to run out of the room, but he barred the way, so she sat down and asked if she might touch him. In response he held out his left hand and my wife grasped it, finding it soft and *warm* like that of a mortal. She then asked for the other hand, but this he would not extend. He continued smiling very pleasantly all the time and showed beautiful teeth. He then lifted the curtain on the closed door, passed behind it and so vanished. This was evidently a complete materialisation, and the smiling of the apparition was a marked feature which has often been seen.

On May 9th he appeared smiling, very luminous, patting his chest and apparently very pleased. On another occasion the inside of his mouth appeared luminous, as when one places a glowing match in the mouth.

The apparition now seemed to be engaged in a course of frequent interventions in our daily life, and continued to be very often seen and heard. Many of these happenings (some of which I here note) were of very great interest.

July 3rd, 1909.—During the night my wife, sleeping with baby Dorothy in the bedroom, felt three heavy blows under the bed. They shook the bed, and two of them were so forcible as to hurt her (cf. p. 21). After each one she arose and looked under the bed, but saw nothing unusual. Then baby Dorothy's cot was shaken very forcibly, and loud knocks sounded about the room. Rather frightened she came to my

bedroom and awoke me at 6.30. As she stood at the door she suddenly saw the man standing on the landing at the end of the passage. He was very clear and distinct, and as she looked, the morning sun burst through a cloud and shone brightly through the staircase window, *flooding the figure of the man with a golden light*. The figure was beautifully lit up by the light just like a mortal would have been.

October 3rd, 1909, about 9 p.m. my wife saw the man in the hall. He distinctly *trod on the train of her dress* and she felt the jerk as she pulled the dress from under his foot.

July 21st, 1910.—The apparition of the man appeared on the top landing near the top of the stairs. My wife, coming out of the nursery, passed close in front of it and hurried downstairs. He followed, *treading on her dress all the way down and stroking her hair*. Although she felt him tread on the dress, yet he did not do this so heavily as to impede her motion. She ran to me much frightened and breathless and had violent palpitation. This is a marvellous experience showing clearly that the figure is *objective* like that of Christ was to the Apostles.

An equally wonderful manifestation was witnessed on September 13th, 1909. The apparition of the man appeared in the passage as my wife was carrying a 50 candle-power lamp, which is with difficulty extinguished. The lamp went out immediately, he seeming to put it out (this has been several times observed). We have never known these lamps to be extinguished by a draught. Now occurred a remarkable thing and seemed to give the reason for his extinguishing the light. His figure at once became *luminous* and was clearly visible in the dark as a *white* figure. My wife retreated rapidly but he gained on her. She shouted for me to come, and he disappeared. This putting out of a powerful 50 and 100 candle-power lamp when no mortal has touched them, or been near them, has frequently been observed by us.

On January 1st, 1911, my daughters, Marjorie and Sylvia, were together in the dining-room. Suddenly the lamp went out (a 100 candle-power lamp). Sylvia and Marjorie then by the light of the fire and the light streaming into the room through the open door from the lamp in the hall, saw the big arm-chair turn over by itself and lie on its back on the floor. The chair was a considerable distance away from them. The apparition frequently exhibited luminous phenomena. On June 22nd, 1909, late at night, he appeared holding a light in his hand which he waved about. It was so bright that it quite drowned the light of the small lamp she was carrying.

The apparition seems to have had wonderful command over these luminous phenomena, which have taken various forms, from the down-rush of flame, and the bright red spark described on p. 30, to the following equally wonderful displays.

Sunday, December 10th, 1911.—On returning from church, my wife and the servant Ida and my children related a most extraordinary

experience. They said that about three quarters of an hour after I had gone out, my wife going out at the front door saw to her astonishment that my study was *brightly lit up*. The blind was down and the door locked. She called the servant Ida, and my daughters Marjorie and Sylvia, and all saw the light. They thought that I had left my lamp burning on the table. All saw the light strongly illuminating the path outside the window. My wife and Ida went to the garden steps and looked at the window and again close to it outside, and they and the others all saw the light shining brightly on the path and illuminating all the panes of the window through the blind just as when my lamp is lit. They thought that I had gone to church and left my lamp burning, so they went into the house again, the light still shining brightly; but a quarter of an hour afterwards my wife, being uneasy about the light, went out again and still saw the window brightly illuminated, and the path lit up by the light. Shortly afterwards they counted over the lamps and found to their surprise that my lamp was in the pantry and so *not* in the study. They at once ran to the door and again looked at my study window, only to find that after being brightly lit up *for more than half an hour*, all was now in darkness!

On hearing this account I at once took out the special key from my pocket and unlocked the study door and entered. I found all in darkness and just as I left it. No lamp or other illuminant was in the study. As luck would have it, I had taken the only piece of candle from the study and put it in my pocket, for use in the vestry of the church, two and a half hours previously and before going to church, and there had been no fire in the grate all the day! I now lit and brought in my lamp and placed it in its usual place on the table, and taking my wife, children and the servant outside, I asked them whether the illuminated window looked the same as when lighted by the mysterious light, and they were positive that the strange light they had all seen was, if anything, *brighter* than that of the lamp they now saw. They signed a statement to this effect in my Journal. This was a truly astonishing affair. A similar experience occurred again on October 4th, 1917, and was equally inexplicable by normal means.

On Tuesday, June 15th, 1909, at 9 p.m., we were all at supper, with the lamp lit and the room brilliantly lighted. Suddenly my daughter Sylvia, hearing a sound at the door, looked round and said, "Mamma, who is that?" My wife looked up and saw the door opened about three inches and a hand thrust through the opening and grasping the knob on the inside of the door. It grasped the knob and then withdrew through the narrow opening, but the knob then turned round as though turned from the other side. She at once recognised it as the hand of the apparition. She instantly sprang to the door, but no one was there. The outer doors were locked. Sylvia also saw the hand. I was carving and did not see it, but my little son heard and saw the door open and the knob turn. On this occasion three persons at one and the same

time had evidence of the man's presence. On several previous occasions my wife has seen this hand in other rooms, sometimes grasping the furniture and often agitating the curtain (I have twice seen this) and once as a shadow on the blind, while the fingers have several times been vibrated on her forehead and frequently strummed on the bed rail at night.

August 17th, 1909.—My wife carrying baby Dorothy upstairs and dandling her in her arms, suddenly saw the man on the first landing. He smiled at her, showing his teeth distinctly and having a most sweet and benign expression.

August 24th, 1909.—Having taken baby to the cot, she found that nurse had hung a shawl on the top of the vertical iron canopy support. This was suddenly agitated *violently*, standing out almost horizontally, and this continued for a long time while she looked at it.

Baby was now about four months old. The apparition appeared to take a most lively interest in the child, and on more than one occasion the servants described the appearance of a tall man by the side of the cot causing the swing-cot to swing or rock like a cradle, and during the first eighteen months or more of baby's life, they very often described footsteps as approaching the cot and walking around the cot, and frequently the drapery of the cot out of reach of the child was strongly agitated, no mortal being there, and alarming them not a little. My daughter can remember this apparitional figure, and has a distinct recollection of frequently seeing a very tall man standing over the cot and looking at her.

July 17th, 1909.—We were at the garden gate, and my wife turning round saw the apparition *looking out* through the dining-room window and recognised it.

October 6th, 1909.—My wife and I were returning from a walk and were on the road about fifty yards from the gate, when she suddenly saw the man walking by my side so close as to appear to touch me. He was very tall and had something white *at the neck*. She screamed and the figure vanished instantly. The apparition was thus seen both inside and outside the house under the most varied conditions during these early years. Later the white "something at the neck" was seen by others.

On hundreds of occasions I have heard the signs of a presence at night in our bedroom often when alone, the door being shut and bolted. At these times I have heard all the crockery on the washstand moved, the lids loudly placed on soap and brush dishes, and very often the heavy wash-basin lifted up apparently about an inch and let fall upon the marble slab with a crash. I have also been touched when in the room *alone*, and also my wife and I have both been touched, as on September 13th, 1926, when I was touched four times by fingers on the forehead and my wife also touched several times, and had her hand once lifted high in the air, the tall man walking round the bed, his foot-

steps audible. I have been touched when my wife was asleep and lying with both hands *underneath* her. These things I have heard hundreds of times. One got quite accustomed to them, and very often I have said, "Thanks, friend, good-night," and again turned over and gone to sleep.

A careful consideration of this record seems to point to a most extraordinary *pre-natal* oversight and influence being exercised towards my wife and her child, and an equally extraordinary oversight and influence accompanying the child after birth. First, we have the prophecy or forecast as to the *sex* of the yet unborn child, *absolutely contrary to the mother's fixed conviction* and uttered only a month before birth, when the sex, according to gynecologists, had been *long completed* and determined, and when the prediction could, therefore, have no power to influence this through my wife's mind and body. Secondly, we have the extraordinary and forcible collision of the apparition with my wife and the strong shock or blow imparted to the abdomen only four days before the birth of the child as though some influences were being imparted to or exercised thereon. Thirdly, the *ascending* manifestation six days after birth when the materialised form of the little child, attached by an umbilicus to the apparition of the man, danced in delight over the feet and limbs of my wife when lying with her new born babe. Fourthly, the scores of subsequent manifestations to my wife and others in the house, the rocking of the cradle or cot by the apparitioned figure and the long-drawn-out series of manifestations around and near the cot and about the young child, form a series of happenings which appear to be *unique in modern times* and which can only be paralleled by Old and New Testament narratives.

In the summer of 1910 my mother, Mary Tweedale, came to live with me, bringing her furniture. Shortly after her arrival, a new series of psychic manifestations commenced, giving evidence of the survival of members of her family and my relatives. These were interspersed with the manifestations of "The man," and continued in a marvellous manner through the autumn of 1910 and the spring of 1911. They were amazing in their number, evidential nature and complexity, and together form the most extraordinary series of psychic manifestations on record. The account of some of them is to be found, as I have previously remarked, in my work, *Man's Survival after Death*. For the purposes of this narrative, I must confine myself more especially to those now known to be the work of "the man."

September 11th, 1910.—After a long interval the figure of the *man* appeared in the bedroom about 10 p.m. He placed his hand upon Midge's bare shoulder as she sat on a chair, and so startled her that she partly fell off the chair. On looking up after falling to one side, she saw the man standing close to her. He then turned and went into the passage, she following him until he turned down the back stairs.

October 14th, 1910, 8.55 p.m.—I was in the drawing-room when my wife came to me and said the apparition of the man was very active in the passage and he was waving his arms about. She followed him upstairs and along the corridor to the little room at the end. The landing light was not lit but I could see through the open door and into the room by the light of the moon shining through the window. The man entered, and my wife followed and looked behind the door for him. As she did so, she uttered a shriek and put her hand to her face moaning and crying out in pain. I had seen a clear bright red spark about as large as a pea shine out on a level with her face. It seemed to be electric and was bright red. I sprang to her side, and as she still moaned and cried, I asked what was the matter, and she cried, "Oh, a spark has stabbed me in the cheek; oh, it does hurt," and so on for some time. When more coherent and recovered from the shock she said that she saw the man standing behind the door, and the next instant a bright red spark shot from him and struck her in the face causing severe pain. This confirmed my own observation of a bright red spark. Her cheek was flushed but not marked, and I came to the conclusion that it was electric and like the discharge from a Leyden jar which stings severely but does not wound. This phenomenon appears to have been a manifestation of psychic fire. (*Man's Survival after Death*, pp. 406, 418.)

October 19th, 1910.—My wife was sleeping with baby Dorothy in the small room next to the nursery, about 11.30 p.m., and the lamp was burning on the mantelpiece. She had not been long in bed before the bed was suddenly lifted up at the foot to a height of about eighteen inches. It was then let fall with a crash. Instantly it was raised again, and again let fall. She immediately sat up in bed and a hand was thrust under the coverlet. She was on the point of screaming when the hand developed into the apparition of the man who then stood beside the bed looking at her, and then turning away strode to the door opening into the nursery, and disappeared clean through the panels. The bed was lifted so high that she could only just see the top of the dressing-table above the counterpane at the foot of the bed. There was no one underneath the bed, as she ascertained by inspection immediately afterwards.

The same wonderful phenomenon of levitation was witnessed in broad daylight by two persons, the servant Lydia and my daughter Dorothy, on June 28th, 1915, Dorothy being then six years of age. They were in the nursery at 11 a.m. in the clear summer light and were both standing in the doorway close together. Without any warning one of the beds, a heavy iron one, four feet six inches wide, raised itself into the air, rearing like a horse, until the foot of the bed was raised quite two feet, and the castors were on a level with the bed next to it. They could see the floor clearly underneath the bed, and saw that there was no one under it. It remained suspended in the air without visible

support for some seconds, and then fell with a loud crash upon the floor. These levitations in the light, especially bright daylight, show the presence of very great power. (*M.S.*, pp. 382, 391.)

November 1st, 1910.—Mother was lying in bed in the Red Room (the same room in which the wonderful manifestation of the child took place). Time 2 p.m. After loud blows upon the door, it opened slightly, and from the top of it there shot a long stream of white cloudy matter coming towards the bed. It extended from the top of the door to mother's pillow, a distance of about four yards. It came slowly at the last, as it drew near to the pillow. Mother shrank from the cloudy stream as it approached her. When it reached the pillow, something dropped from it on to the pillow, and on mother picking it up, the object proved to be an egg, of which at the time there were none in the house. The cloudy stream then floated back towards the door and dissolved into the air. Mother sprang to the door and shouted for the others below stairs, and my wife, son, Sylvia, Marjorie and the servant Mary Dickens, ran up at her cries. On looking for the egg which mother had placed on a small stand it had disappeared. While in the room Mary saw the apparition of the man in the corner of the room. It became vaporous and vanished. At the same moment all five persons saw two articles projected across the room at mother and saw them hit her. They were picked up and placed on the mantelpiece, and they again were projected towards her, no visible person touching them.

At 4.30, mother still in bed, the door opened again and a man's arm was thrust in and raised itself high in the air and dashed something violently down on the hearth-rug. This proved to be the egg which was broken in a long splash of yolk and albumen on the hearth-rug. She sprang to the door but found no one above stairs. On both of these occasions I was out of the house and there was no other man on the premises. On this occasion the man was seen by the servant, and his hand seen by mother to throw an object forcibly.

This was perhaps the most remarkable apport we have experienced as the ectoplasmic cloud which accompanied it was clearly seen in broad daylight. During 1910 and 1911 we had many instances of apports, on scores of occasions seeing articles flying through the air and apparently coming through the walls or ceilings or dropping out of the air. None of these were warm when picked up. On scores of occasions during this period, have articles been mysteriously taken, and later in the day (though sometimes not till an interval of weeks or months) seen to drop out of the air, or come apparently through wall or ceiling. These physical phenomena which often included the movement of furniture—things in the wildest disorder and necessitating laborious re-arranging and occurring often in locked rooms, were kept up until the manifesting spirits had thoroughly "rubbed their presence in," smashed all anti-spiritual theories, and demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that they were capable of making their presence felt and of proving it in many ways—always

unexpectedly and often in ways which put us to much inconvenience, and which we ourselves would never have chosen—thus countering the falacious theory of "expectancy." An instance of this occurred on January 17th, 1911, when the children, the servant Ida, my wife and mother, were all having late tea about 6.45 p.m. Suddenly as they were all seated round the table, a shower of articles—stockings, scissors and many other things, including a big tea canister, fell from the ceiling directly above the table, on to the middle of it. The tea-canister fell into a basin of milk splashing it all over the table and those seated at it. All present saw the articles fall from *close up to the ceiling*. Other experiences of these apports will be narrated. They have been very wonderful and most evidential.

November 3rd, 1910.—My wife had been indisposed and was discouraged and talked of giving up. About 11.30 p.m. she heard a voice issuing from the wardrobe at our bedside, the door of which was partly open. The voice said, "John says, No! No! No!" She shut the door in affright, but once more the voice came, saying, "Madge, you have done a great work but there is much more to follow; you *must* go on." She ran to me and told me of this.

November 6th, 1910.—Mother and Marjorie, in Red Room, saw the man's hand hold out a flower and withdraw it. A few minutes later, my wife saw the man in our bedroom and ran out to mother in the Red Room. Immediately she had entered, the hand thrust itself through the slightly open door and flung in a flower, which they picked up.

Sunday, November 13th, 1910.—In the evening mother sustained severe cuts on the head and bruises and cuts on her hands. When I returned from church I found mother and my wife in the dining-room, mother seated in a chair before the fire and my wife examining the cuts on her head and parting the hair with her fingers. The room was brilliantly lighted by a 100 candle-power lamp and the window and door were shut. Much shocked at the injuries she had received I stood over mother examining the wounds. At that moment I chanced to raise my eyes and saw issue from the wall above the window, an object which sped swiftly across the room and hit the wall over the arch where stood the piano. It struck the wall with a loud crack and then fell on to the piano making the strings vibrate, and rolled over the floor. My wife had her back to it, and was about three and a half yards from where it came. I ran and picked it up, and found to my astonishment that it was a jar of special healing ointment which my mother always used for cuts and bruises and which she kept locked up in her wardrobe, the keys of which (patent lever) were at that moment in her pocket.

I saw the jar issue from the wall nearly four yards behind my wife's back and close to the ceiling, and of this fact I am as certain as of anything that ever occurred in my life. This was the first apport I personally witnessed, and I found it a most impressive and convincing experience.

About 11 p.m. my wife saw the apparition of the man, looking sorrowful. He waved his hand with a deprecating air. In view of the wonderful apport of the egg and the flower previously described, I am certain it was he who sent the jar. Had I not seen it with my own eyes I could not have believed it, but it did actually happen. The intention was obvious—*the ointment was for the wounds!* I can never think of this experience without wonder. No more marvellous apport is on record. The healing intention was obvious. Owing to the objective nature of these experiences as has been proved by many similar instances, sometimes in the presence of several witnesses and always in broad daylight or good lamplight, I am convinced that they are as real and as much the work of discarnate spirit personalities as any of the miracles and spirit manifestations recorded in the New Testament.¹

¹ Here let me digress to examine briefly a few of the objections urged—generally by members of the Christian Churches who have no knowledge or experience of the phenomena of spirit manifestation—against such experiences as are described in this book. It is stated by them (1) that they are due to hallucination, telepathy, fraud, or the subconscious mind. (2) That they are the work of deceiving devils. Now, obviously, if telepathy between the incarnate, and the action of the subconscious, is the explanation of the voices, apparitions, visions and other psychic phenomena experienced in modern times, as they allege, how do they know, and what proof can they give, that fraud, "telepathy" and "subconscious" action is not likewise the explanation of the voices, visions, apparitions and psychic phenomena of the Old and New Testament?

If these things are hallucinations or tricks of the subconscious to-day what proof have they that the Apostles, the prophets, and all the holy men of old were not hallucinated or tricked by the subconscious? They have not a scrap. Were the words "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest" (Acts ix. 5) the result of telepathy, or the working of Paul's subconscious mind? The time has come for plain speaking. If human testimony to-day cannot be trusted when it gives full accounts of the formation, handling and vanishing away of materialised spiritual beings, of the hearing of the voices of the discarnate, of the recognition of the faces, forms and voices of the departed, neither can any trust or confidence be placed in the testimony of the prophets of the Apostles, or in that of the members of the early Christian Church, for they were each and all human as we now are. If spectators of these phenomena are hallucinated to-day, what proof have we that the Apostles were not hallucinated in the inn at Emmaus or in the upper room at Jerusalem? Those Christians who rashly make the statement that no real evidence for the identity of a returning spirit can ever be obtained would do well to remember that this *applies equally to the identity of the arisen Christ*. It is about the most disastrous statement that a Christian can make. The utter fatuity and lack of understanding displayed by those members of the Churches who allege that "a religion which depends on getting into communication with the other world is a poor, starved meagre kind of religion," will be apparent to all who consider that the proof of the Christian religion was dependent on "getting in touch with the other world" as is evident from the New Testament records. Truly the blindness of such people is almost beyond belief.

In vain do they allege that modern spirit manifestations are all the tricks of deceiving devils. If this were true it would knock the bottom out of Christianity.

November 14th, 1910.—In the evening a person called on us bringing his son, a lad of about thirteen, who professed to write inspirationally. We sat all together in the drawing-room for a demonstration of this. It soon became evident that the young scamp was deceiving his poor father in the most barefaced manner. It was laughable to see him after each question, with pencil raised in the air and head on one side, studying out what he must say, and then suddenly dashing off an inane, childish sentence of the supposed inspirational writing, and handing the paper to us with a self-satisfied smirk. Though it was such transparent humbug, we had not the heart to tell the father, but resolved to dismiss them after some refreshment. My wife went downstairs to get this, but almost immediately returned in great alarm. Scarcely had she reached the ground floor, when the apparition of the man appeared in the passage and walked towards the kitchen. She snatched up a lamp

For if modern spirit manifestations are all the tricks of deceiving devils, then what evidence have we that all the angels and spirits who appeared to, and attended on, the prophets, the Apostles, and the Christ were the agents they professed to be, and were not deceiving devils masquerading as angels of light, and how could we know that the appearances of the Lord Jesus after his death and resurrection, as recorded in the Bible, were not the work of a deceiving devil? Obviously the prophets, the Christ, and the Apostles were men, as we are (Jas. v. 17; Acts xiv. 15; Heb. iv. 15, x. 12; Acts ii. 22), as liable to the alleged danger of "communicating with unseen personalities," or to any of the other alleged dangers; and the correct thing for them to have done, if we are to be guided by timid and ignorant modern opponents, was to have ceased at once to hold intercourse and communication with the Spirit world, and so to have deprived us of all revelation. Truly, those who use this wretched devil argument are destroyed by their own word. It is so illogical and destructive of the Christian position that one can only wonder at the fatal lack of logic and vision shown by those who employ it. If the dead cannot be recognised by us to-day beyond all doubt, if they cannot be distinguished from deceiving devils, then there is no certainty that Christ was ever recognised by the Apostles after His resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 15, 16). It is fundamental to Christianity, and vital to God's honour, that departed spirits should be recognised, and the good triumphant. If the evidence does not prove survival and communication and spirituality, as some allege, then human testimony is no good for anything, and all the testimony for survival and communication and the spirituality of the spirit world contained in the Old and New Testaments is equally of no value whatsoever.

In short, the utter fatuity of those leaders in the Christian Churches who talk of "coincidences," "telepathy," "hypnotism," "subconscious self," "hallucinations," "devils," "extended human powers," and "cosmic mind" as the explanations of modern psychic experiences, and at the same time fail to see that these explanations, if true, would not merely explain away their Christianity, but also all revealed religion and shatter both to bits, is almost beyond belief. One expects this sort of thing from professed Atheists, Materialists and Agnostics, but that Christians should be guilty of it—!!! Let them remember that every argument they bring against these phenomena and experiences is an argument against historic Christianity and revealed religion, founded as they are on similar happenings (vide *Man's Survival*).

Scores of eminent and capable men testify that survival and communication have been proved in these modern times. To give only a few testimonies:

from the hall table and followed it. On arriving at the kitchen, no one was visible. She was about to turn away when she heard a loud crushing or stamping sound, and holding the lamp aloft, to her amazement she perceived the legs of the man standing in the kitchen fire grate (the fire was out), and stamping fiercely on the black cinders. He stamped hard about a dozen times, his boots being distinctly visible. Then suddenly a great gush of flame burst out from the cinders and streamed in a great uprush as far as the tall mantelpiece (nearly four feet). Much frightened she ran up and told us, and we all ran down to the kitchen. Both it and the passage were full of smoke, but this had no smell of paper, wood or oil. The fire was out and the black cinders practically cold. I made sure of this by placing my hand on them. There was no smell of wood, paper or oil in the grate or of any attempt to light a fire there. The effect of this manifestation on the "young scamp" was instantaneous. He was very badly scared, looking furtively around; and refusing to

Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., says (December 9th, 1916): "The facts point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility of connection between this world and the next."

Sir William Barrett, F.R.S.: "I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who have once lived on earth can and do communicate with us. It is hardly possible to convey to the inexperienced an adequate idea of the strength and cumulative force of the evidence. Let us thank God that He has permitted a corner of the veil to be lifted."

Professor Lombroso (University of Turin): "I am ashamed and grieved at having opposed the psychic facts. Genuine psychical phenomena are produced by intelligences totally independent of the parties present."

Dr Hodgson, of Cambridge University: "I entered profoundly materialistic, not believing in life after death. To-day I say, 'I believe.' The truth has been given to me in such a way as to remove even the possibility of a doubt."

Dr Geley, the well-known psychologist: "The facts revealed necessitate the complete overthrow of the materialistic physiology and conception of the universe."

Professor Ochrowski, of the University of Warsaw (a man of great learning and repute): "When I remember that I branded as a fool that fearless investigator, Crookes, because he had the courage to assert the reality of psychic phenomena, I am ashamed both of myself and others, and I cry from the very bottom of my heart: 'Father, forgive! I have sinned against the light.'"

Raoul Pictet, the eminent physicist, Professor of the University of Genoa: "I am constrained to believe by the invincible logic of facts."

Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer and author: "Any man accustomed to scientific observation may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts."

Sir Oliver Lodge says in his autobiography, "Test the facts by whatever way you choose, they can only be accounted for by the interaction of intelligences other than our own"; and his mature conviction is set forth in a recent speech at Browning Hall, Walworth, as follows: "I tell you that we do persist. Communication is possible. I have proved that the people who communicate are who and what they say they are. The conclusion is that survival is scientifically proved by scientific investigation."

stay even for supper, he hurriedly left the house. This wonderful manifestation of flame and smoke was undoubtedly another instance of psychic fire, many of which are recorded in the Bible.¹

As I have previously remarked, after mother came to live with me an extraordinary series of physical manifestations,² of the most astounding nature, many displacements of furniture, often involving all the rooms of a storey (some locked), loud volleys of bell-ringing on scores of occasions, together with amazing apparitions, commenced; which not only convinced us of the reality of the spirit world and the objectivity of these manifestations, but also provided evidence of the survival of many of our relatives and friends. Many of these are narrated elsewhere (vide *M.S.*) and cannot be touched on here, without breaking the particular narrative I wish to present to my readers. I therefore omit them, but they are duly recorded, some in my former work, and others in hundreds of pages of my Journal.

It may not be out of place to record that Mr W. W. Bagally, one of the principal investigators of the S.P.R., visited my vicarage on several occasions, and on two of them stayed several weeks in the house witnessing the phenomena and testifying to their reality by signed statements in my Diary, and saying that they were the most remarkable on record.

¹ On another occasion (April 18th, 1918) I had the extraordinary experience of seeing an apparition emerge from the clear red fire in my study, and after striking me smartly on the arm vanish before my eyes on the middle of the floor. This was in *broad daylight*, about noon.

² Recently the opponents of modern spirit manifestations and evidences have endeavoured to snatch an advantage by terming them "Spiritistic," as distinguished from, "Spiritualistic," alleging that they are metaphysical and psychological and of human and mortal origin only.

Such opponents assert that the phenomena are neither Spiritualistic in their nature nor conduce to spirituality. These statements are not true and not borne out by the facts, and those who foolishly make them, overlook the fact that if they were true, *they would apply equally to the spirit manifestations and evidences recorded in the Old and New Testament.*

In vain are all anti-spiritual theories and objections. *This modern knowledge of spiritual verities has come to stay, and the Church is face to face with a whole range of facts which can no longer be successfully ignored or denied.*

"The angels keep their ancient places,
Stir but a stone, ye start a wing.
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many splendoured thing.

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And your benumbed conceiving soars,
The drift of pinions, would ye hearken,
Beats on your own clay-shuttered doors."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

CHAPTER II

MANIFESTATIONS AT WESTON VICARAGE FROM 1910-1923

"Full many a time as evening shades draw on,
The steady footfalls echo through the room.
The midnight vision and the voice proclaim
The wondrous presence, or the loved one's name,
Of those who, having gone before,
From heavenly scenes return to earth once more."

And when they were come and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them.—*Acts xiv. 27.*

FROM a very early stage in the apparition of the man, we began to have musical sounds and instrumental manifestations of varied import, some of which I now describe:

May 31st, 1909—My wife awoke about 2 a.m., and after attending to baby Dorothy, now about a month old, lay awake a little while. As she thus lay awake a strain of music began to sound from the top of the wardrobe. It was most beautiful, and the tone something like that produced by a musical box. It played a delightful air twice over, concluding with a fine chord. Nothing was seen. There was at that time no musical box in the house.

October 18th, 1909—The apparition was seen twice and my wife informed me that after I had gone out to the post and when my study was locked, she heard a violin playing from *inside* my study. It continued playing for quite a long time when I was not in the house and when no mortal was in the study.

October 24th, 1910—The apparition of the man was seen this morning. At 3 p.m. I was alone writing in my study. I distinctly heard a chord *strummed* on a violin hung up behind me. It was exactly as though a man's thumb had been passed across the strings sounding each note guitar-wise. The violin was in tune. We have had many physical phenomena these last few days. This sounding of the strings on the violin hanging in my study has occurred several times when I have been alone in the study. Several physical phenomena took place during the afternoon.

At 4 p.m. while alone in my study I thanked God for these wonderful manifestations, and prayed that they might be continued. Then speaking in a very low undertone I addressed the man whose apparitional figure had been so often seen and who, I began to suspect, was the author of

the musical manifestations, thanking him as the agent. I had only just concluded, when the next moment my wife rushed into the room and informed me that she had only that instant, as she came down the staircase, seen the figure of the *man* standing in the recess of my study door. *He must therefore only have been a few feet away when I was addressing him, all unconscious of his presence.*

September 17th, 1911.—I received a letter from mother informing me that on September 3rd, she awoke in her house at Rawtenstall (some twenty-five miles away across country) about 4 a.m., and to her amazement heard a violin playing in *an adjacent room of her own house*. It was clear and loud, and was playing the last few bars of "The Anchor's Weighed"—"Farewell, farewell! Remember me." No student of the violin lived in the house on either side of her, nor in any case would any mortal be likely to be playing that particular tune at 4 a.m. She was so astonished that she rose at once and searched the house (she lived alone at the time), but could find nothing to account for what she had heard. "The Anchor's Weighed" is the tune I use when testing my violins.

September 19th, 1911.—I retired rather earlier to bed leaving my wife and servant below stairs. All the children were in bed on the third floor. At 10 p.m. the servant, Ida, came to my bedroom door and said, "The mistress says, will you please stop playing the violin, or you will wake baby." I was astonished and replied that I had not been out of bed and had no violin upstairs at all. The girl then informed me that both she and my wife, when in the kitchen, had distinctly heard a violin sounding from the room where I was. It was first tuned, and then the tune "The Anchor's Weighed" was played exactly as I do when trying a violin, and they thought it was me. They could scarcely believe me when I assured them that I had not played a note. They both signed their statement. The same spirit personalities and forces could evidently manifest both at Rawtenstall and at Weston, and sometimes they could co-operate. This was most marvellously illustrated a year later, on September 17th, 1912 (note the date of the month). On this day without giving any warning, I visited mother at Rawtenstall, distant about twenty-five miles. As I approached the house up a very steep hill, I took out my watch and noted the time. It was 2.30 p.m. When mother opened the door to me she was in some agitation saying that she had just been greatly alarmed by hearing a loud crash as of fire-irons thrown down in a heap upon the hearth, but on running into the room (she lived alone at this time) she found nothing displaced. I listened carefully to her account, and there and then made a note of it in my pocket book. *Neither I nor my mother communicated with Weston,* and I returned there the following day. As soon as I entered the vicarage my wife said to me, "Such a strange thing happened yesterday afternoon. At half-past two, we heard a loud crash upstairs, and on running up to the Grey Room and top Red Room, we found *all the fire-irons in both*

rooms thrown into the middle of the floor!!" This was evidently brought about by spiritual beings, some manifesting here at Weston and others who had followed me to Rawtenstall and knew the psychological moment (cf. Acts x. 9, 13, 20). I give this instance in proof of their power to give the manifestations in places wide apart. Such experiences are exceedingly impressive.

January 27th, 1912.—I retired to rest early. My wife and the servant Ida came up and said that they had heard a violin playing in my room. (We did not own a gramophone and had none in the house during the period of these violin manifestations.)

Tuesday, February 6th, 1912.—About 11 p.m. my wife and the servant Ida were together in the breakfast room. I was upstairs. A violin was hanging on the wall in the room. Suddenly both heard two or three notes *plucked* loudly. No one was near the instrument.

Wednesday, May 12th, 1912.—A wooden trencher leaning against the kitchen wall first *stood off from it* and then turned round as though lifted and reversed by someone. About 2.30 my wife, Sylvia and baby Dorothy were all in the dining-room, my wife was playing "Beulah Land," and had just sung through the chorus:

"O Beulah Land! Sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me;
And view the shining glory shore
My heaven, my home, for evermore,"

when all at once a loud noise came from a heavy wood violin case which was resting squarely and securely on the velvet-covered arms of an arm-chair on the right-hand side of the piano. The violin case then raised itself off the arms of the chair, and to the consternation of my wife and daughters flung itself *over the back of the chair*, landing on the floor *behind the chair* where it stood straight up on *its rounded end* (it is practically impossible to cause it to stand upright on this rounded end). All rushed from the room in fright, and my wife called the two servants, my son and other daughter, and they all returned to the dining-room door. While standing there, they all heard several loud bangs and noises come from the interior of the room, and a peculiar sighing or blowing noise repeated several times. Six of the witnesses signed the statement describing this experience. These various and repeated sounds and the movement of the violin were evidently the work of "the man," as will later be clearly apparent.

This account will appear incredible to those who have never had any psychic experiences, but I can assure readers, from very many similar experiences of the movements of furniture and other articles both by contact with apparitional figures, and also without apparent contact with anyone; or with any visible means by which they could be displaced; that these accounts, incredible as they may seem, are *literally*

and strictly true. These things were entirely beyond our control, but they *did actually happen*, and were seen sometimes by half a dozen persons at one and the same time. On occasions I have seen heavy pieces of furniture moved, and once *one piece piled upon another*. One reads of similar physical happenings in the Old and New Testament. One of the most notable of these is contained in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and relates how Peter's chains "fell off from his hands" in the presence of the materialised spirit, and how "the iron gate opened to them of its own accord," and Peter strode out a free man.

Now we have seen *exactly* the same physical spirit phenomenon occur at Weston in my vicarage, and I here narrate it not only to confirm the New Testament account, but also to show the kind of agency whereby heavy articles have been moved at Weston, and by which the heavy violin case was thrown over the back of the chair, and the violin stood up on its edge, the violin strings were plucked and sounded, the violins played, and other similar happenings carried into effect.

This wonderful experience and re-duplication of a New Testament event, which I now narrate, occurred in my vicarage on November 26th, 1910. At 4.30 on that day, I locked the doors of my study and of the dining-room, the keys of which were special and unlike any other in the house. These keys I constantly carried in my pocket. Before locking the rooms I searched them thoroughly, as extraordinary manifestations had been occurring in them; and I also made sure that the windows were fast. After locking the doors I very carefully tried them to make sure that they were truly locked, and then for additional security I shot the slide bolts at top and bottom of each door, and I did not leave the house until thoroughly satisfied that both doors were securely fastened and the rooms safe from any mortal invasion. I then left the house for fifteen minutes, going to the village post office with my letters. On returning I found my wife, mother and the servant in a state of great alarm, and much frightened. My wife then informed me that shortly after I had left the house she was walking along the passage towards the dining-room intending to get something from the sideboard, and not knowing that I had locked the door. The new servant, Mary Bland, was following close behind her. As she approached the dining-room door she noticed my mother in the act of coming down the main staircase and within about two and a half yards of the said door, my wife being at that moment about three yards from it, and the servant just behind her. Suddenly there was a loud rushing sound like a great wind, followed instantly by a great crash upon the door as though someone had been thrown violently against it. At the same instant the door burst open and was flung wide to the back, showing the interior of the room. All these persons, my wife, my mother and the servant, saw and heard this occur. My wife and the maid ran back down the passage in great alarm, and as they ran a piece of wood about eighteen inches in length was

violently stabbed, or run, through my wife's hair and left sticking there, while Mary was struck on the cheek!! On recovering from their fright and returning to the room they found several chairs overthrown and several articles moved. I listened to this amazing story, and then proceeded to inspect the room. They had not touched the door but left it wide to the back, and to my very great astonishment *I found the two slide bolts and the lock bolt sticking out from the side of the door just as though the door were bolted and locked*. Chairs were also upset in the room. This amazed me exceedingly, for I had carefully locked the door and tried it again and again before going out, and the key, which was a special one and unlike any other, was in my pocket at that moment. Before I could shut the door I had to take the key out of my pocket and "unlock the door," and cause the lock bolt to go back into its position in the lock case!! I made the most careful examination of the door jamb and the metal sockets sunk therein which receive the sliding bolts and the lock bolt, but found them *perfect and uninjured in any way*, and in their normal condition as before the incident. Furthermore, on going to my study and unlocking its door with the other special key in my pocket, I found the room all in disorder, articles being displaced and strewn all about. The windows of both rooms were securely fastened and could not be opened from the outside. *Three persons* saw this door, locked and bolted, thus forcibly burst open in broad daylight. My mother, with whom I often discussed this marvellous experience, was within three yards of the door when it opened, and was positive that no one was near it when with a roar and a crash it burst open. She remained unshaken in her testimony to this fact, as did the others, and I am certain that exactly the same forces were here involved as those which opened the door of Peter's prison.

It may be necessary here to point out that the reason for these objective phenomena and physical displacements of things is to show that these spiritual beings have an objective existence, that they can enter into definite relations with matter, and are not the mere products of one's imagination. They give the death blow to all subconscious and telepathic explanations and theories.

Some little time after the above experience, mother returned to her house in Rawtenstall, and was absent from Weston about eighteen months. At the end of this period, her health beginning to fail, she returned to Weston, her furniture arriving here on January 21st, 1913.

During these years and throughout these wonderful experiences, I steadily pursued my violin experiments and investigations. Undaunted by failure I clung tenaciously to the experimenting in the hope that some day success would crown my efforts, and under the additional incentive of an intense interest in the instrument and the work.

January 22nd, 1913, 7 a.m.—My wife saw a tall pillar of light go up through the ceiling exactly as she did some years ago when the manifestations began. On that occasion I also saw the cloud of light.

January 24th.—My wife was in the backyard at the rockery, when she heard a grinding noise on the cinder path leading from the yard steps to the harness-room along the hedgeroad. Raising her head she saw a man's feet with soft shoes extending in long points and turned up at the toes. He wore a long garment, something like a cassock fitting rather close to the figure and a white cord girdle with tassels. He was very tall, more than six feet, with well formed rather aquiline nose, dark skin and very red lips and large eyes. He wore a little skull cap, walked very erect with a sharp walk. He went up the path and disappeared round the corner of the harness-room. He had rather curly iron-grey hair turned in at the collar. My wife was greatly astonished at this apparition, it was so clear and so real. The light was good and the details clearly distinguished. I asked her if his appearance were anything like that of the man seen at H— Rector, and she said, "No, he was *entirely different* in appearance to that man."

January 27th.—This morning about 7.30 a.m. my wife experienced the "percussing" sound in the ear that she has felt before. Then, as before, came a voice:

"Tell Charles to go right ahead."

She said, "With what?"

Answer: "With the violins."

I said: "Have I got the varnish right?"

Answer: "Not yet."

Monday, February 10th.—Wife in the backyard in the evening. She suddenly saw the tall man on the path at the rockery walking towards the harness-room. The new servant, Mary Curtis, at this moment came out from the house, and she also saw it.

Tuesday, March 5th, 1913.—To-day at 4.30 mother coming in from the back garden met this tall man on the path going up to the harness-room, near the hedge, face to face, and was astounded. She came hurriedly in and told the servants and Madge. The servants then said that they had before seen this tall man and heard his footsteps crunching the cinders on the path. This is most mysterious. It appears to be "the tall man" so often seen inside the house, and the one who said, "I am he, he, he."

Sunday, September 21st, 1913.—My wife was in the Red Room about 3 p.m. and saw a kind of spiral cloud. It was higher than herself, but it did not resolve itself into anything definite. In the evening about 5 p.m. she again saw the same tall man in the cassock-like garment that she saw in January. She was in the back yard, and he walked up the path to the harness-room and disappeared round the corner. He had a beautiful face, very red lips, very tall with dark eyes, had a white girdle with tassels and a small skull cap very light in colour. The servant girls say that they have repeatedly seen him, and sometimes have heard the footsteps crushing the cinders on the path *when the figure has not been visible*. The sound of crushing cinders or pebbles usually accompanies

his visible appearance. It seems to indicate definite materialisation. It is extremely probable that the spiral cloud in the Red Room this morning was he; and one recalls that one of the first apparitions of "the man" in 1908 formed out of, and was accompanied by, a spiral column of light. My wife has now seen him twice outside on this path by the hedge in clear open daylight, obtaining a good view, and she says she is quite certain that it is the same man that appeared by the bedside when the little child danced on the bed, and who pushed her down on the pillow; who also stood by the bed when it was raised into the air; who allowed her to take his hand; and who has appeared to her so many times *inside* the house.

May 3rd, 1914.—Marjorie was gardening in the backyard at the rockery and steps leading up on to the path. It was about six o'clock, and while stooping she heard a crunching sound on the path, and looking up, to her amazement saw a tall man in a long garment something like a cassock with a distinct white girdle round the waist, the girdle rather high up giving the impression of long legs. Bushy iron-grey hair, long lean face, sunken at cheeks, aquiline nose, dark complexion, firm mouth, firm chin, with a little skull cap on his head, hair bushy around the cap and turning *in* at the ends. He wore boots that turned up at the toes and looked as though made of thin buckskin, no heels. He walked up the path making a loud noise on the cinders, until he disappeared round the corner of the harness-room. This materialisation has now been seen by three of my family and by servants. It is a most impressive and wonderful thing.

May 6th, 1914.—Dorothy, much excited, came running in about 5.30 with the following extraordinary narration. She was playing with a ball in the yard near the rockery, and heard a crunching sound on the path. Looking up and along the path into the back garden she saw the extraordinary sight of two spiral clouds of smoke on the path near the staircase window, and about six yards from her. Through the smoke spirals, and behind them, to her amazement she saw two feet, and then raising her eyes (for the yard is about two and a half feet below the level of the path) she saw the rest of the figure, a very tall man. She thought some visitor had come to see me, and stood waiting for him to speak. On reaching the top of the yard steps, and when only a few feet from her, he turned up the path by the hedge, towards the harness-room. He did not speak and did not seem to see her. As he turned up the path the sun shone fully on him, and she had a very clear good view. He was very tall and thin and foreign looking, elderly and dressed in a long brown robe something like a cassock, with a very white girdle with tassels, the girdle seeming to be of white cord. He had a dark complexion, aquiline features, black eyes and was wearing a skull cap, iron grey hair curling *in* under the collar, brown soft shoes with no heels and long pointed toes turned up at the ends. He walked with his hands behind his back as though meditating, and disappeared round the harness-

room corner. When the sun shone on him she could see the weave of the cloth, which she afterwards described as "basket weave," and the grain of the skin which looked very fine in texture. Afterwards Dorothy made a sketch of what she saw (Plate III), which those who have seen the apparition say is remarkably accurate.

May 7th, 1914.—My wife was outside the dining-room in the hall about 2.30 p.m. and heard curious noises coming from inside the room through the partly open door—a kind of puffing sound. On going in she could see no one, the room was empty, but as she looked round, a violin, which was on the top of the piano and lying on its back, *suddenly raised itself and turned up on edge* and remained in that position. One of the strings was broken and this hung swaying over the front of the piano. She rushed out and called for me, and I running in found the string still swaying and the violin standing on its edge.

June 16th.—Our servant, Lily, saw the tall man in the cassock, on the path, and just beyond the staircase window.

July 13th, 1914.—On awaking this morning, my wife told me that she had heard *two* violins playing in the passage outside the bedroom door in the night. I was sound asleep, so she sat up and listened to them. She asked for some communication or message, but got none. No one in the house but myself and Madge (wife) can play the violin, and we had none with us in the room.

July 20th, 1914.—About 6.30 p.m. Dorothy again saw the man going from the path in the back garden down to the right into the front garden. He hesitated and turned round facing her, and then turning again went to the front garden. His long garment seemed grey on this occasion. Dorothy ran from the backyard through the house and out at the front door to see where he had gone to, but could find no trace of him. Two days after, July 22nd, she again saw him going down the path, the cassock appearing blue.

Saturday, August 29th, 1914.—Dorothy had an extraordinary experience to-day and got quite a shock in more senses than one. She was running up the path shaded by the big copper beech, which leads from the front garden round to the back. Just at the top where it joins the path leading to the yard steps, the tall man stepped out from behind an elder bush on the right, and she *collided forcibly with him*,¹ striking his chest and actually rebounding from him just as from a mortal. He was very

¹ Solid materialisations are repeatedly noted in the Bible accounts of spirit happenings (Gen. xxxii. 24; Ezek. viii. 3; Dan. x. 10; John xx. 26; Matt. xxviii. 9; Luke xxiv. 41-43 *et al.*) and modern spirit experiences confirm these accounts. The spirit manifestations of the Old and New Testament, their value and authenticity, are not confirmed by topical excavations and explorations, but by *psychic* evidences in our own times, just as modern materialisations confirm the materialisations and manifestations of Jesus after His death on the Cross. Excavations, while of deep interest, merely confirm what is historical, topographical, or ethnological in the accounts, and are no evidence of spirit world or of spirit existence and manifestation.

distinct and she could see the colour of his eyes. She took to her heels and ran to the top of the yard steps. There she turned and saw him still standing in the same place at the top of the path. This experience recalls that of her mother who collided with the same man on the stairs the night before Dorothy was born.

Under date, July 22nd, 1914, occurs the following entry in my Diary: "This apparition is a most amazing affair, and of its reality there can be no manner of doubt. Not only have my mother, wife and daughters seen it outside in broad daylight, two of them actually colliding with it, but servants also have seen and heard it, and have been quite afraid to go out after dusk into the backyard. On two occasions when servants have run into the kitchen reporting the appearance, Dorothy, running out into the yard, has seen the man at the same time as they. Who it is we do not know."

It is remarkable that the colour of his long garment appears to vary. Sometimes it is brown and at others dark blue or grey.

August 23rd, 1919.—An occasional visitor, Doris —, came to stay the afternoon and evening. A thorough unbeliever, she made merry over our experiences, and laughed heartily at them. As dusk drew on, but while still light enough to see, she went to the Red Room for her hat and coat. On coming down again she had reached the top of the stairs, at the step in the passage, when she collided forcibly with the apparition of "the man," who showed something white at the neck! She afterwards said, in terrified tones, "Oh! he was solid and then vanished away." She was in a great state of fright, and declared that she would never enter the house again after dusk. *She never afterwards laughed at the phenomena.* This incident is interesting, as constituting testimony to the objectivity of the apparition, by one outside our own family and who previously had doubted its existence. No mortal man was in the passage at the time.

January 29th, 1925.—Sylvia was out in the back garden on the path at the harness-room end of it, when she heard her name called or spoken, the voice sounding *close to her shoulder*. She at once came to the house and asked if anyone called, but no one had done so. Once before she heard a voice call just behind her, close to her back. The voice was quite loud. My wife and also Dorothy have heard this voice on several occasions when on the top path in the back garden and told me of it. On each occasion the voice sounded *close behind them*, and no one had called them from the house. More than ten years ago, mother, when on a visit here, used to come in and say she had heard a voice calling her by name and close to her. On none of these occasions had she been called by any of us. The fact that the voice always calls the *name* of the person, who has not spoken, and from differing positions, shows that it cannot be an echo, and it has occurred too often and with too many people to be attributed to any mistake on their part.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF THE AUTOMATIC WRITING

All this the Lord made me to understand in writing by His hand upon me.

—1 CHRONICLES xxviii. 19.

And there came a writing to him from Elijah the prophet.

—2 CHRONICLES xxi. 12.¹

MARCH 31st, 1925.—For the last two months Dorothy has been interested in the Planchette (really automatic writing, for my wife can obtain the writing when the pencil is held in the hand) and has sat with my wife occasionally and they have told me the results. As far back as December 5th, 1917, my wife told me of a dream she had, that if she sat with the planchette she would get writing. She did so, and got a remarkable demonstration not only of her ability to get movement and writing when her hands were upon it, but also of power to move the planchette when she held her hands above it, but did *not* touch it. This I saw her demonstrate many times. Names and messages were also spelt out (*M.S.*, p. 315). At that time, however, I discouraged it, and we did not continue. I was therefore surprised when my daughter Dorothy told me that for two months they had been sitting occasionally, and then she told me of the messages. On February 15th, the name of my mother, Mary Tweedale, was written, and she gave the message that the railings of the vault in which she was buried wanted painting along one side. I wrote to a resident of the place, distant some twenty-five miles across country, and found that they did. I now insisted that if they continued, it should be with the planchette, upon which were placed at least two pairs of hands, in order to make matters more evidential, as one person would check the normal impulses of the other.

March 18th, 1925.—Dorothy and my wife, sitting with the planchette, got a message saying that "in April" I was going to receive a considerable sum of money. Asked who the communicator was, the reply was, "An Egyptian." This is most extraordinary. I know of no money in April, nor did I ever know an Egyptian.

March 31st, 1925.—Dorothy and my wife sat for a few minutes with the planchette, and Dorothy brought the result to me, much excited. It was as follows: "I am here. Amen—Tutankamen—I punish swiftly. There is going to be another death." Dorothy said in some alarm,

¹ Elijah had been dead several years.

THE BEGINNING OF THE AUTOMATIC WRITING 47

"But we have done nothing against you. Do you mean with reference to the opening of your tomb?" He replied, "Yes." Dorothy now said: "Are you the Egyptian who came a week ago?" He replied, "Yes."

April 2nd, 1925.—Dorothy and Madge (my wife) got another message saying, "Look out for the fulfilment of the prediction." The name Tutankamen was again written. Later, by the afternoon post, to my surprise, I got letters from the Diocesan Registry and also from Captain Dawson's solicitor, saying that Captain Dawson had signed declarations making this benefice unsaleable and so enabling it to be raised in value by a substantial sum! This is an astonishing fulfilment of the prediction made on the 18th of March. Other predictions were given by him and fulfilled. This is really a marvellous affair. Three successive predictions of matters of which we had no knowledge whatsoever have been made in less than three weeks and have been accurately fulfilled! This experience compelled attention, and we now studied the writing with care.

This manifestation of the Tutankamen personality was most mystifying and extraordinary. More than a year before, on February 22nd, 1923, I had sent the following letter of protest to the *Yorkshire Post*, in which it duly appeared:

TUTANKAMEN'S TOMB

"SIR,—May I be allowed to protest against the removal, not only of the body of Tutankamen, but also of the various objects of art and religious symbols found in the tomb. There is something peculiarly repulsive in the rifling of these tombs so carefully prepared, and in the exposure of the bodies and the various treasures in museums. It has been suggested that the body should be re-buried in the Great Pyramid. Why the Pyramid? I suggest that the body be allowed to remain where it was so carefully placed, and that all the objects of art and religious symbols, after being carefully photographed, be replaced in the original tomb.

"CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

"WESTON VICARAGE, NEAR OTLEY.

"Feb. 22nd, 1923."

No notice was taken of the letter, and it is a matter of common knowledge how the tomb was rifled, the body taken out of the splendid shrine and sarcophagus, stripped of its golden and linen garments and embroideries, and placed in a museum; while all the treasures in the tomb were dispersed to various quarters.¹

¹ I believe the fact that I had written this letter explains the manifestation of the Tutankamen personality. I then thought, and still do think, that one cannot condemn too strongly this execrable form of desecration and robbery, when done deliberately and of set purpose as was the rifling of the tomb of Tutankamen; and one cannot wonder that it rouses the indignation and hostility of the surviving spirit. Imagine how people to-day would resent and punish the spoilation of the tombs of those near and dear to them. The idea behind and doubtless responsible

The Tutankamen message said: "There will be another death." This was on the 30th of March. On the 24th of March 1926 the deaths of two men, Mr Georges Benedite, curator of the Louvre Museum, and Dr Cassanova, the well-known orientalist, both of whom took part in the work at Tutankamen's tomb, occurred, thus fulfilling the death prediction. With reference to this, Dr J. C. Mardrus, translator of hundreds of Egyptian manuscripts says: "The sudden death of these two scientists did not surprise me a bit. They are only the continuation of a long list."

In all, *eleven* persons, chiefly or indirectly, connected with the opening of the tomb died within about three years, some in a *very tragic* and terrible manner. Lord Carnarvon, who was one of the principals, died a few weeks after the opening.

for these infamous violations is the grossly materialistic one, that the dead are "dead and done with," and is a practical negation of the idea of survival; or that the departed have any further interest in, or connection with, this mortal life. This notion is entirely erroneous. To those who have passed into the spirit world time brings no decay. Men of all nations, peoples, and languages, and of every age of the world's history, stand on the immortal shore. With reference to the deaths following the opening of the tomb, something similar to this case has been previously observed and recorded.

In 1855 a finely wrought sarcophagus of black basalt, in the Egyptian style, was discovered at Sidon. It was that of Esmunazzar, King of Sidon. It had on it an inscription of twenty-two lines, part of which reads as follows:

"O Reader, I adjure every man of royal race and every one of the commonality, not to open my coffin or deface the inscription, or to carry away this sarcophagus in which I rest. Whosoever does, let the holy gods extirpate them and their offspring."

Note the sequel.

The Duke of Luynes bought the sarcophagus and presented it to the French Government. He was killed in the war with Austria in 1859, and his son was also killed in the same campaign. The Emperor Napoleon III., who caused the sarcophagus to be brought to Paris, ended his days as a discredited exile in England and his son, the Prince Imperial, was slain by the Zulus in South Africa (*M.S.*, p. 311), nor is there a single descendant left of either the Duke de Luynes or of Napoleon III.!!

Professor Cunninghame Geike, the noted Eastern traveller and author, describes this incident as the most remarkable he has heard of. There are other similar cases on record of manifestations accompanying the removal of portions of the body, or of objects associated with it, from a tomb, one quite recent, in Scotland, and noted in all the papers; but I think these will suffice to produce the conviction that not only is it a most reprehensible and indefensible thing to *rifle* and *exploit* the tombs of the departed, but it is also a dangerous adventure, which may easily be attended with the most serious consequences: nor is it wise to bring any relics away. The fact that I had made the protest, as previously mentioned, a year or more before, will, I believe, account for the friendly manifestation of this personality. As the predictions were accurately fulfilled and proved to be true, there is good reason to believe that the disclosure of his name was true likewise, and that it verily was the spirit of the Egyptian king.

These messages by planchette (automatic writing) so wonderfully fulfilled and so accurate, constituted practically the beginning of a long series of automatic writings equally accurate and wonderful, which have continued up to the present time. Taken together with the extraordinary series of physical and other manifestations preceding them at H— and at Weston, and often amplifying them, these communications form together the most extraordinary and long-drawn-out series of psychic manifestations on record. Only a small portion have been published either in *Man's Survival* or in the present work.

At this point I must pause in my narrative to give some account of the psychics who have formed the means of communication between this carnate and material life and that discarnate or excarnate spiritual life of which the manifestations and communications experienced by us are undoubted evidence.

With regard to our antecedents, my mother, Mary Tweedale, had some psychic experiences in her own history and that of her family. This also was the case with my wife's mother, Mary Burnett. Both families are of Scottish descent. The members of my own family circle who have participated sufficiently in these manifestations to be termed psychic, are myself, my wife, my daughters Dorothy Mary, Sylvia and Marjorie. My wife, Margaret Eleanor Tweedale, is the principal psychic and the chief means through whom the whole range of marvels, including practically every phase of psychic manifestation—materialisation, clairvoyance, clairsaudience, apports, levitations, physical phenomena, psychic photography and automatic writing have been manifested; first at H— and then at Weston; and I here wish to make the fullest acknowledgment of her wonderful and God-given powers. Without them the marvellous series of other-world happenings, manifestations and communications would never have taken place, nor would this book, or *Man's Survival after Death*, have been written. While she has been the chief channel of communication and manifestation, we others have often been used either as extra channels of communication, or sources from whom psychic power has been drawn. I myself am occasionally (very rarely) clairvoyant, and have from time to time shown the rare phenomenon of bi-location, being clearly seen in places apart from my physical body, and on each of these occasions clearly *recognised*. (*M.S.*, p. 85.) My daughters Sylvia and Marjorie are frequently clairvoyant and clairsaudient. The main channel or source of power, however, both in the marvellous series of spontaneous manifestations and also in this automatic writing, is my wife, whose gifts in this respect, as well as in the other forms of mediumship, have been wonderful. In automatic writing, working together, my wife, Margaret E. Tweedale and my youngest daughter Dorothy M. Tweedale, and occasionally my wife and myself, have obtained results which for their evidential nature have rarely, if ever, been equalled and never surpassed.

To my daughter Dorothy Mary the greatest praise is also due for her devoted patience not only in sitting for many hundreds of hours over a period of ten years with my wife at the planchette, but also for acting side by side with myself as the patient and industrious *recorder* of these automatic messages—just as I have also set down the physical and other forms of manifestation and acted as historian, and I here wish to make the fullest acknowledgment of her devotion.

I shall have more to say later on with reference to the wonderful part she has been called upon to play in this matter.

Lest the reader should be in doubt as to whether such communication with the spirit world, as herein described, is lawful for a Christian man, I will conclude this chapter by showing that it is. Recently a pamphlet was published in which the absurd statement was made that "we look in vain for the slightest hint that Jesus sanctioned communication with the departed." Such a statement is entirely and most reprehensibly false as I showed by the following statement¹ and argument which I am the first to bring forward. If we turn to the Gospel according to St Matthew, chapter xxviii., verses 7 and 10, we find that in verse 7 the angel says to the women: "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him: lo, I have told you." While in verse 10 Jesus himself says to them, "Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

Now it is impossible for any honest man to deny on this Scripture that when the brethren of Jesus went into Galilee to meet Jesus, they went with the intention of seeing and meeting one who had departed this life, and that Jesus himself ordered this meeting and sanctioned it and their intention. *This is the Christian man's charter for communication with the departed and with the spirit world granted by Jesus Himself.*

Again in Mark ix. 1 and 2, Jesus is shown deliberately seeking spirit communion, and in verse 4 he is seen with Moses and Elias who had both departed this life, and is heard talking with them. Thus it is clearly seen and proved that Jesus did sanction communication with the departed (the real communion of saints) *both by precept and example, and actually told his brethren to do it*; while those fanatical opponents who have ignorantly overlooked this fact, should also mark, learn, and inwardly digest the further fact that *Jesus nowhere forbids or condemns communication with the departed or with the spirit world.*²

¹ Vide *Light* for January 20th, 1938.

² Equally false and reprehensible is the statement often made by members of the Churches that any communication with the departed hinders them, and harms them when they behold our trials and sorrows. Were Moses and Elias hindered or harmed when they talked with Jesus about his coming crucifixion? (Luke ix. 31) Was the Spirit hindered or harmed who appeared "strengthening" Jesus in his agony in the garden? (Luke xxii. 43). The truth, as ancient and modern records show, is that the departed are *not* hindered or harmed by communication, but are *glad* of the opportunity to prove their survival, or to render help and are often benefited themselves. I have had many experiences proving this, and hundreds are on record.

CHAPTER IV

STRADIUARIUS REVEALS HIS IDENTITY

"For long years, his secret hidden
From the glimpses shown at morn,
Guessed we who the fleeting horseman,
Thought we knew his winding horn.
Till one day he stood to sight
And we read his message right."

WEDNESDAY, July 8th, 1925.—Dorothy and Madge (my wife) were sitting in the greenhouse this afternoon with the planchette. Suddenly to their great surprise the name Stradiuarius was spelt out and then came the message that if Dorothy would go to Crewe, he, Stradiuarius, would come on the plate. Dorothy, seeing the name Stradiuarius, and knowing of my quest of the varnish, asked whether I had got the varnish perfect, and he replied, nearly perfect. Dorothy said she herself could not go to Crewe, and at the time circumstances prevented me from going. So we paid little or no attention to the message.

December 18th, 1925.—To my great surprise I got a letter this morning from Mr William Hope, the psychic photographer of Crewe, suggesting that he should come over here and give a lecture in Otley. I had been trying for years to get him over, but could not induce him to come, and I had quite given up the idea, and have not written him, or heard from him, for a long time. I am arranging to take the Mechanics Hall, Otley, and give a joint lecture with him, he giving the first part, and I following on with a few of my own evidential slides of photos obtained through him by myself and others. It is very extraordinary that he should make this suggestion to come in view of Strad's message. I had quite given him up, having tried to get him over many times in the past. *None of my family had communicated with him and he knew nothing of the Strad message.*

January 12th, 1926.—Mr Hope arrived in the afternoon, and in the evening lectured in the Mechanics Hall, Otley, where his slides were exhibited by means of my lantern. I followed on, finishing the lecture and showing some slides of results obtained through him. One gentleman—a Mr Ryecroft—rose in the audience and confirmed the fact that one of the spirit forms was that of his daughter, and that no photo from

which it could have been copied was in existence. The spirit also assumed a *characteristic attitude* in the photograph of which Hope could by no possibility have had any knowledge.

January 13th, 1926.—To-day Mr Hope exposed a number of plates on us in my vicarage. We took the usual precautions. New and unopened packets of plates. Plates signed by us through the shutter, slides loaded by us, Mr Hope not allowed to develop the plates, or to touch them or place his hands over them until *AFTER* they were fixed in the hypo-bath. The further precaution was taken of having half the plates exposed in *my own camera*, the other half in Mr Hope's camera. Hope merely made the exposure in every case. I was hoping to get some of the Coates family, especially my mother. My grandfather, Charles Coates, seen recently by my wife, said he would try and come if we went to Crewe, and we were hoping to get a photo of him also. My wife wished to get her mother, but was very doubtful about this, as she said, when dying, that she would never come back. My wife particularly hoped to get the photo of her brother Jack.

On three of the plates there is the fine face of a bearded man, and on the third he is accompanied by a young woman. These plates were exposed in Hope's camera. To our amazement the woman's picture proved to be that of my wife's mother, not as she was when she died at the age of eighty-four but as a young woman of about twenty-two, and marvellous to relate, the man's picture is that of an artist to whom she was engaged at that age and whom she was prevented marrying owing to family opposition. Thus they showed themselves together in the spirit world. Nothing more romantic has ever transpired in the whole history of spirit photography. At first we could not be sure of the man's identity until we discovered hidden away in her possessions her photograph and his, taken at that age, and wrapped together in a piece of white silk. Needless to say by no possibility could Hope have had any knowledge of this affair (Plate XXVIII), which goes back sixty years in the history of my wife's family. On two other plates appeared the face of a man with close-cut beard. The first of these plates exposed on a family group in *my own camera* bears one impression of the man's face. The second plate exposed in Hope's camera on my wife and self shows two impressions of the same man's face. Hope thus being able to get the results in strange cameras other than his own. This has often been proved to be the case.

Just before he sat for these pictures my daughter Dorothy suggested privately to me that she should hold in her hand a book which I possess—Scotti's illustrated *Itinerario d'Italia*, published in Rome in A.D. 1700. This contains the pen-printed signature Antonius Stradiuarius, the letters printed in separately in faded ink, and not cursive like the four signatures in Hill's book, and not having letters of the same formation. The book was not opened, nor did my wife, Dorothy or Hope see the signature, nor did we tell him

anything about it. After the taking of the picture I took the book from my daughter, not allowing her to open it, and again locked it up.

On the first plate, the one in which my daughter Dorothy is holding the book and taken in *my* camera is the face of a man with some writing across the forehead. A second plate exposed on myself and my wife, shows the same face. This was taken in Hope's camera, and also has the writing on the forehead. A careful scrutiny of the writing on both photographs reveals the letter "a" written on the forehead (Plate V) and comparison with an engraving of the reputed likeness of Stradiuarius contained in Petherick's *Antonio Stradivari* (all Strad books were locked up in my study) shows such a resemblance and similarity of expression, as to leave no doubt when coupled with the fact that the letter "a" (first of the name Antonius) is shown clearly on the forehead—that the psychic pictures are intended to be a representation of the Great Master. It is to be noted that I did *not* get pictures of those relations on whom I was particularly concentrating, and whose psychic pictures I so much desired.

This experience, taken together with Stradiuarius's declaration on July 8th, 1925, produced the conviction that we really were in communication with the great Italian, and frequently afterwards Stradiuarius has discussed these photographs and said that they were pictures of him, and represented him as he was in earth life. Stradiuarius passed from this mortal life in 1737, 189 years before this photograph was obtained; and this I think can reasonably be claimed as a case proving extended survival, obtained eleven years ago. Another of our communicators whose identity is clearly proved passed from earth life nearly one hundred years ago, while the Egyptian communicator, whose predictions were accurately verified, would extend this evidence of survival to the eighteenth dynasty (*circa* 1400 B.C.). The reputed picture of Stradivari given in Hill's splendid work (a copy of which is in Petherick's small book) is taken from an oil painting given by Giacomo Stradivari, a lineal descendant of Antonius Stradiuarius to J. B. Vuillaume, the famous Parisian violin maker and dealer, and Giacomo Stradivari said that this picture had been a family relic and was an original picture which had always been accepted by the family as an undoubted representation of his famous ancestor. That this had been not only the *family's* belief, but also accepted in Cremona, was shown by the fact that in 1870 a bank in that city printed the picture in miniature on its notes. The original painting is now in the possession of Messrs Hill & Sons.

With reference to this picture, my wife and I sat for information on May 21st, 1934. Stradiuarius came and we asked him about it. He said it was like him when he was a young man. We asked at what age the later photos we had obtained through Hope showed him, and he replied forty-five and forty-seven, and said that these photographs

showed him as he was at that age when on earth. He then said, "I am *now* as you see me when I visit Weston. Tall and straight and young again." We then said, "Have your descendants always looked upon that reputed picture as an authentic one of you?" He replied, "Yes."

From the above experiences and considerations I think there cannot be much doubt that the painting now in the possession of Hills must have borne a striking resemblance to Antonius Stradiuarius at one period of his life, to be thus accepted by his descendants as a portrait of their ancestor. It has been alleged that this picture represents a famous Italian musician named Montverdi, but the only known pictures of Montverdi show a much older man.

November 14th, 1927.—To-day a Mrs F. C. Morris, who has psychic powers, paid us a visit. Dorothy asked me to place in this psychic's hand an old Italian book which I possess and which contains the pen-printed signature of the famed Antonius Stradiuarius. I fetched it from my study where I keep it under lock and key and put it into her hands, *not allowing her to open it* or giving her the slightest clue to whom the book originally belonged. She let the book lie in her hands a little while, and then said, "This belonged to a man who lived well into the 'nineties. His sight failed towards the end and he used to feel his work a lot with his hands." This greatly impressed me and was most evidential. Stradiuarius died in his ninety-fourth year and worked on his violins almost to the last. His instruments towards the end show pathetic indications of his failing sight. The *Muntz* Strad shows this especially, as the Hills remark, "the grand old man's hands trembled so much in cutting the grooves for the purfling that his knife played havoc in all directions." The purfling of the Muntz most *pathetically* portrays the trembling hand and the failing sight of the veteran. *Ehu fugaces labuntur anni.*

The fact that she should give such a striking delineation of Stradiuarius impressed me with the conviction that the great master of violin making was not far away from us when that delineation was given, and was probably present in the room.

Three years elapsed before Mr Hope again visited Weston.

Monday, March 26th, 1929.—To-day William Hope lectured in the Mechanics Hall, Bradford. I was present at the lecture, and at its conclusion we came on to Weston.

Here I must digress to record that on the previous Friday, March 23rd, my aunt, Elizabeth Coates (who died in 1908) had, about midnight, suddenly entranced my wife as she lay asleep and talked with me, a truly wonderful experience. She told me in a voice full of *triumph* that she "could sing, and run and walk now." The full meaning of this can only be realised by those who knew that for several years she was *paralysed and could neither speak nor walk*. When I called to mind the poor helpless sufferer fast bound in misery, I realised as never before the full meaning of those blessed words of Holy Writ: "And God shall

wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away" (Rev. xxi. 4). She also said that "when that photographer (Hope) came she could come on the plate." She told us that she had tried to come previously "but had been crowded out." *I very carefully kept all knowledge of this from Hope.*

To return now to my narrative. On arriving home at Weston we immediately sat down to supper, which Mr Hope attacked with the relish of a hungry man who had travelled and had a hard day. As he was eating and enjoying the food he suddenly dropped his knife and fork and cried, "There is a woman here," and became much agitated. Astonished, we said, "Describe her," and he at once began to give a description, which exactly fitted my aunt's appearance at a period of her life of which it was impossible that he could have any knowledge whatsoever. We kept silence and did not tell him that we recognised the description. Next day he exposed several plates of myself, my wife and the members of my family. On one plate is a perfect picture of my aunt Elizabeth Coates (Plate VI) showing her exactly as she was a few months before her death and recognised by all who knew her. On another plate came a wonderful picture of Sir William Crookes (Plate VI) recognised by members of his family, his accountant, his doctor and the doctor's wife, and finally by Sir Oliver Lodge. We continued the photography, and on the next plate came a splendid picture of Stradiuarius (Plate VII), the same man as that shown in 1926, only a slightly *different pose*. The same line shows up across the face, but there is no writing on the line, no letter a. This fact of difference in *pose and detail* is absolute proof of genuineness on Hope's part, and shows the impossibility of any mistake or deception, seeing that all knowledge of Strad's message or manifestation had been most carefully withheld from him. This point must in all these photographs be most carefully noted, as also the fact that *none of these Strad photos is a copy of the reputed picture*. Hope now rested a little while, at the end of which we resumed the photography under careful test conditions. After one or two blanks there came another picture of Stradiuarius (Plate VII) looking rather younger but clearly the same man and so closely like the picture of him in Petherick's book that there is no doubt as to whom it is intended to be, and yet the photo is not in any way a copy of the picture (see inset on Plate VII, reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of the *Strad*).

This experience filled one with wonder at Hope's marvellous and God-given spiritual gift, and proves the reality and genuineness of his powers, beyond the possibility of a doubt, to all fair and honest-minded men. The case of my aunt was as evidential as anything related of the Christ, for not only did I speak with her and *recognise her voice*, and not only was her forecast accurately fulfilled, but she was also *seen and*

minutely described, details being added which even *we* did not know at the time but afterwards verified. To these wonders must be added her perfect picture obtained photographically showing her *exactly* as she was a *few months before death*. This photo is as clear and recognisable as that of Sir William Crookes. This case of Elizabeth Coates is absolutely watertight and would alone settle Hope's genuineness for ever. In the light of the wonders showered upon us on this day the coming of Strad's picture exactly similar in expression, *but different in pose*, constitutes evidence of the strongest kind. Sir William, who thus gave me such splendid and unequalled evidence of his survival, had just ten years previously given us the warning of his own passing. On April 4th, 1919, about 2.30 p.m., an apparition followed me up the main staircase, and on sitting we got the message, "I am dead; heart failure; to-morrow you will hear the news." The morrow was Friday, April 5th, and the papers were full of the account of Sir William Crooke's death on the previous day.

Previous to receiving this splendid psychic photo we had two or three messages from him, one of which is recorded as follows:

August 17th, 1927.—Madge and Dorothy sitting, Sir William Crookes came and wrote: "I am Crookes, and knew Katie King. We are going ahead by leaps and bounds. Go ahead, Tweedale, and *eclipse* them all." (This evidently had reference to my experiences at the total eclipse of the sun six weeks ago.) (See page 157.) To return to my narrative.

Another year elapses, during which there continued to be communications and manifestations from Stradiurius. We now come to the record of January 4th, 1930. About noon my wife was coming up to my study when a tall slim man passed her in the passage and then followed her upstairs. It was Stradiurius, and my wife hastening with Marjorie to the study informed me, and we sat. Strad came and said that it was indeed he, and continued "when you go to Hope, I will try and come on the plate with the Alard." We were delighted at this message, and I remarked, "If he should come showing a violin it will be splendid." His message then ceased, and immediately a Mr Brock manifested and said that he intended to come on the plate also, but I said, "No, not on the Signor's plate as we want him to be alone on that plate." Brock uttered a *strong expression of displeasure* and retired.

December 31st, 1929.—Shortly after 6.30, Marjorie rushed to me in the observatory where I was observing a comet and told me that my son, Herschel, coming in from the front garden, heard a violin played in the dining-room. He went in, but the room was empty and no one had been playing a violin.

New Year's Day 1930, 8 p.m.—Strad came and said that it was he who had played for Herschel and that he was pleased at the report of the comparison of one of my violins with that of his made in 1690. I

here quote the report referred to and given to me by the man to whom I sent the violin, giving also his preliminary letter to me:

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—I am very exacting in my requirements for a violin. I have made a most exhaustive study of violins for the past ten years. Before I purchased my present Strad, which was for many years the concert instrument of Professor — and for which I gave £4000 (four thousand pounds), I tried twenty to thirty Strads in London and Paris. I have heard only two violins which I believe to be equal to mine, one being the Stradivari at present owned by Fritz Kreisler."

After some further correspondence I said that I would try to satisfy him with one of mine. The following report was received in due course:

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—The violin arrived in perfect condition. It is already more responsive than my very fine Lupot (dated 1809), but not *quite* so responsive as my Strad. The quality of tone is excellent. It is remarkably even on all strings. It has not yet *quite* the depth and body of tone of my Strad. I do not see how one can expect this in a brand new violin, when comparing it with one dated 1690, but without wishing to compliment you I must say that your violin feels that it will *speedily acquire this depth and body of tone*. In comparing it with mine one must consider that Mr Hill said of my Strad that of all the Strads he knew of, mine had as fine a tone as any that he ever had, so that what I have to say about your violin is very flattering. I have never played on a violin for which less than two thousand was being asked, which was as gratifying and as responsive as your violin.—Sincerely yours, ————"

Thursday, January 2nd, 1930.—About noon Sylvia saw a man of foreign appearance in the passage in broad daylight; dark hair and complexion, in dark clothing and very tall. We sat at once, and Stradiurius came through and said he was pleased that Sylvia had seen him, and that he showed himself *as he was at the age of thirty-five*.

January 28th, 1930.—Hope visiting Bradford to-day; I went alone and sat with him. All knowledge of Strad's coming was most carefully kept from him or from anyone outside my family. Hope knew *nothing* about the Strad manifestations and never has done. I took a new and unopened packet of plates, loaded the slides myself, signed the plates, Hope not touching the plates until *after* they were fixed. I loaded the slide twice and had four plates exposed. On two of the plates came strong, clean pictures of Stradiurius in a *slightly different pose from any previous picture*, and also more mature and older, showing the impossibility of any deception even if Hope had known of Strad's intention, *which he did not*. I brought the plates back with me from Bradford, and on taking prints from them I found to my surprise that on *one* of them (Plate VIII) there appeared the piquantly pretty face of a

young woman. This face I had never seen before, and had not the remotest idea who it might be, nor had any of us. On the same plate appeared a splendid likeness of Stradiurius in accordance with his promise, which was thus fulfilled. On February 5th, Stradiurius said that this photo represented him at a period about ten years later than the former ones. At our next sitting, Stradiurius manifested, and we expressed delight that he should have appeared on the plate so clearly, but, I queried, "Who, Signor, is the young woman?" He answered, "I must let Brock tell you that." Almost immediately afterwards Brock manifested, and we put the same question, and he said, "It is the picture of my first wife who died in childbirth fifteen years ago." Greatly astonished, I asked if her relatives were living, and he replied that her sister was in London, giving the name. I wrote to Mr David Gow, the editor of *Light*, and he by means of the Directories succeeded in finding an address to which I at once wrote, merely asking the question, "Are you the sister of the wife of the late Mr Geo. Brock, who died in childbirth fifteen years ago?"

In due course I received a brief note from the lady saying that while most surprised at my query and unable to understand its purport, she *was* the sister of the late George Brock's wife. I then sent her a copy of the photograph and explained the circumstances. She was amazed, and wrote saying that the spirit picture was undoubtedly that of her sister, and in confirmation sent me a large photograph for comparison, and I have the letters and a copy of the photograph (Plate VIII).

This was a marvellously evidential experience. Not only was it a marvellous case of information coming from the beyond concerning a person whom we had never seen and of whom we knew nothing, and the photograph of whom was identified, as also the details concerning her death, of which none of us had any prior information whatsoever, but also all knowledge of the sitting of January 4th, or of the intention of Stradiurius to manifest when I next sat with Hope, or of the expressed intention of Brock to come on the plate, had been *most carefully withheld from Hope*, so that it was *impossible* for him to have produced these results by any fraudulent means. A supremely evidential point is that though Brock heeded my request not to come personally on the plate, *yet he sent his dead wife*, whose picture was recognised and details of death confirmed!! This is one of the most dramatically evidential pieces of psychic evidence ever experienced, and taken together with the fact that Stradiurius also appeared particularly finely and perfectly on the plate in accordance with his promise, negatives *all possibility* of mistake, and establishes not only the reality of the manifestation and communication, but also the identity of the communicating personalities.

January 16th, 1930.—As we sat up in bed just awakened, my wife cried out and pointed to the foot of the bed. She saw Stradiurius, and he bowed to her several times. Later in the day, and unknown to me, they sat and Strad came and desired that they should fit up a room,

paper it with violet paper, and have violet curtains, saying that violet was the colour he loved. I was also to hang up one of my violins. This they promised to do, and there they proposed to sit.

January 17th, 1930.—This morning we were drinking our morning cup of tea. Madge suddenly cried out that she again saw Stradiurius bowing just as he did yesterday. He bowed to her several times. I then bowed, and he immediately bowed again several times.

March 28th, 1930.—Strad manifested to-day; Madge and Dorothy sitting; and made dramatically interesting statements:

1. That he had been with me since I was nine years of age.
2. That he was the tall man who collided with Madge on the staircase the night before Dorothy was born.
3. That he was the tall man who manifested and materialised when baby Dorothy was born, and who brought the dancing child (Tabitha).
4. He also said that he was the tall man who so often manifested on the path by the hedge going up to the harness-room, and who crunched the cinders and used to frighten the servants (*M.S.*, pp. 47-51).

At another sitting he said that it was he who had frequently been heard calling the names of Mother, Madge, Sylvia and others in the back garden, and the voice sounding just behind them.

This definitely links up the apparitions of the tall man at that wonderful period with Stradiurius, and shows the definite purpose underlying and connected with them. In 1936 when preparing this book for the press, I took a photograph of the path leading up to the harness-room, on which path and its continuation on the right down to the front garden, Strad has been so often seen and heard. The rockery and the brickwork of the harness-room are seen on the left. On examining this photograph I was struck by the appearance of a small face, amidst the ferns, exactly reproducing that of Strad in his workshop—conical cap and all. The face is seen above the white line, and I have inset a key sketch. That this should show up in the photo of "Strad's walk" and be so identical with the face in the workshop picture¹ is remarkable (Plate III).

It is a notable fact that my wife, mother, daughters, and those servants who saw the apparition of Stradiurius on this path, clad in the long cassock-like garment and with the cap on his head (and one of whom sketched him), *had never seen this picture by Rinaldo showing Strad in his workshop*, I having kept my violin books most carefully locked up in my study; while I, who had seen it, never saw the apparition of Strad on this path or in that garb. This rules out the telepathic or subconscious entirely. The last date of Strad's appearance on the path is September 6th, 1934, when he was seen by Sylvia walking up by the hedge-side in broad daylight.

Here let me pause for a brief space to discant on the wonderful purpose shown in the coming of these truly historic manifestations. Stradiurius,

¹ This picture is reproduced by courtesy of the Editor of the *Strad*.

as just narrated, said that he had been with me since I was nine years of age, evidently with the purpose of this revelation in view. But it was also evidently necessary to gather others round me.

I was therefore brought in contact with my wife in a very unexpected way, and she proved, within a few months' time, to be one of the most powerful spontaneous psychics that has ever lived. Within a few months the amazing physical, clairvoyant, clairsaudient and other manifestations began, manifestations of a peculiarly dramatic and evidential nature, and continued for thirty-five years. My youngest daughter Dorothy in due time was born. Before her birth, at her birth, and for long after her birth, extraordinary manifestations happened around her, brought about by Stradiarius, as he afterwards told us. It is literally true that he was with her, not only "when she came," as he said, but *before*, just as in Bible instances it is narrated that persons were ordained before their physical birth for certain work in this mortal life, and that wonderful psychic manifestations happened before, at, or shortly after, their birth. Such instances are narrated in 1 Samuel and Luke i. 2, and there is no valid reason why things should be different to-day. Stradiarius had now three agents on earth to carry out his mission here; myself, my wife and my daughter Dorothy. Then Chopin joined the band of manifesting spirit personalities, apparently attracted by my daughter's devotion to his music, and was followed by others.

The stage being thus set, and the *dramatis personæ* assembled, the wonderful demonstration and manifestation marched to its triumphant conclusion.

I wish here to again acknowledge in this matter my dependence on, and my indebtedness to, my wife, through whom the marvellous and unique series of manifestations have come and which have been our great privilege during the last thirty-five years.

It is impossible to acknowledge this indebtedness in mere words, but as far as they can suffice I here do it. Likewise to my daughter Dorothy I owe a debt of gratitude for the fact that she was singled out by Stradiarius, doubtless under God's providence, for the singular honour of those wonderful manifestations at her birth, also for her own psychic powers exercised clairvoyantly and clairsaudiently, and by her general presence at the sittings. To this must be added the attracting of Chopin, with his marvellous personality adding to the wonder and interest of it all. To all this must be joined her steady devotion along with my wonderfully gifted wife, in sitting for eleven years, keeping the files of the script and, in addition to myself, patiently recording. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, and very gratefully do I make these acknowledgments and award the palm according to their merits and deserving. Also to my daughters Marjorie and Sylvia, who are both natural clairvoyantes and clairsaudientes, and frequently both see and hear—a gift they have undoubtedly inherited from the mother—to both of them a mead of praise is due. They all are included in the wonderful picture.

My own psychic powers consist of spontaneous clairvoyance and clairsaudience on somewhat rare occasions.

It will be noted that my aunt says that on a former occasion she "was crowded out"!! We have had several instances of this, there being apparently, on occasions, several waiting for the privilege of manifesting on the photographic plate; and just as in earth life, one has often to stand aside and wait one's turn or opportunity, so it happens in the spirit world.

My record now takes on a new and most unexpected turn, and I have to chronicle the coming of another among the *dramatis personæ*, at once so extraordinary as to be almost incredible. And yet it *did* come, and has continued to manifest during the last fourteen years, and does so occasionally to this day (1938) and is attested by many witnesses. Its appearance is always spontaneous, not confined to any one part of the house, nor can it be induced in any way, but is entirely independent of us.

August 2nd, 1914.—This morning about 7 a.m. I was awakened by my wife who said that she heard footsteps in the passage outside the bedroom door. She got up, opened the door and looked out into the passage and gave a startled cry and shut the door quickly, saying that the tall man was walking along the passage towards her with a *cat walking by his side*, tail erect and looking very pleased. I rushed into the passage, but the apparition had vanished. I scarce knew what to make of this, but contented myself with recording it.

September 18th, 1918.—To-day I removed my study from the ground floor to the drawing-room on the second floor, and what was originally my study on the ground floor is now the drawing-room.

October 28th, 1919.—My wife was brushing her hair in the Red Room by candlelight—door shut. Turning round she saw a very big black cat on the hearth-rug, which at first she thought to be ours, but, stepping forward, she saw that it was *not* ours but had short erect ears and was much bigger and broader. As she stepped forward *she kicked against it* and it felt soft and heavy. Not wishing to leave a cat in the best bedroom she searched the room thoroughly, but finding no cat in the room she immediately ran downstairs and found our Persian cat curled up on the chair where Marjorie, who was in the room, said it had been asleep for a long time.

Tuesday, January 6th, 1920.—As I was going from my study (now on the second floor) to our bedroom, I saw a big black English cat with short thick fur which sat on the landing just at the step in the passage. It was very distinct; had a long tail curled round it on the floor, in a wide curve; a big round head, short erect ears and a pleasant sort of smile on its face. It was only about three yards from me and seen very distinctly, but to my amazement it vanished under my eyes, simply disappearing into the air, or into the floor, and was gone! I was so astounded by this sight that I could scarce believe the evidence

of my senses, but that I had seen truly was soon proved, for this experience of mine was the beginning of a long series of most extraordinary manifestations of this apparition, which were generally followed almost immediately by some good fortune, or good news.

In this particular case on the next day, *January 7th*, a gentleman called, entirely unexpectedly, and paid me £30. Shortly before midnight my wife was going to our bedroom when she suddenly saw a big black cat come from the dressing-room door (which was shut and bolted), cross the landing in front of my new study door and go downstairs. It was *not* our Persian, but a big black English cat with a long pointed tail. Our cat had been put out-of-doors by me when I locked up, but we searched the house to make sure and found no trace of any cat. This was evidently the same manifestation as the one I saw last night and appeared almost in the same place.

Thursday, January 8th, 1920.—This morning to my astonishment I received a gift of twenty pounds from the Ecclesiastical Authorities and my wife a cheque for £4. 15s., both totally unexpected. This is most extraordinary. In the evening at 11.15, my wife again saw the black cat on the landing. It seemed to come from the dressing-room door (shut) and slowly cross the landing. Our cat was outside in the harness-room. The cat seen on the landing was an *English* cat with short fur, totally unlike our long-haired Persian.

Monday, January 12th, 1920.—In the morning about 8 a.m. my wife was reading with her face towards the mirror of the wardrobe. Suddenly she cried out "Oh, the cat on the hearth-rug." She first saw it reflected in the mirror of the wardrobe (showing its objectivity). It walked towards the door, which was shut and bolted. *It had a pale blue ribbon round its neck.* The same day the second edition of my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, came to hand from the publishers. I had almost given it up and had been waiting several months for it. It had a *pale blue paper* jacket on, the same colour as the ribbon seen by my wife on the neck of the black cat and which she described to me *before* she saw the jacket on the book. The forecast in this case is unmistakable. This extraordinary apparition has now been seen on five occasions, and on each one some unexpected piece of good fortune or good news has followed by the next post!

On looking up my diary of psychic happenings I find records of the appearance of this apparition three years ago, as follows:

April 1911.—On several occasions recently, my wife has heard a loud purring and a sound of a cat lapping milk close to her when there has been no cat in the room. On one of these the maid was brushing her hair. Suddenly *both* of them heard a loud purring coming from my wife's skirts and a sound as of a cat lapping. This went on for a considerable time. *There was no cat in the room*, which they searched very carefully.

May 14th, 1911.—About 10.30 p.m., my wife being in the passage, saw

a cat come from our bedroom door with its tail erect and go clean *through* the panels of the Red Room door. The lamp was alight on the landing. On going to the Red Room door she found it closed and locked. No cat was in the house, as I immediately ascertained by searching.

Sunday, October 19th, 1913.—About 11.30 my wife and the servant Mabel both saw a black cat on the top of the piano. My wife first saw it come out from the corner of the room about four and a half feet from the floor. Both saw it, and both noted that when it jumped down from the top of the piano *on to the keys, the notes did not sound!* Both firmly insisted that they were not mistaken in any way, but saw it clearly and distinctly. At this time we *did not possess a cat and had not done for more than a year, and there was no cat in the house!!* It has appeared very many times, often in our bedroom with *the door shut*, when we have instantly made a thorough search of the room and found no cat at all. It has been repeatedly seen, on scores of occasions, by my daughters, my wife, and by the servants. Of its many appearances space only allows me to describe a few of the more notable manifestations which give evidences of its objectivity and reality, and at the same time of its spiritual nature.

Friday, July 18th, 1924.—About 7 p.m. my wife was on the landing near my study door and *stumbled in full light over the black cat.* At first she thought it was our cat and uttered an impatient exclamation. The cat ran a few steps towards my study door and then simply dissolved away under her eyes on the carpet in broad daylight. She then realised that it was our old friend the black cat which in the past had so often appeared before some good fortune. It was the same big black English cat with tail extended. To those who have never witnessed a spirit apparition, it may sound incredible, but I myself have seen this animal simply dissolve away where it sat. This evening it must have been *fully materialised* to trip her up, and the rapid change from solidity to evanescence is to be particularly noted (dematerialisation).

Sunday, January 25th, 1920, 11 p.m.—I had just retired when my wife coming from the nursery down the passage to our bedroom door uttered several startled exclamations and rushed into the room holding the lamp and turning round quickly as though something were following her. She said that the black cat had followed her from my study door *rubbing against her legs.* This caused her to cry out. She could also distinctly *hear its footfalls* soft and light, both experiences witnessing to its objectivity. In spite of this objectivity the *cat melted away* on reaching our bedroom door. Our cat, altogether different in appearance, had been put out of doors before coming to bed.

Monday, May 22nd, 1922, 11.30 p.m.—The black cat appeared in our bedroom (door shut and bolted) walking about, going under the furniture and seeming to *linger* with us. This wonderful thing has in the past been the almost invariable sign of good news or good fortune and continues to be so.

December 8th, 1932.—Last night, shortly after midnight, after the lights were out, my wife said, "Do you hear anything?" "I hear a cat purring loudly." She then saw the black cat seated on the floor near the bedside. It remained there for several minutes, purring loudly all the time. There was no mortal cat in the room. Of this I made sure by lighting the lamp and searching the room thoroughly. The door was shut. Madge said it had a sort of smile on its face. I particularly noted this characteristic when I first saw it.

May 23rd, 1922, Tuesday.—Spent many hours in renewed experimenting with the Cremona varnish. After long toilsome years, I am pretty certain that it is like a bird fluttering under the hand and cannot escape me much longer.

January 22nd, 1930.—This morning about 11.30 a.m. Marjorie saw the tall figure of Stradiarius *with the white collar or neckerchief round his throat*. This white collar was shown in one of the first apparitions as far back as 1909 when none of us knew the identity of our visitor. On other occasions she has noted the tight black trousers or "smalls" fitting close to the leg and down to the ankle. My wife and Dorothy sat, and Strad came and among other things, said to their great astonishment, that he had a *black cat* which, when on earth, used to sit up on its hind legs and was a great pet, and that this cat was now with him!! Dorothy came at once and told me.

Tuesday, February 4th, 1930.—About 11.30 my wife saw the black cat in our bedroom; it brushed against her skirt, and she distinctly *felt* it. It then passed under the bed, when it vanished. The door was shut, and instant search showed no cat in the room.

February 5th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sat and Stradiarius came and said the cat seen last night was his, and that it was a big, short-haired cat, and that it sat up and laughed and was very intelligent. When I saw it on the landing it seemed to smile.

This explicit statement by Strad greatly interested and surprised us all, and especially my wife and I, for we at once called to mind the experience in the early morning of August 2nd, 1914, when hearing a noise outside our bedroom door she opened it and looked out and saw the tall man (since identified as Stradiarius) walking with a cat by his side. It is evident that the constant manifestation of the cat now through many years and down to the publication of this book, and its heralding good news or good fortune, has shown his continual presence and guardian angelship. As if to emphasise and illustrate the message and close connection between the great master of the violin and his cat, the following extraordinary event took place on the day following Strad's information:

Saturday, March 8th, 1930.—The sun has shone to-day, one of the very few times in a long, dreary month of fog and low temperature.

Last night at 10 p.m., I, being out as chairman at a meeting, Marjorie, who has just begun to learn the violin, was in the breakfast-room had

just taken a violin out of its case, intending to play on it. She left the case in a corner of the room and began to play, when suddenly she and my wife *both* saw a black object *in the case* from which the violin had just been taken. It was about fifteen inches in diameter, and as they watched it it *began to revolve, rattling and shaking the case strongly, and then rose about two and a half feet into the air*, revolving all the time. When thus elevated it rushed out through the door which chanced to be open, still revolving, and making a rustling noise. It was about two and a half feet from the ground, *floating in the air*, as it passed through the door. Our cat was *not* in the house. This violin case was the one mentioned on page 39.

Previously, while at dinner about 7 p.m., three of us, myself included, heard a sound exactly like a cat plucking and scratching at the carpet behind my wife's chair. This was repeated several times. We searched the small room thoroughly on each occasion, but no trace of a cat could be found. Immediately after the extraordinary apparition from the violin case, my wife and Dorothy sat, and Strad came and said that it was his cat they had seen. This was a real case of cat and fiddle.

"L'extraordinaire narration

D'une fille, et un chat, et un violon."

July 6th, 1930.—Twice this week my wife has seen the black cat. To-day in the Red Room it appeared, close to her feet, and she stooped down and stroked it with her hand along its back. *It melted away instantly under her hand*. Two days ago she saw it in the passage and touched it with her foot. It felt solid and heavy. It backed two yards from her and then vanished on the spot. My daughter Sylvia has repeatedly kicked against it also when it has appeared, and only as recently as March 17th, 1938, she saw it suddenly appear on a chair and then jump down on to the bare floor which it struck with quite a loud smack. It vanished on the spot as it struck the floor and just as though it had passed through the boards. She searched the room thoroughly, but no material cat was in it nor was any in the house. It has been heard to mew, and then seen to immediately vanish away.

Finally, on Sunday, October 9th, 1938, when two-thirds of this book was in type, it was again seen at the Vicarage by my wife, and later in the day was seen closely accompanying me in *church at the Evening Service* by my daughter Dorothy, who noted the colour of its eyes and the sheen of its fur. This is the first time it has been seen outside the Vicarage. It vanished while in contact with me. Again, on Sunday, December 4th, it reared up twice against my wife and vanished on the spot.

I have given these accounts—a few out of many scores—as illustrating various phases of the existence, objectivity and purposeful presence of this apparition. That the animal is with and accompanies Strad in his manifestations here at Weston, there can be no manner of doubt.

CHAPTER V

ANIMAL SURVIVAL

"The Lord is good to all,
And His mercy is over all His works."

For that which befalleth man befalleth beast, as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one spirit.—ECCLESIASTES iii. 19 (R.V.).

THE statement of Stradiuarius that the apparition of the black cat, so often seen and touched by us, was the appearance of his cat may seem fantastic to many readers who are not familiar with such evidences, but a careful study of available records (and there are not a few extant) points irresistibly to animal survival as a fact, at least to the survival of the more intelligent animals and those which have been particularly associated with human beings. Our experiences on this matter have been so full and clear that I digress in this chapter to discuss the question as one of very great interest. We must not allow our prejudices to bias our judgment, but sit down before the facts and study them. I have heard many laugh at the mere idea that any life but man's should survive the death of the physical body, but to such I say in the words of Ecclesiastes:

"Who knoweth that the spirit of a man goeth upward and that of a beast downward?"

and what proof have they that the spirit of a beast does *not* survive?

To this they can give no answer.

Let us take one or two facts into our consideration concerning this interesting subject.

The process and mystery of the generation, birth, life and death of one of the higher animals is identical with that of a man. It presents *exactly* the same problems to the serious thinker. The construction of the physical body of a man and one of the higher animals is exactly similar. The heart has the same valves and action on the veins and arteries and fulfils the same function. So the lungs, liver, bowels and every part. The wonderful lens and camera of the eye with its automatic working diaphragm are identical in principle, and the same mystery presents itself as to how the impression is taken up by the brain. The brain is practically the same in substance and the animal often shows great intelligence, the brain working just as in man. The conviction is borne in upon us with irresistible force that while separately created

ANIMAL SURVIVAL

67

orders, lower down the scale it may be in the matter of intelligence and not so gifted "with power to know His power," they are still wrought by the hand of the same All-Father, Who, giving us the pre-eminence, has made us "a little lower than the angels to crown us with glory and honour." The conclusion that as the principle of construction, the working of the several parts of their bodies, and the mystery of their generation, life and death is identical, there is therefore no valid reason why the ego of the more intelligent should not survive as it does in man. The possibility of this has been vehemently denied by Thomas Aquinas and his followers (which denial has resulted in appalling cruelty), but experience and observation show that there is abundant evidence to prove that some animals do survive and do manifest their presence after the death of the physical body. There are many cases on record, and we have been privileged to experience some of the most remarkable (vide *Man's Survival*, p. 138 *et al.*). As the apparition of Stradivari's cat is so remarkable and has been so continuous and persistent I here give, as confirming it, one of the most important of our former experiences, bearing out what he says of his cat, and what we ourselves have seen.

On August 13, 1905, my relative Leah Coates passed to the higher life. She for years owned a tall terrier dog of which she was very fond and which died several years before she did. In 1910 her apparition began to be seen in Weston Vicarage, accompanied by many most extraordinary incidents (vide *Man's Survival*).

On December 9th, 1910, during an extraordinary series of apparitions the name of my mother (sister of Leah) was loudly called several times and this was followed by the loud growl of a dog and scratching sounds on the panels of the bedroom door. (We did not keep a dog until twenty-six years afterwards.)

December 18th, 1910.—The apparition of Leah appeared in the dining-room, and mother and Sylvia followed it down the passage to the back staircase, mother trying to grasp it. At the back stairs she swung her arm right upon the figure which was seen by six persons. Her hand met no resistance and she could grasp nothing. At this moment all present heard the loud snarl or growl of a dog. (For a full account of this, the most wonderful manifestation of an animal on record, vide *Man's Survival*, p. 138.)

January 18th, 1911.—About 4 p.m. mother came to me and said that she and my wife had just looked into the cupboard under the staircase and that my wife had seen a white dog.

At 5 p.m. on the same day she ran to me in the study and told me that she, Marjorie and Sylvia and Baby Dorothy had just followed a white dog upstairs to our bedroom and that it ran under the bed. It was daylight and the dog was seen distinctly. Baby ran to the side of the bed and crawled under after the dog crying "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

About 5.20 the servant saw the dog go into my mother's bedroom.

At 5.30 my wife saw the tall figure of Leah come down the main staircase into the hall. *She was accompanied by the white dog.* Both the lady and the dog disappeared at my study door. My wife at once ran to me and told me. She said the dog was a kind of terrier with short white hair, erect ears and short tail, and had a big oval black spot on its back rather to one side and down one flank. The mystery of the loud growl heard when mother attempted to seize the apparition of her sister was solved. *The dog was defending its mistress! They were both together in the spirit world.*

About 5.45 I heard a loud cry and the crash of breaking glass. My wife ran down the stairs with part of a lamp in her hand. She said that when half way down the back stairs the white dog sprang at her as though leaping on her shoulder. It seemed to knock the lamp glass and burner off, and then both fell on the stairs, the oil being splashed on the wall. No mortal dog was in the house, and we had never kept a dog!

Shortly after this Leah was again seen by the servant to whom she spoke. So ended this marvellous day.

January 27th, 1911.—Dog again seen twice.

February 2nd.—My wife saw the dog on the stairs and had a very good view, for the animal stood still and looked at her. It was all alert and she saw its eyes bright and shining, ears erect, tail short. She particularly noticed that it was trembling and shivering very much, also that its hair was very short and that she could see the skin through it. This description amazed me and caused me to be certain that she actually did see the dog, for her description was *minutely accurate* and just as I have seen it hundreds of times when it was standing at attention. The skin seen through the hair, the quivering, shivering eagerness, sparkling eyes and black spot on the back and flank were absolutely conclusive. *She never saw the dog in life, nor is there any photo or prior description of it in existence.*

The servant saw the apparition of Leah, and shortly after the white dog dashed downstairs, leaping and frisking, into the hall, where stood my wife and the servant. Both saw it leap at the gong and *make it ring*, and then pass up the back staircase! (Once Leah was seen to ring the gong.)

March 28th, 1911.—The servant brought a jug of water to my study. When I answered the door she said "That dog has just come with me on the passage." Baby Dorothy was with her, tremendously excited, running to and fro and crying "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Up tairs. Pa tudy," pointing up the staircase and to my study door. This action and speech of the child, like her crawling after the dog under the bed, was absolutely evidential and conclusive.

August 22nd, 1915.—In the privacy of my study with door shut, I was reading the account of Leah's apparition, which by this time had been published in my book, *Man's Survival after Death*. Suddenly the

door opened and my wife rushed in crying "The white dog with the black spot on its back has just come along to your study door."

This dog was Leah's great pet. It died five or six years before she did. This marvellous experience shows that the idea of Pope's Indian, who thought that

Admitted to that equal sky
His faithful dog would bear him company.

was not so wildly improbable after all.

I now come to another case which has occurred recently, and which bears even more strongly on that of Strad's cat.

In the first week in March 1932, a striped tabby cat which we had kept for about nine years and which was a great pet, suddenly disappeared. The weather was rather wet and cold. I searched the gardens but could find no trace of her, and concluded that she had been shot or fallen into a trap. On June 17th I was passing through an unfrequented part of the shrubbery when, under a chestnut tree and hidden behind a low yew, I came across poor "Willie" as we called her, at the foot of the chestnut, stretched out dead and pitifully suckling three little kittens. She had died from exposure, and to the last, faithful in death, had bravely tried to do her duty and here she lay suckling the three dead kittens in a row, a most pathetic and pitiful sight, the like of which I never beheld. I buried her and the kittens at the foot of the tree where I found them, and to perpetuate the memory of the faithful creature I cut "WILLIE FAITHFUL" on the chestnut's trunk above her grave (Plate IX). Summer merged into autumn, autumn into winter, and poor Willie had become almost a memory.

On Sunday, March 5th, 1933, as I came from church, it being bright and sunny, I walked round the lawn, and passing the chestnut looked behind the yew and the little rockery, saw the little grave and read the inscription on the tree trunk, saying to myself in an *undertone*, "Poor little 'Willie,' faithful unto death. May you be rewarded in that other world." *I was alone, and mentioned this to no one.* Three days later, on March 7th, 1933, just a year from the time she disappeared, my daughter Dorothy was coming out of the kitchen into the passage when she saw a striped tabby cat, which she instantly recognised as "Willie," rear up against an article standing in the passage. It immediately sprang up on to it and walked along the top of it for about a yard and then simply *dissolved away under her sight* and was gone!

It was not the cat we then had, for on opening the door and going into the breakfast-room immediately afterwards our own cat was curled up on a chair at the other side of the room.

Wednesday, March 15th, about 3 p.m.—My daughter Sylvia, coming through the passage, saw "Willie," with all her usual markings and characteristic appearance, rear up against the article in the passage, leap upon it and walk along the top. It vanished under her eyes, fading

away into the air. She instantly opened the breakfast-room door, and saw our own cat asleep on the couch at the other side of the room.

Friday, March 17th, 1933.—A most wonderful thing happened to-day. About 1 p.m. I walked in the garden, and coming near the chestnut tree at the end of the lawn where "Willie's" grave is, I said, "Bravo, 'Willie,' it was great of you to come and show yourself. God be thanked for such a wonderful thing." At 9 p.m., eight hours afterwards, I was sitting in my arm-chair reading when suddenly I saw "Willie" rear up between my right thigh and the arm of the chair. She immediately sprang up on to the arm of my chair and then leaped swiftly on to the head of the couch close to my chair, where she vanished on the spot, melting away under my gaze. Astounded, I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and looking round the room saw our own cat, which is *different in colour*, curled up on the chair at the *other side* of the room. Dorothy, who saw "Willie" at the same moment and heard my exclamation, said, "Have you seen it? Our cat has been on that chair for more than ten minutes." This is the third time it has been seen. When I spoke to myself in the garden I was alone and told no one of it. No mortal was within sight or hearing, *but "Willie" heard and understood.*

Sunday, April 30th, 1933.—Dorothy again saw "Willie" in the passage. This time the cat was seated on the floor and simply melted away before Dorothy's eyes, vanishing into the air.

Monday, May 1st, 1933.—Marjorie saw "Willie" this morning close to the stand in the passage. The cat jumped up on to it and then vanished on the spot. On the last two occasions our cat WAS OUT OF THE HOUSE. It has now been seen five times by four different witnesses and by two at the same time. There is no more doubt about "Willie's" survival than there is about those human beings whose after-death apparitions are so often seen. *The one is as evidential as the other.*

August 6th, 1934.—This afternoon Dorothy again saw "Willie," the forepart of her body being visible, perfectly distinct and clear, the hind-quarters fading off into indistinctness. After walking a short distance she vanished on the spot. Having seen this apparition myself, confirming the experience of the others, I have no doubt whatsoever of its reality.

There are *many other cases* on record which can be cited. A classical one is the apparition of Lieutenant Deane, together with his horse, both recognised, for which I refer readers to *Man's Survival*, p. 113. Only a few months ago I have been told by a clergyman of the manifestation of his dog to him after its death.

Colonel Johnson testifies (*Man's Survival*, p. 277): "Three dogs of mine manifested; one barked, one came on my knee and its nose touched my cheek. By the colour, size, etc., of these dogs there was not the least doubt as to their identity." I have also seen several photographs showing the spirit forms of dogs, identified clearly and beyond question. (For spirit photo of a dog, see Plate IX.)

I have dwelt particularly on this phase of manifestation because of the implications involved. *Let us face the facts.* Very many psychic experiences and observations show clearly that some animals do survive, and the fact that some do undoubtedly survive death opens out a vast field of thought, and should do much to soften the relations between man and the lower animals, and make him companionable, just and merciful, towards "his little brothers." All life has come from the Author and Giver of life, whose mercy is over *all* His works. Man in his pride, ignorance and exploitation, has generally denied a future to the humbler creation. An important section of the Christian Church, basing its dictum on that of Thomas Aquinas, has taught that cruelty to animals is impossible because animals cannot suffer, having no rights or duties, and not having a "dianoetic soul." This abominable pronouncement has been, and is still, the source of *appalling* cruelty, and is completely contrary to the spirit of Christ.¹

Innumerable instances are on record showing that animals possess striking intelligence and reasoning powers, and also a depth of love and devotion which can compare with that of human beings, and logically gives then a place in the scheme of survival. Why should human love and devotion be rewarded and that of the animal go unrequited?

Cæsar de Vesme gives a well-authenticated case in *Psychica* for August 1935, of a dog named Hachigo which for years accompanied his master, Dr Neno, to the station to await the train, and never failed to come again to meet the train in the evening to fetch him home. Eleven years ago Dr Neno died, and for *nearly ten years Hachigo never failed to go to the station every evening to meet and fetch home his master*, who never came in his mortal body.

Now Hachigo himself has gone to that bourne to be with his master in that other world. The Japanese, to their honour be it said, have erected a statue to the faithful dog next to the grave of his master.

Again there are many cases of a faithful animal lying on the grave of his master refusing all food, and dying of grief. We ourselves saw the wonderful exhibition of the devotion of poor Tim to his departed mistress (p. 15).

The well-known writer and author, Cæsar de Vesme, gives details of an instance which came to his notice, and for which he vouches, in which a dog set out to *seek* its master who had gone off to Aix-la-Chapelle, a distance of more than fifty miles. This devoted little creature, not only performed the amazing feat of tracking him down, but added to it the supreme endurance, courage and devotion of taking with her her two small puppies, which were too young to walk, thus performing the

¹ Cruelty to animals is sternly forbidden in the Levitical Law. Enactments against it are to be found in Exodus xxiii. 19, xxxiv. 26, Deut. xiv. 21, and Leviticus xxii. 28; also in Deut. xxii. 6 and 7.

In the latter *God's judgment is implied against the offender.* Man needs to "watch his step" very carefully in this matter.

journey *twice*, carrying one little one a few miles and returning for the other, and this in addition to feeding them!! These instances of *supreme* devotion attain the very pinnacle of love and achievement.

I have on record in my journal the magnificent courage, devotion and self-sacrifice of a cat which *six times* in succession entered the fiery furnace of a burning building, each time bringing out a kitten, the last time to stagger out charred and dying. Men may have equalled these things, but they have never surpassed them. Shall man survive, and creatures capable of such love, sacrifice and devotion go to oblivion?

The proven fact that the more intelligent animals that have been associated with man do undoubtedly survive brings us to the question, "Do the other creatures lower down the scale survive, does life in its myriad forms survive?"

We must stick to the observed *facts*. We *know* that some animals do survive, at any rate for a time. That must suffice us for the present. With regard to the myriad forms of life which appear to be much lower down the scale, it may be that these lives return to a sort of reservoir of life from which they re-issue under the omnipotent power of the Creator, the Author and Giver of Life. Here are His deepest mysteries, and before Him we can only bend in reverence and in adoration, saying, "Thou Lord art worthy to receive glory and honour and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

Let me digress for a moment to notice the notion so commonly held that because an apparition may appear black in colour it is *therefore* evil; and therefore the apparition of the black cat is evil.

The simple answer to this nonsense is that it is not true. In the case of Strad's cat it is black, not because it is evil, but because the cat was black in colour in its mortal life and it appears as it was in the mortal, just as "Willie" appeared of a fawn-grey colour, or Leah's dog appeared white. In the same way the spirit of a negro appears black because the man had a black skin in mortal life. Altogether, apart, however, from the natural colour in the mortal life, it frequently happens that the power available is not sufficient to show a luminous appearance in daylight, and so an apparition sometimes appears dark in colour.

There is a *scientific* reason for this at utter variance with the ignorant scare-mongering theories of religious bigots. Besides all this, it frequently happens that these black objects prove to be harbingers of *good* and not of evil. On page 190 of *Man's Survival after Death* is a case in point in which a lady was frightened by a black apparition (one imperfectly formed owing to lack of power). It proved to be her brother, recently killed at the front, and desperately endeavouring to get through with a message of *love and consolation*, in which endeavour he shortly afterwards succeeded. Another is that of the Rev. W. Clarke who manifested at Weston in black and gave us a most cheering and comforting message waving his black glove in which he used to preach (*M.S.*, p. 191).

What cowards a lot of these opponents of the spiritual are, and what fine supporters of the Christ they would have made in his day! Judged by their own words they would have behaved worse than Peter, for they would not only have denied their Lord, but would have run a mile at the sight of his spirit manifestations, shouting devils! devils! If black were always the colour and garb of evil and of devils, then alas for bishops and clergy, for this, as a rule, is the colour of their attire.

It is necessary also at this point of the narrative to show up the absurdity of the idea that the apparition of an animal, or its association with the spirit of a man in the future state is not consistent with our ideas of religion or of the Paradise life, and is reprehensible or undignified. Such notions are the outcome of ignorance, and represent human pride and selfishness based on false teaching in the past, and are not in accordance with observed facts. If man's association with horse, dog, cat, or other animal is deemed honourable, kindly and worthy of praise in this life, why should it suddenly become ridiculous, reprehensible, or undesirable in the next? There is no just or logical reason why. In both Old and New Testament animals are seen in the visions of both prophets and apostles, and these may not always be symbolical, while in the book of Tobit, v. 16, the angel who goes with Tobias on his journey is described as being accompanied by a dog.¹

¹ Leah's dog continued to be seen up to August 22nd, 1915 (vide *Man's Survival*). Leah was last seen on February 9th, 1913. On that occasion my wife was walking down the passage into the hall carrying a circular wood stand, which Leah often used in the earth life. Suddenly Leah appeared, her face being plump and clearly visible, and snatching the stand, which was quite a heavy one, from my wife's hands, she said, "It's Leah's, it's mine," and carried it away into the hall. Evidently a full-form materialisation.

On March 30th, 1915, when the apparition of Mr Burnett's mastiff dog appeared, our house cat came into the room while the apparition was visible. It immediately saw the dog and became frantic with fear, leaping over a wash-hand stand and taking refuge in the corner behind it, spitting and scratching, its tail thick as a fox's brush. Again on November 16th, 1919, I personally saw our house cat perceive an apparition at the same time as I saw it, and rear up and paw at the apparition. Again on May 29th, 1939, our house cat was clearly seen by Marjorie to perceive the apparition of a man in wide-brimmed hat and long cloak—apparently an Italian—at the same time as she saw it. The cat *shrank* from the apparition and followed it with its eyes until it vanished.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AND WORK OF ANTONIUS STRADIUARIUS, WITH FURTHER EVIDENCES OF IDENTITY

"The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshop made,
By a great master of the past
'Ere yet was lost the art divine,
Fashioned of maple and of pine
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast.
Perfect was it in every part,
A marvel of the luteist's art;
And in its hollow chamber thus
The Master, from whose hand it came
Had written his unrivalled name—
Antonius Stradiuarius."¹

IT is not my intention, nor does it lie within the scope of this book, to write any elaborate treatise on the actual instruments made by the Great Master. This has been so very well done in the splendid monograph of the Hill Brothers, illustrated by a series of magnificent plates, that nothing further could be desired by the lover of the violin. My purpose is to give a brief outline of the Master's life, the conditions under which he worked, to throw some light on certain obscure incidents in his career; while later I shall touch on my rediscovery, after fifty years' strenuous and persistent research, of that glorious compound known as the Varnish of Stradiuarius.

Antonius Stradiuarius, son of Signor Alessandro Stradiuarius and Signora Anna Moroni, was born in 1644. No trace of his birth certificate can be found in Cremona Church records in spite of the most exhaustive searches. The reason for this is probably found in the fact that in 1630 a terrible outbreak of the plague occurred in Cremona and large numbers of the inhabitants fled from the city, many never to return. Stradiuarius's parents were almost certainly among the number, and no records can be found by which they can be traced as having returned to the city.

Questioned on this point Stradiuarius says that he was not born in Cremona but outside the city, and on June 7th, 1930; he added, "I was not baptized in Cremona."

Neither of the psychics through whom these Strad communications have come have yet read the life of Stradiuarius, and of this fact I have

¹ Frederick Smith.

LIFE AND WORK OF ANTONIUS STRADIUARIUS 75

had the proof over and over again. *All books concerning the Great Master I have always kept most carefully locked up in my study, the special key never leaving my possession.* On this point I have exercised the greatest care and watchfulness, and concerning the same I am prepared to make an affidavit before any notary public, as are both the psychics.

The first intimation of him as resident in Cremona is contained on the label of one of his instruments dated 1666. In 1667 he married Francesca, the daughter of Francesco Feraboschi, on the 4th of July, when living in the Casa del Pescatore.

Here the census returns of 1668 reveal the young "liutaro" or maker of lutes, aged twenty-eight, just starting out independently in his profession and established in his shop with his young wife Francesca, twenty-six, and their infant daughter Giulia Maria, aged three months. Although known as "liutaro" or maker of lutes, this term covered the manufacture of lute (a guitar-like instrument), viol and violin, the lute gradually merging into the guitar (of which specimens by Stradiuarius are still extant) and the viol into the violin. Lute and viol were rapidly superseded.

"In former days we had the *Viol in*,
'Ere the true instrument had come about,
But now we say, since it all ears doth win,
The *Violin* hath put the *Viol out*."

This residence at Casa del Pescatore has taken on a very evidential phase as I write. Not until this book was in preparation had I paid any attention to his residence at this first house; the pictures and details of the famous house in the Piazza San Domenico (Plate X), which he occupied later, having occupied the mind's eye to the exclusion of what seemed a comparatively unimportant detail, but it suddenly assumed great importance in view of a sitting on May 6th, 1932, my wife and Dorothy being the sitters. Stradiuarius manifested and said:

"In my house at Casa Ferescore,
There I had a little door
Through the which I used to go
On to another floor.

Then through another door I went
On my errand bent.
There my work to do
Making fiddles new.

With wood I carved,
My walls I hung—
Cremona! Cremona! I love thee;
Always warm and free;
Adieu to thee!"

They could make nothing of this at all, and the word which apparently reads Ferescore was difficult to get, and Strad made several attempts to write it, and when they could not understand it he became much excited and banged the planchette about and hammered forcibly with the point of the pencil on the paper. Quite unable to understand it at last they let him go on and took it as written without being able in the least to understand its meaning, which remained unknown to them until two years later.

Casa Ferescore is evidently intended for Casa Piscatore, and as the fact of his residence there *was wholly unknown at the time to my wife and wholly unknown to my daughter*, and not only unnoted by me, *but I was not even present at the sitting*, all theories of the subconscious are destroyed and the identity of the communicator is established. Our heart goes out to the grand old man recalling those young days in the long ago, when, setting out on his career in all the joyous time of the first year of youthful marriage, full of hopes and ambitions with his young wife by his side and the babe at her breast, he faced the world full of joy and of hope for the future. How fondly memory would dwell on those early days.

"When at, Casa Ferescore
There I had a little door
Through which I used to go
On to another floor."

And how wonderful it was that those memories should thus come from one who passed from this world two hundred years ago!

Stradiuarius lived at the Casa del Piscatore until the year 1680 when he bought the house No. 2 Piazza Domenico (Plate X) now No. 1 Piazza Roma, for a sum equivalent to £850 of our money, paying about one-third down and the rest in four years.

This house, which remained unaltered until 1888, consisted of three stories, and had a small shed erected on the roof, locally termed a "seccadour," and which was used ordinarily for drying linen, etc., but particularly by Stradiuarius for seasoning and drying his pine and maple, and also for drying his newly varnished instruments, according to local tradition.

In this house, a picture of which I give in Plate X, reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs Hill & Sons, Stradiuarius lived and worked, producing those superb instruments which have made his name world-famous and imperishable.

On the ground floor in the front and facing the street was the shop (the picture by Rinaldo, part of Plate III, is from a sketch of the actual room), doubtless the scene of most of his activities, and most certainly so in the winter time. Behind that was the living-room or parlour; and again behind that the kitchen. A small courtyard contained a store-room and a well, and from it a flight of stone steps descended to large

cellars underneath. On the first floor four rooms, three were on the second, and the loft or "seccadour" on the roof (Plate X) completed the structure. Here Stradiuarius for fifty years lived an honoured citizen, and worked until he became famous all over Europe as the Great Master of his Craft. The dignitaries of the Church and the nobility were his patrons, while kings and princes sent their representatives with orders for his unique and splendid instruments. He became wealthy, until "as rich as Stradiuarius" passed into a proverb in Cremona. But above all wealth was the fame based upon unique merit, the brilliant mellow ringing responsive woody tone of his instruments and the glorious beauty of his incomparable varnish.

From the "seccadour" or drying loft on the roof of this house, where tradition says he sometimes worked and hung up his varnished instruments to dry, where tool racks and chips of pine and maple have been found, a fine view is to be obtained over the ancient city. One can picture the grand old man at work here in the cool of the day as evening drew on. The late Frederick Smith, who owned a quartette of choice specimens of the Master's work, including the famed Tuscan Strad and the Amherst, made when the Master was in his ninetieth year, and at whose house I have played on these instruments by the hour, has left this exquisite description of one of the many scenes and soliloquies which must have taken place in this lofty workroom.

"See how the sunset with its ruddy gold
Glow like a smouldering fire on these dim walls
Touching my dusty patterns and designs
With its warm fingers, loving, lingering,
As with farewell before it fades away,
And darkness softly gathers all within
Its tender folds—Now must I lay aside
These precious slips of wood, these faithful tools
For my old eyes demand the light of day.
Yet will I rest awhile in this dear room
Above the darkening town. Behold far off
The rich expanding plain of Lombardy,
Steeped in the crimson sunlight, reaches out
Like my abounding years! I will give thanks
For all the mercies that have followed me
From my first conscious morning until now.
This house where I have lived these fifty years
Still shelters me. Here were my children born,
And many children of my hand and brain,
My violins—a goodly multitude
Gone forth—a gift to the awakening world
That knows not yet their wonder and their joy.
My precious craft—so old—yet lovely still,
Even to me, tho' worn with seventy years'

Unceasing toil—happy and fruitful years—
 All faithful to the service of my craft.
 Not turned aside by any vain pursuit
 (Or any whim of pleasure or ambition),
 But holding fast this aim of my existence,
 Willing to follow on—to follow on—
 With ceaseless strivings, discontent divine,
 Till fine intention purified my vision.

Oh! highest excellence, austere, intangible,
 A dream within a dream—
 Ever before me, never in my grasp—
 Have I not courted thee these seventy years
 And won some favour for my faithful love?
 For there were moments, too, when like some climber,
 On some immaculate mountain top uplifted,
 I breathed the piercing air of high achievement,
 My loftiest inspiration realised.
 What poet is there hath not put his life
 Into his book? So I whatever grace
 Or skill or sense of touch God gave to me
 Of subtlety of purpose, or desire,
 Have put into these slender bonds of wood,
 To speak when Stradivari's mortal lips are dumb.

I well remember as if 'twere yesterday
 When first I came into this radiant room—
 My own at last after some waiting years—
 Then I was young and strong, hand firm
 And vision clear.
 For then, full fifty years ago, I made
 For Cosimo, Grand Duke of Tuscany,
 A gem of matchless form and workmanship—
 It should endure for full five hundred years
 In fadeless youth, if handled worthily—
 And all those masterpieces of my prime,
 Where are they gone? In what strange hands bestowed?
 Some, maybe, worn with usage and neglect,
 Their beauty marred.
 Some loved and cared for, touched by skilful hands
 Moving the secret places of the soul
 To joys and griefs unutterable.
 Some lost—forgotten—in darkness to be hid,
 Voiceless for ages.

My pulse is vigorous yet, my eye is clear,
 My hand, tho' feeble, is obedient still,
 And this spare form for all its ninety years
 Is sound and sinewy as a knotted vine.

I will accomplish yet before I die
 A new example that shall rival all
 The great achievements of my finest years.
 Within one violin I will assemble
 All that I ever knew of craftsmanship
 That make for beauty and for witchery.

This latest offspring of my age shall be
 Full throated, mellow, like Guarneris' best,
 Yet with my own intensity endowed,
 The secret thrill that none can steal from me!
 It shall be softer than a woman's voice
 Crooning a cradle song, yet clear and fine
 As a young lover pleading 'neath the stars.
 Oft in the sacred service of the Church
 Finding its delicate path like sunset fire
 Down the long shaded aisles of the Duomo,
 Shall stir the echoes of the fretted roof
 With song divine. No hand but mine shall touch
 The smallest part; not my good son Francesco,
 Nor patient Omobono. No, nor yet
 My skilled Bergonzi—No,
 My own right hand alone shall fashion thee—
 I will select, approve, assemble every part
 With nicest judgment and discrimination.

This close-grained pine, dried in Cremona's sun,
 That I shall shape with gentle modulation
 Down to the perfect form for resonance,
 Shall be the table, finely fashioned.
 This lustrous broad-barred maple too shall melt
 Under my chisel to that curve and slope
 I need for beauty and for excellence.
 Firm in each place each corner block
 Shall fit as tho' it had been there for ever.
 The rich voluted scroll, so finely turned,
 Shall breathe with beauty like a sentient thing;
 The last fine spiritual touch that crowns the whole
 And o'er it all it shall be garmented
 With those most rare and precious gums I know,
 My varnish, fire of orange, flexible and rich
 As royal velvet, shall enclose, protect,
 Restrain, yet liberate and glorify.

But now to rest. I will lie down,
 Yielding my patient soul to the dear care
 Of Him who gave the skill my pride commends.
 And if I wake again it is to serve,

And if I wake no more, may I arise
In my true person, cleansed and sanctified,
And humbly lay my gift before the One
Who gave me all."

In 1698 his wife Francesca died, and was buried in the tomb in the Choir of the Church of San Domenico "at twenty-three o'clock," with elaborate ceremonial.

Now the Church of San Domenico must have been so familiar to his eyes that he must have known every stone in the structure and its every nook and corner, window and ornament, for it lay *directly opposite his house and shop*, and from the elevation of his "seccadour" where he often worked he must have looked down upon it unnumbered thousands of times and noticed the passage of the hours by its clocks and bells, as early morning waxed to brilliant noon under the blue Italian sky, and waned again to sunset, with its rose and green and gold. In 1729, when eighty-five years of age, he decided that in this church, upon which he had looked down from his eyrie for more than half a century, should be the resting place of his mortal remains. In 1729 he bought a tomb in it in the Chapel of the Rosary, and it was here that the mortal body of his second wife Antonia was buried on March 4th, 1737, to be followed by all that was mortal of himself on December 19th, 1737. Plate XI shows the Church of San Domenico before its demolition.

In the parish register of the Church of San Matteo, the priest who buried Antonius records:

"On the 19th day of the month of December 1737, Signor Antonio Stradivari, a widower, aged about ninety-five years, having died yesterday fortified by the Holy Sacraments and comforted by prayers for his soul until the moment he expired, I Domenico Antonio Stancari, Parish Priest of the Church of S. Matteo, have escorted his corpse with funeral pomp to the Church of the very Reverend Fathers of S. Domenico, in Cremona, where he was buried."

So the Great Master died, full of years, riches and honour, and was buried, as Father Stancari records, in the Church of San Domenico, in the Chapel of the Rosary, and men looked upon him as one who had "departed this life," ne'er to be seen again, and who had carried his secret to the grave and ceased to mingle in the affairs of men.

In the picture, directly above the carriage and at the end of the church, is the pointed roof of the transept crowned with a small pinnacle. Immediately in front of this will be seen, gleaming in the sunlight, one of the sides or panels of the octagonal cupola or dome covering the Chapel of the Rosary. There were three such chapels and each covered with its cupola on this side of the church. The one near the main entrance is fully seen, the other two are largely hidden by the roof edge at the angle at which this picture is taken. The house and shop of Antonius were

almost directly opposite to this Chapel on the other side of the street. The chimney nearly opposite to the pinnacle on the transept being that shown in the picture of Strad's house (Plate X).

On one occasion not being sure, owing to conflicting accounts, as to which of the three cupolas covered the Chapel of the Rosary, we sat and asked Strad himself. My wife knew nothing of the matter, and I was uncertain. Without a moment's hesitation, Strad replied, "The one under the tower." This on investigation proved to be right. "The tower," square and narrow, being at the far end of the church and hidden in this picture by the tall façade over the entrance. This reply, so instantaneous and beyond our own knowledge, was very convincing and impressive. Here, then, the great master was buried.

"I saw an aged man upon his bier
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year
Cares that are ended and forgotten now.
Why mourn we that an aged man is dead?
We are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.
We sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie.
Why weep we then for him, who having won
Beyond the bound of man's appointed years at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed."¹

May 24th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sitting. Stradiuarius came and Dorothy asked him whether it did not seem a long time since he was in the mortal. Instantly came the response:

"As yesterday I sat on a stool
With candle light in the gloom
Making my fiddles supreme.
Those years seem to me like a dream."

May 28th.—We sat, myself, my wife and Dorothy in the little room we have fitted up as Stradiuarius requested, with curtains and walls of violet, his favourite colour. Stradiuarius manifested. I remarked, "We are very busy." He replied, "So am I." Dorothy said, "I am glad to find you taking a continued interest in things." He replied, "Young again." (54, 57.)

This was delightful and most significant. He lived to extreme old age, making the Amherst violin in his ninetieth year. How glorious

¹ Adapted from W. C. Bryant.

is the anticipation here confirmed by one who, having lived this mortal life, has passed through the gates of death to the Elysian Fields. "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" where flowers bloom in perpetual succession and there is no decay. How wonderful to have it confirmed. "Young again!" O glorious certainty of everlasting life!—*Laus Deo in Nomine Jesu!*

Wednesday, February 12th, 1930.—A new departure to-day. Madge and Dorothy sat in the evening; Strad came and gave a book test, saying "Look in *Itinerario d'Italia*, p. 265. Buona fezzetta. This is for your father." Neither my wife nor Dorothy could remember at the moment what *Itinerario d'Italia* was, but guessed by reference to page 265 that it must be a book, and from *Italia* that it had reference to Italy, and so might be the book with Stradivari's name in it. This was *locked up in my study* and they had no access to it (I always keep my study locked with a special key, and no other key fits). On going to look up this reference I find that the lettered title of the book is so faded on the back that it can only be made out at *very close quarters*, and *then only with difficulty*. On taking out the book and turning up the page I found the words "buona fortezza." There had been a curious inversion between the z's and the t's, due probably to difficulties of communication but the intention was plain, and under the circumstances of non-access very evidential.

Saturday, February 15th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sat, and again Stradiarius came with another book test. He again said "Refer to the same book, page 121, and you will find 'Viaggia da Milano.'" Now since the last message, in addition to the book being locked up, I had placed such traps and safeguards around it as to make certain that anyone touching it would displace them. I found the safeguards *untouched*. On referring to page 121 I found "Viaggio da Milano." (Stradivari's a's and o's are sometimes very similar in this planchette writing.) Both my wife and Dorothy swore that they had never consulted or read the book and knew nothing of the contents, and as I had kept it carefully locked up I am confident that they could have had no knowledge of it normally.

I come now to a very extraordinary experience of an entirely different nature. On May 31st, 1930, about noon, I was standing on the landing of the stairs not far from my study door with my back to the stairs when suddenly I slipped, and fell *backwards* and head first down the wide stairs. Instead of breaking my neck or my spine as I might easily have done, I experienced a most extraordinary sensation as if cushions were under me, and I measured my length down the stairs on my back without the slightest shock or concussion, and then at the fifth step *stood momentarily on my head* on that step, my legs and feet sweeping round in a great circle and then dashing down with tremendous force, stripping the skin from both shins for a length of several inches, and landing me dazed but practically unhurt on my hands and knees with my face looking up the

flight of stairs down which I had fallen!! I could scarcely realise what had happened for some little time, being half stunned and dazed, then gradually stood up unhurt except for the frightful bruising of my legs and the skinning of my shins, which were not healed for many a long day. I gave thanks to God for a narrow escape; for ordinarily, I might have broken my neck, as I fell *backwards* and *headlong* down the wide staircase so helplessly and with no power of saving myself. The sensation of cushions under me and then of standing completely on my head was the most extraordinary I ever experienced. The crash brought the members of my household on the scene. Later in the day we sat and Stradiarius came and drew a number of rounded figures. I asked what they meant. He replied, "Air cushions. This is me all blown up. Did you feel the air? I saved you at the fifth step." This described exactly how I felt, as though pneumatic cushions were under me. My escape brought forcibly to mind the passage in the Psalms, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee to keep thee in all thy ways, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." If true of old, why not now? If levitations of the body could be effected in the days of the prophets, why not now? I believe, even as Stradiarius told us, that "he bore me up" and saved me from imminent peril.

June 14th, 1930.—My wife and Dorothy sitting. Stradiarius came and gave some account of his life. He said he often met musical friends whom he described in an amusing improvisation.

"Mendelssohn beams all over his face
And say we all, 'Who can take his place?'
Chopin walks around with glee
For he sees some fun in me.
Handel, dear soul, fills us all with awe,
We never heard such melodies before."

At this sitting he said to Dorothy, "You are my child of God."

Dorothy replied that the name "Dorothy" meant "gift of God."

Stradiarius: "Yes, and I influenced them to give it to you."

He also said that he had been with her from birth and that it was he who appeared to my wife (her mother), the night after she was born, and that the little child who danced over the bed was Tabitha (p. 23).

June 9th, 1930.—My wife and Dorothy sitting. Dorothy rather discouraged. Stradiarius said to her: "I had my struggles." "When was that?" "1664. Those were my early days. Don't despair. I have much for you to do. Go on never doubting."

"Strad was with you when you came
All this mortal life is gain
But it does not come again."

"You must not falter by the way."

And yet opponents say that nothing good or elevating comes from the beyond in these days. These words of the Old Master give them the lie. "We must not falter by the way." How true!

"Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And here on earth our mortal life has set
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right.
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.

If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, dear heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest.
When we shall clearly know and understand,
Then we shall say that 'God knew best.'"

July 2nd, 1930.—Madge (my wife) and Dorothy sat in the little room we have fitted up and furnished, and to which Dorothy devoted much time in papering and painting and making the curtains and hangings. Stradiuarius manifested at once, and wrote "Draw the curtains." (These are of violet net fabric and admit a coloured light.) "Keep passive and I will make her speak." After a while Madge heard a kind of "percussing" or buzzing in her ear and thought she was going to get clair-audience, as occasionally has happened when she has experienced this.

The thick heavy tablecloth now belayed out quite horizontal as though urged by a strong breeze, and after the percussing had gone on some little time she became suddenly entranced and lay back heavily on the chair unconscious. Stradiuarius was then announced, and speaking through her, said, "I lived to be ninety-five. I made many violins, fiddles as you call them, altogether 1884 in number. I was a very

¹ Mary R. Smith.

ardent scholar. My great *forte* was perseverance in all troubles and through some adversity. All my violins took a long time to make. I never hurried my work. I did all my work honestly and well. I am not unduly praising myself, for I was blessed with health and strength from my Maker. I was born in 1644, and I passed out of the mortal body in 1837—no, not that—1737; just one hundred years before your queen began to reign. Queen Victoria? Yes. When I get more power I will give you names and dates of my violins as far as I remember them and histories as far as I know them for the book which is to be written. Tell this to your father; I scraped the bellies sometimes half a dozen times over before they pleased me. Now I must go." Here my wife's voice rose to a high note, and then she gradually recovered, just like one coming out of a faint.

Saturday, July 12th, 1930: *Midnight*.—My wife fell asleep almost at once on retiring, but I lay awake by her side some time. Suddenly she began to speak most volubly and rapidly in what sounded to me like Italian. Then came "Dat is not it, no dat is not it." I said "What is not? Who are you?" Then came "Ant—, Ant—, Ant—, Antonius," the last word with a loud burst as though a desperate effort had been made to utter it. Then came "I'm trying but can't speak well." I said, "Oh, this is splendid. You are doing grandly and I can understand." Gradually he got stronger, and at last spoke quite well. He then continued, "I talk Inglice, I talk Inglice myself." Then he laughed for joy and shook Madge strongly, throwing her arms about and moving the whole body, saying, "I learn to control her." On this occasion the *modus operandi* seems to have been different to that employed on July 2nd. Then, he apparently caused her to use her own voice; now he apparently controlled the organism of my wife so as to be able to use her larynx as if it were his own and actually spoke the words. It was a most marvellous experience, and gave the sensation of speaking to the man face to face.

An interval of several months elapsed before we had any further photographic manifestations of the presence of Stradiuarius, although frequent manifestations of other kinds and frequent communications from him occurred in the interval.

Sunday, July 6th, 1930.—My wife twice saw the black cat, and once touched it with her hand in the Red Room when it vanished on the spot, and the second time kicked against it in the passage, when it walked about two yards farther and again vanished. It felt soft and solid, and was evidently fully materialised on this, as on many other occasions.

Monday, July 7th.—News of the passing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Tuesday, July 8th.—My wife and Dorothy sitting at 8 p.m. Stradiuarius came, and after other things, said, "I now see that Doyle is resting by the river bank. He will be active in a few hours." Dorothy said, "That is soon." Stradiuarius replied, "Yes, he was prepared

for it. His knowledge of spiritualism has helped him. He will not 'let you down,' as the saying is. I go now and will try and get him to send you a message. Sit on Wednesday at 8."

Wednesday, July 9th, 12 noon.—I sat with my wife. Stradiuarius came and said that we must go to Hope at Bradford next week and Sir Arthur would come on the plate. Later in the day my wife and Dorothy sat, and Sir Arthur gave us the wonderful message, which I have termed "The Paradise Message," while on the 14th I got a marvellous photograph of Sir Arthur, both of which I describe in another chapter.

Friday, July 25th, midnight.—Madge had fallen asleep and I lay awake as is often the case, for I do not fall asleep easily. Suddenly a loud, rather strident, laugh came from her which startled me very much, as it was a man's laugh. Then she began to speak most volubly in Italian of which she does not understand a word. This went on for a few minutes. I guessed who it was, and when he ceased I greeted him as Signor Antonius. Then he began to speak in English. "I speak Inglice, ha! ha! ha! Inglice." I congratulated him on his success in thus speaking personally. Then he continued, "Ah, my country is very sad. Oh, I weep. I weep." I replied, "Yes, Signor, the earthquake" (*which he had predicted*). He answered, "Ah, yes, it is terrible. I weep, I weep." I commiserated with him, and he continued, "I sent that man Ball to tell you about it. He is an Englishman, a very clever man." (For full account of this wonderful incident, *vide* "Premonitions.") He then said, "Tell Dorothy I am coming to-morrow to tell her what to do. A doctah, doctah—no, doctor—tell me, and I tell her." He then went on to say, "Your wife is the same—oh, what is the word—same, same, dis-po-zish-on (pronouncing the words in syllables) as myself, and so I can come through her." Then there was a short silence, and my wife awoke and knew nothing of what had happened. This was a most marvellous experience and absolutely convincing to me. First the communication, then the fact that the earthquake, *predicted nine days previously, had come to pass*, then the pronouncing of the syllables and the evident difficulty in mastering the words, together with the very evident entire unconsciousness of what had happened shown so unmistakably by my wife when waking from the trance, all these things stamped the impress of truth on the whole proceeding. Only one who has *witnessed and heard* a similar manifestation can realise *how impressive* and evidential such an experience can be.

August 2nd, 1930.—Hope paid us another visit about midday. He got spirit photographs during the afternoon, and in the evening we had a special sitting at which myself, my wife, son, three daughters, Mr Hope and another were present. We all sat round a solid oak table about four feet in diameter. On the table I placed a quarter-plate slide containing a plate which I personally loaded into the slide. The slide was

tied round with string and sealed with my seal and signed, Hope not being allowed to touch it, or place his hand over the plate until *after* it was developed.

After prayer we all sang. Lights began to show in various parts of the room, but especially over the table, and we all saw them. The table began to rock and beat time to our singing. Then, marvellous to relate, a zigzag flash of fire like forked lightning came down from the ceiling and struck the slide on the centre of the table. After the sitting I personally took the slide into my dark room and there developed the plate. It bore the words "My song" (Plate XXIX), in Stradiuarius's script writing, also my signature, showing that no substitution had taken place. What makes this marvellous experience so wonderfully evidential is the fact that *Hope had never seen Stradiuarius's script* nor did he know that for several weeks past *Stradiuarius had been dictating a song, a verse at a time, to my wife and Dorothy!!* The negative shows a *clear single edge*, proving that there was no double exposure.

Here I must digress for a moment, just as Homer does to give a list of ships in the battle, to give some particulars of the coming into our circle of that strong and resourceful personality Brock. Mr George Brock was a wealthy business man. I never saw or met him in the flesh, but he has been described by those who knew him as a kind and genial personality, much liked, and a very level-headed and capable business man, and from the communications with which he has favoured us since his passing from this world I should imagine that this is an excellent and true description.

We made his acquaintance in this wise. On August 26th, 1929, he having passed from this mortal life in the spring of the year, one of his relatives visited us at Weston at her own earnest request. She said that he had died a few months previously and seemed deeply distressed. She begged us to sit for evidence of his survival. We did so, and he came through and gave her such extraordinary evidence as convinced her at once, according to her own statement made to us at that time.

On October 16th, 1930, Brock manifested to us with a loud rattling metallic noise, both Herschel and Marjorie having previously seen an apparitional figure; my wife also hearing the noise. We sat and got "I am Brock. Sit at 8 for Doyle." Since this date, now five years ago, he has manifested nearly every week, giving counsel and help of a practical kind and forming with four others the band or circle of messenger spirits with whom this work is more immediately concerned.

One of his relatives had a sitting with Hope, and got a splendid spirit picture of him, showing him as he was shortly before his death, and one that settles his identity beyond doubt, as proved by an ordinary photograph of him, a copy of which I possess.

August 3rd, 1930.—Hope here for the week-end. We got an amazing

recognised picture in Weston Churchyard, to which I shall refer later, and Dorothy got a picture of Strad showing the upper part of the face.

September 2nd and 3rd, 1931.—Hope again at Weston. On this occasion a Mrs Leverson called at the house and was accompanied by her chauffeuse, a young woman named Margaret Frailey. We knew nothing of Mrs Leverson's affairs or family and she was practically an entire stranger to us. She was keenly interested in Hope's power and anxious to sit with him for psychic evidence. He exposed several plates on her under the usual good test conditions which I have previously described. The results were wonderful and awe-inspiring. She obtained a spirit picture of her deceased husband, a picture of her deceased sister Jenny, both recognised by her; and what astonished her beyond measure a particularly clear and good spirit extra of her lover to whom she was engaged more than thirty years previously when in the United States, and of whose existence Hope *by no conceivable possibility* could have any knowledge whatsoever. Before the photography we had a sitting—myself, wife, daughter Dorothy and Mrs Leverson present. A message came, "Darling, I will soon have my cheek against yours." Mrs Leverson naturally thought this came from her husband. On developing the plates and making a hasty print of one of them, on which an extra appeared with his face against her cheek, when I handed the print to her she started violently and absolutely shrieked—"Why, this is——!!" pronouncing the name of her lover of thirty years ago, from whom she had run away in the United States, and who had long since departed this life. Comparison with his photo, afterwards obtained and given to me, proves this in the most striking manner imaginable. Later she got another most evidential photograph of her husband, of which more anon.

These are cases, among very many others (*vide postea*), which prove Hope's claims and psychic powers up to the hilt, and are absolutely irrefutable. Here let me say that it is impossible to speak, without feelings of deepest indignation and contempt, of the shameful attempts of those miserable scribes who prostitute journalism for some paltry fee, or of those self-styled "psychical researchers," who are out for a little cheap limelight and notoriety, and who from the depths of their inexperience, and with a shameless disregard for fair play, not to mention common honesty, are ready to ignore or brush aside the mass of testimony and evidence for the reality of the psychic gifts and powers of this most wonderful man, whom they have maligned and falsely accused, and whose shoes they never were, nor ever will be, worthy to bear. Inevitable retribution awaits them.

Towards the end of his stay, after Mrs Leverson's wonderful results, I loaded and signed a plate in the dark room from my own new box of plates, Hope not being allowed to touch it or come near it. Taking it to the dining-room myself we held it between our hands. First my wife's

hands then mine, then Dorothy's, and finally Hope's hands outside the lot. I developed the plate myself in the presence of Dorothy and Mr Hope, he not being allowed to touch or put his hands over the developing dish or take any part in the proceedings. When the image was coming up Hope exclaimed excitedly, "There is writing on it." It proved to be *Stradiuarius's script handwriting which Hope had never seen*, and the words were:

"Press on, we love you!"

A message of love and encouragement from that band of ministering spirits, which, in God's providence have walked and talked with us so here in this mortal life (Plate XXIX).

Another most amazing and unique photograph giving a forecast of a terribly tragic event was also obtained on this occasion. This will be described in a later chapter.

Later in 1932 Mrs Leverson returning from Scotland called at Hope's house in Crewe without giving him any warning. She took her own plates, which she signed and developed herself. The result was the truly wonderful picture shown in Plate IX. Above her is seen a remarkable picture of Mr Brock as he was earlier in life, and an excellent likeness as I have proved by comparison with a photograph of him. The extraordinary nature of this photograph does not end here. Careful inspection of Plate IX will show the most striking picture of a Chow dog sitting very erect and virile looking and close against the left side of Mrs Leverson and underneath that of Mr Brock. Mr Brock says that the photograph is a good likeness of him as he was when younger, but that the dog is not his, but belonged to his first wife. Here you have photographic evidence not only of the survival of a man, but also of an animal. (Human and animal spirit forms frequently manifest together.)

Friday, December 11th, 1931.—Feeling very depressed with illness, I sat toiling at a heavy correspondence in my study. At 2.30 p.m. I went into my bedroom. Madge joined me in the passage, and as she was going into the bedroom door saw the black cat go along the passage. It had its tail very erect and curved into a hook at the end. When it reached the door it vanished, apparently through the door, which was closed. We sat at once (*I not having mentioned my depression*) and Stradiuarius came and gave this message:

"Push on! All is well."

Two hours later the afternoon post brought a letter from Falchi in Italy saying that the Italian edition of my book was now in the printer's hands and that Professor Bozzano had written the preface. He added that the printer is a man of seventy who has his heart in the work and looks forward to finishing this book and doing it well before he departs this mortal life.

August 3rd, 1932.—My wife and daughter sitting. A personality manifested and to their intense surprise gave the following :

"My bones are scattered far and wide
From my tomb, where still abide
Fingers two from my right hand :
All that is left in my native land."

My daughter said, "Who does this refer to? Who are you?"

Answer. Stradiuarius.

D. M. T. But you are buried in Cremona, are you not?

Strad. No, they robbed my grave.

D. M. T. What do you mean? Did they take two fingers or leave two?

Strad. Left them.

D. M. T. What does all this mean?

Strad. They pulled down my chapel.

D. M. T. I have heard that you had a private tomb which once belonged to a noble family, but who robbed your tomb?

Strad. Builders.

D. M. T. Why?

Strad. Destroyers of the Domenico.

D. T. M. Is it known about this robbing?

Strad. Yes, they cannot find my body.

D. M. T. I gather that you mean that the tomb was not so much robbed as destroyed. How is it that the body cannot now be found?

Strad. Natural decay. When pulling down the Domenico they moved them.

D. M. T. Then your body is not interred in that tomb?

Strad. No.

D. M. T. Does that trouble you?

Strad. Oh, no.

"One thing, however, I must say
To the Christians of to-day,
When the trumpet sounds 'come round'
Where will Strad's old body be found?"

This was a delightful hit at the *resurrectio carnis* of the modern Christian Churches, the gross error of which is not only seen in Anglican and Roman service books but also is practically universal throughout the other Christian denominations. There are many sermons in print describing how the mortal bodies of the dead will rise, and many pictures portraying the same. Preachers have discanted on how bodies would rise "one bone to another and part to part," and even the fact that a man might have lost a leg in India and an arm in America and finally been devoured by cannibals in the South Seas, offered no difficulties to their theological conceptions. It was amazing, this pertinent question

sounding from beyond the grave across one hundred and ninety-five years, and simply blowing such nonsense sky high :¹

"When the trumpet sounds 'come round,'
Where will Strad's old body be found?"

Now my wife, the psychic through which this wonderful communication came, had no knowledge bearing on this incident nor had my daughter Dorothy who sat with her. I wish to again emphasise the fact that neither had read the life of Stradiuarius nor any of the books I possess on the subject. I once told my daughter Dorothy that Stradiuarius had been buried in a tomb which belonged originally to a noble family in Cremona, but neither of them knew anything about the disturbance of that tomb.

The historical explanation of the above most marvellous message lies in the fact that in his tomb in the beautiful chapel of the Rosary the mortal remains of the master rested until 1869 when the Church of San Domenico having become dangerous, so it was alleged, owing to lack of repair, the city authorities pulled it down and laid out the space on which it stood as a public garden. It will be a matter of everlasting regret to all lovers of art and music that this demolition of the church was accomplished ruthlessly and with so little appreciation or understanding of the fact that it covered the grave of Cremona's most famous son.

The facts are as follows as furnished by Signor Mandelli who actually saw the events which he describes :

"In the summer of the year 1869 the work of the demolition of the fine old Church of S. Domenico (Plate XI) was making progress. In fact, the great apses of the Church, the Chapel of Christ and the tower had

¹ The evidence for the survival of Stradiuarius and others, contained in this book and in *Man's Survival*, gives the *coup de grace* to the false and absurd dogmas of the Resurrection at the Last Day, and the *resurrectio carnis*, or resurrection of the mortal body (vide Article IV, and the Office for Private Baptism). Be it noted that *Jesus himself did not know when the Last Day would be*. (He tells us so in Mark xiii. 32), and when he, "The man Christ Jesus," rose from the dead it was on the third day, as is frequently the case.

Now Jesus in the solemn hours before his betrayal said to the Apostles (John xiv. 2, 3) "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am there ye may be also ; and again in verse 19 "Because I live, and ye shall live" (R.V.). Undenially this means that the Apostles after their death were to be with Jesus in the same place (cf. Phil. i. 23), and if together in the same place, obviously under the same conditions of resurrection ; and it conveys the promise of speedy reunion.

But the Christian Churches emphasise the dogma that only Jesus has yet risen from the dead, and insist on saying that all other men are awaiting "the resurrection at the Last Day" which has not yet come. This is clearly set forth in Article IV, in the Athanasian Creed and elsewhere.

Therefore if these teachings of the Churches are true, it would very evidently mean that the Apostles have not yet risen from the dead, and that the beautiful and solemn words in John xiv. 3 "that where I am, there ye may be also" have not yet been fulfilled, though nearly two thousand years have elapsed since they were uttered !! From these and other considerations the necessity for a drastic revision of the Church's eschatology is only too painfully evident.

already disappeared under the constant blows of the pickaxe, the heavy sound of which re-echoed among the pillars and from the arched ceilings of aisles and chapels which yet stood. When the work was in full progress the masons cared nothing as to what part they attacked. Already the cupola of Maloso and the ceiling of Catapane in the Chapel of the Rosary had been destroyed. I still remember it and recall with grief the remorseless destruction of this splendid work of the past. I remember it as yesterday, for I never allowed a day to pass without going to view the progress made in bringing down the Church to the ground. The photographer Aurelio Betri was present with his camera taking photographs of various parts of the structure. One of them will interest the reader, the Chapel of the Rosary (Plate X, reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs Hill & Sons), which contained the tomb of Stradiuarius. I was present on a certain day when several well-known persons were gathered around the tomb of Stradiuarius. Among others were the Barrister Tavoletti; the Mayor of Cremona; Dr Rabolotti; the Librarian Professor Busolati; and the Assistant Librarian Professor Peter Fecit, and I remember, just as though I heard them now, one of these gentlemen saying, "There is such a confusion of bones without any special mark to distinguish them that it seems useless to seek further." I heard them several times repeat the name Stradiuarius, but I was young and did not understand the significance of that name or the importance of the search. During the following day I saw men with baskets clear out from the tomb all the human bones which were in it, including skulls, tibias, thigh bones, and ribs. Some of these bones were of an earthy colour, some were blackish and musty. I found out afterwards that the workmen buried these bones outside the city with the exception of three skulls, which were kept by Signor Ferdinando Rossi, who was managing the work, and by Francesco Ferrari. After several years the latter gave them to his brother-in-law, Dr Vincenzo Ferrari, who kept them until he left home, when his brothers out of respect for these remains, sent them to the town cemetery to be interred." Thus were the bones of the master

"Scattered far and wide,"

beyond the possibility of ever being recovered or identified, and the two fingers of that right hand which wrought so exquisitely in carving and inlay and in shaping those splendid specimens of his craft, and used the brush so deftly in coating them.

"With those most rare and precious gums
My varnish, fire of orange,"

though they escaped the ghastly baskets of the pillagers and remained in the tomb, must long ago have mouldered into dust and mingled with the soil of the garden which now covers the place. It was a sad ending to so

much care for his loved ones and for the last resting-place of his mortal remains and of the beautifully painted and decorated chapel in which they lay, enriched by the work of famous artists, and of the grand old church in which he worshipped for more than half a century; and yet, oh glorious fact! at this very sitting there rang out another message from the master, like a trumpet blast in its significance and triumph,

"My old body is nothing to me,
For another I have you see."

At the end of the record of this wonderful communication are the following signed statements:

"I knew absolutely nothing of the above and I have not read any account of the life of Stradiuarius. All the above came as a great surprise to us. I had *not* heard about the rifling of the tomb.

MARGARET E. TWEEDALE."

"I had no knowledge of these details or of any of this matter, save only that I had heard that he was buried in a tomb belonging to a noble family. I have *not* read his life.

DOROTHY M. TWEEDALE."

October 29th to 31st, 1932.—Hope on a visit here obtained pictures of Sir Arthur and others. On the 31st just before he left my house he exposed four plates. These were loaded by me in the dark room and signed by Dorothy in my presence. Hope was not allowed to touch the plates or put his hands over them, and the slides and camera were carefully inspected. He himself exposed the plates, two on myself and wife, and two on wife, self, Dorothy, Marjorie and Sylvia. I developed them in the afternoon after Hope had gone. One plate of each pair bore a very bright extra of Stradiuarius. This was the last occasion on which Stradiuarius manifested through Hope. The spirit pictures are singularly bright and dazzling in appearance (Plate XXV).

These photographs of Antonius Stradiuarius are unique, and while sufficiently like the reputed picture of him to confirm the statement given to us by him that they are pictures of him, they are also exactly confirmed by the clairvoyant views which my wife and daughters have had of him. Here let me remark that some opponents of spirit manifestation and survival—whom I regret to say pose as Christians—say that no evidence of the identity of a returning spirit can ever be obtained. Such persons would do well to remember that this applies equally to the identity of the arisen Christ. It is the most foolish and disastrous statement that a Christian can make. The fact that all information about him and his manifestations here *was most carefully withheld from Hope*, and we never mentioned him or discussed him with Hope on any occasion makes any deception on Hope's part impossible, as does the fact that these manifestations often linked up with statements made to us in the privacy of our home sittings of which Hope could by no possibility have

any knowledge. Add to this the fact that the pictures of Stradiuarius *constantly vary in pose and detail while clearly recognisable as the same individual*. Finally, on each occasion on which they were obtained we also got photographs of the most extraordinarily dramatic and evidential nature proving the survival of our relatives, friends and sometimes of other persons of whom we had no knowledge at the time the photograph was taken, thus triumphantly proving not only the survival of the said relatives and friends and the genuineness of Hope's powers, but also confirming in the most remarkable manner the reality of Stradivari's manifestations, *for obviously if pictures taken at the same time are proved to be genuine and evidential, the Stradivari pictures receive the strongest possible confirmation and endorsement*.

This was the last occasion on which we have been privileged to obtain the photo of our wonderful arisen Italian friend, the greatest master of the violin that the world has ever seen and whose instruments have been a household word for many generations. In his own city of Cremona, on a tablet affixed to his house, there is the following inscription :

" Here stands the house
In which
ANTONIO STRADIVARI
Brought the violin to its highest perfection
And left to Cremona
An imperishable name, as master of his craft."

STRADIVARI

" O precious treasury of sounds exquisite,
The music of all time within thee dwells !
Old melodies and quaint strange whisperings
Of by-gone songs that linger and invite ;
Earth's cry of pain, Heaven's anthems of delight ;
The hopes and fears of love's imaginings :
The heights and depths of this strange human life
With all its sorrows and its ecstasies ;
All find a voice upon thy thrilling strings.
One pure tone rising through the strife,
Intense heart-searching—c'en sorrow in such setting
Were a sweet dream ; has a more sweet forgetting." ¹

¹ Frederick Smith.

CHAPTER VII

THE COMING OF CHOPIN

" Master of harmony,
Our homage to thee !
Thy music inspires
Our joyous desires,
Or profound as the spheres,
Moveth to tears."

WEDNESDAY, April 16th, 1930.—Strad came and said that he had a man with him called Chopin. We took little notice of this at the time, but on April 19th Strad again came, my wife and Dorothy sitting, and said he had a person called Chopin with him and they were discussing Dorothy's musical training. (She took cap and gown with gold medal marks and has shown a strong liking for Chopin's music.)

August 5th, 1930.—During the visit of Hope to us, August 2nd to 5th, we got several most evidential recognised spirit photos duly described under their various headings. One proves to be Chopin. Comparison with pictures of him proves this beyond doubt (see Plate XII). At this point of my narrative I leave for a time the story of the manifestations of Antonius, to chronicle the joining up with him of two other personalities, both of whom were men of note in this mortal life, and confirming what Strad said on April 16th and 19th.

We sat later in the day and my father, Dr Tweedale, came and said one of the spirit photographs was "Chopan," writing it as pronounced. Strad also manifested and said it verily was Chopin.

August 30th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sitting. Strad came and again informed us that he had a man with him called Chopin who said that he was going to get a holiday at the seaside for Madge (my wife) by the power which he had !! Strad said that Chopin could not write yet and he was glad that he could not, as he could yet only express himself in very broken English.

September 12th.—Totally unexpectedly we got an invitation from people we had *never seen* to spend a week with them at their house at Morecambe !! This is marvellous.

September 21st.—Set off to Morecambe for a week at the seaside, thus the forecast of Chopin comes to pass and is fulfilled.

Sunday, November 23rd.—Madge and Dorothy sat, and a message

came, "I no power have to-night." They asked, "Who is this? Is it Strad?" "No, no." "Who then?" "Chopin. Strad in Italy with gentleman Signor Falchi, writee book."

Saturday, November 29th.—Madge saw a figure and face by the bedside in the night. The face was like Chopin's picture on Dorothy's music. Dorothy also saw a light in her room during the night.

November 30th.—Madge and Dorothy sitting, got a long message in broken English purporting to come from Chopin.

December 3rd.—Chopin again came and said, "I way go home to so-so." Dorothy said, "What is so-so?" He replied, "Work" (see note on this later).

Sunday, December 7th.—Madge (my wife) and Dorothy sitting. They lowered the lamp. Then the curtains in the room swelled out as though blown by a strong breeze. Madge became entranced and Chopin controlled her. She began to speak rapidly and loudly in what was presumably Polish, for it was full of explosive consonants. This Polish was intermingled *with broken English*, and also with the words "Chopin" and "Chopinetto," also with loud laughs which almost made her fall off the chair!

Christmas Day, December 25th, 1930: 8 p.m.—Madge and Dorothy sitting. Strad came with Chopin, but said that as there were over a *score* of spirit friends and relatives present, they could not manifest as they had wished, but gave us the following:

"Over the hills and far away
There comes the dawning of the day.
When it dawns ten times o'er,
You hear good news from another shore."

Saturday, December 27th.—We sat, self, Madge and Dorothy, 8 p.m. Strad came, saying, "I come to say I wish you well. Here is a carol.

"Once there lived a lowly maiden
She was good and meek of mind,
God chose her to bear the baby
Destined Saviour of mankind.
Now he reigns in royal heaven,
With the angels all around,
And the shepherds who were watching
Are there too—not on the ground.
God is blessing all the people
In your world so round."

Chopin then came and said:

"Chopin's Carol is better far
Than the one that's gone before,
For he knows far better
How to say it o'er and o'er."

Dorothy then said, "You have indeed the art of repeating musical themes over and over to perfection." He then gave the following:

"In David's city lived a man
Joseph was his name,
And unto him a Child was born
A marvellous holy son.
He it was who suffered, died,
That we might saved be,
And come unto his Father's house
There for eternity."

He then said, "It is difficult to get your language. J'ai fini." Dorothy now asked, "What shall we call you?" Answer, "Chopin-etto." "Pachman says he sees you. Does he?" Answer, "Yes! He my pupil."

This was an impressive sitting. The expression "A marvellous holy son," is most striking and beautiful. The rapid improvement in Chopin's English is noteworthy.

Monday, January 5th, 1931.—A letter this morning from Italy from Falchi, that he has got an Italian professor to translate my book, *Man's Survival*, into Italian, thus perfectly fulfilling Strad's forecast on December 25th:

"When the day dawns ten times o'er
You hear good news from another shore."

The coming dawn was that of December 26th. Ten further dawns bring us to January 5th, the fulfilment is *exact*. How marvellous this is. *January 22nd, 1931.*—Madge and Dorothy sitting.

Chopin came and said that he had a man with him who was teaching him English, and my wife and daughter congratulated him on his progress. Then in extraordinary verse he related how he had voyaged in a cargo ship carrying a cargo of swine, when suffering from consumption, and how the stench made him sick, and further, how the captain refused to allow him to lie on his (the captain's) bed for fear of contracting the disease. He referred to this experience again on February 25th, 1936, expressing strong disgust. This message, and the one about "going home to So-so," were, as it afterwards proved, extremely evidential, as neither of the sitters had read the life of Chopin, or had any knowledge of these incidents.

February 5th, 1931.—Dorothy being ill, I sat with Madge at the planchette. Both Strad and Chopin manifested. Strad's message was written *upside down* as far as Madge was concerned, and she is the psychic, the automatic writer, through whom the writing comes. The handwriting in each case was entirely different, and in Chopin's case written with *extreme rapidity*. I, sitting with my hands on the other side of the planchette, did not write a single word, but was entirely

passive and felt the planchette dragging my hands along. The practical impossibility of writing this rapid script *upside down* convinced me, on this consideration alone, of the impossibility of these messages coming from my wife herself. That they do not is also triumphantly proved by the fact that scores of things have been written through her of which *she neither had, nor could have, any previous knowledge* whatsoever, and many forecasts of *future* events which have been fulfilled with awe-inspiring accuracy.

Wednesday, July 22nd, 1931, 8 p.m.—Madge, Dorothy and self sat. Strad came, and I asked him about a dream I had concerning the *Alard*. He said that it indicated that my work was to be known in the near future. I then said, "When shall I get *your* book out?" He replied, "It should be soon." I then asked about the Italian Edition of *Man's Survival*: would there be any opposition? He replied, "No." Then ensued a very remarkable episode. I had been asking when this book, describing Strad's manifestations here, and the violin episodes, would be published, and Chopin immediately extemporised as follows:

"Chopin has a bit to say
Strad he always has his way.
Chopin wants a book to make
Or this house he will forsake.

Why should Chopin still come here
And make all you people hear?
Again old Chopin poetry makes
Which is good for all your sakes.

Off I'll go and never come
Again into this pretty room,
Yet I *do* want to stay,
But not if I am in the way."

This was dashed off *at high speed and without a moment's hesitation*, and was most interesting, as showing the very human side of man in the spiritual world and the very natural desire that *his* survival should be evidenced and recorded as well as that of Stradiuarius. On another occasion he said that his music was just as good as Strad's fiddles, and on yet another he emphasised the fact that he could play the piano, play the harp, dance, sing, and do many other things, and that Strad could not do half of them.

I at once assured him that we counted it a great honour that he should have manifested to us thus wonderfully, and that I had not the slightest intention of leaving him out of the book, but would include him, naturally, in the orderly sequence of the narrative, and I thought this plan would be best. He replied, "Oui, oui, oui." On another occasion

Strad said that Chopin was always here and that he came as regularly as the rain. (This was at a very wet period.)

All this was very interesting as showing how it is *the natural human personality which survives the dissolution of the mortal body*. Man does not lose human characteristics when he passes; there is evidence of a very natural pride of place even on the part of the Archangel Gabriel, who tells Daniel, "There is none that holdeth with me in these things save Michael your prince" (Dan. x. 21). It is fortunate that it is so, otherwise if man's personality suffered an entire change, *evidence for human survival would be obliterated*, and there would result a distressing equality of nature which would rob even spirit existence of much of its charm. There, as here, absolute uniformity would stale existence.

Let us pause here to remark on the interesting way in which both Stradiuarius and Chopin, each at the beginning of their writing and entrancing, spoke and wrote in *broken English and with difficulty*. It was extremely interesting to see it gradually progress. (There are many instances of this which space prevents me giving, and which it would be tedious for readers to follow.) But it is a fact that both in speech and writing, both communicators, Italian and Polish, had apparently to *learn or acquire our language*, and it took several months (in Chopin's case about six months) before they wrote and spoke freely. During the entrancing the extraordinary force and volubility of their utterance was amazing, and in Polish almost frightening, it was so loud and so full of explosive consonants. At the end of about six months both communicators could both speak and write English fairly well.

As I have said elsewhere and wish to emphasise, *neither my wife, Dorothy, nor myself had read the details of the life of Chopin until the evidential things which I here note had come through*. Not until then did my daughter look up the details of Chopin's life, and at the time these evidential touches did come *we had not read or studied his life at all*. This fact completely destroys all theories of subliminal or subconscious action and makes the case absolutely evidential. We carefully refrained from asking him questions about his life, being content to let him give just what he pleased and judge by the results that thus came spontaneously and unasked. We noticed from the first that many of Chopin's communications were *extemporisations*, but not until *after* the evidential things had come, did we know that this extemporisation was *characteristic of him*, and that he frequently used to write these extemporisations for the amusement of his friends. Some are quite good poetry, nearly all of them are remarkable when regarded as *extemporisations dashed off at express speed without a moment's hesitation*. Comparison with specimens of Chopin's versification given in Uminska and Kennedy's life of young Chopin, *which book none of us saw until some years later* (vide page 116), shows a most remarkable and evidential similarity in style to those given by him to us. This striking similarity and their extemporaneous nature

are the evidential points to be noted. I have on very many occasions asked a question and seen these extemporisations dashed off, invariably being remarkably "pat" and to the point, and sometimes brilliant and witty, and always answering the question put, *without a moment's hesitation or pause for thought*, the pencil racing at such speed that it has generally torn long gashes in the paper. I doubt whether even Burns could have done it so quickly and spontaneously. Then again, some of the writing (Strad's *invariably*) comes *upside down*, and that no matter whether my wife sits alone or with other hands on the planchette. If anyone is under the delusion that it is easy to write at *speed* upside down, let him try with a heavy wood planchette and two or three pairs of hands on it. Again, in all the eleven years that this writing, by several different personalities, has been coming through my wife, each handwriting markedly different in style, the various hands *have never varied but retained all their characteristics absolutely*, exact to every jot and tittle, every curve and twist; no matter how quickly one spirit's writing may follow the other, the change is instantaneous and perfect, never a mistake, never any mix up or confusion, and this has gone on for *more than ten years*, and never a slip or error. This could only be as the result of the manifestation of separate and *independent* personalities, the change being effected without a moment's hesitation. This has often impressed me profoundly, and this alone is a guarantee of genuineness and quite beyond the power of a normal person. *I am certain it is quite beyond the power of my wife.* Moreover, all the spirit writing *differs entirely from her own handwriting*, or from anyone else's in the house.

Add to this evidence of reality and genuineness the fact that every one of these communicators have repeatedly given us forecasts of coming events, sometimes months ahead, and these have been fulfilled with awe-inspiring accuracy, and that they have all told us things which were entirely unknown to us and which have been verified, and this over and over again. The irresistible argument is that if one set of facts given by the communicators are proved beyond the possibility of denial to be true, then the other facts relating to the identity of the said communicators are likely to be true also. Another very impressive point dealt with in various pages of this book is the identity of the planchette signatures to those of the actual signatories; some of them in cases in which neither my wife nor I have *ever seen* the actual signature of the deceased, and in some cases in which no one present or in the house had seen the deceased's signature.

These facts, together with many others related, completely destroy all telepathic or other anti-spiritual theories.

Sunday, November 22nd, 1931.—My birthday. I rang the bell at Weston Church for Morning Service in absence of the Sacristan. At 8 p.m. Madge, self and Dorothy sat. Strad and Chopin came. Strad said, "My power is weak owing to the fog, but I send greeting to your

father." Then Chopin came, rhyming as follows, and addressing Dorothy, said:

"I am here to convey
From your grandmamma to-day
Loving greetings to her son
Who has sixty-six years run.
And from Kate his own sister,
Who says that he never missed her,
She conveys her love to him,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
She can expound long tales to him
Of the Gospel he does preach
Now so out of people's reach.
I am here and I do know
That the God of love is no
Tyrant of the man below,
But if he will open wide
His eyes that are on the earth side
And look above, then he will find
God does help whate'er portend."

This was most impressive, and we were all delighted. My little sister Kate died, before I was born, at the age of six weeks (*M.S.*, p. 249), so that it was quite true in a sense that I "never missed her." "Out of people's reach" evidently refers to the fact that the practical "Communion of Saints" cannot be had in any orthodox church to-day.

December 2nd.—Got a letter from Falchi by the afternoon's post saying that the first five chapters of *Man's Survival* in Italian have gone to the printer, who he says is a very good man with his heart in the subject. Wife and Dorothy sat at 8 p.m. (they not having seen the letter, which also did not mention Bozzano), and Chopin came and wrote with delightful verve:

"I have been to Genoa
To see things grow—a
Bozzano he laughs and says,
Look out for better days,
Materialism is waning,
Spiritualism is gaining.
Days are quickly coming
When we shall be in the running
With a lively nation
Who will give us an ovation."

Then Stradiarius manifested and wrote: "I want to talk about fiddles. My fiddles when I made them were very perfect in tone. It is a mistake to say that they were not equally good in tone when new. A fiddle made on my plan will be practically as good in a month as ten years after."

Chopin then interposed and said :

"What he means to say is
That in his fiddle's days
They were just as good
As now in the old wood.

So go on and make
Fiddles fit to be
Compared with one that he
Did make, and now in Germany."¹

December 11th, 1931.—Depressed with illness I sat toiling at heavy correspondence. Later, returning from my bedroom, Madge saw the black cat follow me along the passage and disappear at the study door. We sat and Strad came, saying, "Push on! All is well." This was 2.30 p.m. At 4.30 a letter was handed to me by the postman from Falchi in Italy, saying that Bozzano's *Prefazione* (Preface) and the book were now in the press, and that the printer was an old man of seventy who looked forward to finishing this book and doing it well before he departed this life. He loved the work and had his heart in it.

December 30th, 1931.—About midday I was in my study (door shut) and thinking about a vivid dream I had two or three years ago in which I thought Sir Arthur came to my Vicarage and we all seemed to embark on a ship which crashed into a Church. I thought it might mean that we should be associated in some work together which would influence the Church and probably forecasted Sir Arthur's coming here in spirit and manifesting so wonderfully, as he never visited my Vicarage or Church in his mortal life. I was thinking to myself this and *not* speaking, when I heard my wife hurry to the study. She opened the door and entered hastily with the planchette in her hand, saying that a few minutes previously she was in the room they had fitted up, when three loud blows sounded on the table and it partly lifted up in the air. She at once ran for the planchette and came to me. I did *not* tell her that I had been thinking of Sir Arthur. We sat, and Sir Arthur at once manifested and said, "Doyle sends congratulations on your book in Italy." Much astonished I said, "Will it have a good effect?" A. C. D.: "Great and far-reaching."

By the afternoon's post, four hours *after* this communication, came a postcard which I took from the postman from Professor Bozzano, which read as follows :

"SAVONA, December 27th, 1931.

"DEAR REV. TWEEDALE,—Your book is now in the press and my *Prefazione* is already printed. I do expect a great deal of good from your great work both in the spiritualistic and theological fields.

"With my best wishes for the New Year.—Sincerely yours,

"E. BOZZANO."

¹ Probably Kreisler's.

This experience was a most evidential one as my wife knew nothing of my meditation when alone, or of the postcard from Bozzano, which I myself took from the postman *four hours later in the day*.

Here is Bozzano's *Prefazione* to the Italian edition :

"We are presenting to Italian readers the translation of *Man's Survival after Death*, by the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale. This translation is made from a Fourth English edition, which fact shows how the book is being appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon people. This work is one of the very first importance and one can truly say that alone and unaided it is sufficient to prove the existence and survival of the human spirit. It ought to be sufficient, taken alone, to show the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church and also the leaders of other Christian Churches, what he truly terms the 'tragic error' which the said leaders are now making in condemning psychical research and practice, and fighting against it by all possible means.

"The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, is not only a profound theologian, but also an astronomer of repute. He married a lady who proved to be a very remarkable psychic. The book gives an intensely interesting and dramatic account showing how the manifestations began to present themselves almost at once after his marriage, and have continued in his ecclesiastical residences for many years. These manifestations cover the whole range of psychic phenomena and experience, and they are characterised by most impressive and dramatic purpose and detail, producing absolute conviction. They form a unique record.

"Now, what is of exceptional value and demands particular consideration, is the abundance and indisputable genuineness of the phenomena, which phenomena form a body of cumulative evidence that cannot be explained by any anti-spiritual hypothesis.

"As I said at the beginning, the Rev. Tweedale's book is sufficient of itself to show and prove, on the incontestable basis of facts, the survival and existence of the human spirit.

"But of no less importance than these facts are the author's comments upon the unwise eagerness of the Churches in fighting against psychic or mediumistic manifestations. What the Rev. Tweedale says is worthy of profound consideration by the high leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, the more so because the author is a theologian of deep knowledge and a minister of a Christian Church.

"The author never ceases throughout the book to comment on the psychic or spiritual phenomena of to-day and to compare them with, and test them by, the Bible records; and this important comparison is chiefly developed in Chapters XXIII to XXVII. Here it is shown on the indisputable basis of facts that present-day spirit or mediumistic phenomena are the exact reproduction of those in Bible times, and that if we are to condemn the spiritual or mediumistic phenomena of to-day, we must equally condemn the spirit or mediumistic phenomena of Bible times.¹

¹ If it be said that the phenomena, messages, apparitions, etc., recorded in this book are due to impersonating spirits, then how do we know that those recorded in the Bible were not so likewise.

"With reference to this the author writes: 'what a tragedy the present-day failure of the Churches to realise these things is! Their attitude is a terrible commentary on human blindness, prejudice and fallibility. . . . It is a humiliating spectacle to see both in church and press, professed Christians in their anxiety to discredit modern psychic phenomena, eagerly quoting against them the opinions of notorious materialists, agnostics and modern Sadducees. WHAT AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE! They do not appear to perceive that if the statements of these modern infidels, and the various anti-spiritual theories could be maintained, they would sweep away the foundation of Christianity and revealed religion. . . . Again, if modern psychic or mediumistic communications and phenomena are all the work of the devil as the Churches allege, whose work are those recorded in the Bible or in the lives of the Church fathers and saints; and how do the Churches know and what security have they, that all angels who appeared to the prophets, the apostles and the Christ were the good angels they professed to be and not the evil agents of the devil masquerading as angels of light? Truly those who use this wretched devil argument are hoist with their own petard.

"The Church is face to face with a whole range of facts which can no longer be successfully ignored or denied and which will exert a profound influence on the religion of the future. Let her face the facts bravely and honestly. She has little to lose and much to gain. There is nothing greater than truth. Let the truth prevail. She has and will retain the essentials, but will be *compelled* to modify the details and under the pressure of advancing knowledge to let fall away as erroneous what she has cherished as true. This has happened before, and the gain has been great every time. Revelation is a continuous process and is not confined to any one age of the world history.'

"These are solemn words which must inevitably exert an imperative and compelling influence on the mind of a man whose brain is not made totally dense by dogmas. It is greatly to be wished that the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition and the Jesuit Fathers, may obtain a copy of the Rev. Tweedale's book in the hope that some of them, after having read and considered the whole of it, may realise 'the tragic error' under which they are labouring; and if amongst their number there should be found one who should catch the light and change his mind, perhaps he might awaken some beneficent ferment—the beginning of an approaching self-amendment—in the bosom of the most blindly conservative institution ever recorded in the history of religion.

"ERNESTO BOZZANO."

January 3rd, 1932.—Sitters M. E. Tweedale, Dorothy M. Tweedale. Signor Stradiarius manifested and wrote, "I am just in time to give my congratulations to my countryman in Italy (Bozzano). Please tell him that I impressed Signor Falchi in this production of Tweedale's book and say that just as Pesselino painted pictures and Metastasio gave you wonderful poetry and they were shining lights of our charming country, so shall your name shine in a much better way in the enlighten-

ment of your fellow-countrymen. I bow to you on this your natal day."

Then Chopin manifested and said:

"This is what old Strad would say
Pessalino painted pictures
Metastasio painted rhymes
Bozzano so, too, will shine
As the stars in Heaven divine.

My congratulations to the premier scientist of Italy.
God bless the work now in hand."

January 4th.—I sent the above message to Bozzano, who will be seventy years of age on the 9th of January.

January 12th, 1930.—Received the following letter from Bozzano:

"SAVONA, *January 8th, 1932.*

"DEAR REV. TWEEDALE,—I have been very much astonished at the Stradiarius message by his naming the Italian poet Metastasio (not Metastasio) who was his contemporary and very celebrated in his day though at present his glory has grown pale. I don't know a painter Pesselino, but probably the name has been altered in the transmission. There was a painter, of the epoch of Stradiarius, named Pisanino. With my best wishes for the New Year to you, Mrs Tweedale and Miss Dorothy.—I am, very sincerely yours,
E. BOZZANO."

This is most remarkably evidential, not only proving the reality of the manifesting personalities of Stradiarius and Chopin, but also disposing absolutely of the idea that these messages are the result of the subjective self or telepathy, for neither my wife nor my daughter Dorothy who received the message, had ever heard of Metastasio or Pisanino, so that all telepathic or anti-spiritual theories are rendered untenable.

Sunday, February 11th, 1932.—I gave the address at a meeting in the Queen's Hall, London, in the evening. After the huge congregation had dispersed I was in the ante-room with the officials, when a gentleman came in who particularly wished to see me. He was a broad-shouldered man with an eager, pleasant face, and gave his name as Mr George Hunt, M.B.E., Lieut. Royal Navy, Retired, and Curator of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. I had never seen or heard of him before. He eagerly informed me that he was occasionally clairvoyant, and said that during my address he had seen me surrounded by a golden light and that a most curious formation then jutted out from the right side of my head, exactly like the promontory of Cornwall on the map of England, only that it pointed to the right instead of the left, and that it issued from the side of my head. He asked whether I understood the vision or knew what it meant. I was astonished, but carefully refrained from showing it and told him that I would communicate with him later. Mr George Craze was present and heard the description given. The

remarkable thing about this vision is that the promontory of Cornwall is almost exactly similar to the shape of the Italian peninsula, the only difference being that Italy points to the right on the map (as seen in the vision) while Cornwall points to the left. I instantly saw the meaning of the rays of light, pointing to illumination or instruction, and of the peninsula like Cornwall, but pointing to the right, indicating Italy. The whole thing evidently referred to the publication of my book in Italy.

Now, owing to fears of opposition in Italy, all knowledge of our intended publication had been *most carefully suppressed* and kept strictly secret, and this secret was guarded with the *utmost care*, and of this secret Lieut. Hunt could have had no normal knowledge whatsoever. This vision was literally fulfilled some months later, and in due course I wrote Lieut. Hunt acknowledging it.

Saturday, March 12th.—About midnight my wife, who had fallen asleep, was suddenly entranced, and to my amazement began to sing *most wonderfully* in Italian. Although her head *was buried in the pillow* the voice rang out so fine, with such feeling, and so melodiously and with such execution, that I was lost in admiration and amazement. She sang, as I have never heard her sing normally, through several verses of a song, and then the manifestation ceased. She did not awake, but continued in deep slumber. All the words in Italian were beautifully pronounced in spite of the fact that normally she cannot speak a word of that language.

Sunday, March 13th.—At 8 p.m. we sat (self, wife and Dorothy). Chopin came and I inquired about the wonderful singing. He replied :

"Your own voice I could not use
In the middle of the night.
So we borrowed one
Just to make things right.
Now you wonder who it was
Singing in your room so dark ;
Adelini Patti from her heart."

Then was added :

"In your home I came to sing
For Chopin who is the king
Of sweet music in his sphere,
Though strange to you this may appear."

The result was astounding and exceedingly impressive. My wife, fast asleep and with her head buried in the pillow, sang indeed "from the heart" with a feeling, swelling tone, verve and brilliant execution, of a *Prima Donna* ! !

Saturday, August 21st, 1932.—Sitting at 8 p.m.—Madge and Dorothy. Stradiarius came and gave the following : "Favo urisco continura il suo

mobile invito." Dorothy said, "What is this, Signor ?" Answer : "A little Italian to translate." "What does 'mobile' mean ?" Answer : "Kind."

Chopin now wrote rapidly this amazing impromptu :

"Kind invitation he gives to himself
Yet he forgets Chopin goes on the shelf
Awaiting for favour to be,
Just like Strad's, continued for me :
I'll speak Polish and send him away
With his Italian somewhere to stay
For a short holiday in his native Sun
Where his life was started,
And through it did run
Out the sand in the sand-glass.
Till now he can run,
O'er the world like a bird,
And return when he's done.
But what can I do ?
Float in the blue,
Soar in the air,
Sing in the breeze,
Walk on the mountains
And talk to the trees."

Monday, August 22nd.—Dorothy, Marjorie and Sylvia in the kitchen all heard three *loud* knocks. Madge and Dorothy sat. Stradiarius came and said that the knocks were his, and he came to say that my translation was wrong, but he would tell us the meaning later, if we had not then got it. Then Chopin manifested and said to Dorothy, "Take a little sherry wine like I did. It will do you good." She had not been well. He then continued :

"I am here just to say
We are present now and always
Through the cloud and through the storm.
Then when all the storms are o'er,
Things will be A1 at your
Lloyd's ; but of work you have to do
None but you and we know who
Will live to thank the day
When the Tweedales and Chopin held their sway."

Dorothy said : "What is this ?" Answer : "History to come."

September 8th, 1932.—On August 21st Stradiarius had given this message to Madge and Dorothy : "Favo urisco continura il suo mobile invito." Neither of them knew any Italian and I only know odd words. "Favo" means honey and "vito" food, and as Dorothy had been taking honey for some weeks I hazarded a *guess* that it might mean, "Kindly

continue the honey without change in your food." However, as previously stated, Stradiarius said this guess was wrong. Dorothy asked what "mobile" meant, and he replied, "kind." This made us doubtful, as from the song "La donna e mobile," "mobile" means "changeable." (This was the only word in the sentence that my wife or daughter had any notion of, or ever heard before.)

On August 22nd I had written to Signor Falchi telling him of the communication from Strad and asking what the meaning was.

Sunday, August 20th.—Dorothy and Madge sitting. Strad came and said that the words meant, "Please continue your kind invitation." This message was given to me by them on Sunday night before 9 p.m.

Monday, August 30th.—This morning the postman handed to my son a letter from Signor Falchi which he gave to me. On opening it I found a letter under date, August 25th, saying that "Favourisca" was evidently "favorisca" and "mobile" evidently "nobile," which meant, "please continue your noble, or kind, invitation."

Strad's personal and correct translation thus came to hand *twelve hours before Falchi's was delivered here from Italy*, proving absolutely the reality of this message from the beyond. The full significance of it became evident when Dorothy informed us that for ten days or more before the message was received she had been resolving, and increasingly determined, to *cease sitting* as far as she was concerned owing to feeling very ill.

Strad had known this, hence this message, "Please continue your kind invitation," i.e. to communion at the sittings.

Wednesday, September 7th, 1932.—Madge and Dorothy sitting. Chopin manifested, and Dorothy asked him where Signor Stradiarius was. He replied, "Carrying the first book in Italy." I doubted this, as Falchi said that it was not to be out until the 14th.

Saturday, September 10th.—This morning to my surprise and delight I got the first copy of the Italian edition of my book *La Sopravvivenza del Uomo Dopo La Morte*, 552 pages, 9 plates. It is a larger paged book than the English edition, and contains the notes I have prepared for the fifth English edition. I did not expect it for another ten days as Falchi said it would not issue in Italy until the 14th September. Once more our wonderful spirit communicators have been right. Last Wednesday Chopin said that Strad was carrying the first book in Italy. I rather doubted this, but it has proved to be correct, one more evidence not only of their accuracy, but also of their reality and existence.

Saturday, September 17th.—Sat again at 8 p.m. Stradiarius manifested, and we asked about my book in Italy. Stradiarius said, "Tell them the blessing of Old Strad on my namesake and all who have been associated with him. Tell Falchi that he will have his reward and the book go farther than he dreams." Strad's "namesake" is Professor Parodi who, under the *nom de plume* of "Stradiarius," has translated the book (with the help of Signor Falchi) into Italian.

Chopin now manifested, and again complained that he was not in the book, he who had given us such remarkable verse and information and come to us so constantly. I explained that *Man's Survival after Death* was written *before* he came to us, and therefore we could not mention him, even in this later edition. I hoped, however, to write another book taking up our later experiences, and in this I would do him and Stradiarius full justice. He replied that this second book *would be the most wonderful ever produced, and that he would give us wonderful things*. I believe this will be the case judging by the amazing things we have already received.

September 26th 1932.—My wife and Dorothy sat at 6 p.m. Chopin came, and they asked how Mussolini would receive the copy of my book which I had sent to him. *Quick as a flash and without a moment's hesitation* came this answer:

"Now my dear I want to say
I am off across the way,
Just to see what 'Mus.' will do
About this book they've sent to you.

He is thinking of it now
And there is no fear of 'row,'
He is pondering on the 'how.'

A good friend is he
And as firm as firm can be.
You will hear some more anon
Of the man who grinds the corn."

This astonished us although we could understand only part of it. The reference to "the man who grinds the corn" was wholly incomprehensible.

Some time *after* the sitting was over my son arrived from Otley with the newspapers, bringing to-day's *Daily Mail* (we had *not* seen any other newspaper nor heard the news from any other source). To our astonishment there was a six-inch column entitled "Record Harvest. Mussolini's Triumph in the Battle of Grain," and stating that the wheat crop this year was the largest in the Nation's history, 276,000,000 bushels, a 50 per cent increase, and that this had been obtained under Mussolini's scheme called "The Battle of Grain." These messages coming from our spirit friends *before* we have any normal knowledge are marvellous, and are splendid evidence, most inspiring and comforting.

Christmas Day, December 25th, 1932.—As Christmas Day is accounted a notable festival in the Spirit World, as well as with us mortals, we determined to sit in the evening in our dining-room which was beautifully decorated with evergreens and a large Christmas tree, which reached right up to the ceiling. We began about 7 p.m. Stradiarius came

and we greeted him. In reply to our greetings, he wrote, "Heaven's blessings on you all. Sit at 10."

We all sat at 10 p.m.—self, wife, Dorothy, at the planchette. The others present.

Chopin now came and said that there were messages from many people who were waiting. Then they began to write, and we noticed with intense interest that the *handwriting changed for each person*.

First came: "My message is, 'Truth is stranger than fiction and will prevail in the end.' Chopin."

Then in succession came the following marvellous series, "My message is, 'The body is the temple to honour and respect.' Arthur Conan Doyle."

"My message is, 'Great things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our King.' Tabitha."

"My message is, 'Mounting blocks are absolutely necessary.' The owner of the Mount. Brock."

"I am about to make a declaration: 'All the world is at peace when God rules by love.' John Lamond."

"My message is, 'Charles, I am with you and will help you.' Charles Coates."

"My message is,

'In the little room up yonder

Where the moon peeped in at morn,

There I soothed you, there I loved you,

Till to slumber you were borne.'

Leah Coates."

Question: "What was the glass in the window like?" Answer: "Green."

"My message is, 'When you look out on your New Year you will see a big star, and it will surprise you.' Lambert—Observer."

"My message is, 'I have escaped from that coffin and that tomb.' Kate Annie Tweedale."

"My message is, 'Haunted houses exist to-day. The new house of to-day is the haunted house of to-morrow. I can tell you much anon. Charlotte Brontë.'"

"My message is, 'Investigate the validity of the marriage of——'"

"My message is, 'God's blessing on this house.' Charles Maynard Hesilryge." (Former Vicar of Weston.)

Chopin then wrote:

"Through the world they all do roam
Looking north and south and west,
Helping all who wish to come
To the realms of the blest."

Then came this message: "A rich friend will share his possessions with you all. Morse."

"My message is, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Ebenezer Collett."

Here there was a pause for two or three minutes.

Then was written:

"Hark the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King."

Then followed:

"Angels have spoken to you. Now we close.

Chopin."

All these messages came in *different handwritings*, several of which we recognised as identical with that used by the communicators in life. When it is considered that they were written with so clumsy an instrument as a wooden planchette and that two pairs of hands were on it and also that many of the messages were dashed off at a very rapid rate, this identity of signatures with those of the communicators in life is a most clinching and evidential fact (Plate XIV).

So ended one of the most dramatic and remarkable communications we have ever had, and one felt that we had been privileged to talk with those who once living here below were now "as the Angels of God in Heaven" (Matt. xxii. 30), and that angels had indeed spoken with us, and had neither forgotten us, nor the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. Now for the extraordinary fulfilment of the forecast given to us on this memorable Christmas night.

December 31st before midnight to January 1st, 1933.—I went out five minutes before midnight and stood at the gate looking over the valley. The clock over at Burley struck twelve midnight, and on referring to my watch it also indicated that the Old Year had passed. I was about to turn and walk up to the front door "to bring in the New Year" when suddenly high up on the moor-side across the valley, and where all before was dark, there blazed out a flaming big light like a huge star. This flamed and blazed for about a minute, so big and bright out of the dark moor-side as to be most arresting and striking. It then faded out, and I then remembered what "Lambert" had foretold on Christmas Day: "When you look out on your New Year you will see a big star and it will surprise you." I have never seen such a *light* in that spot before, and have not done since, and that it should blaze out in the first two or three minutes of the New Year from the moor-top right in front of me *and exactly as promised and foretold a week ago*, was a staggering thing, and proof positive of the existence and personality of the communicating spirit. All anti-spiritual theories of the subconscious, or telepathy are

blown to shreds by this experience. Telepathy cannot light up a flare like a lighthouse on the black and distant moor and *time it accurately to a minute, and foretell it a week previously.*

Reverting to the messages given to us on Christmas Day.

The subtle meaning conveyed in Brock's message about the Mount was very striking and evidential to us.

That of Leah Coates was to me very evidential, and goes back to my early childhood. I can just remember being put to sleep in that room and frequently waking up terrified by the darkness and crying loudly for aid. Then Leah Coates, or sometimes her sister Elizabeth, would come up and relieve my terrors. Neither of the other sitters knew of this, and I had not had it in mind for more than fifty years. The glass in the lower part of the window was ribbed glass of a *greenish* hue, and the moon was seen from the bed which faced the window. These things also my wife, the psychic, did *not* know.

The message of my little sister, Kate Annie, who died before I was born and when about six weeks old (*M.S.*, p. 249) was also very impressive to me. I never saw the coffin, nor did any of the sitters, but I once did see the stone and cement casing of it when the vault was opened and before it was hidden by other coffins. Remembering how solid it all was, the walls so thick and the mass around and above it so substantial and impregnable, the words, "I have *escaped* from that coffin and the tomb" were *thrilling*, ringing in triumph over death and tomb from beyond the grave.

Charlotte Brontë's message came as a great surprise. As I mention elsewhere in this book, we have had two other messages from the Brontës, but only short and sporadic. This one surprised us both by its reference to haunted houses and also by its apparent promise of further communications to come. The signature is closely similar to that in the Haworth edition of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which book was not seen by any of us until September 1935, *three years later*, but even if my wife had seen the book, which she had *not*, the reproduction written at the speed it was, is practically impossible by planchette.

Let the reader refer to the Brontë signatures (Plate XXXIV), and compare the normal signature of Charlotte with the planchette signature obtained with *two* pairs of hands on the planchette. Note the identical formation of the capital G and B and the practical identity of the "onte" and then consider that *neither of the psychics* who had their hands on the planchette *had ever seen the normal signature* and did not do so until three years afterwards, and the wonder and evidential nature of the things will be manifest.

As to Morse's message and signature, we never saw him in life, and his coming was another surprise for me, though it meant nothing to my wife and daughter. I never met him, but I knew that a Mr Morse had been editor of a spiritualist paper and had been noteworthy as a psychic. In December 1934, when engaged on this book, I asked my daughter

Dorothy to bring the script, as we had noted the message as being received from "Morse" and never spoken of him otherwise. I did *not* then remember what Morse's initials had been, so while she went for the script I hunted up old records and discovered that they were J. J. When Dorothy returned with the script, it, at first sight, appeared to us *nothing* more than "Morse." As we looked at it she pounced on some "marks" close to the bottom of the page, and said, "What is this? It looks like divisions." On looking carefully at it I at once saw that the two "divisions" were two upright strokes capped by two cross strokes, making J. J. This was exceedingly evidential, as *none of us* at the time of sitting knew what the initials were, and they never remember having heard of Morse, who was before their time of the automatic writing.

The message about the marriage was a very dramatic interlude and astounded us. It was extremely evidential in view of the communicator, but of a nature precluding publication.

Lambert.—The extraordinary prophetic message about the Star at the beginning of the New Year, which was so wonderfully fulfilled, was signed Lambert—Observer. Although conversant with the literature of astronomy I had not heard of such a person. I surmised that it might be Gambart, who independently discovered Biela's comet. Examination of the script, however, showed the word to be "Lambert." On consulting works written nearly a century ago, I found that there was an astronomer and mathematician named Lambert who published a book *Lettres Cosmologiques* in 1761, and paid considerable attention to double stars, the Milky Way and Solar and Lunar phenomena. At the time of the sitting I knew nothing of this and my wife and daughter "less than nothing." This incident, taken in conjunction with the prophecy of the bright "star" and *its extraordinary fulfilment* is one of the most evidential incidents imaginable, and completely destroys all anti-spiritual theories.

Charles Maynard Hesilrige was Vicar of this parish immediately before me, and knowing the manifold difficulties of the place, has several times manifested with words of sympathy and encouragement.

Collett.—This I believe to have been from Canon Collett, Rector of H—. His name, however, was William, but investigating *after* the message, I was told that he was nicknamed "Ebenezer" at College.

This sitting was one of the most amazing, evidential and impressive we have ever had, or that is on record anywhere. Chopin said there were many friends present to greet us, and one felt the tremendous truth of this as message after message came through from people whom we had not then in mind, and giving details of which not only my wife and Dorothy knew nothing, but of which in one case *no one on earth knew anything*, the appearance of the "Star" in the first minutes of the New Year, an event which was yet unborn and in the future. This experience was profoundly impressive, and we felt in deed and truth that the departed were actually

present and giving us evidence which could not be gainsaid, and that as Chopin said, "Angels had spoken to us."

Wednesday, July 19th, 1932.—Falchi wrote me some time ago about certain difficulties he was having to contend with. We sat to-day at noon, and Strad came, saying, "My message to my friends is 'Non si serente.'"

Chopin now came and said :

"This is what he wants to say
That there comes another day,
So don't be anxious for to-day,
To-day, to-morrow flies away."

This was a very clever impromptu and I asked, "Does Strad's message mean this?" Answer: "I think the message is 'Don't be too anxious.'"

I wrote Falchi and gave him the message. He replied, saying the Italian meant "not so serious," which fully bears out what Strad and Chopin said. Neither my wife nor Dorothy have any knowledge of Italian.

May 19th, 1934.—Madge and I sitting. Chopin came, and I asked what title I should give to the Chapter dealing with him. He replied, "Chopinetto's Return." I said that most people in England had never heard of him as Chopinetto, but did know him as Chopin. He then said, "Call it 'The Return of Chopin.'"

I venture to think that the contents of this Chapter will alone be sufficient to establish the survival and identity of this remarkable man. Attracted at first apparently by the musical gifts and leanings of my daughter Dorothy he soon joined forces with Stradiuarius, if indeed the latter did not seek him out, and manifested so frequently and wonderfully that, like Stradiuarius and our other communicators, he has quite become part of our family life. The wonderful photograph which we obtained through that marvellous psychic, William Hope, compared with the normal pictures shown, settles his identity absolutely.¹

This photograph was obtained on August 2nd, 1930, when Mr Hope visited us here for the week-end. On this occasion other *recognised* and extremely evidential photographs, all completely beyond Hope's knowledge, were obtained at the same time, and this fact adds immensely to the evidential nature of the case.

¹ The daguerreotype of Chopin facing page 114, and taken shortly before his death, was *not seen by any of us* until October 14th, 1938, when it was published in the *Radio Times*. Yet it is practically identical with the spirit photograph taken *eight years before* in 1930. (Hope never knew that the spirit face was that of Chopin.) This is in the highest degree evidential, as also is the fact that on the scores of occasions when Chopin has been seen here by my wife and the members of my family, and long *before* this daguerreotype was seen by any of them, he has presented exactly the same appearance of features and dress. The tight coat-sleeve and cuff, and the necktie, being identical.

We did not fully realise the extraordinarily evidential nature of this photograph at first, being so taken up with the undoubted recognition of the likeness of the Master Musician that we did not at once notice that his picture is accompanied by that of a woman. My daughter Dorothy was the first to notice this and to point out the unmistakable fact that the face of a woman is shown on the right side of his face and pressed against it.

This astonished us very much, and still greater was our astonishment to find by comparison with pictures of her, that the face was undoubtedly that of George Sand, who was so intimately associated with the great musician's life and career, and whose care and nursing undoubtedly prolonged his life many years.

As soon as we realised this we sat for information concerning the woman's face on this photograph.

Chopin manifested, and I put this question :

"Is the woman shown on the right side of your face in the photograph George Sand?"

CHOPIN. "Yes! We tried to come *together*. It is the best we could do, but we hope for better results next time."

This wonderful and dramatic photograph is given on Plate XII which shows the psychic faces with comparison portraits of Chopin and George Sand. On the same visit came the photograph in my churchyard of Weston, showing the clearly recognised features of a girl whom we buried *seven years before*, the said girl's face being testified to by fourteen witnesses, three of them relatives!

With reference to Chopin's photograph, let me say at once that Hope *never knew of the identity of Chopin, and was never told that he had manifested here*. Add to this the fact that we had *not* been reading about Chopin or George Sand, or had either of them in mind, but were hoping for pictures of our own relatives and friends. In addition to this photographic evidence of identity there is the fact that he has been seen clairvoyantly here at Weston and recognised on many occasions. To this must be added the further fact that several items in the communications bear on his life, and show that they are from Chopin.

I particularly wish to emphasise the fact that none of us ever mentioned his association with George Sand or questioned him with regard to the details thereof.

The expression "going to so-and-so" so frequently used by him and the remarkable account of his being on board ship carrying pigs, and how the captain would not allow him to lie on his bed, fearing the infection of consumption, from which disease Chopin was suffering, these prove conclusively the identity of the communicator. With reference to these items I wish the reader to *clearly understand that none of us had read or heard of these incidents in Chopin's life prior to the sittings at which they came through*, and it was not until December 1934, when I began to write this Chapter, that we obtained an account of the adult

life of Chopin, the only previous book we had read being the one purchased by Marjorie (after hearing the voice, which caused her to go back into the shop), on July 18th, 1934, giving an account of the first fourteen years of his life, and written by Uminska and Kennedy.¹

We particularly refrained from reading any account of his life, in order that our minds might *not* subconsciously influence the sittings, and that the argument that previous knowledge had influenced the communications might be deprived of its force. Therefore no questions were put to him concerning his past life, and none of us had read up the details of it. We were content to record just what came, patiently awaiting the time when we could verify sufficient to establish the identity. The argument for the truth of the oft-repeated statement by the communicator that he is Chopin is strengthened by the fact that many of the communications show knowledge of our affairs and of events of which at the time we were ignorant and which proved to be true, frequently to our great astonishment. If, therefore, one set of facts of which we had no knowledge proved to be true, the *other set of facts given by the same communicator are likely to be true also*. This remarkable evidence of identity is again enormously strengthened by the still more remarkable fact that Chopin frequently gave us the most impressive premonitions or prophecies of *coming* events, often weeks or months ahead in the future, and these have been fulfilled with an accuracy which has been *awe-inspiring*. This fact removes these communications entirely from the domain of fraud or chance, and stamps them with the brand of truth. The prophet Jeremiah says that "when the word of a prophet shall come to pass then shall it be known that the Lord hath truly sent him," and this scripture is truly applicable to the truth and identity of these wonderful manifestations of this great musician, nearly one hundred years after his passing from this mortal life.

It will be my privilege later to give some account of the tremendously significant and deeply interesting series of premonitions or prophecies given to us by Stradiuarius, Chopin, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Brock and others, which have been such a marked and dramatic experience in our lives for many years past, and especially during the last six years.

¹ July 18th, 1934.—Marjorie went to Ilkley to-day, and when in the act of leaving a bookshop and turning into the street, she heard a voice *close to her ear* pronounce her name "Marjorie" in a quick sharp tone. She turned round instantly, but *no one was near her*, and she knew no one in the shop. Convinced that it was something psychic, she re-entered the shop, and the first thing she saw was a five shilling book reduced in price to one shilling. It proved to be an account of the life of Chopin during his boyhood, by Zofia Uminska and H. E. Kennedy. She at once purchased it—the first book on Chopin we have had. Dorothy says that on those occasions when she has heard Chopin speak clairaudiently, the voice has always been quick and sharp.

CHAPTER VIII

CONAN DOYLE JOINS

"Here, as in an inn, a stranger dwelt.
Here joy and grief his mortal body felt.
Poor dwelling, now they close the door,
Thy sheltering is o'er,
The sojourner returns to thee no more.

For of a lasting home possessed.
He now fares forth to seek a fuller rest.
His Maker brought him here; now calls away.
Rise! Make no delay;
This home was for a passing day."

"We learn from those who have been down the path before us that for the average kindly man or woman when they are released into the wider life, death itself is a sweet and pleasant languor, akin to that of the tired body dropping to sleep, and that it is made easier by the consciousness that those whom we have loved and lost are there to greet us."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE second of the notable personalities to join our Italian communicator in persistent and long continued manifestations from that other world—and whose coming was only a few weeks later than that of the brilliant Polish Maestro—was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous author, and a brave and fearless champion and missionary of Spiritual truth. He died of heart failure—largely accelerated by the fatigues incidental to his long missionary journeys to Australia, South Africa and the United States—on July 7th, 1930.

Faithful to the last to the cause he had at heart, only a few days before his passing he struggled up to a meeting in London to head a committee of protest at Westminster against the antiquated and unjust laws under which psychics at present labour, and under which the Christ, had he lived in these days, would have been prosecuted as a rogue and a vagabond, and sent to prison for "deceiving His Majesty's lieges."

I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and when I heard of his passing, I felt confident from previous experience that it would not be long before he made his presence known to us here.

I determined, however, *not to invite it*, but to let it come entirely spontaneously, so that it might be the more evidential. It soon came,

and this was the beginning of a long series of communications from him, which continue to this day, scarcely a week passing by that we do not hear once or several times from him, touching on all manner of subjects, current events, our private affairs and those of our friends. In fact these communications with our special friends resemble a correspondence between mortals, and one forgets that one of them has passed from earth to Heaven, and that

"One is on earth in battle sore,
And one at peace for evermore."

And yet those "at peace" can and do look back and return to those on earth, can and do sympathise in our trials and rejoice in our triumphs. "The Communion of Saints" is a glorious and practical reality. How strange that the Church of to-day should ignore one of the most important doctrines of the Creed, should ignore a fact known even to Cicero before the days of the Christ. That famous Roman, speaking of his departed son, says, "His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me from those happy mansions to which he was assured I should one day follow him."

This is as true to-day as it was in 44 B.C., or later in A.D. 33, when Jesus said to his disciples:

"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

And this truth we were to realise once again in the passing of Sir Arthur from the scene of his mortal activities, nor had we long to wait.

Tuesday, July 8th, 8 p.m.—Sitters: My wife, M. E. Tweedale, and Dorothy M. Tweedale.

Stradiuarius came at the end of the sitting, and without being asked, he suddenly said: "Doyle is resting by the river bank. He will be active in a few hours." D. M. T.: "That is very soon." S.: "Yes, he was prepared for it. His Spiritual knowledge helped him. He will not let you down. I go now and will try to get him to send a message. Sit on Wednesday at 8 p.m."

Wednesday, July 9th, 12.30.—Sitters: M. E. Tweedale and myself.

Stradiuarius came and said that Sir Arthur would try and show himself photographically next week together with my mother—so we understood him to say. This mention of my mother surprised me greatly.

Wednesday, July 9th, 8 p.m.—Sitters: Dorothy M. Tweedale, M. E. Tweedale and self.

Stradiuarius came and said: "I am going to give you direct from Doyle. He will try and write through Brock because his (script) writing is smaller than mine. I am the transmitter and Brock is the writer."

Brock now said, "Understand, this is Doyle's message":

"Well, Tweedale, I have arrived here in Paradise. That is not heaven.

Oh, no! But what we should call a dumping place, for we all come here as we pass on to rest. Paradise means not heaven, but 'a park'—Persian word. I am still resting. I will from time to time give you descriptions of my surroundings. When I awoke I was astonished and surprised beyond measure at finding myself so free and well. Words cannot describe the feeling, and one of the first to greet me was Crookes. I am so bewildered. I will give you good evidence for your wonderful pen. The people here are giving me a great welcome, and I have much to say later on. I am here just in time for your Church Assembly (the Lambeth Conference). I will give them something to talk about."

Brock concluding, said: "Sir Arthur will be able to write himself soon, as he sat under the same conditions, and is used to it."

This "resting by the river bank" is exceedingly significant in view of the beautiful and solemn words in Rev. xxi. and xxii.:

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal.

And on either side of the river was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

The tired spirit is not rushed at once into the transcendent and glorious verities of the heavenly life. After the release of the spirit from the mortal or physical body, a period of rest and unconsciousness intervenes in the transition from the pains, the sufferings and the anxieties of this mortal life to the awakening and increasing glories of the next. This, as is fitting, is gradual. How beautiful and appropriate and how true, judged by what we are told by such revelations as these, are the lines which I have here adapted to this wonderful description of Sir Arthur's arrival.

"When I shall fall asleep some day

All overworn,

And when my spirit, from the clay,

Goes dreaming out the heavenward way,

And thence is softly borne—

I pray you angels do not first

Assail mine ear

With that blest anthem oft reherst,

'Behold the bonds of death are burst,'

Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand

The silence break:

So I shall dimly understand

That dawn has touched a blossoming land,

And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so
 To lift the head,
 And see the white flower's bell of snow,
 With pinky masses all aglow,
 And blossoms gold and red.

That will suffice: let me lie there
 'Midst flowers of freshest bloom,
 Till some blithe wanderer, passing near,
 Shall smiling pause, of me aware,
 And murmur 'Welcome home.'"¹

Monday, July 14th.—I went alone to Bradford and sat with that wonderful psychic, Mr William Hope, of Crewe, under good test conditions. I took a new, unopened packet of plates which I purchased in Bradford as soon as I arrived in the town. Arriving at the house I loaded the slides and signed the plates myself, carefully inspected the camera, lens, slide and background. After loading the slide, I put it in my pocket and proceeded to the camera and thence back to the dark room after the exposure, where I developed the plates myself, and Hope was never allowed to touch them or place his hands over them.

On the first plate are three faces in cloudy banks of ectoplasm around my head, upon which one face is partly superimposed. They are distinct and clearly recognisable pictures of Sir Arthur, thus fulfilling the forecast of July 9th, and what makes them extraordinarily evidential, each face is shown in a different aspect as though he had walked past looking at me from three different angles! (Plate XIV).

After the exposure and development of the first pair of plates a remarkable thing happened. Seeing that the faces were in a cloudy band of ectoplasm, and that one was superimposed on my own head, just before the second pair of plates were exposed, I cried aloud the *moment before the exposures were made*: "Will the manifesting personality please take care not to show up on my face?"

On developing these exposures, I found that one plate bore a face, but, *as requested*, the face showed itself close to, but not touching, my head.

This photograph of Sir Arthur was published in many papers, including *The Dispatch*, *Bristol Times*, *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and *Two Worlds*.

Writing to me under date July 28th, 1930, Lady Doyle says of the photograph showing the three pictures of Sir Arthur, "We have no doubt whatever about it being my dear husband, and we think it delightful that he should demonstrate his continued activity so quickly from the other side, by sending such proof."

Writing also to the press she described it as "100 per cent evidential."

¹ Amanda T. Jones.

The special correspondent of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* personally took a copy of that paper and interviewed Lady Doyle. His account is as follows:

"This is my dear, darling husband," said Lady Doyle to me, when I showed her the spirit photographs published in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. Lady Doyle was pleasantly astonished and radiantly happy because this picture had confirmed her belief in her husband's return. I sat with the famous author's widow in a long room fragrant with beautiful flowers. Time and again she looked at the photograph of the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, Otley, and the three extras on it, of Sir Arthur. Then she said with great enthusiasm, "Yes, these are undoubted pictures of my husband. I know Mr Tweedale and also Mr Hope, and my husband also met them on many occasions."

"I think the photograph is simply wonderful, and it is the first since he passed over." Just then the luncheon gong sounded, and I was invited to join the family at the midday meal. I did so, and when I showed Sir Arthur's children—Mr Dennis, Mr Adrian and Miss Doyle—they displayed great enthusiasm. "My word, that is father exactly," they said. "Isn't it remarkable, mother?" "We knew he would come through, didn't we? We are convinced that the photograph is true, knowing as we do Mr Hope and Mr Tweedale. Surely this picture should do more than anything else to disarm sceptics and prove to them that spiritualism is a vital thing which is bound to change the outlook of the world within a few generations."

August 7th.—The Special Correspondent of the *Daily Dispatch* called on Lady Doyle at Crowborough, and she said to him, "I just want to tell you that the spirit photograph published in the *Daily Dispatch* recently is 100 per cent evidential. I said so at the time it appeared, and I want to reaffirm this because the photo has aroused world-wide interest. I think my dear husband has done remarkably well in coming through so quickly and so clearly."

To revert now to the smaller photograph outside the ring of ectoplasm. At first we thought it might be some of Doyle's relations as it most certainly was not my mother (Strad had said she would try and come on the plate with Sir Arthur), and Lady Doyle said it was like none of his people. This spirit photo *remained unrecognised for five years* until the spring of 1935, when it proved to be a picture of my wife's grandmother, Mrs John Burnett of Norham, and Hamilton (Ontario), and this was confirmed by an old photograph then obtained (Plate XIII).

I had never seen my wife's grandmother nor any photograph of her. As for Hope, he had never seen or heard of such a person, nor of any photograph of her, and yet though *neither sitter nor photographer* had ever seen the person, or any representation of her (thus rendering any fraud impossible), yet the accurate likeness of the deceased came upon the plate, and this proved to be not my mother, as we had evidently mis-

understood Strad to say, but my wife's *grandmother*. Now the force of this evidence with reference to Sir Arthur is this: if this small photo is thus genuine under conditions making all fraud on Hope's part *impossible*, it constitutes a most cogent reason, apart from the testimony of his relatives, that Sir Arthur's triple photograph is genuine also, and the strongest kind of confirmation.

Tuesday, July 15th.—Strad came, and said he was transmitting, and passing the message on to Brock.

Brock then wrote: "Brock for Doyle." "I am just beginning to know my way about. I find that all we have on earth seems to have its counterpart here—flowers, trees, birds and animals; but the greatest thing is the feeling of freedom."

July 17th.—At 1 p.m. I was in the kitchen examining one of the Doyle prints in the clear light of the outer doorway. I said aloud, exultingly, "It is he!" Suddenly my wife, who was at the table, uttered a startled cry and ran across the room and down the passage. She returned much agitated, saying that just as I said, "It is he," she saw a tall, broad-shouldered man come away from my back (as if he had been looking over my shoulder) and cross the room swiftly to the passage door. She ran after him all down the passage and saw him apparently go through the panels of the dining-room door. We sat at once, and Strad came and said that the man was Doyle.

Saturday, July 19th, 8 p.m.—Brock (writing as for Doyle.) "Now that I have arrived I have much to tell you, and I will give you messages and explanations. To begin with, I am glad I got through to you and on that photographic plate. Hurrah. What do your Bishops say now?"

July 21st, 8 p.m.—Brock (writing for Doyle.) "I thank God there is no sleeping until the Last Day, whenever your heads of the Church think that may be.¹ I am alive, and by the grace of God I hope to continue the work that I began. There is no resurrection of the flesh as the Church teaches. This doctrine is the cause of many errors, but the New Testament is full of inspiration."

Brock now said: "Doyle will, in time, write himself."

July 24th.—Mrs M. E. Tweedale and Dorothy Tweedale sitting. They were *late*, failing to keep the time appointed, and so only got the following sentence. (Strad transmitting, Brock writing for Doyle.) "We are to have great upheavals both in religion and the world. I knew this before I passed over."

Friday, July 25th.—Sitters: D. M. Tweedale and Mrs M. E. Tweedale.

Brock (for Doyle.): "You are to have great upheavals in religion. This is a message for your father (1 Cor. chap. xii. vers. 7 and 31: 'But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal'; 'but covet earnestly the best gifts. . . . I am here, full of activity. There is so much to learn, but plenty of time to do it in. Being prepared,

¹ Jesus Himself did not know (*vide* Mark xiii. 32).

I could throw off the old coat (the mortal body) quite easily. Others, who loved the world to the extinction of everything of real importance, find that a difficult problem, and so when worldly people pass over, their spirits have a craving for worldly pleasures and try to influence others. My final message to-day is that Spiritualism—Christian Spiritualism—will win on its own merits, and before this time next year you will hear of two bishops turning towards it in your own church."

(This forecast was practically fulfilled within about a twelvemonth, the Bishop of Liverpool allowing my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, to be recommended to the Clergy of his Diocese, and another bishop stating that he favoured investigation.)

Monday, July 28th, 6 a.m.—Sitters: D. M. Tweedale and M. E. Tweedale.

Brock (writing for Doyle): "A very simple answer to clerical opponents is this: 'Follow the instruction of your Bible.' What does it say? 'Seek and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Why say 'I believe in the Communion of Saints,' and when the spirit friends do come, condemn them as devils? What hypocrisy! Church teaching on these matters is altogether wrong. Get back to original Christianity." Asked what sphere he was in, he replied, "None as yet. Paradise is not far from your world."

Thursday, July 31st, 11 a.m.—Sitters: D. M. Tweedale and M. E. Tweedale.

Brock (for Doyle): "Here is a message for you to give to the Churches. We have not only to fight the materialism of scientists, but also the *materialism of the Churches*.¹ Let them understand that creeds don't

¹ This is indeed only too true. The Christian Church has gradually drifted away from objective spiritual realities until, at the present day, it is completely out of all conscious objective touch with the spirit world, and deliberately maintains this position of estrangement.

In this critical and impotent condition the Church is faced with a growing materialism, with the vast advances of modern scientific knowledge and research, and with questions which she makes no attempt to answer or to face.

The primary question for the Churches to-day is not one of "serving tables" (as would appear from the activities shown), or of controversial points of dogma, but the vastly more important one of how men are to be convinced of the reality of the spirit world, and of the fact that man survives the change called death. On the existence of these fundamentals all religion depends, and without them religion is of no ultimate value. I maintain without fear of effective contradiction that there is only one way to obtain a knowledge of these things and the spiritual certitude which is dependent upon them, and that is by evidence and objective proof coming from the spirit world. Neither the Prophets, the Christ, nor the Apostles could invent or devise any other means, nor did they try to do so. They are fundamental to revelation and all religion.

In these days, however, the Church turns her back on all present-day objective evidences of spirit manifestation and presence, repudiating and opposing them, and yet at the same time her leaders and dignitaries are illogically calling for "a fresh outpouring of the spirit" and advocating "prayers for a revival," all such

count here. Religious Creed is largely an accident of birth. A child is born into a certain environment of religious thought, grows up in it, and is nearly always influenced by his training. Yet it would not be safe merely on that account to say that man is a Christian. A man's

utterances being entirely divorced from any external or objective manifestation or evidence of the presence of spiritual beings. The result is nil. The Churches having turned their back on the objectively spiritual in our own times, and deliberately cut the communications, receive no message or manifestation, and each modern "revival," having no foundation in fact, dies down as soon as the excitement and emotion, which were its only foundations, subside; while in the matter of present-day proof of survival after death the modern Church makes no attempt to give any evidence, but bangs the door upon the bereaved, and stands the picture of impotence. She leads the mourner to the edge of the grave and leaves him there, in spite of the command and example of the Christ (p. 50), and the evident fact that communication with the departed—the real Communion of Saints—was intended to be a permanent link between this world and the next.

Under her present régime and her present attitude of repudiation, she cannot give anyone a particle of modern evidence that there is any spirit world at all, or that anyone has ever survived death. Nor can she give any modern evidence which confirms the Bible accounts of the Resurrection of Jesus, or of any of the spirit manifestations recorded in the Old and New Testaments. The average ecclesiastic of the present day can give no more evidence of life in the spirit world than he can of life on Mars.

The outcome of this attitude is the humiliating situation in which the modern Church finds herself, for if any seeker goes to the accredited exponents of religious belief and asks for objective evidence of the present-day existence of those spiritual beings, or that spirit world, or that resurrection from the dead, of which so much is said in their literature, he finds to his astonishment that the accredited ministers of the Churches are, as a body and in their official capacity, *unable to give him any proof whatsoever*.

This is the fatal result of concentrating on the mental and the emotional and rejecting the objective, for the modern Church thus cuts herself off from the possibility of effective proof of the reality of that spirit world in which she constantly professes to believe, but of which, under the present régime, she is totally unable to give any demonstration. It cannot be too clearly understood that all the writings of the theologians, all philosophical arguments, apart from objective psychic phenomena, can do no more than establish a probability that there is a spirit world, or that man survives the death of his mortal body. More than a probability is required. She needs to sit down before the facts and study them; to "add to her faith knowledge."

How terribly true Doyle's message was, and how it was soon to be emphasised, was shown by the receipt by me of a letter from the Archbishop of York (Dr Temple) in which he says, speaking of the survival and resurrection of Jesus, "I am quite convinced that direct evidence of survival is not either attainable or desirable." (! !)

"I do not in any way start with these alleged appearances of Jesus and proceed from them to construct a fabric of belief." (! !) (Note the *alleged* appearances of Jesus.) Dr Temple was Chairman of the Commission set up by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to report on Church of England Doctrine. This report was issued in February 1938. It is stated that the members of the Commission signed it unanimously

deeds and life are what count. Love for others makes his journey here more smooth. There is no hell except what a man makes for himself; no eternal punishment in fire, as the Churches—especially the Roman—threaten. Sins are not forgiven except the soul concerned is penitent

This Commission not merely quoting others, but speaking of "its conviction" and "the present state of knowledge," informs us:

- (1) That it is allowable to regard angels as purely symbolical.
- (2) That miracles are legends which have grown up around the life of a religious teacher, and that Jesus did not use miracles to enforce belief in his teaching. This in flat contradiction to John ii. 11 and Matthew xi. 21-24.
- (3) That the Communion of Saints has nothing to do with communication with the departed, and that the saints departed cannot hear us.
- (4) That the accounts of the after-death appearances of Jesus may be regarded symbolically and not as historical happenings.

After reading this terrible document, one may well ask, What is there left on which to base any religion, and especially the Christian religion? How terribly true was the message is shown by recent pronouncements of many other Church dignitaries, some of which I here give:

Bishop Gore's *New Commentary of the Scriptures* says that the miracles of the Old Testament are due to a Semitic habit of exaggeration, and that the manifestations of the Day of Pentecost are due to "psychological phenomena" producing some form of ecstasy or hysteria. (! !)

The Dean of St Paul's recently said that "if survival of death were proved, it would only show that some persons survived death for some time." For the credit of St Paul's, one hopes he changes his opinion. Let it be logically and clearly understood that if men do not rise from the dead to-day, *then Christ is not risen* (1 Cor. xv. 16; John xiv. 19 R.V.).

The Bishop of London (Winnington Ingram) has said that modern psychic messages are "due to thought reading," while the Bishop of Winchester (Garbett) states that "telepathy and the subconscious" are the explanation! If these explanations were true they would, like the above Commission dicta, invalidate the Old and New Testaments, knock the bottom out of Christianity, and reduce it to a farce.

Bishop Barnes of Birmingham recently broadcast that he did not know whether he would survive death or not (! ! !). This from a Bishop (! !). Dean Inge "looks for no future in time or place"; while Professor Haldane says "The evidence for revelation from without seems to be worthless." (!)

The bathos of it all is that at the same time Churchmen are actually being urged to respond to the "Recall to Religion." (! !) To what religion are they recalled? To one which says there are no angels, no miracles, no after-death appearances of Jesus, no communication "with the saints departed"? Such a "religion" is a "religion" of *agnosticism* and *infidelity*, and is not the religion of the apostles and Early Christian Church.

Little did one dream that there would come a time when the leaders of the Churches would be in such fear of evidences of the existence of a spirit world and of life after death that they would take to questioning and denying the evidences of Christ's survival and boldly declare that Christianity is not dependent on them, thus destroying the very foundation of the Christian faith. When they do this, it is manifest that they are in the last ditch of their opposition to the modern evidence. Add to this the clearly evident fact that apart from these psychic evidences which they repudiate, they are unable to give a single particle of present-day proof either

and wishes to do right. Later, as I gain strength, I shall have much to say about conditions here and surroundings."

Tuesday, August 12th, 1930.—Sitters: M. E. Tweedale, D. M. Tweedale and C. L. Tweedale.

Brock (for Doyle): "1 Cor. xii. 7. Get your Bible: 'But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal.' The New Testament is the book of conviction. Here is a message for your people. There is nothing in Spiritualism contrary to Christianity. The New Testament is full of it from beginning to end. It was always a mystery to me why the Churches do not jump at this opportunity of adopting this great truth and save themselves from destruction. Now I am getting used to my surroundings I hope soon to be able to write myself. I am doing my best with my own family to establish my identity. My messages to you are to throw light on the future world and to carry on my work."

Brock then said: "I am Brock. Doyle is going now to try to sign this." Then came the signature—"Arthur Conan Doyle"—thrice repeated, as shown (Plate XIV).

I at once ran to my study, which I always keep locked, for a copy of *Wanderings*, presented to me by Sir Arthur in 1921, and compared these signatures with his on the book, and found them practically identical. It was an astonishing sight to see the planchette, on which were *two pairs of hands*, write this off without hesitation, and wonderful to see it lift up to cross the "A" of the first word. I am certain that none of

of the existence of that spirit world, or of that survival of death, for which the Church has been supposed especially to stand these last nineteen hundred years, and one has such a spectacle of fatuity and inconsistency as surely has never been exhibited to the world on any other issue.

Unless this attitude be speedily changed and the Churches assimilate these facts and make them their own, the result will be disastrous. They will suffer a loss of prestige, influence and authority more or less complete, be impotent to stem the materialism of the age, and suffer the humiliation of seeing that service to humanity pass into other hands.

That there should be found in her ranks dignitaries who deny or call in question the after-death appearances of Jesus is appalling. The peerless narrative of the death, and after-death manifestation of Jesus goes direct to the human heart and mind with a power of conviction, a grandeur, and a consolation which no other possesses or can give. Let us thank God that such a history was ever given to the world, and rejoice with great joy that He has permitted the veil to be lifted in our own times, supporting in our own day and generation that narrative of glorious triumph over death and the grave, by continued human experiences of the Easter facts, and by scientific confirmation of the same. Although the Churches to-day have temporarily lost the power of providing this confirmation owing to rejecting and questioning the evidence, the Early Church did testify to these things in the past, and the hope for the future is that the Modern Church will again make these evidences her own and continue to testify in the future, nor fail in the task. Only those who have knowledge of these things can say "We have plumbed the void of death; touched the solid ground of fact; and established a faith which can neither be undermined nor overthrown."

us had the slightest notion of Sir Arthur's signature, nor could we have written it normally had we been offered a king's ransom. Lady Doyle, to whom they have been shown, describes them as "remarkable." (In Plate XIV the normal signatures have a star * attached.)

Monday, August 18th.—Sitters: M. E. Tweedale, D. M. Tweedale.

Brock came and said: "Doyle will now try to get through." Sir Arthur *himself* then wrote: "This life is quite a wonderful life, very real, full of energy and interest. As there is no trade or commercialism, so there is no bluffing one's neighbours. Everything is above board. I am younger looking than I was, and can appear and disappear at will. We are constantly having people come over here, and one or other of us go out to greet them. Their expressions of bewilderment are amusing. Time and space (as you know them) do not exist for us. There is no difficulty, and no ill-health, except of the mind—conscience. There are not the temptations we had on earth, as the mortal body is done with and money is of no value. Therefore all competition is spiritual."

(Signed) ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Dorothy asked, "What sphere are you in?" Answer, "None as yet." This shows pretty clearly that, as in the case of Christ, the first period of the spent life is lived either upon, or very close to, the earth's surface, and bears out what he previously said, "Paradise is not far from your world."

Tuesday, August 24th.—M. E. T. and Dorothy Tweedale.

Sir Arthur again manifested, and said that he regarded me as the leader in these psychic matters. This confirms what he said at his lecture in the Albert Hall, Leeds, on December 2nd, 1921, when he made a fuller statement.

Wednesday, September 10th, 1930.—My wife and Dorothy sat.

Sir Arthur came, and said, "Tell Hope that when Lady Doyle sits with him I will get a message through to her *on the plate*." I sent an account of this to Lady Doyle, but *not* to Hope.

Wednesday, October 15th, 1930.—Received a letter from Lady Doyle at Bignell Wood, Minstead, under date October 13th, 1930, acknowledging the receipt of Sir Arthur's signature, and saying that it is identical with his normal signature, also saying that Sir Arthur's message to the effect that when they sat with Hope he would get a message through on the plate, is very evidential, for when her son sat with Hope he did get a very successful photograph and also a message on the plate.

As we did *not* tell Hope of the message to us but carefully kept it secret, this is a very striking piece of evidence, showing not only Sir Arthur's survival, but also the reality of our messages from him.

Monday, October 27th, 1930.—Sitters: My wife and Dorothy.

Strad and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle both came. I had been ill. Sir Arthur said, "This is for your father, 2 Cor. xii. v. 9: 'And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Tell your father that he will be honoured and that the Church will awaken."

Thursday, October 16.—In the night my wife felt someone jerking the counterpane, and thinking it was me she remonstrated several times, then at last thoroughly roused she realised that the jerking or tugging was coming from *the other side of the bed to that on which I lay*. She turned round and saw the head and shoulders of Sir Arthur so clear and distinct that it frightened her, and she stammered out, "Is it Sir Arthur?" He inclined his head, smiled and vanished.

October or November, C.Z.Y.—Sitters M. E. T. and Dorothy Tweedale.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle came, and as the idea of a memorial to him had been mooted, I asked what his views were. He said that the shop was his best memorial, and he would like a statue or a medallion of himself put over the door.

December 11th.—Self, Madge and Dorothy sat.

Sir Arthur manifested, and I again asked him about the memorial, and he replied, "I have not left any such clause in the will. This is a plan thought out by my family and friends, but I can quite see that it is impossible and would do just what I do not want to do—injure others. *In the form suggested it will not go through.*" I said, "Shall I contribute towards the medallion or statue you suggested?" He replied, "Yes, that would do." He now astonished me beyond measure by suddenly saying, "I would just like to ask your pardon for wrong done to you. *I was influenced by reports.* . . . Let me say that — is not your friend, but truth will out and all will be well. You can tell — that I say I am sorry there has been such underhand work as regards you, and I will see to it that things be made right." In view of the terms of friendship which had existed between myself and Sir Arthur for many years, this conversation, only a part of which I can give, astonished me greatly. It explained his attitude at *one* period in the past and especially at our meeting on the staircase of the Holborn Restaurant on the occasion of the banquet given in his honour before his departure for Australia on July 29th, 1920, on which occasion I had journeyed from Yorkshire to London to do him honour. His attitude on that occasion, altogether unexpected, hurt me greatly, as I was totally at a loss to understand it. Now it became clear as daylight, and I was glad to have him understand and acknowledge that "an enemy had done this."

January 19th, 1931, 4.40 p.m.—Coming out of my study I heard my wife calling. She rushed upstairs to me, arriving breathless. Recovering, she gasped out that crossing the hall she saw Sir Arthur coming down the main staircase wearing a double-breasted coat. We at once sat together with Dorothy. "Doyle" was written. I asked, "Was that Sir Arthur?" "Yes," came the reply, then "double-breasted coat."

He began to refer again to the subject of his communication on December 11th, saying, "Tell — I have done you a wrong. I say that I have done you a wrong through no fault of my own," and he again said, " — is not all he seems. You will be the leader in the Church." I said,

"Shall I write to — about certain things?" He replied, "Yes, do so with my full approval."

February 23rd, Monday.—Madge had a dream in the night in which she saw a hearse proceeding slowly down a lonely road, the driver looking very solemn. Only one person followed the hearse, and this she recognised as Sir Arthur. The extraordinary thing was that there was no coffin in the hearse! She went up to the man following the hearse, and said, "Are you Sir Arthur?" He answered, "Yes?" She said, "Whose funeral is it?" He replied, "A friend's," but did not give the name.

In the evening about 7.45 p.m. I was writing to Mrs Vale Owen, having heard a report to the effect that her husband was suffering from cancer. This distressed and shocked me a good deal, and I wrote, "I wish to say in the first place that I most sincerely hope that this report is not true." I was just concluding this sentence when I heard immediately outside my study door a woman's cough, loud and distinct. It was close to the door, as though done by someone standing on the mat. I had heard no one come up or go down the stairs (always plainly heard). It struck me as very strange, so I at once strode to the door and threw it open. No one was there, and all was silent above and below stairs. I at once ran down the stairs and found the passage door *shut*, and all the members of my household gathered in the kitchen at the other end of the house, where they had been a considerable time, engaged on some domestic business, and *none of them had been upstairs or to my study door.*

March 9th.—Deep snow and bitterly cold weather. Heard this morning of Vale Owen's passing yesterday. I sent an account of the dream and the cough at the door to the psychic papers.

March 17th, 1931.—This morning at 8 a.m. I got a letter from a London correspondent *re* the dream experience and the coughing at my study door, accounts of which had been published. He asked whether Vale Owen's daughter died of *consumption*. At 9.30 a.m. I went to my study to look up Vale Owen's books *re* this point. I had no knowledge of such a thing, and it was not mentioned in any of his books that I had read. Proceeding to my bookshelves I looked up Vols. I. and II. of *The Life Beyond*, but could find no reference to consumption in them. I then remembered a parcel of books sent me some time ago, but which, in the hurry of the time, I had not fully opened, and none of which I had read. I drew the parcel from the corner, where it had lain many weeks, opened it out, and found that it contained a book by Vale Owen, Vol. III., *The Life Beyond the Veil*. This I had *not* read. I carried the book out of the study intending to examine it in another room. I partly closed the study door behind me, halting on the door-mat to see whether the book had an index. While I stood doing this I suddenly heard proceeding from inside the study I had just left the loud sound of the swish of drapery, like the loud and strong rustle of a lady's long skirt or dress when the wearer is moving hastily. One could distinctly hear the folds of the fabric being fluttered or agitated.

Startled I pushed the door open and stepped back into the room. No one was visible, nothing had fallen down, and all was as I left it!

I now began to scan the book, and on p. 5 in a prefatory note by H. W. E., I at once found the statement that the "transmitting spirit" in the communications recorded in this Vol. III. was "Kathleen," a sempstress, who lived in Liverpool and who *died of consumption* in 1893. Vale Owen had known her and visited her in her illness. *This statement I then read for the first time*, and I had no previous knowledge of it. Taken in conjunction with the dream and the woman's cough of February 23rd, there is no doubt in my mind that it represented the warning of Vale Owen's passing, also the confirmation of the presence of the sempstress (rustling dress) "Kathleen," who passed out with consumption (cough), and who had acted as the transmitting agent in this matter also.

Accounts of the funeral stated that it was very private, only a few intimate friends being present. It will be noted that my wife, in her premonitory dream on February 3rd, saw Sir Arthur following *alone* down a lonely road, and noted with astonishment that there was *no coffin* in the hearse. It transpires that nothing was buried, the body being cremated and the ashes scattered to the winds. How remarkable all this has been!!

Sir Arthur and Vale Owen were at one time associated, and lectured in the U.S.A. and probably Vale Owen was influenced by this association in his resignation of his benefice of Orford. I well remember him writing to me after this step, and saying, "I have now burned my boats behind me." Personally I think it was a mistake, and that he should have remained in the Church. *Nowhere is the need for modern evidence of survival and the reality of the spirit world more appallingly great, or more urgent, than in the Orthodox Churches.*

In illustration of this I may say that a little time ago I had some correspondence with Dr Temple, Archbishop of York, on Christ's resurrection and the evidence for human survival. In a letter to me, under date June 11th, 1931, he says, "If I did not independently believe in the reality of God I should pay no attention whatever to the alleged resurrection appearances. I do not in any way start with these alleged appearances, and proceed from them to construct a fabric of belief. I am quite convinced that direct evidence of survival is not either attainable or desirable." (! !)

I at once replied to this, pointing out:

1. That the Jews, who ardently believed in God, did *not* believe in the survival and after-death manifestation of Jesus.

2. That the Apostles did *not* believe in survival and resurrection after death prior to the after-death manifestation of Jesus, as is conclusively proved by the following statements concerning them (Mark ix. 10): "Questioning with themselves what the rising from the dead should mean"; by Luke xviii. 34: "For as yet they understood none of these

things"; and by John xx. 9: "As yet they knew not that he must rise from the dead."

3. That the Apostles' belief in the survival and after-death manifestation of Jesus was *not* dependent on belief in God (which they had already) but on the experimental proof which Jesus gave to them, and which they made (John xx. 26-27).

4. That St. Paul distinctly tells us that belief in Christ's survival and after-death manifestation is fundamental to Christianity (2 Cor. xv. 17).

All these facts are in flat contradiction to his Grace's statements and refute them completely. The present situation is indeed astounding. Little did one dream of a time when the leaders of the Christian Churches would be in such fear of modern evidence of the existence of a spirit world and of life after death that they would take to questioning and denying the evidences for Christ's survival, and boldly declare that Christianity is not dependent on them, thus destroying the very foundation of the Christian faith. When they do this it is evident that the modern evidence is closing down on them and pressing them hard. These statements and the recent action and statements of several Bishops point clearly to a concerted action taken in an endeavour to maintain the *status quo* and to stay the progress of that spiritualistic knowledge and evidence which is fundamental to Christianity and all revealed religion. We have the astounding spectacle of men who are ready to deny, and do deny, the foundation facts underlying the Christian religion ere they will admit their occurrence or validity in modern times.

And yet human survival, as exemplified in the demonstrated survival of Jesus, stands as the keystone of the Gospel Arch.

As Canon Streeter truly says, "The historic starting point of Christianity was *not* the cross, but the conviction that Christ had risen." This fact is perfectly well known to-day, and has been known all down the centuries.

Christianity is founded primarily *not* on belief in God, or on philosophy, but on the resurrection and survival of Jesus, and it is well known to the Christians of all denominations, that this resurrection of Jesus was founded on, and evidenced by, the *direct objective and experimental manifestation of Jesus from beyond the grave*, such as that given to Thomas, and by nothing else. This fact was the first thing testified to by the Apostles in their preaching, and when Matthias was elected to take the place of Judas, it is expressly stated in Acts i. 26 that it was "to be a witness with us of his resurrection." Therefore, for the Archbishop to say, "I do not in any way start from these alleged appearances and proceed from them to construct a fabric of belief. I am quite convinced that direct evidence of survival is not either attainable or desirable," as he did to me, or to say "Immortality is not a religious interest at all, and it is positively undesirable that there should be experimental proof of man's survival after death," as he said in his Gifford Lecture at

Glasgow in the spring of 1934, is simply to *repudiate Christianity and to knock the bottom out of his Christian belief*; for, as St. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen then is your faith vain" (1 Cor. xv.). Demonstrated survival is the "foundation of Christianity and the keystone of the Gospel arch" (1 Cor. xv. 4-8), and he who denies it may be a philosopher, but cannot claim to be a Christian.

Another bishop, evidently taking his cue from the Archbishop, has informed me that "Christianity is not founded on Christ's resurrection but on belief in God," while a recent preacher at the Chapel Royal informed us "that no proof of survival was possible." After these experiences the statement made recently by a resident in a near-by town, who, when arguing on survival, with great impatience, said, "I don't believe in your survival. I'm a Churchman," seemed quite understandable.

Monday, June 22nd, 1931.—Sat at 8 p.m. Madge, Dorothy and self. To our great astonishment Archdeacon Colley came. (He had not manifested for a long time, and only once or twice before.) He said, "This is Colley. I and Sir Arthur are together. Don't worry, Tweedale, I have worked 'York,' and now our work begins." I now said, "Will you sign this, Archdeacon." Immediately the splendidly evidential signature was written rapidly and without a moment's hesitation (*vide* Plate XV).

Tuesday, June 30th, 1931.—We have often had experiences which show clearly that our spirit friends are able both to know and to see what we are doing and to bring about actions and interventions in accordance with, or relating to, the business we have in hand. This afternoon about 4 p.m. I was writing a letter to *Light*, and in it I mentioned Lady Doyle's description of the triple photograph of Sir Arthur obtained by me about a week after his passing, when she described the result as "100 per cent evidential." I was just reading over the words "100 per cent evidential" after I had written them, when suddenly half a dozen letters fell out of a book on one of my shelves at the other side of the room, making a loud noise as they alighted on the floor. I got up from my chair and crossed the room to where they lay and began to pick them up. The first I handled was a letter from Dennis Conan Doyle, and on the front page were the words "100 per cent evidential." This sort of experience, oft repeated, as the incident on pages 89 and 173, is strongly indicative of spirit presence.

Saturday, July 25th, 1931.—Sitters: M. E. T., D. M. T. and self.

Sir Arthur came, and we asked him about his memorial. He replied, "My best memorial will be the shop. My monument should be over the door. I want it. I must influence my wife." I said, "Shall I write Lady Doyle?" He replied, "Yes, do, please, Tweedale." (This was done a few days afterwards.)

Speaking of Flammarion, he said, "Flammarion is not far from me. He will be able to send messages. He says that the soul's powers are without limit. There are great changes ahead for your world. Material-

ism must be checked, and the only way is by the fear of God which will come through spirit guidance and will make a new world."

March 4th, 1932, 10 p.m.—Sitters: my wife, self and Dorothy. Part of the forecast of Sir Arthur was fulfilled on this date, for Flammarion manifested, saying, to our astonishment:

"This is a definitely psychic house,
This is my speciality; give my greeting to Bozzano.
I want to see Italy going on with the truth,
There will be a great awakening."

(Signed) CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

Asked if the Italian translation of *Man's Survival* would contribute to this, he replied, "Yes." I sent his message to Bozzano, and in due course got his letter thanking me. The signature to the script was closely similar to one of Flammarion's, which was locked up in my study, of which my wife had no knowledge, and which I had not seen for years.

Saturday, August 1st, 1931.—M. E. Tweedale and Dorothy M. Tweedale sitting. Sir Arthur came, and said, "Tell Mundy when he next visits the grave to bring you a mauve flower from it."

August 4th.—My wife wrote Mr Mundy giving him the message from Doyle.

August 6th.—Got a letter from Mr Mundy saying that he had been to Sir Arthur's grave on Sunday, August 2nd, and before he got my wife's letter, which he did not receive until his return from Crowborough, and that there were mauve sweet peas on the grave. He enclosed a mauve flower which he had plucked on the Sunday when he knew nothing of Sir Arthur's message to us.

Lady Doyle in letters to me, dated August 11th and 25th, says, "I went home for the week-end on July 24th, and there were some mauve sweet peas on the 'Sanctum' (grave). There were mauve flowers on the 'Sanctum' on August 1st.

JEAN CONAN DOYLE."

This was an extremely evidential experience. We had no knowledge of the mauve flowers on Sir Arthur's grave, and had had no communication from Lady Doyle or anyone else about the flowers prior to receiving Sir Arthur's message. This message is good evidence of survival, and indicates clearly that he knew the colour of the flowers on his grave, could see them and take an interest not only in them, but in us.

Wednesday, November 25th, 1931. Sir Arthur, after speaking about the spheres and church teaching, gave a special *nom de plume* to be used as a test for his identity, saying, "If anyone says he is Doyle, ask for my name to you." Thanking him I said, "I have published your request re the Psychic Bookshop and Memorial. Have you seen it?" He replied, "Yes, I am trying to carry it through."

December 30th, 1931.—About midday I was alone in my study. The door was shut. I began to think about Sir Arthur and a dream I

had two or three years ago of him coming to see me at Weston. I said to myself, in an undertone, "Well, he never did come to see me," and then I *thought* perhaps the dream might have been fulfilled when he came in spirit form and was seen here clairvoyantly and began to write here. I was *thinking* thus when my wife hurriedly burst in at the door with the planchette in her hand, and said that she was in the seance room at the end of the passage, the one fitted up at Strad's request, a few minutes previously, when three loud blows sounded on the table and *it partly lifted up from the floor, she not touching it or being near it.* We sat and got the following in Sir Arthur's small writing, "Doyle sends congratulations on your work in Italy." Much surprised, I said, "Will it have a good effect?" Answer, "Great and far-reaching." This was very evidential. My wife in the distant room could have had no knowledge of my thought in the study. Then there are the *loud blows on the table and the table lifting from the floor without contact with her* to give telepathy its quietus. The evident explanation is Sir Arthur's presence and his overhearing and understanding my muttered undertone and train of thought in the privacy of my study.

June 21st, 1932.—About 8.30 p.m. my wife saw the black cat on the landing near my study door. It brushed past her and she *felt it touch her leg.* It went before her into our bedroom, where she followed it. Closing the door she searched the room and found no trace of it. We sat at once. Sir Arthur manifested, and said, "The time is ripe for our adventure to develop. You must join forces with — and strike while the iron is hot. This is a great chance to enlighten the man in the street." I replied, "I will do my best but — is very standoffish and will not reply to my letters. There are others who are ploughing with my oxen and reaping where I have sown, and who are making no public acknowledgment of my work or their indebtedness." Sir Arthur said, "I know, but they will soon be glad to do so. All is coming your way, Canon, soon." I said, "Canon! I am no Canon. Do you mean that I shall be?" Here my wife chimed in, "Make a Spiritualist a Canon! I don't think!" Sir Arthur replied eagerly, "Yes! yes!!"

June 22nd, 1932.—To my astonishment, as they have for years steadily refused all my letters on the subject, the *Daily Mail* published in the issue for June 22nd the following:

"The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, near Otley, writes:

"As one who has laboured by pen, books and voice, for nigh thirty years to bring Spiritualism back where it belongs; that is, into the Christian Church—Spiritualistic facts and phenomena being fundamental to Christianity—may I be allowed to say that in this matter I do not agree with those who allege that Spiritualism is leading to the break up of the Churches. Primitive Christianity was practical Spiritualism and it led to the establishing and building up of the Church in early Christian times. The result will be the same to-day—the building up and strengthening of the Church—if our

bishops will only have the wisdom and the courage to assimilate the facts and to act upon them."

Saturday, June 25th, 1932.—As I was about to send some final notes to Signor Falchi for the Italian edition of my book, *Man's Survival*, I sat with my wife asking a question as to the personality of the Holy Ghost, seeing that the Holy Ghost is termed "he" and "him"; my view, expressed in the English edition of *Man's Survival*, being that what is termed the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, or Spirit of Truth, in the New Testament is the manifestation of God's (and therefore of good) messenger spirits (vide *Man's Survival*, page 159—*αγγελοι*—messenger spirits, angels) acting as His agents, and so is the manifestation of a considerable number of agent personalities, and therefore the direct personality involved in each manifestation is that of the agent, and such manifesting personality does *not* represent or constitute a third person of the Deity, but is simply the manifestation of the spirit agent who is acting as God's messenger. (Cf. Rev. i. 4: "Seven spirits before his throne.")

Sir Arthur came and said that my view was correct, and that the term Holy Ghost was used *collectively*. This term, which had never before occurred to me and of which I had never previously heard, exactly expressed my thought, and I adopted it gladly. It was a real *revelation*, and Sir Arthur now said that this information was given by an old clergyman named Clarke who died eighteen years ago. This was extremely evidential. Mr Clarke married us in June 1899 and died in February 1913, eighteen years ago. We had not had him in mind for a very long time.

July 30th, 1932.—Wife and Dorothy sitting. Sir Arthur came and said "I have a book to write through you about the celestial spheres. I am now in the fourth sphere with Stead and Myers." My wife said, "I knew Myers." Doyle immediately replied, "Blue and gold is expensive." This astounded her, as when she last saw Myers thirty-three years ago she had just enamelled a desk in blue and picked it out with gold. Myers, whom she knew, came in just after it was done, and looking at the desk, said, "Blue and gold is expensive," the identical words now given by Sir Arthur, who says he is with Myers! She had *never thought of this incident from that day to this.* Sir Arthur said he had Myers with him, and it was evident that Myers was present and again speaking the words he used thirty-three years ago.

We now come to another photographic manifestation of Sir Arthur of supreme interest and importance.

Saturday, October 29th, 1932.—Mr William Hope, the famous psychic photographer, paid me a visit to-day. While resting from his journey and before commencing the photography we sat around the fire chatting on various subjects, and my wife casually mentioned the recent press attack on psychic photography. Mr Hope commented on it briefly, and said that he had been talking the matter over, and he felt disposed to give up sitting for the public and was inclined to sit only for friends.

The day was dull and gloomy, snow falling at times. About 2.30 p.m. we commenced the short service which Mr Hope invariably holds before photographing. A hymn was sung and prayer offered.

Taking a new and unopened packet of plates purchased an hour before at the local dealers, after carefully inspecting the camera, lens and slide, I loaded the slide myself, and signed each plate through the open shutter to make sure there was no intervening film inserted and no substitution of the plate effected. After loading the slide I carried it out to the camera, and posed for the picture, together with my wife and youngest daughter. I then handed the slide to Mr Hope, who inserted it into the camera under my vigilant and critical inspection, and made the exposure of the two plates in rapid succession.

He then handed the slide back to me, and I took it to my dark room and there developed the two plates in his presence, first carefully verifying my signature on each. Exactly the same procedure was gone through with the second pair of plates.

On one of the first pair came, over my head, a splendid likeness of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (who has been dead for two years), showing him just as he was towards the end of his mortal life. My signature on the plate is seen at the top. On one of the second pair came a marvellous letter, or written message, in Sir Arthur's identical handwriting and signed with his identical signature. The writing appears in a mass of ectoplasm which almost entirely obscures the sitters. Lady Doyle, writing me under date December 11th, 1932, recognises the spirit picture, and says of the message, "There is no doubt whatever about it being my husband's own writing on the plate." (Plate XV.)

The wonderfully evidential nature of this manifestation—apart from the fact of the identity of writing and signature—lies in the further fact that it takes up the conversation which was *casually* introduced by my wife only a few minutes before *and continues it*, showing clearly that Sir Arthur was as actually and really present as was Jesus when Thomas refused to believe in his manifestation to the other disciples; and was able *both to see and hear us, and to give a convincing demonstration relating to the conversation*, just as Jesus also did as recorded in John xx. 23-27.

The message—which covers nearly the whole plate, and through which, in the negative, my face and my collar and waistcoat can be clearly seen—reads as follows:

"MY DEAR HOPE,—I have every respect for you and admiration for your character, and I agree that you have been tested too often, and I sympathise with you and Mrs Buxton. I am glad to see you here with friends. Tell Mrs Buxton not to worry, because this cloud will pass, and all will be well.—
A. CONAN DOYLE."

My signature on the plate is seen in the right-hand top corner. The message to Mrs Buxton about "this cloud" referred to the trouble of a threatened operation, about which she was worrying. As foretold, the

"cloud" did pass, and an operation was found to be unnecessary. This is an instance of a forecast or premonition of a coming event *through the agency of a psychic photograph*. The marvellous case of Margaret Frailey (p. 239), is another given to us.

On October 31st we sat for communication (the real Communion of Saints), when Sir Arthur manifested and gave the following message:

"I came to give Hope encouragement, for I do not wish him to give up. Also to convince your friends, for it is a perfect foolproof picture and message."

Again on November 2nd we sat, and he came and said:

"I greet you. As you saw I got through with my photograph and message. It will do more good for spirit photography than all the rest. I am trying to do great things, and I trust through you and Hope to do more."

As Lady Doyle said, the writing on the psychic photo is undoubtedly that of Sir Arthur, and the signature is identical. This is one of the most perfectly evidenced cases of psychic or spirit photography proving survival on record, and triumphantly shows not only Sir Arthur's presence, but also his continued interest in the people and affairs of this world; proving to demonstration that

"This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
Whose portal we call death."

November 23rd, 1932.—Yesterday I lost the key of the automatic machine which I made some time ago for distributing my pamphlet, *Present-Day Spirit Phenomena and the Churches*. I searched high and low for it, and ransacked my study, but could not find it. I gave no indication of my loss to the other members of my household. To-day, as the machine required re-filling with pamphlets, I became impatient, and when we sat for psychic phenomena about noon, and Strad and Chopin came, I asked them if they could tell me where the key was. Chopin said, "Wait a minute," and in a few minutes along came Sir Arthur, who said, "I see you have dropped your key at your front door near a mat." I at once ran down to the front door and found the small key with the broken string attached by which it had been attached to my study key lying by the side of the mat and within one inch of its edge!! When Madge and Dorothy came up for the sitting they did not know what I was going to ask about. Nor had they any knowledge of the key. We have had *many* such revealings of the locale of lost articles (*vide* page 161), which alone would be sufficient to prove not only the existence of our spirit communicators but also the fact that they can clearly see what we are doing, and the objects and scenes of our earthly life, completely refuting the absurd notion, frequently put forth, that a spirit can only see through the eyes of the psychic.

January 27th, 1934.—I had written a letter to a certain Anglo-Catholic Bishop who had been condemning the spiritualistic facts and phenomena of *which he confessed he had no experience, and was obviously profoundly ignorant*, and therefore incompetent to judge; a condition which characterises almost the entire body of bishops, dignitaries and clergy at the present time. As we were sitting I asked whether I should send this letter (which my wife and daughter had not seen) and also a copy of my book, *Man's Survival*. Sir Arthur came, and I put the questions to him.

"Shall I send him my book?"

Sir Arthur: "He would not read it if you did."

"Shall I send him the letter I have written?"

Sir Arthur: "You can if you like, but you might as well try to make the leopard change his spots."

In spite of this I thought I would risk it and send both the book and the letter. This I did.

In a few days back came the book which he refused to read—as Sir Arthur said he would—with a note saying that nothing would induce him to accept the spiritualistic evidence. The Archbishop of York returned my book in the same way, and obstinately refused to consider the evidence. One was, in both instances, forcibly reminded of the words of Jesus, "Their eyes have they closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes and should understand in their heart" (Matt. xiii. 15). They did not know, and *did not want to know*.

November 24th, 1934.—My wife, Dorothy and self sat. Sir Arthur came and said that certain film people were offering less than value for certain rights, and that Lady Doyle should stand out for more. He asked us to write at once to her on the subject, and Dorothy promised to do so, and did. On December 15th, she received a letter from Lady Doyle saying that she had been away on holiday, and to make it more restful her correspondence had not been forwarded, so that Dorothy's letter had not come into her hands until the contract had been signed, and it was too late to act upon it. They were much interested in the message, the evidential value of which was clear, as we had no prior knowledge whatsoever of the business in hand.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1935.—Again eight months after the receipt of the message just narrated, my wife and Dorothy sat to-day. Suddenly, in the midst of the sitting which was for another purpose entirely, Sir Arthur broke in with an urgent message, "Tell Lady Doyle at once

"That the message she has got
Is not worth a single jot."

I at once sent this message off by post, and under dates July 27th and August 12th got letters as follows in reply:

"Thinking over the message you sent me from my husband, the more excellent I see it is.

"As a matter of fact I sent out a wireless as it were—a mental question—about something I was very anxious to know (about which she had received prior information) and I asked him to tell me as soon as possible, and he did so within twenty-four hours *through your circle*, saying 'send it at once.' *The message was far more evidential than I can possibly explain to you.*

JEAN CONAN DOYLE."

Again on September 28th, 1935, we were sitting, when suddenly Brock said "There is an S O S message for Lady Doyle which she is waiting for. Her husband is at his home, but cannot get it through. Tell her the papers concerned are misplaced and she must look above—she knows. Tell her to pay no attention to certain disputes and all will be well." I at once sent this message to Lady Doyle, who replied that she had been greatly worried, not being able to find certain things, and that the message had greatly relieved her, and that the word "above" had more meaning than we could possibly know. This was very evidential and a perfect proof of the psychic cross-correspondence between the two centres.

We had had no previous correspondence with Lady Doyle on these matters prior to receiving the messages, and knew absolutely nothing about them.

These messages from Sir Arthur have frequently shown solicitude for the welfare of his wife and family. Here is a startling instance.

Shortly before Christmas 1935, Sir Arthur manifested, telling us to warn his son Dennis not to continue motor racing, or he would have an accident. This warning was repeated, and my daughter Dorothy saw his car running into a hedge. Dorothy sent the message to Lady Doyle and received her acknowledgment. Probably, owing to enthusiasm and keenness for the sport, the warning was not heeded, and Dennis continued the racing, until on July 19th, when competing for the Leinster Trophy, near Dublin, he struck a hedge and the car turned completely over on to him. He was injured in the head and chest and spent some time in hospital. The accident took place while a thunderstorm was raging.

That his big heart and broad sympathies still reach out in a wide tolerance to others, is also shown by an incident which occurred shortly before this book went to press. One morning I received a letter from one of the school that evidently believes

"We are God's chosen few
All others will be damned."

The writer said that while he had not read my book, the fact that Conan Doyle had commended it, made him anxious for my salvation. I assured him that he need not worry about me, and as for Conan Doyle I knew that he *was* "saved" and was gloriously happy in that other world, for I had talked with him for scores of hours—often on this very theme. As it fell out Sir Arthur manifested that very afternoon, and

I told him what my correspondent had said. He replied: "Tell him I am praying for him, and that before the end of the year he will change his opinion."

To come now to an intervention on my behalf. On April 16th, 1936, I was struck down by a serious illness, doctors and specialist declared that an *immediate operation* was the only chance, and one doctor said that I might be dead in two hours, while another told my son that he was going to lose his father. Faced with this grave crisis I temporised and asked for a little time to consider. The doctors retired, and we sat, and Sir Arthur came and *peremptorily forbade* the operation, saying that it was not necessary, and that I should recover from the trouble without it.

We therefore refused the operation. Sir Arthur came frequently, watching the course of the disease and advising what to do. He also foretold ten days ahead the exact day of the crisis and the happening which opened up the barrier to recovery, all of which was *exactly* fulfilled. After a terrible time of suffering, the particular trouble threatening an operation was completely overcome, and I recovered, as he said.

The foreknowledge of events shown on this occasion was again evidenced on July 13th, 1936, when Sir Arthur told us that there would be war in August, and our world would be "topsy-turvy." This was some ten days *before* war suddenly broke out in Spain on the secret landing of the Patriot forces, and very soon the whole country was a hell of hideous Red cruelty, bloodshed, murder, rapine and pillage, adding one more instance of the knowledge and prevision of future events shown by him and that band of departed spirits, now glorified in the fuller life with whom we have been privileged to hold communication.

I conclude the account of this remarkable series of manifestations by one which has so far been unique in our experiences. On Saturday, October 10th, 1936, I had been awake a few minutes and was sitting up in bed preparatory to rising—my wife occupying an adjoining room owing to an attack of 'flu, which had laid me up for some days. As I sat up in bed, suddenly there resounded on the floor at the side of the bed and within four feet of me a tremendous blow, exactly as though done with a fairly heavy hammer struck very smartly. It was so imperative and so very evidently close to me in the room that it startled me much. I at once leaped out of bed and examined the spot and everything around, but nothing had fallen or was displaced. I felt certain that it was psychic, but had scarce time to frame the thought ere I heard my wife outside my door, which was bolted on the inside, asking to come in, and saying that she had something very extraordinary to tell me.

I opened the door, and she, standing in the passage, told me that she had just awakened from an extraordinary vision, in which she had seen Dr Bruce Low, a well-known Sunderland doctor who used to attend her people and herself, and he began to talk to her. He was

then joined by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who, as Bruce Low was of short stature, seemed quite gigantic beside him. Sir Arthur began to tell her that she must take iodine and potassium. Bruce Low seemed to concur in this. Sir Arthur then laid his hand on the side of her head and she could feel his fingers on her temple. In awaking from the vision she rose and drew up the blind, and on passing the wardrobe mirror was astonished to observe something on the side of her face. She at once ran out of the room and came to my door. As she concluded this account, she said to me, "What is this on the side of my face?" I accompanied her into the adjoining room where there was a good light, and when she turned the side of her face to the light for inspection, I was amazed to see on her temple the strongly marked dark reddish brown impressions of the broad fingers of a man! On closer inspection I was positively staggered to see that these dark brown finger-marks were not merely dark reddish brown stains, but that they were actually deeply impressed and sunk into the flesh, and this was plainly evident both to touch and sight. The broad impressions were more than one-sixteenth of an inch deep, while the flesh stood up to twice this height between the fingers! The combined effect of the dark reddish brown colour and the deep depressions in the flesh produced an appearance as though they had been *branded* in by a hot-iron brand, just as one sees initial letters branded into the horns of a sheep!! I was so astonished at this sight that I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own sight and touch. My wife now ran out and called her daughters Dorothy and Sylvia, and they both saw the broad finger-marks deeply imprinted into the flesh and also noted their dark red-brown colour, as did also my son whom we summoned. The finger-prints or impressions were those of the first and second fingers of a *man*, and each impression was about one and three-quarter inches long, each finger being shown beyond the first joint. The finger-prints were broad and square at the ends (my wife's are *not*, but small and tapered) and at first one could see the whorls or little circles of the skin reticulations!! These were particularly noticed by my two daughters, and I also saw them. My wife now began to be in some alarm, fearing that the marks might lead to permanent disfigurement, and she rushed for a towel and soap, and there and then gave the marks a good scrubbing and wiped them hard with the towel. This proceeding had no effect whatsoever on them, and no stain came off either into the water or on the white towel. My wife now became rather anxious, and spent the next quarter of an hour in considerable agitation. At the end of this time I again made a careful inspection of these astounding imprints, and came to the conclusion that they were not so vivid as when first seen half an hour previously, and realising of what extraordinary interest this phenomenon was, I ran downstairs to my dark room, and placing a plate in a slide returned and at once took a photograph of the side of my wife's face by the light shining through the bedroom window giving twenty-five seconds exposure and stop f.8. On developing, I

got a good negative showing the broad finger-prints clearly, but on too small a scale to show the whorls or reticulations which at first were visible.

The depressions made by the fingers are clearly shown, but I wish to emphasise the fact that when first seen they were *much deeper in the flesh and much darker in colour* than when the photograph was taken. The finger-prints now began to fade and the still quite deep impression in the flesh to become shallower, and by 1.20 p.m. they had practically disappeared, though traces of them could still be seen right on to the evening. I at once wrote to Lady Doyle, and without giving her any account of the happening, asked her whether Sir Arthur's fingers were square at the tips. I received the following reply:

"WINDLESHAM, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX,
October 12th, 1936.

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—I am just writing to say that Sir Arthur's fingers were square at the tips.
JEAN CONAN DOYLE."

The loud blow or knock made in my room very evidently signalled or accompanied the manifestation of the finger-impressions and undoubtedly proceeded from the same spirit personality. At a sitting later in the day, Sir Arthur said that he had caused the phenomena with the idea of impressing his advice upon my wife's mind, and that the finger-prints were not intended to be permanent; and in view of the many marvels which we have experienced through other spirit personalities, I believe him. My wife never had a similar experience.

The incidents and messages here given constitute but a small portion of the many in which Sir Arthur has communicated wholly or in part, but I have given these as being of an extraordinarily convincing and evidential nature. They are abundantly sufficient to prove to the unbiassed and intelligent reader that Sir Arthur *still carries on*, as keenly interested in the great cause and as much alive as ever.

For the last eight years Sir Arthur has thus manifested steadily to us, and continues to do so.

Within a few days of his passing, he definitely joined that remarkable band of spirits who have for so long made their presence felt here and entered into the details and experiences of our daily life at Weston. Under the providence of God, having been "ministered unto" in this truth, he became in turn one of the "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of this salvation," testifying now from beyond the grave to that truth which he so earnestly laboured to carry world-wide.

"This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

CHAPTER IX

THE PREMONITIONS AND THEIR FULFILMENT

"The word revealed to Seers of old,
As oft in sacred story told,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind."

EMERSON.

Behold I will make thee to know what shall be.—DANIEL viii. 19.

When the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known, that the Lord hath truly sent him.—JEREMIAH xxviii. 9.

THAT premonitions, or informations concerning coming events, have been received from spirit personalities, independent of and other than those persons who have been the recipients of the information, is an *experience* which has been testified to by mankind from the earliest times. To paraphrase Dr Johnson, one may truly say that "there is no nation—either rude and unlearned, or cultured and leading the van of civilisation—which has not given unswerving testimony to this phase of human experience, which testimony could not have been widely agreed on all over the world by people who never saw or heard of each other, but the existence of this universal, widespread testimony shows the experience to be a true one."

The testimony is *cumulative*. When a prophecy is made and the result fulfils the prophecy, that is impressive and arrests attention; but when the experience is repeated a hundred or a thousand-fold, then the testimony becomes overwhelming.

This phase of spirit manifestation I have treated at length in my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, giving many wonderful instances, and it will therefore not be necessary for me to enter into the arguments there set forth; but it will suffice to marshal such as are for the most part concerned with the personalities mentioned in this work. Many of the incidents previously related and some in succeeding chapters partake of this premonitory nature, but their relation to some other event causes them not to be included in this particular chapter. Most of those which are here narrated are more especially connected with the principal personalities figuring in this book, and constitute evidence of *their* existence as spirit personalities who are independent either of the sitter or of any other persons in the mortal body, and also of their veracity and reliability.

In *Man's Survival after Death* I narrate a series of the most remarkable premonitions on record which befell us in our Vicarage at Weston. A particular effort seems to have been made by the Spirit World to give us spirit warnings evidenced by the most astonishing manifestations. On one occasion Chopin said "A powerful band of spirit people has been concerned in the production of this book for the ultimate benefit of mankind," and in view of the marvellous experiences which we have been privileged to receive, I can well believe it. I here give some of the most remarkable by way of introduction to the marvellous series which more especially concern this present volume. To the truth of all these I am prepared to testify on oath, as are the other witnesses concerned.

With this preliminary note I will at once plunge *in medias res*.

On Sunday, April 9th, 1911, I arrived home from Church about 8 p.m., and was at once informed by my wife that she and the servants had had a most thrilling and almost unbelievable experience which had frightened and amazed them all very much. She called the two maids, Rosetta and Ida, into the room and they all together gave me the following account which I wrote down, they all signing the account, taking oath solemnly on the New Testament that it was true. They informed me that about 7.40 they were all together, my wife and the two servants, in the kitchen, when they were astounded beyond measure to see appear in the doorway leading from the kitchen into the passage a woman clad in white with long black hair loose and hanging down to her waist, and bearing on her hands, to their unutterable amazement, a coffin with handles and a name-plate; this she turned and manipulated until she got it through the door, and then held it up on her hands before them! It was more like a box than a coffin, being very broad in proportion to its length.

They all saw the handles on the sides and the name-plate on the top, but could not distinguish the name. They all screamed, whereupon the woman turned, manœuvring the coffin again through the doorway and hurried down the passage with it. Recovering somewhat from their fright they followed and saw the woman reach the end of the passage and then turn up the broad front staircase. At the first floor landing the woman turned and went down the back stairs, still bearing the coffin, they following. At the foot of the stairs the woman again went along the passage to the foot of the front staircase, and seemed to pass through the dining-room door, which was shut, and so vanished. While they were all on the front staircase following the woman, all the bells rang together in one great peal. I listened to this recital with some incredulity, but they persisted steadfastly in their statement, and I could see by their earnestness and the effect it had produced on them that they were certain as to what they had seen. Having at this time learned how to communicate, we now endeavoured to do so, and so gain some information as to the meaning of this tremendous demonstration, but, *unlike other occasions, not a single word could we get*. There was a dead silence, and we were all much perturbed, wondering what it could mean. Note the sequel.

On April 12th, three days later, Mr W. W. Baggally, one of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, came on his second visit to us, and stayed for nearly three weeks.

On Sunday, April 23rd, 1933, I left the Vicarage for the Church, distant one and a quarter miles, at about 5.20 p.m. for service at 6 p.m. Mr Baggally and my wife followed, leaving the Vicarage at 5.45—the servants and children remaining on this occasion at the Vicarage. Mr Baggally, myself and my wife returned together, arriving at the Vicarage about 7.45 p.m. To our surprise all was in darkness, and we had to knock loudly to gain admission. At last, after much unlocking and unbolting, the servants and children opened the door, all very excited. The house was in darkness, as they had shut themselves up all together in the kitchen, being afraid to go about the house. They then excitedly told us the following extraordinary narrative:

Half an hour after my wife and Mr Baggally had left the house for Church the girl Ida went upstairs to the nursery on the third floor to change her dress. While there she heard beautiful singing coming from the Grey Room, which is at the other end of the house on the same floor. She ran downstairs with the dress in her hand to the other girl Rosetta and told her, and together they came up to the landing below the third floor and listened. Both heard the most beautiful singing coming from the Grey Room, and this continued for quite five minutes. It sounded like a hymn, though they could not distinguish the words, but the tune was that of the hymn "Peace, Perfect Peace." Rosetta described the singing as a kind of crooning or humming very sweetly sung, but the words not distinguishable. The singing or crooning ceased, and they heard a loud crash come from the Grey Room. At the first crash they both fled downstairs, and as they were running, a second loud crash was heard, which made them run even faster. All the children were below stairs. Gathering them together, they shut themselves up in the kitchen and remained there until they heard us knocking for admittance.

Immediately we heard this, Mr Baggally and myself ran up to the Grey Room. The door was shut. We entered the room together, and saw to our astonishment the wardrobe overturned and lying on its face in the middle of the room; two chairs were also overset, and the wood frame of the wash-hand stand was partly wrenched asunder!

Mr Baggally at once carefully examined the top of the wardrobe for finger-prints, but found no trace of any. He strictly questioned the maids and put them on oath, but he could not shake their testimony nor did they vary in the slightest degree in their account of what had happened. The children were outside the house when the singing and crashes were heard.

On Tuesday morning, April 25th, I received a letter saying that my Aunt Hannah had died on Sunday evening at 6.15 p.m., the exact time that the maids heard the singing and crashes!!

I went to the funeral on Wednesday the 26th, and without telling

them a single word of our experiences at Weston I enquired whether aunt had been musical. The relatives informed me that she had been a noted singer in her youth. I then asked whether she had any favourite hymn. They at once answered, "Yes! 'Peace, Perfect Peace.'" I now said, "Did she sing it often?" They replied, "Yes, every day for six months before she died. She was blind most of the time, and this hymn served to console her in her affliction." I then asked, "Did she sing it towards the close of her life?" They replied "Yes! she sang it up to the last two days before her death," and then added, without any suggestion from me, "*When she could no longer sing it she hummed it.*" This was *conclusive*, and not until they had told me this did I inform them of our experience at Weston. (For copies of signed documents covering the whole of this case, vide *Man's Survival*, pp. 197 and 198.) Neither I nor anyone in my house had any knowledge of the illness of my aunt, from whom, or from whose family, we had not heard for several years.

My wife and the servants all said that the coffin seen on April 9th was so broad and short that it looked more like a box than a coffin. They particularly emphasized this point. At the funeral I noted with feelings of awe and astonishment that this was the *exact* description of the coffin which I saw borne to the grave! aunt being stout and of very short stature. The approaching decease of my aunt was thus foreshadowed by a spirit apparition exhibiting a symbol of death and burial fourteen days *before* the death took place, and when we were entirely ignorant of her illness; and at the exact time of her death fifteen miles across country from Weston, the hymn which she constantly sang and crooned up to the last was heard crooned in my Vicarage by two persons, and our wardrobe was overturned, our chairs upset and wash-hand stand broken apart without the intervention of any human hands! Mr Baggally, chief investigator of the S.P.R., after a careful discussion and examination of the facts, declared that it was the most perfectly evidential case of the kind that he ever heard of, and I think readers will agree that it is difficult to imagine anything more convincing, evidential, or impressive.

Persons ignorant of, and inexperienced in, these things say such things are due to telepathy. *Telepathy does not give warning of events weeks BEFORE they happen, nor does telepathy overthrow heavy wardrobes.*

The second of these cases concerns the passing of my dear mother, Mary Tweedale, and is full of that dramatic element and interest which has characterised so many of the spirit manifestations which it has been our privilege to experience, and which indicates an organised and intelligent attempt to give us evidence of the existence of spiritual beings, and also of their interest in ourselves and our affairs. This, together with a most noticeable "guardian angel" attitude, have been marked features of these wonderful experiences, and have brought us unspeakable consolation even in the midst of bereavement.

On June 24th, 1912, my wife, being in our bedroom, heard a peculiar percussive, puffing sound coming from the walnut wardrobe, the door of which was partly open. Speaking aloud to herself, she said, "I believe that confounded cat has got into the wardrobe." Instantly a voice sounded from the interior of the wardrobe, saying, "No! no! John! John! I have a message, message." A little later another and different voice sounded again from the wardrobe, saying, "Tell Charley that Mary is coming soon." My wife at once told me of these voices, and I duly recorded them in my journal under date June 24th, 1912.

On Tuesday, April 22nd, 1913, shortly before 3 p.m., my wife was gardening. While in the act of thrusting a spade into the earth with her foot, to her intense surprise she saw a large white bird come and perch on the toe of her boot! Amazement kept her still for a few seconds, and then she endeavoured to seize it quickly, but it escaped from under her hand and flew straight up, like a rocketing pheasant, until it was lost to view in the blue of the sky. She threw down the spade and ran into the house to tell me, noting the time as she passed the clock, and so came to me in my study. I at once said, "I don't think it was an ordinary bird. Let us sit and see if there is a message." We did so at once, and as soon as communication was established, I said, "Was the bird a symbol?" "Yes." "Of what?" "Death." "Of whom?" No answer. "Of someone we know?" "Yes." "Have you a message?" "Yes, notice the time." The communication then ceased.

My wife had noticed the time as she ran in. It was five minutes to three. We did not mention the incident either to the children or to the servants or to my mother, who was then living with us, but *kept it most carefully from them all*. On Wednesday I posted an account of this vision and message to Mr Wallis, Editor of *Light*, and to W. W. Baggally, Esq., one of the Council of the S.P.R., and as mother began to complain of a tightness on her chest, although she did not seem to ail much or to have any cold, I was so much impressed by the vision and message of Tuesday that I sent for Dr Galloway of Otley, and he arrived on Thursday morning.

When he had concluded his examination of mother I awaited him in my dining-room and said, "Well, Doctor, how do you find the patient?" Turning quickly round upon me with his hands behind his back he replied instantly, and without any beating about the bush, "Well, I think she is going to die." "To die, Doctor!" I exclaimed. "Yes!" he replied, "not just yet, but soon." He then informed me that the lung was solidifying. I now told him for the first time of the vision and the message, which he acknowledged afterwards, and by which he was much impressed. Mother now took to her bed and began to get slowly weaker. Nearly a month later, on May 19th, eight persons called on me whom I had never seen or heard of before. They, being interested in psychic things, had called on me in passing. After a little talk, hearing that mother was ill in bed, they asked to see her, and standing around her bed they sang a

hymn, mother joining in with them. *After leaving the room* one of them—a Mrs Stubbs—whom we had never previously seen or heard of—turned to my wife and said, "It has just been given to me clairaudiently that she will be found dead in bed within a five. I think this is five weeks, not five months." She then repeated this to me and to the others. This was *after* she had left the room where mother was.

I laughed it off, saying, "Oh no! Mother is better." Needless to say we did *not* mention this, or the doctor's report, to mother, the servants or the children. Time passed and we had quite forgotten the prediction, but Mother gradually got weaker and began to show such a gentle and refined spirit and such poetic feeling that it was a most impressive experience to be with her. When left alone for a little space she would begin to sing some old tune and loved hymn, and I sometimes went into her room and joined in with her, and once, taking in my violin, we sang together and I played the tune. She said to me, "I am soon going to be 'whiter than the snow and with those who wear the white robes.'" Her smile became exceeding sweet and her appearance more youthful, a flush as of youth showing on her face, and she seemed to have lost all fear and apprehension of death and to be looking forward to some blessed change of which she knew the secret. I read the fourteenth and twenty-first chapters of St. John's Gospel, and we discussed them and talked over the wonderful glimpses of the spirit world and the life of the hereafter, which it had been our privilege to behold.

She had been an excellent musician and possessed a clear, good voice and oft sang and played delightfully up to the spring of the year. In the afternoon of June 21st we heard her singing in a full, beautiful, strong voice—a veritable swan-song:

"Swing low, sweet chariot! coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot! coming now to carry me home."

Later in the afternoon, about tea-time, we were talking and chatting with her. She was singularly sweet and gracious, so calm and happy, peaceful and contented. Her gaze seemed to bless all she looked upon. Suddenly she said that she had seen her father, Charles Coates, pass through the room. Then she saw her younger sister Annie, who died sixty years previously, and then Leah and Elizabeth and others who had "crossed the narrow sea." Suddenly she cried out to my wife, "Oh, they are showing your father close to you." She described him, and then said, "Now you look beautiful. You are surrounded with a beautiful green light." After gazing some time she said, "He has gone, but Madge, there is *such* a lot of trouble coming for you." Then the clairvoyant visions of the departed—glimpses of those who were *waiting for her*—ceased and she continued to smile sweetly, happily and contentedly upon us all. One thing we could not understand and that was why they should show her my wife's father, for he was hale and hearty, or why she should say that such a lot of trouble was coming for her; but when

on November 5th my wife's father suddenly died, and on December 25th her brother died without a moment's warning, then we understood this wonderful other-world sight of a dying person.

"The Chamber where the good do meet their fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life,
Quite in the verge of heaven."

Thus she lingered, smiling and peaceful and well content, waiting for the chariot to swing low and carry her home.

The following day, on June 24th, 1913, exactly thirty-five days—five weeks—after the prediction, our new servant maid, Marion Thompson, awoke very early in the morning, and thinking it was time to get up, roused the other servant Alice. Earlier in the night she had been very restless and told Alice that she had a presentiment that "something was going to happen." They looked at the clock and, finding that *it was five minutes to three a.m.*, went to sleep again.

At 8 a.m. Alice took the usual cup of tea to mother's bedroom door and, no one answering, went in. Mother was lying there, but did not answer. Alice gave the alarm, and we all rushed in to find her stretched dead on the bed, exactly five weeks—thirty-five days—after May 24th, 1912—(note the same day of same month), on the anniversary of which day "Mary" did join the speaker in the spirit world—and the vision and message of April 22nd, 1913. Wrapped in slumber I had not heard:

"The silent oar
That parts the silent river, when the soul
Is wafted to its bourne,"

but the approach of the barque had been signalled.

Had the servants known of the prediction they might have realised what was happening when they were thus awakened at that significant "five minutes to three"; but they knew nothing, and so lay down again. When found at 8 a.m. the body still retained traces of warmth, and rigidity (which usually begins about seven hours after death) had not yet set in; the conditions all pointing to death about five hours previously—"five minutes to three." The interment took place in the family vault at Crawshawbooth, distant some forty miles by rail. We were to stay the night in the house occupied by mother thirty-one years previously, and in the small hours of the morning we were shown into the bedroom in which she formerly slept. A clock was ticking on the mantelpiece, and on going up to it it indicated *exactly five minutes to three!*

Such a train of events is beyond the possibility of chance or coincidence; and assumes an evidential power and character which is at once overwhelming and indisputable.

Some of these earlier premonitions (vide *Man's Survival*) were the work of Stradiarius, some of the most remarkable being given by him.

These forecasts are of the most varied nature and refer to events of differing types. Sometimes they give information concerning the passing of persons from this life to the next. At this we need not wonder as they are important events. As a rule, however, this is done (as in this instance which I now narrate) in a very tactful manner. On January 16th, 1917, a spirit personality giving the name of "Aunt Esther," who died seventeen years previously, manifested to my wife and self, saying, "Death is near for Joshua," and that "they would then be together in heaven." This personality had never manifested to us previously. I at once wrote the account of this in the form of a letterette which I sealed up with wax and seal, placing the postage stamp and the address on the actual letter sheet so that it might bear the official date of posting, and sending a covering letter to my cousin, giving her no information as to the contents of the sealed letter, but telling her not to open it until I gave her permission. Three weeks later, February 6th, I got a hasty post card from her saying that my uncle, her father, was taken seriously ill. I wrote by the next post, telling her to open the sealed letter. She replied saying that she had done so and noted its contents, but had *not* told her father, as the doctor said he was to be kept quiet. She went on to narrate how a most remarkable thing had happened that afternoon. As she stood at his bed's foot, her father suddenly cried out that he saw his wife (Aunt Esther) looking exactly as she did twenty years before. He directed his daughter's attention to the figure and asked if she could not see it. On February 24th my deceased aunt again manifested to us both and gave the further message, "Friday is the day." I sent this message also as a letterette bearing postage stamp and official date on the back of the actual letter sheet. The Friday following, dropsy set in, and uncle rapidly began to sink, and died in the night of the following Friday, his mortal remains being buried at the Church of White Chapel, Cleckheaton, on March 21st, 1917. My cousin has the officially stamped predictions and I have her post cards and letters, also her signed account of the whole affair, so this case is evidenced *beyond the possibility* of denial or dispute.

Here is another of our experiences forecasting a little tragedy which, while not involving human life, is equally evidential:

March 15th, 1927.—Dorothy told her sisters this morning, and afterwards narrated it to myself and wife, that she had dreamt that two kittens we had, one a black one, the other a grey one, had been attacked in their sleeping-box out in the shed by some animal, and that the grey one was worried and the black one escaped but was wounded. She also informed us that the grey one seemed to be eaten, and that she saw its two paws held up close together among ivy leaves. We did not take much notice of this at the time, as the kittens seemed to be quite secure and well protected by the mother.

April 19th, 1927.—This morning on going out early we found that the hay in the kittens' box was all scattered and there were signs of a big struggle, the black kitten being wounded and bleeding from the head and very badly frightened. The grey kitten had disappeared. We were greatly astonished at this, remembering Dorothy's dream related to us all a month ago. Remembering that she described the paws of the grey kitten as lying among ivy leaves, I searched the grounds high and low and in all places where ivy grew, but could not find a trace of the grey kitten.

April 28th.—The grey kitten still missing, and no trace of it can be found.

Thursday, May 19th.—In the evening my daughters came running to tell me that my son Herschell has just discovered the body of the grey kitten as he was removing some firewood stacked against the east wall of the garden. I ran with them to the spot, which was close to the growing stump of a willow tree some six feet high. Behind this willow ran the wall upon which ivy grew for two or three yards. Thick staves of firewood had been stacked near the willow and against the wall. The removal of some of these disclosed a sort of cave between the willow and the wall and under the wood, and in this lay the grey kitten. My son had not touched it, but at once ran in to tell us. I stooped down on hands and knees and peered into the "cave," and there saw a pitiful sight which astonished me. *In the midst of brown withered ivy leaves, which had drifted in, was a tiny face looking upward with two little paws close together and pathetically held up as in prayer, exactly as described to me by Dorothy on March 15th, more than two months previously, and a month before the kitten was killed!*

On examination I found that the hindquarters of the little creature *had been eaten* exactly as foretold to me two months previously! It had evidently been chased over the garden, taken refuge in the "cave," and there been killed and partly devoured.

This amazing premonition is as significant—as a premonition and in its perfect fulfilment—as though it concerned a human life. The same foreknowledge is exhibited, the evidence is as striking, and was undoubtedly given us as one more evidence that those spiritual beings around us could and did know what the future has in store. Who shall say that it does not also emphasize the words of the Christ that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our heavenly Father's knowledge."

One of the most remarkable of these forecasts given to my wife by Stradiarius, as he afterwards informed us, occurred in the night of August 15th to 16th, 1913, and was in connection with the aeroplane race around England and Scotland in August of that year. My wife awoke at 8 a.m. on Saturday the 16th, just as the letters were brought up to our bedroom door. I took in the letters and the newspapers which had come by post. *Before I opened any of them* she began to tell me of a

remarkable dream she had during the night about the approaching aeroplane race around Great Britain.

1. She said that she saw in her dream three aeroplanes with "flappers" (floats) underneath them making a great noise and flying over her head.

2. That only two of these flew the race.

3. That the race had to be flown over again in some way. This she repeated several times.

4. She had the impression in her dream that two men were killed or hurt. She saw them lying on the ground as though dead or disabled (she was not sure on this point), and said that only one man in the race achieved success or gained anything.

When she had concluded this narration I said, "But only two machines are flying." She replied, "Well! I saw three." I now tore off the wrapper of the newspaper and read that two machines were to start that morning, the portraits of the pilots being given. Immediately after breakfast I wrote and sent by post to Mr Wallis, Editor of *Light*, at 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, an account of this dream. This was on August 16th.

On Monday, August 18th, the *Daily Mail* contained an account of the failure of one of the pilots, stating that Mr Hawker, after flying two hundred and forty miles, had been overcome by engine fumes and that another man was to take his place. In the afternoon I told the dream to a Mr S. Rhodes of Glenside, Askwith, who made notes of it in his pocket-book, and also to Mr J. Simpson, Ironmonger, of Otley.

Thursday, August 19th.—The *Daily Mail* stated that Mr Pickles, who took Mr Hawker's place, had been unable to rise from the sea, owing to rough weather, and therefore the race was to be restarted from Southampton, thus most remarkably fulfilling that part of the dream. In the afternoon of this day I wrote to Mr W. W. Baggally, who is on the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, and one of their chief investigators, telling him full details of the dream and asking him to verify my letter by writing to the Editor of *Light*. This letter he acknowledged in due course.

Tuesday, August 26th.—After a lapse of seven days the race was resumed, Mr Hawker and Mr Kauper starting from Southampton. My wife kept saying during the evening, "They will never get round; they will never get round."

Wednesday, August 27th.—Just after the children had gone to school at 1.20 p.m., my wife went upstairs into the Red Room. She was standing before the large mirror of the dressing-table reading a letter, when she saw reflected in the mirror the figure of a boat. It was as long as the width of the mirror and rather slender. Suddenly it broke in the middle and the two ends bent up and the boat flew all to pieces. She at once ran downstairs to me and told me. I was therefore in possession of the information about the breaking-up of the boat about 1.30 p.m. When my daughter Marjorie returned from school at 3.30 my wife at once told

her also. I at once wrote letters to Mr Wallis, Editor of *Light*, and to Mr Baggally of the S.P.R., and gave them to the postman myself as he passed.

Thursday, August 28th.—The *Daily Mail* of this morning states that the aeroplane was wrecked and broken all to pieces off the coast of Ireland at 1.15 p.m. yesterday. The accident thus happened a few minutes before my wife's vision of the breaking boat yesterday. When the full account of the accident came to be published in the papers it transpired that when the aeroplane struck the water as it fell into the sea, the *boat-shaped floats* broke in the middle, where they were attached to the plane by the iron struts, and that the ends of the boat-shaped floats *doubled up and the floats flew all to pieces*, exactly as my wife had seen them in the mirror and described them to me!!

This marvellous dream and vision is particularly well attested, being evidenced beyond the possibility of denial.

If we compare the dream and vision with the actual incidents, it will be seen to be truly prophetic, and as real and evidential as any prophecy in Holy Writ, and that without any exception. Here is the comparison:

August 15th

Three aeroplanes with "flappers" (boat-shaped floats) seen.	Three men take part in the flight, Mr Hawker, Mr Kauper and Mr Pickles, though only two started at first.
---	---

Two men seen as dead, disabled or <i>hors de combat</i> .	Mr Hawker injured, Mr Kauper badly cut, and his arm broken.
---	---

One man seen as succeeding or benefiting.	Mr Hawker alone benefits and gets £1000.
---	--

The race seen "to have to be done over again."	Race re-started from Southampton seven days after the first attempt.
--	--

August 27th

At Weston Vicarage at 1.20 p.m. a long boat-shaped thing seen to break in the middle, the ends to bend up and then fly all to pieces.	Aeroplane falls into the sea off the coast of Ireland. The boat-shaped floats break in the middle, the ends bend up and they fly to pieces. Time: 1.15 p.m.; August 27th.
---	---

A full account of this wonderful prophetic communication and vision appeared in *Light* for September 6th, 1913, and at the end of the account the Editor appends the following note:

"Mr Tweedale's letters referred to above can be seen at this office.

EDITOR, *Light*."

I also hold a letter dated September 2nd from Mr Baggally of the S.P.R. acknowledging receipt of my letters concerning the dream prediction and the vision which he said he would bring before the S.P.R. *They took no notice of it.*

I sent a full account at the time of this marvellous affair to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, the paper which organised the race and paid the money to the victor. *No notice whatsoever was taken of it.* I have since on several occasions, the last time in 1934, sent the account to the *Daily Mail* and urged publication, only to be met with the same obstinate disregard and deliberate refusal. The policy of *suppressio veri*, when it relates to the reality of spiritual evidences and manifestations, is an old one, well known in Ecclesiastical and Press circles, but the facts have a nasty way of coming out on top and finally triumphing. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* Still, as Sir Oliver Lodge remarked with withering sarcasm when broadcasting on March 12th, 1933, and speaking of the policy of suppression and misrepresentation with which these psychic facts are and have been met by the Church and the Press, "I am not surprised at the blindness of certain priests who have a particular system of theology to maintain, but I am surprised at those whose business it is to examine and report on truth."

Here we have what has frequently been asked for in modern times—a perfectly evidenced forecast of a future event placed on record with many witnesses, in writing, and from three to eleven days *before* the events foretold happened, and one which no one can deny.

To come now to a more tragical forecast.

Early in October 1920 a gentleman called on me enquiring about psychic things. A few days afterwards one of his sons called for us in his car and drove us to a neighbouring town, where we spent the evening with them. We returned in the same car at 11 p.m., the son driving with his friend by his side, the road brilliantly illuminated by the powerful headlights. We were just clearing the outskirts of the town when *three of us* all saw a tall, white figure like a woman spring up out of the road a few yards ahead of the car. There was no time to draw up, and we apparently ran the figure down. All three cried out simultaneously, "Did you see that?" We felt no jolt and there was no woman on the road, but we were all much startled and mystified by the occurrence. The driver thought it was a warning of danger on the road and drove very carefully on the return journey. It was indeed a warning, for only a short time afterwards the brother of the driver, driving the same car, ran down and killed a woman on the outskirts of the same town not very far from the same spot!! I have the full newspaper and other reports of it.

Again (December 18th, 1938), after a road vision given by Tabitha to the driver, a car was nearly wrecked three minutes after we had vacated it.

In the next instance the information was also transmitted by Tabitha, the young girl whose apparition has often been seen (vide *Man's Survival*,

and elsewhere in this book) and who has often communicated very evidential messages. She, in this instance, acted as the messenger from Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer (as Strad afterwards informed us), as he was then unable to communicate personally, which he has since done on several occasions.

As an astronomer I had for many years looked forward to the total eclipse of the sun, which was calculated to occur on June 29th, 1927, shortly before half-past five in the morning, and was the first to be seen in Great Britain for more than two hundred years. In connection with this notable event we had the following very remarkable and impressive psychic experiences and premonitions, the account of which appeared in the *Bradford Observer* and several other papers.

The almost unbroken cloudy and dull weather of the fourteen days previous to the eclipse made the ordinary chance of viewing the spectacle a remote one, and for several days previously I had been filled with a strong, overwhelming conviction that the sky at Giggleswick (to which place I had arranged to go) would not be clear, save by the providence of God working through spiritual means.

Though I hoped that the other places selected for observation on the central line would have a clear view, I had also a strong presentiment that they would not. These were my views on the subject on Tuesday, June 21st.

On that night we had a psychical manifestation in our own room (the door of which was locked), an object being levitated a considerable distance, with a loud noise.

On Sunday night, June 26th, I had a most vivid dream that we would be successful at Giggleswick in seeing the eclipse.

In my dream I saw a man kneeling upon the ground, praying, with his hands outstretched. I then saw a shadowy form standing by his side, which I realised was a spirit; and someone said to me in my dream, "It is the invisible man that counts." Then I awoke.

Tuesday, June 28th, 12.15 a.m.—Just after we had couched, we heard a loud noise at the foot of the bed exactly like the fall of a heavy bale of carpet dropped from a height. I instantly got up and searched the room, but found nothing displaced and the door bolted.

During the day I had a profound conviction that the visibility of the eclipse at Giggleswick would be providential and brought about by spiritual means. For some days I had said repeatedly that we should see the eclipse by a providential intervention. I repeated this afterwards when on our journey.

On Tuesday afternoon I wrote in my diary, "Sky overcast for the last *fourteen days*, and now one unbroken cloud, but I feel confident that God will send His angel and show forth His glory, and also show that He is the God who answers prayer by 'signs and wonders' to-day, as in days of old. I feel confident that the curtain of cloud will be drawn aside, and we shall see the eclipse, 'as through a window in Heaven.' I also have

a strong presentiment that at most of the other places the eclipse may not be seen."

I read this statement out to my family, and it was signed by my wife, son and three daughters before 5 p.m. on the 28th, the day before the eclipse.

We retired that night early, but, as far as I was concerned, not to sleep. During the first three hours of the night my wife informed me that she heard a voice speaking to her, but could not clearly distinguish the words. About midnight she again heard the voice, this time distinctly, saying: "Five plus five minus two." This was twice repeated.

This greatly astonished us and was wholly unintelligible. We could not even surmise its meaning. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 29th we set out for Giggleswick, the sky being covered by thick clouds and the outlook about as black as it could be.

At 5 a.m. we were at our station in the reserved area, within a few yards of the domed chapel and the Royal Observatory Camp. Thousands of motor-cars were parked in the vicinity and tens of thousands of people—most of them provided with dark screens—were collected on the neighbouring hills and vantage points, the hill overlooking the chapel and camp being black with them.

Shortly after 5 a.m. the clouds broke somewhat in the east, midway between the zenith and the horizon, and the rays from the hidden sun could be seen streaming up from behind a low bank of cloud like heralds of a coming dawn.

Slowly the sun struggled through, fitfully visible ever and anon, and at 5.30 the first contact with the moon's disc was seen through cloud. For the next three-quarters of an hour the partly eclipsed sun was observed with varying success through drifting haze and cloud. During this period of expectancy one saw and heard with astonishment a skylark soaring high overhead in the rapidly waning light.

At 6 a.m. I erected my camera, furnished with a 12-inch focus lens, and made my preparations. At about 6.10 a huge, black cloud showed up to the right of the sun, drifting slowly and horizontally as if to cover it, and it appeared certain that it would do so.

Murmurs of dismay could be heard all around. The excitement and suspense became intense. It was realised that the contest between cloud and sun was trembling in the balance. At 6.15 the broad, heavy mass of cloud became narrower, and was formed into a band about five degrees in width, but still dense enough to obscure, and still drifting ominously toward the sun, which now began to wade through its upper ragged edge.

Suddenly the loud voice of the Recorder rang out from the camp, crying: "Ten minutes" (the time before totality). At this moment things looked desperate, and it appeared certain that the cloud would triumph.

Another two minutes elapsed, "Five plus five minus two." The

voice at midnight! Five plus five minus two are eight. It was eight minutes to the totality.

I fell on my knees beside my camera and, stretching out my hands, began to pray: "Lord of all power and might Who alone rulest in heaven and earth, send Thine angel and draw away this cloud that we may behold Thy glory, and may know that Thou answerest by 'signs and wonders,' as in days of old." This I prayed again and again, heedless of those who stood around.

The strip of cloud began to break up at the end nearest the sun.

The Recorder's voice again rang out in the tense and breathless silence of the multitude: "Five minutes!" Now, the whole landscape was immersed in awe-inspiring gloom. A knot of obscuring cloud threatened extinction. The tension was supreme.

I watched the cloud, praying with all my soul. Suddenly it commenced to break into small particles, and began to drift lower from the sun's place.

I ejaculated "Lower, lower!" "Lower, lower!" and with ecstasy noted that the cloudlets were sinking down steadily, until a few seconds before totality the eclipsed sun stood two full breadths clear of the last particle, and we saw "as through a window in heaven."

I sprang to my feet and turned to the south-west, crying "Look out for the shadow." On rushed the great shadow across the landscape, with an indescribably majestic sweep and enveloped us, and the next instant the glorious vision of the corona burst forth for all to behold.

I uncapped my lens and gazed, as did every soul present, transfixed with the glory and wonder of the sight. Around the sun the corona was to be seen extending in places more than a whole diameter, and gleaming like a vision from another world. (Plate XVI.) Blood-red flames, or prominences, could be seen also around the moon's edge. The voice of the Recorder rang out loudly over this tense scene, crying off the seconds of a never-to-be-forgotten experience. One! two! three! four—

Time assumed a majesty of meaning never realised before. The multitude gazed, rapt, breathless, motionless. Twenty-one! twenty-two! twenty-three— A burst of light at the eastern edge of the moon's disc, a glimpse of the great fleeing shadow, "and the glory of the Lord had passed by."

I cried aloud, "God be thanked, *in nomine Jesu*," and voices were heard on all hands expressing wonder and delight. It was "one crowded hour of glorious life," a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

One hears talk about the "amazing luck" of the party at Giggleswick. To me, with my corroborative experience, there was no "luck" about it, but direct answer to prayer, brought about by those beings who do His Will.

"It is the invisible man that counts," as said the one in my dream, and this scene was no more "luck" than was the coming of the three years' delayed rain when Elijah prayed on Mount Carmel, or when, in

ii