

The
Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF

Spiritualism and Psychological Research.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

[*The Editor of the "Psychological Review" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.*]

PSYCHOGRAPHY:*

COLLECTION OF EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF THE PHENOMENON OF WRITING WITHOUT HUMAN AGENCY, IN A CLOSED SLATE OR OTHER SPACE, ACCESS TO WHICH BY ORDINARY MEANS IS PRECLUDED.

By M.A. (Oxon.)

(*Revised and Corrected with a large amount of additional matter.*)

GENERAL CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE—(*Continued*).

III. DICTATION BY THE EXPERIMENTER OF THE WORDS
WRITTEN.

I HAVE already alluded, in giving my own personal testimony, to one experiment in which I dictated the word which was found written within the slates. I draw attention to this as a noteworthy point in the evidence.

* The object with which a revised edition of this little volume is presented to the public is to make known as widely as possible the nature of the evidence on which Spiritualists ground their belief.

I believe that in Psychography we have a fact susceptible of simple and complete demonstration in a higher degree than any other equally important phenomenon in Spiritualism.

I believe that the nature of the evidence on which it is believed is such that it will stand any fair sifting.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent naturalist, writes a letter to the *Spectator* of October 6, 1877, in which he records a similar case :—

Sir,—I trust you may consider the following experiment worthy of record in your paper, because it differs from cases of abnormal slate-writing, of which evidence was adduced at the trial of Slade, and because it affords a demonstration of the reality of the phenomenon, and the absence of imposture, from which there seems no escape. I confine myself to this one experiment, and narrate the essential facts only.

The sitting was at a private house in Richmond, on the 21st of last month. Two ladies and three gentlemen were present, besides myself and the medium, Dr. Monck. A shaded candle was in the room, giving light sufficient to see every object on the table round which we sat. Four small and common slates were on the table. Of these I chose two, and after carefully cleaning, and placing a small fragment of pencil between them, I tied them together with a strong cord, passed around them both lengthways and crosswise, so as effectually to prevent the slates from moving on each other. I then laid them flat on the table, without losing sight of them for an instant. Dr. Monck placed the fingers of both hands on them, while

Yet, such is the mass of new phenomena which are constantly being forced on attention, that there is some risk that valuable facts may be lost sight of, especially by those whose acquaintance with the subject is recent.

Many such are to be found, no doubt, among the readers of this *Review*, and I have, therefore, thought it well to place my facts before them prior to their republication in the shape of a book. I hope thus to reach a wider audience than I otherwise should.

It may be useful if I add here a list of books which may usefully be perused by the inquirer, which can be obtained post free from the Psychological Press Association, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.—M.A. (OXON.)

- La Réalité des Esprits et le Phenomene Merveilleux de leur Ecriture Directe.*
Baron L. de Guldenstubbé.
- Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*, 2 vols. 20s. Eugene Crowell, M.D.
- Planchette.* 6s.
- The Proof-Palpable of Immortality.* 4s. 6d. } Epes Sargent.
- Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.* 6s. 6d. }
- Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations.* 12s. 6d. Robert Hare, M.D.
- Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.* 5s. Alfred Russel Wallace.
- Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.* 5s. W. Crookes, F.R.S.
- Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society.* 5s.
- Arcana of Spiritualism.* 5s. 6d. Hudson Tuttle.
- Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism.* 5s. Judge Edmonds.
- The Debatable Land.* 8s. 6d.
- Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.* 7s. 6d. } Hon. R. Dale Owen.
- Spirit Identity.* 5s. } M.A. (Oxon.).
- Higher Aspects of Spiritualism.* 2s. 6d. }
- Transcendental Physics.* Prof. Zöllner. Translated by C. C. Massey.
Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

I and a lady sitting opposite me placed our hands on the corners of the slates. *From this position our hands were never moved, till I untied them to ascertain the result.* After waiting a minute or two, Dr. Monck asked me to name any short word I wished to be written on the slate. I named the word "God." He then asked me to say how I wished it written. I replied, "Lengthways of the slate;" then if I wished it written with a large or a small "g," and I chose a capital "G." In a very short time writing was heard on the slate. The medium's hands were convulsively withdrawn, and I then myself untied the cord (which was a strong silk watch guard, lent by one of the visitors), and on opening the slates, found on the lower one the word I had asked for, written in the manner I had requested, the writing being somewhat faint and laboured, but perfectly legible. The slate, with the writing on it, is now in my possession.

The essential features of this experiment are—that I myself cleaned and tied up the slates; that I kept my hand on them all the time; that they never went out of my sight for a moment; and that I named the word to be written, and the manner of writing it after they were thus secured and held by me. I ask, how are these facts to be explained, and what interpretation is to be placed upon them?—I am, sir, &c.,

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

I was present on this occasion, and certify that Mr. Wallace's account of what happened is correct.

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood corroborates the fact from experience of his own with the same Psychic:—

Having engaged Dr. Monck to give me a sitting yesterday evening, I bought a couple of small slates, and tied them face to face with a fragment or two of slate pencil between them before Dr. Monck arrived. The slates were tied tightly together by a double fold of tape, the two ends of the knot being sealed to the framing, to hinder the band from slipping. In addition to this, I sealed the edges of the slates together, so that they could not be separated from each other in the slightest degree without being broken. The slates were laid on the table, and in the course of the evening, in a fair light, Dr. Monck, under control, desired me to place them on my head, which I did accordingly, keeping hold of them with one hand. He asked me whether I would have the writing signed by my father or by my grandfather. I told him, as they were both named Josiah, he might take his choice. He put one hand on the slates, and after a moment we all heard the scratching sound of pencil-writing upon them. As soon as this was done, I took the slates down, and laid them on one side till the end of the séance. I then examined them by the full light of the gas, and satisfied myself that the seals on the edges of the slates were unbroken, and called the attention of the other sitters to this essential point. Having cut the tape, I found

the following message written lengthways on one of the slates, in a direction transverse to that of the tape-binding:—

God bless you
for ever.

Josiah.

Archdeacon Colley, who has made a great number of experiments with Monck, has in his possession a pile of slates on which dictated messages have been written under conditions which preclude imposture.

Mr. Oxley, of Higher Broughton, near Manchester, records, on the 15th September, 1876, a case in which five sentences were written at the dictation of persons present. Each person wrote his name on a visiting card, and the five cards were then placed in the middle of the table, and covered with a handkerchief so as to secure the requisite darkness. A pencil was placed with the cards. Requested to say what he wished written on his card, each observer dictated a short sentence. When Mr. Oxley took the cards from under the handkerchief, these sentences were found written precisely as they had been dictated. The pencil was seen to move under the cover as if in the act of writing, while the Psychic was sitting motionless, in full view, eighteen inches from the pencil. Of the sentences so written, the first contained six words; the second, five; the third, three; the fourth, five; and the fifth, six.

On the next evening but one, another experiment was made, to show the rapidity with which these psychographs can be executed, and the experiment with the marked visiting cards was repeated.

On our being seated at the table, the gas was turned a little lower, to modify the glare, but with quite sufficient light to let us see every object in the room distinctly. A good sized slate was lying on the table, and Dr. Monck (to whom I sat opposite) told me to take it up, clean it, show it to all assembled, and then to hold it under the table with my right hand. I did so, and, beginning to count, I had got to *nine*, when Dr. Monck said, "I think it is done." On bringing it up, I found one side and part of the other covered with writing, containing a message of eighty words. This most extraordinary experiment was accomplished in nine seconds, and certainly the medium did not touch the slate at all, for his hands were on the table, in full view, and he sat quite motionless. As soon as I put the slate under the table, I felt most distinctly the fingers of a hand gently touch my hand all over; it then took the slate from me for about half the time I was counting, and then returned it, again touching and stroking my hand.

My pencil was placed on the table, and we saw it begin to move: when it was raised, it floated in a horizontal position an inch above

the table, and maintained that position while I counted thirty. The experiment of the writing on the marked card was repeated.

One of the sitters placed a slate under the table, the medium not touching it, and in about half a minute a message was written, containing thirteen lines, with seventy-five words. The medium then placed a small folding-slate on my head, touching it with his finger only for a moment. (I had cleaned the slate, and all saw there was nothing on it.) I counted three, and on opening the slate seventy-one words were written, in a beautifully neat hand. Again, on the following evening, seventy-one words were written in an extremely short space of time.

Dr. George Wyld contributes important evidence on this point. He has kindly put down for me an exact record of a crucial experiment, which I append in his own words. The bearing of this fact upon such allegations as those on the faith of which Slade was adjudged by the public to be an impostor is plain to see:—

I expected to be called as a witness in the second trial of Slade, and as Professor Lancaster's evidence was that "there was no time to produce the writing, and that therefore it had, in his case, been previously prepared," it seemed to me most important to be able to swear that writing could be produced by spirit-power with a rapidity beyond the capacity of *human* hands.

Accordingly, I visited Slade, who readily consented to make a trial as I suggested.

We sat down to his usual table. Slade sat with his left hand resting on the table, and with his right hand he held an ordinary slate, on which was placed the customary bit of slate-pencil. This slate he passed steadily but rapidly below the corner of the flap of the table at his right hand. Each time he so passed it I examined the slate. He so passed it two or three times, without any result; but at last, after passing it as usual, on its emergence from below the flap of the table I found these words written in dusty slate-pencil writing: "Let this convince you."

I could not time Slade's actions while in progress, but subsequently I imitated his mode of passing the slate as closely as I possibly could, and my friends found that the operation occupied from three-quarters of a second to a second and a half. I then timed the writing, and could find no one capable of writing the words in less than three seconds.

I considered at the time, and still consider, this experiment a complete refutation of Professor Lankester's objection as to time.

GEO. WYLD, M.D.

12 Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park,
December 30, 1877.

These facts receive a remarkable corroboration from two experiments recorded by Miss Kislingbury. The Psychic in this

case was Watkins, above alluded to, and the experiments have a value which I shall hereafter note, which induces me to quote them *in extenso*, although I have before noticed the writing of the Russian word :—

Having read in *The Spiritualist*, of October 12th, Mr. Epes Sargent's account of Mr. Watkins's slate-writing manifestations, and hearing at the same time that Mr. Watkins had arrived in New York, I took an early opportunity of visiting him, in company with my friend, Madame Blavatsky.

The medium began by asking us to write the names of three or four deceased friends on slips of paper, which he tore before our eyes from a fresh sheet of writing-paper. After writing the names, we folded the papers up tightly, at his request, and laid them in a little heap in front of us on the table. Mr. Watkins then stirred the pellets round with the point of a pencil, in order that we might not be able to distinguish one from the other. He requested me to take one in my hand, and to fix it on the point of his pencil ; then holding it at arm's length, he said immediately, "This is the name of a sister of yours in the spirit-world, Clara Kislingbury, is that so ?" Opening the pellet, I found the name to be correct ; the statement that it was the name of my sister was equally so. The names on the three other pellets were rightly given, as well as the degree of relationship, including that of my maternal grandmother. I observed that Mr. Watkins had more difficulty in finding the name of one who was a friend, not connected with my family. He said at once, "This is the name of some one not a relation ; I cannot see it so clearly ;" but he finally succeeded in giving it correctly.

In the case of Madame Blavatsky, one of the names written by her was in Russian character, and the medium made several unsuccessful attempts to pronounce it, but at last declared it to be too "crack-jaw," and said he would try to get it written. He requested Madame Blavatsky to place her hand on a slate, under which he laid a small crum of slate-pencil, in the manner of Slade. *Mr. Watkins did not hold the slate.* An instant after, on turning up the slate, the appellation, consisting of three names, was found written in full, and in Russian characters, with this curious exception, that one or two letters were exchanged for those of Latin character, having the same phonetic value—as, for instance, an *f*, pronounced in Russian *v*, but written *b*, was substituted for the latter. I will revert to this fact further on.

Mr. Watkins next took two small slates, and placing a point of pencil between them, held them firmly together at one end, while I held them at the other. The slate did not rest upon the table, but was held by us at arm's length, both standing. In a few moments, one of the slates was covered on the inner side with writing signed "Alice Carey." The handwriting was not known to me, but was familiar to the medium, as frequently appearing in his experiments.

"I use the word "experiments" advisedly for two reasons. The

first is, that Mr. Watkins did not "sit," except momentarily, during the whole hour that we were in his company, and then more often on the table than elsewhere. He walked nervously about the room, and occasionally fixed his eyes on us with a vacant look, especially when about to utter the desired name, or to describe something about the sitter. The second reason is, that Mr. Watkins does not habitually use the terms commonly accepted by Spiritualists, neither does he accept unreservedly the usual explanation of the phenomena, viz., that they are produced by the spirits of the departed, whose names are signed on the slate. He boldly *volunteered* the opinion that they are in many cases produced by the action of his own spirit, reading (independently of his will or knowledge) that which is latent in the mind of the sitter, or is immediately projected from it. He prefers to call the phenomenon "independent slate-writing," instead of "spirit-writing."

In the course of the experiments, Mr. Watkins said that in each instance, just before the writing began, he felt a sudden "drawing" from his whole body, and that he was unable to articulate distinctly. As soon as the writing was finished, there was another jerk, and he felt himself again.

One more incident. Mr. Watkins told me to place my hand on a slate which was lying near me, and on which I had ascertained that there was nothing written. Mr. Watkins himself was at that moment, lying back in a rocking-chair at a distance of *at least* eight feet from me, and talking to Madame Blavatsky. He ceased speaking for a moment, and then bidding me turn up the slate, I found it covered with writing, purporting to be a communication from my sister Clara, and signed with her name. The writing was quite unlike that signed "Alice Carey," but neither was it like mine or my sister's. The names of two other relatives which I had previously written on pellets were mentioned, but *not those* of others equally dear to me, and of the same degree of relationship, and who were equally in my mind, *but were not written down*.

The above experiences are to my mind suggestive of a theory which will explain the discrepancies in the spelling of the Russian name. I leave the application to those whom it may concern, and who are more qualified than myself to form correct conclusions. Let it be borne in mind, however, that the medium himself avers that, except on rare occasions, and those special to himself—that is, when not sitting for the public—he has not only no evidence of the agency of departed spirits, but that there is no necessity for the hypothesis, nothing ever occurring which could not be performed by the action of his own spirit, working independently of his body, and seeking in the psychic emanations of those present the information (?) he is enabled to give them.

New York, October 26th, 1877.

The second experiment is recorded thus:—

The subject of will-power, and its probable influence on some spiri-

tual manifestations, having been much discussed between Madame Blavatsky and myself, I determined to try an experiment in that direction. I went alone to Mr. Watkins, and I asked him to write some single word on a slate, and to turn the side of the slate so written against the surface of the table, in order that it should not be seen by me. I in my turn did likewise. I then requested Mr. Watkins to hold with me my own double slate, between the folds of which I had placed a crumb of slate-pencil, and to will that his word should be written on it. I also willed that my word should be written. Mr. Watkins seemed rather incredulous over the business, and was genuinely surprised on opening the slates to find the word I had willed should be written was upon the slate.

"Let us try again," he said.

"Very well," I replied; "but suppose we write something more this time—a sentence of three words." Mr. Watkins wrote, as appeared later on, the words, "*God is love.*" I wrote, "*Love is eternal.*" Mr. Watkins took the folding-slate with which he had before operated into his hands, saying: "I am impressed to hold the slate alone." Suddenly it struck me that he was stealing a march upon me, and I insisted on taking hold of the other end—first satisfying myself that nothing had been written. We heard the pencil at work, and on opening the slate found two sentences written—one was Mr. Watkins's, "*God is love*"; the other was *not* my sentence, but a third, "*Truth is mighty.*" I was immensely puzzled.

"This is the effect neither of my will nor of yours, Mr. Watkins; whose has been the third will that has been at work?"

"I think I can tell you," he said. "While you were writing your sentence on the slate, I, having finished mine, began guessing what yours might be, and I thought 'Truth is mighty'—that is how I account for it."

"I did not ask you to think, Mr. Watkins, but to will; however, this is an interesting experiment, and goes still further to prove the theory I have in my mind. Now let us try another." But a sitter was announced, and I had no further opportunity of testing the strength of my own will-power against that of Mr. Watkins.

IV. WRITING ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS WITHIN A BOX NAILED, TIED, AND SEALED UP.

The evidence of Mrs. Andrews as to obtaining an answer to a question written by herself on the inner side of a slate, which was then screwed to another slate, will be remembered. As a test which, if it does not surpass, at least equals anything that has been recorded, I adduce the following case, recorded by Messrs. G. H. and W. P. Adshhead with Monck. The case occurred thus:—

Dr. R. S. Wyld, author of *The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses*, and other philosophical works, having been led to investigate Psychic phenomena, suggested certain tests which

would appear to him satisfactory. Dwelling on the paramount necessity of obtaining the best procurable evidence for facts that so transcend ordinary experience, he suggested the following experiment:—"Let a box be properly taped, and the tapes knotted and sealed at each crossing. Let it contain a piece of writing-paper, with the signatures of the investigators thereon for identification, and a short piece of lead-pencil. If a few words can be written on the paper whilst it is locked up, it is clear we have a proof which cannot be gainsayed."

Mr. W. P. Adshead accepted these conditions, and thus records the result of his experiment:—

In the afternoon of Friday, August 4th, I met Dr. Monck in Derby. I asked him if he had seen Dr. Wyld's letter. He said he had not. I described to him the test. "I have tried the experiment successfully several times," he replied. Dr. Monck was then controlled for two or three minutes by "Samuel," who said, in answer to my inquiry, that "if we would arrange for a séance in the evening he would do his best to repeat the experiment." We decided to do so, and met at the residence of Mrs. Ford. There were present Dr. Monck, Mrs. Ford, my brother, his wife, and myself.

In order that what occurred at the séance may be perfectly understood, it is necessary that I should here state that a day or two previously Dr. Monck received a letter from a gentleman in London, in which was enclosed a sealed packet, on the outside of which was written, "Not to be opened: nine questions to be submitted for answers." This packet Dr. Monck handed to my brother, asking him to keep it in his possession until answers to the questions could be formally requested.

A wooden box, with loose cover and string, were supplied by my brother; a sheet of note paper, envelope, pencil, wax, hammer and nails, together with two small hand-bells, were supplied by Mrs. Ford, so that not one of the articles which were to be used in the experiment about to be tried had previously been in the possession of Dr. Monck. The box was passed round for examination, and all agreed that it was most suitable for the purpose.

Dr. Monck then tore a piece from one corner of the sheet of note paper, and gave me the piece, which I put in my pocket. The paper was then passed round for inspection, and it was found to be blank, not having a mark of any kind upon it. We all saw Dr. Monck fold it up, and place it in the envelope, which he fastened up. The envelope was then initialed by each person present, and placed by me in the box with the two hand-bells and a pencil. In addition to cording and sealing, I had suggested that the lid of the box should be nailed down; this was accordingly done, each one driving in a nail, and all being quite satisfied that without any other fastening the contents were perfectly secure. However, in order to make assurance doubly sure, with a piece of cord that had not a break or knot in it, I tied the box, standing up to do so, in order to get greater

purchase; in fact, so great was the strain on the cord, it could not be moved a quarter of an inch in any direction, and the edges of the box and lid were deeply indented by the operation. I tied the cord in several knots, leaving the ends about two inches long. The knots and the ends of the string I well covered with sealing wax, asking for a seal with which to impress it. As there was not one at hand, nothing remained but for two of the friends, acting on the suggestion of the moment, to remove the rings from their fingers, and with these I stamped the wax. This, I think, will dispose of the theory that the seals might be broken and resealed, to say nothing of the further difficulty involved, that of resealing without a light.

After sitting a short time in the light, sounds, as of the bells being moved, were heard to proceed from the box. We then saw it gently oscillate, and rise at one end about an inch from the table; then all was quiet. Nothing further occurring for some time, Dr. Monck—requesting us to place our hands upon the box, to assure ourselves it would not be interfered with in any way—asked us to put out the light, as it would increase the power. This was done, and in a few minutes "Samuel" took control of his medium. After a little conversation about the character of the séance, he was asked if he thought he could execute a piece of writing under the severe conditions which then obtained. He replied, "he thought he could," saying, "What shall I write?" My brother, remembering at the moment the sealed packet he had in his possession, said, "Be good enough to answer the questions contained in the sealed packet I have in my pocket."

Presently we heard the pencil at work, and in a very short time the task was accomplished. We were told to light up, and open the box. Before opening the box we examined it, and found the cord and the impressions of the rings on the wax perfect, and after cutting the cord, it was with great difficulty I could draw the nails and remove the lid. I took out the envelope, and found it to be the same I had placed there, as it bore the initials spoken of. I opened it, and took out the sheet of note paper, and immediately proceeded to fit in the piece torn from the corner, and which I had not parted with. The fit was perfect, for on the edges of the tear there were a projection and a corresponding indentation, which placed it beyond all dispute that the pieces belonged to each other. On one page of the note paper had been written with a pencil the following, with two or three other words, which, for obvious reasons, have been omitted:—

Aug. 4, 76. Derby.

Dear —,

1. I think a change is probable; circumstances are often the policemen, peremptorily saying, "MOVE ON."
2. — St. may be the one. Imitate me, and "please yourself."
3. If necessary we will impress you.
4. Town is the place for him.
5. No; lodge with a *stranger*.
6. Do I want you to burn your fingers? Haven't you had quite enough of *manufacturing*?

7. In neither department ; but please yourself, —.
8. Don't leave London.
9. Yes ; ask a few more questions ; our advice is gratuitous.

SAMUEL M. A. A., &c.

I now requested my brother to open the sealed packet, which he did in the presence of all. Inside was found a sheet of paper, on which was written the following in ink :—

My dear Spirit-Friends,—Feeling, as I do, the fact of your ability to advise your earth-friends, I ask your advice to the following questions to the best of your ability :—

- No. 1. Do you think a change in my habitation is imminent ?
2. Do you think the house in — Street will be the one ?
3. If not, can you impress me in which direction to go ?
4. Do you think — will remain in town ?
5. If so, do you wish me to go with him to lodge ?
6. Would you advise me to commence manufacturing again ?
7. If so, in which department ; in the — or — ?
8. If either above, would you advise London or country ?
9. If my spirit-friends have any further advice to offer, please do so on any subject concerning my welfare, as I wish to seek their guidance in all my steps.

The above questions are submitted by —.

I think it will be conceded that the writing taken from the box supplied most appropriate answers to the questions on the paper taken from the sealed packet, but the problem to be solved is, how the answers came there. I have minutely detailed the facts as they occurred, and think the solution lies on the surface ; but I will anticipate the possible suggestion, that by some means or other the medium had obtained a knowledge of the questions, and had previously written out the answers on a paper which he managed to introduce into the envelope after the sheet of note paper supplied by Mrs. Ford had been examined, and before the envelope was initialed, by observing that—in addition to the difficulty which such a suggestion must encounter in the fact that the piece of paper which I retained was torn from a blank sheet, and exactly fitted into the one on which the answers were written—there is the further difficulty of saying how, under the circumstances, any human being could have known what subject would be selected for the test-writing ; for my brother solemnly affirms that not until after the box was securely fastened, and “Samuel” had asked what he should write about, did it occur to him to request that answers might be given to the questions enclosed in the packet which he had in his pocket. So that this portion of the phenomena, considered by Dr. Wyld decisive as to the truth of Spiritualism, was obtained under conditions even more severe than those he had suggested, for, in addition to being corded and sealed, the lid of the box was fastened down with nails.

Mr. G. H. Adshead had previously obtained a similar success :—

Dr. Robt. Wyld, Edinburgh, recently proposed the following test as "final and absolute proof of Spiritualism, which the most illustrious opponent would be unable to gainsay." As soon as we suggested it to Dr. Monck, he agreed to try it. Nine of us placed our signatures on a sheet of paper (supplied by myself, and never before seen by the Doctor), which each one had previously examined on both sides, in the full blaze of two gas jets, and found to be blank. A non-Spiritualist—an entire stranger to the Doctor—folded the paper and dropped it into the box, together with my pencil. Another non-Spiritualist fastened the lid with four nails, which he drove in with a hammer to their heads. With a piece of strong white tape—supplied by Mrs. Ford—he then tied the box round all its sides, made several knots at each crossing of the tape, and fastened the ends to the top of the box with sealing-wax, on which a non-Spiritualist's lettered seal was pressed. Until the box was thus secured, Dr. Monck purposely sat back from the table, and did not even touch or put a finger near the box, paper, tape, &c. In a few minutes "Samuel" controlled the medium, and asked me if I wished him to write anything special on the imprisoned paper. I said, "Yes; write 'My love to Louie.'" He replied, "It shall be done in the twinkling of an eye," and in the same breath said, "Open the box." Mr. W. Smith, of Gerard Street, who had fastened the lid down, now carefully cut the tape, to which the seal still adhered without flaw, and by the aid of a screw-driver, with considerable difficulty succeeded in opening the box, and (two gas jets being at the full immediately above it) we all saw the paper taken out by Mr. Smith, and found it to be the original sheet, containing all our signatures, and the whole of the rest of what had been blank space on both sides of the sheet was covered with large and very legible writing in "Samuel's" well-known hand. On one side was written, "All hail! Present my compliments to Dr. Wyld, and ask him whether this is what he wants. I have often done this and far greater things through this medium.—SAMUEL." On the other side was, "Aug. 6, 1876.—My love to Louie." A detailed statement of these facts was carefully drawn up on the spot at once, and signed for publication, by all the witnesses whose signatures had been placed on the test-paper before the experiment.

But anything short of a superfine hyper-criticism, which will accept nothing except personal evidence—and not that, in many cases—I cannot see how such testimony as this can be set aside. The conditions under which the experiment was made are conclusive. It is, indeed, only fair to say, that the phenomena which I have witnessed in the presence of this particular Psychic, are produced under conditions extremely satisfactory, and most favourable for exact observation. This has been so in a great number of recorded cases, as in the following which I append as a specimen of the care taken in

testifying to these facts. It is written and signed by Joseph Clapham, of Keighley, under date October 6, 1876, and records the conditions under which Monck placed himself there.

There is absolutely no room for deception, because—

1. A stranger to the Doctor, who is a well-known sceptic, thoroughly cleans the slate.
2. While this person holds it, all in the circle inspect it, and pronounce it to be free from writing.
3. The sceptic holds it under the table, at least four feet from the medium.
4. Instantly he *feels*, as well as hears, the pencil writing on the slate.
5. All the sitters hear the same sound.
6. No person in the flesh, except the before-mentioned "sceptic," touches the slate from the moment the latter cleans it till he holds it up to the light that all may see it is full of writing.
7. Dr. Monck's hands are on the table in full view, and perfectly still the whole time.
8. The whole of the sitting is in a good clear light.
9. We sit in a room belonging to one of us, which we enter and search some time before the Doctor arrives.
10. I must not omit to add that the Doctor has permitted me to thoroughly search his clothes, both immediately before and after the sitting.
11. And, finally, the communication on the slate has sometimes been a direct reference to what we have been singing.

V.—WRITING ON GLASS COATED WITH WHITE PAINT.

Finally, I adduce here a curious result obtained by the late Mr. Benjamin Coleman on glass. The material used apparently makes no difference. In this case, as in many others, the writing was done by a material hand.

Of this class of manifestation I have had, from time to time, many, but nothing I think worth your notice, except it may be messages received by me in 1869, written on *glass*, of which I have preserved two specimens. I don't remember that I ever published a record of these writings, and I may as well describe them. I prepared pieces of thick plate glass, and covered the upper surface with a light coating of white paint. The medium took hold of one end, and I of the other, and we held it immediately beneath the table, the gas burning brightly over our heads. In an instant, I felt something like a hand using, as it appeared, the finger-nail to write the message. I had been talking with the presumed spirit of a young girl known to me, who had given her name, and my questions were answered on the prepared glass. She said, "I am in heaven;" and I asked, "Where is your heaven?" and the reply—which I have preserved, all the others being rubbed out—was, "I bring my heaven with me.—

ISABELLA." And, as I intended to keep the glass, I placed it again beneath the table, and asked the spirit to add the date, when "1869" was added. I may as well say that the writing was quite unlike Isabella's, and gave no evidence of identity, but of the fact of an intelligent entity having written upon the glass, there can be no doubt whatever.

VI. EXPERIMENTS OF PROFESSOR ZÖLLNER.

Under the head of experiments specially devised to preclude previous preparation of the writing, and indeed of any kind of fraud, it is fitting that I should include some of those recorded by the late Prof. Zöllner in his "Transcendental Physics."* The quality of the evidence is of the highest, and they who testify are men of eminence in various departments of science, against whose perfect competence as investigators I take it that nothing but obstinate and dogmatic incredulity would venture to utter a word. I may be permitted briefly to introduce these gentlemen.

Professor Zöllner, the author and chief deponent, in whose house many of the facts he records occurred, was born in 1834, and is thus in the mature vigour of his intellectual life. He is Professor of Physics and Astronomy in the University of Leipsic, and has taken place in the front ranks of the scientific men of Europe. He has published many works, among which are *Sketches of a Universal Photometry of the Starry Heavens*, *Physical Nature of the Heavenly Bodies*, *The Nature of Comets*, and these treatises.

William Edward Weber, born 1804, is a Professor of Physics, and known as the founder, in common with his brother, of the doctrine of the Vibration of Forces. He has published an exhaustive work on *Electro-Dynamic Measurement* (4 vols. 1846-1854). No scientific reputation stands higher in Germany than that of Weber.

Professor Scheibner, of Leipsic University, is a well-known and highly distinguished mathematician.

Gustave Theodore Fechner, born 1801, is eminent as a natural philosopher, and is likewise Professor of Physics at Leipsic. Among his works are *The Soul of Plants*, *The Zendavesta*, *The Things of the Future*, *Elements of Psycho-Physics*, *The Problem of the Soul*, and *About the Life Hereafter*.†

The first experiment which I will quote was conducted by

* I quote from C. C. Massey's translation. Second Edition. W. H. Harrison, 33 Museum Street, London, 1882. Price 3s. 6d. A reprint in a much cheaper form of the original edition. The experiments quoted are but specimens, and for others of a similar kind, as well as for much valuable matter of another description, I refer my readers to the book itself, as eminently worthy of study.

† Translator's Preface, p. xviii.

Professors Zöllner and Weber on the evening of December 13th, 1877.

Two slates were brought by myself, marked, and carefully cleaned. They were then—a splinter of about three millimètres thickness from a new slate-pencil having first been put between them—bound tightly together, cross-wise, with a string four millimètres thick. They were laid on, and close, to the corner of a card-table of walnut wood which I had shortly before purchased myself. While, now, W. Weber, Slade, and I sat at the table, and were busied with magnetic experiments, during which our six hands lay on the table, those of Slade being two feet from the slate, very loud writing began suddenly between the *untouched* slates. When we separated them, there was upon one of them the following words, in nine lines, “We feel to bless all those that try (?) to investigate a subject so unpopular as the subject of Spiritualism is at the present. But it will not always be so unpopular; it will take its place among the . . . (?) of all classes and kinds.” The slate had the mark (H. 2) *previously* placed by me upon it. There can be no talk here of a trick or of antecedent preparations.*

The next experiments involve another of the psychical phenomena that are familiar to experienced investigators, but I direct attention solely to the record of two remarkable cases of Psychography.

I obtained one of the most remarkable confirmations of this apparent suspension of the law of impenetrability of matter in a sitting on the 9th May, 1878, from eleven to a quarter-past eleven in the morning. Immediately after I had sat down with Slade at the card-table, I conversed with him at first on the power of his invisible intelligent beings, by means of which material bodies could be *apparently* penetrated with as much facility as if they were permeable. Slade shared my amazement, assuring me that never until now had such an abundance of this sort of phenomena been observed in his presence. Immediately after this remark he took up with his left hand two slates of equal size from among the slates which lay on the table at his left, and which had been bought and cleaned by myself. He handed me these two slates, and desired me to press the one upon the upper surface, the other against the under surface of the table, with my left hand, so that the thumb of my left hand pressed the upper, my other four fingers the under slate, against the flat of the table. Beneath the upper slate on the table, a splinter of slate-pencil had first been laid, so that it was thus completely covered by the upper slate. Slade then placed both his hands on the middle of the table, about a foot from the two slates, and requested me to cover his hands with my right hand. Scarcely was this done when I distinctly heard writing on one of the slates which were pressed

* Massey's Zöllner, p. 44.

firmly by me against the table. After the conclusion of the writing was signified, as usual, by three ticks quickly in succession, I took the slates apart, and of course expected that the one which had been above the table would be written on, since on the table still lay the bit of pencil in the same place in which I had laid it a minute before. How great was my astonishment to find the under slate written on, on the side that had been turned to the table. Just as if the bit of pencil had written through the three-quarter inch of oak table, or as if the latter had, for the invisible writer, not been there at all. Upon the slate was the following message in English :—

“ We shall not do much for you this morning—we wish to replenish your strength for this evening ; you will require to be very passive or we shall not be able to accomplish our work.

“ The table does not hinder us the least—we could write in this way more often, but people are not prepared for it.”

In order to meet the above suggestion, so repeatedly raised, that Mr. Slade himself writes on slates by means of a small piece of pencil which he has inserted between the nail and the flesh of one of his fingers, I had purchased half a dozen slates, of such dimensions that manipulation was absolutely impossible. I here presuppose in my readers so much understanding, that they concede to me that any one who will write on a slate in the manner indicated, while holding it at the same time, must be able to touch with his fingers all those parts of the slate which are written upon. Now the slates purchased by me possess a length of 334 millimètres, and a breadth of 155 millimètres, with the manufacture mark, “ A. W. Faber, No. 39.” Grasp and hold such a slate as one will, even the largest human hand with the fingers completely spread out, cannot by a long way reach all parts of the slate-surface. Is therefore such a slate, in the way usually employed by Mr. Slade, written over upon its *whole* upper surface, so is the above-adduced explanation *physically* impossible, and therefore out of the question.

When I repaired with Slade to our sitting-room at the house of my friend O. von Hoffmann at half-past eight on the evening of the 7th May, 1878, I took with me several of such slates, bought by myself, and first carefully cleaned, and laid them down before me on the card-table, at which we at once took our places. Scarcely were we seated, when Slade fell into a trance. . . . After Slade had awoke, his glance fell upon the newly-added oblong slates. His question, for what purpose they were designed, I answered evasively. Hereupon he proposed to try again whether spontaneous writing would be produced upon two slates laid one over the other, not touched by either him or me, as in the experiment which had succeeded so splendidly in the presence of William Weber and me on the 13th December, 1877, when between two slates bound together crosswise with strong pack-thread, and which lay quietly on the card-table, neither Slade nor we touching it, a writing was suddenly produced, perceptible to us all.

Slade now desired me to take two of the new slates, to lay a splinter of slate-pencil between them, and then to seal these two slates firmly together. I did this, after having again satisfied myself that the slates were perfectly clean. The sealing was in four places on the long sides, and now I laid these slates, with the bit of pencil between them, on the corner of the card-table most remote from our hands. The latter we joined one over another on the table, so that Slade's hands were covered by mine, and were thus prevented from moving. Scarcely had this happened when the untouched slates were raised many times upon one of the edges, which was clearly perceived by us both by the bright light diffused by a candle standing on the middle of the card-table. Then the two slates laid themselves down again on the card-table in a somewhat altered position, and now writing between the slates began to be immediately audible, as if with a slate-pencil guided by a firm hand. After the well-known three ticks had announced the conclusion of the writing, we sundered our hands, which, up to this time, had been continually and firmly joined, closed the sitting, and betook ourselves with the double-slate, which I had immediately seized, to the next room, where Herr von Hoffmann and his wife awaited us. In presence of these persons, the slate shortly before sealed by me was opened. *Both sides were completely written over in English.**

DR. MACGREGOR ROY AND THE MAN FROM THE EAST.†

BY GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

I WAS born in the Island of Skye in the year 1850. My father was Æneas Roy, of Glendar, a property which had been in the family for two hundred years. It consisted of 5,000 acres of mountain, swamps and streams, and about 800 acres of grass land. The rental of the estate in my boyish days did not exceed £800 a-year, but afterwards, when the sporting and the fishing fashion set in, rose to £1500 a-year.

My father was six feet high, and was well built and venerable looking. He was truly a good and fine man; and had those calm and dignified manners almost peculiar to the Highland gentleman of the last generation. Although he had little subtlety of mind, yet his sound common sense and rectitude were so conspicuous, that all over the Hebrides he was regarded as a referee in any business difficulty or private dispute; and when we happened to be in Edinburgh, which we always were in the winter, it was an imposing sight to see him standing as an "elder" behind the church-plate, while the worship-

* Massey's Zöllner, p. 191.

† The reader must make some allowance for the abrupt style of my narrative, as in deference to space I have been obliged to abridge it.—G. W., M.D.

pers dropped in their pence and sixpences for the good of the poor, or for some Highland mission it might be.

He was a strict Presbyterian, and was quite content to take his theology from his ministers; and although he insisted that Sunday evening should be spent in our learning the Shorter Catechism, yet his face and heart seemed as if they were a continual protest against all dogmatism and severity, while his simple piety was a thing very beautiful to see. He died at the age of 84, when I was 18 years of age; and on his tombstone was written, "The memory of the just is blest."

My mother was Isabella Macgregor, the seventh daughter of Hector Macgregor, of Doran, in the Island of Jura. Mr. Macgregor farmed his own land, and was, in many respects, a man like my father. My mother, I have said, was the seventh daughter. She was tall, slender, and very beautiful, calm and stately, and about twenty years younger than my father. Her head was high, and her general intelligence was very conspicuous. Her favourite books were the Bible, Shakespear, a Medical Directory, a few of the old divines, Thomas à Kempis, and some of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The artist might, from her pure and noble visage, have drawn an outline, the ideal of the mother of Christ. She also, like my father, was a born Presbyterian; but, although all her life surrounded by the Kirk of Scotland and its ministers, she yet seemed by an intuition to arrive at the conclusion that, in the teachings of Jesus, there was a spiritual perfection scarcely in unison with the theology around her, but in deference to my father she held her peace.

My mother was a seer—there are many seers in the Hebrides—but she held those things secret in her heart, because she knew that the wisdom of God was often foolishness with men.

During the winter months, my father always took lodgings in Edinburgh, and in the Old Town, because lodgings were less expensive there, and also because he wished to be near Dr. Gordon, his favourite minister, and not far from the College and High School, where the boys were being educated.

Edinburgh is, no doubt, the most romantic town in Great Britain, if not indeed in Europe, and my mother and father "much enjoyed its intellectual and spiritual advantages;" but we boys almost hated it, because it took us away from our dear Highland home, with its fishing, and shooting, and boating, and perfect freedom.

My mother had seven sons and three daughters, and I was the youngest child, and the seventh son, and as such, of course, the especial favourite of my mother. But although she loved me dearly, she yet never was guilty of that indulgence which, more than anything else, debases the child by nourishing its selfishness. She took, on the contrary, strict charge of my morals, and reared me, as it were, on the Sermon on the Mount.

There was, however, another great bond of love between us, for she saw unknown to myself that I also was a seer.

How well and terribly do I remember the occasion when this power

first became known to me. It was one lovely day in Skye, on August 11th, when I was twelve years of age, and immediately after breakfast. The postman had handed in a letter to mother from my eldest brother Hector, who was then with his regiment in the Punjaub. My eldest sister was reading the letter aloud to us all, and there was a postscript to the letter which said—"I have this moment obtained leave of absence for a year, and, O darling mother, within a month of this date, my arms will be around your neck!"

In my sympathy I turned and looked at my mother, and saw her gazing with intense awe at my brother's life-sized portrait in full uniform, as it hung on the wall. I looked there also, and saw Hector distinct as in life looking out of the picture, deadly pale, with a ghastly sabre-cut on his head. I knew that he was dead, and I gave a bitter cry of grief, while my poor mother, with a groan, fell senseless on the floor.*

On recovering consciousness, her words were, "Husband, dear husband, Hector is dead," and then with sobs she fell on all our necks, and we all wept and sobbed; but we knew now and trembled that mother was a seer; for the minister, not knowing that mother was a seer, had often said, "All seers are children of the Evil One;" and father, not believing that mother was a seer, as was his wont, agreed with the minister, and said he feared it was so. But mother and I knew far otherwise, and from that day we were locked and hidden in each other's hearts.

At the age of sixteen I went to Edinburgh to study medicine; and in 1871 took my degree of M.D.

My mother was always much interested in medical studies, but she had little faith in the coarse drugging system, and used to say to me, "My dear boy, Nature is the grand healer; be a good man, love the poor, and teach all to live a clean and temperate life. You will then find very little medicine will suffice. You may not become a fashionable and rich physician, but you will have the blessing of God and be a useful man."

My mother had a brother, James Macgregor, who also was a doctor, and practised in the Bow Road, Mile End, London. He was a widower, and as his two sons had gone to Australia as sheep-farmers, he said he would be glad if I would join him as his assistant.

He was a tall, fine-looking man, somewhat formal in manner, but very upright in his dealings. He had none of my mother's subtlety, or spirituality, but was simply an old-fashioned Presbyterian, who regarded all speculative ideas, or spiritual or mystical views of things, as stuff and nonsense, if not imposture, or Popery, or of the Evil One.

My uncle had a good practice among East-end folks, many of whom were people of means, connected with the City, but chiefly large and small shopkeepers in the neighbourhood. His offer was

* In due course, news was sent us by a brother officer how Hector had been cut down by a fanatical Mussulman, on the 10th August, while packing his trunk, in preparation for his departure.

too good to be refused ; for although I certainly should have preferred the more ambitious West-end, still both mother and father thought truly that James Macgregor was a very safe man with whom to place their son. Accordingly, I lived with my uncle as his assistant, and received board and lodging, and £2 a-week salary. I worked very hard, and as my uncle on my arrival took matters very easily, I had all the poor patients and all the night-work to attend to.

I entered on my work with enthusiasm, having without questioning, believed all the medical text-books, and understood that disease required only to be treated according to science, in order that it might be driven not only out of the human body, but utterly extirpated from the world !

I very soon found, however, that disease seemed to despise both me and my medicines, as I lost case after case of typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlatina, consumption, and dropsy.

The discovery of the comparative impotence of scientific medicine was a great shock to me ; but I gradually got over the shock, and took heart when my uncle explained to me that, in the practice of medicine, although Disease was stronger than Art, yet the doctor could be of immense use by giving good advice as to diet and hygiene generally, and by encouraging temperance, and by thoughtful sympathy with his patients.

Accordingly, I devoted myself chiefly to the study of diagnosis, prognosis, and hygiene ; and although I found, as mother had predicted, that this was not the way to make money, still, as she had said, I had the approbation of my conscience and as I sincerely sympathised with all real suffering, my uncle's practice did not decline.

Thus matters went on for about seven years when my uncle retired to his family property of Doran, in Jura, in order that he might devote the remainder of his days to the amelioration of the condition of the numerous and poor cotters in the island.

On departing, he handed over to me his comfortable little house, with the furniture and practice, on condition that I should pay him £200 a-year for the remainder of his life, and this I did for five years, when he died, leaving behind him in the Bow Road and in Jura the reputation of a good, an upright, and a useful man.

After my uncle's departure for Scotland, I became free to act according to my nature, and being desirous of going more freely into pure hygiene and general philanthropic work, and knowing that I must thereby lose a good deal of my more ornamental and remunerative practice, I made arrangements with a city clerk and his wife to pay me £100 a-year, and occupy the chief part of my house, and find all attendance, and thus not only relieve me from all household considerations, but so far add to my income.

I found, as I had anticipated, that my practice began to decline, but my wants being very few, my income always slightly exceeded my expenditure, and enabled me to join various societies, and assist

cases of urgent necessity with loans or gifts ; and altogether I found my life a pleasant and contented one.

Matters were in this position when one evening as I was returning home, I came to a hall where mesmeric experiments were about to commence.

In a sceptical spirit I entered, and found an active, strong, talking man holding forth.

After talking for half-an-hour what appeared to me to be great nonsense, he invited those to come on the platform who desired to be experimented on, and, he added, "If any medical man is present, let him walk up and test the cases."

About a dozen men and women responded to the invitation, and I with them.

The lecturer then began his experiments, and in a few minutes convinced me that there was a power and condition in human nature of which hitherto I had been entirely ignorant.

I was deeply interested, and when afterwards he relieved cases of earache and toothache, I felt more interested.

He then said to me—"Doctor, I can see that you are a mesmerist. Here is a young woman suffering the agony of neuralgia ; do as I do and desire strongly to relieve the pain, and as you do so imagine there is an aura around the patient, and that your strong aura must displace her diseased aura."

I at once prepared myself to act as my friend advised me, and I began so seriously and felt so deep an interest in the case that I seemed to lose sight of myself altogether, and the woman upon whom I operated, after about three minutes, exclaimed—"O, Dr. Roy, what peace and happiness!—what is it? O, thank God, I feel quite well."

Next day I went to visit Dora Brown. She was dying of consumption, and suffered also excruciating neuralgia, which generally came on daily at twelve o'clock.

I told her of my last night's experience, and she was only too happy to test it.

With a great desire to relieve her, I began, and almost at once a peaceful and happy expression came into her face, and in five minutes I observed the quivering of the eyelids, and then the sigh, and she was entranced.

A beauty now came into her face I had never before seen there, and in a whisper she said, "Dear friend, my neuralgia is cured, and I thank God"; then, after a pause, she added—"A great sorrow awaits you ; but I see a holy light streaming from the east."

I now awoke her, when she said, with tears—"My neuralgia is gone : but why did you call me back? I have seen the angels in paradise."

As to myself, I at once became infatuated with this, to me, new science. I read all the books I could get on the subject, and this led me to read a number of other occult books, such as Ennemoser's "History of Magic," Jacob Boehme, Swedenborg, and the Lives of the Saints.

For the first time in my existence I felt that life was deeply interesting, because I saw and felt that man was a spiritual being, and that if he only lived a spiritual life he would receive a gift of spiritual power.

I had always been a student of the Gospels, but now the Gospels were to me, indeed, good news. The good news of the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth, the Will of God on earth, that Jesus was thus as the Son of God, the will of God, and thus the Great Physician, the Saviour of man, soul and body. Medicine as a money-making business became now more and more distasteful to me, and the healing of disease and suffering became an absorbing occupation. All scepticism as to the healing of diseases was now at an end, and I went on my way rejoicing in my strength in the awe and in the love of God.

I gave myself more and more to general philanthropy, and joined societies for providing baths and wash-houses for the people, and for founding loan societies, and coal clubs, and supply associations. But I found, as my friends had predicted, paying patients left me one by one, and although it was admitted that I was a good business man and worked hard for the poor, yet the general idea was "Dr. Roy is a clever but a dangerous man;" and I had actually to retire from some "charitable" institutions, and I found it sometimes very difficult to get admitted to any share in the work of others; for it was said I dealt in mesmerism, witchcraft, and necromancy, and all this although I lectured again and again against materialism and atheism, and met in public discussion their advocates.

This state of things, as I have said, made me quite poor, but I always had enough. I paid cash, and was never in debt; on the contrary, I saved about a pound a week, and thus I could help by loan or gift some of the most unfortunate; and so I worked on—strong, healthy, and happy.

I was so poor and so constantly occupied, and my studies were so absorbing, and I was so little in educated society, that I—although thirty years of age—never really thought of marriage; and yet at times a yearning for the society of the good and beautiful almost overpowered me. But my high ideal kept me from baseness, and as the ladies I met were all more or less vulgar and commonplace, and not beautiful, I fell into no entanglement; but my hour was at hand.

For a year I had attended Miss Dora Brown, a governess, about twenty-six years of age, who had fallen into poverty through bad health. She was the same whose neuralgia I had cured, but now she was dying of consumption. I took great interest in her case. She had somehow or other plucked the sacred and hidden fruit of Divine knowledge. She had read the "Lives of the Saints," and was for ever reading her Bible; and the deep things of the Spirit which she revealed to me filled my heart and soul. She was little, dark, and plain featured; but her utterances and her eyes were pure and holy.

One day, during my visit to her, she said to me, "Dear doctor, I am soon going to join an innumerable company, and you have been to me not only a good, kind doctor, but a father and a mother and a brother, and I could die in perfect peace if I could leave with you a parting gift. Now there is a young lady who visits me, whose father is a banker, and very rich, and she brings me help and fruit and flowers; but she brings me far more than that, for she brings me her most perfect self—a noble and generous presence. She is all love and goodness and truth, and O how beautiful! Her voice is as the voice of running waters. When she reads to me I become peaceful, and, oh, so happy!—and, sometimes falling asleep as she reads, I am carried into the bosom of angels."

"My dear little friend," I replied, "what a poet you are! But why do you tempt me? Don't you know I'm a big, rough doctor, intent only on doing some little good, and reading my queer books?"

"Oh yes, doctor, I know all about that; but I know that true love could transfigure you; and I so long to see you transfigured before I die. Yes, you must know Leonora."

"Leonora! Well, that is a beautiful name."

"Yes," she said, "but not so beautiful as she is."

"But what a little romancer you are, Miss Dora; and so you would displace all my ideal in order to unite me with your ideal. Besides, your ideal is rich and aristocratic; and how well can I imagine her papa 'gorgonising me with a stony British stare,' if I were such an old ass as to presume to seek his daughter's hand."

"It will not be so," she replied, "for truth and love are omnipotent; but I must not excite myself; perhaps you may meet her here at no distant day, and know everything. I have an impression that it will be so. She knows all about you. I have told her you are big, and a little unkempt; and that you don't wear shiny boots like her friend Captain Standish, but that you are a Highland gentleman, and that you are to me as gold seven times purified;" and as she said this a glow suffused her face.

A week after the above interview, just as I was brushing my hat to go out, a note was handed to me, as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Come if possible at once, a sudden change has taken place in Miss Brown's breathing; I think she is dying.—Yours, truly,

"LEONORA STRONG."

I went at once, and, as I ascended the stair, I heard, as Dora had said, the voice like running water, and the voice read, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also;" and as I entered I beheld the dying woman, and, kneeling at her bedside, the glorious presence of Leonora Strong.

I was overcome, and, kneeling at the other side of the bed, I took the disengaged hand of my poor Dora, and pressed it to my lips; and she lifted my hand to her lips, and then she, kissing the hand of Leonora, joined our two hands, and, as she looked upward,

her tears fell on both our joined hands, and she said, "I see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God;" and then her grasp relaxed, her eyes changed, and she gave a long deep sigh, and was gone—leaving Leonora and myself one in heart and soul and mind, then and forever more.

* * * * *

We laid the body of our dear friend in the Hackney Cemetery, and wrote on her tomb—"Blessed are the pure in heart!"

Then Leonora and I worked harder than ever among the poor, and her own and her father's purse were ever open; while I did all I could in various business and healing ways to help the infirmities of these poor ones.

We were perfectly happy, and met several days every week, and thus it was for several months. Our views and feelings on all subjects were as one, and this perfect unity produced a perfect peace which surpassed all understanding. It seemed to us as if the sky and the fields for ever sang together, and as we wandered through the woods, so full of hyacinths, they, as Guinevere says, were like the heaven upbreking through the earth; and wonderful as it was to me, Leonora's father, the rich banker, made no objections. For, by a strange providence, my father had, twenty years before, been of great service to Mr. Strong, while he had occasion to go to Skye in pursuit of information of vital importance to the Bank.

He used to say to me, "Dr. Roy, your father was, I think, the most nobly simple-hearted man I ever met; and as for your mother, she was to me as the Virgin Mary."

His plan was that I should remove to the West-end, where he could introduce me to practice, or, if I preferred it, he would be happy to take me into the Bank, "for," he said, "indeed the Bank owed to your father more than I can now explain to you. You have heard of that?"

"No."

"It is like your father, who rarely let his left hand know what his right hand did."

Alas, alas! how far otherwise was it all soon to be.

* * * * *

One June morning, as I was reading an article in the *Times* on the state of the poor in the East-end, I received a telegram from Mr. Strong in these words, "Come and see Leonora; she is not well, and wishes to see you."

Epping Park was about eight miles out of town, and I at once proceeded to the station just in time to catch the train, and, having telegraphed, I was met at Epping by the open carriage and driven to the house.

How deeply impressed is my soul with all the minute details of that drive: the birds singing on the trees, the cows in the park, and the crows as they walked on the grass; and then the dear mother as she met me at the door, and said—"Leonora is flushed, and has a headache; she seems to have caught a feverish cold."

We walked up the fine staircase, and into Leonora's bedroom, so beautiful with its water-colour drawings, and its flowers everywhere, and its open window looking into the park, and the voices of children coming from the lawn!

Leonora lay flushed, and with a glittering eye, and with an unread report of the Stepney Industrial School, on her bed. She said, "I am so glad you have come. I feel so confused; and I can't get Dora out of my head.

Why should I dwell on the terrible ten days which followed. Leonora had been visiting a poor child who was dying of typhoid fever in a cottage on the estate, and having drunk a glass of water from a well in the back-garden, had caught the infection.

The terrible blood-sign showed itself early. I constituted myself nurse, cook, and doctor. Every possible remedy was tried, and the highest authorities were called in. I spent hours of agony in prayer, and as the night came on, and the village clock struck the passing hours, and the murmur of voices came from the room below at evening prayers, as Leonora lay in muttering delirium, or in fevered sleep, an unutterable anguish seized possession of my soul.

And so the days passed; there was much delirium, and chiefly about Dora and the school children; but at last all this left her suddenly, and one evening she opened her eyes, so large and lustrous, and, looking calmly at me, she said—

"Darling, it was not to be, and as Dora said, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there you may be also.'" These were her only words. Delirium again came on, and, after a brief period, she sank into quiet rest.

I threw myself on her bed in anguish and despair, and I called louder and louder on her name through the darkness of the night into the open air, but only an echo came back from the distant garden-wall.

For days and weeks a dark, pall-like curtain fell between me and all I loved; but at last peace came, as one evening, in my now desolate study, I was reading her letters. I seemed to hear music of perfect sweetness, and a vision passed before me.

I saw my beloved one for a brief moment in matchless beauty and glory; and, shedding floods of tears, I became washed as it were from sin, sorrow, and anguish, and I had peace. That night I slept soundly, and arose next morning, and after another passionate fit of weeping, I, like David of old, arose and washed myself, and anointed my hair, and went forth into the world.

I began once more to visit the suffering ones she and I had seen together. I broke down certainly, but they were healing tears, and again I began the study of my Bible and my other books.

I had always lived with great plainness in food, eating little or no flesh meat, and now I felt more and more repelled by such meats. Indeed, I felt little tempted to eat more than sufficient to maintain body and soul together. Under this ordeal I felt as if a change were taking place in my mind and body. I slept only about six instead

of my usual eight hours, and I felt as if the brain were more than awake. I never knew what weariness was, and I could go all day a long round of visiting to poor people, or among the various societies, after taking only a cup of coffee and one bit of bread at breakfast.

Further, I began to experience a clearness of mental vision which sometimes alarmed me. I was perfectly calm, but my patients seemed to become to me transparent. I had a quickness and certainty of diagnosis which astonished me, and the remedies I applied were almost invariably and marvellously successful. I carried my medicines with me in a small case, having previously mixed and prepared them with my own hands. I also carried a small quantity of olive oil in a silver-mounted phial, given me by Leonora, and this oil I rubbed over painful parts or applied to sores. This vial I always held in my hands at morning and evening prayer, and during my sleep it lay beneath my pillow. My prayer always was, O Lord Jesus Christ, enable me to relieve suffering, and to confer some good and happiness.

Cases of neuralgia seemed to disappear at once under my manipulations, and cases of long-standing indigestion seemed to get well in a week. Ulcers of the extremities, which had lasted for years, got well in about two weeks. Cases of epilepsy of years' standing also melted away. In nearly all the cases of paralysis improvement set in at once, and some cases got entirely well. Even internal tumours disappeared, and one case of open cancer of the breast, with the diseased mass adhering to the skin, became detached in a month. I also cured several cases of almost complete blindness and deafness.

All this time I felt excited, but quite happy. I felt as if Leonora were always with me, and sometimes just as I was on the point of awaking from sleep I seemed to have, as it were, a dissolving memory, of sounds like a small silver bell, which came as it were from Leonora, and said, "Fear not my beloved, for all will be well."

I saw that if my cures got noised abroad I should be overwhelmed with cases, and so I begged of my poor patients not to speak of my cures outside their own families unless they were particularly interested in some special case.

After some months of the same experiences I began to feel bewildered and alarmed; for, I said, Who am I that such powers should be given to me? and I sometimes felt as if I were engaged in a dangerous, if not an unlawful, work. I felt this the more, because, not only in my dreams, but even in my most serious moments, words, and thoughts, and images presented themselves to me of a kind quite abhorrent to my nature, and whispering voices would suggest acts of wickedness, and justify these by arguments of the most subtle nature, based on, it might be, the insignificance of man, and hence on the indifference of an Infinite Being to the so-called sins of a poor worm like myself.

Sometimes I seemed to receive blows on the back, and several times I seemed to be thrown down in the streets by external but invisible violence.

At other times, feeling my powers, great ambition seized me. I felt that I could control the minds both of men and women, and get anything I chose to ask ; but I could only watch and pray, and say for ever, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

These strange hallucinations and hideous temptations would leave me for a time, but ever and again they would return, and I began to feel as if I must run away from my work, and totally change my life by a visit to Scotland, or perhaps by taking a voyage to America.

This was my condition, when one night as I sat in my study—it being just twelve o'clock, midnight—while reading the life of the Curè d'Ars, and finding with astonishment that this holy and most unselfish of men had suffered experiences almost identical with my own, I was startled by what seemed to me a gentle tapping at the street door, all in the house being in bed. I listened, and as I listened my hair began to creep on my head, and again I heard three distinct knocks on the street door.

I concluded that it must be some poor patient who had sent for me, and, rising from my chair, I went to the door, and opening it I saw a man, tall and dark, who said to me, in a foreign accent, "Dr. Roy, I presume?" I replied, "Yes; what can I do for you?" He said, "May I enter?" I replied, "Most certainly."

As he entered he said, "You must excuse me, Dr. Roy, but seeing a light in your room I understood that you had not retired: and the advice I have to give you must be given at once."

Seeing him now in my lighted room, he appeared to me to be about fifty years of age, and about five feet ten inches in height, or about two inches shorter than myself. He was tall, thin, and dark, with iron-grey hair and beard. He wore a long clerical surtout of black serge, but closed behind, and reaching to the ankles, and a broad sash round his waist of dark green silk, and on his head a clerical felt hat. His appearance was calm and majestic, his teeth good and strong, and his eyes expressed an almost superhuman calm power; and altogether he impressed me as one who was my master.

Being seated, he said, "Dr. Roy, I have long known you, and I have seen your good works. You have been sanctified by great suffering. Your life is devoted to God, and yet you are in imminent danger."

I replied, "Much of what you say I can believe to be true; but although I feel that you are a wise and good man, I yet hope you will permit me to ask for some explanation of the cause which has induced one thus unknown to me to enter my house at midnight."

"Certainly," was his reply. "My name is Yos-Hamud. I live on the Lebanon. I am sixty years of age, although you have thought me only fifty," and, producing a pocket-book, he showed me a letter addressed to himself from the Turkish Embassy.

He then said, "Give me your hand." I did so. He examined the palm, and then held my hand in his strong grasp for about one

minute, when I experienced an exhilarating sensation coming through my whole body, and I seemed to pass into a state of half-abstraction, and then I saw a radiance in his face, and I at once *knew* that he was a good and true man.

He resigned my hand, and as I recovered my normal condition, he said, "You now know my power and my desire for your good. You have passed through a terrible passion of the heart, and become thus spiritually opened, but you have broken the odylic sphere too abruptly. It is necessary that you should recover the lost balance by absence from mental excitement, and by rest in the mountains. Your healing power has already diminished since I entered your room. You have had the baptism of fire, and it is well; but now you must slowly, and gradually, and in order prepare to pass through the baptism as by water and by the Spirit. You must be born again; but, slowly and gradually, must your body and soul be built up. It is a work often of years; but with you as the seventh son of a virgin mother, and as one who has not defiled his soul or body, but has loved his Lord, regeneration will be freely opened, for I can see that you are destined for the supreme vision and for the temple of the Lord. In patience and humility you must possess your soul. Your brain, as I have said, has been disintegrated by a convulsive shock, and requires entire rest. Dear son, let me advise you. Settle your affairs and come with me to Palestine. You have already passed through a crucifixion; come with me to Palestine, and slowly and solemnly tread in the footsteps of the Son of Man and the Son of God."

I felt that the words spoken were true; but I replied, "I have no means of living if I give up my present house and mode of life."

He answered, "Sell your house and furniture. To-morrow at twelve o'clock a gentleman will call to treat for them. Let him have your property for £2000; he is prepared to pay the money down; accept his offer, and invest your money in the Coanzaro Copper Mine *at once*. At the present price this will yield you £140 a year, a sum sufficient for all your wants."

"But," I said, "what of my poor patients?"

He replied, "I have said your healing powers have already diminished. Your safety demanded this. Place your patients in the hands of your friend Robertson; he is a good man, and possesses much of your power and insight. I now take my leave. I will call for your answer to-morrow evening at six o'clock," saying which he again took my hand, and as he grasped it a quiet strength came to me, and he departed.

It was now two hours past midnight, but I sat on by the fireside, too excited to go to bed; and I took paper, pen, and ink, and wrote down from memory all that my strange visitor had said. I pondered it all over. Who was this Yos-Hamud who knew all my thoughts and all my past life, and who thus with authority dictated to me. To-morrow may reveal more; and going to bed I dreamed of the strange occurrence, and Leonora seemed to come to me and to say, "He is a good man, and what he says is true."

I awoke next morning early, and again began to ponder the whole scene. I went out after my usual cup of coffee and bit of bread; but I felt restless and unfit for my work, and I longed for twelve o'clock to see how far the prediction would be fulfilled as to the man who was to buy my house.

I got home about half-past eleven o'clock, and began restlessly to walk up and down my room. "How can I give up all this? My uncle's house and furniture and my books, and the scenes of so many and such deep impressions, and the room in which Leonora has appeared to me. Is it possible I have been dreaming, or is it possible this man can be an imposter? That can scarcely be. "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

I looked at the clock on the mantelshelf; it was three minutes to twelve o'clock. I became exceedingly excited. The clock struck, and as the last stroke fell there came a loud knocking at the street door. I could not wait for the servant, but opened the door myself. A bustling little man with a very red face and a very green umbrella confronted me, and said, "Dr. Roy, I presume; your servant."

I need not go into details; and I only now add that I sold my house to the man, and with the approval of my broker, invested the money as my mysterious visitor had advised.

And now I waited impatiently for six o'clock, and punctual to the hour named Yos-Hamud appeared.

Again I was alone with my mysterious friend, who said, "I repeat I have long watched your career with much interest, and I have found you true and desirous of the good, and I now desire to dedicate you to the Highest. Are you prepared to go with me to the Lebanon? There you will find a perfect climate and a glorious nature; and there you will associate with men who have devoted themselves to God and to humanity."

I said, "Yes; I believe in you, and I shall go with you to the Lebanon."

"It is well. I will call here for you to-morrow at three o'clock, when we can proceed together by the train for Paris," and he left me.

I felt an ardour to go. It is true, I parted with my patients, but I knew my friend Robertson would be kind to them, and I certainly required rest, and that at once.

* * * * *

I had never been abroad before, and all was new to me. I found Paris magnificent, but not for me. In Switzerland unknown grandeur burst upon me and opened my heart and mind; and as I slept at Zermat, Leonora again came to me and said, "It is all well." I knew it was well, and that Yos-Hamud was a wise and good man, while the glory of the mountains revealed to me the glory of God, and I was at peace.

We took the steamer at Trieste, and in due course arrived at Beyrout, where we were met by an Arab in charge of two active horses. Our small portmanteaus were fastened behind us on a light but strong frame attached to the saddle, and, mounting our horses, we started for the Lebanon.

We rode leisurely—sometimes at a walking pace,—and when we came to turf or hard sand we broke into a canter, and in about five hours we found ourselves ascending the slopes of the Lebanon, and I felt as if I were ascending to a better land, and I felt strong and happy.

The scenery was superb; and as we ascended new views and new ideas for ever presented themselves as we passed through groves of lemon trees, and through vineyards, and olive grounds, and forests of cedar. At last, as we reached an elevation of about 4000 feet we arrived at some farm buildings where a Syrian met us, and, with many salaams, took our horses and said he would bring round our baggage.

Yos-Hamud and I now proceeded on foot through a thick wood of cedars and walnut trees and rhododendrons, and after walking for twenty minutes we emerged on a beautiful plateau of fine turf about ten acres in extent, and I saw our home—a long white two-storeyed house, in the midst of some magnificent trees.

It was just past six o'clock, and as we entered the house all was silence, for the brothers had just proceeded to their evening Turkish bath.

Yos-Hamud took me to my bedroom. It was about twelve feet by ten feet. There was a small bed, an easy chair, and two other chairs; a wash-basin, a hip-bath, and towels and soap; a small looking-glass and one little mat—the floor being old wood; a cupboard for clothes and some shelves for books, with paper and writing materials, and a vase of flowers. The walls were distempered a cool green, and all looked fresh and beautifully clean.

Yos-Hamud handed me a large Turkish bath sheet, and said if I would undress and wash off the dust, we should now proceed to the Turkish bath, as usual at this hour, before supper.

I prepared myself, and winding the sheet round me we proceeded to the bath. It was lined with white and green tiles, and at first seemed almost in darkness, but gradually I could see the inmates. There were thirteen present including myself, the ages varying apparently from about forty to eighty years.

They were talking in Italian when I entered, but the Patriarch saluted me in English, and said, "Welcome, dear brother—welcome in the name of the Lord."

Very few words were spoken. I found the bath the most refreshing I had ever experienced, and it was truly delicious after our long ride. The shampooers were Syrians, quiet, kindly men, and the washing was with almond oil soap, scented with wintergreen.

Having returned to my bedroom, I there reposed at the open window for about half an hour in the cool of the evening, and then dressed in fresh clothes provided for me. These consisted of a very fine pale gray woollen shirt reaching below the knees, and over this a Turkish robe of white cotton, tastefully ornamented with blue, and reaching to the ankles. Yos-Hamud, similarly attired, then led me to the supper-table. A fresh shirt was put on daily at this hour.

The supper was spread in a long room, the doors and windows

being all open. The supper consisted of the finest coffee, with preparations of eggs, rice, and unleavened bread, and an abundance of milk, and dates, fresh figs, and other fruits. As we stood at the table before sitting down, the Patriarch said, "May we with gratitude partake of these the fruits and produce of the earth, and thus partake of the body and life of Divine Love, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and Holy Spirit—Amen."

The supper was eaten very slowly and somewhat solemnly, the brothers regarding food in a sacred light, there being no general conversation; and in this respect they resembled the Essenes of the days of Jesus.

After supper we proceeded to another room, when I observed that a few of the brothers smoked very moderately a little *mild tobacco*, but Yos-Hamud never smoked.

On the present occasion he was the spokesman, and he gave at length an account of his mission to London on the business of the Lebanon, and his interview with me and our journey.

At nine o'clock Yos-Hamud and two of the brothers took me into another room, and spoke to me more privately.

They said, "We are a brotherhood who attempt to live a life of peace and freedom from worldly cares, and we teach the doctrine of Regeneration of Body, Soul, and Spirit.

"There is an endowment of £1000 belonging to the monastery, and this is sufficient for all our wants. We occupy ourselves in distilling medicinal substances to which we impart magnetic virtues, and these we give away or sell; but with every package of the medicine we print instructions that the full benefits cannot be obtained unless those taking the medicine live in purity and brotherly love.

"We preach a vegetable diet as quite sufficient with eggs, butter, milk, and coffee. We do not say that to eat the flesh of animals is sinful; we only say ours is a purer diet; and that purity in air, water, food, clothes, body, thoughts, words, and acts, is Christian morality.

"We also work daily in the garden, pruning and grafting; and for exercise, we cut our firewood and work in the carpenter's shop.

"Two of us go by rotation to the dispensary daily. It is two miles down the hill, and there we dispense our medicines and give general good advice and practice minor surgery, and teach the same to those willing to learn.

"This life gives health and strength to body and mind. We are all seers, but we in rotation act specially in this sphere, as fasting, prayer, solitude, and silence, are in this desirable and often necessary."

"We knew that you were a man loving and fearing God, and loving your brother better than yourself, and therefore brother Yos-Hamud was instructed to visit you during his short sojourn in London, whither he had gone, as you have heard, on some business connected with the Lebanon.

"He saw that you had suffered the passion of the soul, and that this, together with your mode of life, had opened the body to the

inner spirit so suddenly, that you, not having been trained to understand or control such things, were in great danger.

"You have come here in order that you may obtain a complete equilibrium of body, soul, and spirit ; for so long as we are inhabitants of this planet, we must act in accordance with its laws.

"There are those who, becoming intoxicated by the Spirit, have lost this equilibrium. They are often good men, but their danger is, that they become entangled in the society of spirits, and are led from noble desires often to great ambition, and from great ambition to selfish aggrandisement and self-worship. Then they become assailed by cruel Spirits of terrible power and subtlety, and their fall is as that of Lucifer.

"The door has been opened for angels, but demons also taking the form of angels of light may walk in and take possession. Then the last stage of that man is worse than the first.

"You must begin by acquiring perfect physical health, and this you will gain by our pure air, water, and diet, and the right conduct of body and mind ; and afterwards by our solvent waters and our pure magnetism ; and ultimately by the baptism by fire, by water, and by Spirit.

"Our rules are : Bed at 10.30 and rising at 6.30. After due washing the time is passed in prayer, study, or amusement till breakfast at 8. From 9 to 12 there is study or light work ; dinner at 1. From 2 to 5 o'clock, garden and other work ; at 6 the bath ; and half-past 7, supper ; then reading or conversation till prayers at 10 o'clock ; and this hour having arrived, we will now proceed to join the brethren. We have family morning and evening prayers, but it is in solitude and silence that the soul finds God."

The brothers and all the household now met in the chapel, where a portion of the gospel was read, followed by prayers and a hymn, accompanied by the organ ; after which we all arose and retired to rest for the night.

Yos-Hamud accompanied me to my bedroom, and said, "I will return in twenty minutes when you will be in bed." He did so ; and then taking both my hands in his as I lay in bed, he repeated the Lord's Prayer three times, and as he did so I felt a drowsy calmness steal over me, and I passed into oblivious sleep.

I awoke next morning at six. My window was open, and a delicious fragrance entered the room, and the air resounded with the songs of birds.

I felt a great peace and happiness ; and as I thought of all I had passed through, and of my friends in London and Scotland, tears came freely, but they were tears of peace and hope.

I arose and bathed and descended to the grounds, and there met the brothers walking about quietly and pleasantly, and the whole scene was one of sweetness and beauty.

We were a brotherhood of thirteen, including myself. Of them, several were natives of the Lebanon, or Syria ; one was a Greek ; two were Italians ; one was a Hungarian, of Jewish birth ; and one was from the north-west provinces of Bengal.

The Patriarch was from the Lebanon. He was ninety-two years of age, a beautiful and venerable man, not of conspicuous intellect, but simple and good, and a great scholar. He spoke Syriac, Italian, and English, and fully understood Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. All studied more or less the Syriac language, in order that they might be of use among the people of the land; and Yos-Hamud said to me, "The Syriac is the closest approach we have to the language spoken by the Lord Jesus himself."

It was a very great advantage having the representative of these various nationalities amongst us, for not only did they become teachers each in his own language, but their knowledge of the various forms of religion was most interesting and instructive.

All, as I have said, were magnetic men and seers, and all were perfectly acquainted with the occult sciences, not only theoretically but practically.

The story of Chunder Sol, who came from the Punjaub, was very instructive. He was about fifty years of age, and from an early age had devoted himself to asceticism. He was a master of the occult, and was perfectly acquainted with the Yoga philosophy, having risen to a high degree in a Himalayan Society; but having met with the Gospel of John in Sanscrit, he, although hitherto always despising Christianity as taught by the missionaries, became at once awakened by the teaching of Jesus as recorded by John.

As a mystic, he at once saw that the doctrine of the Logos was in a manner identical with the doctrine of the *Centre*, as taught by the oriental mystics; and, beyond this, he saw in the perfect human life of Jesus of Nazareth, the son of the carpenter, a model of the perfect man—an equal balance of truth, love, and holiness—hitherto unknown to him.

He thus became a believer in the Christ, and having, through an English traveller, heard of the Mystic Brotherhood of Jesus in the Lebanon, he determined to seek them out, which he did, and had from that time continued with them.

His teaching was that, in Hindustan, there were very many magicians, but most of them were mere wonder-workers, and many of them were extremely wicked; but also in the east, and among the Himalayan mountains, there were brotherhoods of Adepts. They were ascetics, and some of them were pure-minded men, and subtle thinkers. They were what is called mediumistic men—that is, they by a pure and ascetic life, prepared themselves so that they became almost as disembodied spirits. This was done by extreme ascetism, and by the controlling of the breath, and by magnetic aid. The result was, that they could entrance themselves, and thus project their souls to almost any desired distance on earth, and then assume such forms as they pleased. They were magicians, and could read your thoughts, and could heal diseases, and could work various physical miracles. He added—"This, of course, is not difficult to understand, as nearly all of us here have the same power, the chief difference being, that these Adepts live in secret and in comparative bodily indolence;

while we, although so far in secret seclusion from the world, yet daily visit the world, and do what practical good we can." He added—"I should say the want of active benevolence, and of rigid truthfulness, and the love of secrecy, are the chief defects of the oriental mind; and that these defects cling more or less to these Adepts. As an illustration, I may say that I myself rose to a high degree in one of these secret Adept societies, and that one who was older and higher than myself was my teacher, or guru, and I was his devoted and obedient pupil. Shortly before I met with the Sanscrit Gospel of John, I had one evening a long interview with this guru, and finding that he did not, or could not, satisfy some of my desires for higher occult knowledge, I urged that he should introduce me to our elder brother, a man of great age, and reputed to be of superhuman wisdom. His reply was, that it was at present impossible, as he was two hundred miles away.

"I had been accustomed to flashes of intuition, and, as he said this, I replied—"Master, I am impelled by an inner force to say that you speak not the truth, because our elder brother is in the next room."

"My brother did not manifest either surprise or annoyance, but simply said, 'Brother it is true, and yet I spoke to thee the truth also—a fact is not a truth, for the only truth is spiritual. Our elder brother is in the next room, that is a fact; but your mind is so inferior to his, that I can truly say he is two hundred miles distant from thee.'

"But I replied, 'You desired to deceive me.'

"And he answered, 'If so, it was as I thought for your interest I should; and I did so because I love you; however,' he added, 'I will admit you to the presence of our elder brother, but on only one condition—you must confine your questions to three, for his mind is too deeply in the Divine to talk long with men in the body.'

"I agreed to this, and was led into the awful presence of my mysterious brother. I saw in a dim light a very aged man. I should not be surprised to learn that he was one hundred and fifty years of age. He wore a tawny white robe, and lay propped up by pillows. He was emaciated in the highest degree; but he had a fine head and face, and looked the ideal of passive benevolence and resignation.

"On my knees, and with folded hands, I said, 'O father, I am permitted to ask of thee three questions.'

"He raised his hand very shortly, almost like clockwork, to his forehead, and said, 'Speak, my son,' but in a voice scarcely audible; and his eyes looked bright, yet as if his thoughts were far away.

"*First*, 'How shall I obtain everlasting life?'

"His reply was, 'Thou *art* everlasting life.'

"*Second*, 'How best shall I acquire the deepest Divine Wisdom?'

"He replied, 'Listen most attentively to the Central Voice.'

"*Third*, 'But I find many say they listen to this Central Voice, and yet I find much difference of opinion—how can I learn to discriminate?'"

"He replied, 'These have not listened to the Very Centre.'"

"I was about to crave for further light, but my guru, pressed his finger to my lips, and, as I retired backwards to the door, the arm of the old man gradually descended from his forehead to his side, and he closed his eyes and seemed to me like a man dead."

The Punjaabee further said, "Some of the younger students of this Yoga philosophy have been in Europe, and there are some perfectly acquainted with the German metaphysics. Many of them are men of education and great ambition; but by secreting themselves, and by communicating with the outer world by letters, it may be conveyed by occult processes; they thus at one and the same time cultivate their passion, one might almost call it, for secrecy, and they thus have a reputation which a closer interview would tend to dispel. They are sometimes men of acute metaphysical discrimination; but they are ambitious, chiefly of occult powers. They talk much of controlling the forces of nature as Gods, but their fate usually is to get entangled with those spirits whom they control to their wills, and sooner or later many of them are led to their destruction. Power, not love, is their strong desire, and hence the tension being too much strained, often snaps, and they fall as by a rebound into wickedness."

The Hungarian's name was Joseph Rothstadt. He said that he had been educated for the Jewish priesthood, and had been taught to regard the Nazarene as that false prophet who had deceived the nations; but having about the age of thirty gone with great ardour into the study of the Kabala, he was then led to the study of Plato, and from him to the study of the modern philosophy of Germany; and thus it was that he came to study Spinoza.

"Now," he said, "Spinoza, as you know, was born a Jew, and was educated for the priesthood, but he was cast out of the Synagogue for heresy. At first I regarded him as a sinner, but I came quickly to see that of all men he was one of the most divine. He was a man who sacrificed everything for truth, and was, moreover, the most simple-minded and loving of men, and I loved him from my heart. When, therefore, I read in his pages these words, 'God is the substance of all things, but has manifested Himself most in man, but most of all in Jesus Christ,' you may imagine how severe the shock was to all my early prejudices, but I said—If this truly inspired man, Spinoza, so judged, who am I that I should revile the Nazarene.

"At once I procured the Gospels in Greek, and, sitting down, I did not rise until I had devoured the biography by Luke and by John. Afterwards I read Matthew and Mark, and that which most struck me was the overpowering truthfulness of the narratives, and the living reality of the character of Jesus. I saw also Plato and the Kabala in the doctrines of the Son of God, and ultimately I came to see that never man spake as this man. The veil was taken from my heart and I became an enthusiastic believer in The Christ.

"In this frame of mind I went to Palestine, the idea having forced itself upon me that the conversion of my people to a belief in Jesus

was at hand, and that their return to the land of their fathers was imminent. I believed also that this work should be accomplished through the power and wealth of England; for, as a Hungarian, I loved England, and I wished first to make myself acquainted with the capabilities of Palestine and especially the Land of Gilead, and then to bring the matter before my people and before the English people. For I said although the idea held by a few simple women that the English race was descended from the lost tribes was to me amusingly absurd, yet I saw in the English race, in their pastoral life, and in their commercial greatness, and in their sincere piety, a greater similitude to the patriarchal age of my people than I could find in any other nation, and I said why should Israel not return and reign in Palestine, and become the bridge to unite Europe with Asia, and thus with England and India unite the human race? Those ideas are still ever in my mind. But it was when I first entertained them, now ten years ago, that I met Yos-Hamud at Damascus, and was, after due initiation, invited to join the brotherhood."

The two Italians were brothers, and had been monks in Rome, but, becoming disgusted with the idle life, they went to Palestine with the idea of opening a school for Arab children. When engaged in this work they became students of the "Lives of the Saints," and having witnessed some of the magic of the Dervishes were led to become students of the occult, and this led to their visiting the dispensary in the Lebanon, where it was said miraculous cures were accomplished by an order of monks. This was no other than the dispensary attached to this brotherhood. They at first became assistants at this dispensary, and having shown themselves to be men of discretion, and also as monks, destined to work in heathen lands, having received a medical and surgical education, and being also possessed of strong magnetic power, they were ultimately invited to join this community, and had now been members for seven years.

The Greek member was met by a brother when at Constantinople on the business of the Lebanon, and being a thorough Grecian and an adept in the mystic teachings of the neo-Platonists, and a most reliable and pious man, he ultimately, after due preparation, joined the community.

I having expressed surprise that one so young and so unlearned as myself should have been accounted worthy of admission to the fraternity, Yos-Hamud explained to me that as a seer and magnetist I was greater than some of the brothers, and that the presence of an Englishman was most desirable in regard to the future of the society, and in reference to the dominance of England in Palestine, which they regarded as a necessity, and that at no distant period; and further, they said that my surgical knowledge could be turned to great account at their dispensary, where many cases presented themselves demanding surgical operations beyond their skill.

I now began a regular course of training, and at the same time was daily occupied in the labours of the fraternity.

I rose generally at six, and spent an hour and a-half in the study of Syriac, and after breakfast I proceeded to the dispensary almost daily ; and it becoming known in the country for many miles round that an English surgeon was in attendance, many surgical cases came under my care. Most of the cases were those of minor surgery ; but at the dispensary we opened six beds, and these were occupied for the most part with cases of tumours, cataract, and fractured limbs.

The elevation of the situation, the purity of the air and water, and the excellent food and nursing, and, I must add, the power of the medical substances used and the magnetic power brought to bear produced a combination of effects which resulted in a surgery immensely more successful than any I had ever witnessed in London or Edinburgh, and the work was to me most satisfactory.

The daily walk of two miles down the mountain to the dispensary, and the daily walk back to our lofty home, was a source of continual delight to me.

The evenings were spent in reading and in conversation, and it was thus that I learned the history of the various brothers as I have recorded.

We had also many conversations on the nature, and teachings, and life of Jesus Christ, and the views expressed were in accordance with those of the mystical writers and the Christian saints. The brothers regarded many of the stories concerning these saints as legendary ; but the brothers being all seers, and having all more or less experienced actual spiritual power, they had no difficulty in believing in the miracles assigned to these saints, who, they said, were men and women of a spiritual nature, who by a life an actual copy of that of their Lord, thus became born in his likeness as brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ.

They held that Jesus was born of the Holy Spirit from his mother's womb, and that his nature was ineffable, and could only be known by a miraculous revelation to the soul. They maintained that such a revelation had sometimes been given to the brothers by visible and audible revelations of the Lord, although such could not be revealed in words except to the initiated.

They said Jesus of Nazareth was the perfect man, but Jesus the Christ was the perfect Son of God, and thus elder brother of all sons of men born of the Spirit.

There undoubtedly had been an historic Christ, but Christ in us was the Word of God in us, the light which is a hidden light in every man born into the world, and that salvation by Christ was thus the salvation of man by the regeneration of his soul by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

They said, however, that these views were esoteric, and were not put forth for universal acceptance ; but that the world's chief need was to believe in the heart the teaching of Jesus, that love to God and love to man contained all religion and all morality, because it contained the whole of the law and the prophets.

They said it was true that Jesus had lived with the Essenes ; but

that his inner teaching came from a higher source, and was far deeper and wider than theirs.

I found they would never dispute on theological subjects with outsiders at the dispensary, but simply say as above, that love was everything, and to be simply good was everything. Thus all offence and anger were excluded, and all who conversed with the brothers seemed to receive a sanctifying influence, and even the most vicious seemed more or less calmed and purified.

They also said that Jesus on the mount was tempted to give his life to power for the deliverance of Israel by driving the hated Romans from the land, which, by his supernatural knowledge and power, he could easily have accomplished, and thus have become King of the Jews and perhaps Emperor of the World; but he at once rejected the temptation, for his kingdom was not of this world. He lived not for himself or for the Jews only, but for the whole human race, and sooner or later he would be known as the universal Saviour of mankind.

He lost his life because truth is hateful to wicked men, and all who suffer for righteousness are more or less saviours of men.

Regarding modern Spiritualism, they said that it was a great fact, and sent as a direct refutation of modern Materialism, and a direct refutation of those who teach that the miracles of Christ are to be understood only mythically; but beyond this, Spiritualism as yet was chaotic, and a manifestation much more of foolish and idle, and sometimes wicked spirits than of angels.

High-spiritual beings did not gratify idle curiosity by producing wonders. Their influence was hidden and on the soul. But these grotesque exhibitions were at least proof of a spirit world, and should lead men and women to believe in, and seek after, not spirits, but the Spirit of God, then the salvation of the world would begin to appear by the advent of the Gospel or good news, and the coming of the kingdom of heaven would be realised.

* * * * *

Yos-Hamud again spoke to me of that baptism of fire which is as the wrath of God, to be followed by that baptism as by water which melts down all hardness, to be followed by that baptism of the Spirit of God, moving on the face of the waters, calling life out of death.

And so it was; for after a time I prepared myself to pass through the critical ordeal whereby the effete might, as by a process of fermentation, be eliminated from my body; and under the supervision of Yos-Hamud my diet was gradually simplified and reduced, and ultimately confined to boiled milk, a very little unleavened bread, and grapes.

I also took daily, fasting, three large glasses of the mineral waters of the hill. It was apparently a perfectly pure water; but it contained infinitesimal quantities of sulphur, iodine, and arsenic, and its influence soon began to be felt.

I became gradually weaker and weaker, and had to give up my daily visits to the dispensary, and could only crawl about the

grounds, and a few days later I was obliged through weakness to keep to bed.

The ordeal I passed through was very severe. It was as a fermentation of my whole tissues, whereby the atoms became disintegrated, and the effete parts were cast out—as indeed takes place, in a limited degree, in those critical fevers which occur but once in one's life. My breathing became hurried on the least movement. My skin was covered with blotches. Several times a-day I became bathed in profuse perspirations, and I had chronic diarrhoea. I coughed and expectorated large quantities of dark mucus. My teeth became loose, and some irregularities were easily removed.

These symptoms, with more or less intensity, lasted for four weeks, the only relief I obtained being from sponging with warm water and from wet sheet packs.

To add to my distress, my sleep was scanty and disturbed, and I had, as before I left London, horrid dreams and hideous faces haunted me: and vile ideas entered my mind. I felt as if I must be lost but for the goodness of God. In short, in this respect the spiritual horrors of my former ordeal had returned.

One night, as I lay awake thus tortured, I began to pray most earnestly that I might be delivered from all sins of thought and deed, when suddenly I became entranced, and there was presented before me a picture of all my past thoughts, and errors, and sins so real as to appear as a *solid* monument against me; the solidity of the appearance appalled me. The shame and remorse I endured were terrible; and feeling as if I were sinking into the abyss of perdition, I cried aloud, "Lord, save me, I perish." Then a light shone out in the darkness, and a voice of ineffable sweetness said, "His fan is in his hands, and he will thoroughly cleanse his thrashing-floor; but my grace is sufficient for thee." On hearing this, the picture of my sins gradually melted away and vanished, and with tears of gratitude I felt a great peace. An immense load seemed removed, and then I fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke next morning it was ten o'clock. I felt a changed man. The weight, as it were, of a heavy poison had been removed, and I seemed a new man; and my bath-attendant coming in I felt strong enough to take a warm bath, and the bedding being changed I again lay down, and felt that the crisis was past.

The mineral water had been discontinued, and my diet was now changed to the usual diet of the brothers, and I rapidly recovered; but my skin peeled off as if I had had scarlet fever.

Next day I was out of bed and in the open air, and in a week I felt *perfectly* strong, and with a sensation of calmness and health such as I had never before experienced, and I found my mind and body as if they co-existed in a perfect harmony. My memory was stronger, and I saw through subtleties with simple ease. I took long walks over the mountains, and thought of my future plans.

One day, about a month after I had recovered, Yos-Hamud said to me, "You have never seen the Hermit of the Mountain, and I

think it might be well you should pay him a visit. You know sufficient Syriac to make yourself understood ; but before going you must fast."

I mentioned formerly that our monastery was about four thousand feet above the sea ; but the mountain gradually rose another thousand feet, but the summit being separated from our spur by a valley the distance was about two hours' walking ; and near this summit, which was reached with considerable difficulty, as it was composed almost entirely of boulders, and rocks, and thickets, there lived in a cave converted into a hut an old man called the Hermit.

I said I should much like to pay him a visit, and having received very strict directions to follow certain secret marks on the rocks and a plan of the road, I set out one afternoon on my journey, and by strict attention to my instructions I reached the hut of the Hermit before nightfall.

He received me with gentle kindness, and gave me water and unfermented bread, and he having washed my feet, we spent an evening in conversing on all his experiences.

He said he did not always dwell there, but only the three summer months, and the rest of the year he dwelt at Damascus. He retired for these three months in order that he might enjoy undisturbed solitude, for none could discover his residence without due directions.

He kept goats who supplied him with milk, and he cultivated his own fruit and corn, and thus, during the day, led an active life ; and at night he watched the stars, and thought on Him "who created the heavens by the breath of his mouth, and the host of them by the work of his hands," and thus for him, "day unto day uttered wisdom, and night unto night declared knowledge."

His appearance was venerable and holy, and he spoke as one who, like Abraham of old, was the friend of God.

He said, "I know you and I know of all your past sorrows, and I can see that you will shortly leave the Lebanon and return to the mighty city and labour in the vineyard of the Lord. It is well, for you are young and strong, and the harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few. Jesus for ever and anon retired into the mountains and remained all night in prayer to God, for then only can the Holy Spirit come in its fulness ; but all day he said, the 'Father worketh hitherto, and I work.'"

In discourse of this nature we spent some two hours, when the old man said, "Your chamber for the night is a stone-throw hence," and he rose and conducted me to the guest chamber outside and about forty yards away. It was a wooden hut, perfectly dry, and with abundance of fresh heather as the bed, over which was spread a clean sheet and a blanket.

I knelt down and received his blessing, and he left me, saying, "At sunrise you will depart ; you will not seek me, for I shall be on my Father's business."

When left alone and on the top of this great mountain, the stars shone down with a clearness and closeness to me I had never

before seen, and it seemed to me as if a universal voice—a voice of awful silence—came from them. As if it were the awful voice of Creative Power, and being filled with this awe, I knelt down and said, “O Lord Jesus, and O my God and Father, what wilt thou have me to do?” This I repeated again and again with an ever-increasing fervour, and, as it were, in agony, when suddenly I felt as if I were my inner self, and I was conscious that I knelt not on the ground but in the air, about three feet from the ground, and then the space before me seemed to become as white clouds of vapoury silver and electric atoms of light, moving with continual gyrations; and these parting asunder, I beheld one clothed in light like to the Son of God, and with a voice as of many waters, He said, “Son of man, lovest thou me?” And I answered in awe, “Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.” And he said, “Feed my sheep.” And as I gazed in awe and wonder and tears, the clouds closed and He vanished out of my sight, and I found myself again on my knees on the ground, and in the presence of the awful firmament of stars; and in great fear and trembling I buried my face in the bed, and this was all I knew, for when I awoke the rising sun shone on my face, and then, in obedience to the Man of God, I arose, and travelling down the mountain came in less than two hours to my home. I retired at once to my own chamber where I spent an hour in earnest prayer, and then having bathed I descended to mingle with my brothers on the lawn; but Yos-Hamud came to me and took me apart for a little space, and said, “Brother, thou hast seen a vision of the Ineffable. I know it, for the fashion of thy countenance is changed.”

* * * * *

A week after the above events, I said to Yos-Hamud, “I must obey, and return to my work in London. To live here is almost to be in heaven, but I must obey.”

He replied, “We must all obey. We shall all miss you sadly, but here we have no continuing city.”

The hour of my departure arrived, and, kneeling, I received the blessing of the Patriarch.

“Go,” he said, “and be strong in the power of the Lord.”

The more emotional brothers, in the pathetic words of Scripture, fell on my neck and wept, and Yos-Hamud in silence went with me as far as the farm-buildings, where we met the Syrian who was to accompany me back to Beyrout on horseback. My dear friend and master pressed me to his heart, but neither of us could trust himself to speak, a tremor passed through him, and his eyes were dimmed; and as I moved my horse and rode down the hill, and gave my last adieu, I felt as if I were going down into Sorrow; but as we rode on briskly, the hope of soon again being in my own land, and among my own people, revived me, and the rough riding by the way would not permit me to fall into reverie.

In a few hours I arrived at Beyrout, and in due course I once again walked in the streets of London, and felt ready at once for my work; but first I must go to Scotland, and see my mother and sisters and brothers.

My brothers and sisters were all settled in life—my brothers as merchants in Glasgow, and elsewhere. Two of my sisters were married, the youngest preferring to live with her mother. My mother, as of old, spent her summers in Skye, and her winters in Edinburgh, always having with her one or more of the family.

My brothers received me with great kindness, and were much interested in the details of my travels, but whenever I approached the mystical, I perceived a shadow on their countenances, and I was careful not to throw away words, or to stir up strife. Even my sister, who lived with mother, and who was as good as gold, seemed to look grave, when any allusions were made to the spiritual side of religion, owing doubtless to the Calvinistic blood of many generations having petrified her belief. Mother was now seventy-five years of age, and more beautiful than ever: and as she journeyed towards the setting sun, her face became more and more illuminated with the Divine light, which seemed to breathe in her entire being.

* * * * *

My narrative draws to a close. I returned to London, and entered on my new life with untiring zeal in the midst of five millions of human beings.

The work given me to do was to find friends, and build a church in accordance with the Mystic Brotherhood of Christ, in the midst of the most degraded population I could find, to be as a temple of beauty and holiness in the midst of a howling wilderness of disease and sin.

Men and women of education and devotion have gathered round the movement, and ample funds have been secured, and it was arranged that a church should be built somewhat after the pattern in Star Street. Externally, the church presents no remarkable architectural features; but, internally, it is lofty and long, and constructed especially with reference to musical resonance. The decoration is rich, but subdued, and in the window in the chancel is a fine copy of the Transfiguration by Raffael.

In close connection with the church are industrial schools, a school of music, a school of cookery, Turkish and other baths, and a store for grain and other food, a school for dressmaking, two eating-houses, and a coffee palace.

At the music school, the choir is trained. The school of cookery has the two eating-houses connected with it—one for those who prefer a mixed diet, and the other for those who are vegetarians. The school for dressmaking is meant to teach dressmaking as a home-work, and to supply dresses of the best quality of cheap materials, made up in a decent and becoming manner; and many of the ladies connected with the church have their neat and becoming dresses made there as an example; well knowing the snare of finery in dress.

The coffee palace is meant to attract from the public-houses, and therefore the room is beautiful, and the tea and coffee supplied better

than can be procured in almost any private house. The counter is covered with white tiles, and at the end of the long room are an aquarium and a fernery, under the care of a lady devoted to natural history, and these are found to be a great attraction. The tea and coffee at one penny a cup, supplied in pretty china, and the low price charged yet leaves a profit.

An excellent Turkish bath can be had for fourpence, and the clothes of the lower orders are at the same time fumigated and deodorised and purified, and if wet dried.

We have also two reading-rooms, one for men and one for women, and these can be opened into one when concerts, lectures, or other entertainments are given, and we have a department for house decoration and repair at cost prices, and having special reference to sanitary arrangements.

There is also a dispensary for out-door relief, and a small hospital with six beds.

The incumbent, the Rev. Cyril Wace, M.A., Oxon., is a man entirely devoted to his work. He is a thorough man of business, and an accomplished and scientific musician. His sermons rarely occupy more than twenty minutes in delivery, and are chiefly taken from the Gospels, and sometimes he openly reads from a book a sermon by one of the old divines; but he says we do not so much require sermons as that faith which produces works. The choir is to be fifty in number, all trained singers, both men and women, and the organ is not inferior in sweetness and power to that of any church in London.

When I say that Mr. Wace is deeply read in Bœhme, Swedenborg, Law, Madame Guyon, Thomas à Kempis, and the Lives of the Saints, it will be understood what manner of man he is.

Strangers entering the church with its sights, and sounds, and odours, often say, "This looks high." Yet Mr Wace is freer from priestly assumption than any clergyman or minister I ever knew. His continual saying is, Let those who are greatest among you be as your servants, and let these wash the disciples' feet.

The church is open day and night, and as there are twelve amateur organists attached to the choir, even in the dead of the night the solemn tones of music may be often heard, and the homeless and miserable as they pass by many a time find within the church rest and peace for soul and body, and some have thus been touched by the fire which day and night comes from the altar.

The Industrial School-room is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, and on the wall is engraved, on a tablet of marble, and in letters of gold—

FROM HER FATHER AND MOTHER,

In Loving Memory

OF

LEONORA STRONG.

WILLIAM HOWITT AND HIS SPIRITUALISM.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY HIS DAUGHTER, A. M. H. W.

PART III.

NOON-DAY OF LIFE.

“At the same time he was catholic in his tastes and extremely liberal in his views, while in varied experiences of an active life he had gathered great stores of practical information.” (*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1879; Review of William Howitt's Works on Rural England.)

THE soft opal hues of morning until now have cast their lingering light of poetry around the life of our author, giving an ethereal ideality to the aspiration and productions of his mind. Now with the labour and sweat of the brow and struggle of noon, for a season this illumination from the ideal world must vanish, and all be viewed in the clear and unromantic light of full day. Again, as the sun of this life's day begins to descend, once more shall we behold the mellow and magically transforming spirit of Poetry transfuse and transfigure his existence.

Thus probably is it, more or less, with the lives of all humanity; but especially is it so with the race of Poet-men, who are *Spirit-men*.

In the heat and struggle of labour, in the harsh contact of the business of life with the many natures of many men, the “astringent,” the “heat” (“Hitze,”) as Bœhme would call it—all that is discordant, antagonistic, is called forth involuntarily in men's natures. In the full glare of day, in this strife of combatants, little is discerned but antagonism—the *dis-harmonies* in place of the harmonies. Still the east wind and the north wind, as well as the west and the south winds, go to the making of harvests and to the development of man.

UNTIL THE PUBLICATION OF “THE HISTORY OF PRIESTCRAFT”

no one out of William Howitt's own immediate personal acquaintance knew of his political opinions.

Scarcely was the Reform Bill passed before the Dissenters began to agitate for the separation of Church and State.

The blood of the nonconforming Quakers was stirred in him; and as he himself has somewhere observed, “having revelled all his youth in reading of the stalwart bearing of the sons of Fox against tyrannical oppression, and of the frightful sufferings unflinchingly endured by them at the hands of the Church and State beneath the rule of the Stuarts,” he had become baptised in the well-spring of nonconformity. It was

therefore in this fervour of an indignant spirit and in the glow of the vigorous prime of life that he wrote, within the course of three months, throwing it off at a heat, his "History of Priestcraft." Zeal at all times is wont to wax over-hot. At "fever-heat" stand doubtless many passages in the book, and to "fever-heat" did it raise the temper of its antagonists. Witness the curious fact that a reader of the volume travelled a hundred miles "to leave," as he himself said, "his curse at the door of the writer"! Its pages, if at times they are heated with the fever of zeal, teem with facts and statistics, and glows with ardent devotion to Liberty and Truth as they, at that period, revealed themselves to him. The whole book breathes an impassioned eloquence, whose strong, sonorous language reminds the readers, if I may be permitted to say so, at times of the prose writings of Milton. The book ran like wild-fire through edition after edition.

It has, since many years, been out of print. In his advanced life the author was urged to reproduce it. To that end he began his revision. On careful consideration, however, of the vast change wrought in the whole spirit of the age, of amelioration already effected in many directions in the Church itself, and of a liberal public opinion having in fact moved to the point at which the author himself had stood when he composed his book, he abandoned this intention. He would, he said, now remain content to have simply been a pioneer in this, as in various other directions of reform.

LOCAL LEADERSHIP.

The excitement incident in Nottingham to the appearance of this remarkable book, which elicited hot and vigorous controversy in the local as well as Metropolitan press, brought William Howitt prominently before his townsmen. Gradually he was induced to take a part in the political agitations of the place. Nottingham was always noted for its strong party politics; its hot elections with its notorious "Nottingham Lambs," which ought rather to have been termed wolves, and the Democratic spirit amongst its working classes. The history of the "Luddite Riots" in earlier years, and of the Nottingham Riots previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, when the rioters burnt the castle—now recently restored and converted into a local museum—have become portions of history. Such a town was glad to possess itself of an able leader for the Radical party—a man upright, bold, of benevolent impulse, and possessed of the far-seeing eye of the Poet. Such a leader for a few years my father became. The ambition, however, was not political. When the writer in the *Standard*,

already quoted, observes "that his place was the study and his favourite theme the social life of England," and that "although injudicious friends suggested St Stephen's, the honour was happily never forced upon him," he accurately described William Howitt's private opinions regarding his own mental instincts. In 1835 the Municipal Reform took place, when, much to his astonishment, my father found himself elected an alderman of the town, an honour to which amongst his dreams of ambition he had not aspired. Being elected, however, to this municipal dignity he resolved henceforth to fight for the rights of the people, and for the general good of the town. To which end—the town at that time being so densely built as to be "girt round," according to my father's expression, "as by an iron band," the lands on all sides surrounding it being held from enclosure by the Corporation itself through immemorial rights, the trade of the town suffered grievously therefrom, and removing to distant places where building ground for factories, etc., could be procured—he forthwith gave notice that at the next meeting of the Corporation he should move for an Act of Parliament empowering the enclosure of certain lands lying to the north of the town. This was the land where in later years have been laid out the beautiful public walks of the Arboretum, and where now are built the School of Art, one of the most important in the kingdom, and the new University College, the glory of modern Nottingham, together with a perfectly new town of streets, squares, manufactories, etc. Possessed with a keen eye for the beautiful in nature, and believing through life that where nature dwells there also dwells health, he desired to preserve, intact, however, the broad, beautiful expanse of meadow-land to the south, then extending from the town to the banks of the river Trent, as a zone of beauty and health *for ever* for that picturesquely-situated, ancient, historical town. But in this he was greatly disappointed, and with enclosure came finally the loss of these beautiful meadows, with their acres, in the spring-time of purple crocuses.

The battle which ensued between vested interest and "immemorial rights" and the modern needs of the town, in the person of the new-found champion, may be better imagined than described. The butchers of the town, whose interests were touched in the matter of "grazing," were said to have declared that if this innovator proceeded with his agitation he would be stabbed! "Then stab away!" my father is reported to have cried, and therewith his popularity grew immensely. His power at that time over the working-men of Nottingham was great. It was a power wisely employed; to see them

primarily a thoughtful and an educated class was his fervent desire. His humorous sayings and original ways of placing truth before them by some quaint metaphor remain current in the town to this hour.

His work in Nottingham, however, drew to its end. Literature had become his profession, and his literary engagements attracted him to London. The disappointment was great amongst the working-men of Nottingham when it became known that the champion for their "rights" was about to depart. "We thought," said they, "that at last we have found the man for whom we have waited so long! and now he deserts us!"

But he had done his work. He had set the stone of enclosure, as well as other stones of change, rolling. Now it was "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new"!

As at Nottingham, so elsewhere in connection with other questions, political, social, philanthropic, his was, according to his own showing—

THE MISSION OF A PIONEER :

A pioneer, in pointing out the necessity of change throughout the Society of Friends,* in the widening of their educational and intellectual horizon, and change regarding their peculiarities of dress and speech—a pioneer in agitation for the abolition of the Corn Laws, previous to the formation of the famous Corn Law League—a pioneer in the reform of the abuses of the Established Church, as we have seen through his "History of Priestcraft"—a pioneer in reforms in India, through a work published some years later, entitled "Colonisation and Christianity," and its offspring, "The British India Society"†—a pioneer in agitation for improved Road-making, for abolition of the Game Laws, for Protection of Animals against the horrors of Vivisection, for Co-operation in trading and farming amongst the working classes, etc. etc.—and as—

* In the pages of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* appeared from his pen an article regarding the Society of Friends, which at the time greatly discomposed the members of that worthy religious body. The words were like seed scattered to bring forth a future growth. He regarded the Society as having lost the glory of its first estate, and sunk into a slumber of torpid formalism and literalism, its spirit having departed. He desired to arouse them into new life.

† The results of the formation of the British India Society, with George Thompson as its lecturer, were a great agitation throughout the manufacturing districts. In the end, gradually, all that was agitated for was obtained by the repeal of the Company's charter, and various other reforms, operated through Parliament.

surely a pioneer in the Investigation and spread of truth regarding Modern Spiritual-manifestations.

Between the home at Nottingham and the home near London, intervened, through a second visit to Scotland in 1836, one of many agreeable

BITS OF TRAVEL

which ever and anon broke the monotony of William and Mary's industrious literary life, and which provided him with ever constantly fresh material for one class of his writings. When overstrained by work during the middle portion of his life, my father was wont suddenly to start off on a walking tour through some interesting portion of England, Ireland, Wales, or Scotland. On these occasions, he alone, frequently, knapsack on back, tramped through many remote districts—as, for instance, through Devon and Cornwall on one expedition, on another through “the Borders,” etc., etc. Thus he encountered all manner of curious adventures and quaint people, which, described *con amore* by his graphic pen, at a time when the art of “word-painting,” as it has come to be called, was much less common than now-a-days, gave an original charm, and infinite freshness and variety to his writings on rural subjects. He also during these journeys availed himself of the opportunity which they afforded to become personally acquainted, or to renew his acquaintance, with various illustrious contemporaries—as, for instance, when *en route* for Scotland, to visit at Rydal Mount the Wordsworth family, with whom William and Mary were already personally acquainted; at Newcastle, to make the acquaintance of the daughters of Thomas Bewick, the father of English wood-engraving, visiting with them Bewick's birthplace and grave, surrounded by those simple, unpretending northern scenes to which the force of his original genius has given an immortal place in the history of English Art; at Edinburgh, to strengthen the mutually cordial feeling of friendship with Professor Wilson, and the brothers William and Robert Chambers;—on other occasions, to visiting Miss Edgeworth, Daniel O'Connell, Miss Mitford, Walter Savage Landor, Sir Samuel Meyrick, etc., etc., pleasant sketches of whose “homes and haunts” may be found scattered throughout his pages.

With reference to this special class of my father's works, the “Rural Life of England,” “Visits to Remarkable Places,” and “Homes and Haunts of the British Poets,” a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has said:—

“We know not whether he (William Howitt) was a diligent student or no; but, assuredly, few men have been so liberally educated

for the practical purposes of an enjoyable life. Apart from the pleasantness of his style, and from the freshness of enjoyment which he never lost, and which he invariably succeeded in imparting to his readers, we should desire no more cultivated or sympathetic guide in the tours he made to 'Remarkable Places.' He pulls a venerable building to pieces, telling the dates of foundation, addition, and reconstruction, from the architecture. He shows an appreciative taste in painting, developed and refined by extensive foreign travel. He has studied English history in its broadest sense, going into the minute details of domestic furniture and habits. He has the art of making archæology light and lively, and illustrating genealogy by anecdote and reminiscences; while he relieves the inevitable dryness of those topics by introducing personal incidents and sprightly conversations. So it is, and in an even greater degree, in his 'Visits to the Homes and Haunts of the Poets.*' Their most characteristic beauties were as familiar to him as household words, and he traces with the fondness of intimate friendship the influences of its surroundings on each particular genius. . . . Howitt was never so happy as when away on one of his pilgrimages, among the spots consecrated by associations with historical deeds or illustrious men, or when plunging unguided on an expedition of discovery into some of the secluded nooks and recesses of Old England. Guides he loved to dispense with, though he delighted to draw strangers into conversation."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1879. "Rural England."

WAFTS FROM THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL †

are never entirely banished from these writings and experiences of travel at any period of his life. He never failed to record with interest any psychological fact which came across him. In one place he mentions an agreeable encounter with a gentleman, who invited him to his beautiful home, an old abbey, so remarkably lovely in its situation, and so curious a place in itself, that Mrs. Radcliffe might have made it the scene of one of her romances. This gentleman, a lover of books and an accomplished scholar, who had studied man, nature, and art, in foreign lands, interested my father greatly by his conversation, but specially through his description of a peculiar hallucination to which his son was subject. My father says—

* Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets." Richard Bentley, 1846. Small and Revised Third Edition, 1857. George Routledge, London.

† As examples, *vide* in "Rural Life,"—Superstitions and omens connected with the ancient white cattle of Chillingham; "Visits to Remarkable Places," first and second series; "Phantom Battle," seen on the Field of Culloden; "Cauld Lad of Hilton," "Visit to Hilton Castle," "The Court of Kealdar," and "Lord Soulis at Kealdar Castle," etc., etc.

A cheap edition of the "Visits to Remarkable Places," has recently appeared, by Messrs. Longman & Co., London.

"My sympathy was deeply excited by the peculiar condition of his son, who had recently lost his wife, to whom he was passionately attached. The loss had had such an effect on his brain, that he was visited by a species of insanity, during the paroxysms of which he beheld most beautiful pictures on the walls of his house—always the same—which he described. When they faded, he was found to be himself again. When he remarked, 'What fine pictures those were,' it was known at once that the attack was imminent. This was the chief feature of his hallucination. He had travelled much to surmount this singular tendency." Similar pictures have already been referred to in this *Review*, in articles on "The Mystical Death."

In the autumn of 1836, William and Mary settled in a country home, such as whilst dwellers of the town they had long sighed for. This was the

WEST END COTTAGE AT ESHER,

fifteen miles from London, previously to the making of the South-Western Railway, a charmingly rural spot. Heaths and wide breezy tracts of common land, where fed large flocks of geese, vast extents of fir woods in one direction, of meadowland sloping down to the Thames, on the other, made a paradise for these true lovers of the country. Within sight of their fields was the interesting ruin, called Wolsey's Tower—"Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's," as Shakespeare hath it—and within a walk the stately old palace and gardens of Hampton Court.

Here for three years their time was unremittingly devoted to literary pursuits; their relaxation being found in the enjoyment of their garden, in walks, drives, and unpretending, but most enjoyable, little pic-nic parties, with their children in the pleasant country around, and in the society of a few intimate and congenial friends. Here were born their two youngest children, Herbert Charlton, and Margaret Anastatia.

It was at Esher that my father wrote his "Boys' Country Book," of which the friendly reviewer of the *Edinburgh Review* thus writes:—"To our mind his 'Boys' Country Book' is the best of the kind that has ever been written, and the publishers would do a kindness to the boys of the day if they were to bring it out in a new edition. . . . Like all his later works, it has the force of faithful delineation; and there is a fresh exuberance of hearty appreciation of those innocent pleasures in which his days flew by. The only art in it is the art of graphically reproducing the pictures that had impressed themselves indelibly on his mind."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1879.

The publishers, Messrs. Nelson & Son, Paternoster Row, have brought out this new edition required.

Besides the "Rural Life of England" (2 vols.), and the first series of "Visits to Remarkable Places," my father also wrote at West End Cottage, in 1838, the work entitled "Colonisation and Christianity," to which there has also been a reference in this sketch. Its intention is one of wide benevolence.

STUDY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE

and literature, commenced at Nottingham some years previously by William and Mary, had captivated their imaginations. Desirous to obtain fuller educational advantage for their children than at that period so retired a spot as Esher afforded, they determined to let their cottage and go abroad—Germany, with its strong intellectual attraction, being their immediate goal, although both France and Italy they hoped to visit before returning home.

Ere we transport ourselves to Germany with our authors it may be as well, however, here to record a

CURIOUS CLAIRVOYANT DREAM

connected with the settling down at West End Cottage, since it materially helped to keep alive through this noonday period of his life, William Howitt's interest in what the Germans have called "the night side of nature."

An upholsteress from London, working at the house of a friend who resided at a short distance from Esher, was recommended by this friend to my mother to help in the settling down in the new home. She came to the house and neighbourhood an entire stranger, nor had she previously seen any of our family. No sooner, however, had she entered the house than, looking around her in considerable surprise, she said, "It is very odd, but I know this place quite well! and the master of the house also!—*I have been here in a dream!*" She then described my father quite accurately, although she as then had not seen him. Also she described the drawing-room accurately, with French windows opening out into the garden. "I had in my dream," she continued, "in connection with this house, a serious accident. What exactly this accident was I cannot remember, but it was a serious one, and was connected with a carriage. I wish," she added, "that I had not dreamed this, because—though I very rarely dream—when I do dream my dreams are quite certain to come true."

No one paid much attention to these remarks of Mrs. S., the upholsteress, and some time elapsed. Mrs. S. having nearly completed her work was obliged to leave West End Cottage

for a few days to go back to our friend and neighbour from whom she originally had come to us; after which she was once more to return to West End Cottage for a few days to complete our work, and then finally to return to London. Possibly three weeks or a month had thus elapsed since Mrs. S. had spoken of her dream, and it had been all but forgotten.

I, still a child, was spending a day or two with our friends, and Mrs. S. having completed her work there, it was settled that, Mrs. S. returning to Esher, I should walk with her, the distance being some three or four miles. We set off on our walk to meet midway my father and a young brother driving the pony carriage. "Do you think," said my father, addressing me, "that you could drive home? for in that case we will walk." "Certainly, certainly, papa," I cried, with the eager delight of a child to do something unusual—to do something like a grown-up person.

Away we drove, I flourishing the whip about in a way my father always said when relating the occurrence, which sent a chill to his heart. But the pony was quiet and the chaise was low; what anxiety could there be?

Scarcely had my father reached the hill-top overlooking West End, when he beheld, coming hurriedly along the road, with a very pale face, our gardener, who breathlessly gasped out as he rushed past, "Miss has upset the chaise, Mrs. S. is thrown out and hurt, and I am going for the doctor!"

Alas! and so it was. Singular to relate, as we drove to the garden gate, catching a full view of the cottage with the French windows referred to, visible between the shrubs and creepers, Mrs. S. said, "*The house looks now exactly as I saw it in my dream.*"

The right proceeding would have been to draw up at this front gate—where, indeed, we usually alighted. What possessed me I know not—possibly ambition to do what I had seen my father do—drive smartly round to the back gates, and through them into the stable-yard. I did drive round, and catching one wheel upon the spur of the fence of the holly hedge—the stiff holly leaves rustling upon the side of the chaise made a queer noise—the pony suddenly started, flung us both on to the ground; the wheel went over an end of my cloak—and over the ankle of poor Mrs. S.! She was seriously hurt, and laid by for at least six weeks; firstly with us—later on, in London. Thus was her dream perfectly fulfilled, and so ended my first and last attempt at driving!

AT HEIDELBERG

the Howitts now took up their residence with their children for the next three years. At first they had apartments in a

large house, to which my father refers in his sketch of the life of Madame von Krüdner, in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January, 1864. The Baroness Barbara Juliana von Krüdner was a lady who, at the end of the great French war, made a sensation through Europe by her eloquence as a preacher of religion, and to whom is attributed the organisation of the so-called "Holy Alliance" of the sovereigns of Europe—her influence over the mind of the Emperor Alexander of Russia being at one time all powerful. My father says, "Alexander fixed his head-quarters at Heidelberg, in a large house facing the Neckar, a little outside the city gate, the Karlsthor. He was attracted to it by a large crucifix which stood attached to the garden wall, and which stands there now. In this house I myself resided two years—1840 and 1841. In the hilly shrubbery behind there stood the Russian imperial crown on a stone pillar, and over the front door was a brass plate on which was engraved a command to any Russian army who might again invade Germany to spare that house. The last time I was there I observed that some ignoramus had painted over this inscription. Madame von Krüdner located herself at a pleasant villa about a mile up the Neckar valley, near the village of Schlierbach, also facing the river and charmingly surrounded by forest hills. She was thus enabled to see the Emperor daily, to strengthen his religious sentiment, and to incite him to great plans of human amelioration."

The little house formerly inhabited by this interesting lady my father used almost daily to pass when taking his favourite evening walk up the valley of the Neckar.

William Howitt, in his work entitled

"THE RURAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF GERMANY,"

did for Germany of his day much what the Rev. Baring Gould, in his valuable work upon Germany, has done for the Germany of our day. He made known to the English reader in a graphic manner and condensed form the state, social, political, and intellectual, of that great people. The work was reviewed by the *Algemeine Zeitung*—the *Times* of Germany—in a highly appreciative spirit.

"Howitt, a man of mature years, with all the youthful fire of poetry and humanity," says the reviewer—"every inch an Englishman—gives us here a most original work on Germany. He treats us and our affairs with an earnestness of conviction, such a love of impartiality, such an amiable candour, that we cannot censure him, but respect what he says."—(*Algemeine Zeitung*, Feb. 5, 1848.)

Until this book appeared there was little attainable information for the general public of England regarding the literature, art, or philosophy of Germany, beyond the charming and graceful early work of Mrs. Jameson's "Sketches at Home and Abroad." My father also translated a curious manuscript, written at his request by a German acquaintance, who called himself Dr. Cornelius—"History of the Student Life of Germany," with nearly forty of the most popular songs of the German student in German and English, with the original music adapted to the pianoforte by Herr Winkelmeyer. This work was very severely handled by some of the English reviewers, especially the *Times'* reviewer, but was highly commended by the Germans.

In 1841, during their abode at Heidelberg, William and Mary, accompanied by their eldest daughter, made a tour through the most interesting parts of Germany, visiting Stuttgart, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Weimar, Jena, etc., becoming acquainted with various interesting persons as well as places. Amongst the interesting people may be mentioned Ludwig Uhland, the poet; Dänneker, the sculptor, already far advanced in life; Kaulbach, the painter, in the strength of his genius;* Tieck, the poet; Moritz Retzsch, the celebrated designer of the illustrations to "Faust," "The Song of the Bell," etc.; Madame von Goethe, daughter-in-law to the world-famous poet of that name, etc., etc. Not many lines of railway existed at that day in Germany, consequently travelling was rendered more full of adventure and character than it is at present, from driving by slow stages from place to place. One of the pleasant abiding results of William and Mary Howitt's sojourn in Germany was a friendship formed I believe originally through Longfellow, with the poet Ferdinand Freiligrath and his accomplished, poetical wife, god-daughter of Goethe. With Freiligrath, later as a sufferer in the cause of political freedom in Germany, even to imprisonment and exile, my father's sympathies were great.

The German sojourn enabled the indefatigable William and Mary not alone to extend their knowledge of German literature in many directions, but having, through acquaintance with a lady from Sweden, had their attention drawn to the literature of Scandinavia, they commenced with ardour the study of the Swedish and Danish languages. These studies

* This meeting with the painter in 1840 led, in 1851, to William Howitt's eldest daughter becoming a pupil in the studio of Kaulbach, and to the production of a book, popular in its day, "An Art Student in Munich," by Anna Mary Howitt, a new edition of which appeared, with additions, in 1880. London: De La Rue & Co., 10 Bunhill Row.

made them acquainted with the earlier works of Fredrika Bremer, then achieving their deserved popularity. These were translated by Mary.* Somewhat later she also translated the earlier and most characteristic works of Hans Christian Andersen, and had thus the pleasure of introducing the works of those authors to the British and American public by whom they were received with enthusiasm.

Admiration of the vigorous genius of the north led William Howitt to produce

A HISTORY OF SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

It is enriched with specimens from the Scandinavian poets, translated by Mary Howitt. Her work was not, however, published until ten years later—in 1852. Mary Howitt received a silver medal from the Literary Academy of Stockholm in token of the esteem in which her labour was held. This history was entitled, "The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe."† "This erudite work," says the compiler of Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature,"‡ "the only complete one of the kind in the English language, will be more and more prized in proportion as the taste for Scandinavian literature becomes generally diffused among the scholars in Great Britain and the United States. It is an excellent guide to the literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, with copious specimens of the histories, romances, legends, dramas, ballads, etc., of those countries."

To certain

GERMAN WRITERS ON PSYCHOLOGY

my father's attention was now drawn.

Amongst the names of German writers at that day little known to the English reader were those of Dr Ennemoser, of Munich, and of Dr Justinus Kerner, of Weinsberg, on the Neckar. "The most prominent figure in the Spiritual circle of

* Mary Howitt also, later, translated the whole of Miss Bremer's works—her travels in Europe, the Holy Land, and the United States, the latter being translated from her original manuscript. In 1863 Margaret Howitt paid a visit to her mother's friend, Miss Bremer, spending twelve months at Stockholm with her. After the decease of Miss Bremer a diary of this visit was published. "Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden, by Margaret Howitt." London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

† "The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, constituting a complete History of the Literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland," by William and Mary Howitt. London: Colburn & Co. 1852.

‡ "Allibone's," Critical Dictionary of English Literature and of British and American Authors. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. London: Trübner.

Germany is Dr Justinus Kerner," wrote my father in 1863. Twenty years previously, though residing within a comparatively short distance of the illustrious man, my father, although already conversant with his writings, never sought his acquaintance. Kerner, with his somnambules, wonderful "Seeress of Prevorst," crystal-seeing, numerous writings about guardian spirits, demons, angels, was immensely laughed at by the learned Professors of Heidelberg University. My father never joined in the laughter. He purchased all Kerner's works, and carefully perused them with considerable curiosity, rather than interest. He had made the acquaintance of the two poets Ludwig Uhland and Gustav Schwarb—life-long friends of Kerner, who, with him in their student days at Tübingen, found a poetical trio, "establishing themselves as a 'Round-Table' of Knights of the Intellect," to destroy the existing school of artificiality in the poetry of the period; and yet he had at that time no impulse to make the acquaintance of the most original member of the trio! He was in friendly relations with Captain Medwin, of the Byron "Conversations," long resident in Heidelberg, who visited annually the Poet-Physician at Weinsberg; yet my father never felt drawn to accompany him! Nay; even being once in Weinsberg he actually saw Kerner standing with a friend near his own door in conversation, yet never exchanged a hand-pressure nor word of sympathy with the "great and shining light" of the new day of Spiritual life and knowledge close at hand! How often in life may each of us be equally near in the flesh, yet still far distant in the spirit, from those whom but a short period of time may reveal to us as our very nearest kindred of the mind! In later years, one of my father's pleasant day-dreams was to pay, in company with the writer, Weinsberg a visit in order to converse with Kerner, already become blind and aged; but this day-dream never accomplished itself on earth! Kerner's writings, however, as also those of Ennemoser, read simply from curiosity, were producing their useful work in William Howitt's mind, and preparing him for his reception of the facts of

MESMERIC PHENOMENA,

a knowledge of which came to him at Heidelberg in the following manner:—

"Whilst we were living at Heidelberg," writes my father, "I had been startled by Spencer Hall sending me a Nottingham newspaper containing a lecture by himself on mesmerism.*"

* It is interesting to note how another distinguished worker in the cause of modern Spiritualism, Mr Alfred Wallace, gained his first knowledge of mesmeric phenomena from experiments made by Dr. Spencer

As at that time I had never looked into that curious phenomenon, and considered it all folly, I wrote to Spencer Hall, whom I knew when he was a youth, and his father before him, at once, begging him, as he valued the comfortable post which he then held as Master of Holler's Hospital, to let that unpopular thing alone or he would lose his appointment. The same day that I wrote this letter, there presented himself in the evening a young American, who, having overworked himself at Harvard College, was now travelling in Europe for his health, *en route* for the East. I placed the newspaper in his hand, asking him what he thought of Hall's lecture. Having read it very deliberately, he said, to my great astonishment, that the whole was perfectly true, and that he himself possessed some mesmeric power. As several other friends were coming that evening to us, we requested him after tea to make a trial of his power. He consented. He first experimented upon a German gentleman, the tutor of our sons. Mr. Wheeler, the American, had not made many 'passes' over our German friend, before he cried, vehemently, 'Take me out of this! take me out of this! I am being frozen to death!' The operator stopped, and finding the young gentleman actually trembling with cold, we at once gave him some wine and roused up the fire in the stove. This, however, did not fully restore the young man to his usual temperature; nor, indeed, did he fully regain it throughout the evening. Notwithstanding this strange effect, a lady, a strong, healthy, high-spirited woman, a cousin of my wife's, proposed to sit down next, and have 'passes' made over her. The effect produced was exactly the same, and it was as difficult to restore her natural warmth as it had been in the case of the young German. She cried out that she was perishing with cold, and it seemed impossible to conquer the chill from which she suffered. Our American friend expressed himself much astonished. Such an experience was entirely new to him. It was evident, however, that the mesmeric force was a very powerful and formidable one. Mr. Wheeler took his leave of us that evening, saying that he started the next morning on his journey towards Syria. Within ten days after this we were shocked to learn that he had proceeded no farther than Darmstadt, a

Hall, and which also, as in William Howitt's case, prepared his mind for a later reception of the truth of the phenomenon of Spiritualism. "My earliest experience," writes Mr. Wallace, "was in 1844. Mr. Spencer Hall was then lecturing on mesmerism, and visited our town, and I and many of my pupils attended. We were all greatly interested."—"Miracles of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred Russel Wallace. London: Burns, 15 Southampton Row. 1875.

stage but of a few hours, where he had died of a rapid consumption! This threw a curious light over his mesmeric operations. Death was already in him, and the deficiency of the life-power in his mesmeric passes was rapidly drawing away that of his patients.

"The cold they felt was really the cold of death, proceeding from the already well-nigh dead man!

"My warnings—all warnings, of course, were lost on Hall. He went on lecturing on the then most unpopular topic of mesmerism, lost his mastership, and still went on lecturing. He had got hold of a natural fact and a great truth, and, like a brave man, stuck to it with pertinacity."

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

As already stated, the intention of the Howitts had been to extend their Continental experiences into France and Italy. The unexpected success of the Bremer translations, however, with other engagements, recalled them to the neighbourhood of London. In 1843 they settled at Clapton.

Whilst in Germany William had lost his mother. Within a year of their return a great grief fell upon the tenderly united family in the death of Claude, twelve years of age—a most promising boy—of all the children the one most strikingly like the father—called by his masters and school-fellows at Heidelberg, "der goldene Junge"—"the golden lad," from his joyous nature and power of apparently learning without an effort, making life, as it were, a pure holiday to himself and to all around him. As already said, he met with an accident; this was shortly before his parents left Heidelberg. Fearing to bring blame upon a companion through whom the accident—a fall from a staircase—originated, the brave boy for some time concealed the occurrence. Gradually, however, the painful fact disclosed itself, that an injury, which no surgical skill could then rectify, had been sustained. During that sad year—he expired on the anniversary of the day on which the accident occurred, it was his mother's birthday too—he matured in mind and heart, and the words "he grew in favour both with God and man," spring involuntarily to my pen in recalling him. "He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time." In occult-wise Claude will appear again in our narrative.

It was whilst at Clapton that William Howitt prosecuted his inquiries into the truth of mesmeric phenomena.

"During our residence at Clapton," he says, "we had a

VISIT FROM SPENCER HALL, THE MESMERIST,
our old friend. He had now come to London to give a series of lectures.

"We invited him to Clapton, and he came with a boy of about twelve years of age, the son of a shoemaker of Leicester. This boy was said to be a very remarkable mesmeric sensitive. We had plenty of opportunity for witnessing and testing the phenomena produced by mesmeric action upon him, and these were truly amazing. The lad was simple and artless, and during the month that he remained in our house had lessons with our sons; for at that time we had a German tutor for them living in the house. By this means we ascertained that the lad in his normal condition had no knowledge of any foreign tongue, ancient or modern. Yet, when he was thrown into the mesmeric trance, and his organ of imitation was touched, he would immediately pronounce, with the most perfect accuracy, any words of any language which were spoken before him. A very plain-featured boy he was, yet, when in the trance, certain phrenological organs in his head being touched, he would, through the transfigured expression which suddenly lit up his face, acquire the countenance, as it were, of an angel; upon the organ of veneration being touched, he would kneel and assume an attitude of prayer most strikingly beautiful. The positions which he assumed under the influence of varied sentiments would have been fine studies for a sculptor.

"As it was of vital importance to Mr. Hall to obtain the favourable opinions of the London press, we invited some seventy persons more or less connected with the newspapers and several medical men, in order that Hall should explain to them the main facts of mesmerism and exhibit thus in private some of the wonderful phenomena produced in the boy. When under the influence of his excited organ of imitation sentences uttered by gentlemen present in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Hebrew, were repeated by the boy, rapidly and instantaneously, with perfect pronunciation. When several persons were talking together before him in the trance state, he gave a laughable repetition of the intermingled and Babel-like sounds. These and various other most striking exhibitions of well-known phenomena excited not only curiosity in the company then assembled, but witnessed again and again, with countless variations, in our own family circle, completely convinced all of us of the existence in so-called mesmerism of a mighty power latent in man."

STRIKING INSTANCE OF "CROSS-MESMERISM."

"During Hall's stay with us he delivered some lectures at Hackney. One evening about this time Hall went with us to a party at the house of some friends of ours living near. As he and I came out of the house of our friends to walk home—it was getting towards midnight—amongst other carriages standing before the house was one out of which sprang a youth, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Hall, we are in such trouble! We have been down to Mr. Howitt's in search of you, and were told to come here.' He then related that at the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society at Hackney they had been trying the experiments which they had witnessed at his lectures, and by several persons trying their powers on one youth—a plumber's ap-

prentice—they had so ‘cross-mesmerised’ him that he was gone raving mad. Two young men were then holding him in the carriage.

“‘This is serious!’ said Hall.

“‘Can we do anything with him at our friend’s here?’ I asked; ‘they would allow us a private room.’

“‘No, no,’ he replied, to restore his sanity it will require strong means, and he will howl like a demoniac.’

“‘Then let us away down to our house.’

“We entered the carriage with him, and the young man got up with the driver.

“We drove on. The maniac—for such he truly was—was most difficult to manage. Now he was violent, and menaced us with both words and actions, and we had to struggle with him. Now his mood was changed. He sang, laughed, and was very merry. As we drew near the house—though I do not suppose he knew where we lived—he called out from his dark corner of the carriage, without leaning towards the carriage window to look out, ‘Stop! stop!—that is the place! The carriage pulled up, and the young man got down and rang the bell. It was about midnight—all was dark, and at first no one came.

“‘The boy,’ I said, ‘who is sitting up for us, has probably dropped asleep—pull the bell again!’

“‘No, no,’ cried the demoniac youth, ‘they are coming; don’t you see the light in the hall?’

“‘Now, in the front there was no window in the hall, and no fanlight over the door. If he *saw* the light, he must have seen it *through the door*. The next moment the door opened, and the servant lad stood holding the light on the top of the steps.

“‘He is perfectly clairvoyant,’ said Hall; ‘he can see through anything.’

“We entered the house, and, at Hall’s desire, descended into the kitchen, where in the scullery was a pump. Spite of his struggling and cries, he stripped the youngster to his waist, and held his neck under the pump, whilst, by Hall’s directions, one of his companions pumped lustily over his head and neck. He howled like ten demons, in a voice, hoarse, strange, and demoniac. But Hall cried, ‘Pump away, pump away!’ The infernal din was appalling.

“‘We shall have the police here,’ I said, ‘they will think that a murder is committing.’

“At length the unnatural sound of the voice changed. It was now human, and, his companion said, his own. The poor fellow looked quiet, and like one just come out of a dream. But seeing one of his companions who had helped to cross-mesmerise him, he shook his fist at him and said, ‘I have a crow to pluck with you!’

“‘Oh!’ said Hall, ‘I have not done with you yet. Give him another dash of water. His organ of combativeness is still excited.’ So they pumped away again. It was but for a moment; he called out again—

"Enough! enough! I feel all right.' And so he was, to my great relief—perfectly calm and good-humoured. At one time I did not know what would be the upshot, nor whether we might not get into trouble through our share in the affair, if he turned out a confirmed maniac.

"What would the doctors have said to us?' I asked.

"The doctors,' replied Hall, 'don't understand these things. They most likely would have made an incurable maniac of him. Their lunatic asylums every day become more and more crowded with patients that they cannot cure. They are not on the right track.'

"However, there was the youth again all right. We had him well rubbed and dried, and he dressed himself composedly. I lent him a plaid to wrap himself up in, and the next day he came to return it with his thanks, and he said he did not feel any worse for the ducking. He added that he and his friends had had a lesson, and that they should never again touch mesmerism, or anything else they did not understand.

"These lectures in Hackney of Spencer Hall diffused a great deal of intelligence on the subject. A curious proof soon after came to our knowledge, of the manner in which such knowledge spreads; and how people, who had never dreamed of such a power existing in themselves, found that they possessed it in a most astonishing degree. Dr. Sadler, who has since become well known to the general public by his interesting 'Life of Crabbe Robinson,' was then the Unitarian minister at Hackney. He had been present at the experiments of Hall at our house. One day he told me that a foreman in a ready-made clothes warehouse, who belonged to his congregation, had attended Hall's lectures; in walking home with a friend and a younger brother, recently from the country, he proposed that they should try whether they did not possess mesmeric power. His power over his brother, a lad of sixteen, proved to be extraordinary. This power speedily developed, and phenomena were produced of clairvoyance, far beyond anything witnessed at Hall's Lectures."

My father, in company with Dr. Sadler, visited the amateur mesmeriser, and beheld numerous deeply interesting experiments of various kinds, which served to widen his knowledge of the facts of mesmerism, and deepen his faith in its powers.

Whilst residing at The Elms, Clapton, in 1846, the Howitts availed themselves of an opportunity which appeared to promise a useful sphere of congenial labour, in the establishment of a journal devoted to literature and social progress, entitled *The People's Journal*. A series of unfortunate events, however, soon brought their connection with the journal to an end, and a periodical—*Howitt's Journal*—of a similar character started by themselves failing to repair the losses which the first enterprise had entailed upon them, they returned, after a couple of years to the less anxious pursuit of general

literature. It was at this time when, having left The Elms, Clapton, and living at St. John's Wood, that the "History of Scandinavian Literature" was published; and two novels were written by William Howitt, descriptive of life in rural England. "The Hall and the Hamlet," and "Madame Dorrington of the Dean," the latter tale embodying much of the author's youthful experience. In *Howitt's Journal* various "Wafts of the Weird and the Wonderful" appeared—a series of authentic ghost stories, and an account of that singular haunting of a house at Willington, near North Shields, the report of which circulating widely at that time amongst the Society of Friends, first seriously inclined my father to look into the subject of Haunted Houses. Of

THE WILLINGTON GHOST,

my father, in his "History of the Supernatural," says:—

"In our own day no hauntings have been more remarkable than those in the house at Willington Mills, between Newcastle-on-Tyne and North Shields. Between the railway running betwixt those places and the river Tyne there lie, in a hollow, some few cottages, a parsonage, and a steam flour mill and miller's house; these constitute the hamlet of Willington. This mill belonged to Messrs. Matthews & Procter, and Mr. Joseph Procter resided in the house by the mill. He is a member of the Society of Friends, and when these events came to my knowledge, was a gentleman in the prime of life. I learned that this family, belonging to a sect of all others most accustomed to control, and even to put down the imagination—the last people in the world, as it would appear, to be affected by mere imaginary terrors—had for years been persecuted by the most extraordinary noises and apparitions. It was said that the figures seen were of a man in the dress of a priest, and a woman in grey having no eyes. That these figures frequently went about the house, and that the man would sometimes be seen gliding backwards and forwards, about three feet from the floor, level with the bottom of the second storey window: sometimes in the window itself, partly within and partly without the glass, quite luminous, and diffusing a radiance all round. This figure, which went by the name of Old Jeffery, the same as the ghost at the Wesleys, was seen by various persons, and under circumstances which precluded all possibility of its being produced, as had been suggested, by a magic-lantern. Besides this, it appeared various noises were heard at times, and glasses and other articles at table would be lifted up and put down again without any visible cause. I was, moreover, informed that Dr. Drury, of North Shields, had volunteered to sit up in the house, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of these reports; that he had done so in company with a friend, and had been so terribly frightened by the appearance of the female apparition as to faint away, and to become for a considerable time extremely ill. It was added that a narrative of these

events and circumstances had been published by Mr. Richardson, of Newcastle, in a pamphlet, and afterwards repeated in the Local Historian's 'Table-Book.'

"Being on a tour in the North in 1845, I called at the shop of Mr. Richardson for the pamphlet. On receiving it I made some jocose remark about the ghost; but I was gravely assured by him that it was no joking matter, but one which had been amply proved to be perfectly true. On reading the pamphlet, I found it to contain a letter from Dr. Drury to Mr. Procter, detailing the particulars of his, as it proved to him, serious visit. My space does not permit my giving all these particulars; they may be read in the 'Table-Book' just mentioned, in 'Howitt's Journal' of 1847, and in Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.' I was myself extremely desirous to spend a night in the house, and, if possible, see the ghost, notwithstanding Dr. Drury's catastrophe. For this purpose I called, but found the family gone to Carlisle. The foreman and his wife, however, showed me over the house, and confirmed all that I had heard from their own personal knowledge as matters too positive to be questioned, any more than that the house stood and the mill ground. I afterwards saw Mrs. Procter, her friends, brothers, and sisters at Carlisle, who all confirmed the story in every particular, some of them having had very serious experiences of the apparition, and one of the ladies having in consequence, during her stay, removed to the foreman's house to sleep, refusing to pass another night in the house itself. After enduring these annoyances from the apparitions for many years, Mr Procter, apprehensive of the effects of the many strange phenomena on the minds of his children, quitted the house, and removed to North Shields, and subsequently to Tynemouth. By a correspondence betwixt him and a Catholic gentleman inquiring into these matters only a year or two ago (1863), it appears that the hauntings never followed him to either of his new abodes. That though they still appear occasionally at the old house, now turned into dwellings for the mill people, they do not mind them. Mr. Procter adds that a lady, a clairvoyante, a stranger to the neighbourhood, being thrown into the clairvoyant state, and being asked to go to the mill, described the priest and the grey lady; and added that the priest refused to allow the female ghost to confess a deadly crime committed on that spot many years ago, and that this was the troubling cause to the poor woman; representations quite agreeing with the impression of those who had repeatedly seen the ghosts. The publication of these occurrences brought Mr Procter an extraordinary number of letters from different parts of the country and from persons of different ranks, some of them of much property informing him that they and their residences were and had been for years subject to visitations of precisely a similar character.

(To be continued.)

SOUL SUBSTANCE.

By C. C. MASSEY.

THE following speculation, here designated as above for brevity, concerning the formative process of thought, and proceeding by analogy to yet higher generalisations, seems to have been suggested to the celebrated mathematician, Riemann, by Fechner's "Zendavesta." I have taken it from a part of Zöllner's *Transcendentale Physik* not included in the English volume. No criticism of this hypothesis will be here attempted; but it may conduce to intelligibility if I preface the translation by stating generally what seems to be the characteristic idea, into which I may perhaps be allowed to introduce some further considerations.

Riemann, then, and perhaps Fechner, conceived matter as the workshop of spirit—its matrix, so to speak—for the evolution, as well of the memorial earth-soul, as of the individual soul-life. The evolution of life *through* matter, it will be observed, is a very different thing from the evolution of life *from* matter. When Riemann says, "thought itself I at least can only regard as a proceeding in the interior of ponderable matter," he might seem to be asserting the strict dependence of consciousness on physical organism. But it is evident from the context that he regarded matter as a reactive basis of the spiritual activity he calls thought, and which is not merely the conscious intellectual process in man, but the whole effort of reason to express itself through nature. The soul-substance, or, as Riemann terms it, spirit-mass, once formed, must, he expressly declares, survive the physical bases; and this, he thought, was equally the case throughout the whole of organic nature—all organic processes resulting in a permanent record or memorial in the world-soul. How, in his further hypothesis of the passage of immaterial substance through ponderable atoms, he would connect this with gravitation, I do not profess to understand. But the growth of a world-soul by successive incorporations or assumptions of individual souls, as these are formed through bodies, is a speculation of great interest in relation to the conception of spiritual solidarity. The *anima mundi* is unintelligible to us solely for this reason, that the whole stream of intellectual tendency since the downfall of the Platonic philosophy, by the triumph of Nominalism in the later middle ages, has made it difficult for us to conceive a centre and unity of consciousness other than individual; or, rather, because we have identified "the real" with individuality in the sense of ultimate differentiation. We conceive

the whole merely as an aggregate, instead of conceiving the individual merely as a part. Organism is to us only a system of relations; its real unity, or formative idea, we have relegated to the category of abstractions.

This building up of the Earth-soul, described by Riemann, must therefore be taken in connection with Fechner's distinction between the upper and the lower soul. To the latter belongs the consciousness which is spatially and temporally conditioned. These conditions are, to the consciousness of the world, just what a prism is to light, breaking it up, and manifesting the rich diversity it already included and sustained before exhibition. And it would be as reasonable to speak of light as composed from colours, as to make the world-soul a mere collective product of its individual, or differential souls. These, indeed, give to it its memorial life, since that is the record of its spatial and temporal experience. But the unity of the world-consciousness is maintained through its whole system of distributed or individualised points, which are but its localisations. Hence the *rapport* of all the individuals among themselves, which is phenomenally manifest in "clear" seeing and "far" seeing, when the individual, in certain states of abstraction, ceases to be such, and rising to or in the total consciousness, can survey a wider field, or a more distant point, and even carry back the experience thus gained to its proper locality or brain. These phenomenal hints should help to relieve us of the apprehension that "absorption," or departure from the individual state, must mean privation of consciousness.

Such phenomena, however, as well as all the foregoing considerations, and the speculation to which they refer, belong only to the "astral" region. The very term, "astral," as used by writers on these subjects, relates to the world-souls, the "whole," as distinguished from the "partial" souls, or natures of the Platonic theology, wherein they occupy a place in the descending scale of being far removed from the highest; for in that sublime system the universe is not reared from its base (as the half-truth of modern evolution supposes), but is suspended from its summit. Thus we see that the "natural" order is the exact reverse or inversion of the spiritual, though with a perfect correspondence.

In the *descent* of life, each successive order of differentiation presupposes a deeper and deeper central involution of the superior orders in the inferior; whereas in the *ascent*, the higher powers and natures thus occultly buried, or included, are by evolution successively manifested. Thus Proclus says,* "But

* On the Theology of Plato, Bk. iii. c. 10. Taylor's translation.

that which consists of the last of forms and the first matter, is in its own nature void of life, since it possesses life in capacity; for *there*, indeed [in first, or higher natures], generated causes subsist prior to their progeny, and things perfect prior to such as are imperfect. But *here*, things in capacity are prior to such as are in energy, and con-causes are subject [*i.e.*, inferior] to the things which are produced by them." So Cornelius Agrippa,* a disciple of this philosophy, says, "It is manifest that all things inferior are subject to the superior, and after a manner (as saith Proclus) they are one in the other, viz., in inferior are superior, and in superior are inferior; so in the heavens are things terrestrial, but as in their cause, and in a celestial manner; and in the earth are things celestial, but after a terrestrial manner, as in an effect." And though the mundane gods of Plato (these whole, or world-souls) are immensely greater in dignity and power than the "partial" (individual) souls, yet do these latter participate the central immanence of yet higher and suprastral principles. These principles, however, would begin their evolution after the differentiation of the astral, which seems to be the subject of the following hypothesis:—

"Zendavesta" is, in fact, a quickening word, imparting new life to our spirit in knowledge as in faith, as many a thought which, once acting powerfully on the course of human development but surviving only through tradition, suddenly arises now from its apparent death in purer form to new life, revealing new life in nature. For as the life of nature, which hitherto made itself known only on the surface of the earth, extends itself immeasurably before our gaze; it appears unspeakably more sublime than before. What we regarded as the site of senseless and unconsciously working forces appears now as the laboratory of the highest spiritual activity. Wonderfully is fulfilled what our great poet in prophetic inspiration has described as the aim which hovers before the spirit of the natural philosopher. As Fechner in his "Nanna," seeks to prove the soul-life (Beseeltheit) of plants, so the starting-point of his speculations in Zend-Avesta is the doctrine of the soul of the stars. His method is not the abstraction of general laws through induction, and the application and demonstration of the same in the interpretation of nature, but Analogy.

If we ask first, whence do we infer the soul of a thing (the presence in it of an enduring, individual, thought-process); of our own soul-life (Beseeltheit) we are immediately certain,

* Occult Philosophy, B. i. c. 22. English translation, 1651.

that of others (men and animals), we *infer* from individual movements, conformable to purpose.

In general, when we trace back well ordered adaptability to a cause, we seek this cause in a thought-process; other explanation we have not, but thought itself I at least can only regard as a proceeding in the interior of ponderable matter. The impossibility of explaining thought from the movements of matter in space will be apparent to every one on an unprejudiced dissection of interior perception; the abstract possibility of such an explanation may, however, be here conceded.

No one will deny that adaptability (Zweckmässigkeit) is perceived on the earth. The question thus arises, Whither have we to transpose the thought-process, which is the cause of this adaptability?

We are here concerned only with conditional purposes, in limited times and spaces; unconditioned purposes find their explanation in an eternal Will, not generated in a process of thought. The only adaptability whose cause we perceive is that of our own actions. It arises from the willing of the purpose, and the consideration of the means.

If, now, we find a body consisting of ponderable matter, in which there is a consummate system of relations of action to purpose, we can accept in explanation of this adaptability an enduring, individual thought-process; and this hypothesis will be most probable if (1) these adaptabilities are not already complete (Tum Abschluss kommen) in parts of the body; and, (2) there is no reason to seek the cause of them in a larger whole, to which the body belongs.*

"When the body of the lower soul dies," says Fechner, "the upper soul takes up the lower from its life of perception into its memorial life (Erinnerungsleben)." The souls of dead creatures should thus form the elements for the soul-life of the earth.

The different thought-processes appear to be distinguished principally through their temporal rhythm. If plants have souls (sind beseelt), their hours and days must be our seconds; the corresponding space of time for the earth-soul, at least for its external activity, embraces perhaps many thousands of years. So far as the historical memory of man reaches, all movements of the inorganic crust of the earth are still, indeed, explicable from mechanical laws.

PSYCHOLOGICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

With every single act of thought something permanent,

* This is, in fact, the definition of an organism, the parts being functional, and therefore not possessing in themselves an organic independence, which must, however, be ascribed to the whole.—(Translator.)

something substantial enters the soul. This substantial appears to us as a unity, but seems (in so far as it expresses spatial and temporal extension) to contain an inner manifold; I call it, therefore, "*spirit-mass*" (*geistes-masse*). According to this, all thinking is the formation of spirit-masses.

Spirit-masses entering the soul appear to us as representations (*Vorstellungen*); their different qualities are conditioned by their different inner constitution.

The spirit-masses in their formation, fuse, combine, or complicate themselves definitely, partly with each other, partly with older spirit-masses. The kind and strength of these combinations depends on conditions in part only recognised by Herbart, and which I will complete in what follows. They rest chiefly on the inner relationship of the spirit-masses.

The soul is a compact spirit-mass united in itself in the strictest and most complex (*mannigfaltigste*) manner. It is constantly growing by accession of new spirit-masses, and upon this depends its continual formation.

Spirit-masses once formed are *imperishable*, their combinations indissoluble; only the relative strength of these combinations is altered by the arrival of new spirit-masses.

Spirit-masses need no material support for their subsistence, and exercise no lasting effect on the phenomenal world. They therefore stand in no relation to any part of matter, and have therefore no position in space.

On the other hand, there is need of a material support for every entrance, origination, and formation of new spirit-masses, and for every union of the same. All thinking, therefore, happens at a definite place.

(It is not the persistence of our experience, but thought alone that implies effort, and expenditure of force is, so far as we can estimate it, proportional to the intellectual activity.)

Every spirit-mass introduced excites all the spirit-masses related to it, and so much the more strongly as there is less difference in their internal constitution (quality).

This excitement is not, however, confined merely to the related spirit-masses, but extends also mediately to those in cohesion with them (that is, connected with them in earlier thought-processes). Thus, if among the related spirit-masses part have mutual cohesion, these become not only immediately, but also mediately excited, and therefore proportionately stronger than the rest.

The interaction of two contemporaneously forming spirit-masses is conditioned by a material proceeding between the places where they are both found. Thus immediate interaction of all spirit-masses in course of formation with those

formed immediately before proceeds from material causes; mediately, however, all older spirit-masses in cohesion with them are excited to activity, the weaker, the more remotely they were with them, and the less among themselves.

The most general and the simplest expression of the activity of the older spirit-masses is reproduction, which consists in the attempt of the active spirit to produce one resembling itself.

The formation of new spirit-masses depends on the common action, partly of older spirit masses, partly of material causes; and, indeed, everything working in common is impeded or advanced according to the inner heterogeneity or homogeneity of the spirit-masses which it strives to produce.

The form in which the spirit-masses construct themselves (or the quality of the representation accompanying their construction) depends upon the relative forms of motion of the matter in which they are constructed, so that a like form of motion of the matter determines a like form of the spirit-mass constructed in it, and conversely, a like form of the spirit-mass presupposes a like form of motion of the matter in which it is constructed.

All spirit-masses formed simultaneously (in our cerebro-spinal system) are combined in consequence of a physical (chemical-electrical) process between the places where they are formed.

Every spirit-mass endeavours to produce a similarly-formed spirit-mass. It thus endeavours to restore that form of motion of matter in which it was formed (itself).

The assumption of a soul as an individual (einheitlichen) substratum of the permanent which is produced in particular acts of the soul-life (representations),* repose,

(1) On the strict cohesion and interpenetration of all representations. But to explain the combination of a particular new representation with others, the assumption of an individual substratum alone is *insufficient*; rather must the causes of its entering into these particular combinations in this particular strength be sought in the representations with which it combines. *Along with* these causes, however, the assumption of an individual substratum of all representations is superfluous. . . .

We now apply these laws of intellectual processes, to which we are led by the explanation of our own inner perception, to the explanation of the adaptability perceived on the earth—that is, to the explanation of existence and of historical development.

* Vorstellungen.

For the explanation of our soul-life we must assume that the spirit-masses produced in our nerve processes endure as parts of our soul, that their inner cohesion subsists unchanged, and they are only subject to change in so far as they enter into combination with other spirit-masses.

It is an immediate consequence of these principles that the souls of organic beings—that is, the compact spirit-masses which have arisen during their life—survive after death. (Their isolated survival is not sufficient.) But in order to explain the systematic development of organic nature, in which evidently the earlier collected experiences served as foundation to the later creations, we must assume that these spirit-masses enter a larger compact spirit-mass, and there serve a higher soul-life according to the same laws by which the spirit-masses produced in our nerve processes serve our own soul-life.

Thus, for example, as in the perception of a red surface, the spirit-masses produced in a multitude of primitive fibres are combined into a single compact spirit-mass, which presents itself simultaneously in our conception. So also will the spirit-masses produced in the different individuals of a family of plants, which enter the earth-soul from parts of the earth-surface not climatically dissimilar, combine to a collective impression. As the different sense-perceptions of the same object unite in our soul to a picture of it, so will all the plants of a part of the surface of the earth give to the earth-soul the most finely-elaborated picture of the climatic and chemical condition of that part. In this manner is explained how, from the earlier life of the earth, the system of its later productions is developed.

But, according to our principles of explanation, the subsistence, indeed, of existing spirit masses needs no material support; all combination of the same, however,—at least all combination of different kinds of spirit-masses, happen only by means of new spirit-masses produced in a common nerve-process.

Upon principles which shall be developed further on we can seek the substratum of spiritual activity only in ponderable matter."

From the "New Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy"—"Although the title of this essay will not easily prepossess most readers in its favour, the tendency of it seems to me to be best so expressed. Its aim is to penetrate into the interior of nature beyond the principles of astronomy and physics laid down by Galileo and Newton. For astronomy, indeed, this speculation can have no immediate practical

utility; but I hope that this circumstance will not impair the interest of these pages in the eyes of the reader. . . .

The ground of the general laws of motion of ponderables, which are collected in the commencement of Newton's *Principia*, lies in the interior constitution of the same. We endeavour to elucidate them from our own inner perception according to analogy. New conception-aggregates continually present themselves in us, very quickly disappearing again from our consciousness. We observe a continual activity of our soul. Underlying every act of it is something permanent, which announces itself as such on particular occasions (through memory) without exercising a lasting influence on phenomena. There enters thus continually (with every act of intelligence) something permanent into our soul, which, however, exercises no lasting influence on the phenomenal world. Thus underlying every act of our soul is something permanent, which enters into our soul with this act, but in the same moment completely disappears from the phenomenal world.

Guided by this fact, I frame the hypothesis that the world (*Welt-Raum*) is filled with material (*Stoff*) which is continually streaming into the ponderable atoms, and there disappears from the world of phenomena (world of bodies).

Both hypotheses* can be replaced by one, that in all ponderable atoms material (*Stoff*) is continually entering the spirit-world from the world of bodies. The cause of disappearance there is to be sought in the spirit-substance formed there immediately before, and ponderable bodies are thus the place where the spirit-world impinges upon (*eingreift*) the world of bodies. Into every ponderable atom at every moment there enters a definite quantity of material proportional to the force of gravitation, and there disappears."

Zöllner here adds—"These words will suffice for proof to every thinking and unprejudiced man how clearly the above hypothesis of Riemann agree with the facts observed by me and other physicists of the 'disappearance' of a definite 'quantity of material (*Stoff-menge*) at Spiritualistic sittings.'" It must, however, with deference, be said that such an application of Riemann's meaning seems extremely questionable.

It is not given to dogmatism, shut up in its contracted shell, to distinguish the still small voice; it hears but the echo of its own delusions. Except we be converted from wisdom in our own conceit, except we draw near to the shrine as little children, the spiritual voices in their purity will not reach our ears.—ROBERT DALE OWEN.

* The entrance, that is, and the disappearance.

DARK CIRCLES AND CABINETS.

BY MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

As you are aware, I have been solicited to add to my former paper in answer to your circular by citing other cases in which materialisations of the human form, or parts of the human form, by spirits have occurred without the equivocal conditions of darkness or the isolation of the medium.

Before attempting to comply with this request, I must be understood as making no allusion to individual cases of fraud, or passing any opinion whatever on the recent alleged "exposure."

It seems to be the custom when a case of fraud is said to occur in one circle, for multitudes of correspondents to come forward and bear witness to the perfect integrity of the medium as proved in *other* circles. Besides this curious mode of throwing the onus of the "exposure" on the sitters rather than "the medium," I notice elaborate theories put forth to prove that whenever a "form" is caught it **MUST NEEDS** be the medium; hence that no exposure ever has been made, or can be made, of frauds. I have yet to learn what theories can account for the dummies that are often observed to be left behind in the cabinets, or the production of masses of paraphernalia, which, wonderful to relate, never seem to *melt back* into the medium's body, and which, if not composed of the same imponderable "aura" as the dissolving form, must have involved a considerable amount of time—some very mundane ingenuity, and anything but Spiritualistic preparation. If the processes of "transfiguration," "absorption," "emanation," "transfer," etc., etc., etc., were all spontaneous and effected by spirits alone, the subject would involve a philosophy quite as marvellous and worthy of study as the formation of a single atom of matter, or the motion of a single inanimate body; but alas! though *the too solid flesh* of the materialised ones do so readily *melt back* into the medium, the *too solid* drapery in which they were attired will not so melt. Some of my Dutch, German, and Russian correspondents assure me that the materialised spirits who melted back into the medium's bodies whom they caught tricking, left behind them very substantial wigs, masks, phosphorus, and other articles of personal adornment. Why they did not *melt away* deponent sayeth not; but as some of the wicked "spirit grabbers" in America tell the same story, and even show the *fine* millinery and dressmaking manufactured out of the "much-abused medium's emanations," let those who are unphilosophical enough to wish for further light on such vexed subjects still ponder on the question, Can we not have the materialisation of a human organism by spirits without the pernicious and equivocal conditions of total darkness and isolation? I regret that I should be appealed to, to furnish testimony on so important a point, as nearly all my experiences have occurred in foreign countries and the most satisfactory not being of the most recent date, renders the possibility of verifying my statements a task of exceeding difficulty. I hope I

shall be pardoned therefore when I refer to the experiences of others nearer home, from whom more direct evidence can, in some cases at least, be procured.

I am informed by some of my Newcastle friends, whose evidence is simply unquestionable, that spirit-forms have been seen to issue from a cabinet previously searched and known to be empty, when the medium (Miss Wood) was sitting *outside* the cabinet, in full view of the whole circle, and in a room sufficiently light to see all that transpired. What has been, can occur again. *Verbum sap.*

Some time in the summer of 1877 or 1878 I dined at the house of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then residing on Camden Hill. After an early dinner, our party—amongst whom were our honoured host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. Durham, the sculptor; Mr. D. D. Home, my own venerable mother, and about half-a-dozen other visitors, whose names I forget—adjourned to the drawing-room to hold a séance. It was a fine, bright summer evening. Our dinner ended about seven o'clock, and from that till nine, when the séance closed, the room was as light as noontide. During that time, besides many other manifestations not kindred to the subject of materialisation, the spirits manipulated two pairs of curtains, one of pink silk, the other of lace, which shaded the one large bow window, in front of which the company sat round a table, from which the spirits themselves drew the cloth away.

With these curtains the spirits formed a beautiful tent, the apex of which was gathered into graceful knots above our heads, the sides being drawn tightly all around the backs of our chairs, and held there by at least twenty pairs of hands, large and small, fair and brown, all of which were visible to the whole of the company for more than an hour—about the time occupied in their work. These hands at times stroked our cheeks, patted our heads, and touched us so forcibly that we were enabled to determine they were dense, firm, substantial; some warm and some cold, but all busy, seemingly human, solid to the touch, and moving with an intelligence, which, *if not human*, was so very like it that few human beings could have excelled their work. And all the time Mr. Home sat like the rest of us, a quiet and amused spectator of the scene in the full light of day, his whole form, even to his feet, which were not beneath the table, in view of all present.

In the winter of the year 1875 or 1876 I called on Dr. Slade in New York, accompanied by two ladies slightly known to him. We called on a Saturday, the day when he held no séances, as our only object was to invite him to a party, and we wished to find him disengaged. He was not prepared for our coming, and we did not intend to stay above five minutes. It was about five o'clock and dark, so the gas lamps were lighted. After our matter of business was discussed, Mr. Slade asked if we would not like a little sitting. I thought not, as we were in a hurry; but he urged us to do so, as he said, half-jestingly, to me, "Perhaps the spirits will have something to say to me; I wish they would."

Thus our séance—as it will be seen—was a totally unprepared one. The room into which we passed was dark. Mr. Slade lighted it with two gas burners, and he produced a piece of black glazed calico, with a hole cut in the middle of about a foot square, which he proposed to hang up at one end of the room, to see, as he said, if we could get any materialisation. The room was so unprepared that we could find no string on which to hang our screen, and I improvised one with some pieces of ribband tied together. On this, fastened to pieces of furniture, we hung the black muslin, with the square hole directly behind the table. We then all four sat at the table, the black muslin being behind Mr. Slade, he sitting next to me.

Whilst he and I were talking indifferently on other subjects, one of my friends said, in an awe-struck whisper, "Look there!" Following the direction of her finger, I turned my head and perceived behind me, but quite far away from Mr. Slade, a column of white mist, shapeless, and with the particles moving like smoke, but very white and luminous. Directly I turned my head this misty mass moved swiftly behind my chair, and disappeared at the black screen. The muslin was so thin that we could see the wall through it, and see, also, something like circling smoke moving behind it. Before I could have counted a hundred, there appeared at the square opening, directly behind Mr. Slade's head, the face of my dear friend, Dr. Alcinda Wilhelm—a lady with whom I had once been very intimate—who had subsequently become Mr. Slade's wife, and who is now one of his principal controlling spirits. This dear and well-known face could not be mistaken. She wore her hair in the peculiar curls that I so well remembered, though they were not then in fashion, and on her head was a bridal wreath, about which she and I had had some conversation before her marriage. My two friends recognised Alcinda Wilhelm as clearly as I did; but Mr. Slade, who seemed very nervous, did not turn his head to look at her until she had gradually melted into the indistinct white mist before described.

On several other occasions, when Mr. Slade was not sitting for séances, hands, visible to myself and others, have come and pulled our dresses; but the instant Mr. Slade observed them, he became so nervous that they vanished. In the presence of Mrs. E. J. French, of New York, a medium mentioned by the late Benjamin Coleman in his *American Reminiscences* as a most remarkable drawing and physical medium, I have seen frequently *shadowy* forms of well remembered spirit-friends, plainly visible to all present. Mrs. French never sat for manifestations except in well-lighted rooms. Mr. Chas. Partridge, of New York, formerly the editor and proprietor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, can bear witness to having seen at circles where I and many others have been sitting, hands, arms, and feet, which were solid to the touch, exhibited in brightly lighted apartments. I may here add, that dark circles for the first fifteen years of my experience were so exceptional that I scarcely ever attended them, and though the exhibition of hands and their touch was so common that I did not deem it worth while to keep any record of such manifesta-

tions, they always came *in the light*, and never in such a manner as permitted the smallest loophole for the charge of deception or fraud. At the circles of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, of Buffalo, two well-known and highly-respected citizens, in the presence of a Canadian medium—a lady whose name I forget—I sat in three circles with the family of Mr. Maynard, some friends, and my mother, and on each occasion, in full gas light, a hand, with a ring on the little finger, came visibly to all present on the table, and drew pictures in coloured crayons in an incredibly short time—never more than from 100 to 200 seconds by our counting. These pictures the hand pushed to the party who was to own them—one of them is now in my possession. At the house of Mr. Bullens, of Chicopee, Massachusetts, the materialised form of “Black Hawk,” an Indian spirit, stood in the garden on a bright summer’s day, about the year 1862, in the paved pathway, and became visible to myself, my mother, Miss Jenny Lord (the medium), and both Mr. and Mrs. Bullens. He remained for about the time we might count thirty, then slowly melted out; he was some twenty paces from us, and when we went to the spot where he had disappeared, we found a rough likeness of his well-known face chipped in the paving-stones where he seemed to have stood. The last time I was at Chicopee—some years ago—that stone remained with the well-defined profile of the spirit.

Those friends who happen to possess a copy of my work, entitled, “Modern American Spiritualism,” may turn to page 449, and they will there read a well-attested account of spirits appearing bodily in the light, in a series of manifestations occurring at San Francisco, California, about thirty years ago. The spirits were visible to a circle of from six to ten persons. They came performing extraordinary feats of strength and marvel, and the witnesses were amongst the most respectable and respected inhabitants of the city. Amongst the spiritual visitants was a Mr. King, a man who in earth-life had been very popular, the editor of a paper, and a highly respected magistrate. His impartiality in convicting “the roughs” of the time occasioned his assassination, and the cruel circumstances attending the foul deed impelled the best citizens of California to band themselves together in the celebrated “Vigilance Committee.” The Mr. King whose murder thus became an historical feature in the archives of California, was a well-known and highly-esteemed friend of all the parties who beheld him—a dense, seemingly human, living, moving being, in the scene described in my “History of American Spiritualism.” This spirit, and the others therein mentioned, appeared to all the witnesses alike. Some of these are still living. One of the most prominent and best known—Almarin B. Paul, Esq., still resides at San Francisco, where his word with every respectable citizen of the place is “as good as his bond.”

In the Rev. J. M. Peebles’s sketches of foreign travels, entitled “Around the World,” is an account of New Zealand Spiritualism, and the direct materialisations witnessed *in the light*, in circles with the Maories. About three years ago, I was invited to accompany an

American friend and his wife to one of these circles. It was held in a "whare," or native carved house. It was in the evening, but the summer sunlight beamed in near the entrance, where, in civilised countries, a door should have been. Besides this, there was a fire burning in the centre of the building, on the customary hearthstone, and the ruddy glare of the embers lit up every portion of the walls, and the dusky faces, fourteen in number, seated on the earth around the fire-place. We three, the "Pakehas" (white people), sat on a turf-bench placed for us near the open entrance, enabling us to command the entire scene. The object of the gathering was to invoke the spirit of "Te-Uri," a celebrated chief, with whom the people wished to advise on a difficult political crisis. About half-an-hour after we had assembled, and, after I had, to beguile the tedium of silent waiting, counted the fourteen Maories again and again, and noted every item of their features and costume, a strange rushing sound, as of water boiling and steaming, filled the air. The room became clouded as with a thick steam, and when it cleared away through the hole in the roof, a pale woman, pressing an infant in her arms, was seen sitting close by the fire, on a stone raised above the group of Maories, who all sat on the ground. I saw her, and all present saw her. They spoke with her, though in a language I could not understand—none moved, and some buried their faces as if in mortal terror, in their garments. I heard her answer, in a high pitched voice, words addressed to her, and several times she raised a thin white arm and hand, and pointed upwards. In, I should think, some four minutes from the time I first saw her, the rushing sound came again, the place became again filled as if with steam, and when it cleared off, the woman and her infant were gone.

I can testify on oath, and so could the Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Bland, who accompanied me, that no living creature of mortal mould entered in or out through the only entrance to the "whare," at which we sat, and the smoke-opening in the roof was a round hole, not a foot in diameter. The one Maori who spoke English, at whose invitation we came, told us the chief they invoked could not appear within the "whare," but was outside, "up aloft," where the "wahine" (woman) pointed; that she was the spirit of his wife, who had fallen with her infant into a boiling spring and perished years ago—that she had brought his, the chief's, message, and given them the advice they sought.

I have often been assured these visitations or—to use the civilised term—"materialisations," were common in New Zealand. In the book I am now preparing for the press, the history of Modern Spiritualism all over the world, in the American section, I give the history of the manifestations occurring in Sullivan, Maine, U.S., from the year 1800 to 1806, during which time the spirit of Mrs. Nellie Butler came palpably into various houses, streets, gardens, and rooms—preached, sang, talked, and, on one occasion, walked in a procession of forty people from one place to another. I visited Sullivan myself, and I have procured from some of its oldest inhabitants,

some printed copies, and some verbal affidavits, of over sixty respectable persons, who saw, talked with, and heard, Mrs. Nellie Butler's spirit.

Through some of our best mediums, as well as by spirit influence, through my own lips we have often been exhorted not to sit in the dark, and the assurance has been given that a steadfast circle, amongst the members of which medium power existed, sitting together under good conditions for given periods of time, in subdued light, would and could obtain all that ever has or could be given, without cabinets, machinery, or any other equivocal or doubtful means. Very wide, rapid, and continuous journeyings over the world have left me no opportunity of testing this promise, but judging from the excellent manifestations I have seen in past times, and the marked deterioration of the power during the last ten years, since darkness has been the universal custom of physical mediumistic circles; when fantastic theories and untenable philosophies have almost blotted out the plain, obvious facts revealed by immortal spirits, and vituperation, recrimination, personal abuse, and personal invective, fill our journals, until the lookers on may well say, "See how these Spiritualists hate one another!" Since, I say, these pitiable abuses on our once glorious cause have superseded the kindness, unity of feeling, and general goodwill towards each other, which once marked our re-unions—I have almost forgotten this promise, at any rate, I have ceased to look for its fulfilment in this generation, unless, indeed, we begin *de novo*, and determine that we will put aside our dissensions, and all the vain theories in which they originate, and commence to investigate afresh, resolved to have first in our own lives, and then in Spiritualism, the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing but the truth*.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

TRAGEDIES are human dramas in which the extremes of bitterness are not always with the victim and his vulgar destroyer. Disgrace smites the sensitive and the innocent more than the guilty. The high crimes and misdemeanours of Miss Henriette Artus in this life have not been very grievous. In the old happy days at Rome we heard her accuse herself of being too fond of glitter, of show, of great people. I do not know whether she was very serious in those days in her self-accusations. But these pretty fripperies and fopperies in the morbid state of mind induced by past events have now acquired immense significance. She accuses herself of having slaughtered her father. Did he not ruin himself, kill himself, in his labour to provide her with palaces, diamonds, silks? And now she has struck down her brother, and made him execrated in every household in every country in the known world. But for her he would be still rich and prosperous, and Sir Rupert would be still alive.

It is said by those who have gone partially through the process of drowning that the whole panorama of existence flashes through the mind in a moment of time. The forgotten meannesses and the slumbering offences of years surge up again; and the real objective *ego* judges the fantastic and pleasant *ego* that has so long been our alluring companion. Such an inexorable *nefar atum* visited poor little Henriette Artus on the morning of the 26th December, when it was announced to her that Sir Rupert Kingsbury was found murdered in his bed.

Which of us can contemplate such an investigation without affright? Yet there in her lonely bed-chamber sate the poor little maiden contemplating a sickly panorama of the past—sunny savannahs of the Southern States, Paris in summer, England in winter, the blue coasts of Italy, palaces, dressmakers' vanities and gew-gaws. And on the foreground of every scene a form would intrude, visiting them all like one we have just lost by death. This was Maximilian.

Her one-absorbing thought was now his safety. If any one got an inkling of the fact that he was present on the verandah on the previous evening she felt that matters might go very hard with him. No human soul must ever know that she had seen him. Woman's mask and her petty histrionics are given to her by nature to enable her to hide many bitter pangs and disappointments. This mask must now be used against the whole human race. Miss Bescott and Miss Fanny Bescott, in very trailing skirts, came in during the morning, and the young girl tried her first poor deception on them and their stout mother.

But with her stern determination to preserve intact her brother's honour there came a disturbing element. What if anybody else should be falsely accused of the crime? To a mind essentially truthful and just this apprehension seemed so grave that it preyed on her health. This anxiety gained in intensity when she heard of the groom Dawkins's arrest. Lady Dubnock, who saw the excitement of the young girl, wanted to keep the newspapers away from her; but she insisted on devouring every one. And by the time that the Coroner announced that he could not permit Dawkins to be liberated this painful conflict of feeling had made the young girl very ill indeed.

Then came the theatrical scene of the photographs. It was by her own express desire that she took part in it. Sickly bodies re-act on sickly minds, and by this time she had come to the conclusion that she would not be true to her brother if she shrank from any ordeal. Lady Dubnock urged her not to go, but she was resolute. A vague idea had come into her mind that all who shrank from the ordeal would be suspected.

Then came the arrest of Sir Frank; and by this time she was very, very ill. The terrible indictment of the detective Chivery appeared in the newspapers, and she read every word of it. And then, day after day, letters, suggestions, and comments, appeared, which said

plainly enough that Sir Frank was a monster of iniquity. Could she preserve silence and allow him to be convicted? or could she permit him to suffer an ignominious death? This terrible conflict in her mind increased in intensity day by day; and but for a strange occurrence it would very likely have ended her life.

This was the silent visit of Dr. Ives to her sick chamber. Have we yet probed the mysteries of psychological influences? Why in the presence of one person do we feel not so much bored as actually ill, physically weary, palpably distressed? Why with others do we feel at once healthful and happy? A. and B. are married, but they must quarrel, and can never love. C. and D. can never quarrel. The influence of Roderic was from the first a strong one. In him she saw something very different from the polyglot fortune hunters, who coveted her as a chattel. And although her father dabbled likewise in the mysticism which had had such an influence on his daughter, it must be confessed that it had never been strong enough to change his second nature. It found him a man of shares and debentures, and it left him a man of shares and debentures. Aware that her father would never allow her to marry any one but a rich man, she was from the first able to fondle her love for Roderic as something ideal and shadowy. It was a thing of fairyland, and it soon became a giant.

And in the domains of the higher psychology, Roderic exercised a still more subtle influence. The ancients believed that the passage from the lower to the higher life, the Bodhi of the Buddhists, was accompanied by the phenomena of extasia. Some such experience had come to the young girl. But whether this lucidity was an independent, occult property of her soul, or due to outside influence, is a difficult problem. The phenomena of hypnotism and magnetism may be said to be still almost unstudied. I content myself with merely recording facts.

It was in the presence of Roderic that this lucidity first became manifest. The trance in the Catacombs was its earliest appearance. And on the occasion of his furtive visit to the sick room, accompanied by Lady Dubnock, a second marvel occurred. The sick girl who was in a dreamy state recorded afterwards that she had a vision. She was gazing, she thought, into the darkness, and suddenly she saw a luminous mist. This mist began to swell and swell; and by and by it began to assume a human form. A woman stood before her of a beauty unknown to earth. It was not a dim shadowy vision, the painter's ideal of a ghost. The apparition seemed more real than the mortals of ordinary life, and stood out in a stronger light. Her contours were rounded; her flesh tints were warm; her dress was one long white robe. For sole ornament, a cross of pale jewels, not diamonds, was upon her breast. They shone with a gentle silvery light. She pronounced a verse of poetry that the girl had once admired when reading it with Roderic.

For to speak truth 's to talk in God's own tongue.

An expression of ineffable comfort was on the face of the apparition. Henrietta had been toying with her silver cross that morning, and in her morbid state she believed that this cross had summoned an angel. It was amongst the gossip of the Mystical Society that its exhibition by a member would at once attract the celestial members of the mystic brotherhood.

Roderic came to visit her and attend her, as we have shown, and he was struck with the fact that the inner excitement of her mind seemed perceptibly to calm and decrease. He did not guess the cause of this, which was that she had prepared herself for the worst, and the conflict was allayed. His actual presence coming upon her so soon after the *message*, as she called it, confirmed her resolutions, and braced her for the cruel ordeal. In the witness-box she was calm, the calmness of an unsuspected energy and strength. And although, when the excitement was over, her health almost broke down, the care and solicitude of kind Lady Dubnock and of Roderic came to help her in her need. He gave up his London practice. What were guineas to him? He had a treasure now, a priceless treasure. This his medical skill and care might yet preserve. It is true that in one sense she was lost to him. A fatal tragedy would prevent her from ever becoming his wife. Also it was highly possible that her happiness, her beauty, her cheerfulness, had for ever departed. But the *identity* remained. The being that he had once lost was now restored to him. Love unselfish, purified, was his once more, and he felt a huge and mystic joy.

One burning question he had sturdily set aside whenever it presented itself to his mind. Was Maximilian the assassin of Sir Rupert Kingsbury? He tried to treat the question as many of the great problems of life are sometimes treated by scientific men. He tried to *suspend his judgment* in default of complete evidence. But some problems refuse to remain unsolved. More than that, they clamour for a solution of some sort. The question of the death of Sir Rupert Kingsbury would return again and again; at the end of every avenue of thought, it surged up once more; and, one evening at Wannicott, it was put from a very unsuspected quarter.

Henriette is down in the drawing-room. Her face is still pale, but she is very much better than we have seen her for many a month. The large blue eyes still stare out from her wan face, with painful brilliancy at times. Roderic carries on a short conversation in low tones. At times he interprets a remark or two into the clamorous language of Lady Dubnock. He has forbidden Henriette to speak to her much at present.

The eyes of the young girl seemed far away from that tea-table and its surroundings. A dreamy and inscrutable look would often come over them now. Suddenly she said, abruptly—

“Do you think Max guilty?”

“Well, Miss Artus,” said the Doctor, in a hesitating manner, “there are some questions that are very, very difficult. If you want frankness——”

"Yes ; I want frankness," said the young girl, quickly.

"I think that the evidence is insufficient for any conclusion——"

"That means that you think him guilty——"

"No, no !"

"You do, or you would have said you didn't long, long ago. Don't answer, but ask Lady Dubnock what she thinks——"

"Let me counsel you to leave such subjects until you are a little more fit to bear the excitement. A little patience——"

"Lady Dubnock, do you think that Max is guilty?" said Henriette, suddenly. She raised her voice to the pitch that was required to make herself audible to the deaf lady.

"My love, the matter is a great puzzle to me ; but perhaps I have not heard the whole facts of the case. It seems to me that the question of motive is altogether absent. Why should he have killed Sir Rupert?"

"I am sure he is innocent," said the young girl ; "that is, at most times—I feel quite certain of it—when I am very, very well, and also, when I am also very, very ill."

She might have added, when Roderic was near her.

CHAPTER II.

HAVELOCK Terrace, Wimbledon, consists of certain very small cottages near the railway. Each has a little garden, and these are for the most part trimly kept. No. 3 has lovely Marshal Niel roses climbing up it in front. A gentleman has passed the little wicket, and is knocking at the door. It is Dr. Roderic Ives.

"Is Superintendent Chivery at home?"

"No, sir." A woman, the landlady, has appeared at the door. She is the wife of a carpenter, and she holds a baby in her arms.

"When will he come back?"

"I don't know, sir."

"When did he go away?"

"Four days ago."

Dr. Ives turned away with a crestfallen countenance. Twice before had he attempted to see the detective ; and twice before he had been sent away by the wife of the carpenter. Was Chivery avoiding him?

When everybody is thinking exactly the same thing around us, it is very difficult to avoid being influenced by the magnetism of the crowd. At Mecca, a philosopher would probably feel wicked if he were secretly to become possessed of a lock of Buddha's hair, and to worship it in private ; whereas, at Bangkok, a Buddhist, secretly believing in a God, would also probably have qualms of conscience in the presence of his orthodox and atheistic fellow-citizens. Dr. Ives had once or twice plunged into the case against Maximilian. Could Max have committed a dastardly crime? It seemed quite impossible. All the faults of the young man had proceeded from im-

pulses that were never ignoble. And then what possible motive could he have had? His sister, who loved him to distraction, would shortly be rich, and able to rescue him from his difficulties. He had no grudge against Sir Rupert. The murder would be the act of a madman.

But then the metallic and grating voice of Mr. Frost, Q.C., would suddenly break in upon the Doctor's reveries, and he would find himself one of a crowd, a vast assize that comprised all England. Max wanted money to get to America. His idea was merely to rob the baronet in the first instance, but then the chloroform upset, and he feared detection. Was it impossible that a young man of hasty violence like Max should be suddenly seized with a bad impulse? Who could tell what new and secret reasons he might have had for an instant sum of money.

The Doctor on the platform of the Wimbledon station was arguing after this fashion, and finding himself almost agreeing in thought with the young lady who was changing a novel at the book-stall, with the bearded man with a croquet-mallet, with the volunteer and the railway porter, when he suddenly saw Mr. Chivery enter a second-class carriage.

"Ah, how do, Doctor?" said the Superintendent, not quite cordially.

"Caught you at last. Do you know I have called on you three times"—and the doctor also entered the carriage.

"Yes, I was so sorry I missed you. Tickets!—yes, guard. One season and one second! No, this gentleman seems to be travelling first."

"You know I have a great deal to say."

"No place really so snug as a railway carriage. I have quite made up my mind if ever I join a conspiracy to liberate the kingdom of Poland or introduce Home Rule into Ireland, I shall make it a *sine qua non* that all plotting is to be done in railway carriages. They have no keyholes available for the inquisitive. People might meet and part at various stations without attracting attention. Then consider how easy it would be to imagine all sorts of ingenious freemasonry. The words 'Give me a bun, miss!' would sound so innocent, or everybody rushing about with a copy of the *Daily Banner* might really be unfurling a secret flag of freedom."

"Yes, yes, but I wanted to say——"

"Then masks and cloaks might be exchanged for rugs and shawls, and as for daggers, a traitor might be punished by being thrown out of a carriage in a tunnel——"

"I want especially to talk to you about that trial."

"Trial, yes! How oddly our expectations were falsified, were they not? Clapham Junction already!—what a wonderful place! If I governed England—I don't mean in the way that the dozen country gentlemen, throttled by clerks and calling themselves the Ministry, govern it, I would soon settle the questions of enlistment, Prussian invasion, &c. I should have all the railways of England in the hands of 200,000 reserve soldiers. The police force and the post-

men should also have served three years in the regular army. My commander-in-chief should be stationed here in the middle of these great arteries ready to hurl overwhelming troops, *wagons blindés*, and bullet-proof gun and gatling carriages in the path of any invader from whatever quarter he might chose to come. If a hostile vessel was reported anywhere off the coast, at once a train full of fish-torpedoes should be dispatched——”

“This is all very well, my dear Chivery; but I have travelled up to talk about something quite different. What are we to think of the marvellous turn that matters took in that business that we have discussed so often?”

“My dear doctor, do you really expect me to go into all that again? Have you forgotten that Sir Frank Kingsbury is now simply the chief constable of the county of Cropshire, an officer of rank in an army of which I am a humble subordinate, a common soldier?”

“Was he not all that three weeks ago? These sort of considerations did not seem to restrain you much then.”

“‘I am not valiant neither!’ So you think that my motto is now the same as poor Othello’s. But I want to ask you one question. Supposing we take up this business again, *cui bono*? Sir Frank has been tried. You can’t try him again. And policemen are not generally encouraged to ferret out charges against their superior officers any more than soldiers are.”

“You know very well, Chivery, that I want above all things now to see young Artus’s character cleared——”

“My dear doctor, the Detective Department of Scotland Yard is organised for the amiable purpose of blackening not whitewashing characters——”

“Do you really think Artus guilty?”

“Doctor, I never think anything. My trade is to supply proofs for others.”

“What was his motive? Then, again, there is the business of the footprints. Have you given up that theory of yours about them?”

“Walk in, sir. Second class?—this is it, sir. Bah! you object to smoking; then try next door.”

The Superintendent from Scotland Yard said this suddenly to a stranger with a black leather bag, who looked in at the window at Vauxhall.

“Talking the matter over in a general way, as I might with that gentleman with the black leather bag, I might say, in answer to similar observations of his, supposing he had made them, ‘Oh, gentleman with the black leather bag, it is very true that most people, particularly those who carry about black leather bags, believe that Maximilian Artus committed this murder. The question of motive is no doubt a difficult one if he did it alone. But supposing, amongst half a dozen possible hypotheses, that the business was a joint-stock affair which was to bring to one accomplice (say a man of good repute) a fortune of £15,000 a-year,—then Maximilian Artus, poor and

of damaged reputation, would have motive enough, for he would know that most of this money would virtually come to him. Here is Waterloo. There is a hansom for you, and Her Majesty has kindly provided me and five cardsharps, captured at the Hampton races, with that handsome carriage there, painted soberly black. I must say 'Good morning!' for even policemen do not always get a chance of riding at the Government expense!"

Dr. Ives, left alone on the platform, felt stupefied and sick at heart. A man of nerve and determination he felt as helpless, physically and morally, as the poor girl over whose young life so heavy a calamity had suddenly come. In the vast gloom there had been one twinkle of hope, and even this was now removed. Chivery—bold, honest, and preternaturally acute—seemed to have turned round. On his strong nerve and clear brain the doctor had chiefly relied. Was this detective a coward, an enemy, a traitor?

Porters were wheeling about huge barrowfulls of luggage; and bustling passengers around him were frantically pursuing lost fathers, lost husbands, lost bags. Pushed this way and nudged that, he suddenly remembered that he had left his small portmanteau in the cloak-room, at the main entrance of the large station. He asked a porter in what direction he was to proceed, and soon found himself detached from the noisy crowd and in comparative quiet.

Did Chivery believe Max to be guilty? At any rate, he seemed to have quite given up the general idea that the crime was committed by Max without any accomplice. Did not this mean that the detective still believed that Sir Frank was at the bottom of the affair, in spite of all his respectful verbiage about "common soldiers" and "superior officers." The theory that Max and Sir Frank were accomplices, when first propounded by the subtle detective, had frightened the doctor very much. But was it a sound theory after all? It was no doubt true that if Max and Sir Frank had committed the crime in combination, the rash young American might have obtained money to supply his pressing needs and take him to America. But would he not have obtained the same results in a few days without a crime? His sister would be rich and ready to help him. In point of fact, Sir Rupert's money would have become the property of the American more completely by leaving the baronet alive than by killing him. Other arguments against this new theory rapidly suggested themselves. If Sir Frank intended to kill his brother, why should he have committed the imprudence of taking Max into his confidence?

Was Chivery in pursuit of Max? This question made the doctor shudder. If the principal duty of the detective were now the capture of Max, all his curt unfriendliness would be quite accounted for. Dr. Ives was the friend of the man he was pursuing, and this necessitated that all relations between the police officer and the medical man should at present be cut off. Had the police new evidence, and was the case against Max worse than the public had yet any suspicion of? Dr. Ives was forced to confess that if Chivery

were really and earnestly in pursuit of Max, all he had said about a confederacy between Max and the baronet would probably be only unmeaning talk. Absolute silence would have been unfriendly, so the first nonsense that suggested itself had been poured out.

(*To be continued.*)

BRIEF NOTICES.

GHOSTLY VISITORS: A Series of Authentic Narratives by "Spectre Stricken," with an Introduction by M. A. (Oxon.). Price 3s. The Psychological Press Association, 4 New Bridge Street, E.C.

This series of ghost stories is already familiar to many of our readers, having originally appeared in these pages. They are now republished in a collected form, and will doubtless find a wide circulation. The book is tastefully printed and bound, and is admirably suited for a Christmas gift book.

PSYCHOGRAPHY: a Treatise on one of the objective forms of Psychic or Spiritual Phenomena (Second Edition), by M. A. (Oxon). London: The Psychological Press Association, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 3s.

This is an invaluable book, and the author has done good service by issuing a second edition, which is considerably enlarged and revised. This was necessary, because, since the time when the book was written, "the evidence for the phenomena of which it treats has increased enormously." The recent experiments, such as those of Epes Sargent and Zöllner, are very conclusive, and the new introduction, dealing with psychical phenomena in general, is not the least important feature of the new edition. The typography and binding are good, and pleasant both to hand and eye.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ORGANIC MAGNETISM, by Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt. London: Printed for the Authoress by G. Wilson, 67A Turnmill Street, E.C.

This book forms the basis of an article we have had ready for the printer for two months past, and again the pressure on our space has compelled us to defer its publication. In justice to the authoress, however, we insert this short notice, reserving the full review until space can be allotted it. These *Private Instructions* are very complete, and what is more to the point, very practical. The directions are given in plain, simple language, and the illustrations render the text more easily intelligible. Miss Hunt is to be congratulated upon the very thorough way in which she has performed her task; indeed,

there is little left to be desired, except, perhaps, that the price of the book was not so high.

RECEIVED: "An Essay Concerning the Soul," by A. D. Bathell. — "Ingersolism or Christianity: Which?" by J. M. Peebles, M.D. Forcible and bright, this pamphlet is written in the author's best style. The shallow nature of much of his opponent's reasoning is exposed, and shown to rest upon a misapprehension of what Christianity really is.

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

Our contemporary continues to publish a number of letters on the Peterborough exposure. Regrettable as that was, it has been of some service in clearing the mental vision of some writers, if we may judge by their letters, and has elicited some very interesting communications. It is impossible to give anything like a coherent summary of the correspondence, but some facts stand prominently out from a mass of verbiage. The testimony to the reality of Miss Wood's mediumship is very strong indeed, and may be commended to the study of those who jump at the conclusion that one result such as that at the Peterborough séance invalidates all previous experiments. Various correspondents give their testimony, and especially Mr. William Paynter, who had written a very strong letter denouncing the seizer of the form at Peterborough, shows that he can appreciate the value of proper conditions of investigation. He details the result of some séances held with Miss Wood since the exposure, in which such conditions as we have so often recommended were observed, with most satisfactory results. He also details the results of a séance held at Cardiff on June 15th ult. These are of sufficient value to warrant quotation:—

"On the night in question the medium sat in the cabinet but her dress was held by the sitter next her, tightly enough to be aware of any movement she might make. There was sufficient light outside for the sitters to tell the time by their watches held a foot from their eyes. A form about the same height as the medium, emerged from the cabinet, covered profusely with white drapery. Mr. Windoe asked the sitter whether he was certain the medium was still in the cabinet, and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, Mr. Windoe

advanced rapidly to the form and folded both his arms around it, holding it tight, but without violence of any kind. The form at the time was about three feet from the curtain, and was taken hold of from behind. Almost at the same moment the sitter holding the medium's dress, called out that it had slipped from his hands. This was accompanied by no apparent movement of the curtains, yet the light being turned up full a moment after, discovered Mr. Windoe holding the medium, and not a trace of the white drapery was discovered. I account for the disappearance of the drapery through its being dematerialised, the conditions not having been violently broken as at Peterborough. In the latter case the muslin may have been brought by the agencies who produce these phenomena, and I can give a case of such *bringing*. Before Mr. Spriggs went to Australia a sitting was held in the broad daylight, at the house of Mr. Rees Lewis, a veteran Spiritualist, at Cardiff. Among the sitters were the editor of the *Spiritualist* and myself. I selected a loo table in the centre of the room, and made a dark cabinet under the table by arranging three dark tablecloths, in such a manner as to exclude the light from under the table only. The edges of the cloths were spread on the floor, the sitters placing their feet on them to prevent any displacement. Shortly after we took our places, a convulsive movement agitated Mr. Spriggs, and upon looking under the table we found a number of boughs of shrubs, with the leaves on them, and other similar articles brought from some garden; quite a bundle of them, in fact.

"Before the sitting I examined Mr. Spriggs, and was convinced that he had nothing about him other than the suit he wore. If this is possible, it is certainly possible to bring muslin, which would naturally remain if forcibly seized."

Further, Miss Wood has definitely proposed "to sit either three times or such a number of times as a national representative committee of Spiritualists may judge proper, and under such conditions as may be decided upon unanimously by them, free of charge, and will stand or fall by the result." It is stated that the C.A.S. are entertaining this proposition, and we await the result with anxious interest; only expressing a hope that difference of opinion as to what is a "national representative committee" may not frustrate the experiment, and that the committee, when appointed, may agree "unanimously" on their methods of procedure. A great deal of private whim should be put aside to attain a result so desirable as a full, clear, and searching investigation into Miss Wood's mediumship under good conditions of observation.—Once more, the conditions of mediumship, and the utter folly of seizing the spirit form are beginning to be better understood. Mr. A. R. Wallace's letter is a very important contribution to the study of the philosophy of materialisation. If we except that he ignores altogether the presence of a large amount of proven fraud, his

general conclusions are, we believe, sound. The notes of M. A., Oxon., on the subject, read in connection with Mr. Wallace's letter, show that there is a general agreement among careful and experienced observers of these obscure phenomena.—The editors of *Light* and of the *Psychological Review* have received a large number of letters, extracts from many of which we printed last month, and the committee of the C.A.S., which is the practical outcome of their action, is at work sifting the difficult subject, and formulating some recommendations to Spiritualists. It is too much to hope than human ingenuity can devise a manifesto acceptable to all, but nothing can be more sure than that some action is imperatively called for. If it were not forthcoming, disgrace must fall on the movement at large. If it be not wise and farseeing, then it will not find general acceptance. But, in any case, the attempt to purge Spiritualism of complicity with fraud, and to disavow the crazy enthusiasts who will defend any *soi-disant* medium, even if caught in the very act of cheating, is one that should command the sympathy and support of every honest Spiritualist.—Our contemporary is so fully occupied with this subject, that no considerable contribution finds a place, except a thoughtful and very striking review of a small but remarkable book, Professor Fechner's "Life after Death." Both the book and the reviewer's comments on it are well worth study.

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

Mr. A. J. Smart, of Melbourne, has contributed some "Thoughts on the Philosophy of Physical Mediumship," which furnish the best reading in our contemporary. Mr. Smart has had considerable opportunities of observing the mediumship of Mr. Spriggs, and of witnessing the results which have been so fully detailed in the *Harbinger of Light*. The writer is in full accord with our expressed desire for better conditions of investigation, and agrees with a suggestion noticed in our columns a while ago, that circles should be graduated, and that ignorant investigators should not be at once admitted to the very *penetralia*. He questions our statement that the materialisation of "busts" over the table is any fair proof that the cabinet may be dispensed with, and thinks that "spirits and Spiritualists" alike wish the materialisations to be as full and life-like as possible. It may be so; but we are assured that whatever loss may be felt by "spirit or Spiritualist" in the absence of the lower limbs of a "form" will be amply compensated by the absence, at the same time, of any necessity for speculating whether or not the "bust" is genuine. Space

alone forbids our doing justice to a series of articles, which are, perhaps, as valuable a contribution to the study of a confessedly difficult subject as have lately appeared.—The editorial comments on the same subject are somewhat violent, and show the same inability to take a judicial view of an intricate question, as we have noted before. In the “teaching of the last seven years,” as the editor puts it, we find much with which we are in agreement; but we fail to find that appreciation of the real point at issue which we should like to see.—“Vaccination: a Moral Evil, a physical Curse, and a Psychological Warning,” is the title of one of the most erratic and ill-judged sermons we ever read. The pulpit surely has a better and nobler subject to deal with than a moot question in physiology, respecting which the preacher has no special knowledge, and to his remarks on which no opportunity is given for reply.—“Andrew Marvel” controls A. T. T. P.’s sensitive and discourses on materialisation much to its discredit, and to the honour and glory of that special form of mediumship which he is then using. More important is the advice of A. T. T. P. himself—“*Discounenance all materialisation séances, either in the dark or full light, when the public are admitted.*” That is a conclusion to which many experienced Spiritualists are coming. The editor, we see, takes various exceptions.—Mr. Burns is delivering a series of lectures at the Spiritual Institution, two of which are printed in brief, and which contain wholesome matter for thought.—For two years the *Medium* has been printed under difficulties. Mr. Burns is now appealing to his friends to clear him of liabilities; and he thinks that “the efforts of Spiritualists to support the cause have proved a series of masterly failures.” Why? The congregation of the veriest “little Bethel” support their minister and their “cause.” Why do not Spiritualists? Is it the fault of the minister? or of the congregation? or are Spiritualists an incoherent mass, with no sense of responsibility?

“HERALD OF PROGRESS” (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

The Herald “does not hesitate to charge the Executive of the C. A. S. in London with the public scandal which has befallen the movement.” Miss Wood is “certainly not to blame . . . nor can we blame the man who captured her.” This truly intelligent and judicial criticism is a type of the comments contributed by our northern contemporary to the study of this obscure and difficult subject. An exaggerated animus against persons called “Messrs. Dawson Rogers & Co.” is ap-

parent throughout, and the tone of comment permitted in some articles is in the worst taste, and calculated to injure very seriously the reputation of the paper in which they are permitted to appear. Where we cannot approve we refrain from further comment.

“THE BANNER OF LIGHT” (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

Trance discourses are, as usual, a feature in the pages of the *Banner*. We have Mrs. Richmond on “Inspired Women,” Mr. Kiddle on “The Scientific Investigation of Spiritualism,” Mr. Simon de Maru on the abstruse question, “Is the human soul capable of expressing the attributes of the Deity?”—Mr. Kiddle has been experimenting with Slade at Lake Pleasant, and records some very convincing facts.—John Wetherbee sends more of his “Penumbral Sketches,” quaint, wise, and very readable.—The Reverend Joseph Cook is well hit off as “the Boston gentleman who gave the plan on which the universe was created his unqualified personal endorsement.” He is just the man to speak patronisingly of the Almighty.—Mr. Kiddle’s discourse on Spiritualism and methods of investigation is singularly wanting in power and grasp of the real difficulties of the subject. We believe that in the near future it will be a standing cause of wonder that a cultured Spiritualist with some experience could so miss his way.—One of the best and most philosophical records is that signed D. L., and headed “The Epiphany of Washington.” The facts are well put.—F. J. Lippitt, in spite of all that has passed, thinks Mrs. Bliss “in many respects the most perfect materialising medium I have ever seen.” It is very possible; for experience shows that the most perfect mediumship is not incompatible with the most vulgar fraud. But in our contemporary, as usual, the perfect mediumship is eulogised and the fraud is ignored. That is the sad fact.

“RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL” (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

“Our Evidences of a Future Life” is a forcible address, given by Captain H. H. Brown at the Neshaminy Camp, which for six weeks has been in full swing. Like it, Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant, and the other resorts are now deserted, and the camp season of 1882 is over. If these camp-meetings see some scenes of ill-regulated enthusiasm, they are meeting-places where friends may converse and exchange experience with friends, and where the truths of Spiritualism are expounded and enforced in many an eloquent discourse.—“Another Mate-

rialising Medium Exposed!" One Mr. Sour was discovered by Colonel Bundy in the act of imposture, was seized by him, and conclusively exposed at Lake Pleasant. It is the old story: a dark séance, a probable confederate, some confiding enthusiasts, and a base fraud! How long will Spiritualists allow such conditions? How long will it be before, to sit at all under such circumstances, will be regarded as an act of criminal folly?—Mr. D. Winder thinks that we have reached a crisis, and can advance no further till we have solved the following problems: The test of true and false mediumship; the question of obsession by evil spirits; the question of further continuing dark séances. To these he oddly joins the question of the origin and true character of Jesus Christ—Professor J. Rhodes Buchanan contributes a solid and intelligent essay on "The New Era in Education." He considers that of the five essential departments of education—the physiological, the industrial, the hygienic, the moral, and the intellectual—exclusive attention has been paid to the last, to the great detriment of the individual and of the State.—A great number of abstruse questions put to Mr. Colville, or his controlling guides, are answered, but hardly to our edification. One specimen will do: "Q. A little boy can, by a direct effort of the will, simulate death; he can stop breathing, and to all appearance is dead; he can then revive himself again. How does he do this?" (as if all little boys who do queer things were known and marked by all spirits!) In reply, the questioner is gravely and sagely told, that this abnormal little boy is "what the Orientals call a natural magician. If his development continue, he will become one of the wonders of the age, attaining to the very highest point of oriental adepthood." Now adepts are very hard to get at; it is therefore highly desirable that some one should keep an eye on this little boy, and announce his arrival at the promised pinnacle.—Our contemporary is full of excellent matter that we have not space to notice.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

The present number is rich in interesting matter, which, whether one agrees with it or not, is good reading.—The letters of "A. P. S.," originally contributed to *Light*, are reproduced. They are, perhaps, the most readable expositions of Theosophical teaching that we have access to.—The writers of "The Perfect Way" make a strong protest against what was a rather laudatory record. The authors evidently believe themselves to have been the vehicles of a new revelation, which must be received as *de fide*. In this opinion, however,

they are probably almost singular.—Mr. Oxley propounds a long paper on what he calls "Hierosophy, Theosophy, and Psychosophy." This, too, is a protest against a review of his "Philosophy of Spirit." In it he incidentally claims to have had an interview with Koot Hoomi, which, however, that occult person promptly disavows.—The most important paper in the number is the third instalment of "Fragments of Occult Truth." The claims made are the same to which we are now accustomed. A large portion of the paper is devoted to the same subject as is treated in "A. P. S.'s" second letter to *Light*. Assuming that most of the objective phenomena familiar to Spiritualists are caused by elementals or shells, a strong plea is put in, that such séances should not be held, both because no good can come of intercourse with such beings, and also because the intercourse itself is hurtful to some if not all the spirits who take part in it. The argument is forcibly put and contains some impressive thoughts.—Lastly we have a letter to the editor, signed "H. X.," which shows that Theosophists are not all blindly obedient, nor foolishly credulous. It is a severe and outspoken indictment of the methods employed by the Adept Brothers in their intercourse with those who seek teaching from them. The letter is richly merited, and we hope good from it, though the editor receives it with uplifted hands as a piece of presumptuous sacrilege.

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT" (MELBOURNE).

Our contemporary opens with a warm commendation of the Society for Psychical Research, and an appeal to good sensitives to aid its investigations. It is much to be desired that such persons may respond to the appeal, for there is risk that the operations of the Society may be seriously curtailed by a want of psychics.—Mr. Denton is lecturing with much approval. A discourse of his on "The Philosophy of Death" is characterised by all his vigour and logical sense, expressed in eloquent language.—Dr. C. W. Rohner is perplexed by the divergence of opinion among Spiritualists about Reincarnation, a theory which he partially defends. It is not surely to be wondered at that the divergence of opinion among communicating spirits should express itself among Spiritualists. We have conversed with spirits of all sorts and conditions, with those who have long since left the earth, and with those who, as a plain matter of fact, have progressed in wisdom and knowledge, but we have not found them endorsing the speculative opinions of Kardec, or the more vague and shadowy guesses of other Reincarnationist schools of thought. This is

a problem the solution of which is not clear. If spirits *are* reincarnated as a rule, it is simply impossible that progressed intelligences should be ignorant of that fact. If Reincarnation is a speculative guess, impressed by a positive will on a communicating spirit, it may be that the solution lies there. The method of communication is everything.—Mr. Joseph Cook is not a success in Australia. It was not to be expected that his froth would feed those who can digest Denton's strong meat.—Some golden words of Epes Sargent's are reprinted from M. A. (Oxon.'s) "Reminiscences."—The contents generally are of sustained merit.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The S. P. R. has published Part I. of its "Transactions," containing the President's address at the first general meeting held at Willis's Rooms, London, on July 17, 1882; the report of the committee on Thought-reading, with certain notes and appendices of a very complete character; the Constitution and Rules, and list of members. Many of the thought-reading experiments have already been made public, but the mass, read consecutively, is far more impressive than any selected details, however complete in themselves. We refrain from extracting any special records where all are good in kind. We are glad to give publicity to the following letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Literary Committee. That body is actively engaged in collating evidence respecting the many cases of apparitions at or about the time of death, and any good and well-authenticated cases, will, we are told, be acceptable. The Society may do excellent work by collecting evidence already in existence, sifting it, focussing it, and bringing it into a shape in which it will be accessible to the public.

Sir,—Some of your readers may possibly be aware that a society, entitled the "Society for Psychical Research," has lately been established, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Sidgwick, for the purpose of inquiring into a mass of obscure phenomena which lie at present on the outskirts of our organised knowledge. It is an object of this society to get hold of as much first-hand evidence as possible bearing on such real or supposed phenomena as thought-reading, clairvoyance, presentiments, and dreams, noted at the time of occurrence and afterwards confirmed; unexplained disturbances in places supposed to be haunted; apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise; and of other abnormal events, hard to classify at present, but which may seem to fall under somewhat the same categories as these. We have been desired, as secretaries of the Literary Committee of the above-mentioned society, to invite information of this kind from any trust-

worthy source. Should any of your readers, now or in the future, be able and inclined to send us an account or to put us on the track of any phenomena of the kind which may have come under the cognisance of themselves or their friends, they would greatly oblige us, and would also (as we think we may fairly say) be rendering a real aid to the progress of knowledge in a direction where such aid is much needed. Nothing will, in any case, be printed or published (either with or without names) except with the full consent of the persons concerned.—With thanks to you, Sir, for your courtesy in inserting this letter, we remain yours obediently, EDMUND GURNEY, 26 Montpelier Square, S.W. ; FREDERICK W. H. MYERS, Leckhampton, Cambridge.—October, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

TO READERS.

In the next number of the *Psychological Review* will be commenced the long promised series of articles by "M.A. (Oxon.);" entitled "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." As already announced, these papers will deal with the phenomena of Materialization or Form-Manifestation, and will probably run through nine or ten numbers of the *Review*. Readers will oblige by making this known to their friends.

THE ABOLITION OF PUBLIC DARK CIRCLES.

I have little to add to what I wrote last month on this subject. The matter has been very fully considered by the Committee appointed by the Central Association of Spiritualists, and I believe I am violating no confidence in stating that a statement has been approved by them, and is now being sent out for signature. It now only remains for Spiritualists individually to discountenance by every means in their power the holding of séances under the conditions which have brought so much discredit upon Spiritualism. Let the light be sufficient for observation, and insist upon the medium remaining in full view of the sitters the whole time. This is easily arranged by allowing him or her to sit or recline just outside the space curtained off for use by the spirits.

"HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM."

It seems probable that a revival of public interest in psychological research is about to take place. The Society for Psychical Research has contributed somewhat to this end, and the recent action of the more thoughtful and intelligent Spiritualists with reference to the purification of circles and conditions has already produced beneficial

results. This good effect will, I am inclined to think, become more and more marked. Let the public but be convinced of the determination of Spiritualists to put aside all that appears to lend itself to fraud, and I do not doubt that many who have hitherto been deterred or drawn back from investigation by reason of the apparent impossibility of distinguishing the true from the false, will again approach, with less prejudice than before, a subject which, whatever may be said, is fraught with deep interest to the majority of people. At such times the need of some introductory work suitable for broadcast distribution has often been felt, and I have been induced to prepare a pamphlet calculated to meet this requirement, a prospectus of which will be found on the wrapper of this number of the *Review*. It will be seen that its publication has been undertaken by The Psychological Press Association, and also that they desire to issue a first edition of 100,000 copies. I have given much careful thought to the preparation of "How to Investigate Spiritualism," and I hope and believe that it will prove a valuable aid in disseminating a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism. It has long been my conviction that Spiritualism as a public movement would benefit largely if more attention were paid to the *preparation* of enquirers, etc., previous to their introduction to séances, and also that some attempt should be made to *graduate* the phenomena to new comers. At present the usual course—if a friend wishes to see anything—is, so to speak, to pitchfork him into form manifestations, one of the most delicate and, at the same time, most unsuitable phases of the phenomena to show those who have, if anything, but a superficial knowledge of the subject. I have endeavoured to present a useful groundwork of knowledge in this pamphlet, and have also tabulated and graduated the phenomena so as to lead by easy and natural steps from the simple raps upwards. It is intended to make a systematic effort to circulate this pamphlet during the coming winter; and, as I have studiously excluded anything at all likely to offend even the most fastidious, I trust that effort will be strengthened by hearty co-operation and support. I may add that should any Spiritualist be disposed to order copies of the work, and yet not know how to dispose of them, the publishers will be able to indicate channels for their circulation, or will undertake that duty themselves, if required, having many applications from societies for free grants of books and pamphlets.

THE "CHRISTIAN GLOBE" AND "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

The following notice of this magazine recently appeared in the *Christian Globe*:—This is not a magazine that is likely to be popular in the common meaning of the word, nor to be largely circulated among the general public. But to the student and theologian, to those who love sound reason and weighty argument, and refuse to confine their mental vision to the dull humdrum round of everyday life, it will be found of absorbing interest: the more so because the phenomena it discusses are dealt with in a candid, impartial spirit

which is as aloof from the fanaticism of the enthusiast as from the crass obstinacy of the avowed sceptic, who loftily rejects what he cannot understand, without troubling to ascertain how far even known facts justify his attitude of incredulity. For ourselves, however, we may differ in opinion with regard to the merit of certain theories broached in the present number of the Review, we yet willingly testify to the ability with which they are handled, and to the religious sentiment, reverent and kindly, which prevades them all.

JOHN S. FARMER.

“I HAVE left off believing in deaths so called,” writes Philip Pearsall Carpenter, the naturalist, (brother of the Dr. W. B. Carpenter who has fought so against our facts) and goes on to say:—“The spiritual world appears to me close and near. Judging from all accounts, there are only a few hours, or days at most, before the spirit wakes again. I believe my deprivation of home sympathies has made me live more in the spiritual world, from which I feel separated only by a veil of flesh. I feel as though it would never surprise me to find that I had died and was there: it often seems more natural than the present state. In old times, when I believed in an external heaven, and thought we left off being men and became some queer kind of undefined angels, it was not so. Now I feel it to be a waking of the same humanity without the hindrances of flesh. . . . In my intercourse with the Spiritualists it is evident to me that they do not mourn for death like orthodox Christians, whose heaven is more ideal than real. They really do believe that their friends are living happily, and have intercourse with them. About this medium work I care very little: its principal use is to teach the reality of things unseen; and it must be a very imperfect thing at best, because it is only the lowest elements of their nature that can communicate with the highest of ours. But for us all to look on the next state as an absolute continuation of this, only in a far purer and in every way better sphere, is good for us all, and especially for those who have treasures in heaven.”—*Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*.

Open thy soul to God, O man, and talk
Through thine unfolded faculties with Him
Who never, save through faculties of mind,
Spake to the Fathers. Give thyself no fear
But to do justly, to pursue the right,
Though it should lead thee where the Son of Man
Trod fearlessly before thee, where in pain
And groans and agonies and bloody sweat
Abandoned by all friends, and by all foes
Reviled, and crucified upon the cross,
Or by the hangman's rope, or by the axe,
Or in the dungeon where dull adders breed,
The Spirit offers up its last best gift,
A martyr's loving heart to God and man.—*T. L. Harris*.