

HUMAN NATURE:

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CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

CHAPTER IV.

MIDDLE CLASSES' EDUCATION.

By H. D. JENCKEN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

It is with a feeling of relief that I quit the sad, dark picture I have had to portray of the intellectual condition of the masses, the people of England—those iron-armed, industrious, by nature well-endowed men, left by neglect in shameful ignorance, who fill our pauper asylums, whose children people our prisons; those forlorn, homeless, destitute children, the offspring of our chronic poor, our chronic criminals,—I repeat it is with a feeling of relief I turn down another leaf of this great folio of pictures of our social condition. Assuredly the middle classes, the backbone of English life, have cared to have their children educated. With abundance of funds, commanding revenues in the hands of Endowed Schools estimated to produce £600,000 a year, and with 3600 schools to rear and teach their children; assuredly there is no want of educational means with them.

As adjuncts to our Endowed Schools, we have Grammar Schools, and innumerable private colleges, offering educational training at a very moderate cost. With a feeling of positive unburdenment of that which oppresses, I turn to these folios. Just follow me, kind reader, as I describe to you what this holocaust at the altar of our virtuous selves really is. And, first, our Endowed Schools.

Mr Forster, upon whom I burden the reproach of exposing all the doings of our worthy trustees, those keepers of our national wealth, treasured up in the parchment deeds of the settlements of our colleges and schools—I exempt our universities from my calculations—produces £600,000 gross revenue (taking the exact figures, £593,600), and applicable for educational purposes £253,000—a moderate diminution, by the

bye, but I will not quarrel with this. This sum is alleged to support 3600 schools. Now, I leave out Harrow, Eton, and a few bright oases in the wilderness of plunder, and I ask what is the actual state of these endowed establishments? I am taking my data from Parliamentary statistics. The school buildings, where they exist at all—for with that refinement of taste, that proper aversion to keep out of sight from the vulgar gaze, some of these worthies, the trustees of endowed schools, the keepers of a sacred public trust, have converted the schools into stables and coach houses; or, with a true regard to the utilitarian principles, have done something else with the buildings; or, as Mr Forster tells us, cultivate potatoes in our endowed school-gardens; or three boarders are reared at the cost of £792; or two masters, enjoying £300 a year, have to teach three boys—like General Savorov and his Cossack, three shirts between the two constituted their outfit for a long campaign.

But even in less aggravated cases, where the disease, “fraud upon the public,” the “*animus furandi*,” cannot be brought home to the culprit’s shameless neglect, the “*culpa lata*” of the stern old Roman, bordering upon the “*dolo proxima*,” and which rendered the wrong-doer liable to what we modern jurists call the “*infamia juris*,” assuredly attaches, and “*turpido*” may be unhesitatingly charged without fear of contradiction. The pachydermatous skins of our trustees of endowed schools refuse to show the blush any honest Englishman would betray, if accused of being brought within the reach of the definition of the “*quasi ex delicto*” rule. The result of this neglect, I repeat, is that even where the outward show of an attempt to keep within bounds is not abandoned, our sons, the youth of this great good old England, are shamelessly neglected—under-educated. In proof of this serious charge, I will produce a few examples out of the mass of evidence at my command. First, only 40 out of 100 of the candidates at the University of London, or at the 21 colleges (I believe this is the number) that admit the medical students and grant certificates or diplomas—and these, by the bye, upon a test of fitness so low, so miserably short of the standard of education in France, Germany, and Russia, that it has called forth the just reproof of our better educated neighbours—I repeat only 40 in 100 actually manage to pass their examination. Now, I am not conjuring up grievances. I am not over-colouring my canvas with glaring colours. I am only repeating the facts actually given in the petition of 4000 medical men, which Dr Hall submitted to the House of Parliament, praying for a commission to inquire into the state of medical education.

But, before I proceed, let us just see how the endowed schools

really teach, what our grammar schools are doing, how, in a word, the honest, hard-working middle class man of this land, anxious to make any sacrifice to get his child educated—fitted to take his place in life, to continue to be what his forefathers have been before him, the real source of the greatness of this land—how he can manage to accomplish his wish. The instruction at our endowed schools, Mr Forster tells us, is miserable and deficient, the obsolete crude forms of instruction being still observed; but actual teaching—that is, instruction in contradistinction to education, and with which I will deal in some future chapter—there is in fact none. At Harrow and Eton, the average age of boys who leave school is 18 to 19; at the ordinary endowed school, 14 years. With this I have to deal in the first instance. In France and in Germany,* 65,000 boys of the middle and upper classes receive a high education, on a level equal to our B.A.; nay, if Arnold is to be credited, “we have not 6300 matriculated students receiving so good an instruction as the 6300 matriculated students in the Prussian universities, or even as the far more numerous students in the French faculties.” The result is, as M. Arnold tells us, that in “England the middle class, as a rule, is brought up on the *second plane*.” From this follows, that after actually paying £600,000 a year for our endowed schools, derived from public funds, education has become a mark of aristocratic distinction—a distinction not within the reach of the people of this fair land, but only a few in the higher ranks of life can enjoy. We have been, and are, shamelessly plundered of our property; for, it is to be remembered, the middle classes of England gave the funds for these 3600 schools—the small squires and burghers gave the funds. These funds the trustees are misapplying.

Our grammar schools, and which at one time really made a show of a step in advance, have all but become practically obsolete, and the tuition of this land is now as unsatisfactory as neglect and ignorance can desire. It would be invidious to aim a blow at our private schools—at those many institutions private enterprise is attempting to found; but I may say this much, that they are, in nine cases out of ten, lamentably deficient; and where they are moderately effective, so expensive that the ordinary trade and middle-class man cannot avail himself of them. In proof of the utter inefficiency of these schools, I appeal to returns of “plucked candidates of our civil and military service, university and medical examinations.”

I can understand a people abandoning, in times of great public calamity, the use of schools and colleges, of leaving the education of its youth to some future day; but with the enormous

* M. Arnold's “Schools and Universities of the Continent,” p. 275.

wealth we are deriving from our coal beds and iron ore deposits, surely we have no lack of means. For those who desire to verify what I am saying, I recommend the perusal of the Commissioners' Reports, the excellent work on "Technical Education" by John Scott Russell, Esq., and M. Arnold's work. From Scott Russell I gather data which are even in excess of those dark outlines I have drawn.

In speaking of technical education, and to which I intend to devote a chapter, he says (p. 137)—"Here, then, we come to the humiliating conclusion, that of 1,260,000 of the English youths of an age fit to receive science and technical education, the English Government takes care of less than 1 in 700 (14,600 scholars), at a cost of £8000 a year."

And further on, the same author gives us, as the result of his investigation into the state of education in the little inland kingdom of Wurtemberg, that these really very moderately well-to-do people give, in proportion to their population, ten times more education to their children than we do. Take the totals; we ought to have 90,904 scholars of the upper classes, with 4675 teachers: I am assuming the same proportion as in Wurtemberg. Our answer is—the hollow mockery of endowed schools, with 5000 or 6000 boys actually, 15,000 nominally, educated. Our endowed schools—a farce, indeed!

The subject I have taken up is so vast I can but trace in outline all I wish to say. I must bring my chapter to a close, but in doing so, by way of illustrating my case, just take the contribution of the Prussian Government towards the state education of those highly organised and superior universities of Berlin and Bonn. These world-wide renowned universities have 2500 and 1000 students respectively, yielding £29,518 in fees, with a State contribution of £28,842. Compare those figures with the wanton waste at our endowed schools, and I will not be taxed with saying more than the case merits, if I repeat that the present system is a fraud upon a great public trust.

We English have a right to be educated; a positive right to have our sons equal with the sons of our neighbours, and the day must soon come when the competitive struggle with our better educated neighbours will prove, unless we educate, beyond our strength. We shall have to yield in trade, in manufacture, in war, and art, to others—a defeat not suffered at the hands of an enemy, but self-caused, by allowing our schools, with their £20,000,000 capital, and our clergy with £80,000,000, to sit down in listless do-nothing and intolerable neglect of their sacred duty—the education of the great people of this glorious land!

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

OSIRIS.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES—THE RESTITUTION OF THE PAST.

UNDER some aspects the world is simply one vast sepulchre, the grave of the past. The heroic generations who built up the great religions and the mighty empires of bygone ages, are all gathered to their fathers, and we see them and their wondrous environment no more, save with the eye of the mind. Where now is the wisdom of Egypt, and that wonderful combination of royal and sacerdotal power, which reared the pyramids of Memphis and the temples of Thebes? Where is that weird civilisation and mystic culture, which made the land of Misraim and its dread magicians a proverb throughout the primeval world? Lapsed into utter night, like the opaline hues and golden splendours of a departed sunset. And where are the Assyrians, that nation of a fierce countenance, who subdued all Asia beneath their imperial sway? Where is the splendour of Babylon and the greatness of Nineveh? Vanished like a dream, leaving only the vast yet vague tradition of their grandeur and glory in the memories of men. And where is Greece with her literature and art, and Rome with her policy and power? Gone, the former like a rainbow that arched the heavens with its transcendent yet evanescent beauty, and the latter like a thundercloud, that was and is not, though it once covered the earth with the darkness as of a funereal pall, and shook the very mountains with the long reverberated peals of its rolling thundercrashes. And where are the ages of chivalry with their fearless daring and knightly courtesy; their gallant men who went to battle as to a tournament, and their peerless women, the queens of beauty and of song, whose smile was the richest reward of valour and the most coveted acknowledgment of genius? Faded, like the amber-light and roseate tints of early dawn, into the common grey of later hours. Nay, have not even Marengo and Austerlitz, Wagram and Jena, already "sunk into silence, like the noise of a tavern-brawl?" *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The day must come, when London and Paris, like Babylon and Nineveh, Thebes and Memphis, will be, first a splendid memory, and then a faint tradition, and when the high-wrought civilisation of modern Europe, like that of Western Asia in a former day, will be traceable by its ruins rather than in its records.

Under some aspects, perhaps, this may seem a rather melancholy conclusion to the greatness of heroic endeavour and the splendour of imperial power. To this complexion must we come at last, over-ripened empires falling like withered leaves before

the autumn blast, and gradually crumbling into the undistinguishable mould of pre-historic centuries—perhaps thoroughly fertile only when so crumbled. For after all, let us remember that nature is the primal revelation, and her processes the mystic analogue of the order, even of the moral universe. And so it is no doubt wisely arranged that all forms, even the greatest, whether religions, empires, or philosophies should ultimately perish as individualities, and so merge their respective contributions to thought and knowledge, to life and duty, in the universal commonwealth of humanity. It is on such a basis of heroisms, forgotten of men but remembered of God, of martyrdoms, whereof there is no record on earth, though duly blazoned on the everlasting beadrolls of heaven, that we now rest and build so confidently, with our small use and wont, our prescriptive right and our established custom, that usually suffice with due aid from precept and example, to keep kings and kaizers, princes and peasants, priests and people, in their allotted station and to their respective tasks, from generation to generation, and to make existence in the higher sense, possible to men. What this existence would be without these potent yet invisible barriers, we may conclude from what occurred in the early days of the French revolution, and also occasionally during the fall of the Roman Empire, when the all-devouring chaos surged up volcanically, and thrones, both royal and episcopal, together with crowns, coronets and mitres, helped to feed its consuming flames. Albeit, even in the worst of these times, the sanctities of the family, together with many of the usages of urban and rural life remained, if not absolutely intact, at least potent and influential, so that the mystic bonds of society were still a long way from utter dissolution. And thus, largely also, in consequence of the life-roots extending down into the pre-historic mould, all needful forms, all requisite institutional appliances, and even all comely ceremonies soon re-appeared, covering up the wreck and ruin wrought by the burning lava, with all the refreshing verdure and beautiful efflorescence, whereof Nature, in her more kindly moods, is ever so munificently prodigal.

In truth, it is not the body but the spirit of the past which survives, and in this sense its veracities never die, its laws never fall into abeyance, and its institutions never become extinct. Like Lazarus, it may be bound about with grave-clothes, and even descend into the tomb, but there is ever a Christ, with his "come forth," and the resurrection is accomplished. The dry bones may whiten the valley, bleaching in the sunshine and the storm, but let the true prophet only breathe on this wide-spread desolation, and they stand up an army of living men, ready for the fight and able for the work of to-day, as of the far off yesterdays. It was thus that the creeds, codes, and philosophies which

have governed mankind were produced. Mohammed simply renovated Judaism, stripped of its cumbrous sacrificial cruelty, and so adapted to the wants and in harmony with the spirit of postclassic centuries. While this same Judaism itself bears ample internal evidence of being it all its grand outlines, simply a section of the great Semitic ceremonial worship, reformed by Moses, and thus purified of the corruptions due to the effete civilization of Egypt. So, in a similar manner, the laws of Menu were only the ancient use and wont of Hindoo life properly formulated into a systematic code, and so rendered more binding and authoritative than in their merely traditional form. In all these cases it was simply a Code Napoleon published with the sanction of the priesthood, and so invested with a quasi-divine authority. But to do this demanded the presence and leadership of a man of commanding genius—the prophet able to breathe on the dry bones and make them live. We suppose it is almost needless to say that Christianity and historic Buddhism, are developments, respectively, out of Judaism and Brahmanism, whose dry bones, in each case, were again clothed with the flesh, and endued with the strength and beauty of a second youth, and so have held their own in the vanguard of humanity to the present hour.

But it must be at once obvious that such a process is from its very nature, cyclical. Its leading phenomena of decay and restoration, of death and resurrection, are recurrent now as of old, and attach to the faiths of the present as they did to those of the past. Typhon, or the time-spirit, at due season, still rends Osiris, whose scattered members, Isis, or the recuperative power of nature, reverently gathers and revivifies, when “Osiris is whole again.” Of course the vulgar cannot see this. They do not know that Typhon is, even now, dismembering Osiris in our very midst. They hear of scepticism, and secularism, and positivism, and the lamentable progress of infidelity generally, according as “the drum ecclesiastic” varies its notes of warning and preparation, but that all this is only the detailed process of destruction, the crucifixion of the spiritual Christ, preparatory to his glorious resurrection, never strikes them. They are too much the slaves of custom and authority, for the clear perception of a truth, so far removed from the mere surface of things. And so when the inevitable process of mutation has been accomplished, and the broken body of Osiris is restored to its pristine beauty and integrity, they do not recognise the old Proteus in his new disguise, but fancy that with the altered name they have obtained a fresh divinity. It was so in the past, and it will be so in the future, for humanity is one, and its yesterdays are thus ever the prophecy of its to-morrows, the boy being the father of the man collectively as well as individually.

SPOIL THE ROD, AND SPARE THE CHILD.

BY J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN, ESQ., F.A.S.L., ETC.

Author of "Father Stirling," "The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women," &c.

THE recent correspondence on the flogging-question in the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine*, has revealed a sad and startling phase of human nature. That British men and women can be found to boast of inflicting a degrading and cruel punishment on their own children, is a remarkable fact in these times of sympathy for the poor slave, and Eyre prosecutions. Exeter Hall echoes to groans of pity extorted by the tale of negro-suffering. The British Philistine wipes away his tears after reading Uncle Tom's death, and then rather outdoes Legree, by quoting Scripture to prove his right to lacerate the flesh of his own daughter! I avow myself altogether antagonistic to corporal punishment as a scholastic or domestic discipline. Weigh the professed advantages of such punishment against its inevitable evil results, and the former will kick the beam of the moral scale. A child may turn out well in spite of—never in consequence of—flogging. The discipline of the rod is twice cursed. It brutalises inflictor and inflicted. No father capable of calm dispassionate reflection, of recalling the mental and moral effects of such punishment on himself, would ever lift a hand against his child. Humbugs may preach and prate, but they cannot argue away this significant physiological fact, that it is impossible to administer a blow, either with or without a weapon, without being more or less angry! When our American cousins mean to express that a man loses his temper, they say he "gets mad." The expression is not much misplaced. Horace has told us—"Ira furor brevis est." A wiser than Horace has said—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The man who gives way to passion, never knows to what excess he may be hurried. The person who smites, either with sword, cane, birch, taws, ruler, fist, or open hand, is for the time being, under the influence of two powerful animal propensities—combativeness and destructiveness—two rampant devils which are continually tugging at the chain of the moral sentiments and the intellectual faculties. Reason, morality, religion, humanity, all tell us—Respect the person of another, as you would have your own person respected. Keep your hands off other people. A blow, a push, a shove, a mere slap, have often led to fatal results. A wise pagan has said—"The greatest reverence is due to a child." To strike a child on any pretence whatever, is a sin. It is simply hypocrisy to pretend that a punishment administered under the influence of a low animal motive, can be intended for the child's benefit, or can be beneficial. I am certain that a pedagogue who indulges in the practice of flogging, caning, or striking with a ruler, or the open hand, often beats a boy from the force of habit, and the pleasure of gratifying two irresistible animal propensities. Thus the taste for cruelty may be fostered, until the moral feelings are completely in abeyance. It is superfluous to cite cases of too frequent occurrence, where boys have either died under the lash, or from the after effects of

corporal chastisement. Sufficient to remember that awful tragedy which occurred some time since in America, where a father actually beat to death his little child aged four, because the infant would not say his prayers! Poor little martyred innocent! Yet the man who must give account of this blood, was a professed teacher of the gospel of peace and good will to men—an expounder of the precepts of Him who said—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

In smiter and smitten, the finer feelings of humanity are for the time, utterly vanquished by one of those devils—the passions which every man carries within him. As in the army and navy, the man once flogged, lost his self-respect, and became good for nothing; so the flogged boy or girl is made worse instead of better by stripes. The child sees plainly that the inflictor of the cruel and disgraceful punishment, is not at the time actuated by good motives; is not under the influence of the intellectual and moral faculties, but under that of the animal propensities. The motives which actuate the torturer are imparted to the tortured, and the flogged boy or girl feels a natural desire to retaliate. If the boy submit to chastisement, it is not from conviction that it is just, but solely from fear. It is preposterous to suppose a poor trembling child can *love* the great hulking bully who is beating him. No: the inflictor of corporal punishment is indulging his love of cruelty and vengeance, and he instils these brutalising passions into the mind of the sufferer. I appeal to any impartial reader who has ever suffered a flogging, if he did not at the time, feel the most infernal passions stimulating to revenge. The father does not—while beating him—love his child. The child cannot—while being beaten by him—love his father.

What then is the use of flogging? It spoils animals and men. As a means of discipline, it fails to achieve the so loudly vaunted object of making children obedient. And what is the automatic obedience extorted by fear, in comparison with the moral mischief inflicted by the use of the lash? Flogging does not make children good. It teaches them to hate those who inflict the punishment; it drives them into open rebellion against all authority; it makes them cowards, hypocrites, tyrants in their turn. It tends to deprave the whole nature, and has proved the cause of physical, mental, and moral death to thousands. Observe those schools and families where the rod is used, and contrast them with those where it is not. With well-educated children, a stern glance, a verbal rebuke, have far more effect than severe chastisement on the little human animal brought down, and kept down to the level of the brute, by blows. A child trained by humane parents who never violate the sanctity of the person, will be affected to tears by a harsh word. A little savage daily kicked and cuffed into insensibility by his Philistine father, continues to thief, lie, and deceive, in spite of repeated chastisement. The best thing that could happen to such an unfortunate would be, to be sent away from his brutal parent to a reformatory, where his education might commence. It is the right and duty of the State to interfere in such lamentable cases. Rational parents have the remedy in their own hands. Let them, while refrain-

ing from the use of the rod themselves, insist that it shall be disused by those intrusted with the education of their children. Let them patronise the Birkbeck, and other schools where corporal punishment is never inflicted. There are schoolmasters no more fit to be intrusted with a rod, than with a sword or loaded pistol, for the correction of youth. The man who cannot teach without having recourse to corporal chastisement, is utterly unfit for a charge of such responsibility. Captain Cuttle tells us, his favourite friend, Jack Bunsby, skipper of the Saucy Clara, was in his youth, beat about the head by a ringbolt, &c., "and yet a clearer-minded man don't walk." No one, however, will indorse the simple seaman's opinion of Captain Bunsby's intelligence. The faculty will not dispute that beating boys about the head with a ringbolt, a ruler, or with the open hand, is not calculated to brighten the intellect. Yet too many masters act as if firmly persuaded that ideas can really be beaten into a boy's head. I hope to see the day when it will be penal for a master to strike a boy on either extremity of his body, and when the celebrated answer of the boy to the flogging master of Rugby, who did not remember his face—"Please sir, you were better acquainted with the other end of my person," will be an impossibility; and corporal chastisement only remembered as an obsolete custom, a relic of mediæval barbarity utterly unworthy of a civilised and Christian people. It is surely an anomaly that, in our country (where, owing to the exertions of a noble Society, a ruffian may be punished for abusing an inferior animal), boys and girls are still liable to be beaten into hopeless imbecility, and occasionally to die from the effect of blows administered by their pastors and masters. A singular method of developing the youthful mind, to maim and destroy the youthful body! All such *striking* characters, should learn as soon as possible, that their occupation is gone; that their services as flagellators of British youth, may be dispensed with. If they cannot exist without gratifying their pampered propensities for inflicting cruelty on helpless beings of their own species, let them leave their country for their country's good; and emigrate to those lands where nigger-drivers are still held necessary, if not respectable members of society.

The stupid and brutal system of flogging as practised at our great public schools, was eloquently denounced by Sir Richard Steele, in the 157th No. of the *Spectator*. In conclusion, I select the following extract as a sample:—"I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to anything with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school, but must have seen an ingenious creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the false quantity of a Latin verse: the child is punished, and next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose

in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses on an evening, &c. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only, that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man." I conclude with this truly noble sentence from the same writer—"The sense of shame and honour is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children."

THE IDEAL ATTAINED :

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLIX.—CONTINUED.

"—— I was interrupted yesterday by a call, which proved to be from my patron and future employer, the Senora, accompanied by her husband, who, it seems, is sufficiently interested in his children to steal a moment from public cares to choose their instructor.

"I was glad to be able to speak directly with him; and, not to fill my paper with details of all the solemn questions and answers, and interpretations to Madame, which could not much interest you, I will tell you at once that I have engaged to go to them at the end of ten days—to have a servant at my own and the children's disposal, and a large room for my own and Phil's exclusive occupation, when not engaged with them.

"The young people are three in number—two boys, of ten and eight, and a girl of seven. These people seem to believe in the saving presence of children, for when I spoke of Phil as a possible difficulty, they came nearer laughing than on any other occasion, and protested that he would be as welcome as their own.

"So now I am independent again, I shall take in large measures of peace and rest in the next ten days. By the way, they insisted on my pay beginning at once, and we quarrelled with grave politeness for five minutes, making set speeches at each other about it, but at last I prevailed.

"I wish now, dear Anna, that you were here in the next family. What delightful talks we could have in these moonlit nights! They are as bright as we ever saw in California, and the flowers bloom more abundantly, making the air faint with their blending odours.

"This morning a card of invitation came from Mrs Rowe, who will receive company to-morrow evening. Of course I sent an excuse—not a polite, but a real one: thanks for her consideration, which was felt as most friendly and kind, but I could not enter a circle, where, very shortly, I should have no place. I do not mean to be patronized, Anna, and though it may be there was no such feeling in this good lady's heart, there would be in that of the next woman who should perhaps make up her mind to invite me. I can see that the social lines are sharply drawn here, and I will not be the one to break into the sacred inclosure of good society. Therefore you will get no gossip in my letters."

A month later came this:—

"My last letter, Anna, was taken to the post too late, and came back to me at evening. It was of little interest, and therefore I reserve it. It merely announced to you that I was then but a few days here, and just getting through the preliminary steps of my reign. Did I do wrong, I wonder, in not telling these people I had never filled such a post before? I certainly do not understand its details as I should if I were experienced, but I believe I shall, nevertheless, be able to do them service which will be an equivalent for the salary I receive.

"I am more than thankful that my pupils interest me. Pedro, the eldest, is a bright boy, with a full measure of childhood in him—hearty and jolly; astonishingly so, I thought, till I saw the mother in the family circle, unbent from the awful dignity of reception; and since that pleasant sight, Phil feels much more at home, as well as I. He has even met her half-way, and suffered a kiss or two. Francisco, the next, is a graver and more thoughtful child than Pedro, with a finer organisation in all respects, firmer and more compact body, and superior head. He takes decidedly to me, and will improve rapidly, I believe.

"Clara, the daughter, is a nice, quiet little thing, very affectionate and clinging, drooping about her mother and brothers, when they are near her, and regarding Phil and me occasionally, with her soft, liquid eyes, as if she would like to be assured that we were among the number upon whom she could venture to fasten. She has the Spanish slowness in trusting, and her mother tells me she did not get accustomed to my predecessor so as ever to approach her without constraint. I hope I shall do better with her.

"—— I find myself rather a tutor than governess here, Anna. My labours are chiefly confined to the school-room, and when I have done with the children there, Josepha, our maid, is very apt to take them all away where I do not see them again till dinner-time. I let Phil run quite freely, since he seems very happy among them, and a child of his years can have no better occupation, for at least half his waking hours, than running and tumbling on the earth. To be sure he comes in an example of dirtiness that is fearful to behold, but that is soon remedied, for we luxuriate, Anna, in the abundance of washed clothes. They come from the laundry three times a week, white and pure as snow, well ironed, and every manner of garment starched

throughout. Think of the lavishness of this proceeding. I allowed myself a little pricking of conscience about it at first, thinking that the laundry woman would perhaps be over-burdened by my self-indulgence in this respect; but Josepha smiled when I conveyed the idea to her—half in Spanish, and half in the few words of English she has picked up in the school-room and elsewhere, and told me that there was *mucha mujer*—I can never forgive the Spanish that ungraceful term for our woman—in the wash-house. I made a journey thither shortly after on pretence of searching for Phil and Clara, who were missing at the moment, and had the satisfaction of seeing there two great, jolly, contented-looking women, working easily through the task before them, with a young girl of thirteen or fourteen, the daughter of one, to do the lighter parts. The wages of these servants are low, and household economy is a problem which has not yet, I think, invaded the peace of the Spanish brain, anywhere in America. You remember that Spanish family we used to see at the Marsdens, and how little the item of expense was considered by them. Well, these people show the same indifference to it in a greater degree. So I have discharged my mind of all concern in the direction of the laundry.

“—— The Casa Senano, where I sit at present writing, stands in a dear little emerald valley, sparkling with gardens, and hung upon the verdant hill-sides with roses, and flowering vines and shrubs, whose fragrance falls down with the evening dews, and blends with that of our more stately cultivated beauties. The want I feel is of forest trees. Here are only shrubs, large or small. The house is of the common style of Spanish American countries—an adobe—of a single story, with deep corridors, darkening the rooms, and severely parallelogramic in form. I believe a Spaniard could not have an addition made to his house. If compelled to enlarge it, he would either tear down and build anew, or put detached rooms near the old one.

“Our school-room is a modern branching out of the Senano estate in this fashion—a large apartment that would be ample at home for thirty scholars; its walls very smoothly plastered, and not less than thirty inches in thickness. There are in it but two or three articles of furniture beside the few in daily use; yet its naked walls and wide vacant floor have really never looked barren or cheerless to me. The light and the pure air; the odours of the gardens which surrounds it, and the babble of the slender brooklet that falls over the roof of a dark, leafy olive, before my window, are all so beautiful and friendly, that I cannot feel the place in the least degree desolate. I furnish each table every morning with a tiny cup of flowers, and my own with two, one of which consists of rose-buds only. La Signorita walks in once or twice a day and looks happily over her little ones, strokes Phil’s curls with her gentle matronly hand, and giving me a bright glance, passes out. I like her, and I think she likes me possibly a little, apart from the contentment she feels in my management of her children; but I see little of her elsewhere.

“There is often company at dinner, and I generally on those days take mine with the children. Sometimes the guests are all Spanish,

and then I don't mind sitting at the table—for I am not expected to speak or understand ; but at other times there are American or English visitors, and these I prefer not seeing.

“There is to be such a company to-day, and I have asked La Signorita to send me and the children out for a drive to the Zorros, a little blooming valley five miles from the city, where we have been twice in the family coach. You would laugh to see this vehicle, Anna. It is a sort of Noah's Ark on wheels ; the hugest, most lumbering, heavy, ill-conditioned, groaning thing you ever saw put into use. You would laugh at the sight of it, and still more to see me get gravely into it, followed by all these dark-eyed children in their fullest glee, and go rumbling and creaking away, behind a pair of fat philosophical mules, with a nondescript *hombre* mounted on one, and whipping both with might and main. A more ridiculous *tout ensemble* than we are, in the run-away pace he at length gets them wrought up to, you could not find in a year's journeying, I am sure. Here is Phil come to tell me ‘coach ready, mamma. Put on my poncho.’

“———When I came back from the ride yesterday, dear Anna, I was surprised on entering the house to find a party of gentlemen just issuing from the dining-room. We had been gone for hours, and as dinner was just about to be served when we left, I thought they would be assembled in the smoking-room, as I call it, though I suppose it would be a drawing-room anywhere else, and therefore, I was a little startled on dashing in my usual headlong way into the broad hall, to find myself suddenly almost in the middle of a group of men with flushed faces, some of whom regarded me with bold, impudent looks, and actually hindered my instant progress to the door of my room. They were following their host, who had already entered the apartment he was leading them to, and was therefore not in sight when I raised my eyes to look for him.

“‘C'est Madame la Gouvernante,’ said one, in a voice and speech not of the clearest.

“‘Madame ou Mademoiselle?’ asked another ; but I had reached my door and closed it just as the last words were uttered, and so did not hear what brought forth the great laugh that instantly followed. Something I was sure that it was better I had not heard, for I was already flushed and blazing with the looks and tones which had failed to provoke their drunken mirth to that degree. I stood a moment before I could remove my bonnet and shawl, and thought how I should like to launch a look and half a dozen words at the boldest of them, a snobbish looking creature named Byfield, all hair and beard, who had planted himself directly in my way, and compelled me to go aside to pass him.

“I had seen this man two or three times before at the house, and had more than once been secretly enraged at civilities he had pressed upon me, and which I would gladly have scorned, but for want of an excuse to affront a guest where I was a dependant. But this was his first open rudeness, and though his miserable head was doubtless a little turned with the wine he had taken, I now reflected with a rage which

shook me all over, that his previous overtures had perhaps been preparing the way for something of this sort.

"I had to go out again immediately to look after the children and get Phil in to prepare him for bed—for the moon was already outshining the faint golden light in the west. As I passed the open door of the apartment where they were assembled, I heard a voice say, in drawling affected tones, 'Dayv'lish taking eye, Hamilton, isn't it?'

"I did not hear the reply; but my heart-beat sent arrows along my veins at the words. There is no other door to my room; so that I am obliged to pass and re-pass this one of the drawing-room every time I enter or leave it. It is the only annoyance of the sort that I feel here; but it was never serious until this time—for I had never before met a rude visitor in the house.

"After Phil was in bed, I stole softly out, thinking to pass unobserved into the garden, and walk off the unhappy excitement of my mind. They were still smoking, and I suppose drinking; but I did not turn my eyes to see. I passed, flying rather than walking, out at the open door, through the small yard, and into the flower-garden surrounding the school-house. This is a spot where I have always been free from intrusion. No stranger ever enters it, and even the family seem to hold it sacred to me and my pupils. My heart was very full of wounded pride and pain, and intense longing for the presence of the strong and manly soul that would make good my position against these light speakers. After two or three turns up and down the clear path by the brook-side, I sat down and leant against the trunk of the olive tree, where I could hold my hand in the little stream and toy with its pure, cool current. I believe I should have been weeping but for the kindly presence of this unconscious companion of my loneliness, when a voice startled me, and looking up, I saw beyond the shadow of the branches, that same face, with its hair and mustache, which had most palpably affronted me within. 'Fine evening,' he said, advancing slowly; 'dayv'lish fine moonlight here for tender hearts.'

"I did not speak. It was not so much, perhaps, that I thought it wisest to be silent, as that I could not. All the life in me seemed to be gathering itself up for a deadly thrust. He came, very slowly, a little nearer, just under the low boughs, and hesitating there, said, 'I saw you leave the house, my dear, and I thought you would be glad of some company. Come, take my arm, and let us walk about a little,' and he reached his hand down towards me. I did not move a finger; but I spoke, and my first words were, 'Leave this garden, sir!' They were delivered like rifle-balls, I know—for I felt as though if each one were a deadly weapon, I could have hurled them at him the same. He seemed to be thrown back a moment by them; but his impudence soon rallied itself again, and he bent slightly toward me, saying, 'Ah! now don't be so savage on a poor fellow, that hasn't seen such bright eyes or such tempting lips since he left England. Come into the light, at least, where I can see you, if you are going to fight;' and he actually touched my shoulder with his vile hand, which I instantly spurned, with a shudder that I now feel again, in thinking of it.

"'Touch me again at your peril, base, unmanly wretch,' said I.

‘Are you so low that you do not know a lady from a wanton? Leave this garden at once, or I will call on some gentleman to put you out of it!’

“‘Call, then,’ he said, laughing thickly. ‘I don’t think any of them will come.’

“‘But there are servants that will,’ said I, and perhaps it would be more fitting that such as you should be handled by them.’ I felt a little nervous after his defiance—for the thought flashed across me, the other guests may be gone, or, though I had never before seen anything like intoxication here, they may be too drunk to heed my call. But in a moment I reflected that however this might be, the servants could be relied on, and were nearer to me than the others, and then I determined to remain. I wished to feel that I could repel this insulting intruder, and not be driven from my place. As I kept my seat, he also sat down at a little distance from me, arm’s length, perhaps.

“‘Come, my fair Sylvia,’ he said, ‘let us be a little more social and pleasant. The world goes on all the same; it is better to enjoy the hours as they fly,’ and he began to sing, in a low thick voice, broken lines of some of Moore’s most execrable songs. I drew up my handkerchief and struck him sharply with it across his mouth. ‘Be silent, sir!’ I said, and hear me.’

“‘Certainly, with pleasure. Now you are growing reasonable.’

“‘No nearer,’ I said, seeing that he was inclining to move toward me. ‘This inclosure,’ I continued, ‘is set apart for the use and pleasure of your host’s children and their teacher. No one beside ever enters it but upon necessity, and I came here to-night, feeling insulted and unhappy in the house where you and your band of drunken companions were assembled. I came to be alone; but you have chosen to invade this privacy, and you choose to remain, although you know that in doing so you outrage my right and my choice, and because I am a woman, with too feeble an arm to hurl you to the earth and throw you over the wall afterward, I am compelled to leave you here, in a place that will be made hateful by the recollection of your presence in it.’

“I arose with the last word, and walked with a quick step through the gate and into the house. They were talking loudly as I passed the guests’ room, and I heard the names of parties and party-leaders, mixed with praise and censure, all going on together, till I closed my door behind me.

“Oh Anna, how humiliated and outraged I felt. How much I needed a tender and strong soul to come to them then, and how self-accusingly I thought of the one that might have been my shield, and of the grand strength and sufficient protection he would throw around any woman whom he should see wronged. I heard but little more of the visitors, and after a long watching and thinking by the open window, I at last went to bed as the light of the setting moon began to stream in across the banks of gay-coloured and odorous flowers before my window.”

CHAPTER L.

THIS letter made me anxious. It seemed an evil omen thrown across her path. I knew better than she, that depraved, base men rarely come off worse in such an encounter, without seeking to avenge themselves in some way upon those who have defeated them. I dreaded that there would yet be consequences of this meeting, of which she did not seem to dream. But whatever may happen, Colonel Anderson will soon be there, I said, and she will not then lack worldly wisdom and protection. A whole month went by before I received another letter. I grew very anxious, and could not shake off my fears, and I counted the time yet left to the term of my probation, and even thought of the possibility of going to her before, if it should seem needful. I became more and more convinced with every passing month how she had grown into my heart, like a daughter or cherished young sister; and as I had neither, and stood almost alone in the world, I determined upon adopting her in place of both, and thereby stilling the conflict of mind I sometimes suffered at the thought of abandoning personal interests for my attachment.

At last it came—the looked-for letter. And true and well-grounded enough had my fears been! This was written all under one date, with due observance of the formalities of place, year, and day. It was even addressed to me as “Dear Friend.” I was startled by a glance at this unusual physiognomy of her first page, and thought something must have happened, surely, to have brought her to all this.

Here is what she said after the “Dear Friend” :—

“I did not write you by the last mail, for I had only that to tell which would have pained you to read, could I have commanded myself to write it. But I think it would have been almost as easy to have held one of my hands in the flames. I hope you have received the letter I sent a month ago, else all I shall write now will be a riddle to you. Assuming that you will understand it, however, I shall go on to relate the sequel of the affair, which began, and I then thought, ended there.

“You will remember the person named Byfield, who was referred to there. Well, I have seen him once since, and that is likely, I think, to be the last of our acquaintance. He followed into the house after I came from the garden that night, and before he left it, threw out to his companion, Hamilton, some insinuations of having had a ‘delightful half-hour in the garden with that demmed fine crechure, the governess.’ An old American gentlemen, who was present and heard all, afterward told me the whole story. At the time, he knew nothing of me, and only heard his boasts with disgust toward himself—not knowing, however, but they were true. He and Hamilton talked it over—they were the young men of the party, and perhaps felt an obligation to sustain

a reputation for wickedness becoming their years—and whether or not the latter was deceived, or merely lent himself to Byfield's baseness, they kept it sounding till it reached the ear of the dignified Senor Senano, whose dignity was that evening increased by the wine he had drunk, and the consciousness of playing the host to a party of prominent men—important persons in the political field.

“Senor Senano, after a week's meditation, communicated the unpleasant tidings to his *cara sposa*—I can be pleasant about it, now, Anna, for I have fought my way into clear sunshine again—and she, with the circumspection that became a mother, and with something of shrewdness, too, which I do not quite envy her, watched me through another whole week in profound silence, the two trying my equanimity at table, occasionally, with a chance mention of Mr Byfield.

“I do not at best live near to these people, Anna. They have trusted me fully, and with apparent satisfaction, in the management of their children; but I see very little of them except at table, where the husband exchanges solemn courtesies with me, and the wife smiles and utters two or three sentences during the meal, in mixed English and Spanish, to which I respond, measuring my speech by hers, and there we stop. But in these days I felt something like the shadow of a cloud in a chilly day, when you court the sunshine, fall between me and them. I thought—perhaps the political currents do not set right; the husband is anxious, and the wife participates his cares. The idea did not once occur to me that their changed demeanour had anything to do with myself, and if it had, I should not have dreamed of this particular affair as connected with it. I had been insulted grossly by a guest in their house, but had defended myself as efficiently as words and scorn could do it; and the possibility of the outrage being turned to my injury, was quite beyond the reach of my unsuspicious thoughts.

“On the morning, however, after the week's suppression of herself, Signorita Senano came into my sitting-room, with her nephew, who had been absent during my whole stay, and formally requested a private interview with me. As there was no one present but ourselves, I signified my instant readiness, supposing she wished to say something respecting the children.

“Judge, dear friend, of my horror, astonishment, and rage, at finding myself the subject of an accusation so dreadful. When it was stated, I could only utter the words, ‘The base liar!’ which she understood or guessed from my face and eyes, may be, without interpretation.

“‘He was my husband's guest,’ was the dignified and cutting reply.

“‘If he were your husband himself,’ I said, rashly, ‘he would be no less a liar,’ saying that. Oh, Madam,’ I continued, seeing her looks darken at this, to her, unusual demonstration from a woman—for these women are respected only so far as they are watched, and therefore do not dream of our daring self-respect—oh, Madam, this man is false and base, and unutterably mean. I will tell you.’

“And I did, word for word, Anna, as well as I could remember, just as it happened. My face gave edge and keenness to the stolid interpretation of my words, and she at last promised to bring him and Hamilton to the house once more, and give me the opportunity to meet

him face to face. I had to entreat hard and long for this, but I prevailed, and you shall hear how the meeting came off.

"They were specially invited, with the husband's consent—which I thanked him in my soul for giving—for the third evening from that of this interview. It was to be an after-dinner visit. Heaven only knows what they expected, for the invitation was the rarest of possibilities. But whatever they anticipated, it was something very different from what they found. One could not fail to see that. La Signorita gave up the conduct of the affair to me, only undertaking to receive them till I should appear; and Don Alexandro, the husband, had, I think, but an imperfect idea of my purpose, till it appeared before his astonished eyes. I had fretted so intensely in the interim, that I believe I was, and still am, lighter by many pounds than I was a fortnight ago.

"When the gentlemen were announced, I was in my own room, and I waited there a few minutes, that first ceremonies might be over in the parlour and my courage drilled for the encounter. Then I entered, and pausing just within the door, near where Mr Byfield sat, nursing alternately with great complacency his leg and his beard, I said: 'This, I believe, is Mr Byfield?'

"'Yes,' was the answer, with a strong stare of astonishment—genuine, made-up English astonishment.

"'And this Mr Hamilton?'—turning toward that gentleman.

"'Yes'—with a modified stare, followed by a black scowl.

"I then closed the door, and so seated myself that it could not be opened without my rising: for I saw, Anna, that this was just the man to run from my attack, on the plea that he would not be insulted by a low creature—a mere governess.

"'Both you gentlemen,' I said, as I was doing this, 'were guests of Senor Senano, at a dinner party, some days since. Mr Byfield, have the goodness to look at me, if you please; what I am going to say will particularly interest you. On the evening I speak of, you faced me, a lady who had always shunned you, very rudely, in the hall—here, between this and the next door; afterward you followed me, when I went away in the private garden alone, and basely insulted me—so basely, that, had any man been near, not to say a gentleman, or friend of mine, you would have been knocked down and tumbled into the water, as you deserved to be. You repeated the insult, when I repelled you with all the energy that language and a burning indignation gave me; you touched my shoulder with that vile hand that now lies upon your knee, and I spurned with such an involuntary shudder as one feels when a loathsome reptile crawls upon the person; and when you sat down not very close to me—by your brute strength keeping the place I could not remove you from—I left you, with a scorn which I then thought could not be exceeded, but which your base falsehood about this meeting has multiplied a hundred-fold. Is not this true, every word?' I asked, rising, and walking quickly toward him, my hands involuntary clenched at my sides; 'is it not, sir?'

"'Yes,' he rather gasped than said. His face was as bloodless as my own by this time.

"'And can you, with truth, say one word to my injury, touching

that dastardly deed of yours? Did I not come in as untainted and blameless as you could wish your sister or your wife—if there is such an unfortunate woman in the world—to come from such an encounter?’

“‘Y-a-a-s—I believe—though—’

“‘And you acknowledge that the boasts you made, and which it sets my blood on fire to think of, were false—Were they not?’ and with the words, I compelled him to look into my eyes.

“‘Y-a-a-s—just a—bit of—joking, you know.’

“It was all done very quickly, Anna—not occupying one-quarter, scarcely one-eighth of the time I am writing it to you, for the man, you see, was so arrant a coward, morally, that he surrendered at once, and certified his own meanness in the most damning way. I could scarcely stand when it was over, but I braced myself afresh for a moment, and turned to Mr Hamilton—who sat looking both paler and blacker than before.

“‘Sir,’ I said, ‘you have heard your *friend’s* confession. You also heard, and, if I mistake not, circulated his falsehood. I ask you now, as a gentleman, loving justice—as a man, recognizing the claims of those who are wronged and unable to protect themselves—to do me justice in this matter, at least so far as you may have done me injustice. Senor Senano, I will see you when these persons have taken leave.’

“And with a bow to La Signorita, I left the room, and rushed to my own; but oh, dear Anna, what a battle I had fought with myself, as well as with that base creature! I shivered from head to foot, though the evening was warm. Chill after chill went coursing along my relaxed nerves, indicating to what tension they had been wrought. I sat down and folded a large shawl about me.

“Presently I heard their feet and voices in the hall; then they were gone, and in a moment La Signorita tapped at my door. When I opened it, she stood smiling, and actually took both my hands in hers. This was approval I did not at all expect. It melted me at once from my previous purpose of leaving them. She invited me to the parlour, where Don Alexandro also shook my hand, and said: ‘Very good—very good; you have one strong heart, Signorita. Very lady.’

“I looked inquiringly at him, not knowing exactly what the last words might mean.

“‘Very—what you call it?—lady—lady—’

“‘Ah, lady-like, you mean,’ I said, more pleased at that than anything else they had said.

“‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘very lady-like. We like it much.’

“I was so glad not to have offended their taste or forfeited their respect for me as a conventional woman, that I sat down and told them, like a pleased child, how hard it had been for me—how cold I felt at first, and still was, as my hand proved; and how, before the kindness of this moment, I had determined to leave them as soon as I had proved myself clear of this bad man’s accusation; but now, if they desired it, I was disposed to remain.

“So it was all settled, and I went to my bed with a happier heart than I had possessed for many days, but a dreadfully weary body and brain.

"I have been here almost two months, and I begin to look for Colonel Anderson with every ship. In your last letter, you said he wrote that he would be scarcely two months behind me. How soon will you come, dear? I shall want you as much after that momentous event as before; for to whom shall I tell all my happiness, if you are not here?"

"Phil sends a deal of love to you, and he has just brought, he says, a great lot from Clara, who has heard of you, and believes that she should love you very much. Ever your faithful ELEANORE."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

MORE FACTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

As promised in my last paper in the April number, I continue the consideration of clairvoyance, the facts of which have an important bearing on the discussions about Spiritualism, which are now common. We ought to have as clear ideas as possible of what can be accomplished by the individual while in the body, and we shall not be so likely to err in considering phenomena which are said to be *post mortem*. I have known people willing to believe in Spiritualism if certain tests were satisfactorily answered, the answering of which might have been easily accomplished by a clairvoyant in the flesh. Of course I am perfectly aware of the fact, that although certain things may be done by clairvoyants, it does not follow that the same results may not be attained by other means. This is a continual fallacy into which the opponents of Spiritualism are falling. The celebrated Mumler case in New York is an illustration. There the prosecution relied on convicting Mumler of fraud, by proving that photographs very similar to those said by him to be produced through spiritual agency can be manufactured by mechanical means. No one denies this; but the *conditions* make all the difference in the world.

The following are deeply interesting cases, as bearing on a certain theory of clairvoyance. They are from the minute-book of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association.

Mr M'Kinlay, a member, having a little boy unwell, wished him to be examined by a clairvoyant; and as he was not in a fit state to go personally, the father took a lock of his hair in an envelope. The clairvoyant, a young girl, having been put asleep, the envelope was put into her hand, with a request to examine the person from whom the hair had been taken. She commenced to describe a lady, owing, it was supposed, to the fact of the mother of the boy having handled the hair, and magnetised it to some extent. Discovering her mistake, she proceeded to describe the boy and his state of health to the entire satisfaction of the father. Returning home, about a mile distant, he was beginning to narrate the result of his visit, when the boy astonished him by saying that while he was sitting reading, the figure of a young girl appeared beside him for a short time, looking earnestly at him, and then vanished.

He could give a minute description of the girl's dress and appearance, which corresponded with that of the clairvoyant.

The same girl, on another occasion, having been put asleep by Mr Jackson, president, gave an accurate diagnosis of a lady who was about twenty miles distant, through a lock of hair. The lady afterwards informed Mr Jackson of the precise time at which the examination had been made, although it was different from that which had been previously arranged between them. She said she felt plainly as if some one were examining her at that time.

Being at a seance along with a good seeing medium, Mr Jackson, the operator in the preceding case, put the same clairvoyant asleep, for the purpose of examining a little girl who was unwell. After she was asleep, the medium says he distinctly saw a spiritual form leaving her body, go over to that of the invalid, and examine her. The spiritual form then came over to him, explained what was wrong (which he wrote down), and proceeded back to the body. She then explained to Mr Jackson what was wrong with the girl, which corresponded with what the seeing medium had written down immediately before. There were several persons present, but the spirit form was observed by the one individual only.

These are the only cases of which I have any personal knowledge where the spirit (or whatever you may choose to call it) of the clairvoyant has been observed in any way. Neither of them is so decided, however, but it might be plausibly argued away, so far as the spirit form leaving the body is concerned; but taking them in conjunction with the statements of many clairvoyants, and the peculiar phenomena often observed in the persons of clairvoyants while they are examining patients, I think they go far to explain the *modus operandi* of clairvoyants. Of course we are as far as ever from understanding how the so-called spirit of the clairvoyant and the body can retain their identity thus separate, and by what means the functions of the body are carried on in absence of what is generally thought to be its motor power.

The two following cases also give a show of reason to the above explanation:—The son of an acquaintance, a young man, had run away from home, without his friends having any idea as to where he had gone. His mother being in great distress about him, it was suggested that I might be able to put her on his track by means of clairvoyance. He had been away some weeks, and I had little hope of succeeding; but offered to try, if the mother could furnish me with any clothing he had worn shortly before leaving. She had nothing but what had been subsequently washed, however. Having put the girl asleep, and given her the clothes and some trinkets he had been in the habit of wearing, we asked her to endeavour to discover where their owner was. She said she did not think she could do it, as all the magnetism of the owner had passed off from the clothes and trinkets. I then requested the lad's mother to put her hand in that of the clairvoyant, to see if she could track him through her, as is not unfrequently done. After a short time she said she had got on his track, and observed him going on board a boat at the harbour, and proceeding down the river, and then disembarking at a place we made out to be Greenock from her description. She

described his personal appearance quite accurately. She followed him about for a short time, and then said she had lost all trace of him, as it had come on a shower of rain. After a great deal of pressing she tried once more to get on his track, and at last succeeded, as she thought. She watched him go into a train, and we requested her to try and see where the train went to. She consented, and soon commenced breathing very rapidly, and puffing as if trying to keep up with the train. The train was going too quick for her, she said; but we pressed her strongly to follow him up. At last she said she saw him get out at a station, but she was not able to make out the name of the place. We fancied it might be Liverpool. She then tracked him from the train on board a ship, in which he proceeded to some foreign port, which she could not name. Afterwards she saw him working in a field along with a number of coloured people. He was in the field at that moment, she said, and was thinking of home. We asked her to describe him again, and she did so to the satisfaction of the mother. The clairvoyant now asked if we had any more questions, as she wished to come home, feeling sick from the great heat of the place. The mother seemed satisfied, so we demesmerised her. I felt proud of the clairvoyant's achievement, and encouraged the run-away's mother, who greatly feared her son had been drowned. Shortly afterwards he was discovered in Greenock; farther than that he had not been.

I was much puzzled at the idea of the clairvoyant being thrown off the track by a shower of rain. I had never heard of the thing before, nor have I since. It forcibly reminded me of the bloodhounds losing the scent by the fugitive slave crossing a stream. The fact of her feeling the effects of the climate in which she was sojourning was new to my experiments, although I have read of several analogous cases. I tried to account for her blunder by her willingness to oblige us; she had most probably got on the track of some one like the person wanted, after having lost him in the rain at Greenock.

The last case I shall now mention is equally useless as proof of the truth of clairvoyance, but illustrates the habits of some clairvoyants while acting as such. A young girl, whom I frequently mesmerised, had been operated on several times by a gentleman who shortly afterwards left for an island in the Mediterranean. She felt considerable interest in him, and one night while entranced went in search of him, readily discovering his location, if we can trust her description. I had no means of verifying her statement, but judging from other experiences, have little doubt she was correct. While searching for him I observed her moving up and down in the chair, and falling forwards occasionally, as if tripping on something. I questioned her as to the meaning of her moving so, when she asked me if I did not know there were hills on the road. On another occasion, while looking after the same gentleman, she suddenly gave a shriek and threw up her arms; and on asking her what was wrong, she said a great ugly fish had frightened her while crossing some water. She could talk with me quite naturally, while apparently in the company of her distant friend at the same moment. After I had finished asking her questions, she generally said she was coming home now, and immediately there

was a change in the style of her breathing, it becoming short and rapid.

I should be very glad to hear any explanation in regard to the above cases from more experienced operators. Probably the subjective ideas of both clairvoyant and operators had much to do with them.

WM. ANDERSON.

AN ACCOUNT OF A SEANCE HELD AT THE HOUSE OF
MRS — ON THE 12TH APRIL, 1869.

THE MEDIUM PRESENT—MR HOME.

SIR,—I have been favoured by a lady with an account of a very remarkable seance held at her house in London, and on which occasion six in all were present, including Mr Home. I have asked for permission to publish the names, but the reluctance of friends in consequence of the position they hold in life to publicly confirm the written statement in my possession proved insurmountable. I add, therefore, that with one exception the gentlemen present are all known to me, and that the written account I have permission to hand you for insertion in your valuable journal has been read and approved by those who attended the seance. The visibility of spirit forms, equally observable by all present, is now no longer a questionable fact. Within the last few months numerous instances are recorded where spiritual apparitions have been witnessed, and in your number for April I furnished an account of an interesting seance held at Ashley House, on which occasion spirit forms were seen by myself; but the seance at Mrs —'s was in so far infinitely more remarkable, as a perfect crowd, if I may use the term, of spirit forms thronged into the room, and as many as nineteen were observed. In my next I intend to furnish you with an account of a meeting at a friend's house, at which these spiritual forms appeared in clear, well-defined outline, and exceedingly luminous.

H. D. JENCKEN.

The party had scarcely taken their places at the table when the raps came on *another* table in the corner of the room, and sounded like the fall of dripping water; this table was three yards distant from the one at which the party were sitting. The room was lighted by a faintish glimmer of fire, and a lamp was burning in the adjoining room, with the window half open; the table then rose to a height of two feet, and waved itself gently in the air. In a few minutes Mr Home requested — to extinguish the lamp, and the two rooms were only lighted by gas lamps from without, throwing a glare into the apartment. Mr Home then passed into the trance state, and walked to the open window. A shadowy head appeared there, entering and retreating at intervals. A hand was extended and grasped Mr Home's, and he seemed to be conversing with some one; just at this moment a brilliant light appeared on the piano, illumining all around it, and then fading slowly away. This occurred at intervals throughout the evening, in various parts of the room, and in one corner it remained continuously flickering for upwards of an hour. Some of the party described these

lights as yellow, others as blue or red, but all saw them most distinctly. Various figures were then seen to float through the window and approach the table. Mr Home, while walking about the room, said—"It is the anniversary of some birth." At the same moment a gigantic dark figure appeared close to the table, emerging from the curtains that divided the two rooms, and waved its arm. The curtain was pushed or bulged out, and took the form of a baby lying down. — said—"The figure has moved, and is standing under his picture." "Yes," answered Mr Home, "and it will appear again if H— is not frightened." He then resumed his place at the table, and as he did so his (Mr Home's) eyes flashed fire; and the effect was so terrible as to alarm several of the persons present. The atmosphere of the room at this time was freezing; it was hardly possible to keep from shivering. The tall figure then approached Mrs —'s chair (it was a large arm chair), and touched the back of it, and moved it a little to one side. Mrs — turned round, and the figure, which was distinctly seen by her and others present to be that of a man, leaned forward over the back of the chair, extending its two arms towards her, and with its face gently brushed her hair back.

Mr — described the eyes as flaming. — then said to Mrs —, "Do not be alarmed, it is coming round to the front;" and in a few seconds a dark form appeared within six inches of Mrs —'s face, completely hiding everything else in the room from her, and the two brilliant eyes looked into hers. The figure then passed round the table, and appeared to go straight through Mr —, causing him to shiver from the intense cold. At the same time another figure attempted to put its arms round —, and he described it as a soft, firm pressure. Mr Home said—"It is Jane; she wishes to take possession of you." A voice whispered in Mrs —'s ear, "Good morning;" audible to all in the room, at which some one at the table laughed, when, to the great astonishment of all, the laughter was taken up by the spirits present, and ran all round the room, seeming to arise from the floor and to be at some distance, but distinct and even musical—and this was prolonged for about thirty seconds. All this time the lights on the heads of some of those present were very beautiful. There was a star over Mrs —, a broad band of blue light across the forehead of Mr —, and the most brilliant coruscations of yellow and red light appearing at intervals on the head of —, and moving when he moved. There were also three or four pairs of flaming eyes apparently in mid air, but very distinct. Mr — described the centre of the table to be one large, bright eye, from which emanated smaller eyes—with the eye-ball slightly on one side—that seemed to be perpetually arising from out of the large eye, and approaching within a few inches of his face. Upon asking Mr Home the meaning of this phenomenon, the answer was—"It is the eye of your guardian angel, that never leaves you."

A few minutes later a small work-table was moved from the furthest corner of the room, and brought up to the large table at which the party were sitting. There was a work-box and paper-cutter on it, and these were both put into Mrs —'s hand, for the purpose, as was said,

of restoring her confidence, and at the same moment her hand was softly touched by a spirit hand.

Mr Home then appeared very much excited, and described the spirits as forcing him on all sides to repeat what they were saying to him; but at last he informed the party assembled that the spirits were most anxious to speak to them themselves, but that they had not as yet sufficient power; still they would not rest satisfied till they had been able to do so. Mr Home said—"Listen to them in the next room," and all present heard most distinctly the rustle of their garments and the patter of their feet on the floor as they were leaving the room.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

ABOUT six or seven years ago, there was considerable excitement in America on account of the spirit photographs which were then taken by Mr Mumler of Boston. The *Banner of Light* published many articles and letters on the subject, and the *Herald of Progress* also devoted considerable space to its investigation. The *London Spiritual Magazine* contained communications on the spirit photographs, and three of these pictures were reprinted in London and largely circulated. We have just received from Mr Mumler three beautiful specimens of his mediumistic art, and a small publication giving a history of this peculiar form of mediumship. In the preface he says—"My object in placing this little pamphlet before the public is to give to those who have not heard a few of the incidents and investigations on the advent of this new and beautiful phase of spiritual manifestations. It is now some eight years since I commenced to take these remarkable pictures, and thousands—embracing, as they do, scientific men, photographers, judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, and, in fact, all grades of society—can bear testimony to the truthful likeness of their spirit friends they have received through my mediumistic powers." Mr Mumler has now removed to New York, and is located at the Studio, 630 Broadway, where he is engaged in taking these spirit photographs; by having simply a picture of the sitter, he can take a copy with the spirit form close beside it. He says—"It will be necessary for those who intend sending to me to enclose their own card, photograph, or anyone else's to whom the spirit form desired was known or thought of having a natural affinity by the law of love and affection, and to mention the date, the day, and the hour that said picture should be copied by me, so that the subject of the picture would at that time concentrate his or her mind on the subject, and ensure a successful result."

We cannot describe Mr Mumler's process better than by copying the following sketch from the *New York Sun* of February 26, 1869:—

A WONDERFUL MYSTERY.

GHOSTS SITTING FOR THEIR PORTRAITS—DEPARTED FRIENDS PHOTOGRAPHED.
The Likenesses Perfect—Remarkable Experiences—How is the Thing Done?
—Facts and Theories for the Multitude—Something for the Scientists to Ponder.

READERS of the *Sun* may perhaps have noticed in yesterday morning's paper, a telegraphic item from Poughkeepsie stating that the spiritualists of

that city—the former home of Andrew J. Davis—had been greatly excited over some remarkable specimens of what is called spiritual photographing; that is, the photographing of likenesses of departed spirits, not exactly from life, but from their present spiritual embodiments. It being added that these photographs were taken at an establishment on Broadway, in this city, the *Sun*, ever on the alert for new and interesting intelligence, lost no time in sending a reporter to find out whether there was anything in the matter worth publishing. He came back with such a remarkable story that we have decided to print it in full, though we wish to have it distinctly understood that we do it simply as a matter of news, and without endorsing the theories of the spiritualists.

HISTORY OF THE WONDER.

About eight years ago, a young lady, who was what the spiritualists call a “medium,” kept a shop for the sale of jewellery in Boston. One important part of her business was the weaving of hair into bracelets, lockets, and similar articles, as mementoes of friends, both living and deceased. Usually there was attached to these objects some provision for a photographic likeness of the person to be remembered; and, at the solicitation of her customers, she undertook the taking of these likenesses in the size and form required, and learned enough of the art to do it tolerably well. One day, however, the chemicals failed to work as usual, the pictures coming out blurred and confused, and inexplicable figures, like stars and comets, showing themselves, instead of the image of the sitter. In studying into the cause of the difficulty, the lady made the acquaintance of Mr W. H. Mumler, then a silver engraver in a leading silver manufacturing establishment in Boston, who had some chemical knowledge, though he was inexperienced in photographing. Mr Mumler, being entirely alone one day in the photographing room, engaged in experimenting, thought he would try taking a picture, and, having got a chair into the right focus, attempted to photograph it. To his surprise, on developing the plate, he found the chair represented as filled by a human being dimly outlined, whom he recognised as a deceased cousin. How to account for this phenomenon he knew not; but on showing the picture to the young lady for whom he was prosecuting his inquiries, she being, as we said, a medium, instantly pronounced it the portrait of a spirit who had taken this method of communicating with mortals on earth. Following up the discovery, Mr Mumler experimented further, and from that time to this has been engaged in taking these ghostly pictures, with remarkable success. For the present he has established himself at the gallery of Mr W. W. Silver, 630 Broadway, where our reporter, in company with an eminent photographer of this city, whom we shall call Brown, and a gentleman who was formerly a leading banker and stock-broker in Wall Street, visited him yesterday morning.

WHAT THE PICTURES ARE LIKE.

Mr Mumler has preserved a hundred or so of the more remarkable photographs taken, and our reporter saw and examined them. They all present likenesses of living persons, which look exactly as ordinary photographs do, being, indeed, taken in the regular way. But behind, or at one side of the living sitter appears sometimes only a head, sometimes a head and shoulders, and sometimes the full length of another person, rather indistinct and shadowy, but still in many cases clearly enough defined for a likeness to be recognised. There are, our reporter was told, cases in which the spirit likenesses have been taken without any living sitter; others taken by the help of a photograph of a living person, which has been sent for the purpose; and others in the night time.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

One of the most remarkable of these strange pieces of work is a picture taken for the ex-banker above mentioned. Several years ago he lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and who, as he believes, has never ceased to be present in her spiritual form with him. A day or two ago he sat to Mr Mumler, and on the plate there came along with his an image of a lady, which he and his friends all declared to be a correct likeness of his deceased wife. The face is perfectly distinct, one arm is 'thrown round her husband's neck, so that her hand, holding a branch of what seems to be lilacs, comes in front of his breast. Another picture being taken, the same figure appeared in a different attitude, pointing with one hand upward. On a third trial, however, this figure disappeared, and the head of an unknown child came instead.

Another picture shown our reporter is that of a well-known real estate broker down town, near whom appears a lovely child's face, fit for one of Raphael's cherubs. Mr Mumler could not tell, however, of whom it was a likeness.

One particularly touching picture was taken for a mother who, not long ago, lost a darling boy. As she sat before the camera, she mentally said, "Willie, I wish you would come and place yourself as you used to when you said your prayers to me," and in response to her silent wish there appears a child resting his head upon her bosom, which she avers is a perfect likeness of her boy.

At a spiritual seance that evening, a message was received, purporting to be from the child just mentioned, to the effect that if his father would sit to Mr Mumler, a better picture of him still would be obtained. His father accordingly came and sat, and in the picture obtained there appears within the father's arms a charming boy of apparently ten years of age, which is said by both father and mother to be their child beyond a doubt.

An elderly gentleman having sat for his likeness, found it accompanied by that of a lady to whom he had been engaged twenty years ago, and of whose relation with him his own family had not been aware. Sitting a second time, he got the likeness of a son who was killed several years ago in Arkansas.

A distinguished miniature artist of this city, having tried the experiment, was rewarded with a portrait of his aged mother.

A lady's portrait was also shown, accompanied by that of a clergyman to whom she was once engaged, but who has since died, and whom she had not seen for twenty years. Many other equally wonderful things were exhibited, but the general facts in all are the same. Of some pictures of which Mr Mumler had not retained copies, he gives the following account:—

"The first is a portrait of Mr Mumler himself, with one hand on a chair, the other holding the black cloth covering just taken from the camera. In the chair sits a half-defined female form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old. This was at once recognised as a deceased female relative.

"The second picture has a lady spirit sitting on a chair, with a white, undefined mass of something behind her, like two or three pillows. The features are quite sunken, with a serious expression. This is said to be a likeness of the spirit sister of Mr J. J. Ewer, as she looked when wasted by consumption. The father of the deceased fully recognised the likeness, as do the rest of the family.

"The next is an elderly lady, leaning on a chair, in which sits a faintly-defined form of a young man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown more fully than the last, one leg being visible to below the knee, the other not being visible at all—looks as if moved, leaving only a blur. This was

at once recognised as a deceased brother who made guitars, and was fond of playing upon them.

"Another is a female figure leaning upon a chair, the hands placed together, and eyes elevated as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger size, the face and bust only visible.

"Another is a gentleman sitting with the edge of a white marble table near him. The spirit is behind him, and a little smaller—a female figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quakerish, a small white collar about the neck, tied with a dark ribbon, a close-fitting dress, visible only to the waist.

"A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait, and raised the right hand as if holding something. He was told that was a very uncouth attitude, but he said, 'No matter; take it so.' When the plate was developed, behold there sat upon the raised arm a child, leaning its head upon the sitter's shoulder. This child is not very clearly defined; it appears a little larger than in nature, as if nearer the camera than the arm it sits upon. The dress is transparent, with the hand and arm of the sitter seen through it."

OUR REPORTER SEES WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR HIM.

His curiosity being excited by all these marvels, our reporter thought he would like to see what spirit would sit along with him. But first he requested his photographic friend, whom we have called Brown, to go through the process himself, and watch the various steps of it. Mr Brown accordingly went upstairs to the skylight room with Mr Mumler, and prepared the sensitive plate himself from the naked glass. Sitting down before the camera, he waited the usual time, and then with his own hands "developed" the negative. At the side of his face there came that of a middle-aged man, with a dark beard, whom he did not recognise.

Then came our reporter's turn. He, too, saw the clean glass rubbed and polished, the collodion poured on, the plate put into the nitrate of silver bath, and taken out and put into the groove. But on sitting, there came out in the negative the same face that had appeared in Mr Brown's picture. To determine who this "mutual friend" could be, the party concluded to wait and get sun proofs from both the negatives.

A NEW SITTER.

While waiting for these proofs, an elderly gentleman went up, and succeeded in getting the portraits of two spirits, neither of which, however, he could recognise from the negative, and had to wait for the proofs.

AN ACCIDENT—THE EXPERIMENT TRIED AGAIN.

In drying the negative taken for our reporter over the lamp, the glass was shattered to pieces, and he was requested to sit once more. This time, too, he watched the process from beginning to end. While in the chair, however, he thought he would try the effect of calling to his mind the appearance of his father, as he looked just before he died, some eleven years ago. This time the negative gave a face in profile rather dim, but in general outline, he must confess, very like his father as he thought of him.

HOW IS THE THING DONE?

Of course, everybody will ask this question, and answer it according to his own notions. Sceptics will insist that there is some trick, and that the ghost pictures are obtained by using lay figures or old photograph negatives, or by some other expedient of that kind.

The difficulty in the way of this explanation is that the photographer whom we have called Brown, and who, if we gave his real name, would be instantly recognised as excellent authority on the subject, says that there is

no process known to the trade by which the thing could be done by any unfair means without its being instantly found out. A prepared plate must be used within five minutes after it comes out of the nitrate of silver bath, so that it is impossible that an image could be clearly impressed on it, and yet leave it so that the living sitter could be taken as clearly as he is. Besides, he went through the process of preparing the plate himself, as we have already mentioned, and yet another face than his own came, without his seeing any person near him.

Another photographer of the name of Guay, whom our reporter met at Mr Mumler's room, stated that he had spent three weeks in watching Mr Mumler, and going through the process again and again with his own hands, and had not succeeded in detecting any imposture.

MR MUMLER'S THEORY.

Mr Mumler says that he really believes the pictures are produced by departed spirits who are attached to the sitters by affection or relationship or affinity. By some inscrutable means they have the power of affecting the chemicals used in the process, and impressing on the sensitive film their image.

GHOSTS VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

Mrs Mumler, who is the lady by whom Mr Mumler was led into the business, having since married him, asserts that in many instances she has seen behind the living sitter the identical spirits whose likenesses have afterwards appeared in the photograph. She says, when the living person sits down, there comes near him, at first, what looks like a cloud; then it condenses into something like a human form; and finally it comes out clear and brighter than the sunlight, to her, in a distinctly defined image. While the portraits are being taken, she and her husband both place their hands upon the camera to assist the spirits by their personal animal magnetism.

EFFECT OF THE WEATHER ON THE PROCESS.

When the weather is damp, the obtaining of these spirit photographs is very difficult and sometimes impossible. When, however, Mr and Mrs Mumler can get the assistance of another strong medium, as, for example, Miss Fox, even the dampness will not interfere with it; and the portraits of the banker's wife, already described, were got on just such a day with Miss Fox's help. Clear bright days, on the contrary, are favourable, but even on these Mr Mumler can take only a few pictures, in consequence of his vital forces becoming exhausted by the effort required.

WHAT OUR REPORTER THINKS ABOUT IT

he declines to say. If there is any trick used, he does not know what it is. He gives us the facts, and we give them to our readers to think about as they please. The whole thing is a marvel any way, and deserves to be investigated by scientific men. From the description given us, Mr and Mrs Mumler are perfectly frank, ingenuous persons, with no appearance of imposture about them. They court the most rigorous investigation, and will extend every facility for inquiry to persons coming properly accredited.

In January, the *British Journal of Photography* took up this phase of the photographic art, and showed the various ways in which the spirit impressions could be obtained by undeveloped pictures being on the glass when used. The writer did not question the fact of spirit photographs, as he seems to be well acquainted with the spiritual question in general, but he showed how easy it would be to impose upon the public by spurious pictures. The three specimens we have received

from Mr Mumler are superior to anything of the kind we ever saw. The sitter is Mr Livermore, an ex-Wall Street banker—the Mr L. referred to so often by Mr Coleman; the spirit, that of a lady who stands behind Mr Livermore in an attitude of affection. The position is different in each picture. In one instance her hand lies across the breast, and the features and details are exceedingly distinct. Copies of these interesting photographs may be obtained at our office.

Mr Mumler has been charged before the court in New York with swindling, on account of his professing to take spirit photographs. Photographers have been examined for the prosecution, who state means whereby “spirit photographs” could be produced. For the defence, photographic artists and others testify, that no special means are used by Mumler at all, but that the photographs of the spirits are produced by means beyond his control. Judge Edmonds, Mr Livermore, and a host of respectable gentlemen, have testified to the genuineness of these curious productions. The newspapers are gloating over the supposition that they have at last chronicled a daring case of the dishonesty of spiritualists. But no such result has yet been arrived at. The evidence has been hitherto favourable to Mumler; and while we write, the termination of the trial has not been reported to us. If spirits can be seen and felt, move objects and make mechanical and vocal sounds, why may they not be photographed? This achievement has not been accomplished by Mumler alone, but in many other places. It is amazing to see with what weak-minded pertinacity the press swallows every rumour intended to discredit Spiritualism.

Since writing the above, it has transpired that Mumler’s case was concluded on May 3rd. He was discharged, and the complaint dismissed, there being no evidence whereon to convict him. The authorities and the press, in this instance, have taken a deal of trouble to advertise Spiritualism.

IMITATIONS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MESSRS MASKELYNE AND COOKE, two professors of legerdemain, gave an exhibition in imitation of the Davenport Brothers, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Thursday and Friday, May 13th and 14th. A large number of the audience were spiritualists. The performances took place in broad daylight. A cabinet, like that used by the Davenport Brothers, stood on the platform supported on trestles, near to which was a structure of a similar kind called the gorilla’s den. The exhibitors entered the cabinet with ropes, and when the doors were opened in three minutes, they were found securely tied after the manner of the Davenports. The musical instruments were put in, and the door shut, and immediately an arm was seen at the door; the bell was rung and thrown out, and the tambourine beaten. When the door was opened, the exhibitors were sitting tied as before. Two cornets were then placed under the carpet in the cabinet behind their heels, the doors were shut, and immediately the cornets were sounded, after which a duet was played, in very good time, the air being, “Home, Sweet home.” When the doors were opened, the cornets were where

the committee had placed them. A gentleman was selected to sit in the cabinet between the performers. His hands were tied to the ropes between their knees. After the doors were shut, the instruments were again used; and when the doors were opened, the tambourine was found on the gentleman's head. He said he felt as if the hand of the exhibitor who sat on his left had been used whilst the door was shut; as it was in the light, his eyes were bandaged with a handkerchief to prevent his seeing the trick. Another gentleman went into the cabinet; his left hand was tied to one of the exhibitors', while his right hand was tied between the knees of the other. This gentleman expressed his conviction that the exhibitor on his right had done something towards producing the sounds. Flour was placed in their hands, and in two minutes after the doors were shut, they were found untied, and the flour not spilled on their clothes or in the cabinet. The exhibitors were again shut into the cabinet, and in a short time one of them issued from it dressed as a woman, followed by a gorilla. The animal dragged the woman into his den and devoured her, amidst her screams for help. When the door was opened, the woman was not to be seen. An attempt was made to capture the gorilla, but he got away; yet, when the den was again opened, another gorilla was found there—no doubt the assumed woman in the meantime had thus transformed herself. The performer who acted the part of the first gorilla appeared as a countryman, and offered to catch the brute, which was ultimately accomplished. He was put into a cask and locked down, and the countryman put into a trunk, which was locked and securely corded. Both trunk and box were placed in the cabinet and the doors shut, and almost immediately the exhibitors were free and able to make demonstrations. On the second day of exhibition, we understand, one of the exhibitors got into a trunk, locked it, corded it, and canvassed it without assistance.

The performance excited great interest amongst spectators. The exhibitors say that no supernatural means are employed in producing the phenomena, and that any one who is adapted to such performances may easily attain sufficient dexterity to enable him to perform all they do. They say it is the result of long continued study and experiment on their part. Some of the more knowing spectators declare that they have been able to detect the whole matter; and we have heard it stated that some have been successful in achieving a great portion of the exhibition. Mr Coleman and some other spiritualists insinuate that the exhibitors are really mediums, but that they deny it. We have seen no indication of mediumship. It is true they do many of the things the Davenports do, but, in some respects, under very different conditions; while the dark seance, which is the most extraordinary part of the Davenport performance, is not attempted by them at all.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

THE general public, and more especially believers in Spiritualism and in healing by the laying on of hands, have, for some time past, had

their attention directed to what is certainly a singular phenomenon, namely, a girl, of 12 years of age, professing to live for 18 months without partaking of any food. I need not in this article give any particulars of her case, except such as are necessary to a right understanding of the object for which I am now writing, as the newspapers and spiritualist publications have already supplied all that is needed.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Mr James Burns, of London, wishing to know if, in the event of my expenses being guaranteed to me, I would visit Sarah Jacobs, the girl in question, and try whether I could cure her by the laying on of hands. Having agreed to do as requested, I visited the girl on Tuesday, May 4th. The particulars of that visit I have already reported in the columns of the *North Wilts Herald* for May 8 (a paper published at Swindon), and copies of which I have sent to several spiritualist friends. I failed to cure Sarah Jacobs, under circumstances where success was not to be anticipated. The facts are as follows:—

On arriving at the farm-house where Sarah Jacobs lives, and explaining to the Rev. John Jones, the vicar of the parish, who, at my request, was present, the great object of my visit, the parents appeared to be morbidly afraid lest by any manipulation of mine their child should be injured, and Mr Jones himself shared to some extent that same fear. When, however, I explained to him what it was I wanted to do, and gave him a very solemn promise that I would treat the girl with all possible gentleness, he was re-assured, and expressed his re-assurance to the parents. I asked for leave to put my hands upon the child from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and then call upon her to rise from her bed, and partake of food. All that I was actually allowed to do by way of manipulation was to put my hands upon the scalp of her head, her forehead, eyes, and cheeks; the remaining parts of her body being totally untouched. Even while I did what I did—and it was but little—I saw there was an element of fear working in the minds of the parents, although whether that element interfered with any power I might otherwise have been able to exercise, I do not know.

I have always felt, that in all cases of healing, it is extremely desirable that the mind of the operator and the mind of the patient should come into direct, vivid, and complete contact; and that anything which prevents such a consummation, is so far a hindrance in the way of a cure. Now, in dealing with Sarah Jacobs, I had to address myself to her through the medium of the vicar, who, of course, was able to speak both English and Welsh, and interpreted my English words to the girl and her friends. I sat on the edge of the bed talking to Sarah Jacobs in my own language, just as if she were able to understand what I said, and as fast as I did so, Mr Jones translated my words. Of course, Mr Jones was a medium by which *some* measure of mental contact could be established between myself and my patient, and I most sincerely believe that he did his very best to serve me. But a spiritualist will surely understand that this was the pursuit of a cure under difficulties; in fact, it was Mr Jones' mind, and not mine, which was all along operating upon Sarah Jacobs.

I ought to add here that there was one gentleman in the room, whom I met in the train, and who accompanied me to the farm-house. From conversation with him, I learned that he was utterly sceptical as to all Spiritualism and healing. He was in the room during the whole of the time I was engaged with Sarah Jacobs, and, it may be, that his very presence, though without any blame to himself, created an atmosphere unfavourable to healing. Be this as it may, I have to report that, to all outward appearance, my failure to cure this girl was complete, although I had a strong impression at the time, which I have retained up to this moment, that she could have risen from her bed and partaken of food, had she so believed and willed, and I conveyed my belief to the parents through Mr Jones.

I owe it to my own personal convictions, to add my belief, that the evidence existing up to this time, preponderates in favour of Sarah Jacobs. If people will insist upon so thinking of antecedent improbabilities, laws of physiology, laws of nature, &c., as to assert the impossibility of life being sustained without food, I would remind such of them as are believers in the existence of a living God, who is provider and sustainer, as well as creator and ruler, that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" or, to translate this dialect into the speech of to-day, "food has no *inherent* quality to nourish, but only a derived one; and the ultimate source of all existence, all sustenance, all nourishment, is God, who, while he never breaks any one of his laws, may yet act by methods which are at present unknown to us." Of course, if any man is prepared to come forward and show that he knows every law of God, and how in every case God acts in reference to his intelligent creatures, let him do so. But in the absence of such a person, it seems very like a piece of pure scientific dogmatism to assume the very point in dispute, and then look down with mild contempt or pity upon those who wish to be logical, and who are fully persuaded that their knowledge has not as yet exhausted all the ways and means of God.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,
Minister of the Free Christian Church,
New Swindon.

May 12, 1869.

[The case of Sarah Jacobs is still causing considerable interest in the newspapers, "Physiologus" in the *Edinburgh Courant*, and "Observer" in the *Cambria Daily Leader*, are very hard on those who credit the report of fasting. The logic and knowledge of these gentlemen, unfortunately, cannot settle the question. The whole affair may be easily explained away on paper; but the fact, if fact it be, still remains. Mr Joseph Wallace, of 20 College Square East, Belfast, relates the case of a girl that he saw many times when he was a young man. She got a shock from hearing of two brothers being drowned, became demented, then idiotic, and stupid. She slept much, and ultimately could not be aroused at all, and in that unconscious state she lay for five years, taking no food. Her body became cold, when they considered she was dead and buried her. When Mr Wallace visited her she was warm and plastic. She was also seen by doctors, clergymen, and others, but nothing was done to resuscitate her. Mr Wallace considers

that all such cases could be cured by the judicious application of magnetism. The above case occurred at Portaferry, about twenty-five years ago; and there are many living in the place now, who could testify to the truth of these statements.]

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THEORIES.

THERE are three theories by which the spiritual manifestations are said to be accounted for by different advocates. First, Paul's theory, which is found in 1 Cor. 12th chapter. He taught they were done by the spirit of God, and did not recognise any intermediate agency. He was a believer in the reality of witchcraft and demons, as we learn from his writings; but the church was not to give heed to them, but be guided by one spirit exclusively. The church afterwards slid into the old pagan idea, only adopting the saints for the gods and demons of the heathen. Neither Moses nor Paul could keep the people from this species of idolatry, although they both tried to do so. The second theory is that of the modern spiritualists, who contend they are done by neither gods nor devils, nor yet the spirit of God as understood by the church, but by the departed friends of spiritualists, who are devoted to the interests of those they have left behind. This is so like the old pagan theory that Paul would have gone wild if it had been broached in the churches of his time. But there is a good deal of merit in it notwithstanding, for it signifies affection for one's ancestors, and shows how strong the domestic ties are in most cases where death has temporarily severed a man and his friend, or broken up the family circle. The third theory plainly denies that the dead are the instruments of the manifestations, whether physical or psychological. It maintains they are all done by the spirits of mediums in various stages of development. The spirits of some mediums have force of one kind, and some of another, but all are learning and progressing, as the spirits of the dead are in the spheres above. The power is strange, and hence the difficulty of conceiving it possible for the living to perform such strange things as are done by many mediums. Then it comes as if it was not the medium, because, in reality, it is not his mind, but his spirit that acts. Your correspondent L. N. thinks Vandyck the painter has come to teach him drawing; but it is only a power of his own spirit which assumes that name, and perhaps may give splendid proofs of identity for a while. John Watt is only a spiritual power too, and may be more or less like the original.

Spirits are the *dramatis personæ*, and are produced by the spiritual power of the medium, so as to be presented to his vision in full form very often. Nay, they become often visible to non-clairvoyants, and speak to the external ear of a circle.

Your correspondent thinks I ought to show the imposition of mediums, but I have never discovered any. Mediums don't understand themselves, or they would not ascribe their powers to any one else.

Genuine mediumship is the most advanced stage of human progress in any age, but it is sadly darkened through false philosophy. It will be hard work to clear the mental vision, I believe, while angels and devils have such a strong hold on many, and while the spiritualists are more under the dominion of the domestic affections than the truth. Those angels and devils are purely mythological creations, and have no existence in nature; and we ought to be wise enough to know that our departed ancestors and friends don't hover about the earth, which would be a bad job both for them and us if they did. The great artists who are supposed to pay daily visits to mediums don't live here; it is only a spiritual power that is so designated in some cases.

It seems, from your correspondent, that my letter had the tendency to "befog and stupify" him—may this have a better effect; but he must look or he won't see: to be plain, he must be a medium, and compare what I say with his own experience, or he won't understand anything about it. I know where the shoe will pinch, and what will be the reply to all this exactly. They will say I am opposed to spiritualism, and that I have no proof to offer for the theory I hold. Spiritualism has always had the misfortune to be bound to some false philosophy or another, which has been its downfall often in the past ages. I don't oppose spiritualism; I befriend it by seeking to detach it from its connection with systems that are not true. As to the proof I have to offer for what I believe to be a better theory, that is easy—I offer all the mediumship in the world. There is not any mediumistic experience that ever I heard of that is not better explained by my theory than any other. There is no sense in saying a spirit from the dead has done this or the other, if I myself can do it; and what is it you may not do, if you are a spiritual man at all, through your own organism, which the dead are said to perform? Surely your own spirit has a better chance of speaking and acting through you than any other spirit, either belonging to this world or the next. But, says one, I don't see how raps can be made if the dead don't make them. I see; they can be made by the living, which is more reasonable. But the raps purport to come from the dead, say you? Yes they do;—and sometimes they purport to come from the man in the moon, and not unfrequently from inhabitants of the other planets. Did you never ask the question why rapping mediums are necessary, if spirits of the dead make them? Take away the medium, and the rapping will cease; but if you take the old spirit theory away, the raps will go on as usual wherever there is a rapping medium, and they will then purport to come from nobody but the medium. So with every spirit manifestation that was ever practised, either in this age or any other. It is always the medium and his spiritual power that does the work. Some will say that is only assertion, and it is contrary to known facts. Perhaps some will say it is contrary to logic and etiquette. I don't care what they say; but I hope they will not leave us in the dark if there be anything tangible to prove that the dead do come back, and that we are indebted to them for all that is going on in the world. I see all the news from spiritualists, but I can see nothing to show that fantastic idea of theirs to be the true one.

A. GARDNER.

FLAMES AND FLOWERS.

THE printer of my reply to Dr Chance seems to have found it impossible to believe that I could really mean to write of sounding and sensitive flames; for in spite of my having corrected the proof, he has persisted in printing *flowers* instead of *flames*. No doubt flowers may be easily converted into flames; and indeed, if I mistake not, we have it reported how flowers have been produced or reproduced in the midst of flames. I suppose the typo thought that sounding and sensitive tables was going quite far enough in the regions of the incredible, and that sensitive flames was carrying the joke a little too far. Sensitive plants and flowers of course he had often heard of, and very remarkable and exceptional instances they are, and presenting manifestations quite as anomalous and strange in their way as those produced in Spiritualism by means of the exceptional and special physical conditions of the medium. Now, with the sensitive flame there must be a particular condition and relationship, or *rapport*, between the special character of the flame and the particular note producing the extraordinary and singular effect; and so it is with the spiritual manifestations and those animal magnetic relations between individuals, whether near or distant from each other. Imagine the influence to be from "brain waves," or what you will, still there must be exceptional natures, with their special conditions and special relations, and which it is our first business to detect. Bacon, in his great discernment, was strongly impressed with the scientific value of such facts as are now presented to us in the recent manifestations alleged to be caused by the action of individual spirits, and in regard to the sensitive nature of plants says—"In plants also you may try the force of imagination upon the lighter sort of motion—as upon the sudden fading or lively coming up of herbs, or upon their bending one way or other, or upon their closing and opening," &c. But the whole of his statement with regard to what he terms "incorporeal or immateriate powers and virtues," acting at a distance from the body from which they emanate, are worthy of attention, and are very suggestive. Bacon himself had had very remarkable personal experiences in some such matters; and, in regard to the power over plants, it may not be out of the way to refer to Christ going to the fig tree, and, finding it without fruit and unproductive, caused it to fade away in consequence, which it was found to have done shortly after. Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits, but considered that their influence, if at all, could only be considered as partial and exceptional, as he hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes; and those sympathetic influences at a distance between living beings and the action of living beings, of an exceptional character, on plants and inanimate objects, he declared to be one of the highest secrets in nature; but that all natural action was correlated as branches of one tree, one department throwing light upon another; and the ultimate law to be interpreted only by an induction from the whole—and which grand cosmical view of nature I do not understand that spiritualists are disposed to dispute—nature and the powers of nature,

acting under uniform law, they hold to be supreme, including spirits amongst the other natural bodies (whatever may be the supposed magical influences of such supramundane but still natural existence), as the flower still partakes of the nature and substance of the tree; for we cannot go beyond nature, and all nature is of one substance, as so beautifully described by Milton—

“Last, the bright consummate flower
Spirits’ odorous breaths : flowers and their fruit,
Man’s nourishment, by gradual scale sublim’d,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual ; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding,
. one first matter all.”

In these few lines of Milton we have the principle of Professor Huxley’s famous lecture, short of the chemical analysis and blundering metaphysics—that is, of the rise from mineral to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal substance, which he terms protoplasms, terminating in instinct and reason; and the hypothesis of Wallace and Darwin, of gradual progression from the lowest forms up to man; and from man to angel or spirit, as the hypothesis is carried out by that sagacious naturalist, Mr Wallace; so that we find Milton not only in accord with Darwin and Huxley, but also with the spiritualists, whilst reflecting the philosophy of Bacon, and all agreeing with the inspired Shakespeare—that man, even in his noblest form and nature, is but “the paragon of animals,” “the quintessence of dust.” And is man degraded in this conception? Certainly not; but the universe is infinitely ennobled in the sense of the wondrous innate capacities of the substance of which it is formed.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

MIRACLES HAVE NOT CEASED.

(*To the Editor.*)

SIR,—It is one thing to assert, it is another to prove. I state that miracles have not ceased since Christ issued his declaration, “These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they work miracles.” I desire now to give some of the proofs. Miracles were performed through the apostles and by the *members* of the church in their day. Witness the descent of the Holy Ghost on 120 persons on the day of Pentecost. Witness St Paul’s declaration, that God hath set some in the church, apostles, seers, workers of miracles, healers, speakers of foreign languages, &c. St Paul lodged at the house of Phillip, who had four daughters “seeresses”—mediums as they would now be called. The apostles and the members of the churches, by signs and wonders as narrated, displayed the power Christ promised to them that believed.

St John passed away about the year 98, but Christians still existed, retaining their gifts after the death of the apostles. Let us take the declaration of Ireneus before the Emperor in the year 192, who, while acknowledging the power of the soothsayers and magicians to perform

miracles by their heathen gods, dared them to produce the kind of miracles performed by the power of the true God. This was his statement as to the prevalence of spirit manifestations in his day:—"Others have foreknowledge of things future and visions, and the gift of seership; others by imposition of hands do restore the sick, and heal all manner of diseases. Moreover, they *now* speak in all languages by the Spirit of God, *even* as St Paul spake," &c.

We have in ecclesiastical history downwards abundant proof of the "signs" being still continued. Let us take A.D. 1582. There was a nun who saw and spoke to angels, who in her devotions was *lifted up* off the ground before the altar, and at the gate of the convent. Her superior was bitterly opposed to the manifestations, insisted that they were of the Devil, and that when the spirit appeared to her she was to spit in his face. She refused, was persecuted, and at last died; but, some time after, the Pope and court of Rome found that she was really a saint, put her on the list, and she is now recognised as St Theresa. Poor woman! what agony of mind she would have been spared if her superior had felt himself less infallible.

Let us now come to A.D. 1700. The Camisards were a mountain people at variance with the French king. He desired to make them Catholic; but they refused. Thousands of troops were sent against them, but prophets, seeresses, workers of miracles, healers, &c., were so numerous that the king was foiled. Stars of light would hover over the mountaineers, and, moving on, guide the people to the spot chosen for worship. The orders of the king, the position of the troops, and their places of going, were made known by the trance-mediums. The children were affected, and spoke pure French while in the trance, instead of their country dialect.

About 1750, Wesley and Whitfield fired the nation. Wesley's journals illustrate the remarkable instances of special providences to him and his people.

If we follow the track of time, we find in the Irish revivals, in 1851, miracles by hundreds. One I will name. When the prayer meetings were going on in different parts of the country, and when hundreds of persons were at them, lifting up their hearts to God, a fire-cloud was seen floating in the air: approaching one throng of praying people, it stopped vertically over them and descended; rose again, floated on, rested, descended in like manner on another flock of praying people; and so continued, in the sight of thousands.

We have now arrived at our own door-steps. The phenomena are around us. The ministers (principally Church Independents and Baptists) first deny the facts, and when compelled to acknowledge their truth; then, as a second proof of their fallibility, say it is "devilish," "forbidden." Such bitter opposition from "ministers" and "pastors" forces us to ask the question—Why so bitter? And the answer seems naturally to arise in the mind—Because they may have collegiate belief, but *not* heart belief; otherwise the *signs* would follow. Christ having joined the two in one sentence, they cannot be severed. If miracles have ceased, salvation has ceased. In the meantime, "godless" men, believing in neither devil nor angel, go fearlessly into an examination

of the subject, and are "converted;" but to them all is new, all is strange; and having no teachers, they often say and do things which "staid" Christians do not approve of. But as of old the order went forth—Preach first to the Jews (those who rejected the truth), and then to the Gentiles; so now it is—Preach first to the Christians: If they reject, go to the materialists, the worldlings, who have never entered a church or chapel door. The result is, the power of God is resting on them; they are working miracles—healing the sick, seeing spirits, &c.

WHO PRODUCE THE MIRACLES?

Many say that the phenomena are true, but cannot tell the cause; we therefore find ourselves a stage farther on the journey. I feel the more free to grapple with them through the public press, because throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, it is taking the question up, not on a doctrinal basis, but as a great vital question. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Nay more—Does he at death come out of his un-inhabitable body, a living entity, with memory and affections in vivid action; with power to act on, and for those who bewail his supposed absence. I, to-day, only take the broad question of *devilism at seances*.

We never heard of the death and burial of a devil nor of an angel; and we may therefore conclude, I think, that they are alive, and as active in and out of the bodies of men as they were when Christ and his apostles moved to and fro in Palestine upwards of 1800 years ago. However evil *we* may be, there seems to be something within us that prompts us in the hour of danger and anguish to cling to the good. Spirit manifestations are rife amongst us from Land's End to John o' Groat's, produced in many instances by "devil" or evil intelligences; and in many by "angels of the Lord." It is with pleasure, therefore, we advise clinging to good and not to evil intelligences; advising *prayer*, not to saints, nor to angels who are our fellow-servants, but to the Supreme, the Creator, and Ruler of the universe. As Christ, the pure, the holy, was tempted for even forty days by a devil; we and others must not be surprised that, occasionally in the *seance* of mixed persons, an evil intelligence should attempt to force himself into their midst, and annoy them by his "lying" sayings, as hypocrites, or devils in the flesh creep into place and power in our churches and chapels, play tricks, and so disgust many, that they throw up religion altogether.

If I were a medium, or, as they used to be called a "prophet," and still further back in ancient times, a "seer," I should assuredly advise, or, perhaps, interdict, the consulting with the witches or wizards of the heathens around—as the "seers of the Lord" did the Jews who were taking possession of the lands of their enemies—as the British took possession of India, and rule over millions of people of another faith, the priests of which even now perform miracles, and prophesy in a way none of our bishops or ministers can do, who go over to "convert" those heathens. Quotations from Leviticus and Isaiah are correct; but the witches and wizards there mentioned are not those of Israel, but of the heathen around. The Jews went regularly in time of need to the "Seers of Israel," to *inquire* of the seer, as to business, domestic and

national affairs; even descending to offering the seer Samuel 3½d as a fee to tell Saul where his lost asses were. David the Psalmist, kept in his pay, as his "seer," Gad, through whom he inquired of the Lord as to the management of his kingdom, and when to go to battle against his foes. Saul *inquired* of the Lord, but could not get an answer through the "seer," so he inquired of the evil intelligences, through the witch of the heathen.

I assert (and ecclesiastical history, and the biographical narratives of our leading divines in past generations prove) that miracles have not ceased since Christ declared that "these *signs* shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall work miracles;" and I also as boldly assert, that communication with deceased friends and relatives is a principle taught us by Christ and his apostles, and is a privilege we have a right to enjoy as Christians.—I am, yours truly,

Enmore Park, South Norwood.

JNO. JONES.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

FOR the satisfaction of many of our readers, we beg to lay before them some information respecting this society, and the investigation into what is called "Spiritualism," with which it is at present concerned.

The London Dialectical Society was established three years ago, for the purpose, as we read in the prospectus, "of considering all subjects with a view to the discovery and elucidation of truth." The peculiar feature of this society seems to be that subjects not ordinarily discussed either in other societies or elsewhere here receive consideration; and that in the discussion of them "the fullest and freest expression of opinion is permitted." We accordingly find the following among the subjects recently argued:—"The Credibility of Miracles," "The question, Is suicide, under any circumstances, justifiable?" "Trades' Unions," "The Existence of a Deity and a Future State," "Prostitution," "The Historical and Moral Value of the Bible," "The Criteria of Truth," "The Enfranchisement of Women," &c.

We see also, from a list of subjects published in the prospectus, that some of the most interesting questions have been discussed more than once. The society, as might be expected, consists almost entirely of what are called "advanced" Liberals—we might almost say "extreme" Liberals—though it is proper to add that no one is excluded from membership on the ground of any opinion whatever that he may happen to entertain.

Sir John Lubbock is the president of the society, and among the vice-presidents we notice the names of Lord Amberley, Professor Huxley, Mr G. H. Lewes, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. We should mention that another peculiarity of the society is that ladies are admissible as members.

The inquiry into the so-called "Spiritualism" arose from a paper on that subject having been read at a meeting of the society by one of the members—a physician—in which he narrated some very extraordinary phenomena, which he stated that he himself had witnessed.

His testimony was supported by two gentlemen present, and it was

stated in corroboration that the reality of the phenomena was believed in by Professor de Morgan; Mr Varley, the electrician; Mr Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh; Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall; Mr William Howitt, and a number of other persons of respectability and position, both in this country and in America. A very animated and somewhat acrimonious debate followed, the "spiritualists" being in a great minority. Ultimately it was resolved that the council be requested to appoint a committee, in conformity with bye-law 4, "to investigate the phenomena alleged to be 'spiritual manifestations,' and to report thereon." The council accordingly appointed the committee now sitting, which consists of thirty persons, and comprises members of the clerical, medical, and legal professions, other professional gentlemen (engineers, architects, &c.), and several of general scientific and literary attainments.

This committee—a fifth part of the whole society, and fairly representing the members generally—is, from the tone and character of the majority of persons composing it, certainly not likely to err on the side of over-credulity, but will consider impartially and philosophically everything that may come before it, and is prepared to apply the most rigid tests to verify the reality of any phenomena which may be presented, before adopting any belief whatever on the subject.

In conducting the proceedings, it has been thought desirable, first to collect evidence with regard to what has been witnessed by other persons, whose testimony in ordinary matters no one would hesitate to accept; no evidence, however, being received at second-hand, and the witnesses being interrogated and cross-examined by the committee; a proceeding in which a serjeant-at-law, one of the members, takes a prominent part. With this portion of the inquiry the committee is at present occupied—hence those extraordinary narratives which have found their way into the newspapers.

The committee has likewise thought it expedient to divide itself into sub-committees, consisting of about six or seven members, who are conducting experimental investigations independently, and the results of which will be brought up in the form of reports to the general committee. At some of these sub-committees, we understand, very curious phenomena have been witnessed, but how they are produced remains to be discovered.

There has also been a special sub-committee appointed to investigate the phenomena which are stated to have occurred in connection with Mr Home, who has consented to meet the four gentlemen forming this sub-committee, and to afford them every opportunity of carrying on the investigation, so far as he is concerned, with the utmost possible severity.

In addition to these proceedings of the sub-committees, opportunities will be given for the production of the alleged phenomena in the presence of the whole general committee.

The whole question of Spiritualism will now, therefore, be fairly and strictly examined; and the public will look forward with some curiosity to the appearance of the report, which, whether favourable to the spiritualists or not, will be published at the conclusion of the investiga-

tion, and will contain the evidence collected, together with a detailed account of the experiments.

It may be stated that if any persons have any suggestions to offer, or any evidence they would like to tender (subject to the conditions above-mentioned), the committee will be glad to receive communications, addressed to the Secretary, 32A George Street, Hanover Square. —*Eastern Post*.

[The writer of the above article must be a very sanguine individual, but perhaps he does not take into account the capabilities and conditions required to enable persons "fairly and strictly" to examine Spiritualism. As far as we have heard of the process which the Dialectical committee uses, it has all the appearance of an inquisitorial pantomime or semi-solemn farce. About two dozen gentlemen are seated round a large table—Dr Edmunds in the chair. In an outer circle about three dozen prominent spiritualists are seated, five or six of whom are called upon to give their evidence each evening the committee sits. The consequence is that the Dialectical Committee has had laid before it the cream of the spiritualistic gossip that has been bandied about amongst the families of spiritualists for the last ten years or longer. One of these narratives is being pitched at the hard heads of the committee. The members look with stolid incredulity at the narrator, and their facial expression almost audibly mutters—"Well, 'pon my conscience, what next?" Gentlemen look at each other with gestures and expressions of astonishment. The chairman's ample stock of scientific gravity and professional smiles will enable him to hold out no longer; he hangs his head, and laughs heartily into the front of his waistcoat. By this time the ejaculations of the committee have developed into a hum of conversation. The chairman's hammer is heard, attention is restored, the witness is questioned. If he is a poor fellow and a *parvenu* in polite society, he is considerably hustled and cross-questioned; his statements are "misunderstood" in the most grotesque manner, and sapient querists betray their fitness for entering upon a "fair and strict examination of Spiritualism." Of course the straws on the tide of examination indicate that the spiritualist, true and proper, is a very questionable sort of a creature, and must not only be dealt with sharply, but, if necessary, be brow-beaten, and have his evidence shaped, if possible, to suit the mental circumbendibus of the committee. But there are ameliorating influences even in this dread tribunal. Sometimes the witness is wealthy, or has not allowed his devotion to Spiritualism to eclipse his conventional respectability. Then there is a decided mitigation of the intellectual poignancy of the examiners, and the right honourable witness is referred to on knotty points, with a slight smack of mealy-mouthedness. Let us add, the ladies are treated with considerable gallantry. The examination goes on, the questioners do not even understand the terminology of the subject, and the witness is admonished to tell his story in their way. This he may, perhaps, try to do, but fails. The committee has concluded that certain phases of the phenomena constitute "Spiritualism," and it won't hear anything else. The examiners insist upon facts, and facts alone. Then they suddenly expand into the wide field of theory, and up into the airy *cumulus* of

opinion. A stage further the examination proceeds. Question after question emanates from the chair, and from all round the table. The witness insists upon giving his facts as they are known to himself. He succeeds, and the committee has to swallow the story just as it is, without power to decide on its truthfulness or other merits in any respect whatever. In this way a considerable amount of "stuff" has been raked together. Excellent stuff it is, too. But we ask in all seriousness, what better is it for having been exhibited before the committee of the Dialectical Society? They have no means of authenticating its truth or exposing its falsehood. The effect has been in another direction entirely. The notions of the committee on matters spiritual have been considerably expanded. When the examination commenced, the terms "medium," "manifestation," "phenomena," "spirit," &c., were regarded as vague terms, indicating groundless notions in the dreamy brains of spiritualists. But now the tables have indeed "turned." The committee has unanimously declared that it has no doubts respecting the reality of the phenomena. Here, then, is a result, a useful result. Thank God and the spiritualists for it, the Dialectical Committee knows more than it did before the examination commenced, and more good is yet to follow. It is proposed to digest all these remarkable stories, and publish the gist of them in a book. If the editors do their work faithfully, and allow these witnesses to tell their tale in their own words and according to their personal experiences, then thousands may fare as the Dialectical Committee has fared, and have some important fragments added to their stock of knowledge of natural, *alias* spiritual, phenomena. But the committee must not "doctor" the evidence too much. Even after years of inquiry they will not be able to criticise and amend to good purpose the experiences of some of the parties they have examined. The results have likewise been fruitful in other respects. Mr Atkinson's sub-committee has really had the satisfaction of seeing tables dance to singing, suspend themselves in the air, and otherwise behave in a very unphilosophical manner. In fact the committee are incipient spiritualists. Like a committee of unlettered rustics, who would essay to examine and define the aims and errors of scientific men—say chemists—they have blundered, and questioned, and misunderstood and befogged themselves into a glimmering of some of the facts and truths of that department of inquiry of which they were formerly ignorant. We most heartily wish them "God-speed," but can't help thinking they have taken a very pedantic, expensive, cumbersome and roundabout way of attaining to the vestibule of spiritual knowledge.]

CAN THE SOUL LEAVE THE BODY?

(To the Editor.)

In the struggle in which the infant Spiritualism is now engaged with the giant Science, it appears necessary to clear up, as far as possible, apparent contradictions, which are so many swords in the hands of its adversaries. With this object in view, I would direct attention to a discrepancy between the principle of actual spirit presence as laid down

by A. J. Davis, the clairvoyant philosopher, and the testimony of Mrs Cora L. V. Daniels, as recorded in the *Banner of Light*, No. 24. She gives an instance within her own personal experience of a spirit appearing a thousand miles away from the material body *which was then living*.

On the other hand, Mr Davis, in his recent work, "A Stellar Key," at page 171, says—"No man's soul ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead." "A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

Perhaps Mr Davis might be willing to speak further on this point through your columns. I am sure your readers would be much gratified if he would do so. I confess to being much puzzled, although convinced that there must be an explanation which would reconcile the two statements.

April, 1869.

A. B. TIETKINS.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

To the Editor.

I TOLD you in my last that Spiritualism was here at zero. I must now correct myself, for I have since ferretted out a goodly lot of mediums, amongst whom are two Catholic priests, also a group of votaries belonging to the thinking part of the community; and I have assisted at many most interesting seances. One of these mediums has most remarkable powers, as through him we obtain communications in Latin, French, English, and German, he not being acquainted with any of these languages. Through him we have also had a poem of 200 lines, in the Sicilian dialect—a most remarkable and smart composition. But, alas! the grand philosophy is here studied *sub noctem*, and its votaries hide themselves like robbers, so great is the fear of the censure of an unenlightened and bigotted age. I have spoken to them of the grand mission which has been entrusted to them; I have tried to make them perceive that to every privilege there is attached a duty, and that theirs is to spread the new truth. I hope I have made them a little ashamed of themselves.

I fully intended to go to Scordia and see the interesting mediums there, but the means of travelling are here so inconvenient, the roads so unsafe, and the inns so unspeakably atrocious, that in my present delicate state of health I cannot undertake the journey, and must forego the pleasure.

I think you will be interested in the fact that since the appearance of my challenge in *Human Nature*, I have received numerous letters with kind offers of assistance, in case the great champions of negation come forward. One of these offers I received last month, but I replied to them all that unfortunately their services would never be wanted, as the biggest giants often think discretion the best part of valour.

G. L. DAMIANI.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

Few of our readers, we think, will accuse us of playing the sycophant to titles. Perhaps we have too little reverence for "authorities." But experience plainly teaches, that in the reforms which it is our object to advance, little encouragement comes from those in high places. However, when occasion offers, we have no hesitation in speaking a word in praise of men of position who honestly give witness for highly unpopular truths. Of course, they are merely doing their duty in acting so; but the mass of people have little idea how difficult it often is for public teachers to act up to their private convictions.

In the course of a clinical lecture in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, a few weeks ago, Professor Macleod, surgeon to that institution, said he regretted very much they had not a Turkish Bath connected with such a large hospital; he felt confident that many of the surgical cases would be greatly benefitted by it. But the "red tape" and old-fashioned routine of public hospitals made it somewhat improbable that he would see such improvements; but he had no doubt they would come some day. This same surgeon, who has charge of three large wards in the infirmary, uses simple water-dressing in the vast majority of his cases, and with the best results. If a patient comes in with a badly bruised hand, which is a daily occurrence, instead of rolling it up out of sight with oiled bandages, plaster, &c., as formerly, he simply cleans it well, places a piece waterproof on the side of the bed, and causes a continual drip of water to fall on the hand, from a skein of worsted and a basin at the bedside. By this simple means, he believes he has saved many useful limbs, which, under the ordinary plan, would almost certainly have been amputated.

Professor Gairdner, physician to the same institution, warmly recommends the Turkish Bath to the students. He has been trying it in some of the infirmary cases with great success, and regrets exceedingly the expense and trouble involved in sending patients to hydropathic establishments outside to get the baths. He also uses the wet sheet packing in his wards.

Dr J. G. Swayne, lecturer on obstetric medicine at the Bristol Medical School, in a recent work on midwifery, says—"The author is in the habit of using the Turkish Bath after he has been exposed to infection of any kind, and he can confidently recommend it as the best means of cleansing the skin and eliminating animal poisons from the system."

Dr Macleod, above-mentioned, in drawing the attention of the students to a young Roman Catholic girl in his ward, who was dying from exhaustion after an amputation, and who had been ineffectually drugged with opiates, remarked, jokingly, that the best hypnotic would be some "crossings" from a priest. They might laugh, he said, at the idea, but he knew a gentleman in town whose life had been saved by the passes of a mesmerist. The gentleman had tried all the usual opiates to procure sleep, but they all failed, and he was dying of sheer exhaustion, when he was recommended to send to England for a mesmerist, who came, and succeeded at the first operation in putting him

asleep. It cost him £100, he said, but he had no doubt it saved his life.

Professor Rainy, of Glasgow University, recently related to his class the case of a gentleman whom he knew who had been cured of paraplegia, or paralysis of the lower extremities, by a mesmerist procured from England. He enabled him at the first sitting to move across the room. (Surely the Glasgow mesmerists are hiding their light under a bushel; it looks like sending "coals to Newcastle" to import mesmerists to Glasgow.)

Professor Simpson, of Glasgow, in lecturing the other day on death by starvation, classed mesmerism among the agents by which life might be prolonged to an unusual extent without food. He made no special remark about it, treating it as if it were a recognised drug of the pharmacopœia.

Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., one of the most popular preachers in Glasgow, publicly avows his belief that Christ wrought his "miracles" of healing by what we know as mesmerism. He speaks unhesitatingly of the phrenological development Christ must have had to enable him to act as he did. Clairvoyance and lucidity in its various forms he uses frequently as means of illustrating the Bible.

Enough for the present. These are small affairs, but they show that the tide is turning. "Canny" Scotland seems to be making progress in a way that is very encouraging. Let us not despair in our work, but disseminate the truths we possess as widely as possible; never doubting that the books, magazines, and tracts we scatter about, though often apparently wasted, may prove the coal formations of some future day.

CASTING LOTS.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—It appears to have been an ancient custom with religious men when desiring to know what it would be right to do, to cast lots. Lately acting upon the idea, when at a loss for right direction in a matter of importance, I took two slips of paper, and wrote on one—the thing, and on the other—not the thing. I then placed them, folded up, into a deep cap, and well shook them, at the same time offering up a prayer for direction, whether I should proceed in what I was about, and with the divine blessing, or whether I should not. I then drew out the paper having written upon it the thing; and this was repeated with like result. Requesting a friend to do the like, who was also interested in the matter, it was done, and the same paper drawn. Then another friend was requested to, who did so twice with the same result; and another did it once, and also drew out of the cap the paper with the writing—the thing. Thus, seven times in succession was this done, ending in the same, intimating I may proceed. Did all this occur in accordance with the doctrine of chances, or was there a hidden and controlling reality?

Others may be enabled to solve this for themselves by proper trial under similar circumstances, and perhaps may be reasonably recommended to.—I remain, yours respectfully,

B. T.

May 13, 1869.

MRS HARDINGE AT ROTHERHITHE.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—I write to record the great success attending a lecture on “Modern Spiritualism” by our kind friend, Mrs Hardinge, whose disinterested zeal for the promulgation of Spiritualism has rendered her so justly popular. The lecture, which lasted for one hour and a half, was a grand display of noble oratory and convincing argument. It was remarkable to notice that those who were the most bigotted previous to the commencement of the lecture, were the most enthusiastic in applause at its close; and the rush for the spiritualistic pamphlets (which were distributed gratuitously by the committee) was characteristic of the great impression that had been made on them by the discourse. Questions were put by several influential gentlemen, and were answered readily and conclusively, to the thorough satisfaction of the audience. We hope soon to establish an association for the spreading of this elevating subject, so that the inhabitants of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe may have the opportunity of fairly investigating it.

JOHN CHAMBERS.

88 Union Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

VACCINATION.

THE *Lancet* informs its readers that experimenters abroad are now introducing the cow-pox to the human subject direct from the heifer. Dry lymph answered the purposes of fashionable quackery a few years ago. Now it is the purulent discharge from pustulous heifers that is to purify the blood of misdirected humanity. We would recommend, in view of the teachings of that well-established science, comparative physiology, that the promoters of this new mode, before advocating its claims, moisten their tongues with the bland secretion so abundantly produced by the parotid glands of calves!

A public meeting was held in the St. Pancras Vestry Hall, on the evening of May 13, addressed by Drs Pearce and Reid, Messrs R. D. Gibbs, J. Burns, and other gentlemen. A resolution to petition both Houses of Parliament for an inquiry into the subject of vaccination was unanimously adopted.

It will be observed from our advertising pages that Dr Collins' admirable essay on vaccination is about to be republished in a cheap form. We would urge our readers to club together in their respective districts, and have 100 copies for circulation.

SPIRIT WRITING.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers explain to me how it is that a lady and gentleman of my acquaintance, who both developed the faculty of spirit-writing some months ago, can get no communication beyond the two words “Kelle” and “Kren,” or “Kreen,” repeated over and over again? Is there any meaning attached to these words? and if not, how is an intelligent communication to be obtained?

Cheshire.

S. W.

REVIEWS.

MUSICAL GYMNASTICS FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. By Dr LEWIS, Boston. Illustrated, boards 1s. London: J. Burns.

HEALTH is harmony of function. Our daily duties are continually causing us to overwork one part of our system and neglect others. Hence debility, failure, ill health, disease, and untimely death. The supreme remedy for organic inharmony is physical exercise. It is of great importance to the young in the formation of their bodies, taking a relative position to education with respect to the mind. But physical culture should be continued through life. All the muscles of the body should be normally exercised as nearly as possible equally in succession. This would give balance and strength to the whole system, and ward off disease. Many would be glad to know how to effect this, but their unacquaintance with the subject is an impediment to their taking intelligent action. Gymnasias are expensive and inconveniently situated; walking is not capable of doing all that is required; the velocipede is not suited to the tastes and prowess of all those who require physical recreation; and thus those who are most in want of muscular development have to dwindle down into hopeless atrophy. At such a juncture, Dr Lewis, with his parlour gymnastics in tune to music, is a friend not to be disregarded. His cheap hand-book, with hundreds of exercises which may be performed anywhere, is illustrated with 125 engravings of the positions and movements, so that a teacher is not necessary. Clubs or societies should be formed for the purpose of practising these beautiful and appropriate exercises, the apparatus for which costs something less than a crown.

We consider the subject so important that for a trifle we present Dr Lewis's hand-book to the purchasers of this number of *Human Nature*.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS; OR, UNION WITH GOD. By HORACE FIELD, B.A. London: Longman & Co. Pp. 444.

A PHILANTHROPIST who procures this book expecting, from the title, to find in it practical suggestions for founding orphan asylums, or dwellings for the houseless poor, will be at first almost as disappointed as the farmer who purchased Mr Ruskin's essay on "The Construction of Sheep-folds," and threw the book down in disgust on finding that it treated solely of ecclesiastical architecture. But as every true philanthropist must, from the very nature of his mission, be more or less a man of spiritual apprehension, a careful perusal of the book before us will convince him that the author has, in directing the homeless soul to its true home in the house of the All-Father, taken the surest means of awakening a practical interest in the material welfare of the human family. Has there ever been known a true philanthropist who did not recognise in human nature a threefold constitution of body, soul, and spirit? Nay, have not those, such as Howard, Mrs Fry, and Müller, who seemed to others over-solicitous about the habitation and welfare

of the spirit of man, taken a more than usual interest in providing for his bodily well-being? It must be confessed that in most cases hitherto man's spiritual home has been represented as so narrow as to admit of but a select few, while the great majority of homeless souls were left without hope to the miseries and horrors of an outer darkness. Happily Spiritualism, among other good deeds for which it fails as yet to get true credit, has been gradually preparing the minds of men to reject with abhorrence such restricted ideas of the love and power of the great Architect. To those who have read a previous work, "Heroism," by the same author, and who have been, as we were, somewhat repelled by the apparent harshness of its leading theory, that book appears to us now as sour grapes which have ripened in this to a fruit sweet and pleasant to the taste, and full of most refreshing juices, making a wine cheering to the heart of God and man, for it brings both into sensible union and communion. We can confidently promise all who read it carefully and intelligently, even should they differ from much of its reasoning, that its suggestive thought will awaken and strengthen many ideas that have lain dormant in the intellect. Regarding Mr Field's book with a critical eye, we feel disposed to question the relevancy of much of the poetical colloquy appended to each of its seven parts; but as we were not the medium through whom the work was given to the world, we consider the author as the best judge of the question submitted to his readers respecting those verses:—"Do they add to the wholeness and roundness of the book? Does the book convey the HUMANITY I wish it to express more fully with or without them?"

J.

SOME TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

THE field of progressive literature has been remarkably fertile of late. It is not long since the first of a series of three volumes by Andrew Jackson Davis saw the light, viz., "Arabula, or the Divine Guest," "A Stellar Key to the Summer Land," and later, "Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events, embracing authentic Facts, Impressions, and Discoveries in Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism," &c., &c., (all three published in Boston by White, & Co., the first at 7s 6d, the second at 5s, and the third at 7s 6d).

The last post has brought us from New York another volume by the same author, entitled the "Tale of a Physician" (Boston: White & Co., 5s). Who would have thought that this philosophic, staid writer would have produced a novel, a high coloured romance, with plot, incident, and treatment of the most exciting description? Yet he assures us in the preface that every statement in it is founded on fact, with only a thin gauze of fiction to hide the real personages from the public gaze. His experiences as a clairvoyant must have furnished him with the materials for this volume, which it would have been exceedingly difficult for him to have gathered by any other means. It will probably astonish all who read it, and prove one of the most interesting of the many volumes that have issued from this pen. The revelations of crime which it shadows forth will fill with wholesome horror every well-regulated mind,

whilst its well-directed home-thrusts may inspire those who love "the ways of the transgressor" with denunciations of the author and his book. It unmistakably points out the causes of crime, the conditions which lead to criminality, and thus the remedy is indicated.

Dr Edwin Lee sends us his work on "Animal Magnetism and Lucid Somnambulism, with Observations and Illustrative Instances of analogous Phenomena occurring spontaneously" (London: Longmans & Co., 7s 6d). The author is a voluminous writer of considerable reputation, and his work is a valuable handbook of the subject; but to bring it within the reach of the great body of students and experimenters, he must issue a cheaper edition.

The same field is occupied by Dr Underhill on "Mesmerism, with Criticisms on its Opposers, and a Review of Humbugs and Humbuggers, with practical Instructions for Experiments in the Science, full directions for using it as a remedy in disease, and the Philosophy of its curative powers; how to develop a good Clairvoyant; the Philosophy of seeing without eyes; the proofs of immortality derived from the unfoldings of Mesmerism; evidence of Mental Communion without sight or sound between bodies far apart in the flesh; Communion of Saints or the Departed," (Chicago, 5s). The author is a Doctor of Medicine, late Professor of Chemistry, &c., &c. He seems to be a practical man on the subject of which he treats, and his work has obtained considerable popularity in America. It is given in the form of lectures.

"Seers of the Ages" (Boston: White & Co., 8s), is a goodly volume by Mr J. M. Peebles, lecturer on Spiritualism and Western Editor of the *Banner of Light*, in which the doctrines of Spiritualism are stated and its moral tendencies defined. The manifestations of Spiritualism in all ages are carefully traced through the Hindoo, Egyptian, Chinese, Hebraic, Grecian, Roman, and other nationalities. The work is largely composed of choice extracts from ancient authors, and the experiences and testimony of eminent men in all ages. The subject is then carried through the apostolic, mediæval, and modern times, when the whole question of Spiritualism is fully stated. A well-classified index and list of authors add much to the value of the work. The style in which it is produced reflects great credit upon the firm of William White & Co., Boston, whose imprint it bears. The same publishers have lately issued a work by J. S. Silver, entitled "The Gospel of Good and Evil" (Boston: White & Co., 7s 6d), consisting of a hundred and thirty short essays, designed to illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each treated separately. Amongst much that is good and sound in this book, there seems to be a large admixture of prosy sermonising and wearisome nonsense. The subject is an extensive and important one, and the author's treatment of it is very much to be preferred to the flinty denunciations which have been too plentifully showered upon erring humans.

A genial tractate is "What is Right?" (6d), by William Denton. It forms an admirable companion to his previous discourses, "Be Thyself," and the "Rule of Right" (6d each). "The Crumb Basket" (Boston, 2s 6d), by the same author, is declared to be one of the best books for children.

"Better Ways of Living" (Boston, 5s), by Dr A. B. Child, is a characteristic volume, and harmonises with the views laid down in his other works, "Whatever is Right," and "Christ and the People" (Boston, 6s and 5s respectively). Thoughtful readers will find much to appreciate in this author's productions.

The most notorious incident connected with Spiritualism of late has been the appearance of a book by the celebrated literateur, Epes Sargent, entitled "Planchette, or the Despair of Science" (Boston, paper 4s 6d, cloth 6s). It is a very full and reliable statement of Spiritualism as to its history, facts, and philosophy. It draws largely from European sources. The views of Mr J. W. Jackson, Mr Leighton of Liverpool, Mr Atkinson, "Honestas," and others are largely derived from *Human Nature*. Several editions have been exhausted in a few weeks, and it is expected to have a brilliant career before it.

Coming down to the realm of the practical, we have much pleasure in noticing an essay read at the Manchester Statistical Society by Mrs Baines on the "Prevention of Excessive Infant Mortality. We would earnestly recommend those who investigate this subject to read Mr Davis's "Tale of a Physician." There is much practical matter embodied in a little work with a long title, by Martin J. Boon, on "Home Colonisation, including a plan showing how all the unemployed may have profitable work, and thus prevent Pauperism and Crime" (London: Farrah, 4d). Here is a subject worthy of the attention of the philanthropist, politician, and, let us add, the ratepayer. If our author could tell us how to get rid of the political and administrative nightmare that treads society beneath the pale of adopting any important reform, then his present work would find a sphere of wider use than merely gratifying the private views of the speculative social reformer.

All the above works may be obtained at the Progressive Library, either to read or to purchase.

MISCELLANEA.

CASTELAR, in the Spanish Cortes, speaking of freedom of conscience said—"Religion cannot work on our will, if it does not first work on our understanding."

THE Glasgow Psychological Society has had a lecture on the "Psychology of Macbeth" from Dr Sexton. The lecturer said, that "witches" ought to be read fairies, which was the original meaning of Shakespeare.

THE friends of Human Nature in Birmingham have formed a mesmeric institution for the cure of disease. A correspondent desires to know how to fall about a similar work in Sheffield. He has effected several cures himself.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR J. W. JACKSON.—We again solicit the attention of the Friends of Progress to the appeal in connection with this object, which appears on the wrapper of our present number. Let us all do what we can to make this a successful effort.

MR AND MRS EVERITT'S CIRCLE.—Since our last issue, we have had the pleasure of again visiting this interesting family, and witnessing the very unusual phenomena which take place at their circle. We there met eminent and experienced spiritualists, who occupy important positions both in this country and in America, and the evening thus presented a variety of attractions. We regret to have to report that Mrs Everitt is at present suffering from delicate health, induced, in most part, from the many personal sacrifices she has made for the cause of Spiritualism.

A SIMPLE CURE.—In his early manhood he was terribly afflicted with hypochondria: was frightened at a mouse, fancied himself a teapot, and was a prey to other phantasies. Physicians ordered him to eat meat and drink wine freely, which he did. For twenty years, from twenty-four to forty-four, he continued, in this wretched condition, when, at the suggestion of a friend in Hampshire, he gave up both meat and wine, and for the remainder of his life was teetotalter and vegetarian. His hypochondria, and bilious, rheumatic, and gouty ailments wholly disappeared; and in his eightieth year he described himself as a stronger man in every respect than at thirty.—(Thomas Shillitoe, Quaker Preacher, in the *North Londoner*.)

THE Association for Preventing Pauperism, Mendicity, and Crime (Offices, 15 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.), are very practical in their operation. We recommend our readers to send for a prospectus. The plan suggested is thus described by W. M. Wilkinson, Esq., in the *London Mirror*:—An admirable and simple system is in operation at Blackheath, of distributing to each house perforated sheets of tickets, resembling postage stamps, to be given to mendicants, by whom they are to be taken to the Society's charity office. There the case is examined by the charity officer, who is in communication with the relieving officers, the police, the clergy, and the district visitors, who readily test its merits, and refer the applicant to the proper quarter. Indiscriminate charity is thus entirely prevented. If a case appears where a loan will save the applicant from becoming a pauper, money is lent. This plan, if applied to the whole metropolis, would probably of itself furnish a sufficient machinery to effect the great object of emancipating the charities from supplementing the poor-law, and kind, wise, and good people would not give less, but more, when they found that their money was expended with sense and discretion, amongst those only with whom private charity ought properly to deal. It is stated that this simple system had the wholesome effect of driving all the vagrants and professional beggars from the district in which it was adopted.

THE CASE OF THE PRINCESS ISABEAN DE BEAUVAN CRADU has been finally brought before the Civil Tribune of the Seine, by a petition on the part of her mother to declare her *non compos mentis*, because of her connection with Spiritualism. The princess had been subjected to family persecution and a long course of litigation, the successive stages of which she defended by letter and by counsel. At the last hearing she appeared in court and defended herself in person, replying to a

crushing speech of her mother's counsel. Her ladylike appearance, perfect composure, and self-possession produced a great impression, and her speech was a very good one. She admitted she had run away, but simply because she knew that her family would have her locked up as insane had she not done so. She then went on to argue very temperately that if a taste for supernatural sciences were a proof of insanity, then some of the highest in the land were insane. She set forth that the ground of the misunderstanding between her mother and herself was exclusively pecuniary, and related to the inheritance left by her father; and wound^{ed} up her speech by asking the court, now that they had heard and seen her, whether they believed this trumped-up charge of insanity. The crown-advocate took up a whole day to state his opinion on the case. He held that the defendant was of sound mind, and urged that the petition be dismissed. The court, however, took a middle course. It rejected the petition, holding that the state of mind of the defendant was not such as to justify interdiction; but, considering that the princess had a tendency to be extravagant in money matters, appointed a curator, and adjudged her mother to pay her alimony at the rate of 2000 francs a-month.

HIRWAIN—PROFESSOR BURNS.—This earnest social reformer lectured here three nights last week. Mr D. E. Williams, J.P., Mr W. Williams, and Mr S. Picton, took the chair on each night respectively, and the meetings were respectably attended. On the first evening, Mr Burns, in his plain, graphic, and masterly style, treated on the necessities of society in relation to health, medicine, diet, etc. He showed with force that beauty, strength, happiness, morality, and even religion depended to a great extent on the observance of natural laws, and the fulfilment of the natural callings of our constitution. Not the least interesting part of this lecture was that on exercise, with practical illustrations done to music, with dumb-bells, rings, and wands. On Tuesday we had the impediments people put in the way of their getting on in the world. This lecture had relation chiefly to alcoholic drinks and bad food, with their blighting effects on energy and clearness of brain—temperance vindicated on physiological grounds. The working classes, and indeed all classes, could not but profit by the hearing of so capital a disquisition on health, wealth, and happiness. On Wednesday, Mr Burns spoke for two hours to an increased and most attentive audience, on love, courtship, and marriage, a most interesting subject, and one we have heard abused ere now by lecturers not alive to its importance. This lecture was exalted, solemn, convincing, and amusing, without the usual extravagance of laughter and levity that the subject might open the way to. Mr Burns has the courage and also the skill to treat the subject from a point of view that a less able man might shrink from. We heard things, new to most people, put with great clearness, power, and effect. We cannot praise these lectures too highly, and if a few gentlemen who love their neighbours are wishful to better them, they cannot do better than join together, stir up the place, and invite Mr Burns to come and deliver a series of his useful lectures.—*The Cambria Daily Leader*, Monday, May 17, 1869.

SPIRITUALISM DEFENDED.—The *Glasgow Herald* of May 18, in a leading article on the Spirit Photograph Case, denounced Spiritualism and its friends in a vulgar strain of bitterness and wrath. On the following day, Mr James Brown, in a bold and manly letter takes the Editor to task, concluding as follows:—"I may observe that this very paltry and childish reasoning [the production of imitations] was the very and only one that has ever been urged to prove the phenomena of the Davenport Brothers to be wicked impositions. For a while they stood masters of the field; the conjurors were out-conjured. Suddenly a desire for imitation seized the tribe, and imitations we had in numbers infinite. But where, I would ask, and when was the Brothers' imposition and jugglery discovered? While their poor imitators are still hawking about their wares in nameless obscurity, the Brothers Davenport are at the present moment the centre of attraction and interest in some of the chief cities of the Western Republic. . . . In defence also of the position of Spiritualism at the present time in this country, allow me to say that it is very far distant from the truth to assert that Spiritualism only 'maintains a skulking existence,' and that 'there are signs that the game is nearly played out.' In Glasgow, and more especially in London, has it been at no previous time about as popular—the best evidence of that being that a greater indifference is shown now than formerly by many eminent men to the obloquy and persecution which are the attendants always of an honest profession of faith in this beautiful truth. Witness also the scientific investigation which is being prosecuted at the present time by the Dialectical Society of London."

DEATH OF ROBERT LEIGHTON, THE POET.—The newspapers have very generally noticed the departure of Robert Leighton, whose brother Mr Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool, is well known to many of our readers. We take the following extracts from a communication by Mr James Nicholson in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*:—"Robert Leighton possessed to the full all the endearing qualities of the poet, without those humiliating weaknesses which so often render the man of genius an object of compassion to his fellow-men. On this account he was beloved by all who knew him, while his poetical productions are no less the delight of thousands who never came under the spell of his presence, but who have the soul to appreciate him through his writings. His Scottish pieces, by which he is best known on this side the Tweed, are, we believe, familiar to thousands who never heard his name, chiefly from the fact that they were at first published anonymously. But in the more stately English his genius found no less golden utterance, as all may see from the beautiful editions of his poems which have been recently published by Routledge. Robert Leighton, though for years a resident in Liverpool, was born in Dundee, and was by nature no less than by birth a thorough Scotchman. The illness which terminated in his decease on the 10th of the present month, originated in an injury done to the kidneys, caused, it is supposed, by the unmitigated jolting of an Irish jaunting car over bad roads while on a business tour in Ireland, about two years ago. He endeavoured to shake off his growing indisposition by the aid of medical skill, but without success; thinking

that a change of air might have the desired effect, he came down to Glasgow last summer, and took up his abode in the beautiful seaside village of Ascog in Bute. It was at this time I had the pleasure of a call from him, and I must say that I have never seen the man—not to say poet—whom I was so much disposed to love at first sight as Robert Leighton. His intelligence, his pawky humour, the complete absence of everything like conceit or the assumption of superiority, and above all his growing sympathy and enthusiasm, rendered his company on that occasion a treat which I shall not soon forget, the more so that it was destined to be the last. . . . In a letter to me from his bereaved partner intimating the sad event, she informs me that his love of flowers was during his long illness quite a passion. On receiving a sprig of the golden-blossomed whin from his sister in Glasgow, he exclaimed, ‘Oh, grand! Oh, glorious! Oh, good heavens, the whin! Now I might die happy.’ As he lived, so he died, a pure-minded child of Nature, familiar with her every aspect, and seeing in her the expression of that love which is infinite as it is divine. And now it is no small consolation to those who mourn his loss that his liberated spirit is now realising in full that glorious ideal of which it was his greatest happiness to dream in the intervals of a life of toil and subsequent suffering.”

ANOTHER SINGULAR CASE OF TRANCE.—Another interesting case of trance, in which a girl has lived for six months, and is still living, without food (and which is somewhat analogous to the case reported from Wales), has occurred at Ulverston. It is now occupying the attention of the medical men in the district. A girl, named Addison, eleven years of age, was in October last removed to the Old Hall farm, the property of Mr A. Brogden, M.P., for change of air, and almost immediately she lapsed into a state of lethargy, being totally unconscious of everything passing around her. In this condition she remained until January, her parents occasionally moistening her lips with a little tea, or wine and water. She then regained consciousness for a few days, and was able to converse. She spoke of the happiness she had lately experienced, and of interviews she had had with friends in heaven. Upon relapsing into the unconscious state in which she now lies, her features assumed an ecstatic expression; and, strange as it may appear, that portion of the head which Dr Gall assigns as the organ of veneration has retained a perceptible degree of warmth, whilst the rest of the head, as well as the body, has been perfectly cold. The features are immobile, the eyelids alone showing a reflex action when touched. All the limbs are rigid, and the only sign of life exhibited for the long period of six months has been the continual gentle heaving of the chest; and for the past three months not a particle of food, solid or liquid, has passed the child's lips. The medical men who have visited the case consider it more interesting than any of the numerous similar ones related in Dr Forbes Winslow's similar work on “The Obscure Diseases of the Mind and Brain.” Dr Barber, who is contributing a paper on the case to the Cumberland branch of the British Medical Association, holds the theory that the lethargic condition of the child is due to the non-elimination of the urea. She is gradually becoming more and more emaciated, and appears to be rapidly approaching dissolution.—*North British Daily Mail*.