

The Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF
Spiritualism and Psychological Research.

APRIL, 1882.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

The Psychological Review is this month enlarged to 80 pp. instead of 48 pp. After nine months' experience I find that, from a literary point of view, it gives promise of a thoroughly successful career. Most of the best writers on Spiritualism and Psychology, both in this country and America, have either given or promised their steady and regular support, and recently a mass of most valuable and interesting matter has been placed at my disposal which want of space alone prevented my using. I endeavoured partially to meet the difficulty by giving an extra sheet, or half sheet, with each number for some months past, but still found that I was unable to do what I would like. It then became apparent that half measures were of no avail, and in order to give the *Review* proper scope, and to enable its contents to partake of a more varied character, it was necessary to seriously consider the advisability of permanently increasing the number of pages.

9 result is the present enlarged issue with, I hope, a more and interesting table of contents than heretofore. Whether

the change is permanent will depend in a great measure on the action of subscribers and friends. Many, on learning of the proposed change, at once agreed to take an extra copy, or copies to be posted to addresses supplied by themselves; and I need hardly say that were this course generally adopted, my task would be made a comparatively easy one. If each reader who has not already done so, would double the number of copies for which he or she subscribes, there would not be much fear of the change being but a temporary one.

Personally, I prefer this course to any other. There was not the slightest shadow of a doubt that the *Review* was crippled by reason of its size. It was impossible to deal promptly with the mass of matter that came in, and in several instances I am afraid contributors thought themselves slighted because their papers were held over.

It was very evident, therefore, that a larger number of pages was absolutely necessary. This, as a matter of course, involves double expense in production, but I was very unwilling to even consider the question of raising the price, which, to my mind, would have been a very ill-advised step. If the circulation is but doubled, that, in conjunction with other arrangements, will meet the exigencies of the case. If my readers think the *Review* deserves encouragement, they will, by adopting the above mentioned suggestion (*i.e.*, if they have not already done so), render me valuable aid, and make a not altogether easy task less burdensome.

"THE CHRISTIAN GLOBE" ON THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

"This is not a magazine that is likely to be popular in the common meaning of the word, nor to be largely circulated among the general public. But to the student and theologian, to those who love sound reason and weighty argument, and refuse to confine their mental vision to the dull humdrum round of every-day life, it will be found of absorbing interest: the more so because the phenomena it discusses are dealt with in a candid, impartial spirit which is as aloof from the fanaticism of the enthusiast as from the crass obstinacy of the avowed sceptic, who loftily rejects what he cannot understand, without troubling to ascertain how far even known facts justify his attitude of incredulity. For ourselves, however we may differ in opinion with regard to the merit of certain theories broached in the present number of the *Review*, we yet willingly testify to the ability with which they are handled, and to the religious sentiment, reverent and kindly, which pervades them all."—*Christian Globe*.

THE INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUALISM ON CURRENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

I have often urged the view that the effects of the teaching of Spiritualism do not always appear on the surface. To those who read between the lines of the history of present day life and thought,

a very marked change is observable in the attitude of the churches towards the teaching, if not the phenomena, of Spiritualism. This tendency crops up in the most unexpected and unlikely quarters. For example, the following poem by Mr. Hudson Tuttle, which is full of uncompromising Spiritualism, has been the round of the American Religious Press. Seemingly they do not object to it in this form; whereas, were it mentioned by name, nothing short of a howl of derision and ridicule would greet the unhappy wight who dared to speak of such an unholy thing. It is the old story over again: the progress of new truth is so slow and gradual, that all at once people wake up and say, "Why, this is no new thing, I have always believed it." So will it be with Spiritualism. The time will come when people will forget the hard and rugged road which the early pioneers have trodden, and will assert that they never doubted its truth. I therefore hold that good work is being done by those who familiarise the masses with spiritual truth by presenting it in a guise similar to that in the following poem.

DEATH OF BISHOP HAVEN.

To a friend he said: "The first Sunday in the new year I shall spend in glory." So real was this "glory" to the man who was so soon to enter it, that he and his widowed sister, Mrs. Cox, spoke together of the message which he was to take from her to her husband. . . . Then, referring to his own experience, he said: "It is so delightful dying—it is so pleasant—so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in His arms. I cannot see the river of death—there is no river—it is all light—I am floating away from earth up into heaven—I am gliding away unto God." . . . To Professor Lindsay, when taking his leave, the bishop said: "Good evening, doctor. When we next meet it will be good morning." . . . When he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weary labours and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself, in spite of sickness and sorrow and pain, for all these long, lonesome years, he said: "After I have seen the Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thousand years with my head in the lap of my Mary."—*Boston Herald*.

Life's earnest day drew near its close, a day completely given
To do the work the Master gave; to fashion earth for heaven.

No martyr by the rack or flame had suffered greater pain
Than he had borne without a moan, and counted as his gain.

And now was past the bloody sweat, the gall, the thrushing spear,
A joy divine upon him broke from the supernal sphere.

And as he trembles on the verge of life and death by turns,
His vaulting spirit gathers strength, and earthly fetters spurns.

He smiles at death bereft of sting; he scorns the narrow grave;
Soon will he taste the fruits of life, and in its waters lave.

Awed by his faith, his friends stand mute his latest words to hear,
They know who works his Master's will has naught at death to fear.

A smile lit up his pallid brow, as oft the setting sun
Breaks through the clouds and glorifies, as night comes swiftly on.

"No clouds obstruct my vision clear, I feel no dread alarms;
The angels wait around my bed; God folds me in his arms.

"Oh, it is pleasure—it is joy! my prisoned spirit thrills
With this new life, that comes of death, which all my being fills.

"No river spreads in fog obscured; oh light! all things are light!
I float from earth into the heavens entranced with keen delight.

"Good evening now, when next we meet, within the crystal gate,
'Twill be good morning ever more, nor have we long to wait.

"Your message, sister, I will bear to him who keeps your heart,
He is with Mary—joyful thought, no more from her I part!

"Oh weeping mother, daughter dear, and you, my noble son,
May love of Jesus make you his, and with him be as one."

He paused, the damp was on his brow; he laboured hard for breath;
He whispered, "Jesus, now I come"—and life gave place to death.

His body sleeps; his friends they weep; but he in heaven is blessed;
A heaven so perfect in its joy, activity is rest.

A DREAM-WARNING OF APPROACHING DANGER.

A lady, writing under the initials "B. H." and who will be recognised by many of my readers, sends me the following narrative, supplementing it with details as to names, etc., which however, for obvious reasons, I suppress:—

(To the Editor of THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.)

DEAR SIR,—I think these dreams, related to me by a French lady, may interest. We were conversing on impressions and dreams, when a Mrs. W—— asked me if I believed in dreams, and said she had had some very remarkable, which she would relate to me:—

Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. W—— went with her husband to visit a relation. On retiring at night, and bidding the old lady adieu, she quietly said, "Go and dream, and come to me in the morning and relate it to me; I am very good at explaining dreams." I laughed merrily, and went to bed, and, soon falling asleep, dreamt I was standing in a large room opposite a bed. In it lay my husband fast asleep. I noticed that the bed was long, but very narrow, so wondered how he had settled himself so comfortably and neatly. As I looked, I saw that a lovely wreath of flowers bordered the bed. There was a continuous spray of white lilacs and one of roses, and I inhaled the sweet perfume as I stood there. After which I turned away, and perceived that a tile in the floor was displaced. Stooping to replace it, I saw something white beneath, and removed a white handkerchief. Then I saw another tile was raised, and another and another, and under each I found a handkerchief, till I had collected twelve dozen, and laid them in twelve piles. After this the vision faded, and I awoke, feeling sad and depressed, I knew not why. I dressed hastily, impatient to ask the old lady her explanation of my dream, and did not relate it to my husband. On entering the old lady's room, she cheerfully said, "Tell me your pretty dream, my child;" but as I related the vision, the old lady's face grew sadder

and sadder, and, on my asking for an explanation, she wept. "No, my child, let us think no more about it; I do not like it, and wish I had not heard it. Nervously and anxiously, I pressed her to tell me her interpretation, finally saying, "I shall feel quite unhappy if you do not tell me all you feel and think." The old lady said, "The handkerchiefs forebode sorrow, the twelve piles twelve months; you will, I fear, lose your husband within the year; watch him well the eleventh month." At that time my husband was in apparently excellent health, but on the eleventh month he had a violent hemorrhage, and gently sank. While standing by him, I perceived the border of the quilt was of lilacs and roses such as I had seen in my vision, only woven instead of fresh flowers. Another dream that much impressed me was while visiting my father-in-law in the country. I thought I was walking by the seaside in the distance, and perceived three ships, one a very large vessel in full sail, and two smaller ones; all the sails were black, and so strange did it appear, I called to a sailor that was passing on the beach and asked what the three ships could be? He replied, "Oh, madame, that is the death-ship, and it is come to fetch some one belonging to you." In the morning I heard my father-in-law was not well, and in three days he passed away.

May we not infer the visions were presented to a sensitive brain, to warn her of approaching sorrow, and soften the blow, by loving gentle spirits surrounding and watching tenderly over her?—B. H.

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY.*

In every great moral crisis of the world, when a new epoch is modelled by the spiritual forces of the unseen, one special question surges up. This is the unsatisfactory relation of man and woman considered as individuals of an opposite sex. The movements of Christ and Buddha moved on this point in parallel lines. Not only society, but the very adytum of the temple was defiled. How much this was the case is only known to those who peer into the secret chambers of museums, and who can tell what sort of carvings were found, for instance, in the Cave Temple of Elephanta. Drastic measures were necessary to purify the Holy of Holies. That is, I think, the main explanation of the celibacy which was made binding on all religious teachers. The movement of Mahomet, so far as regards the sexes, was simply retrograde. Luther's reform contained the germs of woman's emancipation. It was not until the French Revolution that any serious effort was made to modify the marriage laws, which bound living Joans to the dead corpses of wedlock. Under the Directory folks could contract or dissolve marriage merely by appearing before a notary. The movement of modern Spiritualism is urging changes, not all of them wise. No doubt the doctrine of Free Love in the mind of Mary Wollstonecraft and in the mind of Messa-

* "An Essay on Self-Consciousness and the Rationale of Love." P. F. Fitzgerald. Trübner.

lina would mean two distinct things. But we are of opinion that Free Love would debauch any society short of a society of seraphs.

Why are so many marriages unhappy? Many answers are given to this important question. It is said that mamas, the ordinary mamas at least, are preparing their daughters for the rôle of wife on completely false principles. At the altar the happy husband sees before him a perfect picture of a spouse. She is beautiful, tastefully dressed. Her hands are like alabaster, and quite unstained of course by vulgar toil, or even printer's ink and the tubes sold by the artist's colourman. It need not be said, likewise, that her marble brow has never been vexed by logarithms or crabbed Oxford professors. In conversation, perhaps, she has shone more by reticence than by actual wit. In a few days her husband may perhaps find out that she is ignorant, childish, and that her training for the rôle of wife has been absolutely *nil*.

But if Edwin has cause to complain of Angelina, Angelina on the other hand has often good reasons to complain of Edwin. For this the mama is much to blame likewise. From infancy the daughter has been taught that to secure a home is the one and only object of womanhood. It has been repeatedly urged upon her that this should be done before her charms wane. But if a young lady is not pretty and not rich her choice is limited. Her home, it may be, is uncomfortable, and she is prompted to take the first man that has enough to support a wife. Edwin and Angelina go through life together without an absolute catastrophe. They even contrive to conceal their unhappiness from the outside world by pleasant smirks and grins. Fitfully each sincerely strives to place matters on a more harmonious footing; but their efforts always result in failure, for a natural law intervenes.

A thoughtful writer, P. F. Fitzgerald (are we justified in saying Mrs. or Miss Fitzgerald?), in the work we are criticising, shows us its nature. Polarity is the law of the moral as well as the physical universe. Mercury is positive to iodine but negative to sodium. Olive tones cling lovingly to pure red on the canvases of Titian and Rubens, but when purple weds red with a dauber for priest, we feel that the marriage is an unhappy one. We will quote one or two passages from this work—which takes up also, we may mention, the philosophy of being from a hopeful and idealistic standpoint.

"Spiritual union is the true ground of families holding together . . . the complementariness of the elders is reproduced in the children, so they are harmonious."

"Spinoza's definition of love is 'Joy from an external object.'"

"Heaven (says the Hindoo) is the eternity of perpetually increasing capability of giving and receiving happiness."

How complementaries are to discover one another when courtship is practically a mask is a difficult question. But the vast strides now

made in female education, etc., are making many more women independent. An independent woman *may* make a bad choice; a dependent is almost sure to make one.

Our author combats the fashionable agnosticism of the day, and contends that unless the idea of God is involved in our self-consciousness his existence must be for us contingent and unnecessary. Perfected spiritual harmony is the condition of mortal happiness. Morality is defined as the sense of responsibility to our Creator to act according to the rational nature he has given to us.

THE DAY-DAWN OF THE PAST.*

This book has an interest of its own which it is not out of place, I think, to notice in these pages. Its chief aim appears to be to present the latest deductions of science on the vexed question of Creation in a popular form, and to show that the Bible and Science are not opposed to each other, but that, if common sense is used by both parties in interpreting the inspired written word on the one hand, and the inspired book of nature on the other, the two inspirations will be mutually supplementary and helpful.

The "Old Etonian" starts on the basis that "it is no possible good to abuse a man because he cannot believe the same as you do. You might," he says, "just as well abuse him for catching the small-pox, or suffering from yellow fever, or any other epidemic that happens to be in the air. Let us hope the world has grown beyond the day when the honest questions of the human heart were met by priests with threats of damnation." This spirit is maintained throughout the book, which is, indeed, thoroughly permeated with a liberal theology. In no case is this more apparent than in the chapter dealing with the inspiration of the Bible, entitled "Divine Truths and Human Instruments." For instance, such passages as these occur:—

"My object is to see if we cannot arrive at some fair conclusion as to what the Bible really is, and as to the position which we ought to take up as to its inspiration. In doing this we must deal with the Bible just as we should with any other book. I am at a loss to imagine how we are to search God's Word if we are not to apply to it exactly the same rules of criticism which we should apply to any other work. . . . Let us, then, in a careful and reverential spirit search and see whether this letter bears such marks as we should expect to find in it. Let us see whether it shows a Creator's knowledge of the creature's heart, whether it be wholly from the Father's hands, or

* The Day-Dawn of the Past, being a Series of Lectures on Science and Revelation as seen in Creation. By An Old Etonian. Price 3s. 6d.; post free 4s. Can be obtained at the Office of the *Psychological Review*, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

whether, amongst the long list of human messengers through whose hands it has passed, it has contracted any human element or lost any of its original meaning."

It will thus be seen that the author recognises the fact that though the message or revelation may be from God, yet it has passed through faulty human channels, and possibly thereby lost some of its original meaning. He further points out another difficulty which confronts us, viz., that there are two distinct interpretations as to the meaning of inspiration.

"One set of people, happily, I believe, a very small set, hold that every word in the Bible is the directly inspired utterance of God himself; whilst others, while admitting that the Bible *contains* the inspiration of God, consider the words used not to be inspired, holding that such inspiration would be impossible inasmuch as the book has been constantly copied, and some mistakes, small or great, are inevitable, while it would apparently be a pure waste of inspiration to inspire a book written in a language scarcely used amongst the nations of the world unless each and every translation of the Bible into all the modern languages were equally gifted. No greater injury could be inflicted upon the Bible than to claim for it any position which can manifestly be shown to be absurd, nor could you run any greater risk yourself than in building up your faith on an entirely erroneous view of the Scriptures, and one which, when you find its inability to stand even the most ordinary rules of criticism, may bring to wreck not only itself but also your belief in the holy truths which you imagine to be dependent on the false position you had taken up. Now, I do not wish to overstate or misstate the belief that some who uphold what is called 'plenary inspiration' profess. They state 'every word and syllable is the direct utterance of the Most High;' and again that 'Paul needed as much inspiration to ask for his cloak when he felt cold, as he did to teach the infant Christian churches the truths of God.'"

The next step is to show the absurdities of this view and that judged by their own standard, the upholders of plenary inspiration are not conscientious, after which he proceeds to show that though the Bible may contain messages suitable to all kinds and conditions of men, yet they require above all *to be properly chosen*, and that they are no more universally applicable than is any one drug in a chemist's shop to all kinds of disease.

The events of the six days of Creation are then dealt with, and are profusely illustrated by wood cuts, with which the volume literally bristles: the type also is good, and altogether the book is very pleasant to the hand and eye. I cordially recommend it to those interested in the subject with which it deals.

FICTION AND SPIRITUALISM.

There is no doubt that fiction can very advantageously be utilised in illustrating the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. Holding this view, I have for some months past endeavoured to vary the contents of the *Psychological Review* by the introduction of complete and serial tales in which psychology holds a prominent position. That these have been doing good work I feel assured, and I, therefore, very readily accepted the serial novel now running through these pages. Some have failed to see as yet the reason for its appearance, but the development of the plot—which will take place shortly—I have no doubt, will be satisfactory. *Apròpos* of fiction in Spiritualist papers, I note with pleasure that both the *Banner of Light* and the *Harbinger of Light* have followed suit in this respect. The tales in both these papers open well, and promise to prove of absorbing interest. Another idea: some subscribers have thought that the space allotted to fiction might have been better occupied, and a place given to more suitable matter. In reply to this, I would say that instead of 48 pp. I have given 64 pp. and 56 respectively in the January and February issues, last month the number of pages extended to 56, and with the current issue they are nearly doubled, so that in presenting the novel nothing has been taken from the space allotted to any other department. I make this explanation not as an apology—that is not needed—but simply to point out that subscribers are getting all they were promised for their subscriptions, and oftentimes an extra sheet or half sheet.

A VOLUME OF TRANCE ADDRESSES.

Among the trance speakers of this country Mr. J. J. Morse has attained a deserved prominence. Occasionally the lectures he has delivered have been reported in the journals of this country and America. Recently Mr. Morse delivered a series of eight addresses before the Central London Spiritual Evidence Society, on the Sunday evenings of January and February of the present year. It is proposed to publish the entire series in book form, at a price that will be within the reach of all, so that an extended circulation may be ensured. The Spirit-teachings through Mr. Morse are infused with a spirit of rationality and soberness that has ever commended them to the calm judgment of Spiritualists and inquirers. No doubt a ready sale will meet the proposed work upon its appearance.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE RAILWAY BOOK-STALL MONOPOLY.

I am glad to see that at last there is a probability of a move being made towards breaking up the dangerous monopoly wielded by Messrs. Smith & Son in connection with the railway book-stall interest. Either personally, or through the acts of his representatives, Mr. Smith has long constituted himself a censor of the press. He has the bulk of provincial towns practically in his hands as far as the diffusion of literature is concerned, and many places are solely

supplied by the railway book-stalls, local newsvendors being compelled to take what he chooses to supply. It is no secret that this power is used to a large extent, and that he has steadily refused to allow any book or paper connected with Spiritualism to lie on the book-stalls belonging to his firm. *Ceteris paribus*, a man has of course a perfect right to say what he will or will not sell, but in the case of a monopoly like this the bookseller, who does his best to stifle a subject of which a true and rational view can only be obtained through its own literature, lays himself open at least to a suspicion of allowing personal feeling to influence his action in what is really a public question, and as such should, within reasonable limits, be allowed fair play.

Fair play for Spiritualism we do not get at the hands of one of the great centres for the dissemination of English literature, and the sooner, putting Spiritualism aside, and looking only to general public interest, this monopoly is broken up the better.

THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Since our last issue a Society has been formed, under the style and title of "The Society for Psychical Research," which has already secured the adhesion of many experienced Spiritualists as well as of men of intellectual mark who are interested in psychology. A conference, held in London early in the present year, resulted in the formation of the above Society, the principles and purposes of which we hope to lay before our readers next month. The preliminary details are, we learn, all but complete, and the Society is in a position to invite the adhesion of members. Several Committees have been appointed for the purpose of investigating various departments of psychology, and no time has been lost in commencing practical work. The platform occupied by the Society is the widest possible, and its members are by no means pledged to any theories or beliefs such as Spiritualists entertain. It will, therefore, be no antagonist to the B.N.A.S., nor will it in any sense replace or absorb that Association, which is, we are pleased to say, about to reorganise itself on a new and more reasonable basis as a London Society of Spiritualists. There is room for both, and there is no reason that we can discover why both should not flourish, and render valuable service in different ways. The S.P.R. is presided over by Mr. Henry Sidgwick, a name of great academic weight. Professor Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., The Editor of the *Spectator*, Professor Barrett, F.R.S.E., and Mr. Stainton Moses, M.A., are among its Vice-Presidents, and its Council includes such well-known Spiritualists as Mr. Calder, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. Theobald, and Mr. Wedgwood. Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. Walter H. Coffin, Mr. F. W. Percival are also enrolled on the Council. Until the promised declaration of what the new Society professes and promises to attempt is before us, we refrain from any criticism, and confine ourselves to an expression of our good wishes for its success.

JOHN S. FARMER.

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

Our contemporary contains an amount of valuable matter to which no summary can do any fair justice. Mr. Eglinton seems to be doing excellent service in Calcutta. Harry Kellar, a professional conjurer, testifies bravely to what he saw, and admits frankly that no sleight of hand could produce such results.—Mr. Wedgwood contributes some more evidence about hauntings and the conveyance of letters by spirit-post. The facts about the carrying of letters between India and London are very striking, but, standing alone, not in themselves sufficient to exclude from a carping mind possibility of collusion. We are far from suggesting anything of the sort, but we all know very well that such suggestions are made in cases where reiterated experience attests a fact: how much more surely then will they arise in respect of what is new, rare, and wonderful! But the evidence will be multiplied, and we are content to wait.—Mrs. Nichols has some letters conveying facts about Materialisation, which M.A. (Oxon.) had requested. These are of much value. We wish that all observers would record what they see of such phenomena under good conditions, concisely and carefully. Opportunities for frequent observation are rare, and it is important to get together a body of evidence on which reliance can be placed.—Mr. William Theobald prints a paper read by him at Crouch End on "The claims of Spiritualism to the serious attention of Christians." The case is ably stated, and the address is one well suited for distribution.—A large amount of space is given up to "Reincarnation." A debate on the subject was begun at the B.N.A.S. This was reported at length in *Light*, and a long correspondence has ensued. The Editor is compelled to announce that he is utterly unable to find room for the letters he has received, and that the most he can do is to give a brief summary of the most important in a future issue. The most useful and logical contribution to a discursive discussion is Dr. G. Wyld's "Objections to Reincarnation." He denounces the doctrine as unsupported by any single fact, as contrary to the highest and best moral teachings, such as those of Swedenborg, Behmen, and Christ; and as tending to draw the contemplation from heaven to earth.—A very prominent feature, as usual, are "Notes by the Way." They range over a very wide area. Materialisation; the transference of colouring matter from the psychic form to the medium; the Faces in the Dark of *St. James's Gazette*; the Theosophical Society and its antagonism to Spiritualism and Christianity; Nirvâna; and reviews of Hinton's *Philosophy and Religion*, and of *The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ*, make up a varied and instructive body of note and comment.—Two short instalments of Spirit-

teachings are given.—The new Society for Psychical Research, which has grown out of Professor Barrett's conference, is announced.

“THE HERALD OF PROGRESS” (NEWCASTLE).

The *Herald*, it must be confessed, is meagre and rather disposed in some places to vituperation. It still harps upon the fancied enmity of certain London men not more clearly designated, and says that it thrives under difficulties. It would thrive more, surely, if all such notions were discarded, and the very sensible advice of Mr. George Forster in his letter were adopted. There is a great field of useful work in the North, and we dare to say that no Spiritualist in London or elsewhere would be other than glad to see it thoroughly tilled.—Mr. Enmore Jones talks oddly of what he calls *Buddhism* and the *Mahomiti* scriptures: and tells an interesting story of a dream in which a sentence was given that was actually spoken, with variation in one word, some hours after.—Mrs. Hardinge Britten is doing zealous work, and attracts large audiences. Her powers as a speaker are as high as ever.—We wish our contemporary all success in its attempts to harmonise and spread the cause in the North.

“THE MEDIUM” (LONDON).

A.T.T.P., initials once very familiar to the readers of the *Medium*, is again to the fore with an address on “Spiritualism and Orthodoxy.” We are sorry to hear that his prolonged attack of gout has left him very infirm. He has been a great sufferer for a long time, but now, we hope, he has turned the corner. His discourse was in part a protest against any attempt to reconcile Spiritualism with orthodox Christianity. No doubt any such attempt would be as disastrous as putting new wine into old bottles. But to point out for those who find in it a consolatory reflection, that the old Spiritualism and the new have much in common and nothing necessarily antagonistic, is another matter. A.T.T.P. should know that men are of various types, and that, though he may care nothing for any Biblical or Church sanction on, or opposition to, his search after truth, there are many who timorously regard such search, and would be far more comfortable if they could be persuaded that it is not *wrong*. He also spoke some useful words on the practical duty of Spiritualists “to lead good lives, and regard man as God's greatest work.”—Mr. Ware has a good discourse on the natural and spiritual bodies, a funeral sermon for a member of his congregation.—The announcement is made that the thirty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated by an exhibition of Spirit Photographs, the proceeds of which will be given to Mr. Hudson, who has lately lost his wife, and is in some distress. We trust that a large measure of success will attend the celebration.—Mr. M'Dowall has an abstruse paper on “Power and Quality,” which is headed Theosophy. The

only theosophical quality we can detect in it is its haziness.—A talk about Shelley is terrible. It purports to emanate from Byron! —A ghost story from Grimsby is worth notice.

“PSYCHE” (LONDON).

The Spiritualist is no more, and from its ashes arises *Psyche*, the name being changed in deference to the wishes of subscribers. The Spiritualism, we suppose, is to be cut down or kept in the background, and we have accordingly some curious experiments of Dr. Purdon's with the sphygmograph, which promise to be useful. These are illustrated with an engraving, and some explanatory cuts.—Mr. Roden Noel contributes a paper on “Elementals,” in which he assails the theosophical idea about those mythical creatures. He deals also with Hinton's Philosophy, and dissents from his notions about personality.—There is a biography of Mr. Noel, which reads rather like an extract from a biographical dictionary, and contributes little to the reader's knowledge of him as a writer on psychological subjects.—Dr. Purdon sends a paper on “The Psycho-physical basis of life and miracle,” and also one on some “Sphygmograms” taken by him. In the course of the latter he describes a medium as one “possessing the dyssynergic diathesis.”—The promise that the ruling spirit of *Psyche* is to be one of peace and good-will to all men, though not exactly carried out in a note on The Society for Psychical Research, is as good reading as anything in the paper. We want all the peace and good-will we can get, and will endeavour to contribute our share.

“THE TWO WORLDS” (NEW YORK, U.S.A.).

We are unfeignedly sorry to announce the sudden and unexpected decease of this excellent journal. We read it week by week with pleasure and profit, and our regret at its cessation is increased by the knowledge that Dr. Crowell's ill-health is the proximate cause. The publisher had over-rated his strength: and soon found that it was not equal to the demands made on it by the getting up of a weekly paper. Dr. Crowell has our best wishes for his speedy restoration.—We trust that Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton, the late Editors, may be supported financially in their proposal to continue the venture. Surely there is a call for a good Spiritualist paper in New York.

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

We have the usual rich feast in our venerable contemporary. Age mellow, but does not weaken it. Messages from the land beyond, numerous as ever, are as satisfactory as ever, it seems, to those who receive and are best able to judge them, and as perplexing as ever to those analytical minds who distrust easy explanations, and want to dive below the surface. What, in the name of wonder, do these latter critics make of the four numbers that lie before us? In each

a whole large page is given to recording messages from "Sammie Prescott," "Susie Taylor Elsworth," "Herbert Merriam," and so on : and by-and-bye comes verification in a large number of cases and grateful thanks. A very extraordinary page is that devoted week by week to this spirit-post.—Mrs. Crindle Reynolds has been again detected in open and unblushing fraud, and our contemporary admits rather reluctantly that "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." With all respect we would say that it is practical wisdom to regard smoke as an evidence of fire in all cases, unless proved to be otherwise. When smoke is breaking out, a wise man does not waste time in futile endeavours to prove that it is only smoke, and will clear away ; he puts the fire out. We often wish that the desire to "sustain mediums" could be confined to the sustaining of them in their honest efforts, and not be, as it so frequently is, extended to those who by fraud and trick are the honest medium's worst enemies. Let us have it acknowledged that a fraudulent pretender to mediumship is base and bad in a high degree, and should be discountenanced and punished. And let us have it also admitted that a genuine medium who resorts to fraud, prostitutes a divine gift, and forfeits confidence. It is idle to talk, as Mr. Hazard does, in the face of facts : and he does a poor kindness to the cause he loves by his constant attempts to cover over with the mantle of his charity what so little deserves it.—General J. Edwards has a very pertinent letter on the subject. It appears from it that Mrs. Reynolds's son learnt his tricks from an expert in jugglery, and made no secret of his mother's frauds !—Let us come to a more attractive subject. Our old friend Mr. Simmons defends Slade from some aspersions of the exposé Baldwin and others. Slade wants no defence from anyone who knows him : but it is as well that the slanderers should be silenced.—The discourses are as full of matter as ever.

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

An amusing account is given of the exposure of an exposé. One Starr—a wandering one with many aliases, as he is described—had been boasting, after the manner of Bishop, Cumberland, and their kin, that he could expose all medium-tricks. He made money at the business, as they have done, and prospered until in an evil moment he offered to back his belief in his power with \$500. This challenge was accepted by a medium, France, but Starr would not come unless his friends would lend him \$100 to pay expenses ! It is needless to say that nobody lent him the money, and that Starr did not appear. France's séance was a perfect success. He was taken in hand by a committee, half spiritualists and half not, his clothes were replaced by a suit of black throughout, with no white stitch in it, and which had never before been worn ; he was then placed in a cabinet that had been thoroughly searched. Eleven distinct evidences of materialisation were given, which we cannot quote ; suffice it to say that they were of the most satisfactory nature. He

was again searched, as was the cabinet, by a committee who reported that they found nothing whatever which could have been used for purposes of fraud. Where is Starr?—As bearing on the question of organisation, that problem that seems always pressing, this is noteworthy. Not very long ago several Free-thinkers assembled at Mr. Moncure Conway's Chapel to found a sort of Free Religious Association. Huxley was made Chairman of a Committee that included John Morley, Leslie Stephen, Carpenter, F. Pollock, Rhys Davids, A. J. Ellis, and others. They met, considered whether they should attempt a large organisation, and decided that they had nothing to do. London had plenty of papers ready to publish what they had to say. London was full of liberal lectures. So they dissolved. Is this any counterpart of what we find in Spiritualism? Certainly individual effort has done much: but associated effort ought to do more.—The contents of the *Journal* are fully up to their standard. The last received number commences the thirty-second volume, and shows a marked improvement in form and material, while the old spirit is maintained unimpaired. We trust that the particular work which the Editor has made his own speciality, the purification of Spiritualism from fraud and deception, may go on in the future, with charity and discretion, till the need for it no longer presses:—but that, we fear, means the Millenium.

“THE THEOSOPHIST” (BOMBAY).

Our Indian contemporary devotes five or six columns to a rather effective rejoinder to a criticism in the *Spiritualist* of the manifesto called Fragments of Occult Truth. The criticism seems to us hardly worthy of so long a reply: nor is the reply particularly happy in some of its details.—Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*, we are glad to see, is passing into a second edition.—The Theosophical Society celebrated its sixth anniversary on January 12th, and the *Theosophist* contains a full and interesting account of the proceedings, including an address, delivered amid much applause, by the President. It is a vigorous and eloquent speech as his are, and tells a story of successful work and self-denying zealous effort crowned with much success.

“HARBINGER OF LIGHT” (MELBOURNE).

The January number of the *Harbinger* contains an interesting letter from Mr. A. J. Smart on the subject of Materialisations, drawn forth by a letter of M.A. (Oxon's.), a considerable portion of which we reprinted last month. Mr. Smart has had large experience in this branch of investigation, having attended nearly seven hundred sésances in the past five years. His opportunities of observation have, therefore, been large. He is disposed to think that we shall not be able to dispense with the cabinet. That is a point to be solved by experiment. As a matter of fact it is dispensed with when busts are materialised over a table round which the sitters and

medium are placed. This is one of the most completely satisfactory forms of materialisation. If a cabinet of any kind *must* be had, which we very much doubt, then it would probably be sufficient to hang a dark curtain so as to veil the head and upper part of the body of the medium, and leave the lower part visible.—Mr. Smart's letter is a very useful contribution to the discussion of a very profound and perplexing question. It is greatly to be desired that such letters might be more frequent, for it is only by constant interchange of thought that problems so difficult can be successfully approached. Our contemporary, we are glad to see, follows the fashion in enlarging its borders, and now publishes a story of the day somewhat similar to that which our pages contain from month to month. The *Banner of Light* and the *Harbinger of Light* find, as we do, that this method of inculcating truth, and spreading a knowledge of our facts and philosophy, is acceptable to most readers.

MEDIUMS v. CONJURERS.—I am concerned to say again that the so-called exposure of the *modus operandi* of a professional Psychic by a professional Conjuror is of so little importance as to be practically *nihil ad rem*. Mr. Maskelyne on his own stage, surrounded by his own confederates, and using his own prepared apparatus, does something which burlesques the results obtained by Slade. What then? If the imitation were moderately good, it would be a creditable counterfeit, such as the skilful illusionist should have no difficulty in producing on his own terms. The stage thunder, the stage dinner, the false sovereign, the mask and wig of the actor may all be made more or less like the reality which they counterfeit. Mr. Maskelyne's is a sorry piece of illusion. But were it never so good, what would it prove? Simply that a thing can be imitated when unlimited means of so doing are provided. That is hardly a point which we need to have demonstrated, and if those who lay stress upon it find any comfort in that demonstration they are welcome to it. If, however, they flatter themselves that it extends any further, then they must be advised to commence the study of logic.—M. A. (Oxon.).

MEDIUMSHIP is not a special "gift of God," any more than dramatical instinct, musical ability, manual dexterity, or any other faculty which we exercise in our lives. To me, *all* my powers are "gifts of God," each to be used according to its nature, none to be abused. It cannot be that we possess powers, the right use of which are injurious; it is monstrous to so suppose. But, if insensate and perverse, we abuse eye, hand, ear, or mind, we must accept the punitive consequences, and the verdict, dislike it as we may, will be "it serves you right!" My full opinion is that this mediumship is natural to us, and that there ought to be no superstition about it. Its possessor is not a holy one set apart to be honoured, but a worker called to work in the midst of humanity, that the glad tidings of life hereafter may be brought home to us. It is possible to conceive the time when we all shall be our own mediums, having open vision of things spiritual and hearing things spiritual with our own ears. That time will realise for us all the knowledge of spiritual verities now best known to the few.—J. J. MORSE.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EPES SARGENT:
WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WORKS.

By M.A. (Oxon.)

Author of "Psychography," "Spirit Identity," "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," "Spiritualism at the Church Congress," etc.

PART IV.—THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.*

It would have been impossible for Epes Sargent to write a bad or valueless book. His careful treatment, his vast range of reading, and his keen power of analysis were sufficient to guarantee valuable results when he undertook to deal with any of the psychical problems that were vexing the public mind. It has always seemed to me, however, that the *Proof Palpable* is the least satisfactory of his three works, and that, for reasons which it was impossible for the author to control, as well as from some defects in the handling of a very difficult subject. For, at the time when the book was compiled, the subject was not ripe for treatment. It was occupying public attention in a marked manner, but it was beset with difficulties on every side, and the methods of investigation were lax to a reprehensible degree. The various experiments of Mr. Crookes with Florence Cook, of Dr. Wolfe with Mrs. Hollis, of Colonel Olcott with the Eddy Brothers, and of various observers with Mrs. Andrews of Moravia (to say nothing of the still earlier and more completely satisfactory records of Mr. Livermore to which I have already referred), had aroused and excited public attention. But a rank crop of fraudulent imitations soon sprung up, and a subject, inherently mysterious and occult, was discredited by obvious chicanery and palpable fraud. In the midst of this mass of imposture, credulity, and ill-balanced enthusiasm, when conclusions the most tremendous were drawn from evidence insufficient to satisfy a jury in a case of petty larceny, the facts were overshadowed and lost to sight.

At the very time when the book was ready for publication, it became necessary to defer its issue in consequence of Mr. Dale Owen's withdrawal of his published testimony to the materialisation phenomena which he had witnessed in Philadelphia. Dr. H. T. Child, who had the most intimate knowledge of the Holmeses publicly threw them over. The Philadelphia Katie King was widely believed to be a dis-

* "The Proof Palpable of Immortality:" being an account of the Materialisation phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with remarks on the relation of the facts to theology, morals, and religion. Epes Sargent, 1875. Boston: Colby & Rich. London: Office of *Psychological Review*.

credited fraud, even after General Lippitt and Colonel Olcott had to some extent rehabilitated her. It was, therefore, an unfortunate time to select for the exposition of evidence which was just then tarnished; and for the presentation of theories at best but hastily framed to account for phenomena, which had as yet been imperfectly observed, and then only under extremely unsatisfactory conditions.

Nor can I think that the inherent difficulties of the subject, complicated as they were by accidents of the passing hour, were successfully met by the volume, valuable as it unquestionably is, which at last saw the light. Its very name seems scarcely happy. For, surely, the presentation, even under unimpeachable conditions, of any number of "forms," images, *eidola*, or whatever name best fits these "counterfeit presentations" of humanity, is no *Proof Palpable of Immortality*. It may be that evidence is given of the building up of a human form by a process of materialisation. But how does that prove anybody's immortality? It may be that from the body of the medium a "vaporious cloud" has been seen, in rare cases, to issue, condense, and assume a material human form. But he would be a rash man who would undertake to say what that new "form" may be; whether it possesses any separate individuality, and if so, of what nature; whether it is the double of the medium, as some maintain; a too clever elementary, as others allege; or a departed human spirit temporarily revisiting the earth on which it once existed. It may be that from a dark space in which a medium has been secluded, various forms emerge under conditions which make it more or less difficult to imagine that they are not separate and distinct from the medium and from each other. But he would be a still rasher man who would venture to build on such a basis an argument for *immortality*. For what is this *immortality* of which these bewildering phenomena are alleged as *proof palpable*? "By immortality," says Epes Sargent,* "I mean that exemption from death, of which we have the assurance in the spiritual body as a ground of continuous life." I should except less strongly to that definition if for *continuous* were substituted *continued*. For as the author goes on to admit, we have proof of nothing more than this. "Proofs of a future existence do not necessarily involve proofs of a *perpetual* existence," but only, I may add, of a *perpetuated* existence after physical death. For how long that existence may be perpetuated;—whether it is perpetuated in all, or only in those earnest and aspiring souls who have vindicated for

* *Proof Palpable*, p. 110.

themselves a title to "everlasting life;"—whether such pure spirits can reasonably be credited with producing the phenomena on which Mr. Sargent relied as evidence of their immortality;—whether the Theosophical Elementals and Elementaries have any part in the production of these "forms";—whether the presented figure be or be not a double of the medium;—whether it be a freak of the plastic art of some spirit, of whom we know absolutely nothing except that its work is enveloped in mystery to us, as yet, impenetrable;—whether, in short, these form-manifestations are any proof whatever of immortality in us or in their invisible operators, are questions which must be solved before it is safe to speak of a *proof palpable of immortality*.

This prudent reticence is, moreover, enforced on us by the contradictory and irreconcilable accounts which these temporarily incarnated beings give of themselves, of their unincarnated existence, of the methods by which they assume form of flesh, and of their genesis altogether. Mr. Crookes's experiments in England no sooner terminated in the withdrawal of Katie King from her medium, Florence Cook, after Mr. Crookes and others had convinced themselves of her separate personality, than in Philadelphia another Katie King appears, who pretends to be the same, and gives to Robert Dale Owen proofs which satisfy that experienced investigator that he is dealing with a spirit who is what she pretends to be. The fraud, it is true, was more or less clumsy, and whatever else was true, the alleged identity between the two Katies was manifestly a false pretence; but there were certain germs of truth in the case; and it remains to the present time an extremely difficult thing to say in what exact proportions the true and false were mingled. This is, so far as my experience goes, largely true of all these cases of form-manifestation. The evidence so presented is very difficult to fix. It eludes the intellectual grasp; and even when the form-manifestation is most conclusive, there is often just a loophole which vitiates the perfection of the experiment. There is left on the mind of some who have tried hard to get at some knowledge of the Invisible Operators a feeling that they are not always beings of high moral consciousness, and that implicit reliance is not to be placed on their statements, whether from a want of perfect straightforwardness in the Spirit, or from a bewilderment caused by the novelty of the position in which it is placed. For myself I am inclined to believe that the seeming inconsistencies and incoherences are due to the fact that the Spirit so manifesting is in an abnormal state: and I deprecate a too hasty assumption of intentional deception, whether on the

part of the Medium or Spirit. The evidence is so contradictory that it is mere charity as well as wisdom to suspend judgment. If this contradictoriness be not so apparent to all minds,—and in this as in all other things, various minds will desiderate various degrees of evidence before intellectual satisfaction is obtained—it must surely be a very illogical process to regard such experiments as proof of immortality, in the absence of any real knowledge of the moral nature, or even of the identity of the Invisible Agent who is behind the phenomena which alone we are able to cognise. There are the phenomena! What do they prove? Certainly not immortality of any body or any thing. There must be some agency behind them. What is that Agency? So far as these phenomena stand alone, *we do not know*. We only know that we can too often diagnose inconsistency of statement, trickery, and in many cases an elusive tendency which leaves on the mind a sense of incompleteness and want of perfect straightforwardness. These are not the proofs I would like to produce for my belief in immortality, and I incline more and more strongly to the feeling that such evidence as I desiderate is not to be had from manifestations which seem to me to have quite another purpose. I should do injustice to my friend if I were to imply that considerations such as these had not presented themselves to his mind. There are plain indications in his book that he had not overlooked them: but I think they weighed less with him than they do with me, and less than they would now. I am contending rather against an improper deduction from the title which he selected for his book. I know that he felt, in his later days, the force of what I have urged, and, had he been called on for an enlarged edition of this book of his, he would have guarded himself against possible misconception, by explaining more clearly his notion of what form-manifestations prove, and also by giving a deeper consideration to some of the many problems, especially those subtle metaphysical difficulties which are behind the phenomena.

CASES OF MATERIALISATION.

Space will not permit me to enter into any recitation of facts or discussion of theories in such cases as that of Katie King. I must reserve that case for the time (I hope not far distant) when I can treat the whole subject at length. Nor can I dwell on the distinction, most necessary to be borne in mind, between cases of general *form-manifestation* and demonstrable cases of *materialisation*. We have the former whenever from out a dark cabinet a figure steps forward, and is presented without further evidence of its genesis and growth. We have the

latter in cases where the medium and spirit-form are seen at one and the same time, separate and distinct from each other. We have *materialisation* in such cases as those recorded with Monck, in the floating figure of John King with Williams, and in others of a similar nature, where the evidence is less complete, and in the formation of faces, arms, and hands, some of them of abnormal shape. I have seen, in days when Herne and Williams together furnished a highly-charged battery of psychic power for the production of these phenomena, a *claw* (I cannot call it a *hand*) pushed out of the cabinet. This claw was attached to the small end of the long paper tube used by John King as a speaking-trumpet, and was utterly abnormal in formation. I examined it closely, and it certainly was not a human hand, though it was formed of material such as that with which all observers are probably familiar in these apparitional hands. The detached hands are usually of flesh and blood appearance, but sometimes white and pasty in look, like plaster of Paris. This *claw* was of the latter type, and flickered in and out of the cabinet window with great rapidity.

Epes Sargent records various cases of the materialisation of inanimate objects, drapery, cloth, flowers, and the like. Some of the best attested, and least open to question, are from the diaries of Mr. Livermore. The following are given as a specimen:—

"The spirits of my wife and Dr. Franklin came to me in form at the same time—he slapping me heavily upon the back, while she gently patted me upon the head and shoulder."

"The spirit-robe was shown in a variety of ways, and the texture was exquisitely beautiful. Whenever it approached closely, we discovered a peculiar scent of purity, like a very delicious perfume of newly-gathered grass or violets."

"I asked to be touched, when she advanced, laid her arm across my forehead, and permitted me to kiss it. I found it as large and as real in weight as a living arm. At first it felt cold, then grew gradually warm."

"My wife came in full form, placing her arms completely around my neck. Something resembling a veil in its contact, was thrown over my head; and while it was resting there, spirit-flowers were placed at my nose, exhaling the most exquisite perfume I have ever smelt. I asked what this was, and was told 'My wreath of spirit-flowers.'"

"Dr. Franklin was apparently dressed in a white cravat and a brown coat of the olden style; his head was very large, with grey hair behind his ears; his face was radiant with benignity, intelligence, and spirituality. . . . The light becoming very vivid, discovered to us Dr. Franklin seated, his whole figure and dress complete."

"Something like a handkerchief of transparent gossamer was brought, and we were told to look at the hand which now appeared under the gossamer; as perfect a female hand as was ever created. I advanced my own hand, when the spirit-hand was placed in it, grasping mine; and we again grasped hands with all the fervour of long-parted friends—my wife in the spirit-land and myself here."

"It was a reality which lasted through nearly half-an-hour. I examined carefully that spirit-hand; squeezed it; felt the knuckles, joints, and nails, and kissed it, while it was constantly visible to my sight. I took each finger separately in my hand, and could discern no difference between it and a human hand, except in temperature; the spirit-hand being cold at first, and growing warm."

"The flowers in her hair and on her person were real in appearance. Over her forehead was a crown of flowers. The light shone vividly upon her face and figure; and while we stood looking intently, she instantly, as quick as thought, disappeared, with a rushing sound. Then, by raps was communicated, 'The electricity is very strong; and we did this to show you how quickly we can disappear.' Very soon she returned, as real as before."

"The figure of Dr. Franklin appeared perfectly delineated, seated in the window, and permitted me to examine his hair with my hand. The hair was to sight and touch as real as human hair."

"Estelle and Dr. Franklin appeared alternately. Dr. Franklin's shirt-bosom and collar were as real to appearance as though made of linen. We handled them, and examined in the same manner his tunic, which was black, and felt like cloth."

"My wife appeared leaning upon the bureau, with white lace hanging in front of and around her head. This lace or open work (like embroidery) was so real that the figures were plainly discernible and could have been sketched. The body of her dress or robe was of spotted white gossamer, while the lace-work was in diamonds and flowers."

"Flowers again appeared. A bright light rose to the surface of the table, of the usual cylindrical form, covered with gossamer. Held directly over this was a sprig of roses, about six inches in length, containing two half-blown white roses and a bud with leaves. The flowers, leaves, and stem were perfect, and smelled as though freshly gathered. We took them in our fingers, and I carefully examined the stem and flowers."

"By raps we were told to 'Notice, and see them dissolve.' The sprig was placed over the light, the flowers drooped, and, in less than one minute, melted as though made of wax; their substance seeming to spread as they disappeared. By raps: 'See them come again.' A faint line immediately shot across the cylinder, grew into a stem, and, in about the same time required for their dissolution, the stem, bud, and roses had grown into created perfection. This was several times repeated, and was truly wonderful."

"The flowers were reproduced in the same manner as last evening. I felt them carefully, and a rose was placed in my mouth, so that I

took its leaves between my lips. They were delicate as natural rose-leaves, and cold; and there was a peculiar freshness about them, but very little fragrance."

On one occasion a bunch of flowers, consisting of a red rose with green leaves and forget-me-nots, was shown. "I inspected them," says Mr. L., "for several minutes, at intervals; turning off the gas and relighting five or six times. The flowers still remained. Above them was written: '*Flowers from our home in Heaven.*' Finally the flowers began to fade, and we were requested to extinguish the gas. When we did so, it was replaced by a spirit-light, under which the flowers were again distinctly visible. Then, by the raps: 'Do not take your eyes off the flowers; watch them closely.' We did so. They gradually diminished in size as we gazed till they became mere specks, and then they disappeared before our eyes. When I lighted the gas I found no trace of them on the card. Then I carefully examined the seals on the doors and windows, and found them intact." (Pp. 17-20.)

RECOGNITION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

Mr. Livermore, it will be seen, had no doubt as to the identity of his wife. "The recognition," he says, "was complete, derived alike from the features and her natural expression." It would be extremely difficult to persuade a man, fresh from this face to face interview with a loved one once mourned as lost, and now found again, that he could be the victim of illusion, or of the heartless pranks of some tricky and conscienceless Elemental or vicious Elementary on its road to merited extinction. Such explanations, however they may fit in with some vulgar and mean manifestations of what is apparently a spirit-power on a low moral and mental plane of development, are ludicrously inapplicable to such experiences as those of Mr. Livermore, and to the increasingly numerous cases of a similar nature. The satisfaction so gained is not to be weighed and measured by any standard that can be applied generally to all cases. It is, as in so many cases when identity is proven, a matter of the heart first and of the head after; an appeal to an instinct of affection such as leads the mother to know her son, spite of all the changes that time may have wrought in his external appearance. It is such cases as the following that lead me to rely on evidence of recognition, in spite of what I know and more that I suspect of the power of the Invisible Operator, and in spite of a deeply-rooted feeling that for most men evidence of perpetuated life and true spiritual instruction must be got from other sources.

At a sitting held with Mrs. Andrews of Moravia on November 21, 1871, Mrs. Chester Packard of 83 Lancaster Street, Albany, N.Y., saw and fully recognised three of her relatives. This is her account:

"Among the floating lights was one, star-like in appearance, that seemed to work by itself, or for a purpose of its own. Finally it became detached from the rest of the lights and floated away to the extreme corner of the room, when it began to cross and recross the room, coming a little nearer to me each time it crossed. It was nearly as high up as the ceiling. My whole attention was attracted to it. Soon it gained a position immediately over my head; and, while I was straining my eyes to look upward, I was aware of a presence around me, and in a moment the sweet voice of my spirit-son said, 'Mother! mother!'

"He took hold of my left hand and patted it so lovingly; he seemed to have my hand between both of his, as I could feel a hand on each side of mine. He then raised his hand to my head and smoothed my forehead. He drummed on the glasses of my spectacles, and then seemed to take hold with both hands and remove the spectacles entirely from my head, and then place them back again—this operation being repeated three times. Just then the spirits called for a light, my son's manifestations at once ceased, and the star became invisible. The spectacles my son removed from my head were a pair that he had placed there himself for the first time, some seven or eight years ago."

After the lamp was lighted, the spirits began to show themselves at the aperture. Soon, in full glare of light, she saw her deceased husband. She writes:—

"He stood before me smiling; his lips were moving, as if holding an earnest conversation, although I heard no sound. As he seemed about to move away I called him back, saying, 'Do not leave; I want to see you again.' In a moment he was back again, and my mother stood beside him, looking so happy and smiling at me! She stood long enough for all in the room to observe that she wore a cap with a full border on each side, and plain across the top, with loops of narrow white satin ribbon in the border on each, and tied under the chin with white satin ribbon. She wore (as in life) a band of brown hair across the forehead. The band seemed pushed back a little too high, and showed some of her grey hair below the band—which was very natural. She looked precisely as she did when in the form.

"As she was moving away, I asked her to come back again that I might see her more. She nodded, smiled, and was gone, but did not return. My husband went out of sight, and returned five or six times at my request. Each time he came I looked at him closely: I saw a dimple on his cheek and a peculiar wrinkle in the out-corner of his eye—the same he used to have in earth-life when much pleased. All was so life-like! My husband looked as he used to in health, and very much better than he did for months before he passed away; his lips moved as if talking, but I did not see my mother's lips move at all. I looked after them until they were gone; I felt the great question answered—that the soul lived on, and, under proper condition, could return and look at, and be looked upon by those left behind!" (P. 39.)

It is fair to say that I know nothing of the witness in this case; but it seems to me that the evidence has the ring of truth, and is not invalidated by the undoubted fact that certain of these spirit-artists have apparently the power of forming at will a model of any shape and appearance, and of enduing it with temporary energy. This plastic art produces an *eidolon* or image that is unnatural in appearance, and sometimes ghastly in colour. Not infrequently such forms are imperfectly constructed, move awkwardly, and look like mere dummies energised from without. In other cases this power of reproducing the appearance of a person at a particular period of earth-life, would seem to be used for purposes of obtaining recognition. A case is quoted* of a spirit at Moravia who "produced in rapid succession, fac-similes of her personal appearance at six different periods of her earth-life, ranging from childhood to old age." If this power be at command, it is easy to see how forms may be moulded at will, and how complicated the question of identity becomes. Only in the comparatively rare cases where the unsevered bond of true affection has drawn two loving hearts together across the gulf that separates them, can true and worthy evidence be had. In most cases, which are differentiated from these by signs that no careful observer should mistake, the evidence bears on the power of an invisible agent over gross matter, and should be narrowed down to that alone.

THEORIES.

What, then, are these manifestations of spirit-power? Who are the operators? What is the *modus operandi*? Where is the link between matter and spirit? Sargent mentions† that Mr. Cromwell Varley once wrote to ask this latter question of Andrew Jackson Davis.

"He replied that it was just upon the plane of these materialisations, where spirit descended toward matter and matter ascended toward spirit, the point of contact would be found. There are:—1, solids; 2, fluids; 3, atmospheres; 4, ethers; 5, essences (the imponderable distilled out of the whole universe of matter). Matter is at its climax of progress there. Then takes place the alliance of spirit, and at this sensitive place occur all these apparitions. The spirit lifts matter up to this point, and by reducing its temperature and motion he evolves the apparition. The reversal of this action produces the vanishment of the shape. All forms and potencies exist in the atmosphere, and by the action of spirit upon them all these and any other desired results are attained.

"Mr. Davis is disposed to regard all these materialisation phe-

* Proof Palpable, p. 21. *Ibid.* p. 133.

nomena as 'feats of jugglery by expert spirits, numbers of whom are deeply versed in chemistry and the other natural sciences.' The phenomena, he thinks, are 'necessary to convince nine-tenths of the world's people, that *death does not kill a man*.' He considers Katie King and the Eddy ghosts as of no importance as individual identifications; they are simply important as establishing the general doctrine of immortality." (Pp. 133, 134.)

This seems to me an acute suggestion; but all theorising is to be received with caution. Epes Sargent points out, in comment on this statement, that no spirit or seer should be deemed infallible: that there is still a long distance between the highest spirits of whom we know and the Infinite Intelligence; and that "in exposing the error of the common notion as to the infallibility of men when they have passed out of their earthly surroundings, *Spiritualism is doing a service next to that of proving immortality*." In my judgment, it is doing a still greater service in illuminating the immediate future, and throwing light on "the day after death," than in promulgating questionable theories about the far-off immortality of the blessed. We may be left to infer the potential development when we are sure that the germ of spiritual life has survived the shock of physical death. We may gain from Spiritualism a *knowledge*—I do not say a *belief*—that is in itself a priceless boon, and that is all the more invaluable when it is used with discrimination and judgment in illustrating the principles of religious belief. Here again I say *religious*, not *theological*. Theological dogmas fare badly with a mind that has learned to deal with what a prophet lately gone from us would now call (I think) "the Eternal verities." They are apt to be brushed aside as curious speculations, or treated as unwarrantable burdens that men are not called upon to bear. Who that thinks outside of a theological groove cares to wade through the pages of argument and speculation in which, for instance, Canon Farrar and Dr. Pusey discuss the question of the Eternal Punishment of a spirit for eccentricities of theological belief? Is it anything short of melancholy that a man like Canon Farrar, who has once said a brave and manly word of horror and disgust at such a doctrine, should now be squirming in many a tortuous convolution, to try if by any means he may be so lucky as to prove that he is quite in harmony with Dr. Pusey, and therefore with the expressed will of the Church Catholic, and so—for this is what is at the root of it—a perfectly orthodox teacher, and one not to be viewed as an impossible ruler in the Israel of the Established Church? Dr. Pusey knows where he is; the word of the Church rules him absolutely. Dr. Farrar has wandered from the fold of spotless

orthodoxy, and is making vigorous efforts to get back again. But who believes that "the eternal issues are settled in this brief flash of existence" for any soul? Who that has emancipated himself from the bondage of an unbending orthodoxy dares now, even in thought, to charge on a God of Love, or on any God of whom he can conceive, the quenchless hell, and the endless punishment of those whose one crime it is to dare to think for themselves, and to exercise God's most priceless gift of Reason on that which is to them of eternal import and incalculable significance? Who splits hairs about the nature and eternal purposes of a Deity, respecting whom he may perchance begin to have some knowledge, when, after the purgation of ages, he can conceive of his essential qualities, or endure the light that encompasses him?

It is different with the essential principles of religion, whether expounded by Christ or Buddha or by others of the "Teachers sent from God." On those principles Spiritualism sheds a light that has long been needed. They are changeless, but they have been overlaid by man's rubbish; and in demonstrating their essential immortality, Spiritualism is doing a far nobler work than it would accomplish were it possible for it to prove the endless life of every child of man. In bringing to light the blessings stored up by a life of purity, sincerity, simplicity, and love, Spiritualism points out the excellent way which blesses alike the life and the community which it adorns, and which will do honour to the God of its worship and adoration. In demonstrating man's absolute accountability for his acts, and his formative power in moulding his character, and preparing for himself his place in the life to come, it enunciates a principle which is inferior to none in its binding and corrective and essentially *religious* power. And in preaching the Gospel of Hope of union and communion now, and of reunion hereafter with those so dearly loved that without them life, whatever other boons it had to offer, would assuredly be *not worth living*, it lightens the weary load of the present, and gilds the prospect of the future.

That is, in the truest and highest sense, SPIRITUALISM'S PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

"THE essential teaching of Spiritualism," says Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, "is, that we are, all of us, in every act and thought, helping to build up a mental fabric which will be and constitute ourselves, more completely after the death of the body than it does now. Just as this fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded."

THE REALISTIC ASSUMPTIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE.*

BY FRANK PODMORE, B.A.

AT the Belfast meeting of the British Association in 1874, Professor Huxley delivered an address on the Doctrine of Animal Automatism; maintaining, that the lower animals, whatever signs of feeling or volition they may give, are unconscious, unintelligent pieces of mechanism: that their actions, though apparently subordinated to purpose, and directed by intelligence, are the movements of a more or less elaborate clockwork apparatus, with nerves and muscles in the place of wheels and springs. Professor Huxley propounded his thesis more, perhaps, as an ingenious philosophical paradox, than as a serious conviction. But he had good authority for his position, as he was careful to remind his audience. In the dawn of modern philosophy, Descartes had taught that extension and thought being in their nature so diverse as to be wholly incompatible, the body could by no means be supposed to be influenced by the indwelling soul: the affections of the latter corresponded with, but were powerless to guide, the movements of the former. And the animals below man, having no souls, must be destitute of consciousness also: mere machines and nothing more. And Descartes was followed by Leibnitz, with his famous doctrine of pre-established Harmony, by which Body and Soul are compared to two clocks wound up so as to keep exact time with each other, so that the movements of the pendulum, and the striking of the hours should agree, each with the other, and yet the agreement would depend, not on the nature of the machines, but on the arbitrary will of their author.

But what Descartes and Leibnitz had held as a corollary of their philosophical systems, Professor Huxley enunciated as a legitimate induction from the observed facts of physiology. The steps to this induction he indicated as follows: If we take a frog and place a drop of acetic acid on the skin of the body, the foot will be drawn up to wipe away the irritant. Now let the frog's brain be removed, and, if the acetic acid be again applied, the same result will follow. And if, further, when the frog is thus decapitated, the acid be placed in such a position, that the foot first moved is unable to reach it, after a short interval the other foot will be drawn up. If we place

* "The Realistic Assumptions of Modern Science Examined," by Thomas Martin Herbert, M.A., late Professor of Philosophy and Church History, in the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester.

our brainless frog in warm water, he will jump out: if we stroke a particular part of his back, he will croak: if we place him on our outstretched palm, and gradually reverse the hand, the frog will follow the movement, preserving his balance the while, and will finally rest on the back as before on the palm of the hand. Whence comes the force to direct these various and complicated movements? for it must be admitted, that consciousness, if consciousness exists in a frog, disappeared with the brain. Or, if that be disputed, let us take a further illustration: It not seldom happens, that a man's spinal cord is broken by an accident. When this has occurred, the patient loses all feeling, and all power of movement in the limbs, below the point of fracture. Now, if we irritate the feet of such a patient, we shall find that, as in the headless frog, the legs are drawn back. But the patient neither feels the irritant nor directs the movement.

There is a celebrated case of a soldier who was shot in the head during the Franco-German war. The man survived, but was subject, at frequent intervals, to a singular pathological derangement. In this abnormal state, all avenues of sensation, save that of touch alone, were closed. Yet the man would pursue his ordinary employment with punctuality and diligence, though seeing and hearing nothing of what went on around him. And he would respond in the most extraordinary manner to slight suggestions conveyed to him by the sense of touch. A roll of paper was placed in his hand, and he put himself in the attitude of a public singer, and sang two or three well-known songs. His walking-stick, which he had dropped, was restored to him, and, having charged it with an imaginary cartridge, he laid himself flat behind a bush to shoot imaginary enemies.

Now actions of this kind, which are performed, as it were, by the organism itself without the intervention of the mind, are called reflex, it being supposed that, in all such cases, the nerve current conveying the stimulus from the part affected along the sensory nerve proceeds to the spinal cord, or to some subordinate ganglion in the brain, and is thence reflected back, as a stimulus inciting to motion, along the motor nerves to the limbs. And it is recognised that a large proportion of the movements, not only of animals, but of men, are thus reflex or automatic.

But Professor Huxley in his Belfast address was but giving milk to babes. The real difficulty is, not to show that some of our actions are automatic, but to point out those which are not so. When I close my eyelid to ward off a floating grain, the action is reflex: is it not also reflex when I am moved by

a word to sudden tears or laughter? The stimulus in the first case is a present sensation, in the other it is an idea, or remembered sensation: but the seat of that remembered sensation is in the brain, its recal represents so much destruction of cerebral tissue, and the resulting action is independent of the will. And does the action cease to be reflex, if I strike a man who insults me? Or shall we say, that when I draw back my hand from contact with fire, the movement is automatic, and represents only so much decomposition of nerve substance, but that when I strike a blow in self-defence, the action is no longer reflex, but represents, in addition, so much expenditure of will-force. If there exists this tremendous difference between actions externally so similar, by what means shall we recognise it? Will chemical analysis show a less or a greater decomposition of albumen in the one case than in the other? Will the nerve currents flow more or less swiftly, and with greater or less intensity? And how shall we represent the difference to ourselves? Are we to suppose that at a certain point in the brain, the sensory nerve-current stops, and yields no chemical or physical equivalent, but an equivalent in pure thought, and that at a certain other point, a motor nerve-current begins, without a physical antecedent? We may make an arch of granite, but if the keystone be a void, the arch will not stand. What Professor Huxley only ventured to hint, others have not scrupled to proclaim from the housetops. An ingenious German has rudely compared the secretion of thought by the brain to the secretion of bile by the liver. An English philosopher asserts his conviction, that when he took up his pen, and wrote a cheque for the J. S. Mill Memorial Fund, the action was a purely mechanical one, a strictly physical resultant of a physical cause—rays of light proceeding from the letter, which solicited his subscription—acting upon an appropriate mechanism. Indeed, every new discovery in experimental physiology only serves to make this conclusion more apparent. One observer lays bare the brain of a living monkey, and plays with the animal as a skilful showman plays with a marionette. Touch this spot of grey pulp, and the animal pricks up its ears, and its eyes dilate: touch that, and the arm is raised: that other, and it will utter a cry. The increased attention given to “mental” diseases, as they are called, and especially to the various forms of speech affection comprised in the term *aphasia*, has strengthened this position. We know of cases where, in consequence of injury to a small section of one of the convolutions of the brain, the power of speech is more or less impaired. Sometimes the aphasic patient cannot speak certain nouns or verbs, though he may be able to

write them: sometimes he can neither write nor speak them. In some cases the mental powers are unaffected: in others loss of speech is accompanied by loss of memory and weakened understanding.

Science, it would seem, can offer no escape from the conclusion, that the actions of a man are as mechanical as the movements of a steam engine. If we write an epic, if we do our difficult duty in battle, or if we treacherously murder a friend, the cause is in all cases the same: certain impulses have been received from without by sensory nerves, have been transmitted to certain prepared cells in the brain substance, and have been reflected from thence, as a stimulus, along certain other nerves to the muscles—to issue in the Laureateship, the Victoria Cross, or the gallows.

The part played by consciousness in the matter, it is not easy to define. To some, consciousness is simply a by-product of the cerebral mechanism, a useful or ornamental accessory, like—to borrow Professor Huxley's comparison—the whistle of a steam engine. To others—and they are those who have given most consideration to the matter—consciousness is an accompaniment of certain bodily movements (to wit, those which are connected with the higher cerebral centres), but is neither caused by them, nor is itself the cause of any. A portion of the works of our epic-writing machine is illuminated, but the light is no product of the working of the machine, nor does it in any way influence that working. It is a will-o'-the-wisp kind of radiance, that proceeds from nowhence, and leads nowhither.

It is hardly necessary to point out the unsatisfactory character of both these hypotheses. If consciousness is a by-product of the action of our machine, its production must consume a certain amount of energy. A conscious action would then require a greater consumption of nerve-force than a similar action which was unconscious, and our instruments would enable us to measure the difference. Besides, the loss of energy (which, *ex hypothesi*, is not returned in any shape) would represent a loss of physical energy to the universe—and where, then, would be the first law of physics? And to suppose, as on the other hypothesis, that consciousness is a casual accompaniment of certain actions, which by no external token differ from certain other actions not having this accompaniment, is to violate every analogy of nature. Recognising at once the continuity of the chain of physical causation, and the inadequacy of the current conceptions as to the place of consciousness, Professor Clifford enunciated a third hypothesis to meet the difficulty. We know that everything, as we see it

now, is compounded of simple elements, wholly unlike itself. In especial we know that that complex whole, the human body, is made up of innumerable unlike parts, that each part is itself composed of many molecules, each molecule of many atoms. And we know that with each increase of complexity we enter upon what appears to be an entirely different form of energy. When atoms are compounded into simple molecules, they manifest properties called chemical, in addition to the physical properties which they displayed before. When simple molecules give place to complex ones, they acquire other and subtler chemical properties. When out of molecules cells and tissues are formed, we first discern the properties of life. And when the last stage is reached, and out of innumerable cells the human body is formed, we exchange vegetative for animal and human life; and yet this last, in its ultimate analysis, is composed of physical atoms, and is amenable to none but physical laws. In the same way we know that what we call mind is a very complex organism. It is not merely conscious, it is self-conscious—that is, it is able to reflect on its own operations; and this mind is made up of many elements, themselves conscious but not self-conscious. May we not go a step further and assume that the simplest feelings and volitions, which we can distinguish, are themselves compounded of elements not rational and not conscious? Not only does analogy warrant our making the assumption, but we have here a solution of the perplexing problem of the relation between consciousness and movement; for as life is made up of elements not living, so mind may be made up of elements not intelligent; the physical unit consists of matter which is neither chemical nor vital, so the mental unit may consist of something which has itself no consciousness. With every portion of matter there may be associated what, for want of a better name, we must call a fragment of *mind-stuff*; and just as, when a certain stage of complexity is reached, matter assumes properties which we know as vital, so, at a certain stage, *mind-stuff* will become conscious. And there are further indications that in this hypothesis we have an approximation to the truth, in the difficulty which we find, in discriminating between those nerve-movements which are unconscious and those which are unaccompanied by consciousness. The very stones, then, may be said to think. The crystal as it grows, the tides swinging to and fro, the planets in their cycles—all these are no longer dead, but living, feeling entities; the vast earth, the mother of us all, is possessed by a diffused intelligence, a mind in the making.*

* One grave flaw vitiates all Herbert's criticism on this theory. He

Such are the latest utterances of realistic science. The corollaries of this position are that man is an automaton; that free-will is a delusion, and prayer a futility; and that the sum-total of visible things is the only Being higher than ourselves, which we may call God, if we choose. Now the peculiar merit of Professor Herbert is not that he has shown the untenableness of the realistic assumption. That was done long ago. The strength and the weakness of the position were gauged by Berkeley, and the whole fabric of empirical Realism was utterly demolished by Hume, of whom Professor Huxley complacently boasts himself the follower; and amidst the ruins of that Realism Kant laid the difficult foundations on which Hegel, they say, has builded the enduring structure of a Transcendental Philosophy; and Hegel's followers—could one but understand them!—have time after time knocked down the sand-castles which generation upon generation of men of science painfully rear up. But Herbert has left the cloudy mountain-tops of metaphysics. His talk is not of the categories, of the antimonies of cosmology, of the distinction between Reason and Understanding, and all the subtleties of the transcendental dialectic. To follow and appreciate his argument it is not necessary to believe that "nothing is and nothing's not, but everything's becoming." There is not a line in the book that would not be intelligible to an understanding far less comprehensive than Lord Macaulay's famous schoolboy. And there is, so far as I know, not a single argument (if we except one of doubtful value derived from a consideration of the phenomena of potential energy) that has, strictly speaking, any pretence to novelty. But the scope of his work is indicated by its title. He has not attempted to define the nature of the absolute, or establish man's free-will, or God's existence and attributes. He has contented himself with a more modest if not less useful task. He has entered the arena as one of the unlearned, and has essayed to combat men of science with their own weapons. He has taken pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the latest phases of the realistic position. He has expounded the newest scientific doctrine with appreciative sympathy and candour; and then, in clear intelligible language, as free as the nature of the subject will permit from obscurity and technicality, he has

throughout assumes that Clifford represented mind-stuff as *causally* dependent on the matter with which it is associated. He does nothing of the kind. According to the theory, it would be as incorrect to say that the matter "causes" the mind-stuff, as it would be to say that the mind-stuff "causes" the matter—they represent the obverse and reverse of the same fact.

exposed the untenableness of the scientific position, which has gone too far for common-sense, yet not far enough for consistency; for, indeed, his quarrel with the man of science is only that he has not gone far enough—that he has not realised the exquisite simplicity of his theory, if developed to its legitimate issues.

The first section of the work is devoted to an admirable, clear, and, with few exceptions, impartial exposition of the various theories as to the relation of mind and body, put forward by Carpenter, Huxley, Lewis, Spencer, and the extreme materialists, such as Buchner and Moleschott. He has not much difficulty in showing the inadequacy and inconsistency of them all. He is not, however, quite so successful in dealing with Clifford's theory of mind-stuff (pp. 56-66). He is captious, and occasionally irrelevant in his criticisms, and hardly does justice to the peculiar symmetry and beauty of the theory, and the unique position which it holds amongst realistic hypotheses. However, his main argument is not, to any appreciable extent, affected by any flaw in his criticism of details.

Herbert concedes to the man of science that men, as well as animals, are bound by the chains of an inexorable necessity. He admits, as Spinoza has said, that men think themselves to be free only because, whilst they are conscious of their motives, they are not conscious of the causes which produced them. Once grant the implicit assumption of Science, that there is a world *outside* of consciousness, and that that world is what it seems to the senses to be, and there is no escape from the scientific conclusion, that the world is a huge machine, and men and women puppets set to act a farce, of which mind is the passive spectator. There is no evading the argument. Everything in the physical world is physical. A mental cause cannot produce a physical consequent, nor a physical cause have a mental consequent. It is admitted that consciousness plays no part in the theatre but that of spectator. But there is one point which to Herbert seems worthy of notice. What scientific proof have we of the existence of consciousness at all? Let us hear Professor Clifford on the point. We know, he says, that consciousness exists in ourselves, and accompanies all our actions, and perceiving like actions in others, we infer a like accompaniment; going on, however, to add, "but how this inference is justified, I do not pretend to say." And this is the utmost that can be urged from the scientific standpoint in support of the belief that our fellow-men are intelligent agents. We infer that they are so from the analogy of our own consciousness. But have we any justification such as

Science can recognise for the belief? It being allowed for the moment that consciousness accompanies the molecular disturbances of our own brain, it is admitted that it in no way influences those disturbances, and that its presence could not be inferred if we looked at ourselves from the outside, and not from the inside. We have clearly, then, no right as men of science to assume the existence of that of which, from its very nature, we can have no evidence whatever, and which, even if existent, performs no function, and exerts no influence. *Entia non multiplicanda præter necessitatem* is as much a maxim in science as in philosophy. We have no more justification for the assumption of a perfectly useless adjunct to the human machine, than the ancients had for their supposition of the seven crystal spheres surrounding the earth, or the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic astronomy. We have even less justification, for the seven spheres of crystal were, at least, an integral part of some system of mystical cosmology, and the cycles and epicycles served in some cumbrous fashion to explain the movements of the planets. But the existence of consciousness in other men is not a corollary from any *à priori* system of philosophy, for to science not even the axioms of mathematics are independent of experience; and we have already seen that consciousness is not *needed* to account for human activities. The only ground for the assumption is that of an analogy which is palpably insufficient, coupled with the evidence of what is called the "social instinct," which, in so far as it is not demonstrably a mere compendium of past experience, is for empirical science non-existent.

Nor is even the minor premiss, according to our author, a sound one; for we have no evidence whatever that consciousness accompanies the movements of our own brain. To appreciate the value of this assertion, some little explanation is necessary. Men of science, equally with philosophers of almost every shade, admit, that all which we do actually know is our own feelings. All beyond this is inference. But we recognise an apparent distinction in our feelings; some of these appear to proceed from ourselves alone, and are called ideas, emotions, etc., whilst others are apparently produced by some external cause. And for scientific purposes, in order to study more closely this latter class of feelings, it has been found convenient to adopt the vulgar hypothesis, that these feelings are identical with the causes which appear to produce them—causes, it must be remembered, of which we have no actual knowledge. We accordingly, for scientific purposes, cease to regard these feelings as being states of consciousness, and assume that they are something outside of consciousness re-

vealed to us by consciousness, and we call them physical facts; reserving the name feelings for these same states of consciousness viewed from the philosophic standpoint, and for these other states, which being, as Hume would say, less lively, carry with them no immediate reference to an external cause. That is, to use Professor Herbert's beautiful illustration, when we adopt the realistic hypothesis, we are in the position of persons looking at a landscape painting. We know perfectly well if we choose to reflect, that we are looking, not at a landscape at all, but merely at a small quantity of paint spread over canvas. But for the purpose of æsthetic enjoyment, we forget this, and permit ourselves to believe that we are looking on cool water and windy uplands, or golden meadows, and shadow-haunted woods. And, of course, for æsthetic purposes, the fiction is permissible, and even laudable. But if, whilst still regarding the painting, not as a painting, but as a landscape, we should speak of particular portions of it, not as portions of the landscape, but as pieces of paint, we should be guilty of a most glaring inconsistency. It would be preposterous, for instance, to speak of a piece of green paint as lying on the meadow, or a piece of blue paint as being a little below the surface of the water, or to criticise the employment of yellow ochre in the representation of the mountains, because those particular mountains were made of granite, and contained no ochre at all. And yet of just such an inconsistency as this are men of science guilty, when they speak of states of consciousness as accompanying cerebral movements. For our brain is itself only a complex of states of our consciousness, which is assumed for a particular purpose to have an existence apart from consciousness—to be, in short, that of which it is merely supposed to be representative, just as the yellow ochre in the picture is assumed to be the granite, which it only represents. Nor is even this analogy a perfect one. For we know of mountains apart from landscape paintings: but for the very existence of our own brains, we have absolutely no other evidence than these very states of consciousness. And to consider this complex of feelings as a physical fact, and then to compare with it other feelings considered as feelings, to consider it, in other words, as being what it is not, and then to compare with it itself considered as it is, is to commit an inexcusable and most disastrous blunder. In Herbert's words, "Our bodies belong, of course, to the assumed external world, which . . . it is not competent for us to combine with facts of consciousness which do not imply that assumption. When we call certain of our conscious states our bodies, we cease to regard them as conscious states, and are not at liberty to blend

with them other conscious states still regarded as such" (p. 109). It would seem, then, that so far from having any grounds for assuming the existence of consciousness in the brains of others, we have no warrant for assuming its existence even in our own brains. Professor Clifford thus, it would appear, was a Frankenstein, fighting with an antagonist of his own creation; he had himself invented the difficulty, which his hypothesis of mind-stuff was invented to solve. Let him give up the hypothesis of consciousness, as he has already that of freewill,—the evidence for either being only a transcendental intuition, and of such intuitions science can take no account—and he will find his difficulties vanish. And really the point to be conceded is of very little moment. In abandoning freewill, we abandoned all of consciousness that was worth the having. If our minds can only look helplessly on and see what of good or ill our bodies are doing, it would seem to the unscientific to matter but little whether or not we have minds at all. If the mind of Guiteau was powerless to arrest the fatal blow, if the mind of Plato had no share in the production of the Phædo, it is the mere prodigality of fancy to suppose either the murderer or the philosopher gifted with so useless an incumbrance. With or without it, the one owns no merit, and the other no disgrace. Let us, then, cheerfully resign in name that of which we have already resigned the substance. We shall thus preserve consistency, and shall not further violate common-sense. Let us admit that the scene of human activities, the whole course of human history has been without consciousness, as without volition. "Young men and maidens have plighted vows of love, and families have arisen, the parents and children seemingly united together by dear ties of affection, their sorrows alleviated by the happiness of home; but however that be, it is the incontestable conclusion of Science that all their actions, their fireside gatherings and their disputes, their language, their gestures, their looks, would have been just the same in the absence of all joy and sorrow and love. Nation has arisen against nation, and wars have been waged, attended, it has been supposed, with frightful miseries, and calling forth extraordinary genius and heroism; but science teaches that the actions which have been regarded as indicative of these sufferings and high mental qualities, must have occurred irrespective of all such appalling and sublime accompaniments. . . . Among the most remarkable and indubitable facts of history is this—that the short life and violent death of a Jewish peasant eighteen centuries ago have exercised an unrivalled influence on the lives of multitudes of men, and on the subsequent history of the civilised world. He

called into being the Christian Church, which has made a mighty mark on the material world, and has always looked to him as the object of its imitation and worship; and all the resources of religious language have been expended on Christ. But the person who has left such abundant and ineffaceable traces of his influence on human character and history in many lands, has wrought them (not to raise here the question of the supernatural) through the instrumentality of bodily acts and vocal sounds which were orderly sequences of physical change; all the results which have followed have been, therefore, links in the unbroken chain of physical events, and—so science is bound to maintain—have not been affected in the least by the mind or heart of Christ. Christ has not influenced men's deeds by first moving their hearts; but every outward effect which he has wrought, even the hold which the story of his suffering has taken on ten thousand hearers, has been strictly traceable to physical causes, and wholly independent of thought and feeling. The New Testament would have been written just the same, and all the literature of the world produced and read, without serving to convey a single thought to a single mind" (pp. 130-132).

This novel view of the universe is the latest victory of scientific realism over the superstition of the vulgar. That such a doctrine is repugnant to common-sense is of little moment, for common-sense has not once or twice yielded to philosophical necessity. But that the doctrine is at variance with the practice of the philosophers—which in all things pertaining to action is strictly in accordance with that of the unlearned—would seem to indicate that premises, which lead to a conclusion so monstrous that it cannot be translated into action even by its professed adherents, must themselves stand in need of revision. Perhaps things, after all, are not as they seem. We must remember that, however real the things of the universe may be, they are to us not *onta*, but *phenomena*, for we can never leave the human standpoint in regarding them. Perhaps from another point of view, physical necessity might be seen to be not incompatible with Divine Freewill, and scientific facts to be the obverse of spiritual realities.

(To be continued.)

How soon a man's opinions get to be his loves! A man argues in favour of annihilation till at last he gets to hope for it, to court it! Pride of opinion and other subtle forces help on the consummation. What powers of acclimation in the human soul when it can thus learn to prefer the air of the charnel-house to the breeze on the living hills bathed in God's sunshine!—EPES SARGENT.

A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subjoined series of Ghost Stories was placed in my hands some short time ago by the compiler with a request that I would pronounce an opinion on the advisability of publishing them. Before I could offer any advice, it was necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to their authenticity. It is very easy to fabricate out of the imagination a series of stories that shall beat facts out of the field. Such Christmas food is amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. I set myself, therefore, to enquire whether the stories were fiction or records of fact. I found that they are authentic records of actual fact, and I have in my possession the key to the various stories, with the full names of the persons who figure there under initials, or with some disguise.

It is a matter of regret that such narratives cannot be printed with full names, and due attestation. But no one will be surprised that people should shrink from such publicity, if only to avoid the annoyance that would assuredly come upon them from mere impertinent curiosity.

It has seemed to me that such records as these have a value that warrants their publication. They will, therefore, by the permission of the Editor, be published in the *Psychological Review*, and afterwards will be put forth in a more permanent form.

It is obviously impossible to publish the evidence which guarantees the authenticity of these stories. I have thought, therefore, that an assurance that they are what they pretend to be, authentic records of actual facts, given by one who has concerned himself much with such things, might remove possible misconception. For this reason I take on myself to say these few introductory words.

M.A. (OXON.)

GHOSTLY VISITORS:

A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

BY "SPECTRE STRICKEN."

No, it was of no use attempting it any longer, I, William Coventry, of Brasenose, going in for honours, could not study. Do what I would, my thoughts wandered away to other subjects. Voting Homer a bore, I threw it from me with a yawn, and dashing on my smoking cap, set out for my friend

Weston's rooms, hoping to find him as disinclined for work as myself. This proved to be the case. I turned the handle of his door just as he himself took hold of it on the other side. After a few moments twisting and turning the door opened between us, and we confronted each other much to Weston's surprise.

"Ha! ha! old boy," he said, laughing, and with a glance at my cap, "so you have come after me; funny enough, I was coming to have a weed with you. I don't know wherefore, but I can not settle to my books."

As I was about to reply, we were joined by another man, Danecourt, of Balliol, who had sought Weston's with intentions similar to mine. The high wind, he thought, must have weakened his nerve power, for he felt not quite up to the mark as regards study.

Weston with that free-hearted hospitality for which he was celebrated, made us heartily welcome. Some rare old port, a present from his "governor," was produced and discussed equally to our own and his satisfaction; then followed cigars, and after some desultory conversation—ghost stories! These were prefaced by the remark from Weston, that it was just the night for tales of the supernatural, the wind having risen to hurricane point, which always served to *raise the spirits*, as his grandmother, God bless her! used to remark.

Danecourt was to have the precedence as narrator, the Danecourts, of Danecourt, Lancashire, having had a family-ghost ever since the first of their name came over with the conquering Norman. Their spectre, however, belonged to the invisible order, modestly contenting itself with ringing bells at impossible hours, twitching caps off the servants' heads, wrenching off door-handles, and with sundry tappings and scratchings, whereby the nervous systems of many of the female Danecourts had been seriously injured.

Thus called to the chair, Danecourt told the following story:—

A MOTHER'S WARNING.

"Mr. B —, an intimate acquaintance and near neighbour of ours in Lancashire, had the misfortune a few years ago to lose his wife in the most melancholy manner. This sad bereavement rendered the house in which he lived so distasteful to him, that he at once left it, and, with his four children, went to reside in a large, old rambling mansion, situated in another part of the county.

"On their arrival, Mr. B —'s attention, and that of his servants, was naturally taken up with domestic arrangements, so that the little ones were in a great measure left to them—

selves. Exulting in their freedom, the merry sprites ran hither and thither, up one stair and down another, along corridors ending in blank walls, through stately apartments—the size and gloom of which filled their young minds with awe—now in quaint odd nooks and corners; anon in a picture gallery; again in chambers cob-webbed and dreary-looking. At length by means of a spiral stair leading up from one of these they reached a room cedar-panelled, and of dark cold aspect. Into this chamber the sun never shone; there was but one window, and that almost entirely closed up. Three or four dismal pictures representing some quaint, old, mythical legends were empanelled in the walls. The hitherto noisy children gazed around with hushed voices and bated breath. A something in its aspect frightened them. They left hastily, and ran down stairs, the eldest, a girl of eight years old, leading the way. In her haste she passed the door by which they entered on to the stair; onwards in her terror she sped, down—down into darkness.

“Suddenly her flight was stayed, and she retreated backward, the wild startled cry of ‘Mamma!’ bursting from her lips. The others, terrified, stood for an instant in mute dismay, then turned and fled, she following them, sobbing out, ‘I have seen mamma, and she waves us back.’

“Thoroughly frightened, they sought their father, and, with pale faces, faltered out their story. Much moved, Mr. B — provided himself with a candle, and, in company with his children, descended the staircase. To his unspeakable horror the light of the candle revealed to him a wide yawning well within a few paces from where his eldest girl had stood, and into which she would inevitably have fallen but for the spirit mother who stood at its brink, and by her ministering presence saved her child.”

Scarcely had Danecourt finished speaking when a series of peculiar taps came to the door. In answer to Weston’s “Come in,” three Brasenose men, neighbours of mine, entered. They had been to my rooms, and, finding me absent, naturally concluded that I should be found at Weston’s. Study had been as impossible with them as with us—high wind had generated a nervous disturbance akin to a meteorological storm. The circle was enlarged, some claret produced to suit the taste of the new-comers, and a fresh supply of cigars thrown upon the table. Informed that ghost-lore was the subject of discourse, Selby expressed his readiness to succeed Danecourt as narrator, and was accordingly placed in the speaker’s chair.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

(*Selby loquitur.*)—"At a wine-party given not very long ago by a Balliol friend of mine, the conversation, as it has chanced to-night, turned upon ghosts, or visitations of spirits, and endless were the arguments brought forward in support of each individual belief. The dispute ran high. One young man in particular was vehement in his assertions that *no* spirit once released from the body could revisit earth. Many forcible arguments were urged by those who entertained contrary opinions to prove he was wrong—many strange and well-authenticated ghost-stories were narrated, but all to no purpose; he could not be brought to believe in the supernatural. A few evenings after, another friend of mine (whose identity I shall conceal under the initial letter C——) who had rooms in the same quadrangle with F——, the giver of the wine-party, feeling himself indisposed for reading, crossed over to F——'s rooms, as he was frequently in the habit of doing when in these idle moods. To his surprise, on entering, he saw his friend standing with his hand on the back of a chair, and his eyes fixed on M—— (the youth who had so persistently denied the existence of ghosts) who, deadly pale and in evening dress, was seated opposite to, and gazing attentively on him.

"Imagining, from the strange looks of both parties, that high words had passed between them, and thinking it better to appear as if he had not noticed anything peculiar, C—— went up to F——, and addressed to him some trivial remark; but keeping his eyes still fixed on M——, F—— said, in excited tones, and pointing in his direction, 'Go, and speak to *him*!'

"C—— turned round for that purpose, when (did his eyes deceive him?)—the chair was empty!

"In amazement both the men gazed on each other in silence. At length C—— said in a low voice—

"'What can be the meaning of this?'

"'I know not,' said F——. 'Shortly before you came in, I chanced to raise my eyes from my book, and there was M——, sitting pale and silent, just as you saw him—can he be ill?'

"'Or dead,' said C——; 'let us go to his rooms and ascertain.' They did so, and, in answer to their inquiries, they were told that their friend had that evening left the College, in evening dress, but without mentioning where he was going. The end of my story is, that from that day to this he has never been heard of."

"How very strange!" said we all. "How very strange!" was re-echoed in hollow tones from the door-way.

Thoroughly startled—indeed, Selby dropped the glass he was then raising to his lips—we looked round. An Oriel man, named Somerset, finding himself, owing to the terrific wind, quite unable to read, had come to see what was going on at Weston's.

In return for the unmistakeable fright he had given us, our host thrust this last comer into the chair just then vacated by Selby, assuring him that neither wine nor cigar should he touch until he had related a ghost-story for the entertainment of the company. Anxious to have a share of both, Somerset lost no time in complying with the request thus forcibly urged.

THE SPECTRAL CANDLE.

"In these more primitive days, when it was the fashion for the bridegroom and bride to set out in their travels in company with the fair vestals who had acted as bridesmaids, an aunt of mine, then a school-girl in her teens, having officiated in that interesting capacity to a cousin of hers, was, with the others, her companion on her matrimonial trip. An entire day spent in and around a once celebrated old castle, Warwick, I think, so thoroughly exhausted my aunt, who was far from strong, that she declared herself unable to continue her journey. What was to be done! In this dilemma, she suddenly remembered that the grand-mother and sister of her most intimate school friend resided in the immediate neighbourhood. She would find them out, and throw herself on their hospitality for that night. She did so: met with a most cordial welcome, and there she was left by the bridal party.

"It was agreed upon by my aunt and her new acquaintance, that they should share the same room, as it was a large, gloomy-looking apartment, such as is frequently assigned to a highly esteemed guest in old-fashioned country houses, and by no means calculated to promote anything like cheerfulness in the occupant.

"Not long after they had retired to rest, my aunt suddenly enquired of her companion? how she came to have the candle burning?

"I put it out," said the other.

"You cannot have done that," was the reply, 'for there it is, alight on the toilet table.'

"So it is; how very stupid of me to leave it so.'

"With these words, her friend sprung out of bed to extinguish the light—but no light was there. Laughing at the trick played them by their imaginations, she betook herself to rest. Scarcely, however, had her head touched the pillow, than again my aunt declared the candle *was* burning. The

other, with astonishment, saw she was right; it shone with a clear, steady flame. This time both girls got up. The result was the same—the candle was *not* burning. This proved too much for their nerves. Shrieking as they ran, they flew to the grand-mother, to whom they told their tale, and with whom they passed what remained of the night till morning.

“On her return to school, my aunt told her friend what had taken place.

“‘In which bedroom did you sleep?’ asked the girl.

“‘In the strangers’ room.’

“‘The very one in which my cousin shot herself.’”

Weldon, of Merton, next turned narrator, and gave us the following, prefaced by the request, that for the time being we should imagine him to be the highly respectable matron who related this most extraordinary incident to his mother.

THE SPECTRAL CARRIAGE.

“My sister was for many years in service in Liverpool. On one occasion the family, with whom she served, went abroad for several months. Before leaving, they laid strict injunctions on her, being the upper housemaid, on no account whatever to admit strangers during their absence, there being much that was valuable in the house in the way of furniture, pictures, etc., etc. One day not long after their departure, a carriage drove up to their door. The footman jumped down from the box, rang the bell, put down the steps, assisted a lady and little boy to alight, then resumed his seat behind the coachman, and the carriage drove off. When my sister went to the door, the lady, who was standing there with the child, begged in earnest tones that she might be allowed to see the house, saying she had urgent reasons for her request. But this my sister refused to permit, owing to the orders she had received. Again the stranger entreated to be admitted; still my sister remained firm. Upon this the little boy began to cry most piteously. At that moment the under housemaid crossed the hall, and seeing the child in tears, came forward in time to hear the request repeated. Touched at sight of the boy's evident distress, the maid begged my sister to allow them to come in, which at length she did. The lady stepped eagerly in with the child, and, greatly to my sister's surprise, seemed as thoroughly at home in the house as she herself was, for she went from room to room, and tripped up and down stairs without the slightest hesitation, or enquiry, as to where such stairs led. Suddenly, while standing in a dressing-closet attached to one of the principal bedrooms, the stranger lady raised both

hands, and exclaiming in tones of heartfelt gratitude, 'God in Heaven bless you for what you have done for me this day!' vanished together with the boy. Beyond measure terrified, my sister flew down stairs, and told the other maid what had taken place. Unable to credit her story, the woman went carefully all over the house, but neither lady nor child were to be seen. In their perplexity they went to the nearest policeman and told him what had happened. Then he, in company with two others, made a visit of inspection, but with the same result, nothing was ever seen or heard of the mysterious visitors."

It will not be thought strange that this story was entirely discredited by all present save the narrator himself. It seemed to us utterly impossible that such a thing could take place. Spectres there might be, indeed we had little doubt that they did exist—but a *spectral carriage* was in our opinion too much of a good thing.

But Weldon would not be persuaded that the servant had either imagined this spiritual visitation, or had fallen asleep in a lobby chair and dreamed it, her mind being full of the orders she had received. "It was well known," he said, "that in many old Scottish families, previous to the death of one of their members, a coach and four dashed up to the principal entrance of the mansion. Then, again, in the 'Saints of Port Royal,' a well nigh similar incident is told in connection with one of the pious sisters—"

"And," broke in a young Scotchman named Kennedy, "there is that wild legend in which my own ancestor figures. The wicked Sir Archibald Kennedy, of persecuting renown, lies dead in his rock-bound castle of Culzean, and a ship is being tossed in the fearful storm which rages on the Ayrshire coast, when—

" 'A boat! a boat!' the steersman cried,
 'I see by these flashes bright!'
 'No boat,' the captain swift replied,
 'Could live on this awful night!'

" Soon the heavens burst, and a flood of light
 Lit up all with a ghastly glare;
 And the ship's crew gazed on a fearful sight,
 For a funeral train was there.

" Four coal black horses drew each coach,
 And they pranced upon the sea:
 As each driver caus'd their swift approach,
 What an awful look had he!

"Soon as they reach'd the vessel's side,
This ghastly train funereal;
'From whence to where?' the steersman cried,
'From H—ll to Culzean's burial!'"

"Then again, I have heard it said that a coach-and-four nightly leaves St. Andrews, and goes along the Firth, with attendant 'mutes'—spectral of course—to pick up any dead bodies that may chance to be floating on its surface.

"Who can say but a similar ghostly equipage was in waiting on the night of the Tay bridge disaster. I can picture the scene if it were so. Before me lies the broad river lashed into fury by the tempest which careers along fraught with woe and desolation—the chariot of the angel of death! Above me lowers the sullen storm cloud; around me is darkness. Gliding onwards amid the gloom is a funeral coach with coal black steeds, and sable driver and mutes. On the doomed bridge their ghastly eyes are fixed. Onwards they come, eager to snatch from the wind and waves their ghastly prey. A momentary lull takes place in the elementary warfare. A loud, shrill whistle is heard, a red light gleams through the darkness. The train is approaching. The bridge is gained—half crossed, when, with a rush and roar of demon-like fury, the tempest resumes its sway. A shock—the bridge gives way beneath the pressure—down sinks the train amidst the cries of despairing hearts; the driver urges on his prancing steeds, and the expectant mutes descend and disappear amidst the broken girders and the dead."

These verifying statements, together with the also quoted Worcestershire spectre coach, driven by no less important a personage than his Majesty Charles 1st, who, as the headless horses wildly careered past the affrighted beholder, was observed to be carrying his head for greater security under his arm, caused us generally to retract our previous expressions of unbelief; and our thirst for the marvellous being rather increased than diminished by this singular story, Nugent, of St. John's, was called upon to tell us something, which he did as follows:—

"I was for several weeks last autumn a visitor in a large old country house in Denbighshire. There were other guests there besides myself, for the most part intelligent, conversable people. Thus the time passed pleasantly. We blazed away to our heart's content at all manner of game during the day, and chatted and told stories in the evening over a blazing fire. And very comfortable we found it I assure you.

"One night when the equinoxial gales were treating us to a concert in a high pitched key, the conversation chancing to turn upon the supernatural, Mr. S——, one of the visitors, told me this. I give the story as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:—

NUGENT'S STORY.

"Two years ago having a few days at my disposal, I took a run up to Putney, in order to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, in which as an old Oxford man, I am much interested. After having dined with a friend at Hammersmith, I was walking leisurely back about one o'clock in the morning to my lodgings. When about half way across Barnes Common, I was overtaken by a young man whose acquaintance I had made at the house of the friend I had just left. Our way led us past a churchyard, and he told me with rather a nervous laugh, that he was glad of a companion, as on a former occasion he had got somewhat of a fright while passing the gate of the pretty little cemetery.

"What from?' I said, smiling.

"Well, I cannot say more than that I distinctly saw a female figure dressed in a loose black gown, gliding along—for I cannot call it walking—in zig-zag fashion, on the opposite side.'

"Did you call out to her?'

"No.'

"Then what did you do?'

"I bolted as fast as my legs could carry me.'

"Now, the curious part of the story is this. When in Putney last spring I again met my young friend, and we resumed our former intimacy. While walking with him one day in the Common, the sight of the churchyard recalled his nocturnal adventure to my recollection, and I asked him whether he had encountered any more black robed females in his walks to and from Hammersmith.

"No,' he said gravely; 'but I have something to tell you in connection with the apparition that I saw—for I cannot help thinking that in each case they were one and the same. Some friends of mine live on the outskirts of the Common, and their house is in a straight line with the churchyard (here he pointed it out with his stick). You smile, but mark what follows. My friend's family consisted of himself, his wife, and her unmarried sister. W's. health had been failing for years; and latterly he had become so seriously unwell as to cause his relatives considerable anxiety.

"So far as I can remember, it must have been about the time of my fright on the Common, that Miss D——, the un-

married sister, went to the door one evening to have a look at the night before retiring to rest, according to her usual custom, when, to her surprise, she saw standing before her, at the foot of the steps leading out to the little garden, a woman dressed like a Sister of Charity—that is to say, in black, with a white band across her forehead. The stranger's arms were folded on her breast, and her eyes were fixed on Miss D——. Each gazed on the other in silence. Feeling slightly uncomfortable, she could not tell why, Miss D—— called the parlour maid who was then removing the supper things. She came, accompanied by the dog. The latter, instead of rushing out and barking furiously as was its wont, when visitors approached the house, stood for a moment looking at the woman, and then retreated, growling, behind its mistress. As for the servant, she stared wildly for a moment, and then seized hold of Miss D——, who obeying what she described as an uncontrollable impulse, slammed to the door, and retreated to her bed-room, the others having long since retired to rest.

“The next morning Mrs. W—— came down to breakfast, looking pale and worn. Her husband, she said, was too ill to leave his bed. This night had been a wretched one. He could not sleep, he told her, for a woman who stood in a corner of the room, and kept looking at him. Again and again she rose, and tried by altering the arrangement of the furniture to rid him of the delusion, but it was of no use, she was always there.”

“Well, and what happened?” I said; for the young man had stopped short in his narrative and was looking at me with a puzzled expression.

“Why, poor W—— died that very day!”

“The same person also told me this,” went on Nugent, who seemed wonderfully pleased with his rôle of story-teller:—

SPALDING'S DOG.

“Late one evening I was returning home along a lane lying to the back of my house in Lancashire, when a huge black dog with eyes like coals of fire, bounded over the hedge on my right, directly in front of me, with such a fierce threatening look in its face, that I felt sure he was about to spring at my throat. Retreating backwards, I kept my stick raised in the air in readiness should the savage looking brute fly at me. But this it did not do. After remaining motionless for about the space of five minutes, it leapt over the hedge on my left and disappeared.

“The day after I met a friend in the lane to whom I men-

tioned the circumstance of the dog; adding that never having seen it before I wondered to whom it belonged.

"What," said my friend, 'have you, who have resided so long in this neighbourhood, never seen or heard of Spalding's dog?'

"No."

"Strange," he replied. 'I thought every one knew about it.'

"Why is it called Spalding's dog?" I asked.

"Because a man of that name was the first to see it. He was a gambler, and one who kept very early hours.

"Many years ago, when returning home about two o'clock one morning along this lane, the large black dog you describe bounded over the hedge and stood right in his path, glaring on him with its great fiery eyes. It then disappeared as suddenly as it came. This occurrence so frightened Spalding that for the future he abandoned card-playing. Ever since this mastiff has been frequently seen, and is familiarly known as Spalding's dog."

Another series of erratic taps at the door, and in walked three Lincoln men, all more or less upset by the high wind, and desirous of congenial fellowship. These were cordially welcomed; and one of them named Gascoigne was asked to furnish a contribution to the ghost lore. Having, as he expressed it, "settled his nerves" with a glass of claret, he cheerfully complied.

GASCOIGNE'S STORY.

"Some years ago when my mother was in Scotland she paid a visit to an old friend of hers who lived at a place called Dundonald, near Troon, in Ayrshire. As she never described the bed-room assigned to her, I cannot tell you what it was like—whether it was of large or small dimensions—whether the bed was a huge four-poster with hangings, or merely an iron bedstead without these appendages—whether the walls of the room were adorned with fine old engravings, or simply some of those highly coloured chromo-lithographs annually sent out with the Christmas number of the 'Illustrated London News.' On these minor particulars she never entered, but this she did tell me—

"One night she was wakened out of her sleep by a sound of hammering, and on looking out into the room she distinctly saw a lady with dishevelled hair hanging down her back, busily engaged in knocking a nail into one of the walls. What my revered parent's conjectures on the subject were she never informed me; as to the state of her feelings during the

remainder of the night she was equally reticent. But next morning she mentioned the circumstance at the breakfast table.

"Are you in earnest?" asked her hostess in surprise.

"Perfectly so."

"How very singular, for we have often heard that fifty years ago a lady hanged herself in that room."

"Now, Veriker, it is your turn," said Weston to one of the last comers, who in obedience to this summons began in a flurried manner, "Have any of you fellows heard of that awfully mysterious house in — Square —"

"O, come, come; none of that!" we shouted in chorus.

"Don't, for goodness sake, go over that old story," cried Weston; "one hears quite enough in town about the faint ringing of the bell—the pistol shot—man found dead on the floor—pistol discharged and lying on the table."

"But this is a headless woman who is said to haunt No. 50 — Square," said Veriker.

"Why, bless me!" interrupted Selby, "I have been told that a head without a woman has been seen in Hanover Square!"

"Why, then, the two have dissolved partnership, and the body must have preferred one locality while the head has gone off to another, that is all," said Weston, with a sly look at Veriker, who, offended by this good-humoured raillery, declined to say anything further on the subject of ghosts; whereupon Walford, a friend of his, said he would take his place and give us a ghostly narrative.

ANNE BOLEYN'S GHOST AT THE TOWER.

"Some of you are doubtless aware there is a chapel attached to the Tower of London." (This implied ignorance on the part of the *others* nearly set us off laughing; but observing that Walford looked grave, we repressed our merriment, being fearful of losing his story, for, like Veriker, he was rather of the touchy order.) "Also," he went on, "that the chapel in question was connected with many of the most striking and melancholy scenes in our history." (We bowed with all the gravity of Chinese Mandarins.) "Well, an old friend of mine, Captain —, of the — regiment, was one evening going the rounds with the sentry when he saw a light burning in the chapel. He pointed it out to the other, and asked what it meant.

"I don't know what it means, sir, but I have often seen that and stranger things here of nights," was the sentinel's reply.

"Again and again my friend looked at the window, and each time the light gleamed through the darkness. Determined to ascertain the cause, Captain — procured a ladder, placed it against the chapel wall, mounted it, and gazed in on a scene that thrilled his every nerve. Slowly down the aisle moved a stately procession of knights and ladies, attired in ancient costumes; and in front walked an elegant female, whose face was averted from him, but whose figure greatly resembled the one he had seen in reputed portraits of Anne Boleyn. After having repeatedly paced the chapel, the entire procession, together with the light, disappeared. So deeply was my friend impressed with the seeming reality of the scene, that not till then did he discover he had been gazing in on a phantom crowd."

"I have frequently heard that the ghost of Anne Boleyn haunts the Tower Hill," said Gascoigne.

"Yes," replied Walford, "and Harrison Ainsworth makes a good use of that tradition in that fascinating romance, 'The Tower of London.'"

"Don't leave the chair till you have given us another," said Weston.

"Very good," laughed Walford; "fortunately the following has just occurred to me:—

A PROPHECIC DREAM.

"I had an uncle who, on account of his health, was ordered to sojourn at Torquay for the summer months. He followed the advice given him, and contrived to make the time pass pleasantly; for, being a man of social habits and likely parts, he soon formed a large circle of acquaintances with whom he spent many happy hours. At the house of one of those, he met with a young lady and her brother, natives of Bath, in whom he very shortly became deeply interested. The favourable impression proved to be mutual, and so strong a friendship sprang up between them, that hardly a day passed without some portion of it being spent in each other's society. On one occasion, while taking leave for the night, Mr. M——, told my uncle, that on the following day, should the weather prove favourable, he and his sister were going to the Channel Islands, and asked him to accompany him. My uncle being the reverse of a good sailor was obliged, although reluctantly, to decline the invitation. That same night he was visited by the following remarkable dream. He dreamed he was standing at his bedroom window, looking out on what should have been the Bay of Torquay, but which was changed into the open sea. As he

stood thus, two steamers rapidly advancing from opposite directions, suddenly made their appearance, and dashed up against each other with a force that sent both to the bottom. So real did the collision seem that my uncle uttered a cry, and awoke to find himself actually standing at the window, gazing out into the night. Shivering, he found his way back to bed, the horror occasioned by his too powerful dream yet upon him. When at length he fell asleep, he was again visited by the same vision. Once more he awoke with a cry to find himself at the window. Perplexed and frightened by this repetition of his dream, my uncle at once connected it with his young friends' intended excursion to the Channel Islands, and, apprehensive that some danger menaced them, he resolved to see them at an early hour, and if possible dissuade them from going. Full of this resolve, he again fell asleep, and slept undisturbed till the morning was far advanced. No sooner had the singular events of the night recurred to his memory than he hastily dressed himself and proceeded to his friends' lodgings, and inquired whether they had gone. Yes; they had started an hour before. Vexed with himself for being too late, and yet ashamed to confess the cause of his anxiety, my uncle returned home without mentioning his dream, which was soon verified, and that in the most melancholy manner, for the steamer in which the young lady and her brother sailed came in collision with another, and both sunk with their human freight, just as my uncle had seen them in his vision."

"Talking of dreams," said Weston; "a short time ago, I was told the following curious incident by a sea-captain, who is an intimate friend of mine. His whereabouts when this happened to him I unfortunately forget, but of this I am certain, that his destination was Australia. To quote his own words—'We were to sight land about twelve o'clock the following day, and it was the second watch when I retired to my cabin, having first given the mate instructions to call me at once should anything happen. Soon I was asleep, or thought I was, when I distinctly heard my name called in a loud voice. In an instant I was out of bed, and my foot on the companion ladder. The deck gained, I was surprised to find everything just as it was when I left it, and to learn from the mate that he had not spoken.

"The night, I observed, had changed for the worse; a heavy brooding mist hung darkly around.

"Once more in my berth, I speedily fell asleep, but it was not long before I heard the mate's voice sing out, 'Captain —, you are wanted!'

"Again I sought the deck, and again was solemnly assured by the mate, that he had not called me. Thinking this repetition of my dream rather singular, I asked, "How goes the night?" "The mist is not nearly so dense," he replied; "I can see the stars through my glass."

"Satisfied that all was right, I retreated to my cabin, but this time I threw myself dressed on the sofa, and certainly was not asleep when there came this message delivered in peremptory tones, "Captain — —, you will lose your ship if you don't go on deck!"

"To hear was to obey. But not contented with the mate's report that all was right, I snatched the glass from his hand, and looking through it, my gaze penetrated the fast clearing mist, and to my horror I distinctly saw the white surf breaking on the yet distant shore. Had it not been for this timely warning, in less than a quarter of an hour we should have struck on the rocks."

"And you are certain you were not asleep the last time you heard the summons?"

"Perfectly certain."

"And the voice—did it frighten you?"

"Not at all; it seemed to me a familiar one, and I took it for the mate's."

Weston having vacated the chair, Beauchamp of Oriel quietly slipped into it, saying, that, with our permission, he would recite some verses descriptive of a tradition told in connection with an interesting old Yorkshire mansion, now converted into a farm-house, which he was in the habit of wandering about when a resident in that part of the country. The legend, he said, embodied in the verses, was told him by a native of these parts, with the addition, that so frequently were the old lady's tapping heels and rustling silk dress heard in the passage alluded to, that the inmates, convinced that her visits betokened the presence of hidden treasure, had the flag-stones lifted; but if anything were found, a discreet silence was preserved on the subject. We prepared ourselves to listen, and Beauchamp began:—

THE SPECTRE OF HUDELSTON.

There is a passage in Huddelston Manor—

A passage of stone—

'Long which the night wind sweeps with an eerie rush,

Or low, plaintive moan.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

In through its lozenge-shap'd casements the lordly sun
Pours light by day;
And, when night's dark'ning shades prevail, steals gently in
The moon's pale ray,

Piercing the solemn gloom with long rules of light
Which brightly fall
Just there, where sculptor'd rude on the cold grey stone
Of sheltering wall,

Is a shield with a coat of arms engraved thereon—
"Arg. on a bend,"
Cotised sable, three Griffins, heads, erased of the first
Motto—"I defend."

Bright through effulgence of a moonlight glory,
This heraldic shield
Stands forth from out the darksome, brooding shadows,
Startlingly relieved.

Perfect as though it thus would stand for ever,
Harsh, grim, and old,
When the heart that dream'd it, and hand that carv'd it
Are still and cold.*

Perfect, as when on proud emblazoned banners
In battle fray
There, where the fight raged fiercest—the blood ran deepest—
It led the way.

Its ancient owners bore themselves right bravely;
No blighting stain
Ere dimmed the lustre of their arms or soil'd
The Dare-all name.

And yet misfortunes gathered quickly o'er them
And their fortunes all,
Dark as the midnight shadows clustering round
Their ancestral hall.

Most foully wronged in these long vanished days—
The good old times—
Some perished broken-hearted, others fled
To foreign climes,

Far from their rightful heritage and native land,
Exiles to roam,
Their hearts' affections ever fondly twining round
Their English home.

* See Adelaide Proctor's "*Carver's Lesson*."

Though wrested from them in misfortune's hour

Yet legends say

That one of the grand old race of Dare-alls

Long pass'd away,

Walks in this passage at lone midnight hour

With gentle tread,

And stands and gazes with lack-lustre eyes

Where right o'erhead

Gleams 'mid the darkness the ancestral shield with

"Arg. on bend,"

The moon's rays rippling o'er the brave old motto—

"I defend,"

Then sadly weeps and paces to and fro.

In their old place

She walks a stranger—other forms are there—

Another race.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GALL.

BY SOPHIA ELIZABETH DE MORGAN.

IN writing of Phrenology at this time, we have to look at it from a very different point of view from that of Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, or Elliotson. When Gall's discoveries were announced to the world, the idea of connecting the form of head or of brain, with the character was new, and all the misinterpretations and misrepresentations, which always follow a newly discovered and very complicated line of study, came thickly around the new system. At first, while many bigotted religionists pronounced it atheistic and diabolical, many philanthropists—whose leaning towards unbelief was a natural reaction against the narrow orthodoxy of the time—hailed the new system gladly, as affording great help to education, and to the improvement of mankind. Much harm was done to phrenology by new converts, who, finding that their supposed knowledge could be gained at a small cost of trouble, undertook to feel heads, and to pronounce on character according to their own estimate of the size and development of different parts of the skull. Measurements were seldom attended to, and the most highly organised and complicated formations were pronounced on as glibly and readily, as would have been the simplest structure. All this brought discredit on a system which, having in itself the elements of a psychology finer than any that had been till that time imagined, was yet in its infancy, and demanded for its perfect elucidation the most careful observation, and the most discriminative thought.

The delineations of character given by Mr. Deville, Dr. Epps, Dr. Donovan, and a few others, excited surprise; but there were not many practical phrenologists who had the perceptive faculty, with the power of ethical combination, of these cranioscopists; so their judgments, after causing wonder and appearing mysterious, were set down as "lucky hits;" and the facts which at first called forth curiosity and attention, have been gradually lost sight of. From these, and from other causes, Gall's discoveries have not received the consideration they deserve. They are now looked at from a different point of view; but their truth is not yet acknowledged. In the first instance, the dependence of the mind upon the brain was ignored and denied. That connection is no longer questioned; but physiologists, arguing from vivisectional experiments, believe that they can show Gall's arrangement of the faculties to be entirely mistaken.

The science of the future may pronounce vivisectional methods of dealing with so delicate and so complicated an organ as the brain to be too rough and incomplete to procure a definite knowledge of the functions of its separate parts; but the science of the present, like a child with a toy, dissects and destroys the mechanism whose working it wants to find out.

As might be expected no conclusions have been established by physiologists as to the functions of its several parts. Dr. Carpenter, indeed, once suggested that the back of the head is the seat of intellectual action; and Dr. Ferrier believes that he has disproved the truth of Gall's system, and has found out distinctly different functions for the frontal lobes. Other physiologists will doubtless put in new and different claims to discovery, but we may remember, with reference to their method, the words of the good and clear-headed Dr. Nélaton: "All systems based upon vivisection are false and illusory."*

* As far as these experiments can be relied on, they confirm in a rough and general way the careful observations of Gall. Physiologists are now agreed that the frontal lobes are the instruments of intellectual action; and the functions of two convolutions when *Faradized*, or excited by a current of electricity, agree with Gall's description of those two organs. Dr. Ferrier's discoveries, whatever may be their value, were made by Drs. Hitzig and Frisch, of Berlin, and published by them in 1870. For particulars of the respective claims of the German and English physiologists, the reader is referred to the following articles in "Reichart and Dubois-Raymond's Archives, 1870:" "On the Electrical Excitability of the Brain, by Dr. Hitzig, 1870;" "Further Investigations on the Physiology of the Brain, by Dr. Hitzig, 1870;" also, "Investigations on the Brain, by Dr. Hitzig, Berlin, 1878 and 1879;" and *Nature*, vol. x., May to October, 1874. I am indebted for the above facts and references to my friend Major Noel, an able phrenologist, well known in Germany by his writings, lectures, and illustrations.—S. E. DE M.

To the outcry—not so readily raised now as it was then—that the new science was subversive of all religion, that it was the devil, &c., the only reply needed was, “Is it true?” The first exponents of it were careful to state that, although they believed the relative sizes of different parts of the head to afford the means of judging of character, they did not maintain that the brain was the *cause* and *former* of character. It might, or it might not be so; for both brain and character might be the effect of some other unsuspected cause. Observation at that time had only shown that certain mental and moral qualities always accompanied a certain cerebral formation. The materialism which was charged to the new system was not its necessary consequence, though the tendency of free thought at that time favoured a materialistic interpretation, and the name of “organ” given to such elementary portion or division, strengthened the notion that the working of the brain somehow produced consciousness and feeling.

The reception in England which I have referred to, and which some among us may remember, came from a multitude of the unscientific, and the prejudiced and less thoughtful portion of the so-called scientific world. But both in Germany and in France Gall’s investigations excited interest in the minds of some of the best anatomists and physiologists; and in France, the researches of Drs. Vimont, Broupais, and others, confirmed and strengthened the facts announced by Gall, more especially in the direction of animal phrenology. In Germany, Dr. Spurzheim, who had become a devoted adherent of the new system, and joined its founder Gall in the year 1800, gave great help to the discoverer by his anatomical skill. He was an exceedingly fine dissector of the brain. In his Phrenology, a general classification of the parts of the head is made. They are divided into organs of the Propensities, Sentiments, and Intellect, but, so far as I know, no minute psychological analysis has as yet been made with a view of showing the beauty of a system which, unlike the arbitrary arrangements of metaphysicians, was constructed upon observation alone.

There were, however, physiologists and anatomists in England who were not far behind their continental neighbours in seeing the value of Gall’s discovery. Among these, Dr. John Elliotson, the translator of Blumenbach, a man noted for his powers of observation, saw not only the anatomical accuracy of Gall’s statements, but the promise held out by his conclusions of combining the philosophy of mind with the science of cerebral structure and function, branches of knowledge which till that time had been but little if at all connected together. A very few English physicians and surgeons examined the

question; and in Scotland Dr. Andrew Combe and his brother, George Combe, became accurate and philosophical phrenologists; Dr. Combe treating the science in its relation to health and education, and Mr. Combe popularising and elucidating it in several useful writings.*

Little can be said here of the manner in which the current mental philosophies, or rather mental philosophers, for each one has his own system, have received the announcement that the mind acts through the brain, and that every mental process may be traced to its own portion of cerebral structure.

Sir William Hamilton said that Phrenology was implied Atheism. Archbishop Whately, writing to Mr. Combe, said that its advent had supplied a *better nomenclature* than had hitherto been found. Professor A. Bain seems to have in some measure looked at the new system with some respect, or rather without contempt. This is implied in his strictures on the classification of faculties in *The Emotions and the Will*. His saying, however, that "the whole system needs revision" seems hardly to express an appreciation of the value of truths already attained by the observation of nature, or of the fact that Gall was not a *system maker*, but a recorder of real phenomena which, when put together, fitted into a philosophy of mind more coherent and simple than any yet suggested. My object in this paper is to draw attention to the psychology of Gall in its minute details, and to the manner in which isolated facts, leading to the formation of this coherent psychology, came to the knowledge of the discoverer, without any intention on his part of fitting them together, or any idea of the sort of system which the combination would produce.

Phrenology was first suggested to Gall very early in his life. At his first school he saw that the boys who were his strongest competitors in language or the study of words had all a peculiar look of the eye, owing to unusual projection of the eyeball. When he went to another school his observation was confirmed; the "bull-eyed" boys carried off all the prizes in language. He then went to college at Vienna, and his experience there strengthened his conclusions. His next observation was on a portion of brain which occupies a prominent place above the eyes—*Locality*. At one of his schools there had been a certain number of boys who beat all their companions in finding birds' nests, and in afterwards returning to the place where these were found. Gall observed the fore-

* As I am only glancing at the advent and nature of phrenology, not giving its full history, I do not record all names and dates connected with it.

heads of these boys, and perceived in all a fulness in each eye just above the brow. His next observation was made on those boys who were noted for obstinacy or persistency. In these he readily recognised a form of head common to all, but found only in cases where the quality was well marked. Going on in this way, Gall added to his number of facts; the seeming crudeness of some parts of his early nomenclature showing the genuineness of his method; as, for instance, when he found the organ, now called *Acquisitiveness*, strongly developed in criminals of the robber class, he called it the organ of *Theft*. What now goes by the name of *Destructiveness* he named at first murder or quarrelsomeness, etc. After repeated observations had confirmed him in his belief thus far, he turned to metaphysics, reading all the best books on mental and moral philosophy. These only confused and bewildered him. He found no coherent system common to all, and, as he says, as every writer on the subject forms his theory of mind on what he finds in himself, each one differs from the other, and a true generalisation is impossible. So he left these studies of the subjective, and returned to the old method, observing heads in connection with characters, and making the collection of isolated facts which were afterwards combined. Descriptions of the organs and their places may be found in all the best works on Phrenology. These, however, are seldom consulted now, and the *craniology* of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe are little known to this generation. In order to make a slight analysis of the psychology resulting from phrenological facts, we must consider the great divisions of the head, and the relative positions of its external parts—always remembering that, in cases where, from exceptional causes, the form of the brain does not correspond with the outer appearance of the head, no conclusion as to character can be drawn.

Let us suppose a head or a cast marked out by dividing lines in the following manner. The division may be made by a fine tape or string.

First, round the base of the brain, over the ears and above the eyes and nose. Below this line is what is called the *basilar* region. It takes in those passions, feelings, and perceptions which we share with the lower animals, though many of these share with us in the higher qualities. In some heads the line marking this part will leave a large space above the ears; in some it will pass close to their tops. I will call this division No. 1.

Second, across the vertex of the head, from the orifice of one ear to the other. This line should lie in the same inclination

as the ears. Behind and below it lies that portion of brain whose functions are shown in the domestic affections and social feelings. This division may be numbered 2.

To divide 3 from 4 we must draw another line from ear to ear across the top of the forehead, crossing the angle made by the receding of the head.

Behind this line (division No. 3) are the highest feelings of man's nature—those which bring him into connection with beings above himself. This portion includes the vertex of the head.

This last division (No. 4), in front of the last line, is the forehead, the form and size of which, taken in connection with the character, and with conditions of temperament, etc., determines the direction and the power of the Intellect.

An experienced observer, looking at a head thus divided, or even mentally so dividing it, will see at once the predominant qualities of its owner. If the basilar region be the largest in proportion to the others, the man is governed by animal passions. He will perhaps be a dangerous criminal, perhaps a selfish, self-indulgent being, whose life causes only misery to his belongings.

If No. 2 predominate, the character is under the influence of the affections; but unless the higher qualities are strong enough to control these, the man may be good to those whom he loves, and may even be just and conscientious, but he may also be obstinate, proud, and arrogant.

If No. 3 predominate, the highest motives will govern the life. Unless this portion of the head be well-developed, the character must be very imperfect.

No. 4. The intellect is indispensable in all combinations. Working with the lower passions, it makes the clever villain; with the higher feelings, the wise and holy being. But even in this case the affections should not be quite wanting. When they do not bear some proportion to the higher sentiments and the intellect, the character, that of a high-feeling devout philosopher, will be but ill suited to go through this world.

As I have said, a glance at a head divided as indicated will give a good observer a tolerably correct impression of the leading qualities of any man or woman who has *any* characteristic qualities at all. But as character, in all its intricacies and occasional contradictions, is the result of numberless combinations of elements, and as the proportions of one part to another are often nicely balanced and difficult to determine, much care should be taken in measurement, and much caution exercised in pronouncing judgment. Only where one, two, or three organs are so large as to be unmistakeable in their influence can

any decided opinion be given at sight; and the head of the highly accomplished scholar, the philanthropist, or the patriot, all of whom have probably well-balanced characters, is often more difficult to pronounce upon than the strongly-marked but less finely-developed organisation of the clod or the criminal.

In analysing the system, which, however, is far from complete, I will begin with the division numbered 4, which comprises the intellectual organs. It is easier to examine this portion than the others, for many reasons, of which its suitability for the present writing and the greater intelligibility of the classification are the principal ones.

By some mysterious analogy, which made the order of discovery coincident with the order of mental growth, the organ of language was first found out by Gall, who observed that those of his school-fellows who were successful in learning lessons which required memory for words had full prominent eyes. This was afterwards confirmed by observation. The faculty first required to carry on any mental operation is that of language. Words are the first necessities of *intellectual* life—the material for mental action. I do not mean that language is the first needed or developed in an infant's brain, but that ideas or impressions, when once formed, cannot be used, or conveyed to another except by words. Words are the embodiment of memory and of thought, and the portion of brain which is found to accompany the linguistic power lying at the forehead, behind the eye, which it causes to project, is just so placed as to receive and concentrate the ideas communicated through sight. How this concentration and reception are effected is beyond the power of phrenologist or physiologist to describe, or even, in the present state of our knowledge, to conjecture. It must be remarked that the organ of language is the basilar region of the forehead. Words may be compared to seeds or germs, and the functions of the organ of language will be found to bear an analogy, in intellectual processes, to that of those portions of brain or cerebellum which lie at the back of the head, in the basilar region, whose work it is to perpetuate and support human life.

The organ of language has been thought to be divided into two parts, the function of one being to fit words to ideas, giving fluency of expression, that of the other, the outer part, giving the power of grammatical construction and etymology. It is probable, as I think will appear when the brain and its functions are studied philosophically and in company with the sciences of which the several organs are the mental instruments and interpreters, that this division of language is

an instance of a law to be hereafter adverted-to, namely, that the work of every cell and fibre of an organ becomes less elementary, acting more in combination with its neighbours as it is distant from the centre. In this case the work of the outer portion of the organ of Language, in combination with that of *Order* just above, and of Constructiveness, which lies higher still on the side of the head, would naturally take the form of etymology and grammar. Like the external organs of sight, smell, and hearing, each cerebral organ is double. Immediately above the eye, which, as the instrument of physical sense, receives impressions from outward objects, lie a range of the simplest perceptions. They are almost below the brow, and its position and form are altered by them. Their work is to mould and prepare for the more complex perceptions, which lie above, the impressions supplied to them by the eye which lies below. These *elementary* organs are, *Form*, in the centre, and on each side, *Size*, *Weight*, *Colour*, *Order*, and *Number*. Space will not allow me to analyse the whole head; I will therefore take those parts which lie in the forehead, and at the top of the head.

Size and *Weight* give their owner the powers of estimating those qualities in objects which their names imply.

Size is defined by phrenologists to be the perception of dimension, both absolute and relative, and in most combinations it gives this faculty. I imagine that its primary element is connected with impressions resulting from our positions on the earth. It may be that the nearness or distance of objects is a factor in the consideration, as these are the conditions under which things appear large or small. It may be a perception of superficial or horizontal lines. These are only suggestions; I was led to them by the fact that *Weight*, the organ next to *Size*, certainly gives power to draw a perpendicular line, and to perceive when a line deviates from the perpendicular. This is in fact dealing with gravitation, or our relation to the centre of the earth. So far, it is understood by phrenologists that the organ gives the faculty simply of estimating the weight of substances. In combination with its neighbour, *Size*, and with the higher organ *Constructiveness*, it makes the clever mechanician.

In a line with, and outside* of the two organs of *Weight*, lie the pair which convey impressions of *Colour*. In what wonderful manner the material for its work, and for that of other organs on the same level, is supplied from the organs of the *physical* senses which lie below them, is a question far

* By outside I mean farther from the centres of the forehead.

beyond the powers of physiologist or phrenologist to answer at present. The anatomical relations of the functions of *Form, Size, Weight*, etc., to the eye, and of *Tune* and *Time* to the ear, will afford study for the physiologist, the optician, and the mathematician of the future.* As the ray of light comes from without to the eye, the impressions made on the eye are carried on by the nerve, forming the material (I can find no other word), of which the simplest perceptions, lying just behind and above the eyes are composed. The organ of colour receives one series of impression made by light on the eye, and according to its capacity and receptive power will be the colour, which, with *Form, Size, and Weight*, qualify the object seen.

Immediately above the nose, just under the forehead, and forming the centre of the range of simple perceptions described, lies that portion of brain which gives the apprehension of *Form*. Its two parts join in the middle of the forehead, and it seems to bear the relation to the pairs on either side of it of a keystone. For the work of the outlying adjacent organs, *Weight, Size, and Colour*, would be incoherent without the *Form* which they condition. I beg the reader, as we go on, to mark the character of all the central pairs, and the relation that each bears to those adjoining. The same principle will be apparent throughout. The simpler faculties or perceptions on a lower range furnish the elements of which those just above them are composed, while these again supply material for the work of a still higher range. And, in every range, the central pair bears a relation to those on each side generally analogous to that which *Form* does to *Size, Weight, and Colour*, or the perception of *objects*, which lies above *Form*, to the adjacent organs lying on either side of it.

The pair, each one of which lies outside the organ of *Colour*, is found to give its possessors the quality of *Order*. What its primary element is has not been ascertained. As *Weight, Size, and Colour*, bear relation to the objects of earth, this organ probably gives perception of the position of objects in orderly relation to each other. It is, *very* slightly, above *Colour*, and more in a line with *Locality*, to the functions of which it seems to be related.

Before I ascend to *Individuality*, I may say a word upon *Form* and *Colour*, whose places and functions have been described.

The growth and changes in the faculty of perceiving *Colour* seem to be more traceable than those of many of the organs.

* The differences of degrees in Light and Sound depend on the number of vibrations excited in the nerves of sight and hearing.

The taste for bright reds and yellows of uncivilised tribes, and the various Colours delighted in by various nations show this. These varieties have been ascribed to climate, and the ill-assorted Colours of English decoration, and the hitherto crude or dull Colour of English Art, compared with the brilliant hues of Indian decoration, and the rich mellow tints of Italian painting, have been thought to be an effect of sight accustomed to cloud and fog, and untrained by the glories of bright sun and sky to perceive the beauty of high-toned, and, at the same time, harmonious Colouring. We have all been interested in Mr. Gladstone's strictures on the Colour-blindness of the Greeks. That these people *perceived* Colour differently from ourselves, seems to be probable, though not certain; but as we have no reason for supposing either that their eyes were formed differently from our own, or that the undulations which acted on them were unlike those which excite our visual sense, the difference, if any, must have been in the brain. I do not know whether any busts or statues show this. We have none which go back to the time of which Mr. Gladstone writes, and even of those we have it is likely that none would be perfectly accurate copies of nature in the case of an organ so easily overlooked in the number of divisions over the eyes. It may have been as much below the average, as *Form* is above in the old Greek, or as Colour in the later Italian. If the Greeks were deficient in that part of the brain which gives the sensation of Colour, certainly they had ready perceptions of Form. The faces and figures of the most beautiful statues, and the proportions of their buildings, bear evidence of this, and show that in their case, at least, the large development of this portion of brain, seen in their busts and statues, is accompanied by the mental perception ascribed to it.

The organs next to be considered, lie above those of the simplest perceptions, and, according to the law indicated, receive their material for work from them.

(*To be continued.*)

WHATEVER is, in God hath its subsistence;
 Whatever shall be flows from Him alone.
 Angels are Mediums of the One Existence—
 Above, yet in all souls He builds His throne.

Solemn and vast His inspirations, pealing
 Through the cathedral arches of the breast,
 Heavens upon heavens of infinite pure feeling
 Create in man's interiors, God-possessed.

T. L. Harris.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GHOST AT LANTON HOUSE.

(To the Editor of THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.)

SIR,—I am afraid that the number of authentic ghost-stories in the world must be very small. For the second time Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood and I am found to be hunting on the same tracks. I also received a few weeks ago from a clergyman (a friend of Mr. Mere's, and, apparently from the coincidence in the language of the two accounts, the same gentleman to whom Mr. Wedgwood refers) an account of the "Lanton House" ghost story related by Mr. Wedgwood in your last number, and I also had obtained from Mr. Mere himself corroboration of the facts of the story. But by a fortunate coincidence (I fear that authentic ghost stories must be very few indeed) I have been enabled to carry my researches somewhat farther than Mr. Wedgwood. At the time that I was in correspondence with Mr. Mere and his friend, I received from another correspondent (a clergyman in the North of England) hints of a very remarkable ghost story, of which he promised me full details. Shortly afterwards Mr. J——, the gentleman in question, obtained from the bishop of the diocese several letters and papers (amongst them the original letter from Canada) relating to the "Blue Lady," and sent me a careful abstract of them. The story proved to be identical in part with that which I had already received from Mr. Mere. But it appears that the house had been tenanted by Mr. Mere's predecessor for some five or six years, and this gentleman and his wife, and one or two servants, also saw the ghost on several distinct occasions during their occupancy of the house.

Moreover, Mr. J——, who has made a detailed abstract of the Canadian letter (the bishop had, to my great regret, made a request that the letters should not be *copied*, or shown to any other person), gives the precise date of the murder referred to, viz., 1773, and adds the important fact that the actual murderers were the father and grandfather (not *mother* as in Mr. Mere's account) of the woman who revealed the crime on her deathbed. Mr. J—— intends shortly to publish his account. When and where he does so I will duly apprise, through you, sir, the readers of the *Psychological Review*.—I am, sir, etc.,

FRANK PODMORE.

London, 6th March.

If, as clairvoyance proves, the mind can see without the aid of light or of the optic nerve, and hear without the agency of the apparatus of the ear, there must be spiritual organs of sight and hearing distinct from the physical; and if there are spiritual organs of sight and hearing, it is legitimate to conclude that there is a complete spiritual organisation or body.—EPES SARGENT.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

CHAPTER XI.

Committed.

BEFORE the magistrates at Thorpe Magna were able to meet again after their first adjournment, the substance of Superintendent Chivery's remarkable statement was known at Calcutta, at Melbourne, at New York; and the effect of that statement was everywhere immense.

If it be true, as Mr. Carlyle seems to fancy, that the gallows is the greatest discovery of civilised man, the modern police system is perhaps its most flourishing outgrowth. Unseen, this mysterious power sees everything, knows everything, watches the dangerous classes, docketts them like garden fruit, and gathers them in when their time arrives; and a skilful police system requires, of course, skilful agents.

Jacob Chivery was the son of a solicitor in Bristol. He was intended for the law, and was well educated; but the profession of a solicitor not being to his fancy, he went off to sea in a vessel bound to Australia. After a voyage or two, his father died, leaving him £4000. With this money at his command, he threw up his ship and came to London. After he had lived there three or four years, a firm in which his money was invested suddenly failed. This seemed to him utter ruin, but it proved his salvation. A clerk, living on a few hundreds a year, had been spending thousands. He absconded, and the Directors of the Company, Lord Augustus Petty (chairman), Sir Rufus Fosbery, Bart., Joskin Dangerfield, Esq., M.P., Colonel Gumbey, the Rice Club, St. James's Square, Potzipios Prosperos, the eminent Greek, and Admiral Bowater, found it an almost impossible task to say how much money he had taken away, and how he had taken it. Chivery, whose time was hanging idly on his hands, plunged headlong into the accounts, and by patient labour unravelled the intricate entanglement, piece by piece. He then set to work to trace the missing man in company with the detective police. To cut a long story short, whilst the eminent detectives, Grice and Tricksivich, were seeking the defaulter in Holland and in Virginia, Chivery unearthed him in a small lodging not fifty yards away from Scotland Yard. He had been living there in perfect security for two months. It was the last place where anybody would expect to find him.

But in spite of his skill and energy, matters looked black for Jacob Chivery. The Company was wound up, and the Directors were prosecuted for criminal negligence. But the ingenuity of Chivery had attracted the attention of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. He offered to push his fortunes.

"You will have to become a real policeman; but your rise is a certainty. You have brains, education, and sagacity."

"I accept," said Chivery, after a pause; "the work has a singular fascination for me. Divines and philosophers give up their lives for

their fellows, and it is doubtful in the end sometimes whether they have done more harm than good. The same may be said of the hard work of the soldier—the statesman; but there is no doubt about modest Policeman A and his duties. I have not yet done much good, but I will at once put on his picturesque helmet and begin.”

The prophecy of the Commissioner proved correct. Jacob Chivery soon proved that in the ranks of the detectives he had no equal. He was educated and intelligent, as well as active and brave. His personal strength also was herculean. Also, he was a consummate actor, and able to assume an infinite variety of disguises. But in his progress he was also assisted by an accident; for the startling fact suddenly dawned upon the public, that our “dangerous classes,” and our neat, belted, and helmeted guardians of public safety were substantially one and the same body of men. Gangs of rogues, accurately lettered and numbered, paraded in stately single file, in our streets, under the orders of a right honourable gentleman, who little knew what he was commanding; whilst our decorous and business-like Inspectors and Superintendents, to diversify matters, affected chiefly the betting swindle roguery. In a word, the police was suddenly believed to be thoroughly corrupt, and many of the leading officers were sent to the dock. In the subsequent disorganisation, Chivery obtained rapid promotion.

On the morning after the investigation by the magistrates at Thorpe Magna, he strolled out of the village police-station, at about half-past ten o'clock, and walked leisurely along, smoking one of his eternal cigarettes. He was dressed exactly as when first we knew him. A train had just come in, and a vast crowd had come by it on the chance of being able to see some of the illustrious characters who were to figure at the magistrates' investigation. They passed the Superintendent, little knowing whom they were letting thus cheaply go by.

“Hulloa, Professor!”

“Ha, Mr. Chivery; I did not see you. I was obliged to go home last night. You know the quarantine, as we used to called it, was raised at the High Elms yesterday. Such a crowd in the train. By the by, you took us all in.”

“I, sir?”

“Yes; Special Commissioner to the *Daily Banner*! Cordingly has been at me ever since, though he was taken in just as much. I certainly did not recognise you.”

“Perhaps, Professor, you have never yet seen me.”

“Well, you were certainly different the last time. They all believed that you were really the Special Commissioner. Tell me how did you get your articles inserted?”

“Oh, we have friends everywhere; besides any paper would have been glad of the details that I could furnish at the moment.”

“But did you write them all yourself?”

“Ah! those are secrets. After all, a few rough notes are soon knocked into shape by an experienced journalist. Do you know what printers call the large print comments at the head of a long case in the papers?”

"No."

"The *top-dressing* ! The top-dressing is entrusted to the *nobs* of the journal"

"Ah ! 'nobs,' 'snobs.' Do you know the derivation of those homely words?"

"No."

"*Sine nobilitate* explains the word 'snob,' and also the converse word 'nob.' Our homely classes, when thought most vulgar, are often the most scholarly."

"Ah, that is curious."

"Am I to be examined to-day?" said the Professor, who, like a man with a weight on his mind, had kept what he was really thinking about in the background.

"I do not know. The Government have sent down a barrister, you know. You are on the bench, but I suppose they can examine you——"

"But nothing that I know is of any importance."

The Professor was in the habit of wearing a cravat with a buckle, which, in moments of excitement, had a habit of coming round to the front. This it did on the present occasion.

"In these kinds of cases depending upon circumstantial evidence, it is often very difficult to know what is important, and what is not."

Lady Dubnock was the first witness called, and the London lawyer examined her with a studied clearness of enunciation.

"Your room, I believe, Lady Dubnock, was next door to that of Sir Rupert?"

"Yes, next door."

"Did Sir Rupert choose that room for you?"

"No ; he was away at the time. Hicks tells me that Sir Frank——"

"Stop, stop, we mustn't hear what Hicks tells you, unless the prisoner was present during the conversation. Was he present?"

"I beg your pardon——"

"Was Sir Frank Kingsbury present during this conversation?"

"No, of course not."

"Then we mustn't hear what Hicks says. Did you like the position of your rooms?"

"No ; I dislike a ground-floor very much."

"You have for some time been intimate with Miss Henriette Artus?"

"I have."

"Is she too ill to appear as a witness?"

"She is—indeed, since her photograph was taken, she has been more than once delirious."

"Was the prisoner ever in love with her?"

"He was, and proposed to her more than once."

"Did you learn that from her or from him?"

"From both."

"Ah, that alters the question ; we cannot listen to what she said

to you. Did the prisoner tell you that he had proposed to Miss Henriette Artus?"

"Yes."

"Was he really attached to her?"

"I think so."

"She is very beautiful, I believe?"

"In those days, being in good health, she was one of the most beautiful girls that I ever saw."

"Have you anything else to tell us?"

"She refused him more than once; but at one time they were engaged to be married——"

"Miss Henriette and the prisoner?"

"Yes."

This announcement created much excitement in the court.

"But the engagement must have been broken off?"

"It was."

"Who broke it off?"

"She did."

"Why?"

"I never could quite make out."

"Tell us this: When do you think Miss Henriette Artus will be well enough to be examined? It seems to me that her evidence is in the highest degree important."

"She is very, very ill."

This completed Lady Dubnock's evidence; and Hicks, the manservant, was recalled.

"Did Sir Rupert usually settle what bedrooms his guests were to be put into at the High Elms?"

"Sometimes he did, but very rarely."

"Who usually made the selection?"

"I sometimes chose the rooms, and sometimes Sir Frank chose them."

"Did Sir Rupert determine that Lady Dubnock was to have the bedroom next his?"

"No; Sir Frank settled that."

"You are quite sure?"

"Yes; he came to me when his brother was away, and said that he had promised him to look after such small details, as a number of guests were expected, and he told me then which room every one was to have."

"You may go."

"And, now," resumed Mr. Brophy, giving his gown a hitch, and adjusting his wig, "I have a statement of some importance to make. You are aware that one James Dawkins, a groom in the service of the prisoner, is in the custody of the police. He is mixed up in this very case, and at one time grave suspicions were against him. But recent disclosures have very much modified the importance of certain facts that seemed to tell against him at the coroner's inquiry. The Treasury has determined to discharge him, and set him before you as a witness. Call James Dawkins."

James Dawkins was called, and James Dawkins promptly appeared.

"Were you on foot at an early hour on the 26th December, in the vicinity of Sir Rupert Kingsbury's bedroom?"

"I was."

"At what hour?"

"Half-past four."

"Are you positive about that?"

"I am. I looked at the clock in the hall as I passed it."

"Did you see any one about at that hour?"

"I saw Sir Frank."

"Where?"

"He was between his brother's bedroom door and his own when I first observed him. He opened his own door and disappeared."

"Did you find anything outside Sir Rupert's door?"

"I found that dagger!" Here the witness pointed to the table where the dagger was lying.

"It was covered with blood at the time?"

"It was just as you see it now."

"Did not this make you suspect that something grave had occurred?"

"No; the blood was dry, and I suspected nothing. I picked up the dagger and carried it off."

"When the events of the morning became known to you, you thought differently?"

"I then thought that Sir Frank had murdered his brother."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Not for three days. I really did not know what to do in the matter."

"Narrate what occurred."

"Sir Frank came that morning into the stables to smoke a cigar. I told him I wanted to emigrate to Australia if he would give me a little capital to start with there. He said that a groom could find work anywhere. I told him that I wanted to try sheep-farming; and that I had seen him outside the door of his brother's bedroom at half-past four. He said: 'Do you accuse me of the crime of murder?' I told him that my father and I had served his family a long time, and I should not like to be examined by the magistrates, because then I must speak the truth——"

"Did you say anything about the dagger?"

"I told him that I had found it; and that there was blood upon it."

"How did he look when you suddenly told him that you saw him outside his brother's door?"

"Much as usual, but perhaps a little more grave. He went on puffing his cigar; and then he took it out of his mouth, and having slowly knocked off a long piece of ash at the end of it, he told me that he must report the matter to Squire Bescott."

"You really thought that he had committed the murder?"

"Well, I partly did, and partly did not. From the cool way in which he took my talking to him, I didn't know what to think."

"Are you not aware," said Squire Bescott, "that in trying to extort money, you were yourself committing a serious crime?"

"Stop, gentlemen," said Mr. Brophy, "the law exacts that it ought first of all to be explained to the prisoner, that he need not criminate himself unless he wishes it."

"Oh, I've nothing to hide. I certainly would have been glad of a little money; but I didn't want to see one of the Kingsburys, a baronet, hung up."

At this moment, Mr. Chivery was observed to whisper with Mr. Brophy.

"One question more," said the learned gentleman: "When you saw the prisoner, could he have had any idea, do you think, that you had caught a sight of him?"

"I think not. I had a lantern which I had darkened before he looked in my direction; I did not want to be observed."

Other witnesses were called, who did not tell much that was important or new; and then Mr. Bescott rose up and asked Sir Frank if he had anything to say in his defence.

He rose up, and the excitement was quite painful. A pin could not have dropt unheard in the court.

"Gentlemen," he began in a low but clear voice, "I find myself suddenly accused of a very horrible crime, and, to tell you the truth, I am as much bewildered as any of you. I would at once rebut the accusations if I could, but I really cannot. The detective from Scotland Yard has, no doubt, performed his duty conscientiously, and to the best of his ability; but, on most points, I am as much in the dark as you are. The footprints in the snow, for instance, may have been made by reversed bootsoles for all I know to the contrary. I accepted the report of Inspector Wiggin on the point. I wish, however, to state emphatically, that I know nothing whatever about that coat and waistcoat of mine that are supposed to be missing. Also, I know nothing about the small dagger that Dawkins, the groom, says that he found at my door, except that it certainly belongs to me. At the proper time, you shall learn how I got the bruises on my arm, but as the testimony on this must be collected, I will not detain you on this topic now. The case must, of course, go on, now that it has gone on so far. It is based completely on circumstantial evidence; and therefore the longer and more searching the investigation, the better it must be for an innocent man."

Mr. Brophy made a few remarks, and the magistrates proceeded to deliberate, after having cleared the court.

In a short time the prisoner was again recalled, and Squire Bescott addressed him thus:

"Sir Frank Kingsbury, I and my brother magistrates have weighed what we have just heard—have, in fact, duly deliberated upon the highly important evidence that has been brought forward in this court; and we see nothing for it—I mean, we perceive no other

practical alternative than to commit you for trial on a charge of wilful murder. In saying this, we wish it to be quite understood that we arrive at this decision entirely from an *ex parte*, or one-sided view of the case. This the defence, which we have not heard, may completely invalidate. The magistrates consider, moreover, that very great praise is due to Superintendent Chivery, of the Detective Department, London Police, and also to Inspector Wiggins, for their activity, zeal, and energy.

CHAPTER XII.

Enter a Stranger.

THE next day, at half-past ten o'clock, a stranger drew up in a hansom at the London station of the railway which communicates with Thorpe Magna. He took a first-class ticket for that station, and jumped into a carriage just as the train was moving off. For sole luggage, he had a small leathern portmanteau, which he placed under the seat in the carriage with him. When he was fairly settled into his seat, he took out of his pocket a copy of the *Daily Banner*, and read it attentively without taking any heed of the portly clergyman, the old dowager, and the young widow, who were his travelling companions. It must be mentioned, however, that they also were perfectly absorbed with newspapers likewise—the *Constitution*, the *Mitre*, the *Patriot*. Each of these journals had a *verbatim* report of the further examination of Sir Frank Kingsbury before the magistrates. The strange gentleman was neatly, but very plainly dressed; very grave in appearance, and slightly grey. He might have been any age from forty up to fifty, but he happened to be only thirty-six.

At Thorpe Magna he got out, and a porter pulled out his little portmanteau. There was some delay in finding this latter useful officer, and the train was just about to start. At this moment a fly drove rapidly into the station, and two individuals rushed forward to take places. The train was very crowded, and they were hurried into the carriage from whence the stranger had just alighted. One was very short, and dressed in black, and might have been a solicitor; the other was tall and handsome. He was completely enveloped in a large fur-ulster. The tall gentleman and the stranger from London confronted each other for a second at the carriage-door. They seemed to recognise one another, although neither spoke.

On the platform was Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve. The stranger, suddenly accosted him.

"Don't you recognise me, Mr. Chivery?"

"What, Dr. Ives, I declare!"

"Just so; I have come down to this place on purpose to have a talk to you."

"So much the better—ha! you have luggage? Get a porter to send it up to the 'Pelican,' and let us walk along."

"That was *him*—evidently."

"Just so; we wanted to get him to Godminster Jail in peace and quiet."

Meanwhile, the portly clerical gentleman had found a tongue, and was discoursing with the old dowager.

"It is a very remarkable case, really very remarkable. Such a career of cool, calculating wickedness seems to me quite exceptional. It shows that when the conscience is once hardened——"

Here the engine gave a scream, and the rest of the sentence was missed by the jerking of the carriages. The gentleman in the fur cloak seemed a little drowsy. He lay back a little, and closed his eyes apathetically.

"And now tell me what brings to this place a gentleman who is coining money—no, there I am wrong, coiners could never turn out guineas as fast as fashionable London doctors."

"A sufficient motive," replied the Doctor. "This is a queer business."

"Very queer."

"And this is what has brought me down."

"You!"

"Tell me, Miss Artus, is she so very ill?"

"She is so unwell that Squire Bescott is ready at any moment to call upon her for a death-bed deposition, if it should prove necessary."

"The evidence of Lady Dubnock alarmed me, and led me to fear as much. That is what brings me down."

"I am still in the dark."

"I know Henriette Artus—well."

There must have been something peculiar in the tone of his last speech.

"Ah!" replied Inspector Chivery, also in a changed voice.

"And now I want to tell you all I know about the affair."

"Stop," said the detective, a little queerly. "Anything you now say to me, you report to her Majesty's Government."

"I don't understand," said the doctor, surprised at his tone.

"I am a friend—I can be a friend; but I am also an official."

"This surprises me very much, Chivery; you talk as if I was a friend and intimate pal of many criminals."

"We are all pals of many criminals," said the detective, with his old laugh; and then he added abruptly: "In everything that relates to the murder of Sir Rupert Kingsbury, I am a mere official of the Government; for the investigation is still in my hands."

"Why, I certainly thought that it was a case in which very little extra elucidation was required," said the doctor, astonished at the words, but still more astonished at the manner of the policeman.

"Hum!" said Mr. Chivery, with a gentle whistle.

"We know all about it——"

"Oh, we know all about it, do we?"

"Do you mean seriously to tell me, Chivery, that you think Sir Frank Kingsbury innocent of this terrible crime?"

"I haven't said, doctor, that I thought anybody innocent of any terrible crime."

"Do you think anybody else guilty?"

"If I thought anybody else guilty, I should then know who were the innocent parties."

"Do you suspect any one else?"

"Doctor, in a case that I investigate, I never suspect anybody. That is what has brought Wiggan and Brophy, Q.C., to such grief; for the Brophys are only a development of the Wigginses."

"Good Heavens! Chivery, this language is very startling."

"My plan is simple and scientific. I try to worm out all the facts systematically, patiently. I try to get the whole contents of the box of puzzles, then everything fits in nicely. If you have only got half a box, you may show much ingenuity, but it will generally be in a wrong direction."

"I suppose you quite understand," said the doctor, after a pause, "that I did not come down from town to see Mr. Brophy's wig and Sir Frank's pale face——"

"Or to carry off a splinter of the celebrated stile, because you would be too late. It is all gone."

The manner of the detective was exhibiting a curious impatience.

"I must tell you that I knew Henriette Artus once——"

"You have told me that——"

"I have, and your exceptional manner obliges me to say something more—to ask you——"

"Doctor, I am a humble agent of Government, permitted to listen a great deal, but forbidden to talk——"

"I know much of the antecedents both of her and her lover—her lovers——"

"I am forbidden to talk much," Mr. Chivery reiterated, "one excellent reason being that a highly intelligent official in the Government employ, one Inspector Wiggan, has an appointment with me in three minutes time. If you are staying at Thorpe Magna, the best inn is the Pelican, and the best dish there is Irish stew. I think I may let you have a photograph of—Miss Artus. I need not ask you not to show it about." The police detective here produced a capacious leathern pocket book, and took from it the photograph alluded to.

Dr. Ives gazed at it in silence for some little time. His countenance was very pale, and he appeared much agitated.

"It was taken," resumed Mr. Chivery, "when all the inmates of the High Elms were taken——"

"Ha, I recollect," said the doctor, still gazing at the photograph, "I saw something about the circumstance in the newspaper."

He looked up and found that the detective had vanished.

What was the meaning of all this? A great mystery had puzzled all England, all Europe. A terrible crime had startled the world; and then it had been dragged to light almost through the sole instrumentality of one clever intellect. And yet, whilst the world was resounding with the praises of this officer's astuteness, one person was to be found who completely discredited it, and that was

the individual himself. Could Chivery really believe that Sir Frank Kingsbury was innocent of his brother's murder?

These and similar thoughts were passing through Dr. Ives's brain, and his footsteps were leading him he scarcely heeded whither. He had passed out of the village, and was walking along a woody country road. Other pedestrians were moving in the same direction. He paid no attention to them.

Could it by any possibility be true that Sir Frank really was innocent? Scarcely in the annals of human justice had such an overwhelming mass of evidence been accumulated against a criminal. Jealousy, covetousness, the crave of tinsel, rank, passion, strong animal passion, all the most powerful factors of weak humanity had been at work, and nothing now seemed abnormal except the mighty cunning with which the legions of hell had cloaked their cruel deed. Were all the facts against him illusory, incomplete—a mere “half box of puzzles”?

“Your card, sir, if you please!”

In his absence of mind he had followed the track of his companion way-farers; and he found himself at a lodge-gate.

“Card, eh, I beg your pardon!”

“No one is admitted without a card, sir, that's the order. Your own card, I mean——”

The doctor searched in his pocket and produced first the photograph, and then he searched again. “Oh, here's my card, but——”

“You see, sir, them roughs have been running all over the place.”

“Place, what is the place.”

“Why, the High Elms, sir.”

A sober practitioner in a good London practice is not in general credited with sentiment, but if the lodge-keeper had arrested the creaking gate for a second or two he might almost have heard the beating of the doctor's heart. What did this mean?

Certainly it was not without emotion that Dr. Roderic Ives caught his first glimpse of the family mansion as he trudged through the pretty wood. A north wind, chilly but bracing, was rapidly urging sleety clouds through a pale blue sky. Around was a purple-tangle of leafless boughs picked out here and there with the white stem of a birch tree. A rabbit or two were feeding at the edge of the roadway, and as they heard the doctor's footstep they escaped lazily with long jumps into the copse: By and by there was a break in the wood, and some sheets of water were to be seen at no great distance from the road. These were evidently the “Canals.” A dozen idlers round a hedge near them showed where a certain important object in the history of the crime was situated. But the doctor was not in a mood to herd with idlers. “There is the stile,” he muttered to himself, “and the famous line of footmarks must have run along up there,” and then the many facts that told against Sir Frank Kingsbury were marshalled once more in his mind. Besides the evidence of the footmarks which read like the super-subtle discoveries in French novels, there were at least half-a-dozen other damning facts.

Take the coat and waistcoat mysteriously made away with. Did they not when viewed in connection with the spot of blood on the trousers, force conviction on every unbiassed mind. Then how could even the astute Mr. Chivery spirit away the evidence of the bloody banknote owned by Sir Rupert and despatched by Sir Frank. Then there was the evidence of the water that had washed away the bloodstains; and the deaf witness rendered so important by the very imperfections of a natural faculty. And to crown all was there not the dagger which had been made so much of by Mr. Brophy? To use his eloquent words, did it not seem as if the destinies "had placed the criminal and his implement in such juxta position when the crime dawned upon humanity for a purpose, gentlemen, for a solemn purpose?"

A grinding sound as of a wheel over gravel disturbed the doctor's meditations, and presently a barouche dashed by.

"Lady Dubnock!" exclaimed the doctor half aloud, "She did not see me, however. At least she did not recognise me!" Soon his thoughts returned to the old channel.

If Chivery believed Sir Frank to be innocent, he must suspect somebody else. Passive impartiality in the presence of a stirring crime is as impossible as absolute negation in the presence of the world's creeds. Could it be Dawkins? or the imaginary burglar? His contemptuous allusions to the proceedings of Inspector Wiggins precluded that idea. Dr. Roderick Ives looked down and found that he was still holding the photograph presented to him by the detective. In his absence of mind he had neglected to restore it to his pocket after leaving the lodge gate.

The image retained by the action of the collodion was a very remarkable image indeed. The face was remarkable. It was singularly beautiful. It was a face, moreover, on which there were traces of the sickness that is sick unto death. Dr. Roderick Ives was too skilful as a medical man to make a mistake there. But there was something in the face that was not due to sickness alone, nor even to the agitation that might result from the horror of the situation, a strange look, a weird look speaking inscrutable things.

"We are all pals of many criminals!"

These strange words seemed to resound once more in Chivery's well-known voice. Could it be within the actual bounds of possibility that the super-subtle police officer in search of all the cobweb theories that could account for the crime, had credited Henriette Artus with some knowledge of its secret details? "Anything you say you report to Her Majesty's Government!" "I am forbidden to talk, but I think I may let you have a photograph." The look in the photograph and these speeches might be connected together.

Should he seek out Chivery forthwith and say to him: "Do you consider that Henriette Artus has any knowledge of the murder of Sir Rupert Kingsbury?" The idea seemed unworthy, as it implied a doubt of Henriette Artus. Also, and the sudden suggestion made the doctor's heart beat, did it not almost infer complicity after or before the fact?

On the other hand, suppose that something was preying on the young girl's mind and killing her! He was a doctor, and let us not conceal the fact any longer, he loved Henriette Artus. Must he not do everything to rescue her from the jaws of death? Was not that his motive in leaving London? He looked at the worn face once more. Without doubt immediate action was necessary.

He had mounted a little knoll, and could thence get a view of the mansion of the High Elms. Which was Henriette's window? and which was the room of the ill-fated baronet? It was useless to go in to the house now that Lady Dubnock was away. He must seek Chivery, and bravely hear his suspicions. Above all, he must find out what he really thought about Sir Frank Kingsbury.

"Hulloa!" A well-known voice near him made the doctor start. The detective was behind him.

"Chivery," said the doctor at once, "You said so much just now that you must—say more. I am here to help you to solve the terrible mystery that is perplexing both you and me. You think that Miss Henriette Artus knows something about it. I did not take in your half hints at first, but I catch their import now."

"Remember, doctor, that I distinctly told you that my system is to suspect nobody, until I have complete proofs."

"Theoretically, yes—but what I have to tell you is this: If you, of all men in the world, can now help me, I, of all men in the world, can now help you. I know much about Sir Frank, I know much about Sir Rupert, I know much about Henriette Artus."

"Doctor, since I last spoke to you in the streets of Thorpe Magna, it has dawned upon me that you are a sort of ministering angel, an M.R.C.S. with wings, come to comfort a bewildered police officer."

"Service for service, tell me frankly what you think about the evidence against the present prisoner. To me it seems quite complete."

"It is too complete," said the detective, after a pause.

"I don't understand."

"It has struck everybody, even the intelligent Inspector Wiggin, that there are two distinct groups of facts in this mysterious case, the one a group of sham evidences prepared by the criminal, to throw the world on a wrong scent, and the other a group of genuine evidences that are there in spite of all the precautions of the murderer."

"I see that, I see that."

"Now the great difficulty is to sort these facts and appearances, and put each into its right group."

"But some must be genuine. Take the coat and waistcoat missing—and the spot of blood, a spot so minute, that it eluded the vigilance of this very vigilant criminal."

"Ha, Brophy made a fine point of that, did he not?"

"He certainly convinced me."

"And yet this trousers business seems to me to crackle up Brophy, wig, gown and spectacles."

"Explain."

"Put yourself in the position of an exemplary young gentleman who has matured a scheme to assassinate his brother. After dinner and tea, and family prayers, you find yourself in a decorous evening costume, with a snow-white tie on. We know from Lady Dubnock that Sir Frank was so attired at 10.45. Now I ask you, do you think you would go and get yourself up in a neat suit of grey dittoes, as if lawn tennis and not fratricide was your *game*? We are all agreed that the murderer was not a fool. Would he not rather, under the circumstances, prefer no costume at all, or his brother's dressing-gown? Recollect, he had only got to go next door. It seems as easy as not to place this trousers business in our group of the sham evidences prepared by the criminal to produce a misleading impression."

"That's all very well, Chivery, but if every criminal is to get off because he does something that *à priori* he would seem too astute to do——"

"I have not yet done with the trousers. How was the murder effected? It is quite a certainty that the actual cause of death was a stab with a sharp instrument which previously traversed the bed-clothes. Thus the bed-clothes would *keep in all the blood*; and even the dagger would be only partially stained, and this in point of fact it is, having been wiped when it was pulled out."

"Just so."

"If, then, we are justified in assuming that one great peril to an assassin, the spouting of the blood was thus cleverly avoided altogether, what becomes of many other of the *damning facts* of Brophy? Do they not tell strongly against the Q.C., and smash him up? Take the banknote."

"But Crambo the expert is quite sure that the address is in Sir Frank's writing."

"And the celebrated Tothercliff will be equally sure at the trial that it is Sir Frank's handwriting cleverly imitated. In any case, why should it have blood upon it? Also, try to invent a plausible theory that would account for his being fool enough to send it."

"But the water used to wipe away some bloodstains, and then thrown within the theatre of the operations of the murderer. You, yourself, thought at one time a great deal of that."

"I did, but don't you see that also tells against Brophy's case? If there was no spouting of blood, there would be no blood to make away with."

"There was the dagger to clean."

"But it wasn't cleaned."

"My dear Chivery, you are like a woman. You laboriously create an intricate and pretty tangle of green, and red, and orange and purple worsted merely for the pleasure of cleverly pulling it all to pieces. *Faire et défaire!* is her motto in love matters often as well as worsted matters."

"My dear doctor, my system is a very simple one. A policeman's search cannot be too active, or his theorising too passive, until the

moment of both search and theorising is over. By his haste, Her Majesty's Secretary for the Treasury has done incalculable mischief."

"But, by-the-by, your startling discovery about the footprints, the inverted boot-soles, etc."

"I reported the *appearances*, and was ordered to bring all that forward."

"But do you mean to tell me?—"

"Comprised within a nutshell it simply amounts to this: Either a man with a long foot wanted to make people believe that a man with a short foot had been walking about, or else a man with a short foot wanted to make people believe that a man with a long foot had been walking about——"

"But the evidence, the sham evidence, of the short footstep, was everywhere, and the long footstep seemed evidently an accidental involuntary revealing."

"Only one spot on the property was thoroughly examined. The snow elsewhere was trodden about before I saw it, or other intentional traces of the bigger foot might have been found. Inspector Dogberry examined nothing. The most 'senseless and fit man to be the constable of the watch,' knew that 'sleeping belongs to a watchman.'"

"By Jove, Chivery, you would make an excellent barrister; your theory of the defence, if I may so call it, is admirable."

"But you must not so call it, please—I have no theories of defence or attack."

"Well, then, your anti-Brophy disquisition is admirable, but it can also be picked to pieces like the forensic masterpiece that it dissects. The baronet's arm is found marked as if from a deadly struggle. That knocks on the head your theory that the murder was confined to one push of a sharp dagger through counterpane, sheet, and the victim's heart——"

"A highly efficient military officer, one Captain Cordingly tells me that a prize-fighter, a keeper of a gymnasium, is ready to swear that Sir Frank injured his arm in wrestling in the gymnasium rooms——"

"Why on earth did not Sir Frank say this before the magistrates?"

"The accused is not allowed to give evidence himself."

"But why did not he call this witness?"

"I cannot say, but as he saw his committal was a certainty, I think he was quite right in reserving his defence——"

"But these holes in the bed-clothes, on which your hypothesis is based, may they not be amongst the group of sham evidences likewise?"

"No, because the blood was stopped spouting and messing about by the bed-clothes, that is a certainty."

"Seriously, do you mean to tell me, Chivery, that you think Sir Frank had nothing to do with the murder?"

"I never said that. I have no positive evidence that even the learned Professor Jeudwine had nothing to do with the murder——"

"Answer also this. Do you mean to tell me that you have even seriously thought that Henriette Artus—knows something about it?"

"But one thing is yet a certainty in the case, and that is that Henriette Artus *does* know something about it."

The doctor grew very pale as these words were pronounced. By and by like one who had mastered himself by a great effort, he spoke very calmly:

"In answer to your remark, I announce to you that I will draw up within the next few days a narrative compiled from old journals and notes. You are an intelligent man, and will then be able to judge whether Henriette Artus is an accomplice of murderers, or one of those rare spirits that sometimes are allowed to visit earth.

"Doctor," said the detective in a kindly voice, "I said nothing about an accomplice of murderers. My system, I think, is a very plain one, and I try to put it into very plain words. I think nobody guilty, nobody innocent."

"But, good God, Chivery, you must have indulged in some suspicions, guesses, speculations——"

"Doctor, we are in the presence of a very rare mystery—an astounding puzzle. In it the theoriser cannot take ten steps without encountering a tremendous back-fall. Witness Inspector Dogberry, Justice Shallow, Counsellor Silvertongue. When all the pieces of the puzzle are before us, it will, no doubt, seem no puzzle at all."

"From what direction do you expect new light?"

"Who can tell. You can aid me, I dare say. But put down every insignificant detail. A flood of light may come from what you think a perfectly trivial fact."

"I will try. I rely on your secrecy."

"You may do that. I sometimes think that perhaps the *complete puzzle is at present before our wise noses.*"

"You are not singular, I think so too."

All through the night Roderic has sat writing, writing. He had passed through a terrible crisis of his life, and he found it necessary to cling to this hard work almost as a drowning man clings to a life buoy. Did Henriette Artus really know anything? Masked dangers were around him cruel and mysterious.

Two days later he received the following note from the detective who was up in London:—"Thanks for the MS. ! I have not yet looked into it. *I believe that the gem found in the dead baronet's room is the real key of the puzzle !*"

(End of Vol. I. To be continued.)