

The Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF
Spiritualism and Psychological Research.

AUGUST, 1882.

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GHOSTLY VISITORS: A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.* BY "SPECTRE STRICKEN." (Continued from page 35.)

THE SUPPOSED BURGLAR.

Last year I was staying with some friends in Shropshire, and there met a girl, with whom I fell desperately in love. She was indeed a most bewitching little creature, being beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished! She knew half-a-dozen languages, could quote from every poem that ever was written, and as for her playing, it was simply exquisite. Like St. Cecilia, she could have drawn an angel down from heaven to listen to her. She was seated at the piano when I first made her acquaintance. I had returned from a successful day's fishing, and was standing

* The subjoined series of Ghost Stories was placed in my hands some short time ago by the compiler, with the 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

entranced on the mat outside the drawing-room door, listening to the divine strains, when Laura Harrington, the eldest daughter of the house, suddenly threw it open, and found me there. She laughed and pulled me in, sorely against my inclination, for my costume was not what I should have wished it to be under the circumstances. However, there was no help for it, the fair pianist had seen me, so I had to advance and make my best bow in response to Miss Harrington's—

"Mr. Winstanley, Miss Westerton—the 'Ivy' you have heard me speak of." Even at that always awkward moment, I had time to think, what a sweet uncommon name is that of 'Ivy'; and it seemed, too, that she was charmed with mine of Winstanley. It was her favourite one, she afterwards told me; and in the yet unpublished novel written by herself and her cousin, the hero's names were Sydney Godolphin Winstanley. Over head and ears in love as I was, of course I was charmed with this piece of private information, and rewarded her as lovers generally do on such occasions—for we were lovers, and engaged ones, too, ere ever my dear little Ivy became so sweetly communicative. I will not weary you with all the minor details of our love-making—and, indeed, can hardly tell you how the *denouement* came about, only that one day, in the course of a few minutes' stolen conversation in the conservatory, we mutually discovered that our opinions, tastes, and sentiments were identical, and our admiration for each other unbounded; and that, at its close, my arm had stolen round her waist, while her head reposed on my shoulder in the most confiding manner possible. Could anything be more satis-

amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. I set myself, therefore, to inquire 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).

factory? Then we each avowed that with us it had been a case of love at first sight.

Unseen, I was adoring her music.

When seen, I was adoring herself.

She thought me *so* handsome.

I was enraptured with *her* golden hair.

She with *my* dark brown curly ditto.

I thought *her* blue eyes exquisite.

She cared for none but fierce black ones like *mine*.

I was so fascinated with *her* smile, pale, delicate features, and somewhat pensive expression.

She with *my* moustache, and swarthy complexion—*so* brigand-like she said.

She was all the world to me!

I that to her, etc., etc.

Thus, mutually delighted with each other, we wove the sweetest dream that it ever fell to the lot of mortals to revel in.

In a letter of twelve pages, Ivy announced her engagement to her mother, her sole surviving parent.

In one of equal length, I wrote, asking that lady's consent to our marriage. Mrs. Westerton did not say nay to our united petition, and her replies were couched in the kindest terms. Of course I was to pay her a visit immediately on Ivy's return; this I did three days after my betrothed had arrived at the maternal home.

I was already prepared to fall in love with my fair one's surroundings, but the reality far surpassed my expectations. Ivy's home was the sweetest cottage imaginable, embowered in woodbine and wild roses; and Mrs. Westerton, a handsome and charming middle-aged lady. I was made perfectly happy in my new position. Every one seemed so delighted to have me there. Mrs. Westerton beamed upon me. "Buttons" smiled when he opened the door to me; the housemaids, as they entered and left the sitting-room; the cook, when I met her in the passage; the coachman, while I inspected the stables; Ivy's dog, a pretty little Scotch terrier, at once gave me its paw, and with its tongue accorded me a loving welcome; and the very peacocks, as they strutted up and down the gravelled walks, came close to the windows and looked in, as though they had heard of my arrival, and wished to make my acquaintance.

When shown into my bedroom, it proved to be a perfect bower of roses; these my favourite flowers were everywhere placed in fascinating little vases, of every imaginable shape and colour. It needed not the fond mother's, "That was Ivy's doing," to enlighten me as to whose dainty little fingers it was that had been busy throughout the morning, making things

look pretty for me. Dear little thing! her happiness, she told me, was now complete; her darling mother had taken *such* a fancy to me, and we three would be *so* happy together. . . .

Was there a burglar in my room? I was awoke out of a charmingly refreshing sleep by the sound of footsteps—a stealthy, cat-like movement, as it seemed to me. I looked out with curious, prying eyes, but could see nothing save the outline of the large cheval mirror shadowed forth in the gloom. I listened attentively, but the footsteps had ceased. It must have been fancy, I thought, as I drowsily turned my head on the pillow. No; my senses had not deceived me; there *was* some one in the chamber, and evidently much nearer to me than when I first heard the steps.

“Who is there?” I called out in a fierce tone.

There was no answer; still I could hear a moving about amongst the furniture. Can it be Ivy’s little dog? I called—“Fido! Fido! come to me,” and held my hand over the side of the bed, but no canine tongue licked it in response to my friendly invitation. Are there any owls about? was my next reflection; or can one of the pea-fowl have found its way into my bedroom, and been overlooked by the maid? I should soon ascertain if such were the case. I groped about till I found the matches, struck a light, and jumped out of bed, but no living thing was to be seen.

After I had taken a careful survey of the room, I returned to bed, satisfied that I had dreamed it; but no sooner was I underneath the clothes than a hand was laid on my head. It was with difficulty that I repressed a nervous shudder at this close proximity of the supposed burglar. I held my breath, and kept my eyes closed, fearing every instant that light from a dark lantern would be flashed across them, in which case I felt that, strive as I might, I should not be able to prevent a quivering of the lids, and thus betray to the midnight robber my wakeful condition.

Luckily for me I was spared this fiery ordeal. The hand was removed, and again footsteps careered round the room. What should I do? Should I at once grapple with the fellow, or lie perfectly quiet and await the result? I chose this latter alternative. For all I knew to the contrary, there might be several burglars, and being young and in love, life was too sweet to be imperilled by any rash act on my part. Strange to say, I fell asleep in midst of my resolvings. How long I remained so I cannot tell, but I was suddenly startled out of it by the skirts of a dressing-gown being swept across my face. This was repeated three times, the bed-clothes were violently pulled, and again the pattering feet made themselves

heard. Rendered bold by the morning light which now streamed in through the chinks in the shutters, I drew aside the curtains and looked out. The wearer of the dressing-gown was then passing the mirror, in which his image was distinctly reflected. The next instant I was standing by the glass shivering and *alone*. *There was no one in the room.*

"You look pale, dear," said Ivy, as I entered the breakfast parlour.

I told her what had happened, expressing my belief that there had been a thief in my bedroom.

Ivy heard me in silence, but on Mrs. Westerton's coming in shortly after, she said very quietly, and without looking up at her mother, "Robert says there was a man in his room last night."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Westerton, in an equally subdued tone.

After breakfast Ivy asked me to go with her into the garden. Once there she said in a low faltering voice, "It was not a robber you saw in the dressing-gown."

I looked at her; she was very pale, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Who was it then?"

"My brother."

"I thought your brother was dead?"

"He is; but listen to what I have to tell you. You never heard of the sad circumstances attending my poor John's death; they were much too painful for me to dwell upon, but now you shall know them, only do not speak of them to mama, as she cannot bear to hear them spoken of.

"On the last occasion of his leaving home, my brother fell over some rocks when jumping out of a boat and seriously injured his spine. He left us a fine, handsome, healthy young man, and he was brought back to N——, where we then resided, a hopeless invalid. Partial paralysis ensued, and he was unable to leave his room. This sad trial was rendered all the more bitter to us by the doctor saying he never could recover, and that ultimately his brain might become affected. Poor fellow! always devotedly attached to me, he could not now bear me to be out of his sight. It was nothing but Ivy, Ivy from morning till night. It unfortunately happened just then that my grandmother, who was ill and confined to bed, had expressed a great desire to have me with her for a few days. I did not wish to leave John, but mama begged of me so earnestly to go to the old lady that I consented; would that I had not done so. The sorrowful beseeching look of the poor fellow's eyes when I bade him good-bye haunts me to this day. He begged of me not to go. 'Ivy, Ivy, don't go; I im-

plore you not to go!' he kept repeating as he wrung my hand in his.

"It was Thursday, and I promised to return on the following Wednesday, if not sooner; but this did not satisfy him. I was not to go at all! However, I went, the sad imploring eyes haunting me all the way. On Saturday I got a telegram. (Here Ivy's tears flowed fast.) I was to return instantly. That same evening I arrived at N.—. Mama was in bed, too ill even to see me; and John was dead—he had committed suicide—the details of which will be spared you. I went into his room. There he lay with his beautiful eyes wide open, and in them was the same melancholy beseeching look they had when I left him. Lovingly I kissed and closed them, and there I remained with my brother till he was taken away to be laid in his grave. Now, he in his turn never leaves me. When I first told mama of his presence she thought grief had turned my head, and brought a doctor to see me. When informed of my delusions, as she styled them, Dr. Ward said that we must at once leave the neighbourhood, otherwise I might have a very serious illness. We came hither, *and so has John*. Mama has seen him several times, and although made nervous and frightened at first, she has now grown accustomed to his visits; as for myself I should miss him sadly were he to leave me, for I feel as though I had not lost him. You look wonderingly at me, but it is a fact, I assure you. He often comes and sits by me wrapped up in the dressing-gown he wore when he committed the terrible deed; and talks to me in a low murmuring voice, with the same sad beseeching look in his blue eyes. He also flits about our bedrooms, pulls the clothes from off us, and lays his hand on our heads just as you describe him to have done to you."

"And why did your brother come to me?"

"Because you were in my room I suppose—and—and—a great friend of mine, William."

Here Ivy blushed so sweetly.

"Of course you at once gave her up!" said Giffard.

"Gave her up! Why?"

"Because, who in their senses would ever dream of marrying a girl with a ghost!"

"We are to be married next year."

A CONSIDERATE GHOST.

Winstanley having resumed his cigar, Beauchamp said, after a momentary silence,—*"That story of yours is very similar to the one I am about to tell you. There is this difference, however, my cousin, Charlie Beauchamp, the elder and married*

brother, a fine, handsome, dashing young fellow, met with his death in the hunting field. I was in Sutherlandshire at the time, and owing to the letter not being forwarded, two months had elapsed before I received information of the sad event. It was a terrible blow to me, for poor Charlie and I had always been fast friends, and my heart ached at the thought that we should never meet on earth again. Immediately on receipt of the letter I set out for Yorkshire, George in a postscript having begged of me to join him at once. On my arrival at S—, I found my cousin terribly low spirited. Elma, Charlie's widow, who had hitherto borne her dreadful trial with surprising fortitude, had suddenly broken down, and was now confined to bed with a low wasting fever. Her mother and sister, who had only recently left her, had been sent for, but, as they were then in Naples attending on an invalid brother, some little time must elapse before they could be with her.

When George spoke of his brother a something in his manner struck me as being peculiar—he looked too nervous and ill; but that might be accounted for by present anxiety.

"Elma has asked repeatedly for you," he said. "Knowing how fond she and Charlie were of you, I thought it might rouse her a little to tell her you were coming; and it has done her good; for a few minutes she seemed like her old self. At present she is asleep, but nurse will let us know when to go to her. In the meantime you must have some dinner—it waits us in the hall."

I accompanied him thither. Our hasty meal ended, George and I drew our chairs close to the blazing hearth. Autumn had set in early, and the wind blew keen and cold over the Yorkshire wolds. I took my cigar case out of my pocket—it had been a gift to me from Charlie.

"Dear old fellow!" I said, half-aloud, "what would I not give to hear once more your joyous laugh and free step."

I then looked across at my cousin. He was very pale, and seemed as if about to speak, then he checked himself, and proceeded to light a cigar.

I was startled by his looks into saying, "George, what is it you have to tell me?"

"You remember that clear ringing laugh of Charlie's, so peculiarly his own that you would know it to be his *under any circumstances?*"

"Yes," I said, wonderingly, for my cousin spoke hurriedly, and with the air of a man who was forcing himself to speak, and so get rid of a weight that was pressing upon his mind.

"And that bounding joyous step of his, and the way he had of striking the table with his hunting whip and pulling the

chairs about as he walked up and down the room speaking to Elma?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, Robert, I swear to you that I have frequently heard that laugh and pulling about of the furniture since poor Charlie died."

"Surely you must have fancied it."

"I have not."

"And Elma—has she heard it?"

"Yes, and it is her hearing it that has made her ill."

I stared aghast.

"Are the noises still to be heard?"

"No; the strange thing is this," said George, sinking his voice to a whisper, "that ever since Elma's illness, you would think that the—that Charlie, if it is he who is still with us, knows of her being ill, for the loud laugh and noises have ceased, and now a gentle, cautious footfall approaches her room, and some one seems to be listening outside her door, and then the steps move slowly and noiselessly away."

"Are you sure that it is none of the servants you hear?"

"Perfectly sure, but here comes the nurse."

I followed my cousin to Elma's room like one in a dream. After having exchanged an affectionate though sorrowful greeting with the poor young widow, George and I seated ourselves by the fire, while the nurse remained by the side of the bed. Silence ensued. My cousin, who had been gazing thoughtfully into the smouldering embers, suddenly pulled me by the arm and pointed to the door. I listened. It was no imagination on my part. I distinctly heard a gentle footfall—the steps of one walking, oh, so carefully along the passage, and then pausing outside the door. Some one was undoubtedly there listening—but who? I half rose from my chair with a view to ascertain, but George motioned me to resume my seat.

"It is of no use," he whispered, "you would see nothing—hark! they are moving away."

Here Beauchamp paused.

"Go on," said Weston.

"This is all there is to tell you, poor Elma remains a sufferer, and the anxious listener, whoever he is, still lingers outside her door."

Lowe, of University, who had come in shortly before, now favoured us with a story.

BILLY THE OSTLER.

It certainly is very remarkable how many well authenticated instances there are of curious noises being heard and ghosts

seen in houses where suicides have taken place. In our part of the country there is a posting-house at which we not unfrequently put up when circumstances occasion our having to pass a night on the road. As boys we had a great chum there in the person of Billy the ostler, and it was with sincere sorrow that, when asking for him on one occasion, we were told he had left.

It chanced some little time after Billy's sudden departure that a party from —— Hall, my father's place, were storm-stayed at B—— Inn. My two youngest brothers were amongst the travellers, and were put into the same room, a double-bedded one. In the morning the youngsters came open-mouthed to my father and told him that Billy had come into their room after they were in bed, walked up to the toilet-table, and stood there rubbing his neck, and looking into the glass. Of course they had imagined it, my father thought. But a few weeks afterwards an aunt of mine, who was coming on a visit to us, slept at B——, and had the same room given her; she too saw Billy the ostler. He came in, walked up to the glass, stood looking into it, passing his hand across his throat; after which he threw himself on the nearest bed and then disappeared. In great alarm she told us of this, and my father went to the landlord and asked for an explanation of these visits of Billy. Then the truth came out. Poor Billy had cut his throat at the toilet-table, and then threw himself on the nearest bed, where he died.

Made very angry by this information, my father threatened to make the affair known in the neighbourhood unless the room was shut up. Fearful of losing his custom, the landlord readily consented to this, and no one was ever again put to sleep in the chamber haunted by Billy the ostler."

"I also think portents very inexplicable," said Lowe. "There is always a great ringing of bells in the house before a death occurs in our family."

"We have three knocks," said Weston.

"And the Selbys, music."

"A black dog sits at our front door and howls dismally," said Darrell.

"Our death-warrant is a smart cut from a whip on the dining-table," said Walford.

"A loud, quick step on the stairs is our warning," said Staunton.

"The Ogilvies have music."

"Lord Airly has his spectre-drummer—that is certain," remarked Weston.

"We Oxenfords have a white dove at the window."

"Our portraits come down from the walls," said Ponsonby.

"Ha! talking of portents reminds me of this," said Harcourt.

THE OLD EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

A lady friend of mine has an old-fashioned eight-day clock standing in her hall. The sort of thing which reminds one of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs," only that it no longer "points and beckons with its hands," its works being out of order. One day, I found Mrs. O—— standing opposite to, and regarding this piece of antiquity with a melancholy, distasteful air.

"How I hate this clock!" she said to me as I stood by her and looked at it.

"Because it is neither useful nor ornamental, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; it is not that!"

"What then?"

"You men are so very matter-of-fact in your ideas, that no doubt you will look upon me in the light of a fool when I tell you that I have a superstitious feeling regarding it—so much so, that I have entreated John (her husband) again and again to part with it, and he won't do it."

"Why not?"

"It belonged to his grandfather, and he has a great veneration for it."

"Then why should you wish to be rid of it?"

"Because," looking at it the while with marked aversion, "it has only struck thrice since my marriage, and each time its strokes have been followed by a death."

"But is not this fancy on your part?"

"So you will think, but I know to the contrary. The first time it struck, John's mother, who had long been an invalid, died. I remarked this to him at the time, but he only laughed at me. Again I heard it. The next day I got a telegram, telling me that my father had dropped down dead at W—— Station. Two years passed over, and one night rendered wakeful and depressed, owing to John's not being very well, I heard this clock send forth a warning chime. I cannot tell you what I felt on this last occasion. Is *he*, too, going to die? I asked myself, fearfully. Thank God! I was spared that trial; but shortly afterwards I heard that my youngest sister had died in Australia of typhoid fever. Have I not reason now to dread the striking of this hateful thing?"

"You have indeed."

I must confess that I too was seized with a loathing for the tall, stiff piece of old lumber. Yes; as a rule, men are matter-

of-fact, but had I been John, to please my sweet little wife, I should have despatched that eight-day clock, family relic though it was, to an auction-room, labelled, "Property of a lady deceased."

"Excellent idea," said Lindsay of St. John's, "who just then entered; 'dead people's goods and chattels always fetch good prices at public sales. I remember my poor, dear mother was excessively anxious to be rid of a table which was of an inconvenient size, but the auctioneer strongly advised delay in her case; 'Worth nothing at present, madam, I assure you; you *must* wait until we have a death in the neighbourhood; *then* you will get something like proper value for your table.'"

"We are not discussing the worth of either tables or chairs," said Danecourt, "we are discussing ghosts."

"Ghosts, ha, indeed! delighted to hear it, for of all things in the world I love a good, creepy, *reliable* ghost story."

"Then you have missed some excellent ones," said Weston.

"A fact much to be regretted," sighed the other. "It seems I have come too late."

"Not so; you being a canny Scot, ought to be able to give us no end of ghostly yarns. 'Caledonia, stern and wild,' has always been considered by us South of the Tweed to be the nursery of ghosts, brownies, bogies, and fairies; and as for your old castles, why, I have been told on excellent authority, that their inmates never dream of sitting down to meals without a plate, knife, and fork being placed for the family spectre."

"On the contrary," said Lindsay, tapping his snuff-box, "we in the North don't even like to acknowledge the existence of such skeletons in the closet."

"Still they are talked of all the same," said Walford, who was well posted in ghostly lore; "why, there's G—— Castle, the tradition of its 'secret chamber' and 'wicked earl' has been handed down from generation to generation."

"True, but the owners don't like to have these matters spoken of—for the life of me, I cannot tell why. If my family could boast of any such thing as a ghost, I should only be too proud to have it known."

"Haunted houses are essentially public property; so their proprietors must submit to the penalty of having them talked about whether they like it or not." This said Ponsonby.

"Talking of G——," said Lindsay, "I hear that the figure of a horrible old woman has been recently seen in the avenue. When last with my people, they were talking about it."

"And I heard," said Kennedy, "that the mysterious tenant of the secret chamber had recently died in it."

"You don't say so!—who was he?" queried Danecourt.

"The real owner of the property—a creature, half toad, half man, and ninety-eight years of age."

"Good gracious!"

"That is all bosh," said Gordon. "I had it on the best authority that a lady visitor after her departure from G——, dreamed that a creature of this description was the occupant of the mysterious chamber."

"A very different matter," said Danecourt, with a highly indignant air; "I really wish people would not go about circulating such falsehoods as one hears now-a-days."

THE HIDDEN SKELETON.

"By the bye," resumed Kennedy, tapping his head with a well-pleased air, as though grateful for the remembrance, "B—— Castle, in ——shire, is, or rather was, associated with a spectre. The noble owner had repeatedly been spoken to by some of his male guests, who successively occupied the same chamber, about the man who opened the door, ran across the room, and disappeared through the wall at the further end. The statements made on these occasions never varied, still their host preserved the same incredulous aspect, smiled the same incredulous smile.

"At length his brother, after a night passed in the guest chamber, spoke of the man he too had seen run across the room and vanish suddenly. This repetition of the story was, to say the least of it, curious; and Lord L—— resolved that he would pass a night in the now believed to be haunted bedroom. He did so. Strangely enough, a man came in, walked quickly across, and, as his brother said, disappeared through the wall; of that he was positive. There must, then, be a secret door somewhere. Next morning the wall was gone carefully over. A spring was found and touched. A door flew open. Beyond was a well. This, when searched, yielded up some human bones. These received Christian burial, and since then the man has never been seen."

THE HEADLESS SENTRY.

"Then there is the headless sentry of Dumbarton Castle," continued Kennedy. "It is true, I assure you. I had it from one of the daughters of Captain Macdonald, who was for years in command of the staff division stationed at the fort.

"She and her sisters were one moonlight night standing at a window commanding a view of the terrace along which the sentry was accustomed to walk his solitary rounds.

"Suddenly her sister Kate uttered an exclamation of sur-

prise. 'See,' she said, 'the sentinel is walking there, but he has no head!'

"The others looked out, and also saw a tall headless man pacing up and down.

"The day after, on mentioning the circumstance to some friends, they were told that the headless sentry of Dumbarton Castle had been a known fact in the County for hundreds of years."

"And how had he lost his head?" said Walford.

"That remains a mystery."

THE SPECTRAL CAVALCADE.

"While all of you, no doubt, have heard and read of the 'Martyr King,' I shall indeed be surprised if more than one or two of you—perhaps not even that number—know anything whatever of his celebrated general, D—— of B——, who was for some time at the head of the forces in Scotland."

Livingstone, of Trinity, as he spoke, looked round on us Southerners with a fierce expression, which was slightly disturbing in its effects. I coughed, Weston hemmed loudly, some of the other fellows had violent sneezing fits, while Guy yawned to such an extent that we never expected to see his mouth close again; then we looked at each other and laughed.

"Never heard of the fellow," muttered Darrell.

"For heaven's sake don't let him hear you say that or you'll make an enemy of him for life," whispered Danecourt: "remember he's a Scotchman."

"Here we have him," said Weston, stretching across and taking up a book from the nearest table. From this he read aloud:—

"General T—— D——, born 1615, died at Edinburgh in 1685. Undaunted zeal and blind, devoted fidelity to his sovereign, form almost the sole relieving points in a life redolent of cruelty. His place of sepulchre is unknown. His portrait, well executed, is preserved at B—— House.

"B—— House, an irregular mass of buildings furnished with turrets and embrasures, is beautifully placed on the western slope of B—— Hill. It was built in 1623, and enlarged by the late proprietor. The park around is highly picturesque; the grassy acclivities of the hill being interspersed with trees and evergreens. The summit is crowned with a high round tower, forming a conspicuous landmark."

"Now for your story, Livingstone."

"General D—— was a bloody persecutor—"

"A what?" said Guy.

"A slayer of men, women, and children!

"He was a dreaded foe of the Covenanters; and in company with Claverhouse, Grierson of Lag, and other wild spirits, he performed such acts of cruelty as to earn for himself the title of 'Bloody D——.'"

"What an uncomfortable old fellow!" exclaimed Guy, looking with half closed eyes into the fire.

"So you would have thought and *felt*," retorted Livingstone, 'if you had got a bullet through your head, as you were walking quietly along a country road, thinking of your wife and family.'

"Nothing more unlikely, my dear boy, seeing I have got neither."

"Guy—Guy! Don't mind him, Livingstone," said Weston.

"Well, then, to return to B——. My mother visited there in 18—; and although charmed with the old place and its owners, she felt rather nervous and uncomfortable, owing to what had been told her by some friends of hers who had rented B—— in the absence of the proprietor. Somehow bad influences made themselves felt; steps were heard on the stairs after the household had retired to rest; doors slammed violently without apparent cause; and animated conversations were carried on without the speakers deeming it necessary to make themselves visible."

"And your mother?" queried Danecourt, who was now all eyes and ears.

"As I told you, she felt very nervous, and, above all things, disliked sitting opposite to the portrait of old D——. His eyes seemed to follow her everywhere; and in their depths she could detect a cunning leer, as though he knew and rejoiced in her fears. His immense beard, too, frightened her terribly; and she declares to this day that on one occasion she saw it positively bristle, and the eyes glare, as some one present expressed pity for the poor Covenanters who had been unfortunate enough to cross his path."

"What a bloodthirsty old ruffian he must have been," remarked Weston.

"Yes, the epitaphs on some of the Covenanters' tombs tell you that;" but to continue.

"My mother was all her life an excellent sleeper; and, in spite of her very natural timidity while an inmate of this believed-to-be haunted house of B—— her rest was not disturbed in consequence, as she never allowed herself to think of D—— or his portrait after her head rested on her pillow. One night, however, she was aroused from her slumber by a most unusual sound in this matter-of-fact age, namely, the clang of armour. Was it so, or did her ears deceive her? She sat up in

bed to listen. It was no fancy on her part, the rattling of scabbards and the sound of approaching horses bearing armed men made themselves heard. At that moment the moon broke from behind a cloud, and bathed trees, lawn, and hill, in a flood of light. With a view to discover what armed force was abroad at this hour of the night, she sprang out of bed, and ran to the window. Just then, the gates of the courtyard flew open, and admitted a cavalcade of men clad in complete armour, one of them bearing a banner. From whence had it come, this pageant of other days, from what tournament or tilting field? Who were they, and who the fierce bold rider who rode at their head; whose that terrible voice and flowing beard? For a brief space the banner streamed in the midnight air, the riders rose in their stirrups, the horses reared, the leader of the band waved aloft his sword, then all vanished, and the courtyard was once more abandoned to silence and the moonlight. My mother's description at the breakfast table of what she had seen overnight was not received in the sceptical spirit she had imagined it would be; and, during the remainder of her visit, she was given a bedroom at the opposite side of the house. I may add, in conclusion, that a subsequent lady visitor at B——, who slept in the chamber my mother occupied during the former part of her stay, also heard the clang of armour and the trampling of horses' feet in the courtyard, but her curiosity was not such as to induce her to leave her comfortable bed to inquire into the cause."

"I like that," said Danecourt, "like it very much indeed, it is a *delicious* story."

Then lying back in his chair, and shutting his eyes, he repeated in a low voice—

"'Twas startling to view them in dusk of night
Or when the pale moon's mystic light
Fell with soft searching ray,
Silver'ng the casques of these warriors bold,
Who look'd like fierce knights of the days of old
Eager for the affray."

"And what about F—— Castle?" said Weston, "a countryman of yours told me, that it has a secret-room in which the plague is shut up; and, were the door ever opened, the pestilence would burst forth and devastate the country."

"Perfectly true," said Lindsay; "Gordon can tell you all about that."

"We don't like this subject spoken of," said the youth referred to, drawing himself up stiffly.

"Have you anything to do with the family?" queried Lindsay.

"I belong to the same clan."

Lindsay whistled.

"Such affectation!" exclaimed Guy, angrily. "I myself have visited in at least a dozen haunted houses, and have been told in each case *on no account* to mention the supposed ghost when there, as *the family hated above all things to be questioned* about it; and on my arrival, the very first thing the 'family' did was to allude to the traditionary spirit."

"There is some truth in that," said Lindsay; "for, when last in the North, I spent a few days at T—— House, in Peebles-shire, a grand old place, formerly a royal residence, which, it is said, one of our early kings occasionally honours with his presence; and there was no secrecy preserved in connection with the royal spectre; it was spoken openly of at the dinner-table."

"Aye, but then the ghost was that of a *king*," said Guy; "that makes all the difference."

Lindsay laughed, and went on.

"While there I made acquaintance with a learned Professor, who was, fortunately, not too scientific to believe in ghosts. He told me the following in connection with a glen to the back of Neidpath Castle, a picturesque ruin, also in Peebles-shire."

THE HAUNTED GLEN.

"A lady of the name of Hay was foully murdered there some generations back, and her spirit is supposed still to haunt the scene of the crime. One evening, not very many years ago, an old woman was walking along the road near to this spot, when she saw a head adorned with lace lappets, or what was formerly known as 'pearlin,' moving along the top of the wall on her left. This strange mode of progression was continued for some little time, when the head turned round and the eyes looked at her. Then appeared the body, which joined itself to the head, and both came over into the road, and stood opposite to her. So visible was the apparition, that the woman distinctly saw a red line across the throat, at sight of which she fainted. This fearful vision was also seen by a man residing in the neighbourhood, and such was the effect produced upon him, that he was ill for a fortnight."

"And did the Professor himself believe in the genuineness of the spectre?" said Guy.

"Yes; he told me that he had strictly questioned the woman on the subject, and was quite satisfied that it was no mere fancy on her part. Now shall I tell you of

"ANOTHER GHOST WHO NURSED A BABY?"

An eager "yes" was the reply.

Lindsay continued. "Some years ago the Rev. Mr. B—— went to York to take duty for a friend for a couple of years or so. The house he resided in for that period is situated in the —— Gate. At the time I speak of Mr. B—— was a young husband and the happy father of a sweet little baby girl, then in her cradle. No. —— is a large old building with rooms and passages innumerable, also a cellar or two, approached by a baize door which swung to with considerable force when any one passed through. For several successive nights the servants, while at their supper in the kitchen, heard the door in question open and shut with a heavy swing. At first this was unnoticed save by the comment, 'who can be going to the cellar at this hour of the night?' Then a tall woman was seen passing through the doorway. Her back at this time was turned towards the maids, and they mistook her for Mrs. B——; but afterwards one of them saw her face, and she said it was a strange one. Then a curious circumstance occurred. The nurse, who had several times heard or fancied she heard the cradle being rocked when she was going up stairs to the nursery, on entering one day saw a tall woman standing by its side. Mary asked if the baby were awake? The woman made no reply, but swept past her and went hastily out at the door. Now, the servants began to talk amongst themselves about these strange occurrences, and the conclusion they unanimously arrived at was that the house was haunted. After this the passages and the baize door were carefully avoided after nightfall. A yet more startling thing happened to confirm them in their belief. A dressmaker, who was shortly after brought into the house to assist the housekeeper with some work, was one night accosted by this same woman with these remarkable words, 'Look below the stone in the cellar that has a cross upon it.' This, of course, was repeated to the household, and, naturally made curious by the hint thus mysteriously given, one or two of the servants, accompanied by the dressmaker and housekeeper, went at once to inspect the cellars. In the outer and larger one no such mark was to be seen on any of the stones, but in the one further off there it was distinctly visible, together, if I remember rightly, with two initial letters. Their fears increased by their discovery, the maids fled forth with loud shrieks, which reached the ears of their master, as he sat in his study. The reverend gentleman ran out to learn what the matter was; and when told of what had taken place he was excessively angry; said there were no ghosts; and that the first servant who spoke of such things and frightened her neighbours should be instantly dismissed his service. As to the stone

spoken of, it was not to be touched. This threat had the desired effect; and no mention was ever again made to him of the 'strange woman.'

"And do you mean to say that Mr. B—— himself never thought of raising the mysteriously-marked stone?" said Weston.

"No; he evidently regarded the whole story as a coinage of the servants' brains, and took no steps whatever in the matter."

"Most extraordinary! And is the house still occupied?"

"Yes; and I can get you all wished-for information on the subject, as I know the eldest daughter—the baby-girl of the story—who is now an elegant woman, and who always declares that the reason for her being so pale is that she was nursed by a ghost!"

In the course of some further observations in regard to Mr. B——'s strange lack of curiosity, Lindsay told us that he knew a house near Edinburgh, one of whose rooms had a secret door, which although occupied by the lady of the house she had never had the curiosity to have it opened. The excuse she made was that the servants would leave her if she did.

"What an Eve she would have made," said Guy, with an ironical smile.

THE OLD CLERGYMAN'S GHOST.

Beauchamp *loquitor*.

"The following curious incident was told me by a curate on his return from Norfolk, whither he had gone to take duty for a brother clergyman:—

"It was in the gloom of a December evening that I arrived at R—— Vicarage. The servant who opened the door showed me into a somewhat cheerless-looking room, while she ran to fetch lights. As I went towards the fire-place I was surprised to find that the arm-chair nearest me was occupied by an elderly man in clerical attire. Placing myself in the other I looked at my opposite neighbour with the intention of addressing him, when he suddenly vanished. Imagining myself to have been the victim of an optical delusion, I stirred the dying embers into a blaze, threw myself back in my seat, and listened to the wind as it tore round the house with a rushing eerie sound. On the servant's returning with candles I remarked on the wildness of the evening.

"'And R—— is not a nice house to be in on such a night.'

"'Why so?'

"'Well, sir, it is said to be haunted—haunted by an old clergyman who used to live here—Parson White they call him.'

"Could that be Parson White who had so recently sat in the arm-chair? I thought. Well, to say the least of it, it was a singular coincidence."

THE HAUNTED RECTORIES.

"Some of our English rectories have various stories told in connection with them," observed Selby. "A friend of mine went not long ago into Suffolk (I think it was) to take Sunday duty for a parson; and greatly to his surprise he found the rectory, a large comfortable-looking house, to be standing empty. Mr. —, whose guest he was, on his asking for an explanation of this curious state of affairs, said, there was certainly something odd about the place, as every rector who made it his home always left after a short stay, complaining of unaccountable noises and a figure that was seen on the stairs—that of a girl dressed in blue. 'Our present rector and his family left on that account. Not long ago they were having some friends to dinner, and, while seated in the drawing-room, one of them came to Mr. S. and asked, with evident interest, who the lovely girl dressed in blue was whom he had passed on the stairs? Her appearance cannot in any way be accounted for: no tradition is told in connection with her; but that she *is* seen is pretty certain.'

"Then again. Another clerical friend of mine having heard that there was a reputed haunted chamber in — Rectory, which prevented its being occupied, asked and obtained permission to spend a night in it in company with a friend. One evening soon after the youths repaired to the room in question. Patiently and in silence they sat there till their watches told them it was midnight. Then one of them suddenly became conscious of an unseen presence. A cold shade seemed to pass him, he afterwards said. He made no remarks at the time as to his experience, but he saw from the startled expression of his friend's face that he too had felt it. Both gazed on each other without speaking, until the least brave of the ghost seekers being much too nervous to remain any longer in the room sprang to his feet and fled, leaving his friend to encounter any fresh horrors alone. And alone the other sat, till again a cold invisible presence made itself felt, as it passed him on its way to the door. Then he too rose and quitted the haunted house. Having related his experience to the friend who had spoken to him on the subject, the latter said, 'Nothing has ever been seen, only one *feels* there is a something in the room.'

THE HAUNTED CHEST.

"I don't like your country houses," said Guy, with an impatient snort. "Not long ago a friend of mine, a London

surgeon, and no fool either, went to stay with a chum of his down somewhere in the Midland counties. His bedroom, he described as being spacious and dreary-looking, and in one corner of it there stood a large oaken chest. Moved by what spirit he knew not, he went up to it and raised the lid. To his horror he saw a man lying in it with his throat cut. Uttering an exclamation, he let the lid fall, but speedily felt himself impelled to open it, when he found the box was empty. Mentioning the circumstance to his friend on the following morning the latter stared at him in astonishment, and said, 'How very odd that you should have imagined that, because a man who used to sleep in that room committed suicide in that very chest, and was found lying there in the condition you describe.'"

THE GHOSTS OF DUTTON HALL.

"I remember another story; would you care to hear it?" said Gerard.

Receiving a nod of encouragement from some of us, he began.

"There is a place in Cumberland called Dutton Hall——"

"I know it," broke in Beauchamp, "and a fearfully haunted house it is."

Gerard proceeded.

"My friend on the left simply states the truth. When advertised to be let, the description of its numerous advantages, both natural and artificial, brought numerous tenants, but a brief occupancy satisfied even the most sceptical of its inmates that there was something mysterious about the place."

"Was anything seen?" queried Weston.

"Yes; an old woman pursued by a shadow."

"Were not both shadows?"

"Both were equally spirits, if that is what you mean: but while the spectre in advance was perfectly discernible, both as regards face and figure, the one in pursuit was not so. These figures, as I describe them, were constantly being seen. Now the old lady was speeding round the various rooms—now she was on the stairs—again careering round the garden—and always with outstretched arms, and the terrible shadow in pursuit. When in the sleeping apartments she seemed as though she were endeavouring to pull out the various drawers within reach.

"My informant went on to say that some years afterwards, when visiting in Cambridgeshire, she was relating her experience in connection with Dutton in a room full of people. One of those present chanced to be a clergyman, who, her narrative finished, came up to her and said, 'Curiously

enough, I can supply you with a sequel to your story. When resident in Cumberland I was one day waited on by a parishioner, who told me that a woman, apparently dying, was most anxious to see me. I accompanied him to the cottage in which she lived, and was soon made the recipient of a death-bed confession. The sufferer had formerly lived at Dutton Hall in the capacity of maid to a Miss Millar, the then occupant, and knowing that she was down for a legacy in her mistress's will, she murdered her in order that she might the sooner become possessed of the money. Her conscience, unburdened of its terrible load of guilt, the woman shortly after died: and the most singular part of the story is, that after her death the two figures were seen as formerly, but with this difference, that the one in pursuit had become as plainly visible as the other."

THE DEATH SECRET.

"Cumberland is full of ghosts," remarked Dacre of Wad-dam. "C—— Castle has its 'radiant boy'; W—— Hall, a delicious old Jacobite house, made mention of in 'Waverley,' a lady spectre; and W—— Hall, the family seat of the C——s, its 'Galloping Harry.'"

"Is the ghost in this instance a man or a horse?" laughed Guy.

"The former. An invalid ancestor of the C——s, was killed by his nurse (a Frenchwoman) for the sake of his personal property, consisting of jewels, &c. In order that his death might be kept secret, she dragged his body, under the cloud of night, to an uninhabited room of which she kept the key, pretending of course to his relations that he was still alive. The robbery effected, she took safety in flight,* when the 'death secret' was discovered. Her spirit is said yearly to return to the scene of its crime, and is heard dragging the body of the dead man along the passages and down the stairs."

THE DEATH SUMMONS—A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Dacre having made his bow, Weston turned to a friend of his named Bury, who had recently joined us in company with a gallant colonel, and asked him if he could give us anything equally remarkable.

"I call the following incident remarkable," replied Bury, and as it happened to a cousin of my own I can vouch for the truth of it. Poor Henry H—— was in a deep decline when he and his wife came to stay with us in town. For their greater comfort my mother gave them up her room, as it was

* Both the woman and her stolen property were lost in the Irish Sea.

the largest and best-aired in the house. Shortly after their arrival, Mrs. H. woke up suddenly in the night time, or as she herself expressed it, she was *made* to awake, and by the light of the gas, which was always kept burning, she saw an open letter lying on the coverlet of her husband's bed, which adjoined hers. Wondering how it could have got there, she sat up and looked at it. The writing was that of Harry's dead mother, and the words she read were, 'I must have my dear son: I cannot any longer be without him.' In the morning the letter was not to be found. The sequel is, my cousin died not long after."

Even Guy seemed impressed by this story, for he looked grave, and forbore those sceptical remarks he was so fond of indulging in.

A HAUNTED BILLIARD ROOM.

"Now, Colonel," said Bury, "you must in your turn become story teller, and give us your adventure at Port Royal."

"Willingly," said Colonel A——.

"A little way apart from the Barracks there stands, or stood, a building formerly used as a *Morgue*, and afterwards converted into a billiard room for the accommodation of the officers quartered at Port Royal. One Sunday evening I was sauntering along by myself, when, close to this place, I heard the rolling of balls on the table; more than that, there was a decided canon, followed by the rush and pocketing of a ball. Thinking that some of the soldiers had got into the building, I clambered up and looked in at one of the windows, but nothing was to be seen. I thereupon vacated my position, but no sooner had I reached the ground than I heard an unmistakable click of the balls. I will catch them this time, I thought. Instantly I struck a light and entered by a side door, what I found to be a deserted room—not a living creature was in it, not a ball visible on the table.

"When relating to a comrade what had taken place, he said in reply, 'Well, have you never heard that the spirits of those officers who formerly played in the *Morgue* return to pursue their old amusements?'"

"THE OLD OAK CHEST."

The word *Morgue* made us all feel agueish, and we relapsed into an uncomfortable silence, which was suddenly broken by Deleval, who exclaimed in excited tones—

"You have all of you heard the legend of the Mistletoe Bough?"

"I should think so—rather!" said Weston.

Guy smiled grimly, and muttered—

“The mistletoe hung in the castle hall.”

“Well, I do assure you, on my word of honour, that friends of mine living in Staffordshire possessed the veritable oaken chest.”

Guy laughed outright.

“You may laugh if you please, but I tell you it is a fact. The tragedy took place in Italy, and the descendants of the ill-fated bride came afterwards to England, bringing the chest with them. Such was the tradition; and a member of the family was at the pains to go to Italy to have it verified, and he found it true in every particular. The disagreeable part of the matter was that the ghost of a young lady in white silk came with the coffer, and kept the family in constant agitation with the frequency of her visits. So long as the celebrated ‘old oak chest’ remained at C——, so did the ancestral spectre; but one day it suddenly disappeared, stolen no doubt, and with it also vanished ‘young Lovel’s bride.’”

“Goodness, gracious!” exclaimed Guy, in tones of seeming alarm.

“What is the matter with you?” said Darrell, who sat next to him.

“O dear, dear! I do believe that my mother, who has the family taste for antiquities, has gone and bought that very coffin—for coffin I know it soon will be. In her last letter she tells me of her latest purchase in that way—a large and splendidly carved black oaken chest, date 1603, supposed to have come from Italy—tradition connected with its being brought to England unfortunately not known to the man—seemed anxious to be rid of it—got it for the price of an old song, etc.

“Now the end of it will be,” went on Guy, “that I, who am going to Coverdale at Christmas, will see this fair and hapless spirit floating along in the moonlight, and of course will fall desperately in love with her. She will haunt my dreams; with her delicate taper fingers she will beckon me to follow her, and I, who am a noted sleep-walker, will obey her inviting gesture. Along the shadowy gallery she will glide, and I after her, when—bang! and I waken up to find myself lying flat in the chest, whose lid has just closed with ‘a sudden spring’—waken up to find myself ‘smothered in a living tomb.’”

The suddenness of the “bang” had made us all start from our seats, and when sufficiently recovered from the shock we had sustained, we found that Guy had left the room and was laughing heartily outside the door at our expense.

"Was he serious?" asked Weldon, peering at me over his glasses in the funniest manner possible.

"Not he; never was such a fool," said Danecourt in wrathful tones.

Then said Weston, "That was a weird story of yours, Somerville, about the 'Second Sight.' If you have any more of the same kind, I am sure all present will join with me in the wish that you would let us have them."

We heartily re-echoed Weston's words, and Somerville with great good nature instantly complied.

STORIES OF "SECOND SIGHT" IN THE ISLAND OF SKYE.

Some few summers ago, in company with two friends, I paid a succession of pleasant visits in the Island of Skye, so celebrated on account of its wild and magnificent scenery, as well as for the gift of the "Second Sight" which is said to be specially conferred upon its inhabitants.

The house in which we chiefly resided during our sojourn in the "Island of Mist" is situated directly at the foot of the Coolin Mountains, whose fantastic peaks and spires tower upwards with the dignity of monarchs over the wild and barren solitude surrounding them.

The glimpses we obtained of the Coolins during our sojourn at Rhundunan were few and far between, as the mist which so frequently envelopes mountain scenery often shrouded them from our gaze for an entire week—a thing we by no means approved of, but had quietly to submit to, for a most sufficient reason, namely, that we could not prevent it.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the appearance presented by the Coolins when, on some lovely summer's evening, the mist which had enwrapped their lofty summits during the early part of the day took the form of a light fleecy vapour rose-tinted by the rays of the setting sun, which, as it gradually wore away, disclosed beneath the dark frowning masses, resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow.

Rhundunan, as before mentioned, is situated at the foot of the Coolins—a situation we afterwards discovered to be more picturesque than safe, as a foaming torrent one day rushing down from the mountains burst in upon us with uncontrollable fury, and nearly swept us all, live and inanimate stock, into the sea. Our nerves were somewhat unstrung by that unexpected incident, and ever afterwards, when the winds and waters were unusually high, we were apprehensive of a renewal of the appalling scene. Never, indeed, shall I forget one wild and stormy night towards the close of September. The rain for several days had been heavy and continuous, so much so

as to make us fearful of another visitation from the angry waters. The river which flowed down from the Coolins dashed past the house with terrific rapidity, threatening every instant to overflow its boundaries and sweep away the inmates in its headlong fury. Feeling greatly alarmed, and in dread of serious consequences, I ascended to one of the upper rooms, and, throwing open a window, put out my head in order to ascertain if possible the extent of our danger.

The scene was wild and dreary in the extreme. Rain was falling in torrents, and the roar of the swollen and angry river—whose foam-crested waves, lashed into fury, were alone discernible in the mirky darkness—was absolutely deafening. The spirit of the mist had as usual descended upon the Coolins and enwrapped them in its dusky folds, whilst the subterranean noises which issued from their dark recesses almost overcame one with feelings of awe. It seemed as if the whole race of the Cyclops were busy over their forges fabricating the thunderbolts of Jupiter, 'mid the solitude of the mountains. Fortunately, upon this occasion our fears proved to be groundless, as the river gradually subsided without having wrought any damage, and our alarm vanished with the ebbing of the waters.

It was an evening adapted for the narration of some of those wild and mysterious stories such as are told in connection with the Island of Skye; so no sooner was there some degree of order restored, and we were again seated round the comfortable hearth, than we entreated Mrs. M——, the lady in whose house we were staying, and several others of the party, to favour us with some of the incidents of which we knew them to possess—an ample store. Our request was at once complied with, and the following strange tales were narrated, the narration being rendered still more startling by the gloom pervading the apartment, which was relieved only by fitful gleams emitted from the slowly expiring fire, in strange unison, too, with the fierce howling of the wind as it roared along the wild strath in which Rhundunan is situated.

Mrs. M——'s Story.

Mrs. M—— was the first narrator.

"Don't be alarmed," she commenced, "when I tell you that the story I am about to relate is told in connection with the cottages, situated on the banks of the river, flowing past Rhundunan. It is, as you know, generally occupied by shepherds, who return from their work on the mountains too late in the evening for them to reach their own homes. Well, one of these men had slept there two or three nights in succession, and I was a good deal annoyed by hearing from a servant that

he had been telling some idle tale in connection with an apparition seen by him whilst sleeping there. I at once sent for him, and expressed my regret that he should have done so; upon which the poor man replied, with a face of consternation, 'Indeed, ma'am, I am very sorry that you should be vexed with me, but, were it to cost me my situation, I cannot sleep any longer in that house after what I have seen!'

"And what have you seen?" I asked, impressed, in spite of myself, by the shepherd's serious manner.

"'You may laugh at me,' he said, for what I am about to tell you, but it is as true as if every word I utter were to be my last. During the past three nights, the figure of a woman dripping wet, has taken her stand by my bedside. She had her handkerchief tied round her head, and her arms folded over her breast. After gazing on me for a little while, she kissed my forehead, and then went across the room and stood by the fire-place, keeping her eyes fixed upon me with a melancholy look until she vanished.'

"I vainly endeavoured to persuade the man that he had either been dreaming, or that some one had played a trick upon him; he seemed firmly convinced that what he had seen was a supernatural appearance.

"Perceiving him to be the prey of an unreasoning terror, I gave him leave to change his sleeping quarters.

"A few days afterward, while I was with one of my domestics, getting linen out of the closet in my room, suddenly there was a report as if a pistol had gone off in the press whence we had taken it.

"'Oh, ma'am!' exclaimed the maid, with a face of horror, 'there will be grave-clothes taken from that chest before this week is over. I laughed at the woman's fears, and proceeded with my occupation.

"The next day, having some business to transact at Portree, I sent this identical servant, who, being a clever, active person, and an excellent walker, I thought best suited for a message of the kind. Portree being distant thirty miles, I allowed her three days for the journey, expecting her back on the evening of the third day from that on which she started. It rained incessantly during the woman's absence, and the river she had to cross, which flows at the foot of the park, was unusually wide and rapid. I felt rather uneasy when the night she had fixed for her return had passed over without our seeing anything of her; but I calmed my fears, hoping she had been detained at Portree on account of the weather, and that the morrow would bring her back in safety. The next day passed in like manner, bringing no tidings of the absent female.

Seriously alarmed, we issued forth in a body to search the river, in case she might have arrived at the ford after dark, and not perceiving the increased size of the water, have possibly been drowned in attempting to cross. Our fears, alas! proved to have been too well founded. The corpse of the unfortunate woman was discovered a short way below where the ford was situated. She had, as we conjectured, missed her footing in attempting to cross, and had perished 'mid the darkness and the storm of that dreadful night.

"The strangest part of the tale remains to be told. The arms of the servant when found were crossed upon her breast; she had bound her head round with a handkerchief, in order, as we supposed, to protect herself in some measure from the rain; and the body was carried into the previously mentioned cottage; whilst the bed was removed and placed beside the fire-place, that being a more convenient position.

"In this manner the shepherd's tale met with this singular realisation. It only remains for me to add, he had been a personal friend of the deceased; also, that the grave-clothes in which the unfortunate woman was interred, were taken from the closet in which the report of the pistol was heard, and that within the week, as she herself had predicted."

Mr. M'K——n's Story.

"It was harvest time," said Mr. M'K——n, "and I was standing in the field, which lies at the back of my house, looking on while the reapers plied their busy task. Struck by the superior dexterity of a young woman, named Mary Cameron, who was working far ahead of her companions, I pointed her out to the foreman, then standing near to me. This man, who was said to have the gift of the 'second sight,' stedfastly regarded her for a moment or two, and then remarked—

"She is, indeed, a clever worker. Poor girl! I am sorry to say that this will be her last harvest."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, that she will be dead in less than three months; her winding-sheet is already high upon her breast. More than that, she will be buried in B—— churchyard; and such and such men—naming four men—will lower her coffin into the grave."

"Not being a believer in 'second sight,' and, at the same time desirous to avoid wounding the man's feelings by treating as a jest what he himself was disposed to regard in a serious light, I allowed his prophecy to pass unquestioned.

"Strange to say, about the time specified by Macdonald, the poor girl took fever and died. Thus the first part of his pre-

diction was unfortunately fulfilled; but, sceptic as I was, I fully determined within myself that the latter portion should be defeated, by my taking the part of office-bearer on the occasion of her interment. Agreeably with my resolution, I repaired to B—— churchyard on the day of the funeral, and took my stand by the side of the coffin, in company with three of the men named by Macdonald.

"While standing thus, a favourite dog of mine, who had followed me unperceived, suddenly commenced bounding up upon me, striving to lick my face and hands, at the same time that it whined and howled in a very remarkable manner. Unable to make the dog leave off its unreasonable demonstrations, I took it aside, and fastened it to an adjoining tombstone by means of a piece of cord furnished by one of the company. This done, I returned to take my former position by the grave, but found it occupied by the *fourth* man, who had arrived in the churchyard during my temporary absence from my post."

Mr. N——'s Story.

"In the farm-house of T——, where I spent my youth, there lived an old woman named Elspeth M'Kinnon, who was accounted famous for the gift of second sight. Now this old crone was the object of my greatest aversion. Not only was she in the highest degree witchlike in her appearance, being dwarfish in stature, bent almost double, small-eyed, wide-mouthed, and having a sharp chin fringed with a beard, but she was always sitting away in odd nooks and corners peering out at one with eyes glaring and cat-like in their expression, and muttering to herself in a language wholly unintelligible to other ears than her own.

"Had I been permitted to have my own way I am afraid old Elspeth would never have been allowed to pass the remainder of her days at T——, but fortunately for her those in authority did not regard her in the same displeasing light that I did. They considered her to be a poor helpless creature who had a claim on their kindness owing to her having been for many years a servant in my father's family, and they revered her as a seer.

It is, perhaps, needless to tell you that Elspeth prided herself on her reputed gift, which it seems she inherited from her mother; and nothing enraged her so much as when any one doubted, or feigned to doubt, her prophetic powers.

"Boy-like, I loved to tease her upon this point, pretending that I was similarly endowed with herself; that whilst wandering amongst the mountains I had seen singular visions, and I would ask her with a mocking laugh what she thought

they portended. Elspeth's sole answer when thus pressed would be a torrent of reproaches, coupled with warnings of hideous evils which would assuredly overtake me for my wicked unbelief and ridicule of her powers.

"One autumn morning, as I was standing in a barn looking on while some men were grinding corn, a servant girl came in with the intelligence that Elspeth had just told her to stand on one side of the road, as she saw a 'gathering' with a corpse on a bier passing by.* And that on her saying she did not believe in such things, Elspeth told her that the funeral would soon take place, and that her mother and several others (naming them) would follow the bier. She also described the tartan of the plaid which lay over the corpse.

"Running out of the barn I came upon Elspeth cowering under a hedge, moaning and muttering to herself in her usual strange fashion, when, to make use of her own words, 'she was under the power of the sight.' 'Ha! ha! Elspeth,' I shouted in derision, 'and so you have just seen a vision—a bier covered over with a plaid—and what like was the plaid, Elspeth?'

"'It was red,' shrieked the beldame, glaring at me with the look of a tigress; 'red, checkered with green and blue. But grey will be the one just over you, when, in company with another prettier than yourself, you are brought down cold and stiff from the heights of Scur-na-Gillean!'+ 'Thank you, Elspeth; I am glad you have promised me such a comfortable wrap.'

"This mocking rejoinder drew down upon me a fresh torrent of abuse, which I did not tarry to listen to.

"Those among you who believe in 'second sight' will not be surprised when I tell you that Elspeth's prophecy in regard to the 'gathering' that was to be was fulfilled to the very letter, and that within a week after she had given utterance to it. It chanced that a young man residing in a neighbouring cottage was accidentally drowned, and being known to all the residents in the vicinity of T——, he was followed to the grave by the very people named by Elspeth, and his bier was covered with a plaid checkered as she described.

* That invisible funerals—that is, invisible to all save those gifted with the "second sight"—always precede real ones, is a favourite belief with the lower class of Highlanders in the islands of Tiree, Mull, and Skye. The writer of this paper was once solemnly assured by an inhabitant of Mull that a friend of hers was repeatedly knocked down one evening while coming along a road then occupied by a train of spiritual mourners.

† The hill of the young men.

"Still this strange coincidence by no means cured me of my scepticism. What more likely, I thought, than that when the poor fellow was drowned, his friends, recalling to mind Elspeth's prophecy, should contrive to aid its fulfilment by appointing these persons she named to follow the bier! And every cottage containing one or more plaids it would be easy to procure one similar in pattern to that described by Elspeth.

"Perfectly satisfied in my own mind that such was a correct explanation of the affair, I only laughed at the more than reverential awe with which Elspeth was now regarded by those credulous enough to place faith in her predictions.

"Shortly after this I went south for a few weeks. On my return I was accompanied by a young Englishman named Vernon, who was desirous of learning something of sheep farming under my father's instructions. A stranger to mountain scenery, the weird grandeur of the Coolins so delighted him that he was never weary of gazing on their rugged summits when dimly seen through the driving clouds or rose-coloured mists of evening.

"Of a bold adventurous disposition, young Vernon frequently expressed the wish that together we should ascend their giddy heights ere a snowstorm rendered such a feat impracticable. Equally desirous myself of achieving such an undertaking which, as you are well aware, is accounted rather a hazardous one from the frequent avalanches of gigantic stones which crash in every direction, thereby imperilling life and limb, one fine October morning we started on our expedition, which, as agreed upon between us, was carried out *sub rosa*. We had a mile of hard climbing to encounter ere we reached the mountains; and to us unskilled mountaineers this was by far the most fatiguing part of the undertaking. Our breath came short and thick, and so great was the oppression on our chests that we felt as though we must succumb. Gradually, however, this unpleasant feeling wore off, and by the time we arrived at the foot of the Coolins it had entirely disappeared.

"'Now for the tug of war,' said Vernon at sight of the grim barren-looking mountains towering up from our very feet, their wild and savage appearance rendered still more perceptible at our near approach. Nothing daunted, however, onwards we went, and now it was climbing in good earnest. Our progress might not unfrequently be described as that of one step forward and two backward: the loose shingle yielding beneath our feet occasioned this rather unsatisfactory mode of progression. The higher we ascended the greater the

difficulties we had to encounter ; and in many instances the peril became extreme when the narrow pathway by which we advanced led us to the brink of some giddy precipice where one false step would have precipitated us down into an unfathomable abyss.

"When near the top of the mountain I observed a solitary peak rising up behind the others, and evidently a good deal higher than those surrounding it. Pointing it out to Vernon, I said, 'Once on that pinnacle we have achieved something to be proud of.' He smiled assent, and we pushed onward, determined to do or die. After two hours and a half's incessant clambering we stood upon the summit, panting and breathless, yet esteeming ourselves amply rewarded for our arduous ascent. The mighty Coolins, naked, lofty, and precipitous, surrounded on all sides this strange-looking peak, which we found to our great disappointment unscalable. Taglioni herself would have hesitated to execute a *pas seul* on the giddy pinnacle, whose point seemed to us fine as that of a needle. It towered up from the centre of the Coolins, solitary in its height and obelisk-like appearance, whilst its sides were polished as those of marble. The surrounding scenery was sublime. Lochs and mountains in endless variety met our gaze. Wherever we turned there was something to admire or wonder at in the freaks of nature.

"Whilst intensely enjoying the beauties surrounding us, imagine our horror at beholding a dense mass of cloud advancing towards us with rapid strides. There was something terrific in its appearance as it sped over the sea, enveloping the sun in its dusky folds, which, now of a fierce lurid red, seemed like an incensed magician glaring at us in anger for having invaded his dominions. In an instant, as it seemed, everything was hidden from view. Mountains, loch, glens, all had disappeared, and we were thoroughly wet, as though we had been submerged in one of the lochs we were so recently admiring.

"The cold on the top of the mountain had now become so intense that our faces were quite excoriated, and there being no further inducement for us to remain, we prepared to descend. Some large flakes of snow were now in the air. We quickened our steps in alarm, for one of us at least was but too familiar with the horrors of a Highland snow-storm.

"Not far from the summit we met two shepherds who had come up in quest of their fleecy charge, many of which lay dead around. In our eagerness to accomplish the descent in safety, we only tarried to make some inquiries respecting the path by which to descend, and to ask the name of the moun-

tain on which we stood. At mention of Scur-na-Gillean I could not restrain a cry of surprise. Old Elspeth's prophecy flashed across my mind, and now it seemed about to be accomplished. Was I not on the heights of Scur-na-Gillean, in company with a friend, and surrounded on all sides with indications of a coming snow-storm, which, unless we were enabled to accomplish the descent in less than half the time it took to ascend, might yet prove our winding-sheet!

"Through the glimmer of the fast-darkening day I seemed to see old Elspeth's skinny hand pointed at me in scorn, and to hear her mocking laugh rise and mingle with the storm now moaning at a distance amongst the wild glens and rocks. As the concluding words of her prediction rose to my recollection, I grasped Vernon by the wrist with a vice-like grasp and plunged madly down the mountain.

"Some three or four hours afterwards we were discovered by other shepherds lying underneath the shelter of a huge beetling crag, whither we had crept for safety, not dead, but with the life in us frozen. And the shepherds fold us tenderly in their plaids and bear us in safety to our home, for their feet are familiar with the windings of each giddy path, and their dogs, in their wondrous instinct, are guides that err not.

"Ever after that memorable day I permitted old Elspeth to predict as many deaths and marriages as she pleased without further molestation from me—for had not her prophecy in respect to myself been literally fulfilled?

"Grey was the colour of the plaid which covered me when, in company with another prettier than myself, I was brought down cold and stiff from the heights of Scur-na-Gillean."

Mrs. M'D——'s Story.

"A lovely mid-summer's day had melted into night," said Mrs. M'D——, "and my sister and I lingered on the banks of the loch fronting our house, unable to tear ourselves away from the enjoyment of the sweet scented air and the tranquil beauty of the scene.

"It was indeed an exquisite evening. The unclouded sky was strewn with myriads of stars. A silvery haze floated lazily on the distant mountain summits. The Coolins appeared more than usually rugged and majestic in their outline, standing out in bold relief against the azure sky. Whilst gazing on them in much admiration, I observed a splendid star resting as it were on the very point of one of their needle-shaped peaks. The effect was most striking. I attracted my sister's

attention to it, and together we regarded it in speechless ecstasy, as it gradually rose, becoming higher, larger, and more brilliant, until at length the calm, cold rays of fair lady moon—for it was she—stole over the landscape.

"After having sufficiently admired her slow queenly progress amongst the lesser lights, and her reflection in the crystal waters of the loch, we turned to retrace our steps homeward, when we saw the servant girl, whom we had left in the house, come forth from it covered over with a shroud of darkish hue. Stealing forth into the moonlight, she traversed the distance between us and the house, as though wishing to frighten us. After thus pacing up and down for some little time she suddenly disappeared. On our return we asked the girl what she meant by such foolish conduct, whereupon she declared that she had never once crossed the threshold. Shortly afterwards she was seized with small-pox and died, and her shroud being made of unbleached linen, answered to the description I have given of the garment in which she appeared on the night in question."

Major C——n's Story.

"You have all of you, no doubt, seen Prince Charlie's Well, that lies between Kingsburgh and Muckstadt, and of which it is said the Prince drank when on his way to the former place, in company with Flora Macdonald.

"I don't know with what feelings you, my listeners, regard that well, but, for my own part, belonging as I do to the loyal clan C——n, I love it. I never pass that way but I stoop to drink of its crystal waters, and to gather a sprig of heather from off the solitary plant nodding over its brink, humming the while a verse of an old Jacobite song.

"You smile at my enthusiasm—and I think I hear one young lady say, 'Had Major C——n lived in the '45, he would have been *out*.' And she says truly; I would have been '*out*,' and, like others of my name, have fought, and died, if need be, for the Prince.

"But to return to the well. It chanced that on the evening of the 15th of April, 1746, my great-grandfather, passing near it, while on his way from Portree to Uig, saw a tall fair young man, dressed in the Highland garb, kneeling before it, and gazing intently down into its clear depths. On my ancestor's approach, he rose to his feet, and regarding him mournfully, murmured, '*defeated—defeated—defeated!*' and then disappeared. At the same instant the beat of drums mingled with the clash of arms caused my great-grandfather to look behind him, and he saw a troop of soldiers defiling up a nar-

row glen between the mountains. Amazed, he sees them also disappear, as fades the mist before the morning sun.

"On the next day was fought the memorable Battle of Culloden. Soon after which disastrous defeat, that very glen resounded with the tread of King George's troops, despatched in quest of poor Charles Edward; and the Prince himself knelt at the well to quench his thirst whilst a fugitive amongst the wilds of Skye.

"A friend of mine, Captain M——e, said he perfectly remembered his grandfather relate, that towards the close of the year 1744, no fewer than fourteen persons, of whom he was one, saw a large vessel coming in below Kingsburgh, in the dusk of the evening, and cast anchor at the entrance of Loch Snizort—a very singular harbour.

"This vessel was visible until night-fall, but next morning it was no longer to be seen; upon which, all who had beheld it agreed this was a case of 'second sight,' which it proved to be; for Captain Ferguson, when in search of Prince Charles, with the Furnace sloop-of-war, anchored in the dusk of the evening exactly in the very spot above mentioned, half-a-mile below Kingsburgh House."

Miss M'A——r's Story.

"In the autumn of 18—, I was on a visit to my friend Mrs. R——, who, as most of you are aware, lived for many years at M——, on the banks of Loch S——. For the greater convenience of those of her friends who resided on the opposite shore, and who otherwise must have made a wide detour when coming to visit her, Mrs. R—— kept a boat in readiness for despatch whenever a signal-fire on the other side gave notice that some one was waiting to be ferried across the loch.

"Accustomed as I was to the locomotive style of travelling, whereby one is landed at a friend's house without previous warning of any kind, this to me novel mode of transit was in the highest degree interesting; and during the first part of my stay, I frequently stationed myself at one of the drawing-room windows, on the eager look out for the friendly beacon; feeling much disappointed when the sun went down behind the blue mountains of Harris, without my eyes discovering the wished-for signal. Standing thus, one afternoon, I saw a faint wreath of blue smoke curling upward from the opposite shore. Afraid lest the boatman should not have seen it, I was on the point of running to his cottage with the intelligence, when I beheld the boat shoot from under the cliffs, and make off in the direction of the fire.

"I informed Mrs. R—— of the circumstance, and then

returned to the window to watch its progress—but, lo! and behold! no boat was visible. The smoke likewise had disappeared. What could it mean? Was the boat lost, or had I been the victim of optical delusion? Amazed and perplexed, I ran to Mrs. R——, and told her of the mysterious disappearance of the boat. In great alarm, she sent one of her servants to ascertain whether Roderick (the boatman) had returned or not.

“Stranger still, Roderick had never been out at all, but was sitting quietly on the shore smoking his pipe. Mrs. R—— then sent to inquire of him what boat it was that had just gone across the loch, and if he had seen the fire? And the answer was, he had neither seen boat nor fire, and he had been looking across the loch for the last hour or more. Upon this Mrs. R—— looked on me, and I on her, in astonishment. ‘You must have imagined it,’ she said, laughing. I began to think that I had, and felt, as you may imagine, exceedingly foolish and uncomfortable. Observing my vexed looks, Mrs. R—— kindly forbore jesting on the subject.

“Pondering over, and in no small degree bewildered by the spectral illusion, of which I had been the victim, I stationed myself on the day following at one of the drawing-room windows, and again witnessed an illusive appearance similar to the one of yesterday. Responsive to the dim and shadowy wreath of blue smoke, the boat shot across the loch, and made straight for the opposite shore, which it touched. This time I stirred not from the window, being determined to find out where and in what manner the boat disappeared. I was not long kept in suspense. Slowly, as if moving under a heavy freight, it turned and came back as far as the middle of the loch, when it sank beneath the water.

At the risk of being thought an opium-eater,* I again sought Mrs. R——, and told her what I had seen. This time she regarded me with a graver look and said, ‘My dear girl, should you have any more of these visions, I really must have medical advice for you. I have been consulting “M’Nish” on these matters, and he says that spectral illusions are only seen by persons suffering from some functional derangement.’

“Fortunately for me, it happened that I had no return of the spectral illusion. Day after day I seated myself at one or other of the windows overlooking the loch, but there was no repetition of the singular appearance. Real fires there were, and the boat came and went in obedience to the preconceived

* Some of the most vivid instances of spectral illusions, it is said, are those induced by opium.

signal, but it was always impelled by the strong, sinewy arms of Roderick M'Pherson, and returned in safety with its human freight.

"On my entering the breakfast-room one November morning, Mrs. R—— told me she had just received a letter from a cousin of hers, who lived some thirty miles off in the Macleod Country,* informing her that she and her daughter were coming to pay her a visit, and would be on the opposite shore about three or four o'clock of that or the day following.

"'You must be on the look-out for the signal, Mary,' said Mrs. R——, with a roguish smile, which showed that she had by no means forgotten the episode of the vanished boat.

"That day passed away without the anticipated visitors making their appearance. On the next, towards noon, it became so dark and stormy that my friend remarked, she hoped they would not come as it would be so rough on the loch.

"'Surely they will never leave home on such a day,' I remarked.

"'Not if it were like this,' replied Mrs. R——, 'but with us the weather changes so suddenly that it might have been quite fine when they started.'

"Looking out on the rising fury of the wild sea, I fervently re-echoed my kind hostess's wish that her visitors would not come. Each succeeding hour the wind was heard to pipe in a louder, shriller key, and the white-crested waves were tossed upward to a greater height ere they broke with a hollow foreboding sound on the rocks lining the shore.

"A gloomy day was descending into a yet more gloomier night, and the tempest had rather increased than diminished, when, to my utter consternation, a red light suddenly pierced the darkness, which hung low on the opposite coast.

"At first I felt afraid to mention this to Mrs. R——, in case it should turn out to be another of my spectral illusions, but observing it become larger and deeper in colour, I at length ventured to call her attention to it.

"She looked across the tempest-tossed loch with anxious brows, but made no remark. I was about to ask her if I should send a servant to tell Roderick, when Roderick himself made his appearance.

"I have come," he said, addressing Mrs. R., "to know if I am to go out with the boat?"

"There is no help for it, you must go," she replied, "but

* All that portion of the Island of Skye belonging to Macleod of Macleod, is either styled "The Macleod Country," or "Macleod's Country."

take Angus with you; it will require you both to row the boat on a night like this."

"Roderick said nothing, but left the room with a look on his face expressive of anything but satisfaction at the task imposed upon him.

"I remained at the window looking out at the fire until it expired in the gloom, when I rejoined Mrs. R——, who was seated by the hearth.

"Two hours passed away, and there was no sign of the boatman's return. We listened in silence to the moaning wind and the angry beat of the surf upon the shore; neither of us daring to shape into words the fears that agitated our breasts. Mrs. R—— at length broke a silence that was becoming insupportable with the remark,—

"Roderick has perhaps found it too stormy for my aunt and cousin to cross in the boat, and so they may have gone round by S——."

"How long would it take then to come in that case?' I inquired.

"We will give them another hour,' was her only reply.

"I said no more, seeing she looked pale and anxious.

"We watched through that and every succeeding hour, until daylight broke in upon our vigil, bringing sunshine and calm, but, alas! not those so anxiously looked for. All four, as we found, had perished while crossing Loch S——, amid the darkness and tempest of the preceding evening. When the sad news was brought us that the bodies had been fished up out of the water, Mrs. R—— whispered to me, in an awestruck voice,—

"This explains, Mary, what you saw. It was the 'Second Sight!'"

We thanked Somerville again and again for his startling series of stories; and several of us made known our intentions to make a tour in Skye during the summer vacation.

Lindsay now volunteered a story related to him by the lady who saw the apparition.

THE SPECTRE MAIDEN.

"The ancient and now ruinous castle belonging to the M——s, of ——, is situated on a rocky promontory jutting out from the sea coast of one of our Western Islands. Near to this memorial of another and ruder age, stands the modern mansion inhabited by the descendants of this once powerful clan. The M——s are distinguished for their free-hearted hospitality, and numerous entertainments are given for the

amusement of the guests who annually crowd to — House. Should the night prove fine these always ended in a ramble in the romantic ruins of the adjoining castle. I chanced to be present at one of these balls, and, in accordance with this time-honoured custom, I and my partner in the dance, the second son, a fine young naval officer, led the way to the ancient halls of the M'—s. It was now early dawn, and surrounding objects were distinctly visible in the clear morning light. Imagining myself and partner to have been the first to leave the ball-room, I was surprised and horrified to see a girl whom I took to be the gay and adventurous Maria —, like myself, a guest at —, looking in at me through what appeared to be an inaccessible window. 'Do look at that foolish creature, Maria —; she will be killed if she does not take care,' and I ran towards her, pulling young M'— with me. As I came near to her, I saw she was not Maria —, but a young girl dressed entirely in white, with long fair hair falling over her shoulders, and having on her right arm a broad silver bracelet of peculiar design. She looked at me fixedly for a moment and then disappeared. 'Good gracious!' I cried, 'she has fallen over the rocks.' And I ran to the window and looked out, but no traces of her were visible: indeed no human being could have scaled the steep precipitous crags on that side the castle.

"I looked at my companion in amazement; he was very pale and silent. On our way back to the house we met Maria — just leaving it. She had never been near the ruins.

"'Who could it have been?' I said to M'—. He made reply—'Don't mention what you have seen to any of my family. I will tell you who I think it was; but first let me ask you, Did you observe the bracelet on the girl's arm?' 'Yes;' I particularly noticed it, and I described it to him. He became yet paler, and said, 'You have seen the evil genius of our house. Her history is this: One of my ancestors, and the heir of the M'—s, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young girl of humble birth. They became engaged, and were about to be married, when the girl suddenly disappeared, and was never again heard of. It was supposed she had been murdered by command of his relations, who were furious at the thought of the connection he was about to form. From time immemorial, there had been preserved in our family two silver bracelets, such as you describe, with which our chiefs betrothed their brides. One of these peculiar bands had shortly before disappeared, and it was believed the infatuated youth had bestowed it on the maid whom he had destined for his wife. Ever since we M'—s have always been warned of

approaching death by a fair-haired girl, with this bracelet on her arm.'

"I am very sorry to have to tell you that my poor young partner on that occasion died not long after we had seen the spectre maiden."

A WEIRD STORY.

"Now for a tale of *diablerie* told in connection with dear old Oxford," said Staunton; "the storm is rising in its fury, and my narrative will suit the wildness of the night. Probably none of you ever heard of Frank —, of — College. I have frequently, for my father was continually making mention of him as being the president of all the orgies which ever took place in his time in *Alma Mater*. Handsome, witty, and a reprobate, he seems to have plunged head-long into every imaginable excess; an eager imitator of those older in wickedness than himself, and the ruiner, by his pernicious example, of the youthful admirers who crowded round him, attracted by his brilliant exterior and reckless daring. He was at once a man to be shunned and dreaded. As a member of the notorious 'Hell Fire Club,' he shone with a lurid lustre, till at length the name of Frank — became so fearfully notorious that the heads of his college determined to expel him by way of example to others. But the measure of his iniquity was full! Late one night a fellow student, while walking home to his rooms, observed sauntering leisurely along the street a tall man wearing a steeple-crowned hat, and wrapped in a large Spanish cloak. Remarkable from his height and peculiar bearing, the other watched him from a distance, wondering who he could be, and where he was going to. The stranger continued his careless walk till he came opposite — College; there he paused below Frank —'s windows, and seemed as though he were listening. Looking round at this instant, he disclosed to the affrighted student, who was now within a few paces from him, a malignant scowling visage, with eyes of fire. The instant after he had scaled the wall, thrust his arm through the window, dragged out the profligate —, and had carried him off. The next day Oxford was ringing with the terrible news that that ill-fated young man had been found dead in his room."

At this moment a terrific gust of wind tore round the college. This was followed by a loud crash in the court below. Weston ran to the window and looked out.

"What's up, old fellow?" shouted Kennedy. "Some of the Rector's chimneys have been blown down by the

storm; and, as I live, there's the old boy peering out after them. We all made for the window, and, sure enough, there he was, night-cap on head, and candle in hand, gazing into the darkness. A loud laugh, which we could not restrain, caused him to start and look in our direction. We rushed back, and finding on consulting our watches that it was time to separate, speedily beat a retreat."

Immediately on retiring to rest I fell asleep, and dreamed that his Satanic majesty, in the gay attire of a troubadour, was seated on the Towel Horse, and playing Mozart's Requiem for my entertainment on a one-stringed violin.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE MYSTICAL DEATH OF THE INSANE.

No. VI.

BY MRS. A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

IN our preliminary paper, we have suggested that "the very analogy apparent to the brave-hearted student of Psychology, between the mystical death of the spirit-medium, and the sufferings of the insane, leads him to regard madness proper, possibly, if not assuredly, as only an initiation of longer duration—a passage, in fact, through the 'greater mysteries'—where issues of cleansing from all that is sensual and sensuous in the human soul, are but delayed for a while." Also, we have there suggested whether that condition, which is designated the "mystical death," in certain cases of the physically moribund; in cases of persons developing into so-called "mediumship," as well as in the entirely analogous experiences of the insane, may not in truth be intromission of the human soul, whilst still united with the flesh, into purgatorial states;—in truth, whether this process, even in the case of madness, is not to be regarded as an operation of a divine and beneficent law, through which the soul, previously to the dissolution of the body, is permitted to accomplish much of its needful purification—attains, through suffering, to clearer perception of things of the spiritual life; becomes cleansed from much dross of earthly ideas, and thus accomplished with new and needful spiritual perceptions and graces, is more fully prepared for its new sphere of usefulness and activity in the life to come.

As illustration of the above suggestion, we will give certain passages from "*A Narrative of the Treatment experienced by a Gentleman during a state of Mental Derangement, designed*

to explain the cause and nature of Insanity. London: Effingham Wilson, 1840."

This unfortunate gentleman was John Percival, Esq., son of Spencer Percival, who was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons, a man of family and fortune, who for three years "suffered many things of many physicians." "It was," he says "the will of the Almighty Author of good and evil to deliver me up, at the latter end of December, in the year 1830, to complete derangement of understanding. During the commencement and continuance of that derangement, I was the subject of much mental torture and agony from preternatural causes, and the object of inhuman and cruel treatment from the ignorance or neglect of those who undertook my cure."

Happily, it is not needful for our purpose to follow the history of the terrible and altogether revolting experiences of this unhappy gentleman, arising mainly, it must be evident to every unprejudiced reader, from the ignorant mismanagement of the insane prevalent fifty years ago. Suffice it for us to recognise in the narrative, phenomena most strikingly in accord with those called forth in persons "mediumistic," or otherwise, passing through the state which we have designated "mystical death." Nor must we fail to draw special attention to the highly instructive manner in which the mind of this intelligent and cultivated man delighted and expanded itself through a keen and careful study of the phenomena attendant upon his own melancholy condition.

THE CAUSE OF HIS MADNESS

he thus touchingly describes in a letter to his brother. Already in its incoherent and intense words, one feels that the fermentation of the spiritual element within him has commenced.

"The cause of my madness, Spencer," he says, "is this, that all things about me do appear to me so beautiful and so lovely, through the Holy Spirit which is upon me, and through me unto them, and in them, or upon them, and through them unto me, that I do not know how to behave myself to anything about me as I should do in a reasonable manner; and I have an inward tormentor and an outward tormentor, harassing and tormenting, reproving me for being a hypocrite—for loving them too much, and not reproving them in spirit—at the same time accusing me, and agonising me, and taunting me," etc., etc.

He evidently has had spiritually written through his hands the curious hieroglyphics, well known to all drawing and writing "mediums," characters of an Oriental character, and which are also repeatedly referred to in Kerner's "Seeress of

Prevorst.* Spiritualists will recognise these characters to be one of the many

“SPIRIT-LANGUAGES.”

He says, “Here the spirit guided my hand to write some characters resembling Arabic, and the name of my sister, who had studied Persian when a girl—and I find these words underlined—I may say with Pontius Pilate, ‘What I have written, I have written.’”

He also refers to an experience of another kind not unknown to “writing” and “drawing mediums,” namely, the recognition of spiritually impressed letters, words or forms upon the paper previously to their being traced by the writer’s hand. He says, “nearly the whole of those letters sent from Dr. F.’s house were visibly inspired to me—that is, I saw on the paper, in different handwritings, the words before I wrote them. This is a fact, modern philosophy—that is, modern infidelity—may disbelieve as it will; but I saw on the paper the sentences before I wrote them and they were prompted so fast, and shifted so rapidly, that I had difficulty to choose which I would write. Each spirit prompted me in a different style and in a different handwriting.”†

Mr. Percival has much to tell us regarding

“THE VOICES.”

“Only a short time before I was confined to my bed, I began to hear voices, at first only close to my ear, afterwards in my head, or as if some one were whispering in my ear, or

* For much that is of interest regarding “spirit-languages,” and their ciphers, refer to Kerner’s “Seeress of Prevost,” with account of the seeress’s diagram of “the sun-sphere.” Also, chap. 2, part ii., of “Light in the Valley,” by Mrs. Newton, Crosland, where will be found remarkable instances of the writing and “interpretation” of these spirit-given, oriental-looking characters. Swedenborg, in his “Heaven and Hell,” tells his reader, that “writing in the inmost heaven consists of various inflected and circumflected forms, and the inflexions and circumflections are according to the form of heaven. By them the angels express the arcana of their wisdom, many of which cannot be uttered by words; and what is wonderful, the angels are skilled in such writing without being taught, for it is implanted in them like their speech, . . . and therefore this writing is heavenly-writing, which is not taught, but inherent. I have been told that the most ancient people on the earth wrote in the same manner before the invention of letters, and that it was transferred into the letters of the Hebrew language, which in ancient times were all inflected. Not one of them had the square form in use at this day; and hence it is, that the very dots, iotas, and minutest part of the Word contain heavenly arcana.”

† This experience is in accord with that of certain drawing-mediums, who state that the automatic drawings executed by them is produced as follows:—A group of spirits (visible to the eye of a clairvoyant) will com-

in various parts of the room. These voices I obeyed, or endeavoured to obey, and believed almost implicitly, especially after I was entirely deranged: I understood them to be the words of the Lord or his Spirit.

"These voices were mostly heard in my head, though I often heard them in the air, or in different parts of the room. Every voice was different in tone and measure, and resembling those of relations or friends. There appeared to be many in my head, I should say upwards of fourteen. I divided them, as they styled themselves, or one another, into voices of contrition and voices of joy and honour. Those of contrition were on the left temple, or forehead; those of joy and honour on the right temple, or forehead (*vide* Swedenborg's 'Memorable Relation,' etc., for much which is noteworthy regarding the relative position of spirits who addressed him); but on each side of the head, as it were, over the middle of the eyebrow, two spirits seemed always to sing, or speak to a measure more quick than the others. My thoughts flowed regularly from left to right, guided by these voices and their suggestions. I mention this because some truth may be hid in it connected with the nervous system, and the laws of thought and feeling. Amongst the names given by the spirits were those of Contention, of Joy, of Joviality, of Mirth, Mockery, Honesty, Sincerity, Martha (by which I understood over anxiety).* When I was fastened down in my bed at Dr. F's, in the cruel manner I have described, the voices told me, that being now a spiritual body, I did not need sleep; that if I slept I ran a risk of increasing the lethargy, which rendered me unable to resist any degrading thought or feeling presented to me."

bine to form in coloured light a picture upon a blank sheet of paper, laid before the medium. The hand of the medium feels itself impelled—guided, as it were, by some magnetic attraction—to rapidly outline with a pencil, or colour, the form of the spirit-picture on the paper. As the pencil traces the form, the spirit-picture dissolves rapidly, to re-form in some fresh variation of the design, these spirit-pictures being of the nature of "dissolving views." So rapid is the transformation, that the difficulty with the medium is to complete the outline before the design has changed into something else. This is an experience known to the writer, who later may have more to say on this head.

* "In every development (of spirit-mediums)," says Mrs. De Morgan, in "From Matter to Spirit," "the names of earthly relations are first given; then those of persons who, when on earth, bore a moral or intellectual affinity with the medium; and afterwards the designation of those heavenly natures known as Love, Faith, Hope, and their modifications. Then these degrees correspond with body, soul, and spirit. . . . In the spirit-world, or state, where everything appears as it is, and is as it appears, the nature or character of any one is implied in the name—which is not given arbitrarily, as names are here, but falls, as it were, naturally on the bearer.—('Matter to Spirit'—*The Word of God*, p. 371.)

Here again the symbolic meaning had not as yet made itself clear to him, and he was understanding the command *literally as to the maintaining physical watchfulness instead of spiritual watchfulness*—"What I say unto you I say unto all, *Watch that ye fall not into temptation.*"* "Weary, at length, and unable to comprehend these commands, I sought for sleep, and recollecting that my father used, when he found himself unable to obtain rest, to keep continually counting to himself, I tried the same; but now the power of thinking numbers for myself was taken away from me, and my mind, or life, lay in my body like a body in a home, unable to do anything but listen to the sound of others talking around him, and voices—like the voices of females or fairies, very beautiful, very delicate, and with a rapidity I cannot describe—begin counting in me, and entirely without my control. First one voice came and counted up to ten or twenty, then a second voice took up the word twenty, and kept repeating 'Twenty'—'twenty'—'twenty,' whilst another, after each twenty, called 'One'—'two'—'three,' and so on, till they came to thirty. Then another voice took up the word 'thirty,' and continued crying 'Thirty'—'thirty'—'thirty,' whilst another voice called out 'One'—'two'—'three,' and so on, till they came to forty, and thus the voice within me proceeded dividing the labour between them, and so quickly that I could not properly pronounce the numbers. I have since seen Mr. Babbage's machine for counting, which is made on the same principle.

"I conceive from this and other experiences that the mind acts by beautiful and delicate machinery, which is disorganised in all men by sin and violence, by perverseness. *That we have no idea of the beauty of diction and of conversation; of the grace*

* Compare this with equally misinterpreted symbolic-teaching received by Isabella E—— (Vide "Mystical Death of Mediumistic Persons," in the *Psychological Review*, for June, 1882):—"I felt inclined to sleep, but a voice warned me against sleep, and I saw presented before my eyes, the face of a woman awful in her age of centuries upon centuries, and full of sorrows as of years. The voice said to me, that this woman was Eve, who *slumbered under inspiration.*" That was, in fact a type of the *natural condition of humanity not yet awakened to spirit-life.* Instances of similar spiritual symbolic-teaching, misinterpreted and taken "in the letter and not in the spirit," are to be met with in the lives of the saints of the Catholic Church, *especially in the commencement of their life-spiritual.* Witness St. Francis of Assisi, when called by the spirit from his gay life in the world, being told "*to repair a ruined church,*" and setting to work to carry stones for the reparation of a ruined church in his native city—not cognisant that the command was of a far wider significance—and, indeed, was a prophecy of his vast labours of reformation and love in his future life, etc. To learn the language of symbol is the first real lesson set by the Spirit for the learning of the scholars of the Spirit.

and majesty of action, of the perfection of the mental faculties which might be attained to, if more liberty were given in early life to the fancy [imagination ?] and if mankind chose to obey the laws of nature, or the guidance of God."

That names given by spiritual inspiration are usually expressive of abstract qualities, gradually begins to dawn upon him, and he thus writes of these

SYMBOLIC NAMES.

"During the time of my greatest infirmities I also called my keepers and others by various names. I called the keepers by inspiration *Honesty, Sincerity, Simplicity, Joviality*, etc., etc., according to their characters, though I did not then comprehend my own manner of address, and I knew not that I was in a madhouse; but, after I began to recover from my frightful dream, I understood both things and persons to be really what they were—though not always, nor for some time."

Gradually also he discovers—and this discovery is ever an important fact in the experience of the initiate into "the Mysteries," marking an epoch in their growth in spiritual knowledge—that

THE SPEECH OF SPIRITS IS A LANGUAGE OF SYMBOL.

"These voices," he says, "commanded me to do, and made me believe, a number of false and terrible things. . . . I scarcely uttered a syllable nor did a single act but from inspiration, though *I now know, that scarcely one of the things I did was I intended to perform*. When I had fairly performed what I was commanded, and found that I remained as I was, I desisted from trying to obey, and soon left off."

We ever learn from the Spirit through Experience, even as in ordinary every-day life. In such wise alone does our acquired knowledge become part and portion of ourselves.

"I suspect," he continues, "that many of the delusions which I laboured under—and which other lunatics labour under—consist in their *mistaking a figurative form of speech for a literal one*, and this observation may be of importance to those who attend to their care. [We may add, perhaps, that it may be of equal importance to all persons seeking to investigate the condition of mediumship, or to comprehend the utterances of the Spirits.] Keeping my mind continually intent on unravelling and understanding the influence I was under, I one day saw an old gentleman who had been in China, pluck a privet leaf and declare that it was tea. *I thought immediately this the Spirit speaks poetically, but the*

man understands literally. Thus you will hear one lunatic declare he is made of iron, and that nothing can break him; another that he is a china vessel, and that he runs in danger of being destroyed every minute. The meaning of the Spirit is that this man is strong as iron, the other frail as an earthen vessel. But the lunatic takes a literal sense, and his imagination not being under control, he in a manner feels it. In like manner when I was desired to suffocate myself on my pillow, and assured that all the world was suffocating for me, I conceive now that the Spirit referred to the suffocation of my feeling—that I was to suffocate my grief, my indignation, or what not on the pillow of my conscience. That I was not to abandon myself to my feelings, but to control them as others did around me."

Referring to a variety of absurd commands which he received from "the voices," and which puzzled, even in the height of his delusions, his latent reason, he makes the following highly suggestive remark—one indeed which we Spiritualists ought not to be too proud to lay to heart for our own benefit when we are inclined to literalise too strongly the sayings or teachings of spirits—

"For this again is one species of lunacy, to mistake a spirit of humour enjoining an act which is an evident absurdity, for a spirit of sincerity, or, as the French say, to take it 'au pied de la lettre,' as if a father were to say to his child in fun, 'Now, run into the puddle,' or 'Now, put your fingers into the fire,' 'Now, put yourself into a passion,' meaning the very contrary, and the child were to take his words as if meant in earnest." Thus Lunacy is, also, the mistakings of a command that is spiritual for that which is literal—a command which is mental for one that is physical.

One of the most striking effects of the mystical death process may be considered its gradual unfolding of the causes of being, the unveiling of the inner motive power of the life of Thought and Emotion.

As we have already seen this unhappy gentleman turning his keen powers of observation upon the phenomena manifesting within himself, has recorded a variety of experiences unveiling these occult processes of a value almost incalculable to the student of Psychology and to the "spirit-medium," who at once recognises perfectly congenial phenomena as manifested within himself. Compare what Mr. Percival writes

ON THE BREATH*

with the conclusions arrived at by Swedenborg, Harris, and

* The student should refer to Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson's work

many others; he was already upon the verge of their experience of the Inner-Breath.

"I found that the breathing of my nostrils also, particularly when I was agitated, had been and was clothed with words or sentences.

"Moreover, I have remarked that when the mind is most disturbed I breathe at that time violently and rapidly and with difficulty through the nostrils, and I have observed in the glass, when I have been exasperated, my nostrils compressed above and dilated below, and quivering rapidly with the violence of my breathings—reminding me of a bust I have seen of Achilles. The spirits also which I conceived to speak to me *used to direct me to control my breathing*, and breathe gently 'up one nostril, down another.' I have often found, too, *that when I am depressed or agitated by any*

on "The Human Body and its Connection with Man." "Let any reader," says Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson, "think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attend to the act. . . . Not only his lungs, but his entire body breathes. . . . Furthermore, thought commences and corresponds with respiration. The reader has attended to the presence of heaving over the body; now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath vibrates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as tumid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary—let him endeavour to think in long stretches at the same time that he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will mince his thoughts."

"If we carefully attend to profound thoughts, we shall find that *when we draw breath* a host of ideas rush from beneath as through an opened door into the sphere of thought; *whereas, when we hold the breath*, and slowly let it out, we deeply keep the while the tenor of our thought and communicate, as it were, with the higher faculty of the soul, as I have observed in my own person times out of number. Retaining or holding back the breath is equivalent to holding intercourse with the soul: attracting or drawing it, amounts to intercourse with the body." Also in Swedenborg's Diary (v. 3464) he says that there are many species of respirations, producing for their subjects divers introductions to the spiritual and angelic persons with whom the lungs *conspire*, etc., etc.

Vide article on "Internal Respiration," *Spiritual Magazine*, May 1st, 1861. Also "The Breath of God with Man," by Thomas Lake Harris. New York and London. Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867. "But All-Father," says Harris, "is more than the world; there is a second parturition, and nature lifts us up, that His breath may enter in. We then breathe again, respiring in God, and as He gives Himself in the warm, inflowing life, which imparts to the lungs new motions, we experience the facts of a Supersensual Existence; the Living One demonstrates his direct presence by direct inbreathing force."—"The Breath of God with Man," p. 7.)

passion, a deep-drawn breath will change the whole complexion of my thought and the tenor of my desires."

In Mr. Percival's account of visions, nothing, perhaps, is so remarkable as his reference to

THE UNVEILED ONES OF THE INNER SANCTUARY.

Let the reader recall what has been written by Swedenborg of the Angels of the innermost Heaven of Innocence.

"I have said," observes Mr. Percival, "that these visions are presented to the mind through the eye, or otherwise, because it is the spirit that seeth; the eye is merely an organ for communicating impressions from without to the spirit. Often when observing objects around me in the room, I have at the same time seen miniatures of friends or other small pictures in various parts of my body; I have seen very beautiful visions both in my sleep and when awake. . . . Figures endowed with great majesty and decorum and of exquisite grace and beauty combined in postures, easy, elegant, and delightful. Neither do the works of any artist that I have as yet seen, excepting a few of the ancient statues of Venus, Apollo, and busts of Jupiter, manifest their character. Phantoms of silvered and venerable age and of youth of both sexes. . . . At times these figures, thus grouped together, appeared white; at times, coloured like human flesh, the substance of them was as of flame. At the time that I first saw them, I was overwhelmed by a sense of degradation from the high calling of a Christian, and from the glories offered by the Religion of Jesus Christ, below the station of the beast of the field. I spoke to myself thus:—'I am cast out of heaven; I have been disgraced by the Almighty; the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Ruler of the Universe has despised me, from whose presence I cannot flee—to whose Omnipresent Court of Holy Spirits I have been exposed.' Shameless from having been put to shame; out of despondency, I almost ceased to endeavour to resist any temptation. I had no respect, no reverence. I attacked every subject sacred and profane. I muttered, 'I will burst into the sanctuary, and at any risk, at any loss, unveil this Being whom we call God, and discover the nature of Him we worship as Divinity; till I know Him, I dare not attempt to serve Him.' In these days, first came females without attire. I speak of them as they seemed to be—*Spiritual Beings—Deities perfect and lovely*. My mind was silenced by their delicacy, their modesty, their winning beauty. I braced up my mind also to courageous and virtuous efforts, in hopes of still being worthy of conversation with such as these who deigned to come to me. I recollect

when one of these creatures of flame appeared to descend from heaven to me as I was lying on the grassy bank in my wretched prison-yard, and uniting her spirit with mine, filled me with comfort. Surely I thought she is praying for me, her prayers are heard, and her spirit is living within me."

Surely if this be merely the frenzied phantasy of the Lunatic, we may say as Coleridge said in relation to the attribution of madness to Swedenborg,—“O! ter quaterque beatus si modo hujus sæculi doctis et docentibus datum fuerit eandem insaniam insanire.”

“Let me observe,” continues Mr. Percival, “that within the eye there is a phosphoric light which produces shades of more or less intensity, and which is sometimes white, sometimes of the colour of flame, sometimes also red. . . . That this phosphoric light exists, no one will doubt, who recollects that in dreams he sees day and sunshine, and colours of every description—these could not be produced in the chamber of the imagination without the presence of light or fire of some kind. When I was continuously thinking within myself, tied down in my bed at Dr. F.’s in the dark, replying to the voices about me, the motions of thought within me caused my eyes to flash frightfully, and this often accompanied with sharp pain. I call this light or flame *phosphoric*, because it appears of a phosphoric nature. I have been told that French surgeons have discovered phosphorus predominating in the brain of lunatic patients.* Thus I account for the pictures I have had shown to my mind—only cautioning my readers that whilst I venture to explain the means whereby these phenomena are produced, I do not question the presence of the intelligent Power that made use of those means.”

If “the poets learn in suffering” what they “teach in song,” equally true is it that all those who are taught of the Spirit, whether “Religious Enthusiasts,” “Mediums,” or “Madmen,”

* “The Platonic philosophy of vision is,” we are told by Elihu Rich in his admirable and highly illuminative article on “Visions in the Occult Sciences,” “the view of objects really existing in interior light, which assume form, not according to arbitrary laws, but according to the state of mind. This interior light, if we understand Plato, unites with exterior light in the eye, and is thus drawn into a sensual or imaginative activity; but when the outward light is separated, it reposes in its own serene atmosphere. It is then in this state of interior repose that the usual class of religious, or what is called inspired, visions occur. It is the same light of Eternity revealed to Pimander, Zoroaster, and to all the sages of the East as the emanation of the Spiritual Sun, the sacred light of all ages and all religions, in which also the ideal pictures of the poet and painter have appeared to them. The Ascetic discipline, which usually introduces the vision, is only necessary, because the usual life of man is utterly contrary to the order of nature. The Saviour calls himself

alone attain to their wisdom for the benefit of their kind by the same mysterious path of tribulation. Here tied down in the dark to his bed, had this insane gentleman, become cognisant of an arcanum of spirit and matter, at the mysterious meeting point where the two degrees of being impinge upon each other, which had revealed itself to Plato, and to the consideration of which both the Physiologist and the Psychologist of the present day would do well to turn their most careful attention—for here evidently do matter and spirit embrace and bring forth true *illumination*—for the explanation of some of the deepest mysteries of human life.

We cannot better conclude this paper on the "Mystical Death of the Insane" than in the words with which Mr. Percival terminates his narrative:—

"Thus I have brought this painful part of my work to a termination, and may He who made me a monument of His wrath in my destruction, and a monument of His mercy and loving kindness in my restoration, bless this work to the relief of those whom I have left behind me, and of those who may be in, or may hereafter come into like trouble."

KRISHNA AND CHRIST.†

BY ARTHUR LILLIE.

PART. II.

IN considering the question whether the theology of the Bhagavad Gītā is a "travesty of Christianity," as Mr. Talboys Wheeler puts it, it is important now to inquire whether there was anything like it in the Aryan religions previous to the

the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and if this light is not apprehended in darkness, it still shines. It comes and goes apparently because of the inconsistency of man. The suddenness and brilliancy with which it illuminates the mind, when the auspicious moment occurs, is also expressed in a figure of wonderful force and beauty—"as the lighting which shineth from the west to the east!" "If such remarks," adds Mr. Rich with great truth, "*read like a discourse from the pulpit, it is because Psychology, or the real nature of man, has ceased to be the serious study of mankind, and the Christian doctrine has been divorced from philosophy and from literature by its faithless professors.*"—"The Occult Sciences" by Rev. E. Smedley, M.A., W. C. Taylor, LL.D., Rev. Henry Thompson, M.A., and Elihu Rich, Esq. *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co., 1855. Art. "Visions," p. 267.

† "The Cradle Land of Arts and Creeds." C. J. Stone. Sampson, Low & Co.

Christian era. I will take the Vedic religion first, and quote a portion of a hymn from the Rig Veda:—

“Let us celebrate with exultation the births of the gods, every one of us who may behold them in this later age.

“Brahmanaspati shaped all these beings like a blacksmith. In the earliest age of the gods the existent sprang from the non-existent.

“In the first age of the gods the existent sprang from the non-existent. Thereafter the different regions sprang forth from Uttānapad (the opened womb).

“The earth sprang from Uttānapad. From the earth sprang the regions—Daksha (Spirit) sprang from Aditî (the Universal Mother), and Aditî came forth from Daksha.

“For Aditî was produced, she who is thy daughter, O Daksha. After her came the gods into being, blessed sharers in immortality.

“When, O Gods, ye moved strongly agitated on that water, a violent dust issued forth from you as from dancers.

“When ye, O Gods, like devotees, replenished the worlds, then ye disclosed the sun which had been hidden in the ocean.

“Of the eight sons who were born from the body of Aditî, she approached the gods with seven, but cast away the eighth, Mārttānda.

“With seven sons Aditî approached the former generation of gods. Again for birth as well as for death she disclosed Mārttānda.”*

In this mystic passage we have at its source the spring not only of the Indian, but almost every mysticism in the world. Daksha (Spirit) and Aditî (Matter) were figured, the one as a Father and the other as a Mother, the Universal Parents. Aditî is Daksha's daughter, and Daksha is Aditî's offspring. Philosophy, from the days of the Vedic Rishis, has been debating which of these two postulates is true.

From this Father and Mother issued a prolific drop—the Golden Germ, the Golden Egg, the Egg of Death, the Sun. It must be remembered that to a savage in the earliest days the earth would appear a very large object; the starry heavens, Daksha's symbol, would also appear a very large object; and the sun would appear a very small object.

Two other phenomena would also be patent to a savage scanning the sky.

He would observe that certain large stars and groups of stars, whose positions in the sky, for agricultural and other

* R. V. x. 72, 1.

purposes, he had become accustomed to observe, disappeared after a time. Before his naked eye they would sink into the earth, believed by him to be a colossal plain—sink into the infinite ocean, which, as he believed, surrounded this large plain. Ignorant of the fact that there was a vast space of heaven below him as well as above him, he would come to the conclusion that they had been destroyed. As these stars, from a very early date, symbolised, in his mind, the celestial cohorts, we have here the root idea of the Indian Day of Brahma. The Indians believed, like our ancestors, the Norsemen, that each race, celestial and terrestrial, the gods and the men, had only a limited epoch of duration. At the end of the Kalpa (dispensation), from the bowels of the great earth came fumes and fire; and stars, and sun, and earth were consumed.

An exception was made to this vast destruction, which seems to me to have been, in the first instance, suggested by another astronomical phenomenon. Aloft in the sky was one conspicuous group of stars that never was buried at all in the subterranean caverns like its neighbours. This was a group that raced for ever round and round the pole star—the naked vision of man was able at an early date to detect that. This group of seven stars got to be called "The Chariot"; and the Pole Star, "He who occupies the Highest Place" (Parameshtin).^{*} This last became the great mystic Serpent, the supreme God, in his paradise at the pole. The Seven Stars figure conspicuously in all the old mysticisms as the Seven Rishis, or Great Prophets, the Seven Great Buddhas, the Seven Ameshaçpentas, the Seven Angels of the Apocalypse. A Rishi (literally Seer) is one who has developed from man to angel. In a fine hymn from the Mahâbhârata, it is stated that each stellar Rishi was not so much an individual as a vast cohort of angelic beings. The Seven Stars, in fact, were the first idea of the Seven Heavens.

Let us now consider the subtle ramifications of the Seven Rishi idea as exhibited in the Vedic passage I have just quoted. Aditi, "with her seven sons" the seven sons of earth (Adityas), "approached the former generations of the gods," namely, the dead races that had been burnt up in the previous Days of Brahma. These sons were the Seven Rishis, proved by this passage to have been in the early days considered immortal, "Again for birth as well as death she disclosed Mârttandâ." Who was Mârttandâ? Literally, it was the Egg left by the dead Kalpa to repeople the new one.[†] It floated on the

^{*} Sansk. Texts, Vol. IV., p. 19.

[†] "Who is the beginning, the First-born from the Dead" (Col. i. 18).

illimitable waters, the nebulous unformed matter of modern science. Mârttandâ is the key of all the ancient mysticisms. I will quote a few passages to throw light upon this.

"There was neither non-entity or entity. There was no atmosphere, nor the sky which is above. What enveloped (all)? where, in the receptacle of that (was it hid)?—was it water, the deep abyss? 2. Death was not then, nor immortality; there was no distinction of day or night; THAT ONE breathed calmly in self-dependence; there was nothing different from It (THAT ONE) or above It. 3. Darkness existed; originally enveloped in darkness, this universe was undistinguishable water; THAT ONE which lay void and wrapped in a husk (or in nothingness), was developed by the power of fervour. 4. Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind; (and which) the wise, seeking by their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond between non-entity and entity. 5. The ray (or cord) which stretched across these (worlds)—was it above, or was it below? There were impregnating energies, and mighty powers; a self-supporting principle beneath, and energy above. 6. Who knows, who here can declare, whence has sprung, whence, this creation? The gods are subsequent to the development of this (universe); who then knows from what it arose? 7. From what source this creation arose and whether (any one) made it or not.—He who in the highest heaven is its ruler, He knows, or (even) He does not know." This from the Rîg Veda.

"Hiranyagarbha arose in the beginning. Born he was the one Lord of things existing. He established the earth and the sky,—To what god shall we offer our oblation?

"He who gives breath, who gives strength, whose command all, even the gods, reverence, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death,—To what god shall we offer our oblation?

"By whom the sky is fiery and the earth fixed; by whom the firmament and the heaven were established, who in the atmosphere is the measurer of the ærial space,—To what god shall we offer our oblation?

"When the great waters pervaded the universe containing an embryo and generating fire, thence arose the one spirit of the gods,*—To what god shall we offer our oblation?

"Prajâpati, no other than thou is lord over all these created things,—To what god shall we offer our oblation?"†

* Compare Gen. i. 2, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters."

† R. V. x. 121, 1.

This Aditya, or Son of Aditi, in the Atharva Veda is also called Skambha, or Stambha, the "Prop." The Indians figured the cosmos as a mighty umbrella, of which God was the handle.

"They who know the highest divine mystery they know Skambha. . . . Skambha established both these worlds, the earth and sky. Skambha established the wide atmosphere. Skambha established the six wide regions. . . . He who knows the golden reed standing in the water is the mysterious Prajapati."*

The Solar God-man is also called Visvakarman, the Great Architect of the Heavens—

"Visvakarman, wise and mighty in act, is the creator, the orderer, and the highest image for the spiritual faculty. That which men desire is the attainment of good in the world where the One Being dwells beyond the Seven Rishis."†

The Solar God-man is also Vach, speech :

"He created the waters from the world in the form of Speech."‡

As the mystic Male (Purusha) he sacrifices himself. § This was symbolised by the Aryas, by the great Horse-sacrifice (Aries is a horse in the Indian zodiac), and also by a simulated Man-sacrifice, the two rites being virtually identical. The death of Quintus Curtius and his horse to avert a public calamity seems an echo of this Aryan idea.

From these passages we learn that in calm and distant Vedic days, far far removed from modern polemics, the Indians believed in a Son of God and a Son of Man. He was Hiranyagarbha, the Golden Germ, the Golden Egg. In this Egg were all beings of the new dispensation or Day of Brahma contained, and he was the Lord of the Dispensation. He was Visvakarman, the Great Architect of the Heavens and Earth. He was the Lord of Speech like the Logos of the fourth Gospel. He was the Life and Light of the Universe. He was Purusha the mystic Male sacrificed, in the view of the Indian commentators once in the Kalpa, for the benefit of the Universe. Colebrooke, from the "white" Yajurveda, gives us an account of this important ceremony, "a type," as he says, "of the allegorical immolation of Nârâyana or Brahma."||

"The Asvamedha and Purushamedha, celebrated in the manner directed by this Veda, are not really sacrifices of

* A. V. x. 77. Compare Heb. i., "By whom (his Son) also he made the worlds; . . . upholding all things by the word of his power." See also Col. i. 17, "And he is before all things, and by him all things consist."

† Rig. Ved. x. 82, 2.

‡ Salapatha Brahmana, vi. 1, 19.

§ Muir's Texts, vol. iv., p. 10.

|| Essays, vol. i., 55.

horses and men. In the first-mentioned ceremony, six hundred and nine animals of various prescribed kinds, domestic and wild, including birds, fish, and reptiles, are made fast, the tame ones to twenty-one posts, and the wild in the intervals between the pillars, and after certain prayers have been recited, the victims are let loose without injury. In the other, a hundred and eighty-five men of various specified tribes, characters, and professions are bound to cloven posts, and after the hymn concerning the allegorical immolation of Nārāyaṇa has been recited, these human victims are liberated unhurt, and oblations of butter are made on the sacrificial fire. This mode of performing the Asvamedha and Purushamedha, as emblematic ceremonies, not as real sacrifices, is taught in this Veda, and the interpretation is fully confirmed by the rituals, and by commentators on the Sānhita and Brāhmaṇa: one of them assigns as the reason, because the flesh of victims which have been actually sacrificed at a Yajña must be eaten by the persons who offer the sacrifice; but a man cannot be allowed, much less required, to eat human flesh. It may be hence inferred, or conjectured at least, that human sacrifices were not authorised by the Veda itself, but were either there abrogated, and an emblematical ceremony substituted in their place, or they must have been introduced in later times on the authority of certain Purāṇas or Tantras, fabricated by persons who, in this as in other matters, established many unjustifiable practices on the foundation of emblems and allegories which they misunderstood.

"The horse, which is the subject of the religious ceremony called Asvamedha, is also avowedly an emblem of Virāj, or the primeval and universal being. In the last section of the Taittirīya Yajurveda, the various parts of the horse's body are described as divisions of time and portions of the universe: morning is his head; the sun, his eye; air, his breath; the moon, his ear; etc. A similar passage in the fourteenth book of the Satapatha Brāhmaṇa describes the same allegorical horse, for the meditation of such as cannot perform an Asvamedha; and the assemblage of living animals, constituting an imaginary victim, at a real Asvamedha, equally represents the universal being according to the doctrines of the Indian scripture. It is not, however, certain whether this ceremony did not also give occasion to the institution of another, apparently not authorised by the Vedas, in which a horse was actually sacrificed."

Now this question of Puruṣa the divine MAN seems to me all-important. M. Senart shows that, in the Lalita Vistara, it is the key of the Buddhist movement. Buddha is Puruṣa.

The mortal prophet by inspiration has become the Divine Man. Dr. Muir writes that there is no doubt "a striking resemblance between the manner in which Kṛishṇa asserts his own divine nature, enjoins devotion to his person, and sets forth the blessings which will result to his votaries from such worship on the one hand, and on the other the strain in which the Founder of Christianity is represented in the Gospels, and especially in the Fourth, as speaking of himself and his claims, and the redemption that will follow in their faithful recognition." * But the Doctor comes to the conclusion that much of this is more Indian than Jewish, and I think the early Aryan idea of Purusha quite bears him out. Indra, Agni, Vishṇu, it is constantly stated in their books, are merely names for one God, who under one aspect, that of a Man, can be conceived capable of paternal affection and interest in human affairs. The Doctor combats, also, the assertion of Dr. Lorinser that the bhakti (devotion) of the Bhagavad Gītā was new to Brahmanism,† and here again he seems to have right on his side.

Dr. Muir shows likewise that some of the passages most relied on to prove the Indian plagiarism, have their counterparts in the R̥g Veda. He adduces especially the passage of which so much has been made: "Repose thy mind upon me. Fix thine understanding on me, and thou shalt thereafter dwell in me." The Doctor points out certain passages of the R̥g Veda which fully prove that this idea was an Indian one from an early date.

"O Indra, we sages have been in thee." ‡

"This worshipper, O Agni, hath been in thee. O son of strength."

The native converts here read their English instructors a valuable lesson. Aware that what we may call the "Heathen in his blindness" argument will never make any impression, they boldly meet the real facts of the case. Thus the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, plainly announces that the national creeds, far from being unlike Christianity, or stolen from Christianity, are, in point of fact, Christianity not fully developed. § With unanswerable force he points out that the Prajāpati or Purusha, is "begotten in the beginning," || that he is Viśvakarma, the "creator of all;" that his date places him quite outside the competition of Christian chronology. The intelligent Hindu, then, points out that the "fundamental principles of Christian doctrine, in

* Metrical Translations, Intro., p. xiv. † P. xxi. ‡ R. V. ii. 11, 12.

§ "The Relation between Christianity and Hinduism." || Page 2.

relation to the salvation of the world, find a remarkable counterpart in the Vedic principles of primitive Hinduism in relation to the destruction of sin and the redemption of the sinner by the efficacy of sacrifice, itself a figure of Prajâpati, the Lord and Saviour of the creation, who had given himself up as an offering for the purpose.* He shows, too, that Asura Viswaveda was the equivalent in Sanscrit of the Zend Ahura Mazda; and he cites numerous passages from the Satapatha and the Taittiriya Sanhitâ to show that all the Hindu gods were once men.†

This brings me to the question whether the Bhagavad Gîtâ is an original portion of Mahâbhârata, and whether Krishna was a prominent character in the story in its earlier form. I am bound to say that I think he was not. The Mahâbhârata considered as a mere legend is an account of the founding of Indra prastha (Delhi), by five demigods, the five sons of Pându, and of a mighty battle gained by them near that city over a rival branch of the Aryas. The founding of a city seems the prominent event of all the old myths, and yet Indra prastha has been founded before Krishna appears on the scene at all. Also, he has as little as possible to do with the great battle of Kurukshetra, which established the dynasty of the five sons of Pându. Over and over again he counsels peace, and though he is recognised completely as god almighty upon earth, no one pays attention to his counsels. In the great conflict, when asked to take a side, he refuses, because the Kurus, the opposing Aryas, are likewise his near relations. What is the meaning of this? Plainly, that at the date of the introduction of Krishna, the song of the great battle of Kurukshetra was in every bazaar, and every man, woman, and child in India knew that it was Arjuna that was the hero of that illustrious struggle. But although Krishna has so little to do with the main legend (it was, probably, once a short ballad), it is the opinion of many Sanscrit scholars that some of the allusions to him in the Mahâbhârata are of very ancient date indeed. The Mahâbhârata is a library of legends. "The illustrious Wilson," says M. Foucaux, "is of opinion that the Mahâbhârata is the source of the greater portion, if not the whole of the legends of the Purânas. This, by the by, is what the Mahâbhârata itself affirms: 'There is not in the world a story that is not based upon this history, which is a collection of all traditions. What you find here you may find elsewhere, but what you do not find here you will not be able to find elsewhere.'"[‡] In the view of M. Foucaux, the great

* Page 2.

† Page 7.

‡ Le Mahâbhârata, Introd., p. iv.

Brahminical recension of the work took place two or three centuries before the Christian era. *

And here I must mention a little eccentricity of our Sanscrit professors. Whenever the god Krishna is mentioned in Eastern books before, in their view, he ought to be mentioned, they vivaciously say: "Oh, that god Krishna is not the real god Krishna. The god Krishna there is merely 'The Black One.'" This process reduced to its logical ultimate, would eliminate him altogether. An account of one of the modern Orissa festivals in his honour ought also to be explained away: "That God, whom you saw rolling along in his car and adored by thousands, was not the god Krishna; it was only 'The Black One.' You saw an adjective, and not a Deity!" I feel convinced that, although the Bhagavad Gîtâ is an interpolation, the god Krishna himself is very old. I will detail a few of my reasons:

1. Both Brahmins and Buddhists hold his Avatâra to have occurred previous to that of Buddha. The Lalita Vistara expressly says that the transcendental Buddha, the inspirer of mortal Buddha, had once been Krishna before he inspired Sâkya-Muni.†

2. At Orissa, the relics of Krishna are worshipped and stored in a Kshetra (sepulchral temple). This is a Buddhist and a pre-Buddhist custom. I consider it most important. No other Rishi of the Brahminic pantheon has such title-deeds of antiquity. Of course, the genuineness of the relics, and the date of the Jaggannâtha Kshetra, have nothing to do with our inquiry. It is enough that, according to tradition, they were brought from elsewhere.

3. In the Râmâyana, it is revealed to Râma by the Supreme, that he is an incarnation of Nârâyana, "Vishnu and Krishna." This is most important, as the Râmâyana has not been hacked about by Indian editors and dogmatic professors.

4. In the Rig Veda is the following passage:—

"Offer your hymns and libations to that God (Indra), the Author of all good, who, with Ragiswan, has killed the wives impregnated by Krishna."§

Did space permit, I might show some very good reasons for believing that this Krishna is substantially the Krishna that has since become so prominent. The wives are the clouds, and

* P. v. † See my "Buddha and Early Buddhism," p. 93.

‡ Yuddha Kânda, sect. 117. See also Mini, vol. iv. p. 181.

§ R. V. 1, 7, 7.

Krishna is the god who now specially represents the principle of fecundation.

But if the worshippers of Krishna did not borrow from the Christians, the other question arises: Is Christianity indebted to the legend of Krishna? I answer this question in the negative, for the following reasons:—

1. At the time of the introduction of Christianity, there was already in Palestine, and in the vicinity of Alexandria, a form of Judaism which contained most of the peculiarities which distinguish Judaism from Christianity. This, the higher Judaism, was confined to two sects, which were practically identical, the Essenes and the Therapeuts.

2. In the view of Dean Mansel, Lassen, and many other high authorities, this higher Judaism was due to certain missionaries of Buddhism who, according to the former writer, made their appearance in Alexandria "within two generations of the time of Alexander the Great." I have considered this question in my work, "Buddha and Early Buddhism." I am unable here to go into the subject again at any length, but I may mention that the views of Dean Mansel and also Dean Milman are confirmed—in the East, by the As'oka monuments—in the West, by Philo.

3. This higher Judaism contained all the characteristics that distinguish Buddhism from Brahminism. Buddha enjoined an obligatory national abstinence from wine, an obligatory national abstinence from flesh meat. He abolished slavery and the *lex talionis*. A rigid continence was exacted if any disciple desired to adopt the higher life, and become a teacher and missionary. These originalities can be distinctly traced to the teaching of Buddha, and they were prominent characteristics of the higher Judaism.

In Romans xiv., we have historical evidence that a section of Christians at Rome was strongly opposed to the use of flesh meat or wine. This section—according to M. Renan, and, I believe, most modern authorities—was due to the propagandism of Peter and the historical apostles. In Revelations xiv. 1, we see that the same party considered absolute continence the condition on which a man might hope to stand amongst the white-robed saints in the Heavenly Jerusalem.

"And I looked, and lo a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having his father's name written on their foreheads. . . . These are they which were not defiled with women, for they were virgins."

If we remember that the Saviour at his baptism was ini-

tiated by one who "drank neither wine nor strong drink,"* this fact, coupled with the fact that his historical apostles also seem to have forbidden wine, and enjoined vegetarianism and continence, seems to connect the Christian movement with the Essenes and Therapeuts.

To this it may be, and indeed has been, answered, that wine is expressly permitted in other passages, and indeed enjoined as the chief sacrament of the Church. It may be also urged that the principle of propitiation by a sacrifice of blood is the main tenet of the Christian movement, and that a root-and-branch hostility to this principle was the main-spring of both the Buddhist and the Essene movements. It may thus be urged that Christianity is an essence far more like the religion of Krishna, which, too, has for its chief rite the Soma or Indian ardent spirit sacrifice, and its Aries as a white horse dying to save humanity. In my "Buddha and Early Buddhism," I have drawn a contrast between the Higher Christianity which sought happiness by developing the spiritual life of the individual, and the Lower Christianity which re-introduced the principle of propitiation. I need not go further into the question here, because supposing that we grant that the use of wine and the sacrifice of blood were in archaic Christianity, this would not show that they were derived from Vaishnavism, because both these institutions were already in the lower Judaism.

Krishna and Christ I could show are in essence hostile, because Krishna represents the sun in its aspect of generation and prolific energy. Krishna's great festival is in the month called "The Married Pair," and it can only be compared to the terrific preapic festival called the "Liberalia." It was against such excesses, ingrained in the very heart of the old creeds, that both Buddha and Christ specially worked. This foul sex-worship was in the Holy of Holies. The only remedy seemed to be to forbid even marriage to the ministers of religion. When the present shallow theology, the "Christianity without the Christ," as Byron called it, shall have passed away the true services of Christ to humanity will begin to be appreciated.

The idea of the Seven Rishis, who mould epochs—of seven great prophets who, in the history of a race, are more susceptible to divine influences than their fellow men, has an aspect that may be accepted by science, as well as by mysticism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and the Positivists have their curious ancestral cultus paid to Washington, to Socrates, &c. The

* Luke i. 15.

remarkable movement, also, of the Indian teacher, Chunder Sen, has already developed a similar sort of worship of the seven great teachers—Christ, Buddha, Zarathustra, &c.

In the "Clementine Homilies," a neglected work that will be more and more studied by and by, as it gives us the Petrine side of the great Pauline quarrel, it is announced that Christ has been on earth many times, that he is, in fact, ALL the seven great prophets. This is the higher Buddhism, and also the higher Gnosticism of Alexandria. Whether Krishna may take rank amongst these seven great moulders of spiritual epochs I cannot determine. Although he never reached so high a spirit-plane as Buddha and Christ, he has softened and humanised many generations of Indians. I think that he was an historical character, if his date is a little uncertain.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE, of Boston, U.S.A.

ADVANCED spirits do not see us corporeally as we see each other. The spirit-world, however, is tolerably full of spirits who can. To a certain extent, it takes physical organs to see material things. It is in the power of any spirit to see us as we see each other, because it must be always easy to find human optics in place, or *en rapport*, to serve the purpose; for instance, a spirit—it may be in this instance Epes Sargent, who was my personal friend, and often is present, or as the late poet Longfellow expresses it

" His presence haunts this room to-night,
A force of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!"

—if present—can read what I am writing, by using my eyes; the image of this manuscript reaching my sensorium, reaches the sensorium, or consciousness, of the spirit, who thus sees it as I do objectively. This is not necessary, nor is it usual, except for a purpose desirable, and, seeing us spiritually they know these written thoughts mentally from me as fast as I do. We must never lose sight of the fact that we are spirits now as well as mortals, and spirits have intercourse with us as they would if we were spirits; perhaps, sometime in the future, we may realise that we have lived two lives.

I think, following this thought out, some spirits can read

one's mind and others cannot; the grade of the soul is the measure of that power. I will not attempt to argue the point, for it would multiply words, but I am sure of the fact. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that, with a medium, I have been heavily and positively charged with a pressing thought, full of it, the guides of the medium reading my sealed-up written questions, and answering them intelligently; but could they have read my mind, the communications or answers would have been wholly changed. At other times my mind has been read, and the sealed or objective question not realised. With this introductory statement, without any argument for reasons stated, let me relate an incident or two of interest.

Mr. Watkins, the slate-writing medium, once wished me to sit with him to see his manifestations, and I said, "If I can have everything my own way I will." He assented; and I said I would wait on him the next day in the afternoon. The reader will please note what I say, for I propose to be exact. On my way to his rooms, I stopped at a hardware store, and bought two common slates, with wooden frames, and the merchant at my request bored some holes in the frames, and I tied with a strong twine the two slates together, first putting a bit of pencil in the space between them. I then put this extemporised double slate—as I had firmly tied them—into my bag, which I am in the habit of carrying, and went to Mr. Watkins' rooms. I found him waiting for me. It was a bright sunny afternoon.

I took a seat at the table, Mr. Watkins, sitting *vis-à-vis*. Pointing to some slates, he said—"Mr. Wetherbee, take them, and see that they are clean." Instead of doing so, I took the new slates out of my bag, tied together as I had tied them, and laid them on the table, and my two hands flat on top of the two slates, which, of course, lay one on top of the other—practically a double slate—Mr. Watkins soon putting his hands on top of mine. I soon felt and heard a slight scratching inside the slates under my hands. Mr. Watkins at once took his hands off mine, and we listened to the scratching so mysteriously being performed, which of itself was an interesting phenomenon, for there was movement of some kind without visible agency. The slates lay as placed under my hands—neither hands nor slates had been moved, in plain sight all the time. The scratching stopped with three sharp tappings, and I then untied the strings and turned over the slates, and on one of the closed faces was an intelligent, legibly-written letter, beginning with "My dear son-in-law," speaking of my wife, and signed "William Beals." I use real names, following the fashion of "Junius," risking the consequences. Mr.

B. was the editor of the well-known *Boston Post*, and his daughter was my wife.

I do not think Mr. Watkins knew anything of my domestic connections, and if he had, it would not have affected the astounding fact, that that slate covered with an intelligent message, was the act of no being in the form; the pencil moving and writing in the dark space between the slates, not half-an-inch wide, of itself, as far as any human being was concerned. It was and must have been the intelligent work or will of an invisible presence. Mr. Watkins asked me if it was satisfactory, and I said, "Very satisfactory and conclusive of a disembodied presence." "I do not think," said I to Mr. W., "it was Mr. B., but that makes no difference; it was some spirit, I am sure of that, and that settles the question." I said to Mr. Watkins that Mr. B. wrote a rather bold and perpendicular hand, and this was a rather fine running hand (there was also a grammatical error, writing the objective case after the verb "to be," but I did not speak of this).

Mr. Watkins said, "Well, let us try again;" I said, "No; these slates are mine, and I would not take ten dollars for them, with the communication written without human hands." He said the spirit would write on the other slate, and not deface the one written. I then put one slate on the other as before, without tying them, putting my hands on them as I did before, and immediately the scratching began and ended as before; and the message read, beginning as before, and saying—"I will now try and write more as I used to," etc.

If I am understood, and I am trying to be very exact, the reader will notice three things—first, the bit of pencil moved of its own volition. As far as matter is concerned, if it had ended there, or if the scratches had not been intelligent, they would have been a matter of profound interest. Second, it proved to be as clearly a written communication as anybody could have written, purporting to be from a relative, as I have said, not likely to have been known by Watkins, and some of the data could not in the nature of things have been known. Thirdly, the invisible power, whatever it was, or whoever it was, was an unseen listener to my comments, and seized the idea of my criticism and wrote a second time, correcting his style to suit the case; saying so, I might add a fourth, and say, whoever it was, though hearing my voice, could not read my mind, or he would have corrected his grammar, which carried in the second attempt the same fault I had silently noticed in the other. These points are worth elaborating, but I have other use for the space.

On my way home I met my friend and neighbour, the late

Epes Sargent, and I interested him very much with this experience in independent slate-writing, having the slates with me. In a day or two after this he called on Watkins for a sitting. He was a stranger to the medium. Mr. Sargent, relating the interview with him, told me Mr. Watkins was not very cordial, said he was tired, did not think he could do much, but he could stay and try if he wanted to, but thought it would be better some other time. Sargent said he came in town on purpose, and would be disappointed not to sit with him; so if he was willing, he would make the attempt, and see what would be done.

Seated at the table, Mr. Sargent, washed a slate clean, and then laid his two hands on it as I did, and soon the mysterious scratching was heard, and while both were listening to it, Mr. Watkins suddenly cried out, "*Why, you are Epes Sargent!*" and then when he was thus aware that he was in the presence of one of the most distinguished spiritualists, his manners were quite softened compared to what they were when he was indifferently receiving a stranger. Turning over the slate, Mr. S. found a plainly written message addressed to him, signed by his father's name. Here is a point or two worthy of notice. Mr. Watkins had become aware of the tenor of that message before it was in the position to be visible, and thus knew the stranger sitting before him was Epes Sargent; the message itself informed him.

It would seem, then, the medium knows—at least, measurably—what the spirit writes as it is being written, showing a cerebral connection between him and the spirit. I don't think that detracts from the presence of an invisible personality; neither is there mind-reading on the part of either spirit or medium in this case, or he would have known or sensed the presence of Mr. Sargent in advance of the message, or before it had expressed itself on the slate.

Without the trouble of any argument, the reader will see a connection between these experiences with Watkins and the thoughts suggested in my introductory remarks.

The unmistakable character of these messages as to their complete freedom from fraud on the part of Mr. Watkins (for we each had many experiences with him, but an account of them would be but cumulative evidence) led to the highly satisfactory seance given at Mr. Sargent's house to the famous Rev. Joseph Cook, which was so satisfactory, that, in his warmth of entire satisfaction, he described it in his Monday lecture, in the Old South Church, to his audience of 2000 people, which was printed in the leading papers, and spread world-wide. To be sure, afterwards, studying his worldly interest, he went

back on spiritualists and endeavoured to daub the subject, but his warm truthful utterances will survive his later qualifications, and honest, truth-loving men, even religious ones, will and do see through his policy, and mentally surrender to this hopeful belief, as Robert Ingersoll, the atheist (?), does, they say, at every funeral that he attends. "The truth is powerful and will prevail." One thing I shall never forget, nor will our friend Epes Sargent either, and in my opinion neither will Mr. Cook, that the said reverend gentleman, at the close of that remarkable seance at Mr. Sargent's house, came to him and thanked him, with more than usual feeling of satisfaction, for the opportunity of witnessing these phenomena under such good conditions. "There was no possibility of fraud," said he, "and the backbone of Materialism is broken." I was to have been present at this seance myself, but was otherwise engaged; but Mr. Sargent told me of this candid confession of which I have spoken, and has since mentioned it many times; and sometime after Mr. Cook's qualified utterances and vulgar abuse of spiritualists as a whole—as a sort of compensation to his church for having let the truth for a moment come uppermost—he has referred to the fact several times, so that his expression of thanks to Mr. Sargent is as familiar to me as if I had heard him make them. No matter what this popular and rev. gentleman may say for policy's sake, he knows the phenomena are based on fact, and are a proof of eternal life; if he prefers to ignore the truth for ambition's sake, so much the worse for him; if he prefers the Nicodemus quality to the Pauline, well, let him, it only accents strongly the idea that often runs in my mind, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a minister of the gospel to enter "the kingdom of heaven."

I think this article is sufficiently long, and though there are many points that could be profitably elaborated, I guess I will leave the elaboration to your thoughtful readers, and come to a stop myself.

Boston, May 14, 1882.

THE facts of Spiritualism, and the laws of our spiritual constitutions which it has brought to light, illustrate and rationally confirm many of the more abstruse doctrines of the Christian system, which have been stumbling-blocks to many minds, both in and out of the Church; such as mediation, atonement, vicarious sufferings, sacrifices, salvation and justification by faith in Christ, regeneration or spiritual birth, self-renunciation or dying to live, the doctrine of the cross, the resurrection, the judgment, the divine incarnation, the divine humanity, and hence the divinity of the Christ, the divine Trinity, and the existence and agency of the Holy Spirit.—A. E. NEWTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOMETHING REGARDING "THE LAW OF DETERIORATION."

(To the Editor of THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.)

SIR,—You have requested your contributors to assist in the discussion of the "Law of Deterioration as applied to Spiritual Phenomena."

I cannot perhaps more concisely or clearly express the conclusion to which my mind has come, with reference to the subject under discussion, than by quoting from an article written by myself in the *Spiritual Magazine* in 1865. What appeared a probable solution of a difficulty in 1865 may be a probable solution of the same difficulty—if in an aggravated form—in 1882.

"A SPIRITUAL LAW OF TIDES, CONSIDERED."

"All experimental investigators of Spiritualism speedily become conscious of that mysterious antagonism which they variously term 'undevelopment,' 'evil,' 'untruth,' 'destruction,' etc. After years of careful observation of these phenomena, I am inclined to believe that these distressing experiences invariably occur in what may be termed the ebb of the tide of magnetic power. Probably careful observation would lead to the discovery of kindred phenomena in the exercise of the mental faculties upon the natural as well as the spiritual plane. *Thus that all mental power comes to humanity in tides, with flood-tide and ebb-tide—with a gradually persistent advance and increase up to a certain point, when a gradual and persistent decrease and flowing backward will set in, until a temporary cessation of action arrives; only for the tide again to recommence its return. And this not only simply forward and backward, but rather with a triple movement, one within the other, with the spring and neap-tides as well as the daily-tides, and with a ceaseless advance and retrogression in every individual wave.* Possibly this law, in operation throughout every phase of mediumship, may, during the periods of retrogression, be the parent of the bewildering, distressing, untruthful, and dark side of Spiritualism, whether regarded generally or individually. Let us all, therefore, cast anchor in our little vessels of mediumship, each one of us, when the ebb sets in, waiting in rest, hope, and faith until the flood-tide shall again surely return to bear each brave little vessel safely towards the strand of Truth and Perfect Beauty." *

* This gradual ebb of power is observable in every description of spiritual manifestation. Whilst writing this letter I have accidentally found an evident instance of this gradually vanishing of power given by Mrs. Poole in her well known work upon Modern Egyptian Life. She is describing marvellous "visions" beheld by a young Egyptian lad, in a drop of ink, placed in the palm of his hand (to serve the purpose of a "magic-mirror"); the lad himself being under the mesmeric influence of a powerful Egyptian magician. After describing various visions of persons beheld and accurately described by

The chaotic tumult of warring spheres in the external world at the present epoch—the universal conflict, disintegration, destruction, changing condition of every possible kind, political, social, national, individual—this upheaval of the universal human mind—itsself probably result of the same Great Law operative throughout the world, material and mental, producing vibration and re-vibration within the magnetic life-spheres of all “sensitives” must of necessity occasion conditions utterly opposed to that state of perfect calm, of beautiful harmony, and of unbroken unity, requisite for the production of manifestations of a high and perfect order, whether physical or mental.

A healthful, a hopeful lull in the manifestation of phenomena of every external kind; a lull, even in the reception of the more internal and purely intellectual class of spirit-communion, the writer is inclined to believe, ought, in such an untoward epoch as the present, to be not only accepted with patience, but welcomed with gratitude.

It should be regarded, surely, as a time of slumber wherein the body-spiritual may recover its exhausted power; as a “sleep of the year,” wherein the seeds of a future harvest may be permitted to gather strength for germination in a future spring-time; as a “Sabbath of the Lord,” wherein preparation may be made by “patient waiting” and “keeping silence” for the future week-days of labour; days of awakening which must evidently follow. “When winter comes,” says Shelley, “can spring be far behind?”

“Work whilst it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work,” was the utterance of a far higher poet.

The Great Truth of Spiritualism is not a child to be matured in a day, nor yet in a few years, nor yet in any one man’s lifetime—it is a child of the ages. But mighty child as it is, what child can grow into grace, and beauty, and harmony without the blessed repose of rest, and rest in slumber of the “night season”?

THE TRIER AND COMFORTER.

It may, perhaps, be replied, that it is not here a question simply of a “lull”—a pause or recuperation of force, in the manifestation of spiritual phenomena—but rather something much more serious and discouraging, namely, the production of phenomena in a condition of utter deterioration; that manifestations, formerly of comparative perfection, order, beauty, and value, have now become imperfect, confused, unlovely, frivolous, and valueless.

Precisely so. Yet, surely the observation regarding tidal ebb and flow of magnetic influence operative in the manifestation of the Life-

the boy, to the great astonishment of Mrs. Poole who recognised their unquestionable truthfulness, she says:—“Several other persons were successively called for; but the boy’s descriptions of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect. He represented each object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one, as if his sight were gradually becoming dim; he was a minute or more before he could give any description of the persons he professed to see towards the close of the performance; and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in, and the magic square made in his hand, but he could see nothing.”

spiritual, may have vital significance with regard to this fact of general deterioration, seeing that it is at the commencement of the retrogression of each wave and of each tide that the tendency towards antagonistic movement—of “undevelopment,” “evil,” “untruth,” “destruction,” shows itself.

Then is “the hour and power of darkness” at hand ; then commences “the abomination of desolation” to enter the sanctuary of the soul ; then does the direful, depressing, degrading influence of an unhealthy, unholy magnetic aura fall with a power all but irresistible upon “the medium” ; body, mind, heart, and soul, harassed, weakened, disgusted, disappointed, he is ready to fall a ready prey to “the enemy.” “The enemy,” ever lying in ambush, awaiting his opportunity in this enforced period of weakness, is ready to sift, to search, to tempt, to destroy ! Utterly exhausted and disgusted in such recurrent seasons of necessitated and inevitable weakness, the most dauntless and aspiring minds more or less succumb to the foe, who draws them purposely into vain struggle—struggle which prolonged through this phase of weakness, renders them only the more powerless to benefit by the next wave of healthful, invigorating, vitalizing, spiritual influence coming in its divinely appointed order, to bear them onward into conditions of fuller development and more abiding peace.

At such seasons let the watchword of the “medium”—and of the “investigator”—be “Wait ! Watch ! Pray !”

PASSIVITY in these periods of weakness, is the sole possible condition of safety. To struggle is to excite struggle, and only chaos can be the ultimate result.

As we have said, in the season of the retiring tides, cast anchor from your vessel of “mediumship,” and remain at rest and in hope, even though stranded high and dry upon barrenness and deadness of spirit—“Blessed are the *poor* in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven”—the returning waves of a divine influence will bear you onward in due course into yet higher knowledge, higher development, and conditions of more abiding strength.

This period of weakness and trial, co-incident with the ebb of healthful magnetic influence is assuredly no other than the recurrence of periods of spiritual trial, accepted by all schools of “the Mystics” as a high necessity for the growth-spiritual, and termed “*Vastation*” by Swedenborg.

Belief in “*Vastation*” of the spirit of man, through visitation of the “Trier,” the “Tempter,” the “Destroyer,” is ever accompanied with the knowledge and certainty that where he, the “Trier,” is present, his yet more powerful Twin-spirit, the Comforter, the Consoler, the Restorer, the Reviver, the Enlightener, the Enkindler is not far off!—is, in very deed following quickly in his dark footsteps, making them bright and blessed, even as Morning follows Night ; as Spring follows Winter. We have here the great antagonism of Life and of Nature again at work in our souls. What we have to endure is the mystery of mystery in all religions—nothing less than the secret teachings of the ancient “Religious Mysteries.”

"The left and the right hands of 'the Spirit,' " have these conditions of trial and of blessing, of darkness and of light, been not inaptly called. Alone, by them and their mysteriously combined labours, can the spirit of man be rightly fashioned into the glorious form of Wisdom and of Love appointed for it by the Father of all Spirits.

We are not so foolish as to dream of reversing the laws of our being. By comprehending them more and more, alone can we hope to come into harmony with them; by comprehending and freely obeying them, instead of blindly or ignorantly either struggling impotently against them or ignoring them, can we hope for either individual or social growth—and lastly, for Peace!

By a wise and fearless acquiescence in their necessity, by a gracious yielding to their power, carried along by the flood-tide of the beneficent influence, pausing when these influences withdraw, and awaiting in placid confidence their assured return—we have reason to believe, nay assuredly to *know*, that in this attitude of our being we shall discover, with a secret astonishment, that "the yoke" of Divine Law "*is easy*," and that "*its burden is light*." A. M. H. W.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Firearms, fire-screens, fire-irons, fire-office."—*The Rivals*.

At my lodgings, I found the following note:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—

"I find myself let in for a duel with Presto after all. I am really very sorry on account of the Governor and my sister. The matter is in the hands of Lord Robin Hood. Kingsbury failed me. Keep everything snug, and come over to the apartments of Lord Robin Hood.—Yours,

"MAXIMILIAN ARTUS."

I was ushered into a kind of smoking-room, where I found Lord Robin, with a small meerschaum in his mouth, very much blackened by use, busily engaged in cleaning a pair of pistols, with a rag dipped in oil. Max was in an arm-chair, also puffing volumes of smoke.

"Hulloa, Doctor, what's the matter? You look as if I'd already received a mortal wound," said the young man, laughing.

"Can't anything be done?" I said, mastering my feelings as much as I could. The announcement of Dr. Cotrone had come upon me almost like a stroke of paralysis.

"And they said, 'Apologise!' and when he had *apologisen*——"

"Ha, ha! 'apologisen!'—thaut's good. Funny fellows, these American fellows!" said Lord Robin Hood, laughing vociferously. He belonged to the noble army of idiots, with a scintillation of intelligence just sufficient to catch the point of this American joke.

"But is everything settled?"

"Yes, everything! We meet at Palidoro, at the Cork Wood, near the Old Temple, to-morrow, at 5 A.M. Don't you smoke, sir?" said Lord Robin.

"No, thank you."

"And we shall have to start precious early——"

"But if all is settled, Max, what good can I be now?"

"A doctor! why, you're the man now. Pistols for two; tourniquet for one!"

"Wild boy, when will you learn to be prudent?"

"And he said *Beware*, and they *be-wore*—war to the knife!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Besides, I was prudence personified. I was told not to fight with swords; and so—and so—and so——"

At this moment the wild mirth of Lord Robin became quite uncontrollable; he laughed boisterously, with a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He kicked the Prince down two flights—of stairs—Queer fellows these Yankee fellows!"

I learnt from this that Max, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons. At this moment a servant came in with bottles and glasses.

"Ah! here you are," said Lord Robin, "Cocktail, corpse-reviver, cobbler—I don't understand American drinks. Doctor, try some Vermouth; it's just like shewwy and bitters!"

"Oh, no; it's too sweet," said Max.

"Five naps it is'nt."

"Five naps it is."

"Your're *wrong*. I don't know much about duels. It ain't English *fawm*. I had a grandfather killed at Pawis during the English occupation; but it is no longer good *fawm* with us; but I think I understand shewwy and bitters!"

As it was evident to me that Lord Robin Hood was not quite the person to whom to entrust your honour and life, I tried to get Max away to my own lodgings.

"Are you going home to-night, Max?"

"Of course not; we start at four."

"Then where will you sleep?"

"What the Charles Dickens do I care!"

"Come to my rooms."

"All right."

"Come now, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, no; I and Lord Robin are going to dine together, *Cerchio dei Cacciatori*."

"Ortolans, *en caisse*! red mullet from the Adriatic! Mum!"

"Come, too, Doctor," said Max. "Mum is a glorious fluid! It will throw some soul, some animation, some *real* human blood even into you! Don't you know the three culinary degrees of comparison! Soy!—Soyer!—Top Sawyer!—that's mine."

I am thankful that in this, the supreme agony of my life, I felt no particle of anger against Henriette, as I mumbled incoherent answers to these wild boys ; I determined that, in my bewilderment, I would cling to the trust that she had once given me—I would watch over Max.

By and by, Lord Robin Hood went away to complete his toilet, and left us alone. Then it was that the reason of the young man's defiant exultation was made manifest to me. His conscience pricked him that, for his sister's sake, he had not kept out of the quarrel.

This is what had occurred : For weeks, with much temper, he had avoided the Prince, in spite of great provocation. He refused to play with the Prince in private ; and the two men were scarcely on speaking terms. But the young man's unhappy craze for play carried him constantly to the old haunts, and at the baccarat at the club, and similar places, he used to see Prince Presto. The unfortunate accident at Polo was now to bear its share in the little drama. The Prince had spread abroad a report that Max had intentionally ridden him down. A drunken fancy had come into the young man's head, that the Prince had stabbed him, and instead of supporting the accusation with the weapons of a gentleman on the field of honour, he had backed out of a duel, and preferred less noble arms and warfare. This allegation was persistently repeated, and whenever Max saw the Prince take a stranger aside, and whisper and laugh with him, the sensitive young man fancied that all these calumnies were being repeated. To a spirited young fellow, accustomed to the high-handed chivalry of the Slave States, this was wormwood ; but, for the sake of his sister, he bore it meekly, day after day. I cannot help fancying that some more astute devil was covertly working—telling Presto that Max was afraid of him—telling Max that Presto was calling him coward.

At length matters came to a climax. A pious "Yogee," Cardinal Auréola (successor to the pious mendicants, Peter and Paul), invited a few believers (ambassadors, dukes, and princes) to his rude cave. This rude cave was hung with the paintings of Sanzio and Titian, and adorned with the chisellings of Angelo and Cellini ; and it consisted of about eleven wax-lit rooms *en suite*. Prince Presto was there, in the uniform of the Guard of Nobles, a mass of scarlet and brocade. Max came there to flirt with pretty Miss Mathers. Lately, he had taken her up. The young lady was seated in a corner near a doorway, and as he approached, he found that she had already a companion—the Prince.

He hurried away in anger. Something was said that made the young girl laugh. This made him still more furious. Later on in the evening, when the Prince was leaving the palace, he saw Max once more, and he said quite audibly to a companion, "Take care of the stiletto !" The companion laughed.

Max was perfectly furious. He seized the Prince by his coat-collar, which seemed of solid gold, and he hissed in his ear :

"No, Prince, it is not a stiletto that I ply behind another man's back, but quite another weapon."

And retaining a firm grip of the embroidered collar of the princely nobleman, he ran him down one broad flight of stairs, and then with a huge kick he sent him down a second flight, to alight at the bottom a confused heap of jack-boots, spurs, scarlet, gold embroidery, stars and medals, the victories of peace. In the words of Lord Robin Hood, he kicked him down three flights of stairs.

I am sorry to say that my presence at the banquet did not restrain Max from drinking a good deal too much champagne. After dinner, he played *baccarat*, and so did Lord Robin Hood. The former won heavily, the latter lost heavily, but as he borrowed from the winnings of Max, accounts were fairly balanced. Instead of bed, the young man had some supper, and some brandy and soda-water. Dawn was upon the Campagna, as in our white ties we drove in Max's dog-cart to the rendezvous.

A dawn round Rome is unlike any other dawn—at least, to me; and the memory of that grim drive clings to me. Since Dr. Cotrone had spoken, all the colour of my life had been removed past all hope of recovery. And yet somehow, for the first time, I was now *certain* that Henriette loved me. Is it that in the convulsion of an unparalleled sorrow, matter becomes weak and spirit strong?

The long, slow hours of our night of orgies had seemed specially cruel to me. I sat near Max at the card-table, pretending to watch the game, but trying to chase away a terrible remembrance which, at the end of every avenue of thought, surged up once more. At moments in despair, I thought of the cards and wine as an anodyne, but the Silenus-fancy was promptly quelled. Henriette, in her character of woman, might be dead to me. I was a doctor. Modern science proves that conscience as well as intelligence is bound up inscrutably with the organs. A bump on the head of an infant Newton, of an infant Howard, would have indelibly effaced the benevolence of the one, and the wide grasp of mind of the other.

The dream of another world, peopled by the departed, would have brought me just now inexpressible consolation, if as a reasonable being I could have accepted it; but my life had been one long training to reject it. Amongst the *possibilities* of such a hereafter would have been my once more meeting Henriette. But if in one direction superstition was impossible, in another direction I could not keep it away. The human mind may have capacities undreamt of as yet by science. The traditions of every nation give evidence of such lucidity. The American gentleman, the seer with the long hair, might of course have been mumming; but Henriette was the truest of the true. What terrible panorama of corpses, 'twas thus I asked in my delirium of agony, had she seen in her vision? Medical science might call her symptoms "mania," "extasia," but Max with his pistol was already palpable to my eyesight. I bitterly repented that I had not had the courage to stand by him as she wished. The expiation, if terrible, was merited.

I am certain that Captain Kingsbury was in league with Prince Presto. The discovery of one lie gives the scent of new frauds and

rogues ; and since I had seen Sir Rupert not dying, but in very fair health, I had grown very suspicious. The confederacy of the Italian and the Englishman might at first have been based on commonplace plunder, and Captain Kingsbury's love for Henriette might have been an after complication. The fleecing of Max, and the duel, had come from the Captain's brain, and who can tell the secret history of the stiletto thrust? The events of the last few weeks at the High Elms suggest darker complications, which I admit I could not then have thought of. Max living, would have the greater part of the Artus money. My brain is too bewildered at present to attempt to master this aspect of the affair. I leave it to you.

The morning was fresh, and not unpleasantly cold. The trim dog-cart of Max sped noiselessly along. The sun began to make his approach known over the blue velvety hills of Albano. We passed the village of Gravella. By the church some country folk, in picturesque garb, were driving a cart drawn by oxen. There were two men, a woman, and two pretty children. They stared at the dog-cart and its dissipated-looking occupants, and they stopped for a moment a song that they were singing. Soon we were on the Campagna once more, and away in the distance through the uplifting mist the distant cupola of St. Peter's was discernible, the triple crown of a great city that aspired to rule the other cities of the earth in thought, religion, policy.

In duelling matters I am a tyro. Lord Robin Hood seemed to consider that the selection of pistols was a great diplomatic triumph ; but I knew that Prince Presto had killed two men, one with a pistol in a quarrel about the King of Naples ; and another with a sword in a quarrel about the King of Diamonds. He was an enthusiast for legitimacy, vice, and ecclesiastical supremacy. He was ready to fight for the church, die for the church, do everything except enter a church. In my depressed state of mind I feared all sorts of coming mischief for Max, and more than once I resolved to take the quarrel upon my own shoulders. I would do something desperate, and force the Italian to slay me instead of Max. But fortunately the voice of sober reason was not quite quenched in my mind. This wild fancy, even if it could be realised, would do Max no possible good. It would only make matters much worse. The morning was indeed pregnant with a great event, but I did not guess in which direction the calamity was to fall.

At the Cork Wood we found our antagonists. The Prince was accompanied by only one person, his second. This was the Marquis Cavalcante. He could talk nothing but Italian, and Lord Robin Hood could only reply in English. This struck me as of evil augury. By what untoward circumstances had this noble idiot become Max's second? Was this also the work of a hidden Mephistopheles mixed up in a duel as when the brother of Marguerite fought Faust?

I was called upon to interpret although my Italian was not first-

rate, and it was arranged that the Marquis was to call out, "*Uno! Due! Tre!*" and then to cry "*Fuoco!*" Not until this word was pronounced was fire to be delivered. I was very careful that there should be no mistake on this point: and when everything was settled I myself explained it all to Max. He was smoking a large Havana, and appeared very cool and very resolute.

Soon the ground was paced out, and the men were put in position, and Max threw away his cigar; and I became so agitated that I could not look on the scene any longer. What would Henriette say when she learned that I had looked on and seen her brother murdered in cold blood? The suspense was agonising.

The Marquis Cavalcante called out, "*Uno! due! tre!*" and there was a loud report several seconds before the report of the other pistol was audible. I heard groans and looked up. Max was standing erect, angry, and indignant; and upon the breast of Prince Presto's overcoat there was a crimson stain. He staggered and fell heavily before any of us could reach him.

CHAPTER IX.

"There is no world without Verona's walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself."

It had been settled that if anything serious occurred the other principal and his second should drive off to the railway station near Palidoro and take the train to Civita Vecchia, and then embark in the French steamer before the Roman police got wind of the matter. Lord Robin Hood asked me what I thought of Prince Presto's wound, and I told him that I thought it was a very severe one. Not a moment was to be lost. The hours of the train and steamer had been very accurately timed, suspiciously accurately I have since thought: but the victim proved different from the one expected. Lord Robin and Max drove off in great haste, and I remained to do the best for the wounded man.

The diary of a medical man is a record of cases, so I shall not detail at any length my dealings with Prince Presto when I got him to the inn at Palidoro. I proposed to telegraph for some eminent Italian physician, but he preferred to place his confidence in me. Instead of a physician he telegraphed for a bishop.

The very serious character of the wound kept me entirely at Palidoro. After all why should I return to Rome? To be there at the present moment would be simple agony. On the other hand, by remaining at Palidoro I might save the life of the Prince, and ward off from Max the feeling that he had killed a human being. I felt that there was some cowardice in all this, although I was able to make out a constructive case of devotion to Henriette. Would she like Max to be tried for manslaughter?

Four days afterwards I received a letter:—

"DEAR DR. IVES,—Keep young Max snug and out of the way. Cavalcante and the Prince have spread a report that he fired *too soon*. If Presto dies it

might prove a bad business. The *Neri* would bring all their influence to bear, and they would swear that the King's Government do not give the Pope's sympathisers the benefit even of the protection of the law. They would make a push to get Max condemned. I have this from our minister.—Yours in haste,

"FRANK KINGSBURY."

What was the meaning of this? Certainly the report of one of the pistols was several seconds in advance of the report of the other. I had forgotten this circumstance, and now it came back to me. And yet I could scarcely believe that a gallant young fellow like Max could take a foul advantage of an enemy. Could he have made a mistake? This seemed impossible, for I had taken great care to explain to him that he must not fire until the word "Fuoco!" had been uttered by Cavalcante.

That evening two *gensd'armes* came to me and requested me to accompany them to the station. I was to go to Rome before the Judge of Instruction, as they call it abroad. This was very unfortunate, as the life of Prince Presto hung upon a single hair.

Fortunately the Bishop, a brother of Presto, now turned up, and he saw the great risks that would be run if the wounded man was left without proper care at this juncture. He telegraphed at once to the proper authorities, and got an answer that the Judge of Instruction would visit Palidoro and take my deposition and that of the Prince at the same time.

This functionary arrived the next morning, and I found myself in his presence and that of his clerk. He asked my age, birth-place, and a number of tedious preliminary questions, and then he opened up the question of the duel with much skill.

"You are positively certain that the reports of the two pistols were not simultaneous," he said when I had told him all I knew.

"Quite positive!"

"It was a pity that you looked away," said the Judge, looking very grave.

"It was. I did not like to see my friend killed. But I am quite certain that if any one fired unfairly it was not Maximilian Artus."

"I have just taken the deposition of Prince Presto. He believes himself on his death-bed, and he swears that the accused fired first. Is he on his death-bed?"

I was obliged to admit that the chances of recovery of Prince Presto seemed to me at the moment very slight. The Judge, one of the *Bianchi*, who hated the priestly party, looked still more grave as I said this.

I was now examined at great length on the business of the stiletto thrust delivered to Max, and the Judge asked me if it was true that Max believed that it had been delivered by the Prince. He then introduced the Polo misadventure, and then the "savage assault," as he called it, that had been perpetrated on the Prince at the Cardinal's reception. I began to see how very serious matters would be if the Prince actually died. The evidence that the young man took an unfair advantage over his adversary would appear overwhelming. My evidence would be put forward as that of his most intimate

friend, and it would be argued that even I could not be got to swear positively that foul play had not been used. As to my having really shut my eyes to what was going on, that would probably be entirely discredited. A doctor afraid of a little blood! I saw that the Judge of Instruction did not really believe it. It was true that Lord Robin Hood would perhaps give a different version of the affair, but he was a fool, and the dying man's death-bed deposition would nullify anything that he could say.

I wrote off at once to Marseilles to urge Max to keep out of the way, and to send me by return of post Lord Robin Hood's version of the matter. I put forward all the suspicious circumstances at some length. I then devoted all my energies to the wounded man. It no longer seemed to me cowardice to remain at Palidoro, but a sacred duty that I owed to Henriette. It seems superstitious, but I could not help thinking that perhaps some benign spirit had given me this absorbing occupation to divert my mind from dwelling too much on my great loss. There are calamities that like a colossal building of the ages cannot be gauged at first. The human perceptions are not sufficiently vast to take them in in their entirety. I believe that but for a really absorbing work at this time I should have gone mad. I allude to the madness known to doctors rather than poets. But I find that I am again dwelling too long on my own personal griefs.

Had Max really fired first? It seemed quite impossible. Even his errors were those of a gallant and generous young fellow, and the life of Prince Presto had been one long swindle. True, this paradoxical nobleman believed himself to be dying, and seemed content to depart with a lie on his lips. All day long he was being shrived and oiled and catechised by his brother, and I had to be constantly in the room by the sick man's express desire. All day long he was confessing the errors of cookery and ritual that his life had known. All day long he was kissing the relics of a very holy man that had been brought to his bedside in a golden box. The false cards and clogged dice, the swindles and murders, were not much mentioned on these occasions; and the poor sick rogue oscillated strangely just now between atheism and a fervent belief in the efficacy of toe-nails. We live in "more favoured lands," as we are pleased to put it, but do we not sometimes think more of our fetiches than our falsehoods. There is a religion that seeks the happiness of others with much work. There is a religion that seeks the happiness of the devotee with much prayer.

Max got my letter, and four days afterwards he was in Rome with a sham red beard on his face. And it will scarcely be credited that the main object of his return was Miss Mathers. He coolly wrote to me announcing his arrival and the object of it. By the same post I got a letter from Captain Kingsbury announcing that the young man had already been recognised, and that the police were on his track.

I jumped at once into the train, and hurried up to Rome. He

was stopping at the *Albergo del Sole*, in a low quarter of the town, and was known by the name of Macpherson. I found him at breakfast.

"My dear boy," I said in my excitement, "what madness has brought you here at the present moment?"

"A power, doctor, that is said to keep the clay marbles of the infinite spinning round in their accurate ellipses.

'Maud Müller on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay,
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.'

Do you know our poet Whittier?"

"Be serious, for God's sake, the matter is serious enough. The police already know of your arrival. You got my letter, and know how matters are likely to look if the Prince dies."

"Your letter, Doctor, was one of the considerations that brought me. I have come to pull Cavalcante's nose for telling such infernal falsehoods. He knows as well as I do that the scoundrel Presto fired at least five seconds before the word was given. That is why I took care to give it him hot and strong. You'll have some trouble in plugging up the hole I made in him, I can tell you."

"And what does Lord Robin say?"

"Say, why what the deuce should he say? The truth, of course. He saw Presto's foul play as well as I did."

"Have you seen Kingsbury?"

"No," he said a little queerly, and then he added in an altered tone of voice, "Doctor, I'm not such a fool as you take me to be. I've heard one or two queer things lately, and I have several fish to fry just now."

This was enigmatical, and I have thought over these words often since. There was much wisdom in facing the charges at once if he was really innocent. But I found that incarceration at the present moment was the last thing that he desired. For some concealed reasons he particularly wanted his liberty, and he proposed, with some astuteness, to come to Palidoro, and shut himself up in a sick room as one of my patients. That would be the last place where the police would think of hunting for him. I suggested that he and Lord Robin should publish a joint statement of what really occurred at the duel, and that this should be sent from France to the Judge of Instruction, with an intimation that they were both ready to take their trial should the prince die.

My task is very nearly ended. After Max had been a week at Palidoro the crash came. Barringer absconded with a large portion of the funds of the Co-operative Credit Company, and the elder Artus was ruined. The circumstances of the catastrophe were singular. Barringer enjoyed all the confidence of the chairman of the board of directors. His salary was some four hundred pounds a year, and he was said to be spending thousands. This excited no suspicion, and was accounted for by successful gambling on the Stock Exchange.

When matters were inquired into it was found that the confidential clerk not only treated as his own the securities that were entrusted to the bank and sold them, but that he had been forging the signatures of creditors on numerous cheques; and that during a series of years. Also, many important bankers and brokers were set down as creditors to the bank, without owing a shilling. With masterly cynicism and audacity he had traded on his dull and stolid face, and many dull sympathetic men had been his dupes.

Max had gone back suddenly to Rome, just before the news of this catastrophe reached me. It was promptly followed by the announcement that Mr. Artus, senior, had died of paralysis shortly after receiving the shock. Prince Presto also joined the other princes of the Presto family in the land of shades. The drama that has burst upon us had already made one or two very noticeable strides. I laughed when the impressive prophetic visions of Rome culminated in Presto's pistol juggle. But of late my old superstitions are returning with new strength.

CHAPTER X.

Confederates.

THIS MS. of Dr. Ives was forwarded to Mr. Superintendent Chivery as soon as it was completed. The next morning he called at the inn and was shown into the doctor's room.

"Have you read it all?" said the latter gentleman.

"Yes."

It was observed that the manner of the collected superintendent was not so collected as usual. "And do you agree with me in my suspicion about Prince Presto and Captain Kingsbury being confederates?"

"No, Doctor,"—and the detective afterwards added with something of his old vivacity, "will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Willingly."

"Have you eyes in your head?"

"I think so."

"And do you see with them?"

"I thought I did," said the Doctor with some astonishment.

"Perhaps I approach the subject with additional information which you lack. For all that it seems to me you are very blind"

"Explain."

"Presto was not the confederate of Kingsbury, but *Barringer* was."

"Tell me how do you make that out," said the Doctor much interested.

"Stop, stop, let us begin at the beginning," said the detective with his old calmness. "The first question that we agreed to consider was the important question of Henriette Artus's love. You think that she loved you?"

"I am certain of it."

"I also think that she did."

"Well, I am glad that we have one topic on which we agree."

"Stop, stop. Your belief that the young lady loved you is chiefly founded on a personal trust, and this may be of course quite illusive."

"It is not an illusion," said the Doctor firmly.

"Every man believes at one time of his life in one particular woman, but he is always ready at any moment to credit the wildest vagary to every other woman in the world. Confess that if you had heard that Miss Mathers had eloped with the Cardinal Aurcoli you would have received the fact without much questioning?"

"You are cynical."

"Perhaps so. I weigh facts and try to give them their just importance, and no more. This is exactly what a woman cannot do. A slight, real or imaginary, will quicken her impulses, and then she is ready to do anything. Hence her amazing contradictions."

"I don't follow you."

"In your case I see motives of action which seem to have eluded your vigilance. Henriette Artus was surrounded by a school of sharks, who had for her the shark's affection for its prey."

"Your facts, there, are beyond question."

"You came on the scene, and she saw that you loved her with a pure and hopeless passion. A woman's intuition on this point is keen. She knew somehow that her wealth, her prosperity, her magnificence were non-existing, a mirage that but deceived the senses for a moment. You loved her for herself alone, and she thought that therefore she could return your love without being guilty of fraud."

"Upon my word, I believe, that you are not far wrong."

Old Artus, deceived by the clever cozenage of Kingsbury, was evidently for ever urging his daughter to marry that astute personage. That was what made her suspect that all was not well with the Artus affairs. Why should a father induce his daughter to marry some one whom she did not like merely for the worldly advantages with which she herself was gluttoned.

"But what were the advantages of Kingsbury in a worldly point of view?"

"He had spread abroad a report that his brother was dying. Had he not also at the ear of the father, his confederate, dull and dignified, to tell of his rich prospects by day and by night. Imagine a colossal money gambler like the late Mr. Fortinbrass urging your cause (without H's) in the ear of your desired father-in-law, and jingling his millions in his pockets during the process! Could you possibly imagine a more eloquent advocate, especially if the said father-in-law believed much in Fortinbrasses, and traded in shares?"

"Light is dawning upon me," said the Doctor astounded at the sagacity of the trained detective.

"A little tardily—eh?"

"And yet I see that your theories are chiefly based on the foregone conclusion that Barringer was a confederate of Kingsbury. What evidence is there of that?"

"We will come to that in due time," said the detective a little abruptly. "In the events that you have narrated to me there is more than one dark place."

"Tell any one that most strikes you!"

"Why was the marriage of Kingsbury broken off? I see plainly enough how he got engaged."

"With me the puzzle was reversed. I could understand why a girl like Henriette Artus should spurn, condemn, break free from a man like Captain Kingsbury; the getting engaged to him was the puzzle —"

"Max had something to do with the business. It was evidently from that direction that the disentangling came."

"I thought of that too."

"Just so. Something unusual must have brought him back; you'll admit that. It wasn't really Miss Mathers; he said as much. Also, he had no wish to give himself up prematurely to justice to clear his character. It must have been something communicated to him during his absence."

"Is not this a hasty assumption?"

"It is, but amid yawning gaps, we must make a bold jump sometimes."

"Why do you think that Presto was not in league with Kingsbury?" said the Doctor, anxious to know what the detective knew about the league between Kingsbury and Barringer, but anxious to keep him in good humour.

"Why, don't you see that a vulgar league like the one you suggest would have for ever placed Kingsbury in the power of Presto——"

"Yes; but——"

"Is Kingsbury the man, I ask, to run his head into a noose of that sort?"

"Well, but the same thing might be said of any confederacy."

"It might; but the more I study Sir Frank Kingsbury, the more astounded I feel at the new depths of subtlety and circumspection that become revealed. Recollect, dear Doctor, I have learnt as much from you as from any one. His exact method of action is being, bit by bit, brought out."

"Explain!"

"Now, supposing for a moment that he had an ordinary confederacy of card-cheating with Presto, what would he gain? What could he lose? His gain might have been one or two hundred pounds despoiled from Max, and these he did not want, as he seemed to be living in style with lots of money. On the other hand, for the remainder of his life, he must have been Presto's slave. If he gained all Artus's fortune, and all his brother's, it would simply have been to hand it over to Presto."

"But, recollect, he first introduced Max to Presto. After the

stiletto thrust, he fanned Max's anger, by constantly telling him that Presto was guilty of the attempted crime. The duel came from his brain, and when the quarrel seemed patched up, he pushed it once more into action."

"Just so, by telling Presto that Max was afraid, and asking him, as a favour, not to push matters to extremes, as Max was a little out of his mind. I forget whether you have put this circumstance in your diary, doctor?"

"No, no," muttered the doctor, "that certainly never struck me."

"Just so, in all this we see one harmonious spring of action. The baronet seems systematically to gain his ends by the instrumentality of others, who take all the risks whilst he receives all the rewards. I quite tremble about the trial."

"The approaching trial?"

"Just so. It seems to me more than ever premature, but when things like this have passed into the hands of the Solicitor to the Treasury, and other bunglers of high rank and position——"

"Had Sir Frank anything to do with the stiletto business, think you?"

"I should say decidedly not. Presto was, perhaps, kicked and lost his head; but I think that Sir Frank wanted Max to lose a great deal of money at cards, and also, if possible, to be put out of the way."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell, but probably because he crossed Sir Frank's schemes in some way. Have I not told you that I believe that it was Max who broke off the engagement between Captain Kingsbury and his sister?"

"And now what about the connection between Barringer and Kingsbury?"

"That," said the detective, with a grave face, "is a very strange business indeed. We have alighted on depths of wickedness, whose subtlety and profundity quite frighten me."

At this moment the ostler of the inn came in suddenly.

"Inspector Wiggins wants to see Mr. Chivery," he said abruptly.

"A moment, Doctor," and the detective went out. He returned in a great hurry to take up his hat.

"I must leave you for the present, Doctor, something new has turned up."

In strictness there is no death. Life continues from the life which now is into that which is to come, even as it continues from one day to another; the sleep which goes by the name of death being but a brief transition-slumber from which, for the good, the awakening is immeasurably more glorious than in the dawn of early morning, the brightest that ever shone. In all cases in which life is well spent, the change which men are wont to call Death is God's last and best gift to his creatures here.—R. DALE OWEN.

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

“LIGHT” (LONDON).

Six numbers call for notice, and where each contains a mine of valuable matter, it is not easy to do justice to them in the space at my command. M.A. (Oxon.), as usual, is well to the fore, and contributes in his “Notes by the Way” much that is of the highest interest and importance to the Spiritualist. These remarks especially apply to the question of the conditions observed in public dark circles, in which he thoroughly sustains the views enunciated by me in my paper read before the Central Association of Spiritualists, which, by the way, is given *in extenso* in *Light* for July 8th.—Henry Kiddle continues the discussion on “Difficulties of Spirit Identity,” as also do Mr. and Mrs. Watts, and J. P. T. The question is very closely allied to that raised in my remarks on “The Law of Deterioration as applied to Spiritual Phenomena” in the June number of the *Psychological Review*, and on another page in the current number of this magazine Mrs. Watts elaborates her views on the same subject. There is, without doubt, much of truth in what she says: still I am inclined to think that the whole of the ground is not covered by her argument. *No account has yet been taken of the fact that it was only after contact with fraud in the person of a deceptive medium that the annoyance of which J. P. T. complains commenced!*—“Spirit Teachings” are good: they contain much that is of permanent value.—In the discussion on Public Dark Circles, Mr. S. C. Hall practically gives Mr. Farmer his case, inasmuch as he says that “Where neophytes, or persons unaccustomed to spiritual manifestations, prevail as to weight and number, dark sittings should rarely or never be permitted. They do far more harm than good.” It was only against these *public* circles that Mr. Farmer’s remarks were directed, he having expressly stated so in his paper. “A Spiritualist” has evidently not very carefully read the paper he criticises, or he would have seen that Mr. Farmer considers mediums more sinned against than sinning in the matter, and that Spiritualists, as a body, and not mediums, were to blame for the present state of affairs. “A Spiritualist’s” criticism is founded on a misapprehension.—“Iota’s” leaders are full of thought. We wish space would allow of their particularisation.—Miss Wood’s sittings at the Central Association are also recorded. The “tests,” however, seem incomplete. The only satisfactory condition is, medium in full view and a good light—i.e., sufficient to enable sitters to distinguish the features of those present—especially those of any stranger.—Perhaps the most important feature of the number before us is the Prospectus (already published *in extenso* in the *Psychological Review*) and the Report of the First General Meeting of the Psychical

Research Society, to which we regret to say we can do no fuller justice than to refer readers to *Light* for July 22.

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

The question which most concerns us this month is the editorial reply to a question raised in the June *Review* as to the position which our Chicago contemporary would take, in regard to the theory raised by Mr. A. E. Newton, as to drapery being introduced into the séance room by tricky spirits, for the purpose of fraud. The following extracts will show the journal's views. After recapitulating the circumstances and evidence, the editor points out “that the pivotal point on which rests the verdict of Judge Cross's jury, as written out by foreman Newton, is the competency of the committee which examined Crindle's person and clothing. We unhesitatingly assert and stand prepared to prove out of the mouths of members of the several examining committees appointed in New York, that Crindle was *never* thoroughly examined, and this we assert remembering the oath taken by the committee in one case; taken by truthful ladies, too, who told their opinions truthfully, and whose veracity we disclaim all intention of even throwing a shadow of doubt upon. There can be no reasonable doubt with any judicially minded person familiar with the evidence in this case and the methods of tricky mediums, that Crindle had the tarlatan concealed on her person; and with this admitted, the remainder of Mr. Newton's report as to the evidence of the intervention of malicious or mischievous spirits, melts away into the same vapoury nothing as does Judge Cross's theory of defence.” . . .

“We do not deny the possibility of the claims set up by Messrs. Newton, Roberts, Cross, and others, to account for the frauds committed by placing the offence upon ‘dark or evil,’ or ‘malicious or mischievous’ spirits. What we do assert is that their claim is not substantiated by evidence entitled to any weight.

“In every instance where we have had occasion to sift the matter, and we have done it in most of the important cases, however strong has been the *prima facie* evidence it has broken down. It is unsafe to predicate any theory advocated by that class of investigators, upon the evidence they proffer, for the simple reason that the data is not all in, and in the nature of things can seldom be had. If the advocates of the ‘malicious and mischievous spirit intervention’ theory desire to have the matter settled, they can find a better way of doing it than convening a company who already accept it, and then publishing as proof of their claim, such accounts as that supplied by Mr. Newton. It rests with them to prove their assertions and not for others to disprove.”

In connection with this subject, Mr. Newton has written to us privately, and the following extracts will give the other side. Only purely personal matter has been struck out of Mr. Newton's communication. He says:—

“(To the Editor of the *PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW*.)

“DEAR SIR,—I learn from an article in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for July 8th, that you have very properly called attention to the important significance of an account given by me some months since of a séance with Mrs. Reynolds in New York City, in which apparent evidence was given of the power of designing spirits to bring into a cabinet or séance-room articles for the purpose of compromising the medium or deceiving the sitters. I notice that the editor of the *Journal* endeavours to break the force of that testimony by stoutly asserting his ability to ‘prove’ that Mrs. R. ‘was never thoroughly examined’ in New York, and stating his opinion that on the occasion referred to the medium ‘had the tarlatan concealed on her person’ during the search. . . .

“I wish only to say in reference to this matter, that Mrs. Newton, who happened, against her own wishes, to be one of the examiners of Mrs. Reynolds on the occasion referred to, after carefully considering all the suggestions that have been made as to the possibility of her having been deceived by an artful woman, deliberately adheres to her statement that the examination *was* thorough—the medium herself offering every facility and aid in making it such—so that she does not hesitate to declare the concealment of the fabric on the medium’s person to have been an impossibility. She also took care to see that no article was supplied to the medium by any confederate before entering the cabinet, as has been suggested from another source. . . .

“You doubtless are aware that I have not claimed the evidence of spirit-agency in the introduction of implements of deception to be *positive* and *final*—only that it was so far *probable* in certain cases as to call for a suspension of judgment, and for a more careful and thorough investigation.

“Aside from the search of the medium and cabinet on the occasion referred to, there were other circumstances which pointed strongly in the same direction. One was, that Mrs. N., who is clairvoyant at times and a very sensitive medium, on our way home after that séance became aware of being pursued by a hideous and malicious-looking being, of whom she caught occasional glimpses, and who caused her great annoyance. He seemed angry at the part she had taken on the occasion, and bent on revenge. After arriving at our lodgings, and as she was preparing to retire, she heard the unmistakable whisper of an angel guardian—our own departed first-born—saying, ‘Mother, a wicked spirit is trying to get power over you! Pray—pray earnestly and you shall be protected!’ She heeded the admonition, and was freed from further annoyance.

“A few evenings later we were invited to a séance at the same house in Brooklyn where Mrs. Reynolds had been apparently so badly ‘exposed’ just one week previously, and where I was informed another medium was to be subjected to a ‘crucial test’ of a like character, and by some of the same parties. Thinking it our duty to acquaint ourselves as far as possible with the facts, we attended. We found a rather incongruous company of persons assembled,

embracing spiritualists and materialists, honest inquirers and contemptuous sceptics. The medium was securely bound, not exactly hand and foot, but his hands to his knees, and placed in a chair, when a scene of disorder and violence ensued, such as suggested that pandemonium had broken loose. Suffice it to say briefly, that, after much minor disorder, the medium's chair was suddenly drawn from under him by some invisible power, throwing him violently on the floor, and injuring him so severely that he was taken from the room for medical treatment, and the séance was soon after broken up in confusion and much wrangling. During these proceedings Mrs. N. clairvoyantly saw spirits present, *one of whom she recognised as the hideous creature who had followed her from the Reynolds séance*, and who was the evident agent of this violence. Remark is unnecessary.

"Before leaving the house on this occasion, I was shown the masks and toggery, which the host declared were captured on the person of Mrs. Reynolds at the 'exposure,' one week previously. There were three coarse masks of stiff wire, painted, two of them of large size, a pile of textile fragments, black and white, coarse and fine, which appeared sufficient to fill a half-bushel basket. As these masks could not be compressed without ruining them for use, it seemed not very probable that the medium—a thin, spare woman—could have concealed the whole of this stuff on her person without attracting attention. The case appears to have been similar at the Clyde exposure. According to the accounts a still larger quantity of stuff was captured on that occasion, including 'several masks, two wigs, a rubber tube, about five feet long, an ornamented basque, a lot of white gauze,' etc.; and yet I have the testimony of the gentleman (E. B. Williams, Esq., of Fremont, Ohio), with whom Mrs. R. was staying, and who packed the bundle of articles (curtains and musical instruments) which she took with her to the séance, that no such paraphernalia of deception were in her parcel, or could have been taken by her from his house. Besides this, there is the further testimony that, on the evening after her release from custody, and while the captured paraphernalia were still in the possession of the authorities, she gave a séance, in which the usual costumes, including the richly ornamented basque—supposed to have been taken from her—appeared as before! These facts seem to plainly indicate that some agency beyond the medium was concerned in supplying those articles. Whether it was done by designing spirits, *in or out of the body*, is not easy to positively determine in these cases, but I could mention other facts indicating a probability, that hostile demons may have been the agents. But I must desist.

"The evidence I have observed enables me to go one step further, and say that such malevolent interference is not only *possible*, but *probable*, in the cases of both Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Hull, and hence I am constrained to urge a suspension of harsh judgment in regard to both.—Yours for the Truth,

"A. E. NEWTON.

"Late Editor of *The Two Worlds*."

"Arlington, Massachusetts."

The evidence is apparently conflicting, and we therefore await further particulars before taking up afresh this very important question.

“THE THEOSOPHIST” (BOMBAY).

The June number opens with an exposition of Hindu Theism as embodied in the views of the Adi Brahma-Samaj by its practical chief, Babu Raj Narain Bose. The name best known to English ears, in connection with another branch of the Brahma-Samaj, is Babu Keshub Chunder Sen. He, however, has largely lost his influence.—An interesting paper deals with various methods of mesmerism as practised in India. They include slow breathing, the fixed gaze, and *passes*—methods familiar to us. They also include what are called “indirect processes,” which are curious and strange.—“Aletheia” is grieved to notice from time to time “notes, and even articles, inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our society,” and especially in reference to attacks on Rev. Joseph Cook. He considers that no “defence can be offered for the deliberate publication in cold blood of expressions—nay, sentences—nay, entire articles—redolent with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.” The editor partially admits the impeachment, and owns to loss of temper, and a desire “to retaliate on our calumniator in his own language.” Assuredly, the Rev. J. Cook is a bad model; but, no doubt, he was very provoking and blatant.—The most important paper is one on “Seeming Discrepancies in Theosophical Teaching.” A “Caledonian Theosophist” has hit upon some statements in “Isis Unveiled,” which he has some difficulty in reconciling with received teaching as embodied in “Fragments of Occult Truth.” The explanation, which seems to be authoritative, is more favourable to such Spiritualism as alone deserves the name, than utterances from the same quarter have been. It is greatly to be desired that, in dealing with a subject so important, greater precision of language should be employed. If it is wished that the vagaries and ineptitudes of vulgar Spiritualism be denounced, it is a pity that indiscriminate censure should be administered; and it is pleasing to find that in this paper some recognition is made of a side of Spiritualism which is usually ignored.—A curious prophecy, given by a “Spirit Astrologer,” through the lips of a celebrated American medium—Mrs. Richmond, probably—is quoted without greater disapproval than is manifested in questioning the source of its inspiration. A period of tribulation, extending for six years from Nov. 24, 1878, is predicted, to be followed by a vast outpouring of the Spirit. The tribulation is a fact; perhaps the refreshing will come too.—The review of “The Perfect Way” is concluded. The book is severely blamed for errors in philosophy, as judged by the standard of the Theosophical Society; but, with all its faults, is welcomed with the utmost cordiality. It is to be feared that the systems as expounded by the two authorities, are neither of them in considerable accord with Western thought.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NOTICES TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

At the present season when most of the readers and subscribers of the *Psychological Review* are on the wing, moving from place to place in search of health and relaxation, a large quantity of very substantial literary fare seems somewhat out of place. I have, therefore, given a larger instalment than usual of "Ghostly Visitors," and completed the series, in the belief that, in the circumstances, they will prove, at least, as acceptable as more substantial fare, besides which it clears the ground for other valuable articles now coming forward.

"Ghostly Visitors" is about to be republished in a separate form. Attention is directed to the advertisement on the back page of cover.

It is very probable that the September number of the *Psychological Review* will contain the first of the papers by M.A. (Oxon.), in continuation of his "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." They are expected to run through twelve numbers at least, and will, without doubt, form a very important feature of the *Review* for the coming year. It is hoped readers will make this known to their friends. A subscription form is to be found in the advertisement pages of the *Psychological Review*.

Unforeseen circumstances have compelled us to defer the publication of Part II. of "William Howitt and His Spiritualism." I hope to be able to continue these papers next month.

The September number of the *Psychological Review* will contain a paper by the editor, entitled "Psychological Science: Its Present Position and Prospects."

It is also expected that Mr. T. P. Barkas will contribute a paper entitled "Ancient and Modern Evidence of a Future State: Its Nature, and the Occupation of the Inhabitants."

A notice of Prof. Zöllner's work on Spiritualism is also in hand. It will be embodied in a review of the second edition of "Transcendental Physics," and is filed for the September *Review*.

Those desirous of securing copies of "Psychography," by M.A. (Oxon.), in its new and revised form should make early application,

as very few copies in excess of the demand will be issued, the publisher having no desire to speculate in works of this kind. From the prospectus on page 2 of the wrapper of this month's *Psychological Review* it will be seen there are two editions, one supplied in parcels of 25 at the rate of sixpence per copy, and the other suited for the library shelf at 3s 4d per copy, post free. This second edition will contain much additional matter, having been revised and brought down to date by the author.

Attention is drawn to the "special offer" on page 6 of advertisement sheet with reference to "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality," and bound volumes of the *Psychological Review*. Both are suitable for putting in the hands of inquirers. The "New Basis" has already run through four editions, three having been published in England and one in Australia.

"Present Day Problems" will not be long now before it makes its appearance. The protracted delay has mainly arisen from the many duties of the author, and the not over-easy task of conducting this magazine having compelled him to put it on one side. Now, however, he hopes to make rapid progress with it.

Those subscribers who have not yet remitted their subscriptions for the year commencing July, 1882, will oblige by at once attending to the matter. Continual reminders to fifty or sixty addresses soon swell the postage amount to a respectable total.

Recent Work by M. A. (Oxon), Author of "Psychography" and "Spirit Identity."

HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM;

A Statement of the Moral and Religious Teachings of Spiritualism; and a Comparison of the Present Epoch with its Spiritual Interventions with the Age immediately preceding the Birth of Christ. Price 2s. 6d.

"It is quite impossible to over-estimate the good that is done to Spiritualism by such books as this. It represents the most advanced stage of thought, and from the first page to the last it is made evident that a most cultured mind is addressing readers who are like-minded. This is especially evident in the portion of the work which deal with the religious and scientific aspects of the subject."—*Spiritual Notes*, London.

"The work bears throughout those indications of careful investigation, a cordial admission of newly discovered truths, and an appeal to the loftiest sentiments of humanity, that have characterised the previous writings of its distinguished author."—*Banner of Light*, Boston, United States of America.

"A valuable little work from the pen of the well-known and highly-esteemed writer whose many contributions in defence of Spiritualism have been put forth under the *nom de plume* of M.A. (Oxon.) It contains much interesting matter that every Spiritualist ought to be in possession of . . . full of interest to thoughtful Spiritualists; evidently the result of much liberal reflection, as well as of a clear intuitive judgment."—*R. P. Journal*, Chicago, U.S.A.

"The *Chicago Times* of June 19, 1880, which highly commends the tone and style of this book in a long review of nearly two closely-printed columns, says:—"The author does not weary the reader with spiritual communications conveyed to himself alone; he writes with exceptional clearness, candour, and cogency; he is a master of strong and graphic English; his logic is unassailable, and his spirit extremely suave, manly, and straightforward. He is a high authority among Spiritualists."

E. W. ALLEN, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.