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THE IMPRISONMENT OF MEDIUMS IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE comparative absence of lunacy among Spiritualists, as compared with the amount of lunacy among persons of other religious beliefs, is perhaps due to the circumstance that Spiritualism advances by scientific and experimental methods, subject to logical accuracy of thought, and that it not only does not encourage the psychological dram-drinking yclept revivals, but understands the purely mesmeric causes of such scenes of excitement. Dr. Eugene Crowell, of New York, did good service by collecting statistics from every lunatic asylum in the United States, and proving therefrom that the proportion of insane persons among Spiritualists is much below the average. The accuracy of his figures is admitted in this country by an authority upon such subjects, Dr. Tuke, who in his recent article on "Insanity in Ancient and Modern Life" says:—"One remarkable feature of modern life—Spiritualism—has been said to produce an alarming amount of insanity, especially in America. It has been recently stated by an English writer that nearly ten thousand persons have gone insane on the subject, and are confined in asylums in the United States; but careful inquiry, made in consequence, has happily disproved the statements, and we learn that the amount of insanity produced from this cause is almost insignificant, much less than that caused by religious excitement."

Yet mediums are in occasional danger of being locked up in lunatic asylums. Mrs. Lowe, honorary secretary to the Lunacy Law Reform Association, was once so locked up because she was a writing medium. Automatic writing, much of it of an unpleasant and worthless nature, purporting to come from intelligences outside herself, was given through her hand. Like other writing mediums, she was perplexed by it, and criticised it as any disinterested person would have done; yet she was shut up in a lunatic asylum, and had much difficulty in getting out. Last Sunday week, Mrs. Weldon, who is perfectly sane, was "interviewed" by two men who obtained entrance to her house on the pretence of wishing to know something about her Orphanage; and they perhaps led her on to talk of one or two abnormal experiences she may have had in her lifetime—such, for instance, as a remarkable vision. Other people have had visions, especially after lobster suppers. However, they departed with bow and scrape; and next day came to her house three persons to take her away to a madhouse. Had she gone there, nothing might have now been known in the Spiritualistic world of the whereabouts of Mrs. Weldon, for many letters, written by alleged lunatics to their friends, have been stopped at the outset by the proprietors of asylums. Thus, the liberty of a British subject may hang upon the certificates of two doctors who sneak into a house for an hour or so at the bidding of a third person. As to the qualifications required by law in the third person, Mrs. Lowe informs us that *any* person may sign the order for incarceration—a shoeblick or a thief—and only the person who signs the order can cancel it, without the authoritative interference of the Commissioners, which is seldom exerted.

A good remedy for all this would be that the alleged insane person, after being allowed twenty-four hours to communicate with his friends, shall be taken before the nearest police magistrate and have the case publicly inquired into ere he can be imprisoned in a lunatic asylum; also, that the cause and fact of his incarceration shall be advertised in certain newspapers. The objection that this might be a slur upon him in after life does not indicate nearly so great an evil as the locking up of sane people in asylums. Besides, the public are less afraid of publicity than in past times. In the *Blue Book* recently issued on the subject of Lunacy Law, Mr. Mortimer Granville (*The*

Lancet's Commissioner), says that one-third the patients in lunatic asylums "might be out advantageously to themselves and the public!" "One-third," be it understood, amounts to about 22,200 persons.

We have just read through the report of the Parliamentary Committee on the subject, and find no plan in it which, if adopted, would have secured the release of Mrs. Weldon had she been locked up last week, neither is there the suggestion of the infliction of any pains and penalties upon anybody who might have intercepted letters she wrote to anybody she chose. Therefore, the report is a practical failure. Let Mr. Dillwyn, who has been moving honestly and generously in this matter, tell the House of Commons that if the sane Mrs. Weldon had been reading the report of the Committee last week in a lunatic asylum, she would have been justified in tearing it up and condemning it as worthless, so far as protecting the liberty of a British subject is concerned. The presence on the Committee of one or more persons having an interest in lunatic asylums was not reassuring to anybody who wished thorough investigation; they had the power of making *ex parte* statements to the Committee when the public were absent and when the report was being drawn up; in short, their presence there was in as bad taste as the presence of a county magistrate on the bench during the hearing of a case in which he is interested.

One word about mediumship, and those psychological phenomena about which nearly all medical men are thoroughly ignorant, although there are a few exceptions, and Dr. Lockhart Robertson is one of them. If a person constantly sees strange visions, and narrates what he sees with perfect sanity from one year's end to another, is that a reason why he should be locked up in an asylum, any more than a man who has a cut finger, and talks rationally about it to a doctor? The celebrated Mrs. Guppy once had constant visions, and by her father's advice said little about them lest she should be imprisoned in an asylum; afterwards she sat at a table for physical manifestations, and from the moment the wonderful external phenomena developed in her presence her visions ceased. Had she been shut up in an asylum she would no doubt have been driven mad in real earnest. Where doctors kill, when they come into contact with disorderly undeveloped mediumship, Spiritualists cure. We do not for one moment assert that all visions seen and voices heard by sensitives come from spirits; many of the phenomena are purely subjective, and depend upon physiological and other disturbances. There are also phenomena of an apparently somewhat similar nature, but due to the action of an external intelligence trying to communicate with this lower world in obedience to fixed laws, as proved by the abundance of scientifically tested and well authenticated cases on record in this journal; but of these facts and their laws the doctors who get people shut up in lunatic asylums are ignorant.

The best thing we can find in the report of the Parliamentary Committee is this:—"It seems also desirable that the person signing the order, or some one on his behalf, should be required to visit the patient once in every six months." The words, "or some one on his behalf" ought to be struck out. At all events, it ought to be absolutely compulsory that he shall visit the patient within one week after incarceration, and that the patient shall have power to invite any three persons he pleases, to be present at the same hour; there should also be ample security that the said three persons receive the invitation in good time. If one person gives an order which destroys the liberty of another, it is not too much that he should be compelled to attend at the asylum once every six months. Moreover, this person is exactly the one who, in some cases, the incarcerated individual may not,

in the interests of justice, desire to see, yet the report permits that, as in past times, all power shall be in his hands. The patient should have power to nominate three respectable and responsible guardians, who should, in the eye of the law, stand in the same position as the man who signs the order.

Mr. Dillwyn has now a practical case before him, and any future condition of the Lunacy Law is a failure, if it does not secure that sane persons like Mrs. Weldon shall, if locked up, get free again within three days. He will probably agree that neither the law as it stands, nor as recommended to be altered, would have achieved that result. How would the plan answer of the nomination of three "Lunacy Guardians" by the patient?

Mrs. Lowe, to her honour, rescued Mrs. Weldon from her fate just in time. How many sane persons are there in Lunatic Asylums who had no Mrs. Lowe to save them?

A NEW EDITION OF "FESTUS."

THE tenth edition of *Festus*, by Philip James Bailey, has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans. *Festus* is probably the most Spiritualistic poem written in modern times in this country. It was penned by the author many years ago, when he was quite a young man, and so teems with spiritual imagery that it could have been given only by inspiration, by the true divine *afflatus*, by unrecognised mediumship. The author says:—

Read this, World! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired;
Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart.

The religious sentiment of *Festus* is broad, and is indicated in the following lines:—

Lucifer. Here men worship mighty Brahma; there,
Pure Buddh alone is named in prayer;
And yonder, nought save Heaven;
Far round, Islam hath conquered been;
And Moses, and the holy Nazarene,
O'er half the world hath driven.

Festus. I doubt not; each of variant rite,
But all concerned with the Infinite;
The one, the sole; in whose kind hand
Lie all things by Him formed or planned,
All orbs, all souls; to none denied,
Save hearts of prejudice and pride,
Grace, whereby each is sanctified.
O'er all the world one faith I deem,
Howe'er unlike the expression be,
In type, tradition, liturgie,
The life immortal, God supreme.

Lucifer. True; and to such conclusions come,
On: might almost have stayed at home.

Festus. A moment breathe we. Every land,
Beside the sacred trivialities,
Which most the unthinking millions please,
Hath its own sanctity.

We append another quotation:—

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Festus. Behold now heaven, the spirit exclaimed, and I
One vast and universal heaven behold;
God's world-pervading and perpetual smile,
Which, harmonising, lights all, all light o'erspreads.
There everything hath life, the elements
All vitalised, and glorified, and named
Love, wisdom, strength and beauty, and all hues
Which nature owns, from earth's original blush,
To heaven's eternal azure, hallowed are;
There sentient clouds, the delicate chariots oft
Of journeying souls, inspired by musical winds,
Winds fragrant as the breath of deity, shed
Grateful, their choicest effluence round the skies.
There, spirit exalting joys abide; there flow
The fountains of eternal life and streams
Of perfect virtue for soul-baptism; there,
Roll faith's abysmal mysteries, darkly clear;
Though soundless, shoreless, luminous with life,
Tempting to be explored. There, grow the groves,
Whose trees of golden boles and pearly fruits
Breathe, as wind moved, the harmonious lauds of souls,
Freed from the illusions of more mortal spheres.
Cities and fanes of diamond crown the hills,
Bright with the sole companionship of heaven,
In this pre-earthly paradise, wherein
Who enter are, by kindest angels, clad
In garments wrought of rainbows; and in robes
Woven as of sunset clouds; while viny wreaths
Gemberries bearing, form their coronals,
Exuberant of all fruitage. Food they need not
Who live on life, and quaff eternal joy;

And rest in peace as in the down of doves.
There, many pass all time, the hour of God,
In pure and whole contentment. Others, still,
In ceaseless, boundless progress, as from star
To star, from bliss to bliss pass, until all
Like rays of light, light all attractive, all
Delightful light redeemed up to the sun,
Return to God renewed. In one band, there,
Souls of all faiths, earth-holden, gracious live,
In mutual forgiveness blessing each
The other; what too in their several creeds
Is proved false, each casts off; what true all keep,
Uniting and amending, for in all
Was truth, if most in one. Thy soul it joys
She said, the spirit, to see this. Search thy heart;
Search, wouldst thou enter these abodes, and know
There is a secret sign, whereby the soul
Feels certainty of safety and of power
Imparted, public to the universe,
By a single world unwist of, but to one
Conscious of soul's divinity a sign
Infallible, of the life immortal; sign
Stamped in the spirit, as is the gleaming seal
Thou sawest on brows of those imparadised,
The true, trilateral monogram of God.
I searched, and in my vision deemed I found.
But what avails it now?

Lucifer. Aught said she more?

Festus. What need the spirit more speak? No more I heard.
She ceased, the all-create; and gazing down deep,
As into her own breast, she crossed in peace
O'er that abyss her life embracing arms.
She ceased; and all was silence. Earth and heaven,
Like solar seas unfathomably bright,
Rolled forth their inmost radiance in twin tides,
Immeasurable. Since the first begotten day,
Until the last born eve when all shall end,
And life's great vein within the embosoming skies
Be utterly dried up; till night shall come,
As some cloud-monster eats up, star on star,
The children of the light; till dew no more
Shall freshen earth's lip, nor breeze her breast, hath been
Beheld such glory, nor shall be, nor may,
Of nature serving God; she sibyl-like,
Instinct with inspiration, and he her
Endowing with all bliss unendingly.

Lucifer. The universe is but the gate of heaven.
See from this highest orb, the crown of space
And footstool to the infinite, thou may'st gain
Already, a glimpse of glory unconceived.

Festus. See how yon angels stretch their shining arms,
Wave their star-haunting wings which gleam like glass,
And locks that look like morning's when she comes
Triumphant in the east.

And yet another:—

TRUE LOVE.

Festus. At last came love; not whence I sought nor thought it;
As on a ruined and bewildered wight
Rises the roof he meant to have lost for ever.
On came the living vessel of all love;
Terrible in its beauty as a serpent;
Rode down upon me like a ship full sail,
And, bearing me before it, kept me up,
Spite of the drowning speed at which we drave
On, on! Was this not love?

Lucifer. I know not, I.
Is't likely I can tell? I am not in love;
But I have oftentimes heard mine angels call
Most piteously on their lost loves in heaven;
And, as I suffer, I have seen them come;
Seen starlight faces peep between the clouds,
And hell become a tolerable torment.
Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;
And by that love they are redeemable;
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good;
And good is God—the great Necessity.

Festus. I loved her for that she was beautiful;
And that to me she seemed to be all nature,
And all varieties of things in one:
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning: fear
No petty customs nor appearances;
But think what others only dreamed about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others would but say; and glory in
What others dared but do; so pure withal
In soul; in heart and act such conscious, yet
Such careless innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight; 'twas these which won me;—
And that she never schooled within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all; and that she made all even mine
In the communion of love: and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the air in spring;
And I, like earth, all budding out with love.

Lucifer. And then, love's old end, falsehood; nothing worse I hope?

Festus. What's worse than falsehood? To deny The god that is within us, and in all Is love? Love hath as many vanities As charms; and this, perchance, the chief of both; To make our young heart's track upon the first, And snowlike fall of feeling which overspreads The bosom of the youthful maiden's mind, More pure and fair than even its outward type. If one did thus, was it from vanity? Or thoughtlessness, or worse? Nay, let it pass, The beautiful are never desolate; But some one always loves them—God or man. If man abandons, God himself takes them. I know not why love falters. Sense perchance Of other's perfectness discourageth us. However this, there came, between our twin stars, A cloud.

* * * * *

Twice did I madly swear, hand clenched, to heaven, That not even he nor death should tear her from me. Profane defiance 'twas, 'gainst each. Here, last, Upon this breast, she swooned; here, midst these arms; Here, cloudlike, poured she forth her love which was Her life to freshen this parched heart. In vain. Nor looked I e'er again on her alive. She wished, she said, to die. She wished; she died. The lightning loathes its cloud; such souls their clay. Can I forget that hand I took in mine, Pale as pale violets? that eye where soul And sense met, like divine? Ah no, may God That moment judge me when I do! Oh! fair Was she, her nature once all brightness, spring. And ominous beauty, like a maiden sword Startlingly beautiful, whose dark flashes hide Deaths many, more triumphs. I see thee now. Whate'er thou art, thy spirit is in my mind; Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain, And peoples all its pictures with thyself. Gone, not forgot, passed, not lost; thou shalt shine In heaven, as even a bright spot in the sun. And now I am alone.

The aspirations of man towards God are thus depicted:—

ANGEL-GUARDED.

Festus. God, sole and onemost; God, Eternal fountain of the infinite, thou On whose life-tide the stars seem strown like bubbles, Forgive me that an atomie of being Hath sought to see its maker, face to face. I have viewed all thy works, thy wonders; passed From star to star, from space to space, and feel That all to see which can be seen were nothing, And not to look upon thee, the invisible. The spirits I met all seemed to say, as on Starwards, they sped,—their lightning wings o'er me One moment slackening,—with superior glance, I might not look, whate'er I were, on God: But thou this spirit beside me didst empower To make me more than them, with gifts immortal; So when we had winged through thy wide world of things And marked stars made and saved, destroyed and judged, I said, and trembled lest thou heardst me not, Nor madest thyself right ready to forgive, I would see God before I die in heaven. Forgive me, Lord.

God. Mortal, rise. Look on me. *Festus.* Nought

Unless like dazzling darkness, see I.

Lucifer. Good.

I knew how it would be. I am away. *Festus.* Thy creature, God, am I. O slay me not; But bid some angel take me, or I die.

Guardian Angel. Come hither, Festus!

Festus. Who art thou? *Guardian Angel.* I am one

Who hath aye, till late, been by thee from thy birth, Thy guardian genius, thy good angel, I.

Festus. I knew thee not till now. *Guardian Angel.* I am never seen

In the earth's low thick light; but here, in heaven, And in the air God breathes, I, too, am clear. Withheld from active charge on earth, that God's Ends, by yon spirit challenged, might show plain In his own eyes, I have here sojourned; and now, Leave asked of God, in view of all to come, And separation's ends, accomplished, seek,— Telling to God each night thy thoughts and deeds, And watching o'er thee on earth, as here,—again To attend thee through thy life-time. Pray for me, As I for thee pray daily and intercede.

Festus. Hear, Lord, the prayers of man and angel oned. And this is heaven. Lead on. Will God forgive That I did long to see him?

Guardian Angel. It is the strain Of all high spirits towards him. Thou couldst not Even if thou would'st behold God; masked in dust, Thine eye on darkness lights; but when flesh-freed, And the dust shaken off the shining essence, God shall glow through thee as through living glass, And every thought and atom of thy being Shall guest his glory; be o'erbright with God. Hadst thou not been by faith immortal made For the instant, lo! thine eye had been thy death. Come, I will show thee heaven and angels, all.

The close of the following quotation shows that the author has grasped the spiritual idea that Heaven is a state, not a place:—

SUNRISE.

Festus. Morn on the mountains! Mark her lifening glow, Light's blessed advent prophesying; and now The awful signals, sensible, but scarce seen, Of the under-welkin'd sun. Here, midst this fane, With the awe of space domed, let me, sole with God, In privacy of his omnipresence, pray; And while the unboundedness of earth and sky Seizes in silence all the spirit, let me, With nature one, for like dependent life, Grateful adore.

Lucifer. Oh, pray adore: I'm dumb. *Festus.* In silence soul most nears the Infinite.

Hail beauteous Earth. Gazing o'er thee, I all Forget the bounds of being; and I long To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend Soul, passion, yea, existence, with the fair Creature he calls his own. I ask for nought Before or after death but this—to lie, And look, and live, and bask, and bless myself Upon thy broad bright bosom.

Lucifer. Earth's the Lord's. *Festus.* True; I should be more reverent. Thou hast all Nature's supremest sanctities, earth. From thee Sprang I, to thee I turn, heart, arm, and brain. Yes, I am all thine own. Thou art the sole Parent. To rock and river, plain and wood, I cry, ye are my kin. While I, O earth! Am but of thee an atom, and a breath, Passing unseen and unrecorded, like The tiny throb here in my temple's pulse, Thou art for ever; and the sacred bride Of heaven—worthy the passion of our God. Oh! full of light, love, grace!—the grace of all Who owe to thee their life; thy maker's love; His face's light. All thine rejoice in thee; Thou in thyself for aye; rolling through air, As seraphs' song, out of their trumpet lips, Rolls round the skies of heaven. But who is this, Burning the clouds before him; the round world Apt to his golden grasp? his fingers all Streaming with light effectual to impart Full fellowship of illuminate life; from out The depths extreme, who comes, of orient space? Undo those gilded bars; fling wide yon gates Eastwards, of changeful pearl; wide o'er his ways, Strew palms, as 'fore heaven's conqueror, and the night's Flying hosts, star-standarded, oh, make pure his paths With rain of liquid crystal. He shall see How earth can put on majesty, to meet The king in her own mansion. Let the morn Pour, penitent for the past, o'er all his head, Her wealthful waste of perfumed sweets; his feet Let kiss, with all her dews. It is he, the sun! God's crest upon his azure shield the heavens. Canst thou, a spirit, look upon him?

Lucifer. Ay, I led him from the void, where he was wrought, By this right hand, up to the glorious seat His brightness overshadows; laid on piles Of gold his chambers, and upon beams of gold His throne built; flung a fire-veil round his face; Crowned him with rays reverberant from all clouds; And bade him reign, and burn, like me. Like me Fall too, he must. I have done, do, nought else From my first thought to this and to my last. No matter; it is beneath this mind of mine To reckon of aught. I bear, have borne the ill Of ages, of infinities—and must. I care not. I shall sway the world as now; Which worse and worse sinks with me as I sink, Till finite souls vanish as a vapour; Till immortality, the proud thing, perish; And God alone be and eternity. Then will I clap my hands and cry to him, I have done; have thy will now; there is none but thee. I am the first created being. I Will be the last to perish, and to die.

Festus. Thou art a fit monitor, methinks, of pleasure.

Lucifer. To the high air, sunshine and cloud are one; Pleasure and pain to me. Thou and the earth

Alone feel these as different ; for ye
 Are under them ; the heavens and I above.
Festus. But tell me, have ye scenes like this in hell ?
Lucifer. Nay, not in heaven.
Festus. What is heaven ? not the toys
 Of singing, love, and music ? Such a place
 Were fit for glee-maids only.
Lucifer. Heaven is no place ;
 Unless a place with God, allwhere ; no more
 Therefore conceivably to come than now.
 It is the being good ; the knowing God ;
 The consciousness of happiness and power ;
 With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose,
 But doth increase in every state ; and ought
 It most delights in the full leave to do.

Festus is a great work, but, in common with some other of its admirers, we hold that the earlier editions are much better than the later ; on the present occasion we have been debarred from giving some favourite quotations of former years, because they have been so altered that their poetic fire is gone and prosaic art substituted. Some quotations may be given hereafter in evidence of this. But it is a great work. A long time ago it was burlesqued in *Firmilium, a Spasmodic Tragedy*, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

INDIAN MUNTRU OR INCANTATION SCENES.

The Dublin University Magazine is not only giving much attention at the present time to psychological phenomena and advanced religious problems, but now and then in past times it has printed articles of the same nature and of permanent value. In the years 1848 and 1849 it published much about psychological phenomena among the natives of India, showing that the phenomena of modern spirit circles have long been common in Hindustan. We append a long quotation from an article by Professor Bal Gungadur Shastree, printed in *The Dublin University Magazine* of December, 1849 :—

“The necromantic Waren may suggest recollections of the scene enacted by the witch of Endor, as described in 1 Samuel xxviii. Between the general subject of Waren, indeed, and of that mysterious Hebrew OB, which plays so remarkable a part in the Old Testament, and which has so much exercised the ingenuity of scholars and commentators, there exist analogies, which may hereafter merit special examination. At present, however, we shall merely add an example of a process more closely resembling that performed before Saul, than the curious and original system described by the learned Shastree. This second form of necromancy is the formal attempt to raise, by *Muntru*, or incantation, not the Waren of the deceased speaking through the lips of a living person, but the shade or ghost of the dead, appearing and speaking in its own well-known lineaments and voice. This, however, belongs entirely to a different category : it is wholly unconnected with, and unaccountable by, and cannot be, therefore, a mistaken result of physical disease or nervous excitement ; but must rank among the pretensions, true or false, to black magic. Yet, as both aspire to partake of the supernatural, there is a certain connection between them ; and the particular instance we are about to detail was enacted before one who, though in other respects a man of strong sense and rather incredulous in his views, seems in some instances to have yielded to peculiar superstitious influences and beliefs, that of Waren among the rest—this was the late ex-Raja of Sattara.

“This prince was long served and guided by a favourite minister named Vitthul Punt, who died some years ago. After his death his widow became subject to Waren, and the extraneous personality which spoke in her during such intervals of possession, declared itself to be the spirit of her late husband the minister. During these fits she prophesied the most extravagant worldly glories to the Raja ; that he would recover the whole of the original Mahratta sovereignty, to the amount of eighty crores of revenue ; that he would expel the English ; that he would ascend the throne at Delhi, &c. These ravings were carefully recorded. A book in which they were compiled was found in the palace when Sir James Carnac arrested the

Raja ; and there is great reason for supposing that this delusion, which was the more remarkable in a prince naturally of so shrewd and even sceptical a temper, mainly contributed to support him in that line of conduct which resulted in his ruin.

“The Waren which possessed this lady seems to bear some remote analogy to the Daku Waren.

“It is not a little singular that the family of Sattara seems to have been always somewhat under the influence of Waren, and to have owed its first rise to the same cause which has precipitated its fall.

“We find the earlier records of the family of Mallojee and Vithogee Bhonsula, of Shahjee and of Seevajee Raja, full of supernatural visions, which, connected as they are on the one hand with the worship of the family deity AMBA-BAEE, a form of Devee already noticed in a former paper, and on the other hand, with rigorous fasts, fits of gloomy abstraction, prophesying, attempts at suicide, and other occasional acts on the part of Seevajee, betokening temporary insanity, we can now perfectly understand, on the supposition that the Waren of Amba-Baee was hereditary in the family.

“In a gloomy little recess within the fortress of Purtaupgurrh, a hill-fort situate in one of the wildest scenes which it is possible for the imagination to picture, still burns the flame which Seevajee kindled before the black and hideous image of his household goddess. The savage mountain amphitheatre around forms a fitting girdle for the shrine of the gloomy divinity. Here no pine springs from the rock, nor heather blooms, nor thistle ‘shakes its hoary beard in the wind ;’ but far as the eye can reach, below and around, the ground is brown with gigantic fern, whose palmated but sombre leaves bend in the breeze, like phantoms of a sad and solemn aspect : intermixed, here and there, with clumps of Turwur bushes, whose yellow blossoms, like our own wild mountain furze, crown with a meet and savage beauty the surrounding desolation.

“Such, with an occasional tuft of wild mint or Indian nettle, on the barer spots, is the covering which clothes the sides of these mountains, and the little valleys into which they decline ; but the summits are sheeted with masses of black rock, interspersed with patches of grass, and fringed with thorn and brushwood. There is no level ground to the extent of a hundred yards ; it is one continued series of hills and mountains, which either slope in gentle declivities or break into abrupt chasms and dells, down which a hundred little streams of the purest water find their way into the hollows. In the distance are immense valleys, from which a thousand ghauts are seen to emerge and swell upon the eye, like a vast assemblage of pyramids and towers ; and beyond, on the extreme verge of the horizon, the view is bounded by interminable ranges of high table land, or scarped and castellated eminences, which frown in the clouds like the walls and battlements of a giant city. The stupendous extent and savage abruptness of outline which distinguish this landscape give it a character of the most stern and sublime grandeur. In such a scene you look in vain for the wave of woodlands, the bower on the lake, and all those softer combinations of natural beauty which press upon the heart in solitude, and make it swell almost to tears with a feeling of pensive pleasure. Here, on the contrary, all is angular, naked, and severe ; and while the contemplation of so much magnificence fills the beholder with wonder, it can hardly fail to impress his mind with a sensation little short of dread. During the south-west monsoon, the whole atmosphere, from Ray-gurrh to the uttermost western range, is one continued sheet of fire and water ; and the falling of the torrents, the roaring of the winds, and the crashing of the thunder among the hills, produce a din so deafening and incessant as to affect the hearing of the sojourner long afterwards :—

“ far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;
 And Ray-gurrh answers through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Ghauts, who call to her aloud.”

“This mountain fortress of Purtaubghur was built, or, at least, occupied and enlarged by Seevajee, in the dawn of his power ; and, after the assassination of the Mahomedan

general, Afzul, he buried the head of that ill-fated commander to the south of the entrance, erected over it an additional tower, and connected this tower with the rest of the fortification by an extensive curtain. To this fort, moreover, he transferred the shrine of his household goddess, Amba-bacee, before whose image the lamp first lit by him burns, as we have said, incessantly to this day, and to whose altar his descendants, the Rajas of Sattara, were accustomed to make a yearly pilgrimage, accompanied by their whole court. If the native histories and legends of Seevajee are to be believed, all the evils and bloodshed which followed the rise of that robber-chief to power, and the subsequent predominance of the Mahratta armies in India, were attributable to a series of visions, in which the goddess aforesaid appeared to her votary, urged him on to his first enterprise, and foretold his success.

"To return, however, to the late ex-Raja's dabbling in necromancy.

"Besides the very singular process of recalling the spirits of the dead into the bodies of their living relatives, there are among the Hindoos, as we have intimated before, necromancers, who pretend to quite another power, namely, that of raising up, by the force of MUNTROS or spells, the bodily appearance of the deceased, and making it speak.

"One of these knowing, probably, the affection of the ex-Raja of Sattara for his former minister, Vitthul Punt, and having, perhaps, heard also of the Waren, which possessed his widow, and excited so much notice at court, offered to call up the shade of Vitthul Punt himself before the Raja. His offer was accepted, and he appears to have succeeded, for a time at least, in deceiving all parties.

"Into a room of the palace, assigned to him for his operations, he introduced, in the dead of the night, and after a long series of incantations, fumigations, and other rites of necromantic magic, Govind Vitthul, the son of the deceased minister, and told him to behold his father. The young man looked, and saw before him, amidst a cloud of incense, and faintly lit by a pale streak of moonlight that fell slanting from a window above him, an aged form, whose figure and dress exactly corresponded with that of his father; and whether it was that the *POORUTTA* or mantle, which the minister usually wore, shrouded his countenance, or that the young man's memory of his parent's features had waxed faint in the years which had intervened since his death, or that his heated imagination magnified a general resemblance into identity, or from all these causes united, he became thoroughly convinced it was the spirit of his father that stood before him.

"The following brief dialogue took place between the necromancer, Govind, and the supposed shade of the minister, his father:—

"Necromancer [addressing the shade]—Is this your son Govind?

"Shade—It is my son.

"Necromancer [addressing Govind]—Is this your father, Vitthul Punt?

"Govind—It is my father.

"Necromancer—Would you question him? If so, proceed.

"Govind—How, father, did you die?

"Shade—This much I may reveal, my son, that I died from poison; but press me no further.

"Govind—By whom, father, were you poisoned?

"Shade—Forbear, my son, this question? I may not reveal more; it would only produce calamity.

"The Raja, also, attended by several of his courtiers, came and saw the shade, and all were, for the moment, satisfied it was, indeed, the former minister whose phantom they beheld. The Raja addressed to him several questions regarding past transactions. The replies, though sometimes couched in the same tone of mystery by which he had checked the curiosity of his son, evinced sufficient acquaintance with the circumstances spoken of, and, with the Raja's secret councils, to remove all scepticism.

"After a short time the shade besought the necromancer to suffer him to depart, and the latter, requesting all parties to leave him alone with the spirit, proceeded, as was supposed, to perform the magic rites of *GUTEE* or departure.

In the course of an hour he came out of the room, and the shade had disappeared. The attendants of the Raja had remarked, as they looked at the minister's form, that his feet were contorted, and this served to crown their conviction, and to impress their minds with awe; for the Hindoos believe, that all devils and all phantoms summoned from the dead, according to their ideas, rank in this class, have *crooked feet*, a notion curiously corresponding with the *cloven foot* of European demonology.

"Subsequently, however, two different opinions were formed of the transaction. The most numerous class, including many Pundits, believed, and still believe, the whole scene to have been real. One learned man quoted it triumphantly to the writer of this paper as a proof of the reality of magic. Others, more sceptical, have supposed that the necromancer had got hold of some man with deformed feet, who bore, perhaps, a general resemblance to Vitthul Punt, and by an exact observance of costume, and an able tutoring as to family affairs, and the Raja's transactions with the minister, both of which might, without much difficulty, have been extracted by a skilful agent from the young man Govind himself, enabled him to personate the shade of the deceased.

"According to the statement of the ex-Raja's Moonshie, it would seem the prince himself ultimately came over to this opinion; for some time after the nocturnal scene, he banished the necromancer from Sattara.

"The recognition of personal identity in this case may seem strange, but it has many parallels. An impostor who, in 1828, with the help of some papers which came into his possession, and aided by skilful assistants, personated, at Poona, Govind Row Ghorpude, chief of Moodhol, a prince who had been slain in the battle of Ashtee several years before, was so successful that, besides many other parties, the brother of the deceased chief swore to his identity; and what is still stranger, the widow of the chief also acknowledged him, resumed her bangles, or, in other words, cast off her mourning weeds, and went to reside with him!"

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

FOOL.—Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIV.—Can you do it?

FOOL.—Dexterously, good Madonna.

OLIV.—Make your proof.

FOOL.—I must catechise you for it, Madonna! good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIV.—Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

FOOL.—Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIV.—Good fool, for my brother's death.

FOOL.—I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

OLIV.—I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FOOL.—Then more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentleman.

Twelfth Night, Act 1, sc. 5.

THE clown in *Twelfth Night* deals a most absolutely crushing, because logical, blow at the folly of mourning for the dead—a folly to which we are all, or nearly all, addicted, a folly above which only the superior mind can raise itself. To say as much is to fly audaciously in the face of a wide-spread prejudice; I know it, but though this folly be a universal fact, it cannot lessen the greatness of the folly, for the fact of its folly, its puerility, its impiety, its gross selfishness, remains. Selfishness! This is the key to the whole secret. Grief for the dead is solely, wholly, and absolutely selfish, unless it arise from a belief that the departed soul is gone to endless punishment, and in this belief, thank God, very few of us remain to-day. No philosopher, no sage of ancient or modern time, has ever taught with more terseness, more point, more unanswerable logic, the folly, the impiety, the fault against the dead, the fault to nature, the violation of reason, the gross selfishness in mourning for the dead, than Shakespeare has. To mourn for the dead proves in the mourner one of two things, a complete and absolute selfishness, for he mourns what he has lost, not what the dead has gained, over which did he truly love he would rejoice; or he shuts out heaven from his creed, admits either annihilation or eternal punishment, thus desiring to retain for himself what God condemns to nothingness, or clinging to what God hates. To mourn for the dead, therefore, is either to exhibit unusual selfishness or unworthy infidelity. There is no escape, they are rotten apples both, and we *must* choose. We mourn because of our loss, or we mourn because of theirs—which is it? If for our own sake we must admit the selfishness, if we believe that our beloved dead are in heaven and yet mourn, we must be envious. Do we grieve over our friend's promotion, our brother's advancement, our mother's, our child's happiness? There is no need to pause for a reply, our common nature gave it years ago—we do not; then why mourn because our friend, our brother, sister, child, or mother has attained a blessedness which we hope through the same portals of death to achieve?—*Charing Cross Magazine.*

THE RETURN OF DR. SLADE TO BERLIN.

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

SIR,—We think of leaving here at the end of this week for Berlin.

Dr. Slade's health is poor, owing somewhat, I think, to the climate, which now, at the change of the season, is very trying to him.

Direct as before to the Kron Prinz Hotel.

J. SIMMONS.

St. Petersburg, April 15th, 1878.

AN APPARITION SEEN BY LIEUT. GENERAL FYTCHE.

LIEUT.-GENERAL ALBERT FYTCHE, C.S.I., of Pyrgo-park, Havering-atte-Bower, records in his new book *Burma, Past and Present* (C. Kegan, Paul and Co.), how he also is one of the large number of witnesses who have seen the spirit of a friend about the time that friend's earthly body was dying a long way off. He was at Maulmain at the time, and his statement is—

"I had an old schoolfellow, who was afterwards a college friend, with whom I had lived in the closest intimacy. Years, however, passed away without our seeing each other. One morning I had just got out of bed, and was dressing myself, when suddenly my old friend entered the room. I greeted him warmly; told him to call for a cup of tea in the verandah, and promised to be with him immediately. I dressed myself in haste, and went out into the verandah, but found no one there. I could not believe my eyes. I called to the sentry, who was posted at the front of the house, but he had seen no strange gentleman . . . A fortnight afterwards news arrived that he had died, six hundred miles off, about the very time I saw him at Maulmain.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

The *Christian World* of last Friday contains the following paragraph:—

"W. S. Coop, of Tranmere, attributes the phenomena to the action of 'unconscious sympathy.' He says, 'My first experience some years since was with a Planchette. A friend and myself placed our finger upon the toy. When it indicated, by motion, that it was sufficiently charged, we put the question, 'Who made the world?' We were unanimous as to what the answer should be, and therefore the instrument wrote out the word, clearly and plainly, 'God.' This is an experiment easily made, and those who make it will find that if they do not agree with the opinions of those with whom they are operating, there will be more or less of indecision in the motion of the instrument. How do Spiritualists explain this? A friend, in the course of an experiment, placed one end of a piece of copper wire, of which he held the other, upon the thumb of a lady who had both her hands upon a Planchette, and when the writing was examined it was found to be in the usual hand of my friend. To an impartial mind this must speak much more strongly in favour of natural forces than of spiritual agencies.'"

Mrs. Corner, of St. Thomas's-square, Hackney, London, can obtain the writing of any sentences she pleases but does not utter, when she touches the wrist or arm of her daughter, who is a writing medium. It would be interesting to know the results of the latest experiments, also whether Mrs. Corner can get the sentences put down in her own handwriting, and whether her influence will pass through metal or wood in the manner mentioned by Mr. Coop.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE:—On the 20th instant, at 30, Francis-street, New Leeds, Leeds, Ann Erskine Lorraine, wife of George Thompson, Esq., ex-M.P. for the Tower Hamlets. Aged 70 years.

LECTURE AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—On Sunday next, at four o'clock, a lecture will be delivered by Herr Christian Reimers, at St. George's Hall, Regent-street, London, on "Twenty-five Years' Experience of Psychological Phenomena." Syllabus:—Strange facts; Stranger theories; More difficult experiments; Faraday's checking influence; Further experiments in England; Suspicious interruption of a Séance; Swelling literature of the subject; Dr. Carpenter's Lecture on "Epidemic Delusions;" Healthy reaction therefrom; More severity in test arrangements; Strange reluctance of mediums to submit to them; Critical appliances to test alleged materialisation phenomena; Extraordinary and conclusive results; Final separation of fact and illusion.

REMARKABLE RESULTS OF ORIGINAL RESEARCH IN SPIRITUALISM.

THE next number of *The Spiritualist* will be of unusual interest, and will be illustrated with diagrams and engravings. The Research Committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists has been trying experiments with Mr. Williams, the medium, on a weighing machine, while several kinds of manifestations have been going on, and the details will be published in our next number. Self-registering apparatus was attached to the machine to record the weight of the medium at every moment throughout each entire *séance*, and the results are altogether new. No work of so much value has been done in Spiritualism since the most remarkable of the results obtained with Florence Cook about three years ago. The revelations are most interesting and valuable. The whole of the next number of *The Spiritualist* will be got up in such a way as to make it of exceptional value to present to the outside public. As the London season is just beginning, great good would be done by the extensive circulation by Spiritualists of the next number at the West End of town. This should not be left undone because of the action of the principle that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Those who will circulate the next number in large quantities, can have them at twelve shillings per hundred, by ordering them at the branch office of *The Spiritualist*, in Great Russell-street, London, not later than Wednesday morning next, in order that a sufficient number may be printed.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above;
The tenderest one was Pity, and the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels, a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of the smiles, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon.

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amid the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven."

J. G. WHITTIER.

RELIGIOUS MANIA.—At Brentford, on Saturday, Andrew Redrup was charged under the following circumstances:—At midnight he was seen standing in the road praying to God for pardon for people who were sinners, and saying he saw blood in the sky, and he also saw God Almighty and Jesus Christ. He also stated that the world was coming to an end before half-past twelve o'clock that night. The chairman said there was no offence in praying on Good Friday. The constable said the man had had fits again on Saturday as he was being brought to the court. They were praying fits. The chairman (to prisoner): "I am afraid you have been on the drink." The prisoner: "My master put me to work, and it is bad luck to go to work on Good Friday." Dr. Goodchild stated that he was of opinion that the man was of unsound mind. The magistrates said they thought they should send the prisoner to the workhouse, where he would be looked after, for a few days. The prisoner (who is a man of repulsive features): "I hope you won't, gentlemen. They took me to Hanwell, but they would not admit me because I was not good-looking enough." The prisoner was ordered to be taken to the union.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE ATTEMPT TO LOCK UP MRS. WELDON IN
A MADHOUSE.

THE medical certificates against an alleged lunatic are in force for seven days after they are signed, consequently Mrs. Weldon could not appear at Bow-street last Saturday, without being in danger of being locked up in a madhouse, the certificates having been signed on the previous Monday. A barrister consequently appeared for her on Saturday. The following details of the proceedings at Bow-street are from last Monday's *Daily Telegraph* :—

The further hearing of the charge of theft brought against Jean Mènier was appointed for Saturday afternoon, but on his being placed in the dock, before Mr. Flowers, it was stated that Mrs. Weldon, the prosecutrix, was not in attendance, steps having been taken to secure her arrest as a lunatic.—The prisoner was charged with having stolen a large quantity of furniture, wearing apparel, and jewellery from Tavistock House, Tavistock-square, during the absence of Mrs. Weldon in France, and some of the property had been traced to apartments taken by the prisoner in the Euston-road, while other articles were found in a box at an hotel in Golden-square, where he had resided for two nights. It was also proved that the prisoner had duplicate keys in his possession which fitted the drawers and boxes from which some of the things had been stolen. The inquiry was remanded, and Mr. Flowers expressed his opinion that it was a case which the Treasury, in the absence of a public prosecutor, ought to take in hand, as the lady appeared to be quite helpless in the matter.—Mr. Macnamara now appeared for the prosecutor, and Mr. Besley for the prisoner.—Inspector Kerley stated that Mr. Wontner had been instructed on the part of the Crown to take up the prosecution, but he was unable to attend till a later hour in the day.—Mr. Macnamara said that he had been instructed by the solicitor of Mrs. Weldon to explain the extraordinary circumstances which had transpired on the last examination, and which would account for the lady's absence that day. Shortly after her last appearance at the court certain persons, upon the authority of a certificate signed by two medical men, contrived to get access to the residence of Mrs. Weldon, with the view of conveying her to a lunatic asylum. No doubt there were many painful features in this case, and probably this step had been sanctioned, if not directed, by Mr. Weldon, her husband. It was, however, a totally illegal proceeding, and he held in his hand an opinion given to that effect by one of the highest legal authorities of the country. He also possessed two certificates from medical gentlemen who had seen Mrs. Weldon so recently as yesterday (Friday), and they had no doubt whatever of her sanity. It became his duty, therefore, to appeal for the protection of the Court, and he was pleased to hear that Mr. St. John Wontner had been consulted in the matter by the Treasury, although he had not yet had any opportunity of conferring with that gentleman on the subject. He suggested that, in this present dilemma, it would be better to ask for another remand.—Mr. Besley observed that he should ask the magistrate not to allow the interference of the Treasury in this case, as it was not one out of the ordinary course.—Mr. Flowers : But the Treasury have taken it up at my own request. How can I, then, ask them to withdraw from it? Besides, it seems to me that if this lady is insane—and she certainly exhibited no sign or symptom of insanity when she was here last—it appears to me that the conduct of the prisoner is all the more reprehensible.—Mr. Besley said his client did not believe her to be insane, but he sought to justify his conduct by certain letters of instruction which he had received from Mrs. Weldon, and some of which he begged to hand up for the inspection of the Court.—Eventually it was arranged that the prisoner should be remanded for another week, and Mr. Flowers, on the application of Mr. Besley, consented to accept substantial bail.

The three madhouse people who came to take away Mrs. Weldon, last Monday week, belonged to the private lunatic establishment of Dr. Llewellyn Stuart Winslow, popularly known by the name of his deceased father, the eminent Dr. Forbes Winslow. Mrs. Lowe, who called at Tavistock House, at the request of Mr. Harrison, who knew nothing of madhouse people being there, entered just in time. Mrs. Weldon had barricaded herself in her room, and the keepers were in the passage. Mrs. Lowe explained the Act in that case made and provided to the three keepers, who, not knowing how to deal with an accomplished lunacy lawyer in petticoats, felt the difficulty of the position, and left for further instructions. Mrs. Lowe then induced Mrs. Weldon to leave the house at once, and a few minutes afterwards Dr. Llewellyn Winslow came to the house to take her, but he was too late.

Mrs. Weldon will, as before, conduct her own case against Mènier at Bow-street next Saturday (to-morrow) at twelve o'clock.

ON Wednesday evening next, at the *soirée* of the National Association of Spiritualists, at 38, Great Russell-street, London, the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses will give an address on "Some of the Difficulties of Inquirers." Members will do well to take this opportunity of introducing inquiring friends, who will be able to state their difficulties, or find them already met by the lecturer.

THE *Graphic* last week published favourable notices of the poems of Miss Ella Dietz and of those of Mr. Earle, B.A.

THE Presidential Address of Mr. Serjeant Cox to the Psychological Society has been re-published from these pages in *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne.

THE Lord Lindsay is now President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and will probably be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in June next.

THE second subscription *séance* with Mr. W. Eglinton at the rooms of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism will be held on Wednesday, the 1st May, at eight o'clock.

MADAME LEYMARIE writes that it is the intention of the managers of the *Revue Spirite* to open a reading room for Spiritualists in the best quarter of Paris during the Great Exposition. Foreign societies are requested to co-operate by supplying the Spiritualist journals and other literature of their respective countries for the benefit of the visitors, many of whom will, perhaps, thereby learn for the first time what an extensive literature Spiritualism possesses.

A QUESTION OF WEIGHT.—Last Sunday night the preacher of the sermon at Christ Church, Folkestone, mooted an extraordinary problem in relation to the words of Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre :—"Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." The minister remarked that the weight of a full-grown man, added to the weight of the irremovable resins and cloths used in embalming was so great, that, had she found the corpse, she could not have carried it, but her love made her forget all this. St. John says (chap. xix. v. 39) that the weight of myrrh and aloes used in embalming Him was one hundred pounds.

AT the last *soirée* of the National Association of Spiritualists, there was so much speaking, singing, and music, that some of those present complained of the partial destruction of the social character of the gathering by there being so little time for conversation. Yet several persons who wished to make some kindly parting remarks about Dr. Peebles were prohibited, including Miss Kislingbury, Mr. Morse, Mr. Harrison, and several friends invited to speak by Mr. Fitz-Gerald; consequently Dr. Peebles, who had been invited to attend, did not hear the words of many who wished to bid him farewell.

THE *Graphic* last week published an article on the obnoxious nature of the two million mothers-in-law of the United Kingdom. As most of these forced their daughters to marry from worldly motives and not from love, and as the husbands, therefore, have little natural affinity even for the wives, it is easy to see that, according to the laws of the transmission of hereditary characteristics, the mothers-in-law are likely to be specially objectionable.

SELF-SACRIFICING SPIRITUALISTS.—The Dalston [Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism has the best and largest public lending library of any organisation in connection with Spiritualism, chiefly owing to the unceasing energy of its honorary secretary, Mr. Blyton, who, in our opinion, has, in proportion to the means at his command, done more self-sacrificing and continuous rational work for Spiritualism for the past seven years than any other person whatever in the United Kingdom. A remark like the preceding necessarily brings to mind a dozen or eighteen other workers, whom we do not mention because of the risk of omitting six out of the eighteen. In the past, Mr. Charles White, of the Marylebone Society, has done much in proportion to the means at his command, for the good done must be spiritually measured, not by the absolute results, but by the self-sacrifice of the worker. In some of the past years, although not at present, Mr. Blyton gave about three days a week to Spiritualism, calculated by the amount of work done, although he was fully engaged otherwise in his accountant's occupation.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.—"One man at this election amused me. He hung about outside my committee-room, and whenever he saw me, he wrung my hand. On my first interview with this patriot, he informed me, that at an early hour of the morning he had personated Dr. Cumming, and had voted for me as that divine. Each time I saw him, during the day, he said that he had been personating some one, and always a clergyman. I remonstrated with him, but uselessly. He had personated clergymen on the brain. A candidate knows very little of the details of his election, but, so far as I could make out, dead men played a very important part, on both sides, in this contest between Lord George and me. No sooner were the booths open, than men, long removed from party strife, rose from their graves, and hurriedly voted either for him or for me. I wonder if this sort of thing goes on now in large constituencies?"—*Truth*, April 18th.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS.—An intelligent boy, living in one of the most picturesque portions of the beautiful county of Kent, in the locality immortalised by Ingoldsby, has made himself a local authority on the subject of postage stamps, and for some time past has become the possessor of many of those from foreign countries attached to letters addressed to *The Spiritualist* office. He is also a practical and theoretical authority on all matters connected with the trundling of a hoop. Last Sunday we discovered that he had been selected by the ministry to teach in a Sunday-school—to unfold to others younger than himself the mysteries of creation, the designs of the Almighty, the career of man in the world beyond the grave, the first principles of religion, and other subjects entrusted to him by those who selected him to teach. At the moment this is written he is training immortal souls in the fundamental principles of religion and morality. How many of us, who have had to weed out with pain and suffering the errors implanted in us in infancy, received from a similar source what were said to be the primary truths of religion? The lively proceedings of the youthful specimen now under notice, whose cries of "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" in the back garden rival those of the shrillest rooster, naturally raise the inquiry, "What are the necessary qualifications of a spiritual teacher?"

THE SHOPKEEPING MATERIALISM OF ENGLAND.

HEINE, the poet, was for some time the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*. He always professed an intense dislike to Englishmen, and the following passages about us, in one of his letters to the *Gazette*, although almost classic in Germany, have never been translated into English until they were given last week in *Truth*, thus:—

In general, the English—may Heaven pardon me the sin—are antipathetical to me, and occasionally I carry this feeling so far as not to regard them as human beings, but automatons—mere mechanical machines, set in motion by egotism, as by a spring. When in this humour, I seem to hear the whirr of the wheels, by means of which they think, feel, calculate, and pray. Their prayers, their mechanical devotion, their methodical attendance at church, with a gilt Prayer Book under their arms, their absurd and wearisome mode of spending their Sundays, their awkward and silly bigotry, are utterly repugnant to me. I am firmly convinced that a swearing French trooper is a more pleasing sight to the Divinity than a praying English shopkeeper. At other times, these English float before my brain under a still more strange form—a procession of fantastic shadows, a nation of lugubrious ghosts; and more terrible to me than the pale phantoms of the midnight hour, is the aspect of these spectres, with red cheeks and broad backs, who appear under the full blaze of the sun. Add to all this their want of all politeness. With their angular limbs and their stiff elbows, they come into collision with everything and every one, without ever uttering an excuse. When I speak of the English, I am, perhaps, not quite impartial, and it is possible that my unfavourable estimate of them, and my aversion to them, arises from a sense of disquietude. Since I have realised what impassable egotism is at the bottom of their policy, they fill me with a superstitious terror. I respect their superiority in all material things. They have the brutal energy which formerly gave to the Romans the Empire of the world, but to the rapacity of the wolves of Rome they unite the cunning of the serpents of Carthage. Against the first the world is armed, but against the murderous stratagems of these Punicians of the North, we are without defence. And more than ever England is to be dreaded whenever her commercial interests are endangered. The entire creation contains no creature more inhuman than a merchant whose commercial ventures are unsuccessful, or a shopkeeper who fears that his customers will be faithless to him.

But are the English really clever politicians? In what does their superiority consist? In that they are archi-prosaic creatures; that they are never led into error by poetical illusions; that, blind to every ideal mirage, they fix their eyes steadily upon the real state of things; that they calculate with exactitude the conditions of time and place, and their calculations are never troubled by any generous thought. Yes, their superiority consists in absence of imagination. This defect is their strength, and is the principal reason why they succeed in political enterprises, as in material ones, such as in commerce and the construction of machinery. They are not fanciful. This is their secret. Their poets are only brilliant exceptions to the general rule, and this is why they are ever at war with their countrymen, that nation of snub noses, low foreheads, and contracted heads, the elect of prose, who in Italy and in the Indies remain as prosaic, as cold, and as calculating as in that centre of their city, Threadneedle-street. The perfume of the lotus intoxicates them as little as the flames of Vesuvius warm them. They drag their teapots up with them to the verge of the volcano, and drink their tea with a lugubrious seasoning of cant.

I am told that Taglioni found few admirers in London, and in truth this is an evidence of her talent. Had she pleased the English, I should have commenced to doubt the poetry of her movements. The sons of Albion are themselves the worst dancers in the world, and Strauss has assured me that hardly one of them is able even to keep time. Poor Strauss, he fell ill, when he had gazed upon the English dancing. These beings have no ear either for measure, or for music in general, and this renders their infatuation for the piano and singing all the more insupportable. Nothing, indeed, is more horrible than English

music, unless it be English painting. This nation, whose sense of hearing is so defective, is absolutely wanting in the sentiment of colour, and occasionally the suspicion lays hold of me, that they cannot even smell. What a people! With their eyes they fail to see, with their ears they fail to hear, and with their snub noses they fail to smell.

Even if Englishmen were individually brave, the mass of the nation must be collectively enervated by the habits of comfort, contracted during a period of peace, which has lasted above a hundred years. Yes, for more than one hundred years they have had no intestine war, and they have maintained their foreign wars by means of mercenaries, who have been recruited for money, and other nations whom they have subsidised. It would never occur to a London shopkeeper, not even to the Lord Mayor, to risk his own life, in order to defend the interests of his country. Owing to a prolonged state of peace, the curse of too much wealth on one side, and of too much poverty on the other, the political corruption which is a consequence of their representative Government, the enervating régime of manufacturers, too intense a development of the commercial spirit, religious hypocrisy, and that pietism, which is a more pernicious narcotic than opium, the English have become as unwarlike a nation as the Chinese, and England would be conquered could an army of 100,000 men land on its shores.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERY.—The following is extracted from the *Reading (United States) Eagle*:—"The small shop at the south-west corner of Ninth and Penn Streets is occupied by a German watchmaker. He has in his possession the photograph of a young lady who formerly resided on North Ninth-street, this city. The most wonderful and mysterious history is told concerning the picture. The young lady, about nineteen years of age, was in excellent health, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed, and in the best of spirits, about five months ago. She resolved to have her photograph taken, and went to the Reading gallery. In the course of a few days she got the pictures and took them home. What is said to have followed was told to an *Eagle* reporter by the watchmaker this morning. She took her photographs home and showed one of them to a member of the family. The mother examined the picture awhile, and then said in German, 'Why, this picture has a death's head on it.' She pointed to the tie worn about the lady's throat, and what looked like a skull was distinctly seen on the picture, and it excited some curiosity. No attention was paid to this, and a few days afterward one of her photographs was looked at again, and to their great astonishment they discovered that the figure, or what greatly resembled it, of another skull had appeared just above it. This was also pointed out to the young lady, and she became deathly pale, and took to her bed. She slowly sank, and in two months after she had her pictures taken she was a corpse. The reporter asked to see the photograph. It was shown. It represented a stout, healthy, fresh, and prepossessing young lady. When she had her picture taken she wore a rose at her throat. This flower was so shaded that its picture really represents a skull. Below can be traced with a magnifying glass the outlines of another strange-looking face. It is a strange freak at best, and must be seen to be properly understood and realised. It is stated that the young lady died from fright."

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYERS TO ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.—The *Tablet* is a well-edited Catholic journal, but are not the experiences of Augustus Philip Bethell, "Tertiary of St. Francis," a trifle absurd? The Tertiary resides in a villa at Sydenham. The other day he lost a rosary in his garden. It had been stolen by a vagrant. The Tertiary on this prayed St. Antony of Padua to "get it back" for him. The next day back came the vagrant with the rosary. "Those who are acquainted," continues the Tertiary, "with the life of St. Antony will not be surprised to find that he can now do in Heaven what he could do on earth." A novice had stolen from the saint a manuscript. The saint prayed that it might be returned. The prayer was granted. The novice related how he was just going to cross a bridge, when there suddenly rose up before him a man of savage countenance barring the way, threatening him with a drawn sword, and sternly commanding him to restore the book. If Augustus Philip Bethell, "Tertiary of St. Francis," really possesses the power to induce St. Antony to cause to be restored lost articles, how invaluable he would be at Scotland-yard? Why should he not commence by insisting that "a man with a savage countenance and a drawn sword" should "sternly command" the robber of Lady Dudley's jewels to restore them to her ladyship, or bring back to me an umbrella that I lost last week? "The practice," says the "Tertiary," "of invoking St. Antony is sure to supply a great want, and prove of immense benefit to those who will adopt it; but," he adds, "they would do well to begin by making a little offering to St. Antony's new mission at Anerly." Hum! It is not usual to pay the reward, in these cases, in advance. Now observe the strange *non sequitur* in the story of the Tertiary. He loses a rosary, of no intrinsic value, in his garden. It is picked up by a vagrant. Two days afterwards the vagrant, finding the rosary to be unsaleable, returns it to the owner in the hopes of a reward. During the intermediate day, the Tertiary prayed to St. Antony and ate his dinner. It is a mere assumption to say that the saint had more to do with the return of the rosary than the dinner. Surely the *Tablet* would have been wiser not to have published the trashy communication of the Tertiary.—*Truth*, April 18th.

Poetry.

THREE SILENCES.

Three silences there are, the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.

These silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.

Oh, Thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,

Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred.

Longfellow to Whittier.

Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers. Unsolicited communications cannot be returned; copies should be kept by the writers.]

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.

SIR,—To continue my record:—

Feb. 4.—To-day we got no photograph, though throughout all the preceding week we had never failed to get a good one, either of "Angela" or of "Glaucus," singly, or of the two together, side by side. They appeared to have become so "strong" that it seemed to have been each time a sure thing, and with progressive improvement from day to day. The first *pose* to-day, as usual, was for my mother, which was, as we might have expected, again unsuccessful. The reason of the equal failure of the second *pose* seems to have been this (and there is instruction in every one of these small particulars, and that is why I relate them). During the process of the first *pose*, that of my mother, one of us, holding a match in his hand, ready to relight the candle when the signal should be given to "recap" the camera, happened by some mechanical accident to light the match out of time. Within a fraction of a second he blew it out. There was but a small flash of light for an immeasurable instant. We thought that it might, perhaps, suffice to spoil the first *pose*, then about finishing. But it equally spoiled, or prevented the success of the second one also. And it is the second one which, through all the preceding week, had invariably and splendidly succeeded. The plate destined for the second one is always put inside the cabinet to be "mesmerised" during the process of the first *pose*. This time the second *pose* was protracted for an unusual length of time; but in vain. "John King" afterwards wrote to the effect that the flash of light had spoiled all by its startling effect on the spirits materialising, and also that if the curtain had been open it might have been very dangerous to the medium. And that they would try again to-morrow.

Feb. 5.—A remarkable picture to-day; time of *pose* about two minutes, as measured by my counting in the dark approximative seconds on my fingers. The preceding pictures had been of about from half to two-thirds length on large plates; the faces, as determined by the focal distance, being quite large. With a view of getting full lengths, as far as we could do so in the small room, we increased the distance by requesting that the spirit form should stand at the very rear of the cabinet against the wall (instead of in front of it as before), and at the corner, so as to get diagonal length for the focus. The result has been a fine full-length of "Angela." No flowers this time, but her gold and turquoise cross appearing on her right arm a little below the elbow, apparently bound round it by its fine chain. Full face, identical with that of her bust, and with the two faces which had preceded the bust (the one to the mid-cheek, the other to behind the ears). The hair, however, wholly different. The figure seems to rest mainly on the perfectly modelled right leg, bare up to above the knee; the other covered with drapery.* Both arms bare, but with this curious circumstance. The right arm, hanging down, is evidently attached to the shoulder in just proportion and connection. The left one, bent horizontally across the figure, is evidently detached (under the drapery) from its socket in the shoulder. In a figure of natural size, its upper part would be at least six inches vertically, detached from or below its shoulder. Both arms are finely modelled, and terminate in beautiful hands. The right foot rests flat and firm on the sole, and, with its ankle and toes, is finely formed. "John King," writing afterwards, explained about this left arm (evidently detached from its proper connection with the shoulder), that the materialising of the whole form had absorbed so much "power," that they had not been

able to hold the form entirely together long enough. It would seem that though the left arm had fallen apart from the shoulder, they had yet been able to hold it up in position, a little lower down than where it ought to have been—long enough for it to impress the plate. The point of disconnection is hidden with drapery. On former occasions, before they had got strong enough to "hold together," we have had figures strangely dismembered, with legs and arms scattered about as it were, and sometimes no heads! *Dissecti membra poete*. Though thus curiously defective, this picture, as a test proof, is perhaps more interesting than if it had been perfect, as probably another one will be. The defect (covered with drapery, namely, the detachment of the upper end of the left arm from its shoulder) does not strike the eye at the first glance; it is only on a little further examination that it becomes manifest. It is a pity that these successive and always varied photographs could not be reproduced in engravings on your pages. Your readers must be content with these poor descriptions of them. I hope to be able to bring over to the Association some specimens of them.

Feb. 6.—Again to-day a splendid reproduction of the photograph of yesterday. The same, but with variations in almost every detail. These variations can only be appreciated on comparison of the two side by side. Needless for me to specify them; the general statement should suffice. Any gentleman or lady disposed to doubt, or desirous of verifying, can come over to Paris, with a reasonable introduction to the Count de Bullet, and see for themselves. In both these pictures the graceful form floats erect in air, that is clear and certain. In that of to-day there is a flower just under the foot, as though the foot rested upon the flower and on nothing else. And it is the "Angela" of the paraffin mould, and no mistake. As yet we have only seen these two last photographs on the glass plates (*clichés*), not transferred to paper. That of to-day seems to be the best yet obtained. The left arm is to-day in its proper place in connection with its shoulder. No renewed attempt was made to-day for a photograph of my mother; the whole "power" was to be concentrated on "Angela." Before we began "John King" asked whether we should like the same *pose* as that of yesterday? "Yes," was the reply. Accordingly it is the same in general, though (I repeat) in every detail different.

We are led to expect "Alexandrine" next. She wrote that as "Angela" had now given so many, and was somewhat "fatigued," and also "had a great deal to do," she thought that she ("Alexandrine") would try again to-morrow.

Feb. 7.—But it was not "Alexandrine" this morning. The whole undivided effort was given to my mother, for whom the plate was mesmerised beforehand, but again without success. This effort was evidently prompted by deference to her wish and by kindness to me. It is strange that some of the spirits cannot succeed, while others can. I am sure that to-day (as they have before said they did, standing by her side while she *posed*) they all did their best to help her—but in vain. On what conditions do these differences depend? My mother, I must say, seems to have always had less "fluidic strength" than the others. "Angela" is the one who has been generally able to come the oftenest, stay the longest, and come forward the furthest. She, too, was the first to be able to dip into the paraffin. I was not at the *séance* to-day, so that there was no disturbing influence (as before) from my over-anxiety for success. Perhaps the over-anxiety may have existed on her side, in reference to my getting her photograph before I leave. "John King" has more than once told us that it is very hard for them to come down to our material plane; and he once illustrated his meaning by comparing it to a man going down into a deep well, where he cannot himself breathe, and where a candle in his hand will go out. My mother once wrote of herself (through Madame R—) that she was not "a very high spirit;" but "John King" speaks of her as "very noble and very good," and "Glaucus" once, in writing of her, designated her by the name of "Heavenmind." "John King" evidently has a great deal to do with the operation of these spirits getting materialised, but they would seem to need some personal strength of their own to "hold together." On the only occasion in which any impression on the sensitised plate was produced by my mother, he afterwards wrote that he "had got her beautifully formed," but that she "melted away into clouds;" and the plate well justified what he said. He added that he was sorry to present my mother to me in "such a dreadful predicament"—that is to say, all scattered in "clouds," which clouds produced a corresponding photographic impression on the plate. At the close of the *séance* "John King" wrote that he "had tried very hard for Mrs. O'Sullivan's picture, but somehow or other she did not seem to know what to do. We will suspend it for a little while."

February 9.—To-day a full length of "Alexandrine," standing on nothing. Not a good picture, though some parts come out well. The weather said not to be good. She afterwards wrote that she had "moved," but would try to do better on Monday; that it was some time since she had *posed*, and that she got a little "out of practice." At the outset of the *séance* I thanked "John King" for his effort for me of day before yesterday, even though it had been unsuccessful, and asked what were the conditions which determined success for some and failure for others—"was it over-anxiety on her part?" "It is not that alone, though she is very anxious that you should receive her picture before you leave, and so am I. There are other causes besides, but it would take long to explain them to you." I said I should content myself with receiving it later, and it was promised that it should be sent to me. One of our number then asked if she would show in her picture as she was in this life. "I will try to do so as much as I can," was the reply, "but the higher spirits rise on this side the less do they remain in face and features what they were in the earth-life." I remarked that I supposed that the higher spiritualised beauty within translated itself, as an in-forming influence, into higher types of exterior beauty. *Apropos* of which I will mention that at one of the remarkable *séances* I held with Mr. Bell

* The truth of it seems to be that the spirit form, materialised from the photographic *pose*, floats erect, resting on air, or on nothing, just as did the horizontal full-length "John King," as described in a preceding letter some couple of months ago. Our custom is that before the photographic *séance* proper, the Count puts the camera at the exact proper focal distance by making Mrs. Firman stand close in front of the curtain of the cabinet, with a candle held up to her face, so as to enable him to catch the exact focus for that distance. When that is well obtained and secured, a folded shawl under her feet marks the spot on which the materialised spirit is to stand for the same focus. This is the way in which the spirits get focussed, at second hand, as it were. Now, when she is thus *posed*, this time against the wall, to establish the focus, her feet rest of course on the ground, or rather on the mattress on which Firman himself was to lie when the *séance* should take place. His body would then necessarily interpose between the camera and the feet and ankles of the materialised form, if the latter occupied exactly the place marked out for it. Its feet and ankles ought, therefore, to be invisible on the plate, being intercepted by Firman's body lying just in front of them. Either the light passed through his body thus interposed, clothes and all, as though they were non-material, or non-existent; or the spirit "Angela," as above described, stood floating in air some six or eight inches above the mattress on which the entranced Firman lay like a log, and on which Mr. Firman had stood for the focussing. I find it easier to believe the latter to have been the case than the former. "Angela" floated and stood erect in air, just as "John King" floated horizontally in the photograph before described to you.

Hammann, in San Francisco (see *Spiritualist* of March 30th, 1877), among the various spirits of old friends who wrote and signed their names was one very familiar and dear, some forty to fifty years ago—an old-maid housekeeper named Priscilla. Poor "Prisey," as she signed herself, was one of the "ugly ducks," but I was sure she became a swan in the spirit life. Especially she had the most awful and double squint I ever saw. After writing several characteristic and identifying things (I was to her still "Johnny," and my mother she referred to, as she invariably did in life, as "Mrs. O'S.," whom she said she "still took care of," adding, "and I have a good deal of care to take of you too"), she said, what I know must be true: "I am as well-looking now as the rest; and, Johnny, I see straight now." What a devoted creature she was, to be sure! And her heart was one burning coal of Love. If I ever get her photograph I am sure she will show as beautiful now as "Angela," upon whose photograph a distinguished painter recently remarked, "What a fine picture of the Holy Virgin could be made from that!" I shall not, therefore, be surprised if the photograph of my mother now should not be recognisable as a portrait, though she was very beautiful in her youth and middle age; (she died in her sixty-ninth year, after about fifteen years of great suffering and helplessness). John King, however, says he will try to preserve her features of the earth life as much as he can. When I have seen her in the materialisations, it has only been in expression and action, and in general form of face, that I could recognise her, though once or twice, when brought within two or three inches of my face, and shown by John King's light, she was wonderfully like her very self of earlier days.

We are led to expect a "surprise" on Monday, 11th. It was to have been given to-day, but John King said the weather was bad, and that he wished not to fail. Something was said which will be very curious, if it proves to have been a foreshadowing of the nature of the "surprise." It is not worth mentioning it now in advance.

Referring to your editorial remarks about Dr. Monck's splendid materialisations, on page 67 of your number of February 8, under the heading of "New Materialisation Phenomena," allow me to remind you that before I came into these *séances* the Count de Bullet had witnessed as many as nine spirits at a single *séance* come forward into the room, full-formed from head to foot, and these at one time, and that the medium was also led forward by them. Also, I have told you how we once had the curtain drawn aside, so as to show us Firman asleep in an armchair, and two spirits on each side of him—namely, Nathalie and Alexandrine on the one side, and my mother and John King on the other—he parading his light in front of them all, so as to show them all five at the same time. I have also fully met your queries about the "living flexible faces." J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

2, Rue Solferino, Paris.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN BIRMINGHAM.

SIR,—Some weeks ago we formed a psychological circle at the appended address, under the mediumship of Mr. John Summerfield, and, being an old reader of your valuable paper, I send you an account of the results.

At our first sitting, the medium was controlled by a philosophic and religious spirit, who made some appropriate remarks for the guidance of the circle; after which, a bell was taken from a shelf and rung over the heads of the sitters; the sitters were touched by materialised hands, which seized the hands of some of the sitters, and took them up towards the ceiling, as far as they could reach. The guides then told the sitters they would try to bring some flowers, which promise they fulfilled, by importing a great variety of flowers in season. The sitters felt the spirit hand placing the flowers between their fingers; most of the flowers were found to be wet.

At our next sitting, several attempts were made to lift the medium on to the table; this, in a little time, they accomplished, and placed him, chair and all, in the centre of the table. After a short time, a chair was floated from the floor on to the table; the chair and table, by knocking, then beat time to the singing; afterwards the chair was floated back to the floor.

At our third sitting, Mr. Summerfield was floated from his seat, over the table, over the heads of the sitters, and placed at the other end of the room. After taking his seat again at the table, he was controlled; a glass of water was fetched from the mantelshelf and held to the medium's lips. While he drank the water, all persons at the table had their hands joined, including the medium.

On Monday evening last we met, according to arrangement, for a flower test. According to instructions received from the guides of the medium, a large covering in the shape of an inverted sack had been provided, and suspended from the ceiling. After being thoroughly searched, Mr. Summerfield was seated on a chair, the sack was drawn over him, and the bottom of it nailed to the floor. After some minutes, the control informed us that we might uncover the medium, and, on doing so, we found the floor strewn with beautiful flowers. The medium also was decorated with flowers; some had been placed in the buttonholes of his coat, some on the top of his head, and other parts of his body. After Mr. Summerfield became conscious, the flowers were divided among the sitters, and a very impressive address from the controlling spirit concluded the *séance*.

I may state that the above *séance* was held while the lamp was burning in the room.

JOHN COLLEY, Sec.

312, Bridge-street West, Birmingham, April 21st, 1878.

THE ALLEGED MYSTICAL TODAS.

SIR,—I should be sorry to endorse Madame Blavatsky's attacks on science, or on those travesties of Christianity which she made the bases of her assaults on it, on the assumption that they were its authorised

opinions; but I do think that she has fair ground of defence against those who impugn her statements about the Todas, such *instar omnium* as "Late Madras C. S."

He has evidently a thorough acquaintance with the region in which those of whom she writes dwell, and where some of them do now perhaps live; but may we not accept what he says as true, and yet find that she is correct in her statements also?

Are there not Todas and Todas? Has he not confounded the followers with their chiefs, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" with the "chosen people?"

All he says refers possibly to the people whom I remember forty-three years ago called Todas generically, the inhabitants of the table-land of the Neilgherry hills, who, until they were accidentally discovered by the two tiger-hunting officers, were utterly unknown to the Indian Government, and who, stranger still, were equally ignorant of the people of the country below their hills. But were these the class of whom Madame Blavatsky writes, any more than an ordinary Hindoo is a Guru, an uninitiated Turk a high Dervish, a vassal of the olden time a Thane, or the "pro-Fanum vulgus" adepts in the Eleusinian mysteries?

Accepting this view, we may well believe that, as she says, "nobody has ever seen more than five or six of them together;" that "they never marry;" that their Goparams and places of worship are "most splendid;" that they have been "moving away to other parts as unknown and more inaccessible than the Neilgherry hills had formerly been," and so on.

Nothing in such statements is inconsistent with the interesting record given by "Late Madras C. S.," of his acquaintance with the ordinary inhabitants of those hills; the essential facts do not contradict one another.

A. T. A.

April 22nd, 1878.

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The following paragraph appears in the last number of *The Christian World* :—

Mr. William Howitt, writing from Rome, says:—"The editor of the *Spiritualist*, commenting on my statement in the *Christian World* of the direct expulsion of Christianity from the programme of the *soi-disant* British National Association of Spiritualists, point blank denies the fact. For more than half a century my name, writings, and character have been familiarly before the public, and nothing is better known than that I am not accustomed to state untruths. This hardy and impudent assertion, of course resulting from the smart of my exposure of the real condition of Spiritualism at present, and of the character of the journal in question, can therefore only recoil on the head of this editor. Any one turning to the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine* of that time will find that in my assault on the shameful programme of the Association, I took care to quote literally the very words of the programme containing the express exclusion of Christianity from their proclamation, and naming the person who had suggested the insertion of this article, a very active medium and lecturer at the present time. In a subsequent number of the same magazine I noted also the erasure of the obnoxious article at a public meeting of the Association, and that avowedly in consequence of my exposure. The thing wasn't done in a corner, and too many people are aware of it for it to be lightly disproved. The editor proceeds to deny the wrangling character of his journal. That is a point that any one can determine for himself by reference to that publication. My great object has been to give a prudent warning to inquirers into Spiritualism under present conditions, and that, I think, I did effectually in my letter in the *Christian World* of March 22; and there I leave the matter."

It will be remembered that three weeks ago Mr. Howitt told the readers of *The Christian World* that the National Association of Spiritualists called upon its members to renounce Christianity. This monstrous statement of his, calculated to arouse wide-spread prejudice, was not true. The two secretaries of the Association wrote to *The Christian World* that there was no truth in the statement.

In the above paragraph Mr. Howitt now asserts that his statement in *The Christian World* was that Christianity was expelled from the programme of the National Association, but it is not true that this alone was his original statement.

His original printed and utterly unfounded statement was, that the members of the Association were called upon to renounce Christianity.

Of course Christianity has no more business in the programme of the National Association than it would have in the programme of the Royal Institution; both these organisations have no desire to interfere with the freedom of religious opinion of their members.

But if any man persuaded hundreds of thousands of people that the Royal Institution called upon its members to renounce Christianity, when the Institution had never for a moment dreamt of doing anything of the kind, and if he did not afterwards most thoroughly and unreservedly apologise for the false statement, his proper place in the social scale would be understood if not expressed.

We have received letters on this subject, not complimentary to Mr. Howitt, but see no use in printing them.

Mr. Howitt's statement is merely not true, and there is an end of the matter. It is Mr. Howitt's duty to withdraw it entirely in the columns in which he made it, and to write an apology to the National Association. There is no other escape for him socially.

We have never felt anything but pleasure at anything Mr. Howitt has printed about *The Spiritualist*, and decline to be led away by him from the main issue, by talking about any such trivial side question. For the last four years he has again and again, amid our silence, abused *en bloc* the most intellectual and honourable Spiritualists in this country, and because he has done so on the ground of his own personal and particular kind of Christianity, it may be worth while at last to stop him. Our Christianity is not that of Mr. Howitt, which to us is heathenism; but, broadly speaking, and with some exceptions, we accept the Christianity of Mr. Havis, and have no sympathy with iconoclastic Spiritualists, who would tear down everything connected with the culture and spirituality of past ages, as well as the science of the present. Mr. Howitt has brought his gall and venom to a maximum by telling in print hundreds of thousands of persons that the National Association of Spiritualists called upon its members to renounce Christianity. Therein, our specially sanctified friend has uttered a "whopper" injurious to the public interests of Spiritualism, and the question now is, in the words of the title of a novel, "What will he do with it?" In watching what he will do with his Frankenstein, we intend to adhere to this vital and important utterance just as pertinaciously as if it had been spoken by the original Pecksniff, who unconsciously sat to Charles Dickens for his portrait.

BODY AND SPIRIT.—Archie Campbell, the head of the Old Town Guard of Edinburgh, was a somewhat remarkable man in his way. His old mother died, and Archie, being well to do in money matters, resolved to take her back to her native place in the Highlands, and did so. Thinking it a great pity to be taking the hearse back to Edinburgh empty, he thought of the plan of sending a few gallons of real small-still smuggled whisky, which he could easily sell to the members of the Town Council with a good profit. After his feelings of regret had got somewhat blunted by years, he used to think it a great joke to say o'er his toddy with some of his cronies—"I took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."—*Dumfries Courier*.

OATHS AMONG SAVAGES.—Among the Nomad races of the North, three kinds of oath are said to be usual—the first and least solemn one being for the accused to face the sun with a knife, pretending to fight against it, and to cry aloud, "If I am guilty, may the sun cause sickness to rage in my body like this knife!" The second form of oath is to cry aloud from the tops of certain mountains, invoking death, loss of children and cattle, or bad luck in hunting, in case of guilt being real. But the most solemn oath of all is to exclaim, in drinking some of the blood of a dog, killed expressly by the elders and burnt or thrown away, "If I die, may I perish, decay, or burn away like this dog."* Very similar is the oath in Sumatra, where, a beast having been slain, the swearer says, "If I break my oath, may I be slaughtered as this beast, and swallowed as this heart I now consume."† The most solemn oath of the Bedouins, that of the cross-lines, is also characterised by the same belief which appears in the case of the slain beast affecting with sympathetic decay the man guilty of perjury. If a Bedouin cannot convict a man he suspects of theft, it is usual for him to take the suspected before a sheikh or kady, and to call on him to swear any oath demanded of him. If the defendant agrees, he is led to a certain distance from the camp, "because the magical nature of the oath might prove pernicious to the general body of Arabs were it to take place in their vicinity." Then the plaintiff draws with his sekin, or crooked knife, a large circle in the sand with many cross-lines inside it, places his right foot inside it, causes the defendant to do the same, and makes him say after himself, "By God, and in God, and through God, I swear I did not take the thing, nor is it in my possession." To make the oath still more solemn, the accused often puts also in the circle an ant and a bit of camel's skin, the one expressive of a hope that he may never be destitute of camel's milk, the other of a hope that he may never lack the winter provision of an ant.‡ Firm, however, as is the savage belief that the consequences of perjury are death or disease—a belief which shows itself not unfrequently in actually inferring the fact of perjury from the fact of death—escape from the obligation of an oath is not unknown among savages. On the Guinea Coast recourse was had to the common expedient of priestly absolution, so that when a man took a draught-oath, imprecating death on himself if he failed in his promise, the priests were sometimes compelled to take an oath too, to the effect that they would not employ their absolving powers to release him. In Abyssinia a similar process seems to be in vogue; for the king, on one occasion having sworn by a cross, thus addressed his servants, "You see the oath I have taken; I scrape it clean away from my tongue that made it." Thereupon he scraped his tongue and spat away his oath, thus validly releasing himself from it. §—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

WAR.

"THE powers that be" are trying hard to drag England into the great crime of a war with Russia; nobody knows what about, so far as ostensible reasons are concerned. The real reasons are that the non-productive classes have been long out of political power; they have been checked in their old habit, as shown by the national statistics, of increasing taxation, of involving England in wars, and of enlarging the national debt. During their last lease of power they did much in this way by bringing all the influence of a great nation to bear on King Coffee, killing him, and bringing back to a majestic empire the umbrella of the poor savage. Now, when they find Russia half bankrupt, and exhausted by a war, they are very brave in bullying, especially as Russia has no fleet to let it create in this country the criminal horrors our Government is likely to inaugurate in other lands. The newspapers never had such hard and prolonged work before to manufacture a war-feeling among the ignorant, to carry out the desires of a few military and political men: but they, at last, have been more or less successful.

It would be well to pass some such resolution as the following, at great public meetings held all over the country, and that, too, without delay:—"That, while regretting that modern civilisation is not yet sufficiently advanced to make the prohibition of all kinds of war possible, this meeting regards any Government (the present one included) which threatens to plunge this country into any aggressive war on the mere speculation that it may prevent a future defensive one, as the natural enemy of the British nation, and of all religion and morality, consequently has no confidence in it whatever, and will exert itself to the utmost to remove it from power." If something like this were passed at crowded meetings all over England within a few days, it would disconcert military men out of work, political men who want to largely tax the industrious for the benefit of a few of their friends, newspaper men who are "in the swim," and other loafers about the clubs, who are few in number, not of much importance in themselves, but doing great harm, just as a farthing rushlight may fire a powder magazine. The ingenuity of *The Standard* in getting out inflammatory placards, and of the *Daily Telegraph* in supporting a Conservative Government, in abusing Mr. Gladstone whose boots it recently licked, and in supporting measures likely to result in the taxation and shooting of many of its readers, shows the fearful ignorance of the populace, who will have to suffer for their sins.

At present, beneficial reforms are out of the Government programme; the taxation of the many, accompanied by expenditure among the few, is going on vigorously, amid the cheers of the ignorant people who pay the cost, and the general position is well summed up in the following paragraph from a country newspaper:—"Our spirited foreign policy is costing money. The Government recently asked for an extra six millions, and they got it, and have spent more than half of it. In the Budget they have increased taxation by four and a half millions sterling. The price of tobacco is raised owing to the higher duty; the income tax is more than double what it was two years ago; the dog license is raised, and there is a prospect of poverty among a large number of families in which the bread-winner is in the reserves now called out. We were promised a spirited foreign policy, and we begin to see that it has its drawbacks."

THE spirit of Benjamin Franklin materialised at a *séance* last evening sufficiently to say in a derisive tone of voice: "Yaas! you claim to have progressed, and you have entered on your second Centennial, and you haven't hung an embezzler or an insurance wrecker yet." And he snorted three times contemptuously, and floated through the stove-pipe hole.—*New York Graphic*.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETING.—On Wednesday, last week, a meeting of Spiritualists, convened by Mr. Enmore Jones, was held at Grafton Hall, London. About eighty persons were present. Floral decorations ornamented the platform, and some twenty or thirty alleged spirit drawings, paintings, and photographs were on view. The Welsh national air, "The Men of Harlech," was played as the speakers and others came on the platform. The meeting was commenced by all joining in singing "We praise Thee, O God" (Jackson). In the course of the evening, "There are angels hovering round," "Sweet bye and bye," and "Thou whose Almighty word," were similarly rendered. The speakers were Mr. J. Enmore Jones (who took the chair, as he had announced that he would do), Mr. H. D. Jencken, Mr. Thomas Shorter, Mr. H. T. Humphreys, Herr C. Reimers, Dr. Peebles, and Dr. Maurice Davies. On the platform were Katie and Maggie Fox (now Mrs. Jencken and Mrs. Kane), the original mediums in whose father's house the first manifestations of modern Spiritualism were given. During the speeches the knockings were frequent and loud, and could be heard throughout the hall; several of the flowers, as arranged on forms along the front of the platform, were seen shaking vigorously, in consequence of the vibrations. Mr. Jones explained that he wished to get up meetings in which Spiritualist ministers and clergymen should take part. He ascribed the thin attendance that night to the wet weather.

* Klemm iii. 63.

† Wuttke, "Geschichte des Heidenthums," 103.

‡ Burchhardt, "Notes on the Bedouins," 73.

§ Latham, Descriptive Ethnology, ii. 93.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

(From "Public Opinion," April 20th.)

PSYCHOGRAPHY: A Treatise on one of the Objective Forms of Psychic or Spiritual Phenomena. By "M.A. (Oxon)." (W. H. Harrison.)—"M.A. (Oxon)" is well known as the pseudonym of a learned man; and his object is to prove that the class of psychic phenomena which is termed psychography, or abnormal writing, is due to the operation of a force and of a governing intelligence external to a human body. That force is conveniently called Psychic, and is, according to him, identical with the Odic or Od force of Reichenbach; the nerve force or Aura of other writers; the Ectenic force of Thury; the Akasa of the Hindus; or, comprehensively, Vital Force. He proposes the term "psychic" and its compounds to be applied to the force, the channel through which it flows, and its various forms of manifestation. This word, which is so much clearer than the horrible and vague word "medium", will be probably adopted by the psychologists who inquire into the genuine phenomena. The first feature of the book which must strike every reader is the rigorously logical manner in which the author has marshalled all the scientific evidence which he could bring to bear on the subject. He has taken as his motto the words of Voltaire, in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, which say that a testimony is sufficient when it rests on a great number of sensible witnesses, who agree on having seen clearly; who are sane, bodily and mentally; who are impartial and disinterested; who unanimously agree; and who solemnly certify to the fact. Such testimony is given from the verbal and written statements of eminent judges, journalists, magistrates, scientific men, conjurers, and generally good witnesses as to the reality of the fact that, under observed conditions, writing has appeared on slates and other objects in the presence of Baron Guldenstübbe, Slade, and Watkins (of New York). The imitation of these phenomena by professional conjurers, either on the stage of the public theatre or within the ranks of what has been called "Spiritualism," has been proved to be of a different nature to that evinced in the presence of the genuine "psychic." The thimble apparatus, the venerated slate, the prepared message, all mark epochs in the series of mere tricks which bear about as much resemblance to the original as the penny telephone does to the genuine instrument. The careful exclusion of all doubtful or problematical cases, and all records which proceed from ardent and superficial observers or mere accomplices to a trick, will help scientific men to solve the problem which has been declared worthy of investigation by some of the most eminent physicists of the age. The real objection which has led to the public ignorance of the phenomena of psychography is the fancied assumption that somebody (who is usually a "psychic" of ill-regulated mind, unacquainted with the value of metaphysical conceptions) is firmly convinced of the doctrine of individual conscious immortality, and wishes to make himself believe, or at least to make other folks believe, that the genuine drivel which is often written under perfectly honest conditions, proceeds from some disembodied spirit. Though we are quite unable to divine what the author's own opinion is on this subject, he gives us three theories which may account for the occurrence of genuine writing under abnormal conditions, without having recourse to a supernatural theory, and so far complying with the creeds of large sections of Christendom as to

Keep the ghosts safe barred in purgatory,

as Dr. F. G. Lee expresses it, or lay them in the Red Sea with Pharaoh and his "Mahedis." But entirely *en écartant* the ghost theory, or that of the "Spiritualists *pur sang*," there are hypotheses which have been advanced by Dr. George Wyld, by Dr. Collyer, and by the Kabalists, each of which accounts for a portion of those facts which are genuine. Such slate-writing as we have seen may be but the unconscious and feeble products of an untrained "spirit," and it is suggested that these unconscious and unregulated psychic phenomena should be discouraged, and that the sure and calculated efforts of a trained will should be substituted for these feeble and uncertain results. The author, though he considers this claim coherent, is apparently inclined to advocate another theory, though none more readily than himself would admit that no "all-round theory" would

explain all the phenomena. His style is eloquent, and parts evince the highest forensic and didactic skill. Graceful and forcible, he appeals to the common sense of his readers rather than to their emotional attributes; and he points out, in language which leaves nothing to be desired for its lucidity and elegance, that a theory which shall cover all the phenomena must be relegated to the day when psychology shall have, by the careful accumulation of such facts as he has collected and verified, risen to the rank of an exact branch of anthropological science.

SIRR'S "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

THE following instance of a prophetic dream is quoted from *China and the Chinese*, by H. C. Sirr, M.A. (Orr and Co., 1849), Vol. I., p. 236:—

"The interior of the island of Chusan is remarkably beautiful and picturesque, and no part is more beautiful than the long valley, christened by Europeans 'Anstruther's Valley,' as it was there that officer fell into the hands of the Chinese. One of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with Captain Anstruther's capture is the following:—Those who believe in dreams, and that 'coming events cast their shadows before,' will, by this recital, have their belief strengthened. The night before the captain was missed, a brother officer, in passing near his tent, heard moans and suppressed groans of agony. Anstruther was awaked by his friend, who inquired what was the matter; the reply was that he had dreamed that the Chinese had surrounded him and made him a prisoner whilst he was out making a survey. Anstruther laughed, thanked his friend for looking in to see what was the matter, and wished him good night; his friend returned the salutation, hied off to the mess to tell Anstruther's dream, and many a hearty guffaw was indulged in at the captain's vision.

"The following day, the 16th of September, Captain Anstruther went out to take a survey in the island, accompanied by an old Lascar (who was the captain's faithful servant), both being, as usual, unarmed. Captain Anstruther was taken prisoner by the Chinese, and the poor old faithful Lascar was butchered before his master's face."

From the same book we learn that parents sell their daughters as wives for material and social advantages, as among people of fashion in England; but in China it is done openly, without hypocrisy. A mandarin gives, sometimes, six thousand taels for a wife; a tael is about six and fourpence of our money. In the middle and lower classes, the affair is managed in a business-like way—by instalments. "At first, what is termed the bargain-money is given—this binds the parents of the female to dispose of her to no other person; the presents are then stipulated for. When the last instalment is paid, and the last gift received, then, and not until then, is the bride transferred to her husband." In these trade marriages the principals have little to do with the matter; sometimes they have not even seen each other, but the relatives arrange the whole thing in the way they think of most advantage to the family. Instead of sending the young lady's portrait to the swain, the mother of the damsel, who is usually active in clinching the bargain, sometimes sends him her shoe, to prove the abnormal smallness of her feet. Chinese marriages being purely matters of business, planned by relatives, and not matters of affection, woman is in no rank regarded as the companion of man; may never but once in her life—that is on her marriage day—take a meal with him at the same table; and, in the lower ranks, is treated much as a beast of burden. Very few amongst the females, of even the highest rank, can read or write. The higher-born are taught to sing a little, and to accompany themselves on a three-stringed guitar; and, being destitute of mental resources, fall early into habits of betel-chewing, tobacco and opium smoking, gossiping, and card-playing. Of the seven causes for which a marriage may be dissolved, disobedience to the husband or his parent is one; talkativeness is another.

THE Earl and Countess of Caithness will return to London in a few days' time.

A LETTER from Mr. W. H. Terry, of Melbourne, dated Feb. 20th, 1878, informs us that Mr. and Mrs. Hardinge Britten were then at Auckland, New Zealand, *en route* for Australia.

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CHAPTER IV.—Direct Clairvoyance or Lucid Vision without the Eyes—Vision of Near Objects; through Opaque Bodies; at a Distance—Sympathy and Clairvoyance in Regard to Absent Persons—Retrospection—Introspection.

CHAPTER V.—Lucid Prevision—Duration of Sleep, etc., Predicted—Prediction of Changes in the Health or State of the Seer—Prediction of Accidents, and of Events Affecting Others—Spontaneous Clairvoyance—Striking Case of It—Spontaneous Retrospection and Prevision—Peculiarities of Speech and of Consciousness in Mesmerised Persons—Transference of Senses and of Pain.

CHAPTER VI.—Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Electro-Psychology and Hypnotism, essentially the same—Phenomena of Suggestions in the Conscious or Waking State—Dr. Darling's Method and its Effects—Mr. Lewis's Method and its Results—The Impresissable State—Control Exercised by the Operator—Gazing—Mr. Braid's Hypnotism—The Author's Experience—Importance of Perseverance—The Subject must be Satisfied.

CHAPTER VII.—Trance, Natural and Artificial; Mesmeric; Trance Produced at Will by the Subjects—Col. Toddinucd—Fakers—Extasis—Extatics not all Imposters—Luminous Emanations—Extasis often Predicted—M. Cahagnet's Extatics—Visions of the Spiritual World.

CHAPTER VIII.—Pirno-Mesmerism—Progress of Pirnoology—Effects of Touching the Head in the Sleep—Variety in the Phenomena—Suggestion—Sympathy—There are Cases in which these Act, and others in which they do not Act—Phenomena Described—The Lower Animals Susceptible of Mesmerism—Fascination Among Animals—Instinct—Sympathy of Animals—Snail Telegraph Founded on It.

CHAPTER IX.—Action of Magnets, Crystals, etc., on the Human Frame—Researches of Reichenbach—His Odylic is Identical with the Mesmeric Fluid of Mesmer, or with the Influence which Causes the Mesmeric Phenomena—Odylic or Mesmeric Light—Aurora Borealis Artificially Produced—Mesmerised Water—Useful Applications of Mesmerism—Physiological, Therapeutic, etc.—Treatment of insanity, Magic, Divination, Witchcraft, etc., explained by Mesmerism, and traced to Natural Causes—Apparitions—Second Sight is Waking Clairvoyance—Predictions of Various Kinds.

CHAPTER X.—An Explanation of the Phenomena Attempted or Suggested—A Force (Odylic) Universally Diffused, Certainly Exists, and is Probably the Medium of Sympathy and Lucid Vision—Its Characters—Difficulties of the Subject—Effects of Odylic—Somnambulism—Suggestion, Sympathy—Thought-Reading—Lucid Vision—Odylic Emanations—Odylic Traces followed up by Lucid Subjects—Magic and Witchcraft—The Magic Crystal, and Mirror, etc., Induce Waking Clairvoyance—Universal Sympathy—Lucid Perception of the Future.

CHAPTER XI.—Interest Felt in Mesmerism by Men of Science—Due Limits of Scientific Caution—Practical Hints—Conditions of Success in Experiments—Cause of Failure—Mesmerism a Serious Thing—Cautions to be Studied—Opposition to be Expected.

CHAPTER XII.—Phenomena Observed in the Conscious or Waking State—Effects of Suggestion on Persons in an Impresissable State—Mr. Lewis's Experiments With and Without Suggestion—Cases—Dr. Darling's Experiments—Cases—Conscious or Waking Clairvoyance, Produced by Passes, or by Concentration—Major Buckley's Method and Cases—The Magic Crystal Induces Waking Lucidity, when Gazed at—Cases—Magic Mirror—Mesmerised Water—Egyptian Magic.

CHAPTER XIII.—Production of the Mesmeric Sleep—Cases—Eight out of Nine Persons Recently Tried by the Author Thrown into Mesmeric Sleep—Sleep Produced without the Knowledge of the Subject—Suggestion in the Sleep—Pirno-Mesmerism in the Sleep—Sympathetic Clairvoyance in the Sleep—Cases—Perception of Time—Cases—Sir J. Franklin; Major Buckley's Case of Retrospection.

CHAPTER XIV.—Direct Clairvoyance—Cases—Travelling Clairvoyance—Cases—Singular Visions of Mr. D.—Letters of Two Clergymen, with Cases—Clairvoyance of Alexis—Other Cases.

CHAPTER XV.—Trance—Extasis—Cases—Spontaneous Mesmeric Phenomena—Apparitions—Predictions.

CHAPTER XVI.—Curative Agency of Mesmerism—Concluded: Remarks, and Summary.

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