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OF THE FUNDAMENTAL CONDITIONS OF
TRANSCENDENTALISM.

V.

The philosophic career in a practical sense opens, as before explained in part, with the dawn of a new and superiorly related consciousness within the present life of man.

No stable truth is to be found in the secular spirit according to the old traditions. The phenomena arising from its self-conscious relationship apart from the objectivity of the senses or during their entrancement, were looked upon as illusory and mutable as are sand-hills on the sea-shore, which yield to the pressure of the winds and waves of which they are the sport and outcome. So far some modern metaphysicians are in accord with early doctrine where (as Hégel before cited) they make mere sensorial perception to be below and not above the natural state of conscious relation that is already established with the external world through the senses.

A higher order of perception however than this occasionally presents itself under Mesmeric or other abnormal conditions when, by a further solution of the Sensory its Principle awakening, introduces the promise and potency of better things.

Yet not until this fundamental Principle was absolutely freed and its existence freely recognised was there considered to be, comparatively speaking, any conscious criterion of Truth in life at all; much less a sense of true relation to the universal Causality whence this ray of hope, faith and love derives.

Again, while this ray was becoming as a ferment vitally established by philosophy, there was a fluctuating interval long, it might be life long, between the initial concept of and the birth of the new conscience. Longer still betwixt the first discipline of self-knowledge and the attainment of divine wisdom.

This interval so obscure as respects external manifestation, yet prominent in philosophic and religious literature, is filled in with rudimentary doctrine and cosmogonies and by heroic story—the story of “the soul in her philosophy,” “the story radical” it has been called—which is not a cheerful story, but one of progress by

the severest actuality of, and proximity of antagonism possible from beginning to end. It consists for the most part of beginnings and endings, a tale of strifes reiterating, and of extreme endurance; rehearsing sorrows, toils, wrongs and reversals of justice notwithstanding so much of divine counsel and succour as is brought in to aid, drawn and withdrawn; for the contest must still proceed. It is the singular character of their common hero, however diversified, that lends the chief interest to these narrations. The old heroic character is distinct as it is universal and hard to define, disclosing, as it does throughout, the unearthly type on which he is formed. The magnanimity, generosity, ardour, refinement of ordinary virtue are transcendentalised in him; a pure unalloyed nobility runs through him and he has a soul allied to the divine. His birth typifies this; he is a demi-god and claims on one side or other always celestial parentage; he is an exile on this earth; his faith, hope, love, aim were supernatural as was his strength also on occasion. He pursued on the field of battle and adventure something which lay beyond it. The objects which the visible scene around him supplied, served to draw him out and gave him material to energise upon; but while using these, he did not rest upon them; they were instrumental to him and not final; they represented something above themselves which he was really pursuing while he was pursuing them. He was under divine guidance; the glory which swam before his eyes and drew him after it was not his own selfish greatness, but a greatness out of himself. A vivid form of divine wisdom preceded, receding sometimes before him, luring him on, dazzling him and promoting his enthusiasm but through self-sacrifice. It was a light from another sun, a kindly kindred beam, that led him, a sample of the Olympian Day-Dawn which had been sent down here to tempt allure and raise. The rage invincible, the lion grasp, the wars with men and beast are not what make him heroic; he might have all these and still only be an animal, monster, prodigy, a beast more powerful and dreadful than those he destroys. What makes him heroic is a certain fine element, (as the late Dr. Mozley eloquently distinguishes) a supernatural vein: a nature which does not mix with the common human mass, or share its motives, but cuts clean and distinct like some pure metal through it.* A new and fiery Law is at work, in short, dissolving the old Image and substituting its own pattern through-

* Essay on Carlyle's Cromwell.

out the opposite Organism, and the sufferings of the former are aggravated by the pre-occupation by the latter of his own strength.

For the new tension is weak in the beginning and interactionarily dependent, as may be better understood in the sequel; he must relapse and detain life through death, in order to draw strength from the life of his natural antecedents to reconstruct their whole. Just as the natural soul was shown to be of its body the resulting *entelechy* or accomplishment, so this, our psychic ultimate, is further announced as becoming, in process of philosophic evolution and assimilative resumption, the purified body of that immortal Principle, Spirit, heroic or constructive Intellect which differentiates this, when free to do so, for its own display.

Each one has in himself the seed of his own renovation. Principle, being established in man as a god (says Plato) produces all things rightly if it finds a certain congruous portion.* In order to find this Principle he must be dislodged and his habitation made void before the simple non-being or "congruous portion" can be substituted by which to build up a new. Evil is sown, as it is written in Esdras; if therefore that which is sown be not turned upside down, and if the place where the evil is sown pass not away, then cannot it come which is sown with the good. †

Every evolution is *a priori*, that is to say by return into first elements, but it is the Principle that positively evolves everywhere, by and not from present conditions, according to the first philosophers; above all therefore when the Whole of principle will evolve throughout, the fundamental conditions must be pure and simple. Early doctrine converges constantly to the same conclusion, and the progress was looked upon as that of a royal essence, and as heroic even in a shepherd's guise.

Turning to a summary of the "new experience" itself without critical regard or question for the moment, in Virgil's version of the story of Aristæus, before referred to, we further read that when the shepherd's own resources were at an end and utter privation was threatening unless a certain physical restitution could be brought about, his ætherial mother, at his earnest prayer, admitted him underneath her fluent realms to touch the threshold of divinity—

Duc age duc ad nos, fas illi limine divum
Tangere ait :— *Georgic IV. 357.*

—to become conversant with the precincts

* *Timæus*, book 11. by the Athen: Guest.
† 11 *Esdras* c. iv, v. 28, 29.

Panchoean fires, sacrifices and food. Further next some ceremonial details and peculiar instructions, unnecessary now to delay about, he is demitted thence to find a remedy for his misfortunes, as Menelaus and others were sent before him, to the cave of Proteus, *cœruleus Proteus* who knows all things and has charge of all; but who will reveal nothing salutary unless he is constrained thereto by a certain compulsory expedient.

The same according to the well-known tradition of the poets was Neptune's herdsman, an old man and a most extraordinary prophet, who understood the event of things from their beginning and was the revealer and interpreter of all antiquity. Orpheus makes him to be the omniform whole basis of material things, holding the keys of their first knowledge midway in transition out of the infinite everywhere. He lived under the ocean and in an abstruse cave, where, by the shore, his custom was to tell over his herd of sea-calves at noon and then to sleep. Whoever consulted him had no alternative but by means of the expedient above alluded to, binding him with manacles and fetters, from which, endeavouring to free himself, he would change into all kinds of shapes and miraculous forms of wild beasts and of elementary natures, eluding through all, until at length he reluctantly resumed his own shape and under a final pressure explained himself.

To find, wrestle with, and construe a nature of this abstruse kind then were the heroes sent; to no immaterial Daimon it would seem; the person of Proteus, according to Lord Bacon's view, denotes matter, the oldest of all things after God Himself under the vast concavity of the heavens.* But where is there any such matter to be found in fact as is at once omniform and uniform, intelligent, self-explanatory, oral, prophetic, dominant, obedient, formless, medial, human, royal, divine—such as he refers to as subsisting at the time of the creation or in potentiality before the six days work began?† Surely such a "protistal kingdom" is no where yet quite scientifically recognised? The protoplasm, so called, of modern science, is not the Proteus of the old poets; not a clear representation of his herd even. Neither is it theoretically possible that a subject so predicated of, as is their famous First Matter by the old philosophers, should be tackled by inferior elements or be at all discriminated, tested, or handled by any such instruments and appli-

* *Wisdom of the Ancients*, 13.
† *Idem Fable of Proteus*

ances as are in the *Sylva Sylvarum* apparently proposed with such a design.*

This primordial matter was assumed therefore by the faithful interpreter in implicit agreement with the Ancients to suit their fable which it does suit; but these treat of it in a very different way, and with such a latitude of assertion about and intimacy with its vagaries as perplexed Lord Bacon, who disregarded the esoteric ground of philosophy, and betrayed him into some indiscriminate adoptions from the schoolmen and Roger Bacon's Alchemy. Under an exoteric conception of their physics likewise, which do not essentially differ perhaps, Democritus is preferred to his contemporaries, and succeeding philosophies are all more or less condemned. For men formerly, as he complains, took false experiments on credit from one another, regarded things negligently, feigned elements, put off tangible promises by substituting names of virtues, actions, passions, and such like logical words.† Whereas the shortcomings referred to appear to have been otherwise understood, many apparent inconsistencies and contradictions even of language to have harmonised, and those same impracticable experiments to have found careful discussion, peculiarly subtle correction sometimes or corroboration behind the veil where those men met one another who adopted them; and who appear to be unanimously treating of and scrutinising not common physics, chemics, ethics, mechanics or mathematics, but prior ætherial activities—the laws, relations, perceptions, passion and conscious evolution of a whole and exempt Basis. As may be seen by their definitions which agree with no resultant material either of fermented elements, atoms, lights, gases or other elastic or media that are either empirically acknowledged or apprehensible; but they speak, as before suggested, as if out of another perception of things, of the psychological root and living whole of Nature, and of the ontology of a concealed ground.

Yet neither is it therefore with reference to mere abstractions, they seem to contend about the thread-bare web of dialectic or mere visionary results; but their analyses were professedly conversant with the composition of life itself, as viewed identically, and with recreative evolutions from out those psychical elements which were at once the test, weight and corpuscular substance of that wisdom which was their common goal. Some originally distin-

* *History of Rarity and Density*.
† *Adv. of Learning*, book 11 and *Sylva* 98.

guishing these, call them celestial elements, ætherial, philosophic, angelic, pure elements of heaven and earth essential; to behold which Plato in *Phædo* says is the spectacle of blessed spectators; Proklus, commenting on a passage in Timæus to the same general effect, advises what we are to understand by those heavens and earth. For the true earth, he explains is not this corporeal formed gross bulk; but earth proceeds from the catholic axis everywhere which in itself comprehends all the orders of the gods, and is eternally established in the Father and abides perpetually in the centre of the heavens, and being contained on all sides by them is full of generative power and demiurgic perfection.* Being no less a thing either according to Scholastic witnesses than the body of Divine Will in its residual centrality, and which Plato elsewhere calls the Good. But heaven, say they, is by the reflex relation of intelligence with this Efficient Absolute which may be conjoined to Intellect and is its true end.

Statements of such kind, however, implying as they constantly do, an intellectual sense and insight that are not developed under ordinary conditions, clear nothing as to their objective reference either than do those concerning the Protean element of all things unless or until, by a kindred baptism into this, its proper discernment is awakened and made a whole new sensorial faculty intuitive of the same life through all.

As Clemens Alexandrinus, further intimately witnessing, says that hence the greatest discipline is to know oneself, since he who can know himself will perceive God; knowing (or being known rather of) God however he will become assimilated to God; not as a bringer of gifts but as a good worker as far as may be absolutely indigent, wanting, as it were, all things. For he who wants nothing is God alone, who especially rejoices to see us purifying from the dianoetic cincture of the *Kosmos* and temperately clad.† No longer outwardly, then, moving at different times by different impulses, but receding into itself, the antithetic circuit will be converted to Itself; will be subject to its reason or principle which is a part of the philosophic death preliminarily designed; will then supply a separate existence; will not be an opposite subject or objective chimæra, any longer when it is subdued. In default of which subjugation, however, and without the purificative preparation for and active discipline

of that rational and divine guidance which the philosophic fables constantly devise and doubly provide for, the retrotypic wheel will remain in the ascendant, the Dragon, Sphinx, Circe, Sirberus, Ceylla and the rest that represent the sensorial selfhood in its severance, will prevail. But the life is rational, it is argued, so far as it regards Itself (*i.e.* to say, its principle.) For in being converted to, it resumes Itself: is no longer adversary, but is becoming conscious in its own causality. When therefore it returns into its proper nobility, concludes Synesius, it becomes the store-house of truth. For it is then pure and perfectly immaculate and has power of willing to become a god and a prophet.*

And other Christian writers of the same and subsequent periods, likewise substituting their own religious exercises and doctrine over Pagan remnants, have recognised in the ancient Proteus a psychical truth of this kind, which disguises itself adversarially, in the first place, to the inner sense in a thousand different ways lying concealed under false appearances from which it cannot be extricated without great difficulty. And since no man, as they agree, can attain to the Catholic Antecedence truly except through a renewal of the finite totality that is in himself, or understand naturally or believe in that exactly which subverts the experience of this life, controverts its reason and supplants its light—hence it is difficult to treat of such a subject at all; not only difficult to find the demiurgus of the world, as Plato says, but to speak of him when found.

This, argues Plotinus, is indicated by the mandate of the Mysteries, which orders that they shall not be divulged to the uninitiated, for, as that which is divine cannot be unfolded to the multitude, so this mandate forbids the attempt to elucidate it to any but such as are fortunately able to perceive it.† For every such, knowledge is a conversion simply; and since, therefore, in the transport or passover, as he describes it, there were not two things, but the perceiver was one with the thing perceived, whoever becomes one by mingling with the Fountain, and returning afterwards, recollects this union, will have with himself a remnant of it. Prior also to the vision, it requires that there should be, in a certain degree, that which will further remain from the vision, in order to its acceptance (if the conception is to be true, that is to say, identic, and without any

* Book iv, and on the Theology, book iv, c. v. and x.

† *Paedagogus*, lib. iii, c. i.

* *De Somniis* also *Fragments of Damacius and Justin Martyr* Apol. ii. On *The Good*, xi.

† On *The Good*, xi.

iniquitous intervention or stumbling-block.) But that which remains to him who passes beyond all things, is that which is, in a secondary sense prior to all things and their First Matter.

The First Matter of the first philosophers was life itself, not as wholly existent, but as potential. As of that essence, the existence of which is life, Porphyry explains, and the passions of which are lives, the death also consists in a certain life, and not in a total privation of vitality, because neither is the deprivation of life in this essence a passion or path that leads entirely to a non-vital subsistence, being composed, as is further shown, from those bodies, entities, monads, spheric atoms or ætherial fixations, which are the universal material of Nature, which by solutions are to be found and have been found, according to the same testimony, but in the ordinary paths or ways of Nature are not suffered to appear.*

Nowhere, that is to say without a separation of the vital forces that engender it everywhere, and which only therefore can identically discover, by re-evolving the same *Deo regente*, upon its own chaotic and divulsed relations. *Nec est volentis aut currentis, sed soliusmi serentis Dei.*

He is not a happy man, we are assured on all hands, in whom his life-source is awakened. The undertaking to visit Proteus was of necessity in every case; and unless the analytic reason be already prepared beforehand and divinely appointed to grapple with such a deity, he, and not the rash Aspirant, will prevail.

And here, in harmony with this tentative, halting lead from without into nothing, as it may be said, but the imagination of an old conceit—since the heaven-born faculty has to be assumed throughout nearly, and external judgment is more or less frustrated by the supposition of a theurgic occupation from beginning to end—it may not be irrelevant to suggest that the cave in which Cyrene is fabled to have dwelt and wherein the fathers of fable have made so many nymphs to weave and take delight, appears to be no other than the entrance to the ætherial organisms or life-sphere, so described, as lovely to him who first enters, through its participation of forms; but obscure to him who surveys its foundation and examines with a rectified eye. The basic æther will recede more, supposing the autoptic survey, the further the superior tension penetrates; the generated

* *Aids to the Perception of Intelligibles*, 24, and Raymundi Lullu, *De Theorica et Practica*. Pref.

proplasm will retract into its concave, will grow more debilitated and untensed, more obscure and Cimmerian as the light of its antetype evolves. Nor can this find any centre there but through the constrictive discovery of its own.

NOËMON.

—
If I have done any deed worthy of remembrance, that deed will be my monument. If not, no monument can preserve my memory.—*Agostilus*.

AMERICAN REPORTERS:—American newspapers are queer things when they will give space to the utterances about respectable people, of a man like Mr. Fletcher. *The Boston Daily Globe* of July 17th, says that Mr. Henry Mapleson told some funny stories about the experiences of his wife, Marie Roze-Mapleson, and himself, in their operative tour to Texas. "Perhaps the reporters," he said, "were our worst plague. They began early in the morning. When I first opened my bedroom door, I was sure to find one or two of them sitting outside it. No detail was too small for them. They would follow us around and give scraps of our conversation, and one fellow even sat at the same dinner table with us in Kansas city, and printed a list of all the things my wife ate, making it about five times as long as the truth called for, and adding such trifles as four oranges, six pieces of cake, etc. My wife was so angry when this account appeared in the afternoon paper, that we determined to have our supper in our room, but, as the landlord would not consent to that, I bought a steak during the evening, and Marie Roze, still dressed as Helen of Troy, cooked it over a spirit lamp. We enjoyed it immensely, and congratulated ourselves that no reporter would know anything about that supper. Just as we were getting into bed, a knock was given on the door. 'Who's there,' I called out. The answer came back through the key-hole: 'I am a reporter of the *Morning Buzzard*, and I want to know what you had for supper. That *Evening Crow* fellow got ahead of me on the dinner, but I'll fetch him on the supper.'"

"SANCTIFICATIONISTS":—The readers of the *Herald* will remember the strange conduct of a German family who last winter resided on East Bryan Street, this city, composed of father, mother, daughter and son. They were devout members of the religious fanatic sect known as "Sanctificationists," who, by their peculiar ideas of religious observance, brought themselves into such notorious repute through the city and state press, refusing food, raiment or other comforts and necessities of life, claiming that God would furnish all these in due time and manner, and that when they had reached a certain state of purity they would be translated from earth to heaven, after the manner of Elijah. They persistently refused to recognise or associate in any degree with any save their own sect. The city authorities, recognising the fact that they were labouring under a peculiar phase of insane fanaticism took charge of the afflicted family, taking them to the City Hospital, where they remained until considered recovered, when they disappeared from the public mind and observation. Early on Sunday morning, information was received by the county authorities that Mrs. Mahler had committed suicide by drowning in a pool of four-foot water, on the farm of Colonel McCoy, seven miles east of the city. She had made several ineffectual attempts to take her life, but failed. Among other efforts, she had a week previously attempted to run herself to death, sinking in an exhausted state where she was taken charge of by the neighbours.—*The Dallas Herald, Texas.*

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THE DAUGHTER OF
LOLA MONTEZ.

Mrs. Debar, the Princess Editha, daughter of Lola Montez, is practising clairvoyance, psychology, Spiritualism, or whatever it may be, in New York. A special feature of her manifestations is the painting of pictures on the ceiling overhead by unseen hands. Leclair and Bierstadt, the artists, are among her most enthusiastic believers. Leclair gives his entire confidence to the woman, and Bierstadt has samples of the paintings, of which the artistic merit is small, but the creation a marvel, which he would not sell for a thousand dollars. The *séances* of the Princess Editha are held in broad daylight or under the blaze of a chandelier; everything apparently is as open as the day. Upon a silk, satin or canvass surface, fastened to the window curtain or to the wall above the head, will at her sign appear a delicately executed painting, landscape, marine or decorative study, which is handed to someone present to keep. There is a growing circle of private and public characters who are becoming converts to a spell that works anything so tangible and abiding as an oil painting made before the eyes, without colour or brush.—*Philadelphia Sunday Press, July 10th.*

THE Countess of Caithness has left Paris for Deauville.

SOME news about the alleged "adepts" has reached us from India too late for publication till next week.

DR. MAURICE DAVIES has left London to fulfil a combination of ecclesiastical and educational duties in South Africa. He is to be the curate or assistant of Dr. Williams, of Grahamstown, and the master of the Cathedral Grammar School in that place.

THE two physical mediums, the Holmeses, whose merits and demerits are so well known, are in great distress, and appealing to American Spiritualists for funds to prevent their house at Vineland, New Jersey, being sold over their heads to satisfy claims amounting to about five hundred dollars.

A MAN who can act with a cheerful and easy conscience is trusted by high and low. He is quite independent, and may stand forth like a prince, though clad in the garb of poverty. Whoever knows him honors him; and he stands without fear before the judgment seat, and looks death steadfastly in the face.—*Zschokke.*

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD:—We regret to state that Mr. Edwin Arnold, who is now in Scotland, is unwell with a nervous disorder, and has been obliged to rest from his literary labours for some months. His recent book, *The Light of Asia*, is exerting a strong influence over the religious thought of the age, and very many pirated editions of it have been issued by the more unprincipled class of American publishers. At the Lake Bluff Camp Meeting of Evangelical people, near Chicago, the book was said to be exercising a strong influence upon Christian missions. Mr. Trübner has conferred a public benefit by issuing a new English edition at a cheap price.

INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

Many of the members of the International Medical Congress were disappointed by the withdrawal from the list, of the promised demonstration in Hypnotism by Dr. Beard, of New York.

Some gentlemen of authority on the subject attended for the purpose of having a discussion, among them a distinguished German professor, Dr. Preyer, of Berlin, who has lately written a book in which he entirely supports the claims of the late Mr. Braid, of Manchester, to the merit of making all the essential discoveries lately claimed by Haidenhain.

The son of the late Dr. Braid was among the members of the Congress.

On Monday last, at the Asiatic Society's Rooms, Professor Tamburini exhibited some interesting respiratory traces taken from patients in various stages of the hypnotic state. These traces of the beating of the heart, made by self-recording apparatus, he considers may be valuable from a medico-legal point of view.

It may fall within the memory of our readers, that a few years ago, a man murdered his child, when in the somnambulistic condition, having mistaken the child for a noxious animal. This man was immediately acquitted by the jury, when he made the touching plea, "Guilty in my sleep, but not guilty in my waking state." The judge, however, very properly had the medico-legal aspect of the case discussed before the jury, the evidence for the prosecution tending to show that the accused was insane at the moment the crime was committed; while that of a distinguished expert went to prove that the subject of the somnambulistic attack was not insane, though he acknowledged that it was very hard to draw the distinction between true insanity and disordered imagination.

We mention this case to show how very useful such an application of scientific instruments as that indicated by Professor Tamburini, might be made, if in place of a jury of sensible men, the case had been tried before a number of specialists.

MARRIAGE:—We have received from Mademoiselle Julie Lessard, and from the father and mother of the bride, information of the marriage of Mademoiselle Emilie Haettiger to Monsieur J. Lessard (P. Verdad), at Nantes, last Monday. Our and other invitations to the wedding, closed with the words:—"Veuillez adresser à Dieu et aux bons esprits, ses messagers, vos prières pour que cette union soit profitable à l'avancement spirituel des jeunes époux."

REMARKABLE SEANCES.

No. III.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

At our next *séance*, on Monday, January 24th, 1869, Lady Louisa Kerr, Lady de Hoghton, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Home, and Signor Rondi dined with me. My son was also of the party, which, thus numbered eight persons. Unfortunately, at dessert questions arose between two of the guests, and a little want of harmony. We sat down to the *séance* not in the best mood, and though the table soon began to move, and to give signs that our invisible friends were present, it could not be called a good *séance* by any means. Lady Louisa again felt a hand; we were nearly all touched, but there were long pauses. However, the accordion played very well. I asked it to play *The Last Rose of Summer*, and then it came round to me of its own accord, as if by an impulse. Mr. Home told me to take it in my hand, which I did, holding it with all my strength, for it was pulled in and out with great force while it played in my hand the melody I had asked for. Suddenly, while we were all talking round the table, and much engrossed, the great heavy sofa, which I can hardly move, came up with a strong rush, nearly knocking Mr. Home over on to the table. It was very curious, and made a great noise.

Before we rose we asked the spirits why it had not been a good *séance*, and the answer was played out by alphabet on the accordion "Great want of—Harmony—," which latter word was played in beautiful cadences, as an harmonious rendering of the word. The next message was in the same style, "Poor mortals in—Discord—," and some very discordant passages were played. Three loud raps were given, and "Antrim" was spelt out.

DR. JOHN PURDON, who knows more about the physiology of mediumship than any other living man, has been in London during the past week.

MATERIALISM AT FAULT:—By the last Indian mail we have received from Madras a copy of *The Philosophic Inquirer*, a weekly journal printed half in English and half in Tamil, and to which our friend Mr. H. G. Atkinson is one of the contributors. It contains the following utterance by the Archdeacon of Madras:—"Although hygiene and sanitation may do a great deal of good in a variety of ways, there is a point at which they stop; there is a point where we want something to step in, which the race-horse can never get, to teach a man something of higher and nobler things, to elevate his mind above what he eats and drinks, to teach him that his soul is immortal and that he has divine things to attend to."

THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

Truth recently printed an article on the Countess of Caithness and her establishment in Paris, so we, being on the spot, have revised and corrected it, freely striking out some portions and adding others, with the appended result.

Lady Caithness has been thoroughly adopted by the Faubourg St. Germain, the old and aristocratic quarter of the city, where she has decided to live during the Paris season. The winter she will spend in her pretty villa at Nice, and August and September at some Spa or watering place. This year it will be at Deauville. She has hired the whole first floor and garden of one of the stateliest mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain, the Hôtel Pozzo di Borgo, in the Rue de l'Université, and the exclusive use of the grand hall and stairs. The Duke Pozzo di Borgo, her landlord, the Duchess and family, occupy the ground floor. The six drawing-rooms, ball-room, dining-room, boudoir, and her ladyship's bed-room have been furnished in a style which to some extent explains why she is so warmly welcomed by the friends and relations of her ducal landlord. A great part of the furniture which she had at Portland-place has been brought to the Rue de l'Université; but, as it did not suffice for the state rooms of the Hôtel Pozzo di Borgo, considerable additions have been made. Notwithstanding their sumptuousness, these apartments have the air of living-rooms. There is a good deal of feminine taste, combined with solid grandeur. It would be impossible to detect a false note in the polychrome objects of *vertu* and decorative stuffs. A full-length portrait of the Countess is at the head of the stairs, beside an excellent one of Lord Caithness; another, of kit-kat dimensions, by Winterhalter, and very like a profile portrait of the Empress Eugénie, with a "cascade" of ringlets falling over her neck, is in the yellow drawing-room.

The Duc de Pomar lives under the same roof with his mother, but has a whole wing of the Hôtel Pozzo di Borgo, and a set of stables for himself. He has, since he came to live abroad, much ripened, and in ripening improved. His manners are *sui generis*, which, in this monotonous age of the universal white cravat and swallow-tail black coat, is not without its merits. In the Faubourg St. Germain, this young Duke is preached up as an example of filial devotion. He is too much occupied with the real life of society at present, to amuse himself by giving the world any pictures of it, which is to be regretted, as few have better opportunities for describing it accurately.

Lady Caithness being in deep mourning, only receives in a very quiet and intimate way. Her widow's weeds are exactly copied from pictures of Marie Stuart. The black cap, pointed on the forehead, and swelling out over the temples, was not chosen from coquetry, but from sympathy with the ill-starred Scottish Queen, whose spirit ever haunts all rooms inhabited by her ladyship. At the same time, this headgear is just the one to show to the greatest advantage a sweet and regular profile. A little black and tan dog is always on her train when she walks or sits down, and running after her when she moves. If she sings, he, at the end of the song, barks out an *encore*, which is proof that dogs can appreciate good music. Lady Caithness plays her own accompaniments. Her touch on the piano is crisp and expressive. If she knew how perfectly she sings Spanish melodies, she would not prefer to them Italian songs and French romances.

Evidences of great good taste, shown really without ostentation, predisposed, it may be assumed, the nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain in favour of Lady Caithness. It has since been observed that she has what the grandees of the Second Empire vainly longed for—servants who have grown old in her service. There is no better *genre* than to be surrounded by domestics who have grown grey in one's own livery. It implies a firm and orderly household administration and kindness on the side of the employer.

Some think that Lady Caithness has made a mistake since she came to live abroad, in allowing foreigners to style her Duchesse de Pomar, but they do so not knowing the truth, which is that the title has been conferred upon her *personally*, at the instigation of the Queen of Spain, with whom she is a great favorite. This does not in any way affect her right to the more ancient and honourable Scotch title, which she wears with great dignity, and which she loves, as belonging to the country of her husband, and of the beautiful and unhappy martyred Queen, whose spirit still lingers and watches over the land of her love, and also over the child of her adoption, which the Countess of Caithness appears to have good spiritual reasons for believing herself to be. These reasons, if our suggestions are of avail, she may one day give the curious in spiritual matters, by the publication of the Record she keeps of the intercourse she has so long enjoyed with her gentle guardian.

DR. J. M. GULLY has returned from Italy.

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. Preference is given to letters which are not anonymous.]

MADAME BLAVATSKY ON "THE HIMALAYAN BROTHERS."

Sir,—“On the authority of an adept” (?) “they” (the Theosophists and Madame Blavatsky) “are all mediums under the influence of the lower spirits.” Such is the sentence used by you in an editorial review of Mr. Sinnett’s “Occult World” (*Spiritualist*, June 17th) Doubtful as its pertinency might appear, I personally found nothing very objectionable in it, the more so, as elsewhere you do me the honour to express your conviction that (whether controlled by good or bad spirits) I yet am a “strong physical medium”—that term precluding at least the suspicion of my being a regular impostor. This letter then is not directed against you, but rather against the pretensions of a would-be “adept.” Another point should be also attended to before I proceed, in order that the situation may be as clearly defined as possible.

Finding myself for the period of nearly seven years one of the best abused individuals under the sun, I rather got accustomed to that sort of thing. Hence, I would hardly take up the pen now to defend my own character. If people, besides forgetting that I am a woman, and an old woman, are dull enough to fail to perceive that had I declared myself anything in creation, save a Theosophist and one of the founders of our Society, I would have been in every respect—materially as well as socially—better off in the world’s consideration, and that therefore, since, notwithstanding all the persecution and opposition encountered, I persist in remaining and declaring myself one, I cannot well be that charlatan and pretender some people would see in me—I really cannot help it. Fools are unable, and the wise unwilling to see the absurdity of such an accusation, for as Shakespeare puts it:

“Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote.”

It is not then to defend myself that I claim space in your columns, but to answer one whose *ex-cathedra* utterances have revolted the sense of justice of more than one of our Theosophists in India, and to defend them—who have a claim on all the reverential feeling that my nature is capable of.

A new correspondent, one of those dangerous, quasi-anonymous individuals who abuse their literary privilege of hiding their true personality and thus shirk responsibility behind an initial or two, has lately won a prominent place in the columns of your journal. He calls himself an “adept;” that is easy enough, but does or rather can he prove it? To begin with, in the sight of the Spiritualists as much as in that of sceptics in general, an “adept,” whether he hails from Thibet, India, or London, is all one. The latter will persist in calling him an impostor; and the former, were he even to prove his powers, in seeing in him either a medium or a juggler. Now your “J. K.” when he states in the *Spiritualist* of June 24th, that “the phenomena attendant upon real adeptship are on an entirely different plane from Spiritualism” risks, may be sure to have every one of the above epithets flung in his face by both the above mentioned classes.

Could he but prove what he claims, namely, the powers conferring upon a person the title of an initiate, such epithets might well be scorned by him. Aye,—but I ask again, is he ready to make good his claim? The language used by him, to begin with, is not that which a true adept would ever use. It is dogmatic and

authoritative throughout, and too full of insulting aspersions against those who are not yet proved to be worse or lower than himself; and fails entirely to carry conviction to the minds of the profane as of those who do know something of adepts and initiates—that it is one of such proficients who now addresses them. Styling himself an adept, whose “Hierophant is a western gentleman,” but a few lines further on he confesses his utter ignorance of the existence of a body which cannot possibly be ignored by any true adept! I say “cannot” for there is no accepted neophyte on the whole globe but at least knows of the Himalayan Fraternity. The sanction to receive the last and supreme initiation, the real “word at low breath” can come but through those fraternities in Egypt, India, and Thibet to one of which belongs “Koot Hoomi Lal Singh.” True, there is “adept” and adept, and they differ, as there are adepts in more than one art and science. I, for one, know in America of a shoemaker, who advertised himself as “an adept in the high art of manufacturing Parisian cothurns.” J. K. speaks of Brothers “on the soul plane” of “divine Kabbalah culminating in God” of “slave magic” and so on, a phraseology which proves to me most conclusively that he is but one of those dabblers in western occultism which were so well represented some years ago, by French-born “Egyptians” “and Algerians” who told people their fortune by the *Tarot*, and placed their visitors within enchanted circles with a Tetragrammaton inscribed in the centre. I do not say J. K. is one of the latter, I beg him to understand. Though quite unknown to me and hiding behind his two initials I will not follow his rude example and insult him for all that. But I say and repeat that his language sadly betrays him. If a Kabbalist at all, then himself and his “Hierophant” are but the humble self-taught pupils of the mediæval, and so-called “Christian” Kabbalists; of adepts, who, like Agrippa, Kunrath, Paracelsus, Vaughan, Robert Fludd and several others, revealed their knowledge to the world *but to better conceal it*, and who never gave the key to it in their writings. He bombastically asserts his own knowledge and power, and proceeds to pass judgment on people of whom he knows and can know nothing. Of the “Brothers” he says: “If they are true adepts they have not shown much worldly wisdom, and the organization which is to inculcate their doctrine is a complete failure, for even the very first psychical and physical principles of true theosophy and occult science are quite unknown to and unpractised by the members of that organization—the Theosophical Society.”

How does he know? Did the Theosophists take him into their confidence? And if he knows something of the British Theosophical Society what *can* he know of those in India? If he belongs to any of them, then does he play false to the whole body and is a traitor. And if he does not, what has he to say of its practitioners, since the Society in general and especially its esoteric sections that count but a very few “chosen ones”—are secret bodies?

The more attentively I read his article the more am I inclined to laugh at the dogmatic tone prevailing in it. Were I a Spiritualist I would be inclined to suspect in it a good “goak” of John King, whose initials are represented in the signature of J. K. Let him first learn, that mirific Brother of the “Western Hermetic Circle in the soul-plane,” a few facts about the adepts in general, before he renders himself any more ridiculous.

(1) No true adept will on any consideration whatever reveal himself as one, to the profane. Nor would he ever speak in such terms of contempt of people, who

are certainly no more silly, and, in many an instance, far wiser than himself. But were even the Theosophists the poor misled creatures he would represent them to be, a true adept would rather help than deride them.

(2) There never was a true Initiate but knew of the secret Fraternities in the East. It is not Eliphas Levi who would ever deny their existence, since we have his authentic signature to the contrary. Even P. B. Randolph, that wondrous, though erratic, genius of America, that half-initiated seer, who got his knowledge in the East, had good reasons to know of their actual existence, as his writings can prove.

(3) One who ever perorates upon his occult knowledge, and speaks of practising *his* powers in the name of some particular prophet, deity, or Avatar, is but a sectarian mystic at best. He cannot be an adept in the Eastern sense—a *Mahatma*, for his judgment will always be biased and prejudiced by the colouring of his own special and dogmatic religion.

(4) The great science, called by the vulgar “magic,” and by its Eastern proficients *Gupta Vidya*, embracing as it does each and every science, since it is the acme of knowledge, and constitutes the perfection of philosophy, is universal: hence—as very truly remarked—cannot be confined to one particular nation or geographical locality. But, as Truth is *one*, the method for the attainment of its highest proficiency must necessarily be also *one*. It cannot be subdivided, for, once reduced to parts, each of them, left to itself, will, like rays of light, diverge from, instead of converging to, its centre, the ultimate goal of knowledge; and these parts can re-become the *Whole* only by collecting them together again, or each fraction will remain but a fraction. This truism, which may be termed elementary mathematics for little boys, has to be re-called, in order to refresh the memory of such “adepts” as are too apt to forget that “Christian Kabbalism” is but a fraction of *Universal Occult Science*. And, if they believe that they have nothing more to learn, then the less they turn to “Eastern Adepts” for information the better and the less trouble for both. There is but one royal road to “Divine Magic;” neglect and abandon it to devote yourself specially to one of the paths diverging from it, and like a lonely wanderer you will find yourself lost in an inextricable labyrinth. Magic, I suppose, existed milleniums before the Christian era; and, if so, are we to think then, with our too learned friends, the modern “Western Kabbalists,” that it was all *Black Magic*, practised by the “Old firm of Devil & Co.”? But together with every other person who knows something of what he or she talks about, I say that it is nothing of the kind; that J. K. seems to be superbly ignorant even of the enormous difference which exists between a Kabbalist and an Occultist. Is he aware, or not, that the Kabbalist stands, in relation to the Occultist, as a little detached hill at the foot of the Himalayas, to Mount Everest? That what is known as the Jewish Kabala of Simon Ben Jochai, is already the disfigured version of its primitive source the Great Chaldean *Book of Numbers*? That as the former, with its adaption to the Jewish Dispensation, its mixed international Angeology and Demonology, its Orphiels and Raphaels and Greek Tetragrams, is a pale copy of the Chaldean, so the Kabala of the Christian Alchemists and Rosicrucians is nought in its turn but a tortured edition of the Jewish. By centralizing the Occult Power and his course of actions, in some one national God or *Avatar*, whether in Jehovah or Christ, Brahma or Mahomet, the Kabbalist diverges the more from the one central Truth. It is but the Occultist, the Eastern adept, who stands a Free Man, omnipotent through its own Divine Spirit as much as

man can be on earth. He has rid himself of all human conceptions and religious side-issues; he is at one and the same time a Chaldean Sage, a Persian Magi, a Greek Theurgist, an Egyptian Hermetist, a Buddhist Rahat and an Indian Yogi. He has collected into one bundle all the separate fractions of Truth widely scattered over the nations, and holds in his hand the One Truth, a torch of light which no adverse wind can bend, blow out or even cause to waver. Not he the Prometheus who robs but a portion of the Sacred Fire, and therefore finds himself chained to Mount Caucasus for his intestines to be devoured by vultures, for he has secured God within himself and depends no more on the whim and caprice of either good or evil deities. True, "Koot Hoomi" mentions Buddha. But it is not because the brothers hold him in the light of God or even of "a God," but simply because he is the Patron of the Thibetan Occultists, the greatest of the *Illuminati* and adepts, self-initiated by his own Divine Spirit or "God-self" unto all the mysteries of the invisible universe. Therefore to speak of imitating "the life of Christ," or that of Buddha, or Zoroaster, or any other man on earth chosen and accepted by any one special nation for its God and leader, is to show oneself a Sectarian even in Kabbalism, that fraction of the one "Universal Science"—Occultism. The latter is pre-historic and is coeval with intelligence. The Sun shines for the heathen Asiatic as well as for the Christian European and for the former still more gloriously, I am glad to say.

To conclude, it is enough to glance at that sentence of more than questionable propriety, and more fit to emanate from the pen of a Jesuit than that of a Kabbalist, which allows of the supposition that the "Brothers" are only a branch of the old established firm of "Devil and Co." to feel convinced that beyond some "Abracadabra" dug out from an old mouldy MS. of Christian Kabbalism, J. K. knows nothing. It is but on the unsophisticated profane, or a very innocent Spiritualist, that his bombastic sentences all savouring of the *Anche is son pittore*, that he may produce some sensation. True there is no need of going absolutely to Thibet or India to find some knowledge and power "which are latent in every human soul;" but the acquisition of the highest knowledge and power require not only many years of the severest study enlightened by a superior intelligence and an audacity bent by no peril; but also as many years of retreat in comparative solitude, and association with but students pursuing the same object, in a locality where nature itself preserves like the neophyte an absolute and unbroken stillness if not silence! where the air is free for hundreds of miles around of all mephytic influence; the atmosphere and human magnetism absolutely pure and—no animal blood is spilt. Is it in London or even the most country-hidden village of England that such conditions can be found?

Bombay, July 20th.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

WHERE the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway, many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SO FAR from science being irreligious, as many think, it is the neglect of science that is irreligious,—it is the refusal to study the surrounding creation that is irreligious. . . . Devotion to science is a tacit worship, a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied, and by implication in their cause. It is not a mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions; not a mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labour.—*Herbert Spencer.*

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds, and the butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell, so much things have I done—
"Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump rope,
"And then I made, out of water and soap,
"B'utiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have read in my picture book;
"And little Bella and I went to look
"For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home, and I eated my tea,
"And I climbed up to my grandpa's knee,
"I am jes as tired as tired can be."

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it dropped upon grandfather's breast,
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest.

We are but children; the things that we do,
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
Who sees all our weakness and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for the day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play.

And oh! when a-weary, may we be so blessed,
As to sink like an innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

From *Mind and Matter.*

A WOMAN'S Paper, *The Valley Review*, from Lodi, San Joaquin County, California, has for editor Gertie De Force Cluff, and its first advertisements on its first page are of Laura De Force Gordon and Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, attorneys at-law, San Francisco.

TRUE science and true religion are twin-sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded itself to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, rather than to their logical acumen.—*Huxley.*

THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE BEAUTIFUL:—Since the Egyptians painted a lotus upon the wall, since Job felt the awful voice of thunder, since Solomon attempted to love his gardens and to write an essay upon the trees and flowers, since the Greek thinkers wore garlands of green leaves, nature has been working within the spirit of man as though to make it tender as the voice of a harp and sensitive enough to believe in the existence of God. She withdraws her spring and her summer at the end of six months, not that the insensate fields may rest, but that this flow of the beautiful may be in successive waves, and that the soul in the depths of winter may think upon the gorgeous scenes that are gone, and may wonder how many more such blossomings will come between its loving heart and the grave.—*Prof. Swing.*

URIAH HEEP AMONG THE MEDIUMS.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from Dr. Walter Heurtley, the father of Mrs. Hart-Davies :—

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

Sir,—To my thinking, the conductors of the *Boston Herald* have succeeded in reaching a lower depth of infamy than even Fletcher. For him it might be pleaded that he was put on his defence before the public, and the maintenance of his position drove him to make out a good case for himself. But the *Herald* people who have allowed the husband and accomplice of a convicted swindler to use their paper freely to defame his victim, have nothing to allege in explanation, but a desire at all cost to truth and decency, to secure a sensational article.

R. WALTER HEURTLEY.

Two of the Philadelphian newspapers, namely, the *Press* and *Inquirer*, displayed the same morality as the *Boston Herald*.

Last week Fletcher's untruths about various people, including the well-known Spiritualist alleged by him to have threatened people with revolvers in a wood, were noticed in these pages. What makes his iniquity worse is, that that very Spiritualist was the first person to help him when he arrived, friendless, penniless, and scantily clad, in London. He introduced Fletcher to some of the best people connected with the movement, also to some outside Spiritualism, and thus Fletcher was helped to make a start. Dr. Mack also kindly lent him money, and by these various means he was enabled to buy a new suit of clothes and boots, and to put on a passable appearance. Now he turns round to sting the hands which aided him. How the *Banner of Light* could from first to last recognise this scoundrel as a good religious teacher is beyond our comprehension.

The Spiritualist alleged to have threatened people with revolvers, has been collecting documentary evidence of the career of Fletcher and his wife from their babyhood upwards, in order to write and publish a biography of the two of them. He began making the collection as far back as the time when the Fletchers first arrived in England, and it has now reached extensive proportions, numerous documents having been contributed from both sides of the Atlantic.

MR. MASKELYNE, the conjuror, has invented a new piece of apparatus for recording the number of tickets issued in public conveyances and places of entertainment.

MYSTERY :—Secrecy as an essential in Eastern Adeptship is so far a good, as it is of the nature of that reticence which is so far strength; but can secrecy be maintained for a lifetime, and be the essence of one's life, and not engender selfishness?—*Dr. Wyld*.

EPITAPHS :—The *Inter-Ocean* says that the following is evidently English :

Here lies father and mother and sister and I;
We all died within the space of one short year;
We be all buried at Wimble, except I;
And I be buried here.

Dryden is reported to have written the following for his wife's tombstone. Fortunately she lived to see a better one upon his own :

Here lies my wife: here let her lie;
She's now at rest and so am I.

Mr. Shute immortalized his wife in this thrilling stanza :

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

BE YE OF ONE ACCORD.

Now that the question of the existence of the alleged Himalayan Brothers is to the fore, the opinion of Dr. Wyld, as expressed in his presidential address last year to the London branch of the Theosophical Society, may be of interest. The following extract from his address, shows what he thinks of the character of the Brothers :—

"In the East, adeptship is secret and mysterious, and hidden from all except a select few, who have passed through an ordeal so severe and dangerous that many, it is said, perish in body or in soul on making the attempt, and into which select few, so far as we know, no woman has ever been admitted.

"But the Christian adept not only invites, but implores all to enter into the order.

"The Oriental adept obtains magical or soul power over matter, which he uses for his own ends, and over inferior spirits. But the Christian adept has no dealings with low or weak spirits, except to convert them or to cast them out; but his life is spent in openly transmuting his spiritual powers into good works for the good of mankind."

In *The Theosophist* of March, 1880, Colonel Olcott, the President in Chief of the Theosophical Society, remarked about the above utterance of Dr. Wyld, "I am bound to say that nothing could be farther from the real state of the case."

When the two Presidents are thus at variance, what are the public expected to believe?

Dr. Wyld also said :—"We know nothing of the powers or mode of life followed by the Eastern adept. Perhaps one may some day appear in our midst and instruct us, although it may be a question whether he could, with advantage to himself, forsake his native soil and air, and, isolated from his brothers, stand before us."

THE CHURCH CONGRESS :—At the coming Church Congress in Newcastle, it is probable that, as the Bishop of Manchester will preach the inaugural sermon of the Congress, his lordship will take part in the discussion on "The relations of the Church to the movements of the age, with special reference to trades unions and co-operation." The main hall for the Congress will be the Town Hall, and the Circus has also been engaged in case, as seems probable, the sectional meetings should be largely attended.

Answers to Correspondence.

A correspondent writes : "If Spes (of Torquay) who seems to desire to communicate with a medium, likes to apply to Mr. William T. Rossiter, likewise of Torquay, he may perchance hear of a medium close to his own door."

T., Wandsworth : We do not remember having read the dream from "The Inner Life of Syria." What was it about?

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

FRONTISPIECE :—The room at Leipsic in which most of the Experiments were conducted.

PLATE I :—Experiments with an Endless String.

PLATE II :—Leather Bands Interlinked and Knotted under Professor Zollner's Hands.

PLATE III :—Experiments with an Endless Bladder-band and Wooden Rings.

PLATE IV :—Result of the Experiment.

PLATE V :—Result of the Experiment on an Enlarged Scale.

PLATE VI :—Experiments with Coins in a Secured Box.

PLATE VII :—The Representation of Test Circumstances, under which Slate-writing was obtained.

PLATE VIII :—Slate-writing Extraordinary.

PLATE IX :—Slate-writing in Five Different Languages.

PLATE X :—Details of the Experiment with an Endless band and Wooden Rings.

PREFACES.

Mr. C. C. MASSEY'S PREFACE :—Professor Zollner and his Works—The Value of Testimony considered—Sources of Fallacy—How can Medial Phenomena be Explained?—The Value of Scientific Authority—Mr. A. R. Wallace's answer to Hume's *Essay on Miracles*—Spiritualism an Aggregation of Proven Facts—The Attack upon Henry Slade—Spirit Messages—Slade's

Career after leaving England—Professor Zollner's Polemic—Items relating to the English Translation.

PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S PREFACE (Dedication of the Work to Mr. William Crookes) :—Workers in a New Field of Research—Thoroughness of the Labours of Mr. Crookes—The Moral Necessity of the Strife about Spiritualism—The Immortality of the Best Works of Human Genius.

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