

# The Spiritualist Newspaper,

A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

No. 472.—VOLUME NINETEEN; NUMBER ELEVEN.

LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1881.

## "THE SPIRITUALIST" Newspaper.

Established in 1869.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. PRICE TWOPENCE.

10s. 10d. per annum Post Free within the limits of the United Kingdom, and within the English and Foreign Postal Union.

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HARRISON,  
Museum-street, London.

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## EPIDEMIC MESMERIC INFLUENCES.

In nearly every town in the United Kingdom at the present time, an opportunity is afforded of studying the action of mesmeric influences upon large masses of people, by observing the actions of the Salvation Army.

The enthusiasm of the leaders gradually infects apathetic listeners, and the mesmeric sensitives among the latter, when at last convinced that some vast Power is acting upon them, are drawn to the platform as surely as if the operator upon it were a professional biologist. As the frenzy of the meeting increases, synchronous visions and speaking in known and unknown tongues, are among the psychological phenomena presented, but the best part of the matter is, that some of the persons thus influenced do actually, as a matter of fact, begin to lead better lives. Mesmerists have discovered that if a man in the mesmeric sleep is made to promise that he will do a thing at a particular future moment and when in the waking state, he has a tendency to do it at that time, without knowing why, or being aware of the promise made by himself while in the somnambulistic condition. The promises of reform made while under strong psychological influence by new recruits to the Salvation Army, perhaps owe their occasional fulfilment to the abnormal circumstances, already stated, under which they were given. We should be glad to receive from any of our readers reports as to observations made by them of the actions of the Salvation Army, and of phenomena witnessed relating to psychology.

## MR. SINNETT'S BOOK ON "THE OCCULT WORLD."

We exceedingly regret that, owing to an error made by our printer, the head-lines of a review of *The Occult World* quoted last week from *The Athenæum*, were set in this journal as if Mr. Sinnett were the author of the review, and were condemning his own book.

AMONG the later arrivals at the British Association at York was Mr. Alfred R. Wallace.

## THE INSPIRATION OF MEN OF GENIUS.

I have waited for your possible response to Mr. Atkinson's invocation to join him in his reproach against my belief in the existence of inspirational writings of a high order, as set forth in your issue of July 1st. I have waited that you, Sir, in obedience to Mr. Atkinson's behest, might "speak out frankly, and out with it boldly, since truth loves open dealing." But this you have not yet done. I have given time also for some one more able than myself to answer Mr. Atkinson on a topic which is dear to many; but no one, not even a Balaam, has arisen to bless my cause; so I am again thrown on my own resources, and cannot do better than continue to transcribe the opinions and experiences of others wiser than myself with respect to this noble subject of inspiration, for the benefit of those to whom is given the power of believing: and whether Mr. Atkinson continues to discredit great men or not, since he will not take even Milton at his word, when it clashes with his own pre-conceived opinions, is to me immaterial.

Milton says:—

Descend from heaven *Urania*, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.

Mr. Atkinson, after reading the above, remarks: "Next comes Milton, whose *Urania* could only be a little play of the poet's humour." Are we to believe Milton or Mr. Atkinson?

Milton writes:—

I now must change  
These notes to trajick . . . .  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd  
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse.

Mr. Atkinson says: "To literally assume that all Milton's high fame as a poet was undeserved, since he was but the poor medium of some spirit or ghost unknown, is most degrading to living genius, and I scorn the idea as utterly incredible and untrue, and to my mind as a notion that must bring 'spiritism' into well-merited contempt." It is unfortunate that we cannot alter fact on account of sentiment; and spiritism has its own *raison d'être* quite independent of those who are not endowed by nature to understand it.

For my part, I think that the portions of his poems which Milton declares to have been written under the "celestial dictation" of *Urania*, speak for themselves that Milton was not "the poor medium of some spirit or

ghost unknown," but, certainly, the powerful medium of a spirit, known or unknown, who was, nevertheless, a spirit of very high pretensions, if not, as Milton thought, "celestial."

Mr. Atkinson, in an excellent letter written but a few weeks back, quoted the beautiful thought: "God is hidden under all that shines." Is not this applicable to the question before us? Does not *Urania* shine, in a certain sense? And does not Milton shine in a high sense—that of a noble poet? There is one thing that Mr. Atkinson cannot allege against myself, that I "literally assume that all Milton's fame as a high poet was undeserved;" for I especially asserted, in the article which gave rise to his strictures, the following: "We have seen, even from short extracts, that Milton wrote very charming lines himself also;" whilst I alleged, on the other hand, only what Milton himself had solemnly pointed out, not "as a little play of the poet's humour" as Mr. Atkinson would have it, but earnestly, (when "changing his notes to trajick") that what he said, in his epics was neither dictated by nor premeditated by his own mind, but that *Urania* governed his song. Between ourselves, Mr. Editor, I will now make the simple confession in which I am, I fear, singular, that I love the tender sympathetic strains of Milton's own composing better than *Urania's* heroics. What matter that Milton may have been materialistic, as shown by those fair lines of his quoted by Mr. Atkinson? What matter if *Urania* herself had argued from matter to spirit? Surely we may argue both ways, from matter to spirit and from spirit to matter; and I see no reason why a ghost should not do so as well as a man, since I perceive no difference between a ghost and a man, except that the body of the former is only of more refined matter. Seers know this well. Both are matter and spirit. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? If Milton, as Mr. Atkinson affirms, "treats you with the very idea and plan of evolution from matter to spirit," may not matter, nevertheless and notwithstanding, be evolved from spirit? Otherwise what does Mr. Atkinson mean by telling us that, "God is hidden under all that shines?" It is easy to believe that God inspires man, but difficult to believe that man inspires God. It is easy to believe that God moves matter, but difficult to believe that matter moves God.

In furtherance of my views of the reality of high inspiration, there is the case of Dante. In the very first canto of the *Inferno*, otherwise called the *Divina Commedia*, he in-

roduces us to the ghost of Virgil. Was Virgil's ghost, was that of Beatrice, "a little play of the poet's humour?" Was Dante, too, "the poor medium of some ghost unknown?" The alleged ghost of a well-known man, anyhow. To me it seems plain that whoever or whatever the ghost was, Dante at least saw it, and thought it was the ghost of Virgil, and the ghost gave himself out as such. The *Divina Commedia* is, in my opinion, like *Paradise Lost*—of a composite character; some of it dictated by an extraneous spirit; and some of it detailed by Dante's own spirit, for Dante tells us not only what the ghost through, his mediumship, said to himself, but also what he said to the ghost. For instance, when he first met the shade of Virgil in a desert place, the following dialogue took place, which I translated for your pages some years back. Dante spoke first:—

"I pray thee pity me, whate'er thou art,  
A shade or living man." 'Twas thus I cried.  
It answered me: "No man am I; I was a man."

Signor Damiani, however, tells us, Dante's *Commedia* from beginning to end is nothing but inspirational Spiritualism, even to the description of a *séance*, as in these lines, wherein the spirit of Virgil is speaking to Dante:—

'Tis true aforetime I returned to earth,  
By fell *Enecthon* conjured down below.

If the *Divina Commedia* be inspired, surely it is inspiration of a high order, or the judgment of six hundred years is worthless.

Signor Damiani also says that "Tasso's *Gerusalemme* is replete with spiritual philosophy." Tasso, like Socrates, had a familiar spirit, not a "poor ghost" apparently, but one "whose conversation was so elevated and whose expressions were so sublime," that one, Signor Manso, describing it, says that he himself "fell into a sort of extacy" so greatly was he affected.

Longfellow writes of a poet, himself in all probability, thus:—

For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey,  
When the angel says: "Write!"

Voices we know are heard.

There are two classes of men in the world, each to be admired, but very distinct the one from the other. The one class self sustained, and writing and thinking from its own mental standpoint, and naturally careful of what it puts before the world. The other class is, by nature, mediumistic and less careful, but is often, perhaps, in its way, as successful as the

other. Mr. Atkinson, quoting Judge Holmes, gives instances of the former class of men, and notifies Bacon, Burke, Alfieri, Carlyle, and even Virgil as examples of this former category; with all of whom he says, "revise followed upon revise." And he asks, in reference to Shakspeare, who is said never to have blotted out a line: "Where is the record in all literary history of extended composition like these dramas having been spun out in this Anacreon fashion? The very proposition is well-nigh absurd." Well, there is the example of Signor Fanciullacci in the present day; and also, probably, of Mr. T. Lake Harris. But there are others of the mediumistic class, who have come up nearly to this point, if not quite. "*Guy Mannering*, one of its gifted author's most typical works, was written in three weeks—a prodigious effort, and worthy to rank with the rapidity of Beckford's progress, when, as a lad of twenty, he produced *Vathek* in three days and two nights. Lord Byron tells us that he composed *The Prisoner of Chillon* between breakfast and dinner; and every one with the least taste for literature is aware that *Rasselas* came from Dr. Johnson's hands in the evening of a single week." I am indebted to the *Daily Telegraph* of July 15th for the above.

Mr. Atkinson tells us that Sir Walter Scott wrote, in his diary of February 10th, 1826: "The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention." This belief is, I think, by no means uncommon among mediumistic persons, who, some of them, imagine that, in their sleep, they have been with the angels, and find their profit by it. Indeed, how common is the remark of persons who have no such pretensions, to say, when they are in doubt upon any subject, "I will sleep upon it." And this was clearly Scott's rule.

And now, as regards Shakspeare; Mr. Atkinson makes the following remarks: "What Ben Jonson said was—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare that in writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out a line. On which Judge Holmes remarks: 'Now no man knew better than Jonson, not even Pope, the utter impossibility of such work as these dramas being dashed off in a rapid first draught at once, finished and complete without a line blotted. That the players thought so must have been a fine joke for him and Bacon.'"

Judge Holmes talks jauntily of the impossible. It was Arago, I think, who thought that he who could gauge it must be a wise man indeed; while no man dared name the word to Napoleon the Great, a second time.

Now I do not pretend to know what Bacon thought of this question. Judging by his idiosyncrasy, and the peculiar pains that he himself took with his work, we may imagine that he regarded this alleged power of Shakspeare, so different from his own, as something of a hard nut to crack. Nor can I tell what Pope thought about this question of "impossibility," although Judge Holmes seems confident on the subject; but I have a pretty good inkling that, as respects the authorship of Shakspeare's plays, Pope believed with the world in general; for it appears that he once wrote a preface to them, in which as I read in a preface to *Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*: "Pope drew with a most masterly hand the outline of a poetical character of Shakspeare; but, by a strange perversion of taste, he proposed to throw out of the list of Shakspeare's plays *The Winter's Tale*." So we see that if Pope doubted the possibility of dramas being dashed off without erasing a line, he did not doubt that Shakspeare wrote Shakspeare's plays, although he made exception to *The Winter's Tale*.

As regards Ben Jonson's own opinion, however, I feel bound to give a flat contradiction to Judge Holmes, when he tells us that: "No man knew better than Jonson the utter impossibility of such work as these dramas being dashed off in a rapid first draught, at once finished and complete without a line blotted." Quite on the contrary, no man knew better than Ben Jonson that these plays were dashed off in the way described, for Jonson tells us so himself. But he thought it was a pity, and considered that this haste was Shakspeare's great fault, and condemned it accordingly. And while, "honouring Shakspeare on this side idolatry," he also saw his inconsistencies, (inconsistencies, by the way, by no means characteristic of the Baconian type) and censured them with no stinted breath.

This is what Jonson says, in his *Discoveries*, which I quote from the preface of *Rowe's Shakspeare*: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answers hath been, *Would he had blotted out a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their

ignorance, who chose *that circumstance* to commend their friend by, *wherein he most faulted*: and to justify mine own candour, for I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein *he flowed with that facility*, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Hatercies. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too." He must have been a superior "stage manager." Mr. Atkinson tells me that "if I can cast away prejudice and carefully examine the arguments of judge Holmes touching the real authorship of the Shakspeare plays, I may come to see clearly that the stage manager, Shakspeare, never did or could have written any one of the plays attributed to him." I may ask Mr. Atkinson, in return, what encouragement he has given me to read Judge Holmes; for I find (in the only argument he now produces to uphold his theory, that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare's plays) a portion only of a passage from Ben Jonson is put forward for that purpose. But I find, also, in fact, that the rest of that same passage by Jonson, not quoted by Mr. Atkinson nor by Judge Holmes, but quoted by myself, gives the most damaging evidence possible, not only against the whole principle of Judge Holmes' book, but against the whole tenor, also, of Mr. Atkinson's judgment respecting the authorship of the plays of our grand poet.

SCRUTATOR.

#### "PSYCHIC FACTS."

*Public Opinion* says of the work under the above title—"This is a carefully prepared volume on a subject which has been much decried, and which contains evidence from men of the stamp of Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. C. F. Varley (many years chief engineer to the Electric and International Telegraph Company before the English telegraphs were bought up by the Government), and Captain R. F. Burton (the African Explorer). It can safely be said that, if such evidence had been in the first place tendered, the scientific public would have given to the claims of the advocates of what Mr. Crookes and Serjeant Cox called 'psychic force,' a patient hearing and a technical investigation. But the facts which ruled the history of all young sciences have not been propitious to the examination of psychology. The facts (and they are many) which are worth examining have fallen into the hands of three classes of persons, who are not among the ranks of those who have usually been the successful pioneers of advancing truth: believers in ghosts (excellent things in their place); mere conjurors; and 'esoteric Christians' have all tried their 'prentice hands on the subject and failed. The feeling on the part of the outside public has often been that of unnecessary disgust at the advocates, and

consequently at the science. That such indiscriminate condemnation should have been employed by the 'Philistines' was an event at which no one could have been surprised. The publisher and editor have done good service by collecting the best sort of scientific evidence, and, bringing before the public what are the real facts, apart from any theory of so-called Spiritualism. The Dialectical Society in its least palmy days had some sort of slipshod investigation into the matter, and as a sample of what to avoid, Mr. Harrison has achieved a good work by the reprint of their report on the subject, which reads something like the advice of Circe to Odysseus, how to avoid the Sirens. The probability that the excellence of this compilation may induce a future fair examination on the part of the physicists is, perhaps, a faint one. And it must not be forgotten that the prejudice which, in spite of the efforts of the late Mr. Serjeant Cox, has been constantly expressed against the examination of psychology is apparently shared in by that large section of scientific men who have little sympathy with the conjuring and imposture which have for so long degraded the claims of psychology to take its position as a true science. The action of the British Association, which has virtually excluded psychological study from being examined in the same manner as the sister biological sciences, has doubtless led to the conclusions of the psychologist being rejected by that small section of investigators, 'pure of heart and sound in head,' who are alone qualified to pronounce with authority on the matter. Mr. Harrison's book will be of inestimable service to this small class, and there is nothing in it but what the scientific man may consider on scientific evidence alone. To those persons who are willing to take up the task of hunting into an obscure corner in natural science, *Psychic Facts* will be an invaluable book of reference; and the more so, as Mr. Harrison's scrupulous regard for scientific accuracy and veracity places his work on a high moral, as well as a technical, pinnacle."

## 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.]

### CHRISTIAN AND EASTERN THEOSOPHY.

Sir,—Allow me to offer a few observations on Dr. Wyld's letter in your number of August 26th, with the view of showing that the distinction defined in the following passages is apparent only.

"The total abnegation of Self," says Dr. Wyld, "in order that being thus empty of *Self* Will, we may become filled by the Will of God, is the essential doctrine of the Saint or Christian adept. In one sense this is the reverse of the view held by Colonel Olcott, who teaches that the highest is to be reached by the Will power of the Soul."

I submit that the learned President of the London Theosophical Society has here confused the Will power of the soul with Self Will. It is in fact just in this total abnegation of Self, or Self Will, (for these are the same) that the Eastern Theosophist finds the Will power of the Soul or Spirit. How is Self subdued but by the spirit working in us revealed in consciousness as a higher Will which is at enmity with the lower? The Christian calls this higher will the life of Christ, or God, manifest in us. The Eastern Theosophist, recognizing the fact that whatever the derivation of this transcendent life, it is yet manifest in consciousness as *our* spiritual being, so speaks of it, not using the words of mediation belonging to the Christian conception,

but asserting the Divine Humanity as thoroughly identical with the regenerate Will of the individual.

The real distinction, if any, between the two systems is rather metaphysical than practical, and seems to be expressed in the words of Jesus, "No man cometh to the Father save through the Son." No Christian mystic, that is, no esoteric Christian, interprets this in the vulgar sense of belief in the external efficacy of an historical atonement, but refers it to our regeneration by the living "Word" of God. The mediatorial idea in the philosophical sense, and not at all in that of intercession, is essential, and perhaps peculiar to Christianity. It is not too much to say that regeneration, and the "total abnegation of Self" as its indispensable condition, are doctrines common to all great spiritual teachers, always and everywhere. Whether the agency is described as the Divine Spirit of man, or the Spirit of God in man is of less practical importance. Certainly the "Will power" which is directed to the restraint of all that Self impels us to, even to the very desires and least movement of this lower Self, can be none other than that same agency. I believe that Colonel Olcott and Dr. Wyld have only to understand one another to perceive that whatever difference is between them is entirely speculative, if not merely nominal, and does not at all relate to the practical teaching and process of theosophy.

O. C. M.

### THE TESTIMONY OF ANOTHER CONJUROR ON SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

I send you a translation of a letter to the *Revue Spirite*, from M. Jacobs, prestidigitator, in Paris:—

SCRUTATOR.

DECLARATION OF M. JACOBS CONCERNING THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

To M. Chas. de Rappard, Director of *Licht mehr Licht*, 47, Rue de Trévise.

"April 10th, 1881. Dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me two numbers of your journal, those of March 27th and of April 3rd, 1881, relating to phenomena which occurred in Paris in 1865 through the Brothers Davenport. Spite of the assertions, more or less trustworthy, of the French and English journalists, and spite of the foolish jealousies of ignorant conjurors, I feel it my duty to show up the bad faith of the one party, and the chicanery of the other.

"All that has been said or done adverse to these American mediums is absolutely untrustworthy. If we would judge rightly of a thing, we must understand it, and neither the journalists nor the conjurors possessed the most elementary knowledge of the science that governs these phenomena. As a Prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true, and belonged to the *Spiritualistic* order of things in every respect

"Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin when attempting to imitate these said facts, never



presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. If (as I have every reason to hope) the psychical studies to which I am applying myself at this time, succeed, I shall be able to establish clearly, and that by public demonstration, the immense line of demarcation which separates mediumistic phenomena from conjuring proper, and then equivocation will be no longer possible, and persons will have to yield to evidence, or deny through predetermination to deny.

"The grand subject of 'Mesmerism' will also be considered by me in the point of view of 'Braidism' or 'Nervous Hypnotism,' and I shall clearly establish that these experimentalists appear too frequently to play upon words to the detriment of the idea; and that neither Abbé Faria nor Mr. Braid are right, when they deny the existence of a fluid in mesmerism; as does also Doctor Charcot.

"Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in a position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism and also 'the individuality of the spirit' in Spiritual manifestations.

"I authorise you, dear sir, to insert this letter in your next number, if agreeable to you, &c., &c. Your brother in belief, E. Jacobs, *Experimenter and President of Conference to the Society for Psychological Studies at Paris.*"

#### A STRANGE STORY FROM WALES.

A Plymouth correspondent sends us the following extract from *The Cornishman*, quoted by it from the *Weekly Mail* (probably of Cardiff) of August 20th last:

The chief *dramatis personæ* in the wonderful scenes related are gentlemen of the highest integrity and of unblemished reputation. They, we have no doubt, believe that their experiences were stubborn realities.

"I had occasion," says the narrator of this most remarkable adventure, "to visit Cyfarthfa Works at night lately, in company with a friend. Cyfarthfa Works have been familiar to me for many years, but they were associated with the fullest activity, with the glare of furnaces, the whirl of the rolls; and that picture was vividly in my imagination

when we stood at length before the works that were slumbering in thick darkness, and as silent as the grave. No change could have been greater, no stillness more profound. We were far enough from the town to lose its glare and its noise, and out of the way of the people journeying from one place to another.

"We stood a while just within the dense shadow of one of the mills, just tracing the ponderous wheels and the dimly outlined rolls, when suddenly the huge wheels creaked and began to revolve, the rolls to move, and in a moment there was all the whirl of industry again, only needing the glare of light and forms of men to assure us that the works were in full action. My companion, with an exclamation of profound astonishment, clasped me by the arm. Cool, iron man as he is, strong-minded and proof against the superstitions of the age, I felt his voice tremble, as he said, 'This is most strange. There are no men here; the works are stopped; no steam, no motive power.' And the grip on my arm became severe. I, too, felt alarmed, and am not ashamed to confess it. My imagination, livelier than that of his, conjured up misty shades, and I saw shapes flitting to and fro, and heard the cry of men and boys amidst the clanging iron. Involuntarily we stepped back into the air, and as suddenly as the medley arose, so it died away; not a wheel moved, all was hushed and at rest.

"We walked away a little distance, our purpose unaccomplished. My friend, better able than I to afford a clue, was, like myself, utterly at sea, and could give no explanation. 'But,' said he, resolutely, 'it must be fathomed, and we will find it out.' With these words he hurried back again to the works. I followed, and in a few minutes again stood looking into the silent mill. There was the same strange hush, the same weird gloom that appeared palpable did we but attempt to grasp it; but no sound. 'Was it fancy?' said my friend, with his cheerful laugh. He had scarcely spoken when the great wheel again revolved, and machinery here and there, to the right, to the left, ponderous wheels and rolls, all sprang into motion, and the din of work was perfect in its fullness. With this came the clanging of falling iron, the rattle of trams sounded strangely alike, and again the impression was strong that puddlers and moulders flitted by, and ghostly labour went on. This was sufficient for us. We hurriedly left the scene,

and on our way home met one of the old iron-workers of Cyfarthfa going to Cefn, to whom my friend related the circumstance. He knew the man as an old and respectable inhabitant, and made no secret of what we had heard. 'Ha,' stopping and leaning on his stick, 'I have heard it too'; and, sinking his voice, he continued, 'it always comes when the works are stopped. It did one time before, many years ago, and when Mr. Robert was living it came again. No one can say what is the reason, and perhaps it is best not to make any stir about it.'"

Our correspondent has not done the same as the overman, but gives the narrative. He adds: "This I know, that the hearts of the Crawshays have been bound up with their great iron industry. Richard was never happier than in his works, William never slept so well as in the sound of his great hammer. Robert's last look of keenest interest was on the old furnaces and mills. If omens are true in these secular as in Scriptural days, and to the degenerate Briton as to the Greek and Roman, let us accept it as an augury of good, and these ghostly shadows forerunners of the big event, a genuine practical start at Cyfarthfa."

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT YORK.

##### THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Last Sunday morning the Bishop of Manchester preached in York Minster. A great number of people awaited the opening of the Minster doors, and in a few minutes after admission had been given, the choir was filled to its utmost capacity. Even all available standing room was occupied, and many were unable to obtain entrance. The Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen and the Town Clerk went in procession from the Mansion House to the Minster.

The Bishop of Manchester took for his text "And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all," 1st *Corinthians*, c. 12, v. 6. His lordship said:—I stand up in this pulpit this morning in fear and much trembling. I am addressing an audience among whom will be found, probably, many of the keenest scientific intellects of the day. And I, alas! am no prophet of science, nor even a prophet's son. I have but the most general and popular acquaintance either with the methods of science or its results. It seems, therefore, almost like presumption or vanity that has placed me here. In truth, it is neither. I am here simply in deference to the strongly expressed wish—almost amounting to a command

—of my Metropolitan, who, if he had been able to be present, would of all men have been most competent to discharge the duty which, in his place, has fallen upon me. I will try to fulfil my task briefly, modestly, and with as much clearness of thought and language as I am master of. Your distinguished President, in his opening address, has enumerated the wonderful triumphs of science in the last fifty years. As one reads the list of successive victories, one is lost in amazement at the vast domains that have been brought in the progress of scientific investigation out of the power of darkness into the assured inheritance of the children of light. Overhanging this vast triumphal procession I trace, however, the outline of a single cloud. In this record of conquests I find one element of disquietude. It is just this, stated in the front of my thesis, simply broadly, unequivocally, will there at last, when the final problem is solved, be any place left for God, for Christianity, for prayer, for conscience, for free will, for responsibility, for duty, for faith in the unseen. Its progress in science," says your President, "is the true test of the civilisation of a nation;" will there, when the perfect epoch has arrived, be any recognition of influences like these, which have assuredly counted for something among the factors of civilisation in the past, and without which, I doubt me, science, whatever point of progress she may have reached, will hardly have accomplished the highest development of man. These questions, put in no captious spirit, are not superfluous. "Every science, and especially every philosophy," says Buchner, "must necessarily be atheistic, otherwise it blocks up against itself the path to its own end, the truth." In spite of the vehement denunciation of it by Mr. Pasteur, Hæckel and the late Professor Clifford assert that we must assume the theory of spontaneous generation; otherwise, the theory of evolution lacks completeness, and there is still room, must we not say there is still need, for the hypothesis of a personal Creator. Miracles have been declared again and again to be incompatible with the scientific conception of law; and that, to many minds, sounds as if they were impossible. It has been proposed to test the value of prayer by strange, and as I suppose they were thought to be, crucial experiments. A mechanical, automatic theory of volition has been propounded, which to plain minds appears to depose conscience, and make the ideas of duty and responsibility utterly illusory. It cannot be denied that these views, put forward in the name of science and by some

of its leading professors, have caused alarm and anxiety in many minds—in my own, among the number—and while, from the constitution of the mind itself, it is impossible to refuse assent to any demonstrated truth—as impossible as it would be for a sane mind to refuse assent to the conclusion of the 5th Proposition of the First Book of Euclid—however threatening that truth may seem to ideas previously entertained, the conscience, or what we have hitherto taken for such, has a not unnatural repugnance to be driven from the throne on which great thinkers, like Bishop Butler, had seated her, by theories which seem to cut at the root of morals and of conduct. If “conduct” be, as has been said, “three-fourths of life,” a man need not be very prejudiced or very ignorant if he humbly ask, “But can all these things be proved?” To take one salient instance, and that the one with which your President opened his luminous address—the Darwinian hypothesis, which the *Times*, in a leading article, says is now held by “everybody of any consideration” in the province of science: I do not myself see that anything is to be apprehended by a reasonable faith from the theory of evolution; I do not even know that the theory of spontaneous generation, which Hæckel says is necessary to give completeness to the other would necessitate the abandonment of faith in God; it would but throw the *Causa causam* one step further back . . . . . A conflict between claims of religion and claims of science upon the allegiance of the human mind, as though they were mutually exclusive and antagonistic, is a conflict that no wise man would desire to provoke. For it would be a conflict raised upon a false issue. Each can pursue its own way, if it will only bear in mind its own limitations, without violating the territory of the other. “If it is borne in mind,” said Sir Joseph Hooker, in his presidential address at Norwich, “that the laws of mind are not yet relegated to the domain of physical science, and that the laws of matter are not within the religious teacher’s province, these may then work together in harmony and with good will,” and he quotes Mr. Herbert Spencer’s dictum, “If religion and science are to be reconciled, one basis of the reconciliation must be this deepest, widest, and most certain of facts, that the power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable.” I suppose he means that it has depths which science, with its instruments, cannot penetrate . . . . Did the Christian mysteries give him no trouble? was a question asked of Sir D.

Brewster upon his death bed. “None. Why should they? We are surrounded by mysteries. His own being was a mystery—he could not explain the relation of his soul to his body. Everybody believed things they could not understand. The Trinity or the Atonement was a great deep; so was eternity, so was Providence. It caused him no uneasiness that he could not account for them. There were secret things that belonged to God. He made no attempt to reconcile the sovereignty of grace with the responsibility of man: they were both true. He could wait to see their harmony cleared; they were not contrary to reason, however incomprehensible. . . . He thanked God the way of salvation was so simple; no laboured argument, no hard attainment was required. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ was to live. For the idea of God is neither unphilosophical nor unscientific.” . . . .

#### THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON MIRACLES.

“But miracles,” said the Bishop, in another part of his sermon, some one may say, “both from the scientific and from the philosophical point of view are impossible. You cannot expect me to believe them.” I cannot, of course, force you to believe them; nor am I prepared to say that a Christian faith cannot exist without a belief in them, as miracles. And I quite feel the *a priori* objection to them, as violations of, or at least variations from, known law. But, as Sir James Paget says, “Science cannot define or infer all possibilities.” Paley’s position is impregnable, “Only believe that there is a God, and miracles are not incredible.” And as to the philosophical objection of Hume, the same strong reasoner says “There is a want of logical justice in a statement which, while affirming the incredibility of miracles suppresses all those circumstances of extenuation which result from our knowledge of the existence, power, and disposition of the Deity; His concern in the creation, and the end answered by the miracle; the importance of that end, and its subserviency to the plan pursued in the work of nature.” “Hume’s celebrated principle,” says Mr. J. S. Mill, “that nothing is credible which is contrary to experience or at variance with the laws of nature, is merely this very harmless proposition, that whatever is contradictory to a complete induction is incredible. . . . A miracle,” he goes on to say, “(as was justly remarked by Brown) is no contradiction to the law of cause and effect; it is a new effect introduced by a new cause. Of the adequacy of that cause, if it exist, there can be



no doubt; and the only antecedent improbability which can be ascribed to the miracle is the improbability that any such cause had existence in this case. All therefore which Hume has made out is, that no evidence can be sufficient to prove a miracle to one who did not previously believe the existence of a being or beings with supernatural power: or who believed himself to have full proof that the character of the Being whom he recognises is inconsistent with his having seen fit to interfere on the occasion in question." Nor can the human heart be content with that dark and dreary view of the future which is all that science can pretend to yield. We feel that there are invisible things beyond the visible. We have hopes that stretch beyond the grave. We are not content with the assumed immortality of the race, nor with the cold comfort of the posthumous immortality of the famous and renowned. It does not satisfy me, who am neither renowned or famous, to say with the old heathen, "*Explebo numerum reddare tenebris*"—"My life's work done, let darkness once more cover me." The hope of immortality cannot be extinguished in the human breast. Conscience and feeling alike require, demand it. And the revelation of Jesus Christ alone has satisfied conscience and feeling. Just as the Frenchman said, "*S'il n'y avait pas un Dieu, il faudrait l'inventir*," just as Professor Huxley told you on Friday that "if the Darwinian theory of descent had not been presented to the palæontologist he would have had to invent it, to account for the phenomena before him," so John Stuart Mill held that, even if the hope of immortality were an illusion, it were well maintained; so helpful was it and comforting. Science, certainly, has neither the right nor the power to rob us of it. Humanity—at least the mass of it—is not so rich that it can afford to part with what, to it, is no illusion, but a revealed truth, which has proved to it, by actual experience, in hours of darkness, temptation, sorrow, trial, an unspeakable comfort and stay. It was the hope of Francis Bacon, expressed in the preface to his great philosophical work, the *Instauratio Magna*, that by his new method of scientific inquiry he had established a true and legitimate union between the two faculties, the empirical and the rational, whose morose and ill-omened divorces and repudiations had thrown everything into confusion in the human family. It is on the same ground that I humbly but earnestly deprecate even the appearance of a

conflict between science and Christian faith. We are each of us—you teachers of science and us teachers of religion—being wounded in the house of those who ought to be our friends. It is a conflict in which, if fought out to the bitter end, some of the highest interests of society would be imperilled. It is an unnecessary, and therefore an unrighteous war. It would seem that no single resource of the human mind is adequate to bear the pressure, or satisfy the demands of man's nature, taken at its best or at its worst; and the knowledge which feeds the soul, and supplies motives to moral conduct, is at least as helpful and as necessary for the mass of mankind as that which teaches them their place in the universe of matter, or explains the framework and mechanism of that physical body, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

#### ERRORS OF THE THEOSOPHISTS.

##### No. II. (*Conclusion*)

Although I am a thorough enemy of mystification and mystifiers, as also of those who pretend to teach what they themselves do not know, I nevertheless, so long as Madame Blavatsky was reputed to be the author of *Isis Unveiled*, made no public remarks upon that work, which I considered to be a very creditable performance for a lady who evidently knows nothing of our art. But as this book is now asserted to be the inspiration of "the Brothers," I do not hesitate to state that the voluminous work in question is a thoroughly misleading one, and is crammed full of matter, whereof the author (whoever he or she may be) has not grasped the right meaning. Assuming it now to be the work of a fraternity of Eastern adepts, who do not desire that their existence should be known, yet instigate books advertising them, why are no extracts given from such original works of Oriental philosophy as are untranslated in Western language? Would not Eastern adepts be more familiar with such writings than with those that happen to have been accidentally translated?

In *Isis Unveiled* magic is performed by commanding the Elementaries and Elementals. In the *Occult World* they are not mentioned, and Akaz is said to be the instrument.

Elementaries are Larvæ, destroyed fœtuses, physically undeveloped human beings prematurely thrown into the spirit world; the germ of life being indestructible, yet by unfavorable conditions physically destroyed, continues to exist spiritually. They are not old

depraved spirits who die out after a while but *things*; they can hardly be called beings more sinned against than sinning, but are mostly very depraved. In the spirit world there are spheres where these are specially educated. We have nothing to do with them in our art, unless it is to teach them.

"Elemental" spirits are not creatures evolved in earth, air, fire or water. There are no doubt spirits who prefer to dwell in one of the said elements, but they are human. The method ordinarily resorted to for entering into communication with Elementals by offering them some favorite food, shows that they are simply not very advanced human spirits. In Paracelsus, as in all other Kabbalists, the letter is for the uninitiated, the spirit for the initiated. The mediæval adepts were, by the age, they lived in, compelled to hide their knowledge from the church. They used therefore a veiled language, and physical symbols stood for purely spiritual things. (The author of *Isis* seems to have overlooked this.) Unless one has the clue to that language, reading their works is to the mind confusing. The world of the adept is not the ephemeral outer world, but the eternal world of Thought, the Soul.

We come now to the figment "Akaz" which is merely the "astral light" of Eliphas Levi under a new name. "The stars rule the fool, but the wise man rules the stars" is an occult saying, which means that as soon as a man begins to think, act, and live rightly, he arrives at and becomes united with that absolute wisdom which is above fate and destiny. In this wise man rules the sidereal influence, which formerly ruled him, and instead of having his fate made for him, he makes his own fate. The external sidereal or astral influence cannot be manipulated and is not to be directed or subjugated by man's will. When man becomes One with the Thought which rules the Universe he understands the laws of existence and not only intuitively but under divine guidance avoids those forces which the supreme Thought has providentially arranged as reactions to the evils created by man. Taking erroneously some esoteric sentences from Paracelsus in their literal wording, the late Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant (Eliphas Levi), or the man who wrote his books on Magic, invented out of the sidereal influence of Paracelsus an objective astral light, and theorised thereon that the great work of adeptship is to subjugate and direct this force. Combine therewith a practice of bullying the elementals in all the

four kingdoms, and you are, according to Eliphas Levi, an accomplished master-magician.

If the Theosophists study the elementals, they study only undeveloped human spirits. Their Theosophy is then Diabolosophy; instead of a wisdom of God they get but the sophistries of His Satanic Majesty.

In the *Occult World* it is said that Koot Hoomi states in a fine verbose declamation: "The Adept utilises and manipulates materials which nature has in store around him, and a material which throughout eternities has passed through all the forms. He has but to choose the one he wants, and recall it into objective existence" Can a man then create inorganic substances from Akaz? The adept, on the other hand, does not create anything from an outer world storehouse, but becoming One with "Thought the Creator" he creates all things out of himself. "Thou hast created Thyself and all things with Thee" is an oft repeated formula in the litanies of the ancient Egyptian Adepts. The chief thing is to become one with the Creator. It is all internal power and not external material. A symphony played on a musical instrument is not taken by the composer from an outer-world storehouse of symphonies. Thought has composed it, and so it is with feats in adeptship. The creations of the adept are psychological and not material. He cannot go beyond his magnetic radius except in the absolute state, then his power is illimitable, but is also only purely spiritual.

When Koot Hoomi is alleged to say repeatedly: "The adept is the rare efflorescence of a generation of enquirers," he ventilates this idea purely to bring recruits to the Theosophical Society, for its members consider themselves to be the only enquirers, and each member believes he will be "the efflorescence." Adepts existed before enquirers. Man originally was on the soul plane, and fell therefrom.

Often am I demanded whether I know a special process whereby to acquire magic power, whereto my reply ever is "beyond the Christ-life there is nothing; no shorter way exists than the straight line." Whoever attempts to arrive at Divine power by diabolic means labours in a most deplorable delusion. Anæsthetics and drugs should never be experimented with. Also with the practice of organic mesmerism must be united great care not to abuse the power, combined with an uncompromisingly pure life.

The errors I have set forth appear in the text books of the Theosophists. If I have said

hard things of the Theosophical Society, I mean the Society exclusive of the Western members, who I believe are all intelligent and amiable individuals, as such I esteem them, but not as Theosophists.

J. K.

#### TO A DEPARTED ONE.

She has done with all sorrow and sadness,  
She is out of her trouble and pain ;  
Shall I grieve that my dear wife and gladness  
Have made sweet acquaintance again ?

She and joy had for so long been parted,  
Her troubles so weary and sore ;  
I know that she died broken-hearted,  
But I know that her trials are o'er.

She has passed through the fire of affliction,  
As gold unattacked by the fire ;  
And now, with a great benediction,  
God hath granted her heartfelt desire.

Shall I grieve, then ? The parting is bitter,  
The tears flow, and sobs choke my voice ;  
But I think it were loving, fitter,  
To bend on my knees, and rejoice ;

To be grateful to Him who hath taken,  
Who hath bidden her sorrow to cease ;  
Whose tenderness hath not forsaken,  
But hath blest with the balm of His peace.

Who hath given—to one who so sadly  
Needed comfort—His comfort and joy,  
In His fold where—poor mother, how gladly—  
She is now, at His feet, with her boy.

Praise Him ! In these tears is no murmur ;  
This heart ache at least is not grief  
That He, faith in Whom grows but firmer,  
Hath given her dear heart relief.

This sorrow at least is not sorrow  
That she for whom so my heart cries  
Hath waked in His golden to-morrow,  
With all tears wiped away from her eyes.

It is only the wrench of the parting,—  
If for one to go first be to part ;  
But it is not ! Though tears will keep starting,  
We are still one in soul, one in heart.

Though her life upon earth is now ended,  
Though between us a curtain is drawn,  
Still with my life will her life be blended,—  
Her heart could not leave mine forlorn.

God bless her !

Dear heart, although lonely  
As thou wert, before this befell,  
I will utter no grief, but say only,  
“ He hath done this Who doth all things well.”  
W. W.

DR. CARTER BLAKE is now engaged in a rather large dictionary of the language spoken by the Congo negroes, in Portuguese and English.

*The Christian World* says :—“ Those persons who are interested in the Ober-Ammergau performances will like to see Mr. Richard F. Burton's *Glance at the Passion-Play*. Mr. Burton writes very freely and critically. He has also a kind of spiritualistic outcome to his reflections which I confess myself rather incapable of understanding. I do know that Mr. Burton writes ably and interestingly, but he becomes too pragmatical.”

A GLANCE AT THE PASSION PLAY. By Richard F. Burton. (*W. H. Harrison*).—A work like Captain Burton's will naturally attract attention from all persons who wish to know anything about a representation that is perhaps one of the most interesting of the few survivors of the old miracle plays. We see in the record of Captain Burton what he observed in an obscure Bavarian village, with regard to a scenic representation that has been the source of artificial excitement. The manner wherein people who had not hitherto felt the slightest interest in the Passions-spiel, have suddenly been galvanised into artificial admiration is excessive. But Captain Burton has applied to his observations on the Passion Play the peculiar system of minute analysis that on previous occasions he has used with success when dealing with the proceedings in some African court. With him one spectacle is as good as another, and as worthy of the most minute analysis, considering it simply as a show. But when Captain Burton describes the crucifixion, a new feature seems developed in his description that peradventure is not often noticeable in his writings. We allude to the spirit of reverence that he appears to have evinced, when seeing a scenic representation of the crucifixion, and the interment. On all other subjects Captain Burton is precise, learned, and contemptuous. But when dealing with the acts even of a mimic Christ, he appears to exhibit a feeling that almost approaches towards devotion. Many persons will imagine that Captain Burton makes fun of sacred objects. On the contrary, it is his aim, apparently, to give a clear and unvarnished account of what he really saw at the Passion Play, and if he occasionally uses strong language, the conduct of the vulgar English and American tourists who appear to throng the decennial performance at Ober-Ammergau, as if it were a Lord Mayor's show or a Fourth of July celebration, amply justifies him. Captain Burton has shown the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Bavarian peasants, who are capable of performing with reverence scenic representations that must strike all with awe, and some with devotion. The student of human nature may contrast the customs of this play with those that are exhibited in some of the Passion Plays shown in central America, where the chief character is scourged in reality, and suffers a certain amount of real physical agony. Captain Burton's book is the most exact account of the Passion Play we have ever read.—*Public Opinion*.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

M., CAIRO : We cannot undertake to enter into private correspondence about unsolicited literary contributions.

# THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS.

## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

**FRONTISPICE:**—The room at Leipzig 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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**CHAPTER II:**—Henry Slade's first visit to Leipzig—Professor Fechner's observations of the movements of a Magnetic Needle in proximity to Madame Ruf, a Mesmeric Sensitive—Professor Erdmann's observations of the Phenomenon—The Experiment repeated with Henry Slade—The Observations of Professors Braune, Fechner, Weber and Scheibner—A Spirit Apology—Destruction of a large Screen by Spirits—Experiments with a Compass—Apparition of a Living Hand—Experiments with a Bell and lighted Candles—Slade and the Grand Duke Constantine—Testimony of the Hon. Alexandre Aksakof—A Test Experiment in Slate-writing—Impartation of Permanent Magnetism to an Iron Needle by Medial Power.

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**CHAPTER IV:**—Conditions of Investigation—The Knowledge of our Ignorance—Unscientific Men of Science—Herr Virchow's Precept and Practice—"The Martyrology of Mediums," a book of the Future—Slade's reply to Professor Barrett—A Medium's enunciation of the First Rules of Experimentation in Natural Science.

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an Argument against Trickery—A naive Misconception—The Moral Responsibility of Mediums—The nature of the Phenomena inconsistent with Trickery—The Limits of Physical Human Strength—A Force of Tension of 198 cwt. exercised by Psychic Power—A Force equal to that of two Horses exercised in Slade's presence—Catalytic Forces—Galileo on the Perverseness of the Philosophers at Padua.

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