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

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EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH IN SPIRITUALISM.

Some of the Spiritualists at Newcastle-on-Tyne, are continuing the good work of experimenting with materialised forms, in order to determine variations in their weight. We would submit to them that their reports, to be of the greatest value, should give vital details, such as the amount of light, whether all present could see that both feet of the forms were clear of the ground, whether the arms and body were clear of the fixed vertical pillar and moving index of the platform scales, as well as clear of any adjacent walls and furniture. The names of the witnesses who record the weights should be given, and how much time and light they had to carefully examine each indication. The reports should be drawn up on the spot, and signed by all present, to secure close criticism by the actual witnesses while all the facts are fresh in the memory.

Since our last description of the elaborate apparatus constructed for Mr. Blackburn, and, until recently, fixed at Museum Street, some interesting additions have been made to it. As it was possible that the paper band might not be always fixed truly horizontally on the drum, a second pencil was made to touch the paper near the bottom, so as to draw a true zero line from which to take the measurements. The clock used by the recorder at another part of the room, was made to send an electrical pulsation once every minute to an electromagnet whose armature carried the second pencil; thus a little vertical mark was made once a minute in the horizontal line; consequently, if by variations in friction the drum moved faster at one time than at another, the true time was nevertheless marked off below. By these delicate appliances, the time of any phenomenon could be recorded to within a fourth of a second. Some curious apparatus for producing a low lambent light for use while recording, was also constructed.

Very valuable results might probably have been obtained with this apparatus, especially with mediums who can get good manifestations in strong daylight, and it is to be regretted that the evil influences which have been rampant

of late, caused the cessation of the experiments. To resume them, it will be necessary for any Spiritualists interested to hire a room for the purpose, to have the apparatus re-erected by a scientific mechanic, to provide a fund to pay mediums and working expenses, and to find some scientific person, who understands mediums and the conditions under which good phenomena are evolved, to conduct the researches. These conditions were provided some time since by the great generosity and self-sacrifice of Mr. Blackburn and others; it is now for others to take up the work.

THE LATE SERJEANT COX.

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

Sir,—A gentleman was spending a few days at my house lately, who is an excellent private medium; he became several times controlled by the late Mr. Serjeant Cox, who conversed with me and my son, and said he was anxious to add his testimony to the truth of continued existence after the death of the material body; he asked me to write a letter for publication in "Harrison's paper, *The Spiritualist*," to that effect, which I promised to do. Serjeant Cox was very desirous his sister (giving me her name and address) should be made acquainted with this fact, and expressed himself much interested in her welfare. I may say here, neither myself nor my son have had any acquaintance with the late Serjeant Cox or any member of his family. Trusting you will enable me to keep faith with the spirit of the late eminent lawyer by finding space for this letter in your valuable paper, I am, truly yours, **HESTER MICHELL.**
1, Castledine Road, Anerley, S.E., October 23rd.

THE SHROPSHIRE APPARITION.

One afternoon recently the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent visited the Copper Hole Shaft at Church Stretton, at which the men have now been employed nearly a fortnight excavating for the remains of the missing Sarah Duckett. It was late one evening when they reached the solid rock at the bottom of the shaft. Every particle of rubbish was removed, but no human remains were found. The workmen had sunk 30ft., and got out fourteen or fifteen loads of rubbish, beside taking out a large quantity of water. The interest was intensified as the workmen approached the termination of their work, a number of people waiting to hear the result. The cellar at the old toll-gate, now pulled down, and which stood some 60ft. across the

road, opposite the Copper Mine Shaft, which is said to have been filled up since Miss Duckett disappeared, is to be cleared and searched in order to solve, if possible, this mysterious affair. A letter was received a few evenings ago by one of the principal tradesmen of Church Stretton, bearing the London post-mark, saying, "You will fail to find the body of Sarah Duckett in the Copper Hole. Look in the cellar of the toll-bar. Examine the point nearest the road in the left-hand corner." It is signed, "One who knows." Roberts, when relating his interview with the apparition, has never varied in his statements from first to last. The search in the old toll-bar cellar is expected to commence at once.

Correspondence.

Great freedom is given to correspondents who sometimes express opinion 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.

AN EXPLANATION.

Sir,—Mr. Atkinson's observation in your No. of October 7th: "I never said that the Tobie Mathew P.S. was written seven years after Shakespeare's death," necessitates a reply.

No, not "said," but "acknowledged," that was my allegation.

In *The Spiritualist* of June 20th, 1879, Mr. Atkinson tells us: "At about the time of the publication of the collected folio of the plays, many appeared never heard of before, and this seven years after Shakespeare's death. There is a letter to Bacon from his friend, thanking him for a work received, with the following:—

"P.S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

"Now to what could this possibly refer but to these plays?"

Surely this is acknowledging that Sir Tobie Mathew's letter was written seven years after Shakespeare's death; for what, indeed, as Mr. Atkinson remarks, could Sir Tobie possibly refer to as the "work received," but to the folio of plays collected by Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's friends and fellow players, and published by them seven years after his death, the very men who testified to his never blotting out a line?

I may further remark that observations on a publication are naturally subsequent to the publication itself, and if many of these plays were never heard of before their publication, this is further acknowledgment that Sir Tobie's letter was written seven years after Shakespeare's death. And does not the observation, "though he be known by another" acknowledge the same, for, how could the world know anything one way or the other until the plays were published, seven years after Shakespeare's death? **SCRUTATOR.**

A SUGGESTION.

Sir,—I am sorry to see, from a notice in *The Spiritualist*, that the impression of the 7th is out of print, and that it cannot now be had, as from its effect amongst some church people, I fancy a wide circulation of it amongst the sects generally would be very effective, by opening their eyes to the fact that the "fathers of the church" recommend investigation of the subject.

Would it not be worth while to have another edition printed? I fancy that many of your subscribers would specially contribute for the circulation of a certain number amongst leading church and chapel people. I had several copies of the *Spiritualist* whilst in Scotland, and I found, though my friends were shy of reading them, as soon as that of the 7th came with the report of the Church Congress, it was eagerly read and borrowed and sent about, and at last on request I gave it away altogether.

In case you think of trying my suggestion I should subscribe the cost of sending by post 50 copies. X.

[We shall be glad to hear from others on this point. Ed.]

THE LADBROKE HALL LECTURES:—The Secretary informs us that Sunday evening lectures in connection with Spiritualism are delivered every Sunday evening at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, London; doors open at seven o'clock. The work is now carried on under the management of a Committee, and next Sunday week Mrs. Olive will give a *séance* in aid of its funds.

SPIRITUALISM IN MARYLEBONE:—Next Tuesday week at seven o'clock, a complimentary concert will be given to Mrs. Davenport, the psychopathist, at the hall of the Marylebone Society of Spiritualists, in recognition of her generosity and usefulness in healing the sick poor gratuitously. This concert will be given at the Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec Street, London. Vocal and instrumental music, and recitations are included in the programme. There will be a small charge for admission. Next Sunday, at seven o'clock, Mr. J. Veitch will lecture at the same hall, and on Monday and Thursday from two to four Mrs. Davenport will give psychopathic treatment free.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS:—A strange superstition once prevailed in England—"touching for king's evil," as it was called—and this till recently was commemorated on a printed proclamation in King's Langley Church. The king's evil, as it was termed, is (it is needless to say) a form of scrofula, and just such as might have been expected from the habits of the day. It appears now to arise from improper food, or insufficient clothing, or neglect, or improper treatment during dentition; but that did not suit the advocates for royal prerogative, and it was commonly held that the cure, and only cure, was touch from the king's hand. In King's Langley church a proclamation was printed, and remained until recent times, in which it is said that James II. would officiate upon the unfortunate between All Hallows and Christmas, and Lady Day and Midsummer. The origin of the ceremony I could never learn. It is doubtless connected with some ecclesiastical rite, though whether pagan or early Christian is uncertain. A proviso appeared in the proclamation that no person who had been *once* touched should enter another appearance, and this would seem to be in admirable keeping with the ceremony itself, as he would be officially speaking perfectly well, notwithstanding any crude and unorthodox belief to the contrary he might entertain. Under this proclamation was another, with so respectable a name as the Archbishop of Canterbury's (Sancroft's) attached, and he says that the feast of St. Matthias is not to be held on February 25, as "common almanacs have *wildly* and *erroneously* fixed it," but on the 24th for ever, leap year or not. He seems to have been taken to task by Wallis, the famous mathematician and astronomer of Oxford; but I see upon reference to almanacs, both leap year and otherwise, that the feast is still kept on the 24th, without, as far as we know, any disturbance sidereal or terrestrial.—*Bolgravia*.

LECTURES BY MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten is now giving the aid of her powerful oratory to the Spiritualistic movement in the North of England. At Ulverston last week she lectured twice under the presidency of Mr. Casson. In the course of one of her addresses there, she remarked that over 1,529 different sects of Christianity had been established since the Master gave but one, and that one an unwritten commandment, the root of all religion. She did not speak of creeds and sects as religions. She spoke of the primitive religion, the everlasting old religion that existed before churches were builded or books written, and would exist when all had perished and been forgotten—the religion of God, the Almighty God's immortality, and the effect of a perfect standard of life practice. There was not, she said, a spirit who had ever returned in this new dispensation—and they had come by their millions and tens of millions—who had not proclaimed that he or she was in judgment for the good or the evil done in the body, irrespective of all creedal or sectarian faiths. Mrs. Britten declared that it was because she believed Spiritualism would have a reanimating and evangelising effect upon humanity that she had become its humble missionary and traversed the world, putting a girdle round the earth with her wandering feet to bring the message to all who would listen; and until the lip was closed, and the eye had failed, and the mortal form no more remained the mouthpiece for the spirit, the message should be proclaimed to man.

MR. HENRY LACROIX is now lecturing on Spiritualism in the South of France.

MR. H. G. ATKINSON has been writing on psychological subjects in a journal called *The Channel*, published at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the last number of which contains a letter about apparitions.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All other passions do occasional good but, wherever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong, and what might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, is morally dangerous to do proudly.

SLATE WRITING:—*Mind and Matter* (Philadelphia), under the heading of "Testing spirits in a murder case," says:—"Erie, Penn., September 12. At the trial of Philip Schwingle for fratricide to-morrow, sensational evidence is expected. In the presence of a score of well-known citizens last week, Watkins, the spirit medium, professed to be controlled by the spirit of the murdered man, between two slates held by Charles Ebisch, Esq. The writing was performed by an invisible agency. It was alleged to be a message from the victim, exonerating the accused. Schwingle's friends propose to bring the medium into Court, and ask Judge Galbraith to hold the slates on a bench and get evidence from the other world."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH CORRESPONDENCE ON SPONTANEOUS APPARITIONS.

MR. MASKELYNE'S MOTHER AND MOTHER-IN-LAW MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Having for many years been recognised by the public as an anti-spiritualist and exposé of the frauds practised by spirit-media, it may surprise some of your readers to hear that I am a believer in apparitions. Several similar occurrences to those described by many of your correspondents have taken place in my own family and in the families of near friends and relatives. The most remarkable one happened to my wife's mother some years ago. Late one evening, whilst sitting alone busily occupied with her needle, a strange sensation came over her, and upon looking up she distinctly saw her aged mother standing at the end of the room. She rubbed her weary eyes, and looked again, but the spectre had vanished. She concluded it was imagination, and retired to rest, thinking nothing more of the vision, until the next day brought the news that her mother, at about the same time the apparition had appeared, had fallen down in a fit and expired. I will also relate a circumstance which happened to myself, as it may tend to throw some light upon these common occurrences. When a boy, and learning to swim, I got out of my depth, and was very nearly drowned, being insensible when taken out of the water. My sensations were similar to those which have often been described by others. After the terrible feeling of suffocation, I fell into a pleasant swoon, and a panorama of all the principal incidents of my life passed before me. The last thing I could remember was a vivid picture of my home. I saw my mother, and could describe minutely where she sat and what she was doing. Upon returning home I kept the secret of what had happened from her; she, however, questioned me closely, and said she felt strangely uneasy and anxious about me, and thought some accident had befallen me. I am convinced that, had it been night-time, and my mother alone, with little to occupy her attention, she would have seen my ghost, and perhaps the ghost of the water which closed over my head, as plainly as I saw her ghost and the ghost of the room in which she was sitting. In after years, when pondering over these and other facts, I came to the conclusion that it was quite possible for one mind occasionally to influence another, no matter how great the distance apart, especially where "two hearts beat as one," or, more correctly speaking, where two brains vibrate in unison. Do not the wonders of electricity, particularly the discovery of the telephone and the many marvels which have emanated from it, tend to strengthen this opinion? That some minds have an influence over others none can doubt who have carefully investigated the subject of mesmerism—and there is some truth in mesmerism, but unfortunately, like the pernicious doctrine of spiritualism, it opens out a field for an endless variety of imposture. How often will two persons in company think of the same subject and commence speaking the same words simultaneously? Every experienced conjuror knows that he possesses an influence over his audience, and can exert it to a greater extent with some members, and those he will carefully select to assist him in his tricks. Also every actor feels his audience more or less sympathetic, according to the state of his health and the condition of the atmosphere. A few months ago some of our most scientific men were startled by a conjuror who was bold enough to guess at their thoughts, and they marvelled that sometimes he should guess right. But had these savants taken the trouble to inquire into the doings of the old women who sneak down their areas, with the view of inducing Mary

Ann to have her fortune told, they would have found that the fortune-teller, like the spirit-medium, is deplorably ignorant as to the future, but that she can frequently describe the young man the silly wench is thinking about, and will tell her whether he wears a red coat or a blue jacket. Those men of science would also have found that thought-reading requires no exertion, and is by no means exhausting. If I am not encroaching too much upon your valuable space, I should like to state also that I have had some experience with haunted houses. Our family occupied a house which had that reputation. It stood, and I believe still stands, in the outskirts of the town of Cheltenham. A rich old lady of miserly habits resided there for many years, and after her death strange stories were rife respecting it. Noises were heard within, and a spectre, with a green light, was often seen flitting about the empty rooms. The first night of our residence in the house we retired to rest shortly before midnight. I occupied a room at the top of the house, and two or three of my sisters slept in an adjacent one. Scarcely had our candles been extinguished, than we were startled by a curious tapping sound, like some one walking upstairs, but came no nearer, although the tapping continued several minutes. I began to feel alarmed, and fancied I saw the shadow of a female flit across my room. I called out, "Who's there?" and my sisters, who were also listening to the ghostly footsteps, uttered a scream of terror, and in a few seconds the whole household was in a state of commotion. The tappings ceased, but fortunately they immediately commenced again, and after a few minutes' search I discovered the ghost to be nothing more than a shower of rain, and from a leakage in the gutter over my window the water dropped upon the lead covering of a bay window beneath. This proved a most useful lesson to me, and taught me to believe that although there is some "truth about ghosts," yet these phenomena are purely mundane.

JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

Egyptian Hall, Oct. 21.

ANOTHER HAUNTED HOUSE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—The following circumstances about twelve months ago came to my knowledge, and are, with probably some variations of detail, well-known in the neighbourhood of their occurrence: A family consisting of a widower and his three daughters, were living in an old house, which had for some time previously been uninhabited, owing to its reputation of being haunted. Whether the daughters were aware of this circumstance I am not certain, but the father was. The details I am about to relate I can vouch for, but as regards the exact dates and the order of their occurrence I am unable to speak with accuracy. I mention, however, five distinct occurrences, the evidence of which is very strong. One evening the young ladies were about to retire for the night, when they rushed simultaneously into the room where their father was sitting, exclaiming, in a state of excitement, "We've seen the ghost." Their maid was with them. They were somewhat angrily checked by their father, who sent them to bed, saying he would not listen to such nonsense, and that he "didn't believe in ghosts," though, in relating the circumstance afterwards, he somewhat naively remarked, "I was not much surprised, as I had seen something myself." However, the subject of the ghost seems to have been tabooed in the family. The father upon one occasion was sitting in his room alone, when he saw the figure of a female "glide" into his bedroom. He immediately rushed in after, and locked the door, exclaiming with that familiar chuckle in which he sometimes indulges, "I've got you now." The room,

however was empty, and there was no exit except from a window at a considerable height from the ground. One night, this gentleman's curtains were withdrawn, and a woman's face presented which bore the exact description that had been given to him by his daughters. One of these young ladies was at this time married, and on a visit only. Subsequently the other two sisters married, one of them declaring that she would never sleep under that roof again after all she had gone through. It is a fact, however, that two out of the three with their husbands have, while on a visit, witnessed this apparition. At present the undaunted widower is the sole occupier of this haunted house, and, I believe, has not lately been troubled. I may add that I never could hear of any legend or tradition attached to the house, but there is an old grave in the garden, the history of which is not known.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

London, Oct. 13th.

THE HUMAN "DOUBLE."

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—When, once upon a time, I was reading for a difficult examination, my tutor left me one night at about eleven o'clock, after some hard work, saying, "You can finish that problem before twelve." His empty chair was beside me. After about half an hour I perceived distinctly that his figure was in the chair again exactly as he used to sit beside me. He was leaning his head on his left hand, with his eyes directed to the paper before me. I was greatly interested in this apparition, which, of course, was the result of excitement in my work. I need hardly say on looking at the figure for a little time it vanished, leaving nothing but the chair, and that I closed my book and went to bed. The tutor is alive and hearty unto this day.

Oct. 10.

OBSERVER.

HAUNTINGS IN JAPAN AND THE FAR EAST.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Apparitions of deceased or absent friends are so universally believed in that I hope I may be permitted to add my mite to the material contributed to your columns by referring to the extreme Orient and other far-off lands. Wherever the belief exists in the transmigration of the soul, or in its immortality, however crude the idea may be, according to the degree of civilisation existing, there will be found a strong belief in apparitions. The "black fellow" in Australia wishes his enemy, the "white fellow" to die and "jump up working bullock," so that he may have "the driving of him." The savage islander, the more civilised races of Eastern Asia, the Chinese, and the Japanese, have all their "ghost stories" as every day incidents of domestic life. The propagandists of the tenets of Christianity encounter much difficulty in endeavouring to eradicate these ideas, whilst at the same time striving to instil into the native mind some conception of an "immortal soul." Even amongst "Confucian scholars" the power of "a guilty conscience" is fully recognised, and during my residence in Japan I heard of many instances, vouched for by respectable natives, of apparitions. There are many "haunted" localities, houses, and families, in the comparatively modern city of Tokio (Yedo), that I have visited. To the folk lore student such testimony is of interest, but the man of scientific research will find evidence that human nature, with its frailties, is the same all the world over; like causes produce like effects in all nations, no matter how civilised. The ignorant and superficial observer alone scoffs, the practical man sets to work to discover a cause, and to these latter I recommend this wider range of investigation.

C. FROUNDES.

London, Oct. 12.

HOW TO MAKE DAILY NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE OF SCIENTIFIC VALUE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—What we want in this matter are facts. The first letter in *The Daily Telegraph*, from "A Sceptic," is of more value than any of those which follow. But one thing is clearly needed. We must have some real names, dates, and places, in connection with the statements given. We may fairly presume that you would not have given such prominence to this communication if you were not satisfied of its *bona fides*. But in a matter of this kind, if the question is worth discussion at all, we want something more than a presumption of good faith.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Allow me to contribute my small share to ghost literature. When I was a boy of ten years of age my mother and I passed a long summer holiday in a cottage about six miles from Edinburgh, and far removed from highway and byway. We two formed the entire household, but very frequently my mother had a friend on a visit for a week or so. At one end of the lobby leading from the outer door stood an eight-day clock. On the right of the lobby a door led into the sitting-room, on the sofa of which my bed was made up of an evening. On the left was the kitchen parlour, off which was my mother's bed-room. One night I had gone to bed as usual about ten o'clock, and was in a sound sleep, when I was awakened by my mother asking me rather angrily why I had been walking round the room and knocking things over. Of course I denied having done so. "But I distinctly heard the candlestick fall on the floor, and so did Miss Young (our lady visitor for the time). I will bring a light and satisfy myself." A glance round the room showed her that nothing had been disturbed. The candlestick stood on the spot I had placed it on retiring to rest. As she returned to the parlour, and looked up at the clock as she crossed the lobby, I heard her exclaim, "Oh, Miss Young, how terribly late it is; it is nearly half-past eleven." On the second day after this occurrence Miss Young received a letter announcing the death of her mother at the very hour when she and my mother heard the footsteps and the falls. Although nearly half a century has passed since this incident, both ladies are still alive to testify to its truth.

R. P. S.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Some ten years ago, whilst on a visit to some relatives in Norfolk, I was disturbed in the night by the violent ringing of bells. My room was close to the hall where the bells were rung. Thinking it was fire, I sprang from my bed and rushed towards the door, when to my horror it was flung open, and I saw the figure of my uncle standing in the dim moonlight, with a ghastly cut across his throat. I rushed forward, exclaiming "Oh, uncle; what is the matter?" I had hardly finished the sentence when the figure vanished. Next morning at breakfast I was relating the incident (which was received with derision), when a servant from my uncle's farm—three miles distant—rushed in with the news that my uncle had been found dead in his room with his throat cut from ear to ear. Members of my family are still alive who can testify as to the truth of the above.—Your obedient servant,

Oct. 20.

No DELUSION.

THERE is no man who has so little spare time as the one who is thoroughly idle. Idling is of itself business which finds even all the waking hours of the day not quite sufficient for its needs.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN BRIGHTON.

A reader has favoured us with the last number of *The Brightonian* containing the following narrative. Mr. Frank Podmore has announced his wish to sleep in a haunted house, and this seems to be an attractive opportunity. The writer of the narrative says:—

Most of us have read the correspondence which has been going on in the *Telegraph* on the subject of ghosts and apparitions. We are not all agreed on the matter, I take it, but one thing in common we should have, and that is a desire to ascertain the truth. What I am about to narrate I can at any rate bring chapter and verse for. More than that, the occurrences were witnessed by three individuals beside myself, and are therefore not the result of a heated imagination, or the product of a solitary occupancy of a house at ghostly times.

Three years ago I came to Brighton, and after a preliminary stay at lodgings looked out for a house. I may say that I had then (I have not now) a thorough contempt for all phantoms, a sincere disbelief in haunted houses, and a complete confidence in the most uncanny stories being capable of rational and natural explanation. I don't know that I should have preferred a haunted house to one that had not such a reputation; but when it came to a matter of considerable difference in the rent, I was perfectly willing to take such a house and all the attendant evils. A well-known house agent in Brighton had upon his list a house, the situation of which, for obvious reasons, I cannot mention. He frankly told me that it had the reputation of being haunted, and on that account was prepared to let me have it virtually for a song. It was a well-built smart house, in a busy thoroughfare; it had been allowed to get black and grimy, the garden had gone to weeds, and a dilapidated board that stood in the midst of the garden announced that these desirable freehold premises were to let. The board had a fancied resemblance to a gibbet that was not very encouraging; but on signing the agreement, the board came down, the garden was smartened and the house gaily painted outside, and decorated within.

It was arranged that the house should be ready for occupation shortly before Christmas, and I had resolved that before bringing my family or the belongings I would pass one night in the house. Accordingly, I had the drawing room on the ground floor made comfortable, and I invited three friends of mine to

pass the night with me. One was a medical student, the second was a not undistinguished writer on the staff of a scientific paper; the third was a Sussex farmer. I mention this to show that neither of them was likely to be highly imaginative.

We assembled at six, according to arrangement, and had a very nice little dinner served from a restaurant, at seven. Dinner over we chatted for an hour, and then proceeded to a game of whist. We played several rubbers and the time went by very pleasantly, and taking out my watch I was astonished to find it was close upon midnight. Indeed, in the act of dealing for a fresh game, the bell of a neighbouring Church solemnly pealed out the twelve strokes. Before the last stroke died on the ear, we were all on our feet, for a long low wail seemed to circle over our very heads, to go off in the direction of the door, and to end in a loud paroxysm of unearthly laughter.

We rushed to the door, instantly searched the house from basement to ceiling—it was quite empty with the exception of the drawing-room—but not a trace of any trickery could be found. One of us suggested that what we had heard was the wind, and we came back and sat down again to whist. Suddenly I became aware of a peculiar sensation. I felt as though some one were looking at my cards over my shoulder. There was a mirror opposite, and I could see that no one was near, but I felt the unseen presence. Play was out of the question; I played like an idiot, and I noticed presently that my partner was playing almost as recklessly. I looked at him and noticed that he looked strangely. I looked at the others and they too—Heavens! the identical look of nameless horror was over the whole of us. We threw down the cards with one accord: there was no need to speak—each of us was conscious of having a witness unseen and impalpable, but not the less real.

I rose and opened the window, and we looked out on the trim grass-plot on which the moon was shining in a flood of silver radiance. "It must be fancy," said the medical student, and we all agreed that it must be fancy. We reclosed the window, sat round the fire, and commenced a political discussion as best calculated to keep our thoughts from the spiritual world. Suddenly a noise in the upper part of the house was distinctly heard, and it was a sort of muffled tramp, apparently of some dozens of feet. We threw open the door and could hear it plainly coming down the stairs. Lights were brought out into the passage, and

here were we, in full possession of our senses, perfectly calm, yet hearing this tramp of viewless feet that came down, passed us, and went out at the back door. There was no mistake about it. We heard it as plainly as ever the march of a regiment was heard in open daylight.

I ran up-stairs, followed by the others, to make another attempt to detect the trick, if trick there were; I had got to the first landing, when the door of the front room flew open of its own account and a peal of the most devilish laughter I ever heard came from within. At that moment I felt something rush by with a rustle as of stiff satin, and my candle was blown out. At the same instant there commenced a terrible noise that seemed to come from under the stairs. It was as though a whole house of furniture were being thrown about without any aim or intention. This lasted for over an hour, at the end of which the whole of the doors in the house flew open with a bang, and the place was quiet as the grave.

I am merely stating facts, and have used no embellishments, when I say that four hard-headed men were literally horror-stricken or paralysed by this extraordinary manipulation. We left the place at two, and not one of us would pass another night in it for any money.

It is now (I pass it daily) still to let. The garden has once more gone to weeds, the house is dingy and dirty, and the same board stuck up in the garden plot announces that these highly desirable freehold premises are to let, for particulars apply to so and so.

If any of your gentle readers, Mr. Editor, can offer any explanation of the phenomena I have truly described, I should be glad to hear it. I can conceive none.

A HAUNTED ONE.

STATED APPEARANCE OF AN ALLEGED HIMALAYAN BROTHER.

The Theosophists assert that certain Eastern mystics, conveniently designated "The Himalayan Brothers," are, with or without the assistance of Madame Blavatsky, able to command and produce at will, all the psychical phenomena so well known to modern Spiritualists.

Hitherto no European has publicly made known any facts he has personally witnessed in demonstration of this point. Colonel Olcott is said to have witnessed the demonstrations, but has given no public testimony, and Spiritualists have nothing direct to go upon, but the allegations of Indian natives unknown to them.

That these Easterns are also vegetarians, like many natives of India, whose evidence has to be weighed by judges in Indian law courts, should be remembered in so far as the fact bears upon the point at issue.

Mr. Sinnett grappled fairly with the claim of the Theosophists, but our position is that all the facts he recorded, and which we admit occurred in the presence of Madame Blavatsky, were in general accordance with those produced in the presence of Mrs. Guppy (now Mrs. Guppy-Volckman) in the days of her full power, and that any assertions made by the powers who evolved them—and they persisted in their assertions for years—stand upon the same foundation. The facts are alike; the explanation depends to some people upon what is proved to their own knowledge, to others upon their capacity for belief in the assertions made by the invisible rulers of physical mediums. Seven or eight years incessant experience is necessary to enable anyone to form an opinion as to the probable trustworthiness of such assertions; Mr. H. D. Jencken is one of the very few existing authorities on this point.

The following narrative is quoted from the native journal, the *Amritza Bazar Patrika*.

CURIOUS OCCULT PROCEEDINGS IN THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

It is a strange subject for a paper like this, which has usually to deal with the license tax, the Criminal Procedure Code, magisterial vagaries, and kindred other subjects. But Mr. A. P. Sinnett editor of the *Pioneer*, has just published a book which he calls *The Occult World*. The hero of that book is one "Koot Hoomi Lal Sing," and Lal Sing is trying, like Nanak, to bring about an amalgamation of the two races, the ruled and the rulers. Lal Sing is therefore, from this point of view, a political character, and his doings deserve some notice in a political paper.

Now who is this Lal Sing? One little incident will show the calibre of this man or god, call him whatever you choose. Mr. Sinnett dedicated his book to Lal Sing, and the editor of the *Pioneer*, the proud Englishman, the exponent of all that is imperious and imperial in Englishmen, thus offers homage to the hero in the dedication:—

"To one whose comprehension of nature and humanity ranges so far beyond the science and philosophy of Europe that only the broadest-minded representatives of either will be able to realise the existence of such powers in man as those he constantly exercises—to Koot Hoomi Lal Sing, whose gracious friend-

ship has given the present writer his title to claim the attention of the European world, this little volume, with permission, sought and obtained, is affectionately dedicated."

Now, fancy this Englishman, who regarded the Hindus as no better than barbarians, now talking of Lal Sing as one who has gone beyond the range of European science and philosophy, and whose gracious friendship he values above all other earthly good! This will give you an idea of the calibre of the being called Koot Hoomi Lal Sing by Mr. Sinnett in his book, of whom we intend to write something to-day.

We have not yet seen Mr. Sinnett's book, and the dedication is taken from an extract in the *Theosophist*. Koot Hoomi Lal Sing is a Hindu and a Rajpoot, as the name imports, though we do not understand the first portion of his name. Not having seen *The Occult World*, we shall to-day give some account of Lal Sing as we gathered from those who followed the great hero of Mr. Sinnett. Of course it is a wonderful tale from beginning to end; it is an incredible tale likewise. But our readers have the freest liberty to accept the accounts or reject them. We give them only as we got them.

Of course, we have not seen Lal Sing, but a picture, said to be his, was shown to us. It represented a young man of about twenty-five or thirty, dark colour, perfect health, perfect physical beauty, a fine beard, and benevolent eyes, with a Rajpoot dress. He, we are told, performed yoge, and acquired almost omnipotent powers, i.e., acquired the eight Sidhis or powers of the soul, anima, laghima, &c. He is only one of many, and they form a brotherhood composed of about one hundred and ten brothers, the majority of whom—about a hundred—are Hindus. They are all led by one Hindu, "the holiest of the holy," himself also a Hindu, and Lal Sing is either their secretary or their exponent. The leader himself is not visible.

Now, these "Brothers" selected one man and another woman to perform a mission of theirs. One is Madame Blavatsky, a Russian lady of high family, of whom we gave some account some time ago. The other is Colonel Olcott, an American gentleman, who held high office in America and a leading position in his country. Of the colonel suffice it to say that his intellect and attainments are of the highest order, and that his heart is like that of a woman. It is literally devoted to the cause of humanity, and he left all to come to India at the bidding of the "Brothers."

The "Brothers" are thus in the habit of visiting all parts of the world. They travel in their own peculiar way. Here is a short story told to us by a friend. In the cave of Elephanta the Prince of Wales dined. Everyone knows it is one of the wonders of the world, and is full of ancient Hindu idols. It was not a judicious act on the part of the Prince's advisers to make this place a resort for midnight amusements. Our friend was there some time after this dinner, and the sight of a bone in such a place disgusted him very much. He loudly expressed his indignation, but no sooner had the expression come out of his mouth than he found himself face to face with Lal Sing, with an approving smile. Lal Sing patted our friend on the back and———vanished. This is the way, we are told, Lal Sing and the "Brothers" travel.

In this manner the "Brothers" travelled all over the world, and selected the American gentleman and the Russian lady as instruments for their great work, and brought them to India. During the cremation ceremony of a Polish noble, who died in America and whose body was burnt at his request, the ceremony was performed by a "Brother." He appeared suddenly, accompanied by another subordinate "Brother," with a garland of gems round his neck, each of which would purchase Rothschilds ten times over. They made themselves visible to thousands of men in the city of Boston, and after performing the ceremony, they disappeared suddenly. We saw a report of the proceedings and an account of the "Brothers" in the *New York Sun*, we believe.

We have already given a hint that the object of these Hindu saints seems to be to bring about a reconciliation between the rulers and the ruled. All efforts in this direction have failed simply because the ruled approached the rulers with trembling and awe, and the rulers approached the ruled with a patronising air. But the "Brothers" aim at higher game. They would establish perfect equality amongst the races, and themselves lead the brotherhood. Indeed, one whom they have once taken as their own will not find it possible to rebel against their authority. So small is man, though he may be an Englishman, so immensely powerful is the "Brother" with the powers of his soul developed.

But most readers will laugh at the idea of these "Brothers;" the powers of the soul, and so forth. Well, they have a right to laugh; but they should by all means yet join this good movement. Lal Sing may be a creature of

imagination, evolved out of the brain of Madame, but yet it has forced men like Mr. A. P. Sinnett and some high officials to come down to admit what the former has done in his dedication. This being so, all should join the movement, and if they are willing to test for themselves whether the "Brothers" do exist or not, they could do it easily enough. Let them form a Theosophical Society here, and invite Madame Blavatsky, and it is quite possible Madame will get hold of them, as she seems to have done Mr. Sinnett, and show them wonders of which they never dreamt before.

OF THE FUNDAMENTAL CONDITIONS OF TRANSCENDENTALISM.

VI.

The readiest apology that now offers for endeavouring to represent the obscure source of early doctrine, is a hope that the evidence gathered in thence may help towards providing a stepping stone for some more able and telling enquiry in the same or a similar direction.

Modern Spiritualism stands alone almost with its abnormal facts and experiences apart from any established background or criterion whereby to stand, fall or advance; and this not because there is no such background—no tradition of kindred experience or superior claim of spiritual attainment, that might be taken advantage of—but because the tradition having been long neglected, has fallen into disuse and run out of repute and memory almost, under the strong adverse current of modern judgment.

To forget the records of old experience however is to lose ground; to disguise, deny and smother down philosophic testimony, as is now done because it is not immediately intelligible or convertible to a lower use, is not to inherit or to supersede in any legitimate sense. The wisdom of the ancients remains still, as Lord Bacon saw it in his day, a vintage ill-pressed and trodden; * for though something has been drawn thence—some intellectual faith, hope and moral exhilaration, many unacknowledged suggestions and copious draughts of thought—yet the more excellent parts remain behind apparently in the grapes that are untouched awaiting a kindred apprehension of their whole contents.

Early philosophy was spiritual in the highest sense of the word, its physics were ontological and transcendently discriminated.

* Sap. Vet. 31.

Philosophy, as defined by its recognised promoters, was an essential purification and advancement of human life by the evolution of and subsequent reflective process of its vertex through every part. Before discussing truth objectively, it was the aim of philosophy to prepare an accurate apprehension for this, to evolve the logistic basis, enlarge its speculative boundary and teach this Intellect to seek its own, absolutely by a clear identic lead.

Reason beats faithfully on her natural boundary in this life but without adequate response; and philosophy no longer hopes to penetrate as in former days when men hazarded their lives in pursuit of the hidden wisdom. The objections to such a pursuit are obvious, and the obstacles are so well apprehended now and often recited that there is no need for a repetition of them. There are no more objections, new limits or other difficulties now presentable than such as have been familiar to inquirers after truth in all ages. To none were the obstacles so apparent and scientifically familiar as to those who claim to have overcome them by the evolution of a surpassing fact out of their demise.

Apart from the conditions that belong to it, the claim of early philosophy would be as untenable as it is thought to be apart from those conditions which are generally ignored. Whether, by taking such conditions into consideration in connection with it, the claim becomes plausible, remains a question still.

Self knowledge, in the Platonic sense of the term, is impossible under a simple form of consciousness in self-regard, and this is a bar of modern metaphysic. It is concomitant nevertheless, with the logic of regeneration, which implies a double interaction of subject and object within, by the convertive relation. An image of this is familiar in ordinary mediumistic and somnambule life. But true regeneration is, as was the philosophic process, by self-severance, and the faith thence freely arising and moored on the other hand in such case, will not be discursive on the lower plane; this Intellect will not expatiate about the cosmic æther or dally with the detractive spirit or spirits of the lower world from which it has, as already shewn, from the beginning suffered loss; but will be seeking rather to renew its strength from its foundations, in order to promote the Divine purpose which is leading and enabling it for the sake of that for which such a renewal should alone take place. Neither is there any demur on the part of those who treat of the *autopsia*

concerning the possibility or validity of the knowledge thence derived. The chief difficulty, and this is testified to throughout, consists in identically discriminating and holding on allegiance to the pure metaphysical light or prophetic wisdom which actuates the new inception and to which this is profoundly correlated if the inception be true.

To find the divine leader is reputed difficult, to propitiate and retain such a clairvoyante, even by her kindred, is shewn to be harder still; for she is recluse, intentive, as the monks say she is coelestial and must be religiously sought out. "Yea, if thou criest after knowledge and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hidden treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."* Her attraction is within, and she must be called out of the intimate depths of the life she co-inhabits. Aristæus supplicates his abstruse mother, therefore, it may be remembered, in his extreme need, as does Menelaus, Eidothea and as do the rest of those who represent the dynamic transit that issues in a second dawn.

To resume the transcendental conduct by such as these will now be hazardous, since they are strangers, introduced moreover from a fabulous and almost forgotten land. The obstacles are felt to be insurmountable, in fact, unless where perhaps a temporary license is granted to admit of such evidence as presupposes the highest evidence of this life to be inflected absolutely, and set upon an anti-thetic circuit to reprove itself through a differential reduction of the whole sensorial basis. This granted, and not without regard to the idiosyncrasy of the only material dealt with, and the complexedness of the relations in hand during the transition, is it ventured to consider the Protean emprise more closely, and extend such help as may partly, it is thought, be gathered from the scientific analysis of Proklus, where—in his apology for the fables of Homer particularising the method of philosophic survey with reference to its objective relations—he carefully observes that according as is the participant so relatively must that which is participated appear as being thereby subjectively determined or modified. Whether, therefore, certain *noumena* have appeared similar to this, that, or in whatever form transitively, it is not proper, strictly speaking, to attribute the mutation to them, but

to the varying phantasy in the recipients. And this is one way, he says, in which the poetry of Homer delivers multiform mutations of immutable natures.

But there is another way, he continues, when a divine nature itself, which is all powerful and full of various forms, extends spectacles to those that behold it. For then according to the power which itself possesses, it is changeable into many forms: at different times or successively exhibiting different powers: always indeed energising according to all its powers but perpetually appearing various to the transitive intellection of souls through the multitude which it comprehends. According to this mode Proteus is said to change his proper shape to those that behold it, perpetually exhibiting a different appearance.*

With this agrees a host of introspective testimony helping to show that a genesis of this omniform kind which was perceived to be at the foundation of each human life, is not changeable through the speculative participation only, but is absolutely so itself, in contradiction to the first principle or hidden wisdom by which it exists and is betrayed, at the crisis in hand, for the sake of the supplanting process—by Cyrene or Eidothea—as the poets indicate.

Thus Plato, in the first Alcibiades, says that if the soul would know herself, she must look at soul; especially at that place in the soul in which wisdom, which is the virtue of the soul, is ingenerated. As Proklus also goes on to remind, Eidothea has an integral relation to Proteus, being a certain kindred intelligence which is originally, that is before any alterative intrusion to this cherubic wheel has taken place, conjoined to him as to her proper source; and, connecting her intellections with his perpetual presentments, hence evolve those which are in the fable, called *phocæ*. *Individua specierum*, the Schoolmen have designated them, *momenta*, *vestigia formæ*, *generatio originaria*, *natura naturata*, *existentiæ*, *realia*, *res*. A radius of lively atoms, Leucippus calls the same, globules of fire whence result motion, perception, thought, heat. But Leibnitz in his "*Monadologie*," conducting, as does Oken, towards an ablative understanding of this voluntary basis, calls them *petites perceptions*, monadules, entelechies, pulses, numbers, finities, singulars, fulgurations, of power, posits, acts becoming into sensorial subsistence insensibly for ever. The collective whole of which Proklus goes on to define as

* Proverbs, c. 11, v. 3, 4, 5.

* Introd: Republic c. vii.

an angelic essence possessing and comprehending in himself all the forms of generated natures. Our viscous soul or *minera*, as more modern doctors have styled it, circulating in the midst of her adamical defilements, "*turpes phocæ*." Or as Raymond Lully, Arnold di Villa-Nova and Albertus Magnus with reference to the same and apparently out of a similar recognition, say, it is unctuous earth and a thick fire, water, weight, force; *Salina Virens ac mirabilis*. All which concurs together with the supposition of a ceaseless separation, indifference or equivalency of the points of this primordial *mucus* everywhere, and wherever partially established, to account for the gross current of the Homeric herd; attracted, repelled, circulated by either pole, as Oken in his *mathesis* demonstrates that what the retrogression of number into zero is, that is gravity in the sphere; points which strive towards the centre are compressed because they would all occupy one and the same spot. A space that excludes another is matter: matter is only another word for gravity, which is a total position of the primary act: *totum potestativum*: a trinity of ideas: matter has been imparted with space and time. Zero must be endlessly positing itself for in every respect it is indefinite, unlimited, eternal; and the whole number of finite singularities must therefore pass into the infinite centre.*

Hence, Proteus is represented as numbering these, says Proklus, poetry indicating by this the perpetuity of their nature; as it were an indivisible flux of infinitesimal units limiting activity always by a refractive force which displays itself through exuberance of power. It is the primary act eternally counting, repeating, self-analysing, perceiving, thinking, itself in the centre which generates this ontology, so that as from eternity it stands as does the cosmic æther, in a state of tension, with itself under the form of polarity, of central and peripheric effort when, as an image of the antecedent primary act, it has emerged out of itself into two poles.

If accordingly, instructs Plotinus, a certain soul has known itself at any time, it will know also whence it is derived; and that its motion is not rectilinear, but in a circle about a certain thing, not externally, but about a centre. The centre, however, is that from which the circle proceeds; and, therefore such a soul will be moved about the source of its own existence. But the soul, he adds, is not a circle in the same way as a figure which is assumed according to

analogy, but because an Ancient Nature is in it and about it.* Neither is this multitudinous Noun generated, so to say in the common acceptation of the term, because its circulations have not a temporal beginning; but are always alternately proceeding and retroceding through a self-sufficiency in the same manner as the worlds suspend. And the difference which is there, is always reproductive, always produces matter, adds Plotinus, since this which is the first motion is the principle of matter. And he who beholds this, and perceives the power of it, will know what a divine and admirable thing life is; and that it possesses a supernatural essence; not having magnitude; also existing in this place, and again not existing in it, and this not by a different, but by the same nature. So that it is divided into parts, and again not divided nor generated divisible. For it remains with itself a genesiurgic whole, within a neutrality or cave of relative forces, working insensibly to maintain sensation, and cherish its arterial cortex as long as the polarization throughout such a structure lasts.

And this much may help towards a liminary indication of Proteus, as at first drawn in the fable with his homogeneous flock at liberty and unrestrained.

NORMON.

THE WEIRD MUSIC OF AIRLIE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—In your impression of the 11th inst. a correspondent, signing himself "Incredulous," refers to Miss Dalrymple and the so-called "Airlie ghost." To support his theory he assumes many things—amongst them that Miss Dalrymple had heard of the legend before going to Lord Airlie's. Miss Dalrymple was my aunt, and from her own lips I have repeatedly heard the story. She never knew of the existence of any legend or ghost story in connection with the house of Ogilvy till after she had heard the band of music and drum referred to, and it was at dinner, when seated between Lord Airlie and Lord Ogilvy, on expressing her surprise at having heard it, that the latter begged her not to allude to it again, and then told her the legend. The story in detail may be seen in the "Night Side of Nature."

R. D. STEUART-MUIRHEAD.

Lee Croissettes, Belgium.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are requested to put their addresses on their private letters to us. Many such letters reach us while out of England, as was the case within the last week, and we cannot keep a large stock of addresses in the memory.

*On The Good; paragraph 8, and On Matter 6; also Porphyry's Aids, Sect. 111.

* Physio-phil. hylogeny, 152, 159, 53

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

FRONTISPIECE :—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.

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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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