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ROCK OIL AND RELIGION.

No. II.

But your Jew was ever a slow learner, and at this present the world would be no little astonished were it told all the strange whimsies garnered up in their heart of hearts by the "chosen people," both Ashkenazin and Sephardaim, who dwell amongst us, and seem to be of us, about this world and *their* next, beliefs only prevented from being preached in open Synagogue, for fear of an irreverent outburst of Gentile laughter. The Jew, like the aboriginal Irishman, whether of Ireland or Scotland, however he may swagger and profess unlimited free-thinkings, has ever concealed within him a black drop of original savage "bogey-dom," which will never be quite eradicated from the individual, but possibly, in Heaven's good time, be removed from a long suffering world by the permanent fossilization of the race, mayhap to return to a higher state of usefulness, bye and bye, as—phosphates!

Later on in the world's history, the idea of "propitiating" a Deity by the combustion of his sacrifice, becomes developed into that of the "purification" or moral cleansing of the sacrifice, either by actual passing through fire, as in the "Beltine" or Baaltine," which still exists in the British islands, or, more easily, by causing a "vicarious sacrifice" to perform the unpleasant duty for him. The highest idea of "purification" could hardly have been developed before men became sufficiently educated to understand the mystery of the "smelting" of metallic ores, and the change produced in the rude stone by the action of fire; the development of the coarse earthy oxide or carbonate into the bright metal, of the comparatively useless impure, into the very useful pure, of the ragged lumps only fitted for crushing the brainpan of an enemy, into the keen throat-cutting blade; which, after all, is sadly enough, the ultimate result of all science; but a change to the advantage of the operator, and a proof of the higher power of his Deity who taught him.

A form of this metallurgic theory of development is still amongst us, unexploded, or rather

unburnt out; millions of the most highly developed, of the highest possible (existing) races of human animals preferring honestly to be burnt alive in this world than to deny the existence of a species of spiritual "Swansea," to which souls are sent to be smelted like copper ore in order to free them from the sin-sulphurous combinations they may have formed in this upper world.

Happily, the church which set up these psycho-smelting works has invented a system by which, on paying beforehand, the money no longer wanted for their personal pleasures, sinners can, so to speak, be smelted at half price, and at half time, by some mysterious Bessemer's process, understood only by the recipients of the property, which might have been misused by the widow and the orphan of the besmelted one—if even by them.

But these are later "purification by fire" phantasies. The original idea of the true "burnt offering," of the true God-feeding by a satisfactory sacrifice, was probably initiated by the utter vanishing into upper space of the thing offered, the change of the solid body, that could be seen, into the gaseous form, which the early sacrificer had no means of recognising, and which he might, fairly enough under the circumstances, believe to have been absorbed by some mysterious and invisible being, who would show his approbation by its utter disappearance, or his anger by blowing the sacrificial smoke into the faces of amateur sacrificers, who were untrained in the art of sacred fire-raising.

Of the other, and possibly most beautiful of all human ideas, to be traced in the old system of "sacrifice" that of surrendering the greatest treasure possessed by the individual for the good of the many, we have nothing to say now, except, perhaps, that it has too often led to that most wretched and cruel folly, the belief that the sacrifice of a human being is more grateful to the All wise and All good, than any other, a belief intensely alive in Christendom to the present day, say what we may to the contrary. So let us stick to our old-fashioned "burnt offerings," and, indeed, more to the way in which they were actually "offered" than to any mystical meaning of the act itself.

When one closely examines the "burning question" of the "whole ox" sacrifice, the query arises, how in the name of—to quote Mr. Pickwick—"everything inflammable" the Jews were able to carry out the commands given them, to any satisfactory termination.

Cremation in close chambers, that joy of the youthful philosophical radical, and source of peace and security to the future poisoner, was as yet unknown, and even had it existed, the "Sacrifice" would have been so entirely cremated, if we are to believe the Woking Cemetery case, as not to leave the faintest sniff of sweet savour to ascend on high. Fuel in Palestine, must have been then, as now, unquestionably scarce, consisting for the most part of chippings and prunings of olives and vines, and a trifle of thorns, brought painfully into the holy city on donkey back, like Solomon's Temple, with here and there a few cakes of Tiseck cowshards "buffaloe chips," as the Prairie men call them, mixed with chopped straw, and dried, pancake wise, in the sun, hot and fiery in their own brief way, but hardly the things to burn the tenderest spring lamb to ashes, to say nothing of a sinewy well-laboured ox. We read of "coals," so I suppose the Jews were aware of that curse of warm lands, charcoal, every bag of which, as a wise Spaniard once remarked to me, represented the loss of a year in the life of a nation, from the destruction of the cloud distilling, soil preserving, woodland; but if the Deity had to wait till the sacrifice was changed from a solid to the gaseous form by means of a *four-au-charbon*, I fear me he would have the credit of many a blain and boil amongst his too tardy cooks; a thing to be deprecated by all, as these curses are apt to remain long after the cause of their infliction has passed away, as the fevered and much scratching pilgrim of Egypt knoweth to this day—strange that I should be punished for the sins which a Pharaoh of the dim distant was obliged to commit whether he wished it or no!

Altars, too, commonplace, everyday altars, practicable burnt sacrifice altars, like those so deftly depicted in our illustrated Bibles, with an ox, tied neck and heels, calmly roasting in the midst of flames, apparently the result of the ignition of two pair of broomsticks placed crosswise for fuel—altars so clearly described and depicted as to make one suspect that they were but altars of dreamland, on which, of course, we could burn up whole Bective herds of shorthorns, into their uttermost elements, with imaginary fuel, as easily as did dear old Schmeltzle destroy those dream-devils and dyspepsia night Saracens on that memorable journey of his to Flatz. How were these altars laid, as the housemaids say, so as to do the work required of them? In short, how did the Jews manage not only to roast, but abso-

lutely to "burn up" whole carcasses, body and bones, not only once and away, but constantly on any sort of altar, and with any ordinary domestic fuel known in Palestine?

The thing could not have been mere sleight-of-hand charlatanism, or the result of brain bemuddlement by excitement, like most modern and for that matter, ancient "miracles;" there were far too many eagle eyes of antagonistic sects looking on to permit of any form of mere knavery being possible. Nor could the stories of these sacrifices be mere "charges," like that of the satirical rogue who wrote the delectable story of "Bel and the Dragon," and located it at Babylon to avoid the chance of an action for libel, for in Jerusalem, as in more modern times, the publishers of evil books pretended that they were printed at "Anvers" or "Londres," or even in "Roma" the Sacred herself, instead of reeking with the foulness of Parisina, the fair and filthy.

Putting any possible priestly sleight-of-hand out of the question, there must have been, I will not say roasting, but actual "combustion" of large masses of flesh, bovine or other, down in Palestine, or the people would never have believed that their God had been properly fed, and on the next arrival of an epidemic caused by their own filthiness (and from modern observation, as well as ancient hints, we may fairly conclude that they were as nasty as the cleanly Egyptians considered them) the Jews would have given up offering their best cattle, and their manure-producing doves, and so starved their well-familied priests, transferring their allegiance to those soft sweet almond-eyed apricot-cheeked gods and goddesses, whose sacrifices were of such a very different nature, and at least tolerably certain of producing some form of happiness.

If it were done, how was it done? How was this true combustion, this reduction of the complex into its original elements, this translation of the visible into the invisible, of the real into the ideal, so carried out as to keep up the true idea of the God-feeding, God-pleasing sacrifice?

The Jew, amongst other queer fancies which he had picked up, without understanding, in his involuntary "wanderings" believed that his priest could make a decent sort of God-offering by "waving" a shoulder of mutton round his head, the layman having to be content with the breast (an action which puts one in mind of those queer "Calling Crabs" of New Caledonia, who sit at the mouths of their mudholes, apparently offering up perpetual "wave-off-

ings" with their one big claw, whilst they quietly feed themselves with the little one) and after the ceremony, eat it in security, with or without onion sauce, having at any rate, "done the civil thing" as old Lady Cork said when she found the church door shut, with advantage to both sides. He was also aware of the "mystery" of those offerings which were "seethed" or "sodden," "stewed" or brothed" in connection with which we find the first hintings of that "Tir a l'harlequin" once so dear to the Parisian chiffonnier, who paid his sou and took his chance of a dive with a big fork into the seething mass of broken victuals collected from the restaurants; though indeed there is no record of the Hebrew priest's servant paying a preliminary — what? — there seems to have been no coined money, at least in circulation in Judæa in those days—for a chance for his master's dinner.

But these can hardly be considered as *true* sacrifices: nothing merely boiled or seethed can ever be regarded as a true sacrifice. Boil as long as you may, you will always have a very palpable broth remaining at the end of the operation, a broth which it would require all the most earnest "Vert" pro or con. could believe of his bran new superstition, to regard as capable of affording moral or physical gratification to his new Deity. The mere attribute of a Deity, the health giving "Hygeia" for instance, might not improperly be propitiated by a libation of mutton broth, but a true, absolute, abstract "Deity" could never be expected to alter his original intentions one iota, for the sake of all the soup kitchens in the universe; the soup would remain palpable, visible, tastable, eatable and therefore he could not have absorbed it. No; a true sacrifice, whether of a human life or an ox's carcass, must be so utterly annihilated, dissipated, burnt *up*, that no unchemical man may say where it is gone, or what remains of it, for the true sacrifice to be perfect. The hot air must carry the fumes and the gases and carbons, pillarwise up into the still, blue, gold-fringed Judæan sky, higher and ever higher, till they melt into the infinite above, where the God of the Jews sits above Jerusalem, his own abiding city. The earth is round like a plate, not a ball, and Zion, like "Boston Mass.," is its hub and centre, from which all things heavenly and mundane radiate, and above it he sits so truly in the Zenith, that unless the wind changes, not a whiff of the sweet savour of burning beef can miss his nostrils, and well pleased he will give

his children leave to cut the throats of the neighbouring nations, of their wives and their children, nay, even of their oxen and sheep, and take their birthright for an inheritance—these wicked nations so deservedly punished for not having done,—what they were expressly prevented from doing by the power that punished them.

How on earth did this spiritual *cuisine* so prepare its *plats*; how change the solid into the gaseous form, the only form in which it would be “acceptable” with the scanty *batterie* at its command? To burn the fat—pah! how Solomon’s Temple must have stunk of it! to say nothing of the blood and filth of the slaughtered oxen (did’st ever smell a Spanish bull-ring on high holiday?) would be easy enough, and an occasional bird or small beast may have been burnt enough, to permit of its being shuffled away, like some half-roasted Hindoo, whose executors were too stingy to cremate him thoroughly into the Valley of Himmon; but how to burn up an entire ox, not merely roast, as on some mundane birth celebration or Thames ice-fair rejoicing, but to “burn it up,” body and bones, and not it alone, but the very stones of the altar on which it was placed! Pardi! It would put Tyndall to his shifts with the assistance of the best Wallsend!

And yet they doubtlessly did it. They were always burning something, those Jews; things which we should find it uncommonly hard to burn, with all the advantages of Albermarle Street, an’ the stories be true.

Everything was to be done with fire, and by fire. Fire flashes and flames through the whole old Jewish story from Moses to—(I don’t know when the last real “burnt sacrifice” was offered—will some rabbi of the Sephardaim kindly tell me? I care not for the authority of the *Ashkenaz*).

Districts of innocent land destroyed “by fire from Heaven,” “sacred fires to be carefully preserved, and if accidentally extinguished, only to be relighted by the primordial practice of producing heat by friction, or the percussion of stones, carefully avoiding the use of already existing fire, debased from its high religious sanctity, by ordinary and honest usefulness—a fancy natural enough in the early days when the first discoverer of the art of producing fire, being a rogue became a “Priest” a “Thaumaturge,” long before Lucifer “Star of the Morning,” reappeared on the earth in the form of his light-bearing match, and, Bryant and May were still in

the darkness of the undeveloped, unable to light even on their own boxes. Purifying fires, mysterious “Shekinah” fires, between the Cherubims’ strange fires, which, in unauthorised and untrained hands, flash suddenly out and slay their rash users; fires so dangerous that when the sons of Aaron himself, used them carefully, they were “destroyed before the Lord,” the cause so clearly known that when Moses reproached Aaron, as being responsible for the accident, “Aaron held his peace.” How significant is the command to the Thaumaturge a few verses later “Do not drink wine or strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die!” The sacrifice required a cool head and a steady hand!

Do all these strange notices refer merely to our common and domestic drudgery, which a man can overcome with a pannikin of dirty water? I think not, but I do think that although it may now be impossible to get to the whole truth of the matter, that if we examine those books of Jewish history, which are either shoved ignominiously into the far corners of our Bibles, or omitted altogether. From the so-called “Apocrypha” we may get a hint or two, which may be worth the taking.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE HEALING MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. MILNER STEPHEN.

The *Sydney Evening News* of May 7th, to hand by the last Australian mail, contains the following certificates of cures effected by the laying on of hands, by Mr. Milner Stephen, of Sydney:—

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

Bathurst, May 2, 1881.

To Milner Stephen, Esq.

Dear Sir,—At your request I will give you a full statement of my case, which you cured early in August, last year. My husband is a watchmaker and jeweler in this city, and I have five children living. About 26 years ago, I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my feet, and it gradually spread all over the body, my arms, hands, and head being affected, till at last it flew to my heart. The agony I endured at time is beyond description. My hands, ankles and knees had chalky excrescences on the joints, and for about a fortnight before you treated me the excruciating pain in my heart, which seemed to run up to the head, prevented my laying down in bed. During these 25 years I was always in greater or less pain, so that I could not lift the slightest thing. Reading in the newspapers of your wonderful cures, I

went to Sydney to be treated by you. I saw you three times during the week, when you breathed upon the different parts affected, each time lasting about five minutes, and each time I felt relieved, and I returned home strong and well, with my nervous system quite restored. The lumps on my joints immediately began apparently to melt away. I took magnetised water—five bottles in all—which finished my cure. My case being well-known in Bathurst, hundreds of people, including Bishop Marsden and his wife, came to be assured of my cure after such an extraordinary long and severe illness, that the *Western Independent* had an article about it; and I am sorry to say some of them were shocked at hearing my husband observe that it seemed what like Jesus and the Apostles did. And some persons took offence, whilst others said it was “the work of the devil,” although I used to hear you tell people in the Hall to “go home and thank God for their cures.” About three months ago I had been taking some medicine and caught a severe cold, and I felt a stiffness, &c., coming into my elbows, and therefore I accompanied my husband to Sydney to have the stiffness removed. You have again taken away the stiffness and pain, and you also “ordered away” rheumatic pains from my husband’s shoulder without touching him.—With grateful thanks for your kind services, I am, yours sincerely,

HARRIET HAYWARD.

Witness—WILLIAM HAYWARD.

CHRONIC DISEASE OF THE SPINE—30 YEARS.
Balmain, April 26th, 1881.

To Milner Stephen, Esq.

Sir,—I take this opportunity of returning you my heartfelt thanks for the cure you have effected on me of a chronic disease of the spine, to which I was a martyr at frequent periods since my 14th year.

It is now over (9) nine months since you operated on me (and only once), and I have not had the least symptoms of a relapse since then, previous to which I never was an entire month without suffering more or less.

Adolphus Street.

MRS. SUSANA PEARSON.

DEAF TWENTY YEARS.
398, Elizabeth Street, May 3rd, 1881.

I have been nearly “stone” deaf for some time, and every day for over 20 years, with distressing noise in my head. I had also during the last six weeks a severe cold and attack in my chest, with a great pain in my head. I came to Mr. Milner Stephen on the 28th April, and he took away all pain and re-

lieved my chest, and my cold is quite cured, and to-day I feel my hearing so wonderfully restored that I heard his questions across the room easily and answered them. I feel very grateful for his services.

SARAH BULLOCK.

RHEUMATISM AND DEAFNESS.
Sydney, April 18th, 1881.

I have lost my hearing for 20 years, owing to working at boiler-making, and have been a martyr to rheumatism for three years, having pains ail over me. Being in Maryborough, Queensland, a friend (who had been cured by Mr. S.) advised me to go to Mr. Milner Stephen, and I came to Sydney accordingly, and he has now cured me of my deafness and removed all my pains, some of them by “ordering them away.”

FRANK POVAH.

Witness—M. E. H.

MEDIUMS AND ADEPTS.
BY J. A. CAMPBELL, B.A., CANTAB.

The assumption that the “spirits” of the departed were active agents in the production of all the phenomena, and the terminology founded on that assumption, have caused the present, as well as past, misunderstanding, by paralysing the minds of the earlier investigators, and giving to later ones pre-conceived ideas fixing their regard, not on the force, not on the facts, but on the assumed invisible directors of them. Let me illustrate my meaning.

In this far-country home of mine, when we first came to live at it, the water-works were perpetually going wrong, and as often as they went wrong, a plumber was sent for from Glasgow to repair them, because nobody was supposed to be able to deal with water force, except a plumber. Till at last, for some reason or other, the plumber was unable to pay his usual visit, and there was nobody to conquer the stubborn little spring, unless we did so ourselves. We put our heads and hands to the work, and had no further need for plumbers.

Traditional assumption had paralysed us by fixing our regard on conducting men, instead of on water force.

I mean no disparagement, when I compare angel Peter to this angelic tradesman, who wrought faithfully and was content with his wages, but I would submit that just as others besides plumbers can deal with water force, so others besides disembodied Peter can deal with psychic force, Akaz, Bkaz—anything you like to call it.

Your correspondent, "J.K.," says very truly, and you Sir, have, yourself, I think, said so also, that "mesmerism" is the key to the occult.

A sensitive, or "medium," is a *locus* of Akaz.

A "mesmeriser," or "adept," is a wielder of Akaz.

Not unfrequently, however, (as in my own case) a sensitive easily mesmerised, is himself a powerful mesmeriser; and a "medium" easily "controlled" is also sometimes a powerful adept.

Let me plead for the attention of Spiritualists to psychic force, rather than to Peter, as the object of their study, and for the attention of Theosophists to conduct, rather than to the Himalayas, as a means of arriving at the "Centre."

Drim nan Righ, Argyll, July 11th, 1881.

REMARKABLE SEANCES.

BY THE COUNTESS CAITHNESS.

We have lately been called upon to read so much that was painful in the spiritual papers, respecting the unscrupulous behaviour of a few mediums who have made a tool of the noble cause they had been appointed by special gift to serve, for they have not hesitated to sacrifice it to their own selfish ends, that it seems to me it will perhaps be a pleasure to many in our ranks, to turn once more to the bright and earlier phases of our happy faith.

In looking over the record of some *séances* I had the happiness of attending some years ago, when Mr. D. D. Home was in the height of his mediumistic power, and which brought full conviction to my then enquiring mind of the great truths, the study of the philosophy of which has since been the chief happiness of my life, the thought occurred to me that I might afford pleasure to many, were I to accede to the editor's request to make public what really was only hastily written down at the time, as a help to memory, and solely, of course, for private use.

The same MS. volume contains also some account of *séances* I attended in America, with Dr. Slade and other mediums, as well as some records of phenomena occurring through my own mediumship, which, if space is accorded me, I may perhaps append to the series which, yielding to the request of Mr. Harrison, to whom I showed the little record during his recent visit to us in Paris, I am now ready to share with others, without further preface than the assurance that I vouch for the exact and perfect truth of every word I have recorded.

I made no notes of the first *séance* I attended, but the following description of it, written by a friend, is correct in every particular.

"On Saturday, we had a *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's. Present: Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Humphreys, the Countess Medina de Pomar, her son, a boy of about 14 years of age, the two Misses Bertolacci, Home and myself.

"Before we sat down there were raps all over the room; immediately after we were seated strong physical manifestations took place, violent trembling of chairs, table, floor, &c., &c.; currents of cold air, very loud raps in various directions; the table tilted, moved, and was raised from the ground; some questions were asked and answered. Home was in a very nervous state; presently he went into a trance and said, 'We are doing this to calm Dan; talk!' He then got up, walked about the room, sat down and played the piano for a little time; he then arose, went to the boy, and placed his hands upon his head, patting and stroking it. He then went to the Countess de Pomar, but when he came near her he drew back, shuddered, and looked distressed. 'Ah!' he said, 'There is something here the spirits do not like.' Some one said, 'It is because you are in mourning and have crape on your dress.' 'Yes,' he said, 'We do not like that at all. He (her husband) has pulled your dress two or three times, as you are aware. He will try presently to tear a bit of the crape off, to show you that he does not like it.'

"We began to talk about the custom of wearing mourning, and the difficulty there would be in breaking through it. Home walked about the room; then sat down, and said something to this effect: 'If you like to put on some outward sign of woe while those you love are in gloom before dissolution, do so, but to put on mourning after that, when a soul has been set free, and has risen nearer to God—yes, nearer to God—Oh, no; rather put on all that is pleasant, all that is pleasing to the eye, and cheerful; but, if you think that soul is not worthy of approaching nearer to God, but must be in darkness and tears, then, if you will, put on mourning; but wear it longer than six months or a year.' 'Yes,' the Countess remarked, 'but we do not wear mourning because we think that a soul is unhappy; but because we are unhappy ourselves.' Home said, 'Have you so little confidence in God that you cannot trust him to do all for the best?' He then spoke of some of the spirits present, chiefly addressing the Countess. He then turned to

Mr. Hall, and told him his sister was present; he smiled and said, 'She is standing just there behind you; she has a communication to make to you, but she cannot make it now. She seems so gentle and kind.' Then he laughed and said, 'She has such a funny habit of shading her eyes with her hand, as if she were afraid the light would hurt them. Of course it does not, but she cannot get rid of the habit now and then, and the others are smiling at her for it. She is doing like this now,' and he shaded his eyes with one hand, and went feeling about before him with the other. (Mr. Hall's sister had been quite blind, and had had the habit of shading her eyes and feeling before her, so that was a good test of identity). Home then turned to me, and said, 'There's a spirit standing near you who went through a great deal of suffering before passing away, her name is V——, she and the other spirit (Mr. Hall's sister) seem so much drawn to each other. They both underwent a great deal of suffering, and that appears to draw them to each other. They are talking about it now, and they are speaking of that suffering as if it had somehow purified them, and as if they were so thankful for it, and considered it to have been the greatest blessing.—Daniel is coming back now.' He told me we should see lights that night. He then awoke.

"We had some physical manifestations, and the accordion was played under the table, Home holding it in his hand. It was then suggested to put out the lights, and try if we could see anything. The candles were accordingly put out, and we should, I think, have had a wonderful *séance*, but that — got so frightened and nervous, we were obliged to stop. We had strong physical manifestations, the table being lifted high in the air; the window curtains were moved, one being carried right across the table, and turned round Mrs. Hall and the Countess; the other was drawn between Home and me, laid over my shoulder and across my knee. I had hold of the curtain while it was moving, and felt that there was a hand moving it, but when I tried to touch the hand it slid away. I and several others saw a form moving about behind me and Home, and another form at the opposite side of the room, and we were touched at different times; however — got so frightened we had to light the candles and put an end to the *séance*."

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THERE is not much physical mediumship in France, but at present there is a medium in the *Revue Spirite* office in Paris, who obtains raps.

MESMERISM.

"Each individual exists in an almost infinite superabundance of vitality, which is mostly indiscriminately wasted."*

Wasted, because either improperly, or not at all directed. I know, by experience, that that superabundant vitality may be silently, and unknown to all but one's self, given off continuously in kind thoughts, and that it has *then* more than merely physical healing power. I make it, and strive to make it, ever more and more a habit, to silently give forth kind thoughts and wishes to whomsoever may cross my path anywhere and everywhere. I do not, mark you, strive to inoculate them with my opinions, but merely to call down blessings on them.

I never take the hand of a sick one without praying mentally that the contact may be of service to him. It is true one gets no credit for it, but what matters that, so long as the good is done, and that it is done I have had many (to me) proofs. To most, this will appear mere assertion, but to some it will be also a matter of experience, a practical application of the recommendation to "pray without ceasing."

The diet recommended by J. K. I have followed for the last six years; abstinence from stimulants goes back to five times as many years, and every day brings me more and more proof of the soundness of the system. More than thirty years ago I used to allay rheumatic pains and give sleep by passes, as it seemed to me, to one suffering from rheumatism, but I could never, at that time, decide, with any certainty, that the benefit was due to my action, as I myself felt nothing, and was conscious of nothing but the wish to relieve. I had then come home on sick leave with my nervous system thoroughly upset. Now, however, the case is different; I feel what I can only describe as "the fluid," pouring from my fingers' ends, while the patient feels burning, tingling, or pricking sensations. The feeling with me varies in intensity, sometimes streaming, at other times barely perceptible. I quite agree with J. K. as to the value of Miss Hunt's manuscript, but I should like much to see it printed in good clear type, and published. I can also speak as to her readiness to answer all inquiries coming from those who have purchased her manuscript. Some of her experiments on animals I have put to the test with curious results. I fully agree with J. K. (whose contributions are the most useful because the most practical, that have for some time appeared in *The Spiritualist*) and with

*J. K. in *Spiritualist* of July 1st, 1881.

yourself in dislike to mystery and pledges. I prefer taking resolutions, making no secret of them, and acting up to them so long as conscience and common sense tell me to do so.

I can also speak to the difference between *self-will* power and prayer, (or in other terms) "*Thy will be done* power," Dr. Wyld alludes to elsewhere. I find the former exhausts while the latter does not do so. H.M.

Bath, 11-7-81.

HIGHLAND MIRACLES.

To the Editor of "*The Spiritualist*."

Sir,—This account of native miracle by an amiable clergyman, who in common with his brethren, believes that "Spiritual processes are easy and material processes difficult, that the human spirit may be brought to perfection in a moment while the sources of omnipotence would be overtaxed, and its consistency abandoned in the vain endeavour to produce the same result upon a greengage," may interest others as it did me. J. A. CAMPBELL.

Notwithstanding the vast sums that are annually expended for the education and enlightenment of the people in the north of Scotland, gross superstition still prevails there to an alarming extent, as witness the following:—The Nether Lochaber correspondent sends to the *Inverness Courier* a communication which he received lately from Ross-shire, showing that miracles can be wrought in Scotland as well as among the peasantry of France and Italy. The following are the cases recorded:—"A woman was seized with severe bleeding of the nose, which nothing could stop. A messenger was sent to a man who is thought to have the power of stopping blood. On being told the name of the sufferer he muttered some unintelligible sentence, and told the messenger that the woman was better. On the messenger's return he found the blood had ceased at the time the 'wise man' had mentioned; consequently the reputation of the wizard is firmly established. This is by no means a solitary instance of his power, as you will get numerous instances of the cures he has affected. One of the 'cured ones' affirms that the moment the 'wise man' was told of it she was aware, as she felt the blood going down her throat. The most singular thing is that the man's presence is not necessary. One has only to give the name of the patient and the cure is completed. He inherits the 'gift' from an old aunt, and he has the power of bestowing it on a female only, while she has the power of transmitting the precious legacy to a male.

I feel rather inclined to make an application for the 'gift,' as the man is not to leave it to his own family. Probably that assertion is made to impress people with the belief in its evil origin. Some who avail themselves of the cure hesitate not to say that it comes of evil. This man also dispenses 'strings' for sprains. They consist of a woollen thread with several knots. They are tied round the sprain, and are supposed to cure it. I know a woman who, on hearing that a nephew had a sprain, immediately got a 'string' and walked seven miles to the place where her nephew lived, returning the same night, and affirmed that after it had been tied on for a few minutes he felt better. A striking instance of faith. Talking to an old man on the subject, I was indiscreet enough to laugh, but was gravely rebuked, and told never to laugh or doubt; and to enforce the truth of these wonderful miracles, he said he knew a man who, by stepping over a mill stream could stop the mill, and nothing would set it to rights, until the spell was removed. The man who related the story is one of the 'good men.' He thinks the 'gifts' of second sight, evil eye, witchcraft, &c., are not so common now as when he was young, and he says there was witchcraft in the days of old, and there is still witchcraft. This man has seen many strange visions in his younger days. He was once on the Sutherland hills searching for stray horses. The night was very dark, and he came on a strange apparition which made him tremble. At length, gaining some courage, he in the name of the Holy Trinity inquired what it wanted of him. On his inquiring the second time in like terms it disappeared in smoke. As it had the form of a horse, it probably was one."

SLEEP.—Sleep is simply a more perfect and entire change of activity; it is a withdrawal of the spirit altogether from its usual forcible control of the physical organization, and in order that sleep may be truly regenerating it is of the utmost importance that our sleeping apartments should be comfortable and airy, that our surroundings should be inspiring and in every way congenial, and that we should go to rest without an overloaded or starving stomach to disturb our rest. Almost all bad dreams proceed from either a troubled mind or a disordered stomach, consequently it is of the utmost importance to all persons, mediums especially, who frequently have prophetic dreams, that they should disburden their minds of all cares previous to retiring, and also keep vigilance over the demands of the physical nature, as in nine cases out of every ten the consequences of broken rest (broken far more disastrously by unpleasant and exciting dreams than by mere wakefulness) are nervous prostration, general debility, violent headaches, chronic irritability, and eventually insanity. —W. J. Colville.

ERRORS OF THE THEOSOPHISTS.

No. I.

Two foibles existing in undisciplined minds, both originating in a wrongful love of dominion, namely Utopianism, and a desire to command spirits, have given some experienced Hindoos the cue to bring themselves into notice. Hindoo mystification, acting on western credulity, brought out the Theosophical Society. Utopian sophistries for love of the romantic, and what is called "Hindoo Philosophy," but which is rather mysticism, was the Hindoo stock in trade. They discoursed on the brotherhood of the human race, but in the rules of their Theosophical Society, they consider only those to be brothers who have joined their clique. These mild unselfish Hindoos preach equality and fraternity, but say—"First We, then the rest of the world. We only know, We alone can teach." Verily but I tell you that from an inflated people comes no salvation. The absolute is universal, and is not merely left to those who have a tradition of it. It selects its own instruments and draws them to the soul-plane. "No one cometh unto me unless the father draw him." Had the absolute been left to human tradition only, the secret thereof would long ago have been lost. But God Himself is continually actively propagating Himself and His knowledge in the soul of man. The spontaneous adept, he who, by earnest persistent striving, receives the absolute, irrespective of tradition, is the beloved of God, and there is no doubt, but that he is the most fit to receive the divine knowledge, or God would not have elected him to be his instrument; while those who receive the tradition of the divine knowledge (Gnosis) are not always fit to receive the knowledge itself; though they may have the letter, they have not always the spirit.

Theosophists go in quest of adepts exclusively among the traditions, and ignore the fact that self-taught adepts are of more consequence as these stand at the fountain head. Not so the latter. A craze for outlandish verbiage has also been inaugurated by the Theosophical Society; Moral and philosophical platitudes are supposed to become gems of occult wisdom if encrusted in hard words. Some individuals

lull themselves into the sweet dream that by virtue of half-a-dozen jaw-breakers they are in advance of the world. These are the learned Theosophists.

Some again saddle themselves upon "the Kabbalists." These have "Isis" on the brain, and chronic Anacalypsis-Higginsism in the mental system; they suffer also from acute evolutionary fever, and are subject to astrological theories. Their minds being a perfect chaos, they find traces of all their favourite theories in "the Kabbalists." These are the mystically profound Theosophists.

Some enterprising individuals have joined the ranks with the futile hope of obtaining power and wealth by magic; hitherto no one has succeeded in going beyond the pale of mere foolery, although many have capacities for higher things. For this magical power some look to India, some to Thibet; one learned individual attempted to lead to Rome, but he had to leave, for *Rome* is not in Thibet, sir. Let us piously hope that the theosophical boots were not defiled by actual contact with the recalcitrant body.

Some look to Yogis; some to Fakirs; now "the Brothers" are in high fashion, while some direct their regards to me; but all seem to ignore that the original source of all knowledge is the individual soul when in communion with the absolute.

Even as the founder of the Alexandrian school, Ammonius Saccas, the self-taught philosopher, by soul-knowledge attained to a knowledge of the absolute, and thereby to a knowledge of all things, so can every earnestly striving individual arrive at this knowledge (Gnosis) which is the fountain-head of all knowledge. Once in communion with the absolute one need learn nothing more than the mere technical terms of things. The absolute is absolute thought. In whatever direction one then desires information, he will get absolute truth from the Divine mentor, his own soul. It depends, however, on the development of the individual whether he will be able to communicate scientifically this knowledge, or whether he will remain in an incommunicable ecstatic state. A knowledge of the mathematical and physical sciences is therefore of great value to the occultist.

In every human creature there lies latent in the involitional part of the being a sufficient quantity of the omniscient, the absolute. To induce the latent absolute, which is the involitional part of our volitional conscious being, to become manifest, it is essential that the

* Man only becomes conscious of the activity of God, when united to God. The duality of man as semi-human and semi-divine, which latter has in the unregenerate state become a diabolic being, is an unrecognised fact of our existence. The God idea of the unregenerate is a mere shadow. God is light without shadow. The old Adam-state must be utterly discarded before man can attempt to enter the Christ-state, and only in that state can he know God. In speaking of these subjects whereon very little has been made public, although I endeavour to make the language as little mystical as possible, I can only convey a fraction of the entire truth. J.K.

volitional part of our being should become latent. After the preparatory purification from acquired depravities, a kind of introversion has to take place; the involitional has to become volitional, by the volitional becoming involitional. When the conscious becomes semi-unconscious, the, to us, formerly unconscious becomes fully conscious. The particle of the omniscient that is within us, the vital and growing, sleepless, involitional occult or female principle being allowed to express itself in the volitional, mental manifest, or masculine part of the human being, while the latter remains in a state of perfect passivity, the two formerly dis severed parts become re-united as one holy (wholly) perfect being, and then the divine manifestation is inevitable. Necessarily this is only safely practicable while living in uncompromisingly firm purity, for otherwise there is danger of unbalancement—insanity, or a questionable form of mediumship.

If anything is necessary to demonstrate the power of Thought over Matter, it is this Absolute State, where Thought can be said to be in full action. In this state Thought is action, and illimitable action. The Divine Will and Imagination combined, form the "Mirific" Word or Logos. Man's physical body generally becomes the first instrument which the regenerate and united soul and spirit (the involitional now volitional, the volitional now involitional) select to play their pranks upon. For the universe is full of joy, and the Adept's God is a God of joy, but he is an angry God, a very devil, to those who oppose him. The manifest soul has the power to reduce or to magnify, to lighten or to increase the weight of the physical body. The object of this effect is best known to the soul, as it occurs spontaneously; to us it appears merely as the soul's fun, joy at her emancipation from the tyranny of the devil (man's unregenerate being), and also to indicate her power. Behold now the error of the Theosophists in following the track of the mystifying and mystified Hindoos; they consider the four above faculties (Sidhis of Krishna), Anima, Mahima, Laghima and Garima to be the power they have to strive for, This is a ludicrous confusion of effect with cause. Our aim should be only to arrive at the Absolute State of the Kabbalists, when all these things and many more shall be added unto us. If a man, while in the microcosmic state, strives ever so much for magical power, according to the directions of "Brothers," Yogis or Fakirs, or even according to those of Eliphas Levi, he will at best but develope into

a curious medium, believing that he commands spirits, while in reality the spirits use him as a tool. This, I believe, is the position of Madame Blavatsky, much as she may resent the insinuation.

Everything the Theosophical Society has attempted, it has but perverted and cast a gloom over. The Theosophical books have spread more error than truth, and I heartily wish they had been left unwritten.

J. K.

A FABLE.

Some cawing Crows, a hooting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh-Fowl,
One day all met together
To hold a caucus and settle the fate
Of a certain bird (without a mate)
A bird of another feather.

"My friends," said the Owl, with a look most wise,
"The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper;
Yet the world is praising her, so I'm told,
And I think her actions have grown so bold
That some of us ought to stop her."

"I have heard it said," quoth Hawk, with a sigh,
"That young lambs died at the glance of her eye,
And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This and more I am told they say—
And I think that the only proper way
Is never to recognise her."

"I am quite convinced," said Crow with a caw,
"That the Eagle minds no moral law;
She's a most unruly creature."
"She's an ugly thing!" piped Canary-Bird;
"Some call her handsome—it's so absurd—
She hasn't a decent feature!"

Then the old Marsh-Hen went hopping about.
She said she was sure—*she* hadn't a doubt
Of truth of each bird's story;
And she thought it a duty to stop her flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the gilt from her glory.

But lo! from a peak on the mountain grand,
That looks out over the smiling land
And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid wings
She rises, rises, and upward swings
With a slow, majestic motion.

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture away she flies,
Close to the Great Eternal;
She sweeps the world with her piercing sight,
Her soul is filled with the Infinite,
And the joy of things supernal.

Thus rise for ever the chosen of God,
The genius-crowned or the power-shod,
Over the dust-world sailing;
And back, like splinters blown by the winds,
Must fall the missiles of silly minds.
Useless and unavailing. —Ella Wheeler.

SLATE-WRITING IN NEW YORK.

The Rev. Joseph Beal, President of Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, says :—

In regard to the slate-writing : It does not prove because a man by trickery can show a slate with writing on it, which he has written himself, that there is no genuine spirit writing upon slates or paper, any more than because a man shows a counterfeit trade dollar, that there are no genuine trade dollars ; or because a minister of the gospel is a knave and a fraud, that all ministers are frauds.

I took two slates in my office, washed them clean, made some holes through the frames on each side, put a small bit of pencil between them, then screwed them tight together, took them down to the American House, where Watkins, a famous slate-writing medium, was stopping. We sat down to a table in broad daylight. He took hold of the slates by one end while I held on to the other. Very soon we heard the writing. When the sound ceased I took the slates, and, with a jack-knife, turned back the screws and found these words written upon one of the slates. "Joseph Beals, H. H. Beals, and Mrs. A. W. Slade. We are all here,"—my father, my brother, and a lady who was while in earth life a lecturer upon spiritual philosophy, with whom I was acquainted.

In the August, of 1877, T. T. Timayensis, a modern Greek by birth, a teacher of the Greek language in the Collegiate Institute in Springfield, told me while at the camp meeting that year, that he "obtained from Watkins, in original Romaic character, the name of his grandfather and three lines of Greek words correctly spelled and with accents and breathings correctly placed." He also stated that "his grandfather's name was very peculiar and almost unpronounceable by English lips." The slate was in full view all the time, and Watkins merely touched one corner of it with his finger. Watkins himself cannot write or read a word in any language but the English, and hardly that correctly. Mr. Loomis says "Spirits never manifest themselves in an empty cabinet." I beg to differ with him and will cite one case.

The late E. V. Wilson, one of our prominent lecturers, told me that in 1874 he had a sitting with Dr. Henry Slade in New York City. He examined the room carefully, then locked the door and put the key in his pocket, no one there but himself and Dr. Slade. They hung a piece of black cloth across one part of the room, sat down a few feet in front of it, he taking hold of both of Dr. Slade's hands. Soon his attention was called to a spirit light

which moved around the room and then passed behind this cloth. There was in it a hole, cut on three sides, hanging from the top. Soon this was rolled up and the face of his father appeared. Soon the curtain dropped and his father stepped out in front of it and conversed with him awhile, then vanished out of sight ; did not go behind the curtain, but dematerialized in full view. I could give many cases where two spirit forms have come from behind the curtain, one of them holding back the curtain so that all the circle could see the medium and the two spirit forms at the same time, and this, too, when the mediums had gone to private houses to hold the circles. He says, "And yet we cannot but have true respect and sympathy for many Spiritualists, at least in the earlier stages of their Spiritualism." Well, the true Spiritualist feels the same sympathy and kindness towards those who are still in the bonds of old Orthodoxy. They sincerely wish they each knew as much about Spiritualism as the intelligent Spiritualist does.

TO-DAY, to morrow, every day, to thousands the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it ? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life ; at times from the great cathedral above us, we hear the organ and the chanting choir, we see the light streaming through the open door, when some friend goes out before us ; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into eternal life ?—*Longfellow.*

"WE touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric ; but is not so. If well meditated it will turn out to be a scientific fact ; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it ; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.—*Carlyle.*

IMITATION CLAIRVOYANCE.—A New Zealand correspondent says of a conjuring exhibition : "I think they were not a shrewd committee, or they favoured the Professor and his young lady, for they should have discovered, 1st, that the table was interlined with Draper's copying paper, on which they wrote ; 2nd, that the paper given them was soft paper, hard to write on ; 3rd, hard pencil scarcely able to make a mark with ; 4th, exposure of Spiritual phenomena to waste as much time as possible to give the material clairvoyant time to read the copy, and prepare answers, generally aided by some noted newsmongers of the town. It might be possible to get answers to any questions, written on any board, card, or table supplied by the Professor."

Answers to Correspondents.

In consequence of the Editor of this journal having left London for Paris, several communications which will appear in our next, have not been published during the last two weeks.

ERRATA :—Owing to errors of the printer in C. C. M.'s letter last week, the sentence "The ascetic egotist is further from the good than the free lover, who thinketh no evil," was printed, instead of "The ascetic egotist is further from the good than the free liver who thinketh no evil."

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

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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.

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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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