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A BLOT IN BUDDHA'S LIFE.

One good effect of Spiritualism is the tendency it has to induce its votaries to inquire, without prejudice, into the merits and demerits of all religious systems, and of all phases of religious thought. Hence much has been brought forward of late by various writers in Spiritualist periodicals about Buddhism, showing how large a proportion of good there is in that religion in its primitive form. Colonel Olcott, formerly a Spiritualist, afterwards a Theosophist, seems now to have turned Buddhist, for he has been establishing Buddhist schools in Ceylon, and has written a Buddhist catechism which is circulating extensively in India. Mr. Edwin Arnold in his beautiful poem, *The Light of Asia*, has placed Buddhism before the public in the most attractive possible manner, but neither from him nor from any other admirer of the great religious teacher of Eastern nations, have we ever heard any comment upon a dark feature of Buddha's life, assuming for the moment that he ever lived at all, and that his supposed career is not a myth. He deserted his wife, flung away the wealth of the love of Yasodhara as if it were nothing, and stole forth by night into the world, to seek the unknowable. After many years, towards the close of his career, his wife was allowed to gaze upon him from a distance as upon a vastly superior being. In these days and in this country a man who did the same would be ordered to the treadmill by a magistrate for deserting his wife and leaving her chargeable to the parish. If Buddha saw a better path in life before him, he might at least have urged Yasodhara to tread it with him, and not left her to grieve over his heartless desertion. Where women are so utterly downtrodden as in India, the Buddhistic idea may be acceptable, and do its evil part in keeping them in a debased position. In England women still labour under grievous legal and social wrongs, for there is plenty of barbarism under the thin crust of civilisation around us, but we do not see that the Buddhistic idea and example would tend to abolish the evils; rather the reverse.

VOICES FROM THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE UPANISHADS.*

"Atmâ† is a bank, a boundary, so that the worlds may not be confounded. Day and night do not pass that bank, nor old age, death, and grief; neither good nor evil deeds. All evil-doers turn back from it, for the world of Brahman (the soul world) is free from all evil.

"Therefore he who has crossed that bank, if blind, ceases to be blind; if wounded, ceases to be wounded; if afflicted, ceases to be afflicted. Therefore when the bank has been crossed, night becomes day indeed, for the world of Brahman is lighted up once for all.

"And the world of Brahman belongs to those only who find it by abstinence—for them there is freedom in all the worlds.

"What people call sacrifice (yagña), that is really abstinence (brahmakarya). For he who knows, obtains that (world of Brahman, which others obtain by sacrifice?) by means of abstinence.

"What people call sacrifice (ishṭa) that is really abstinence, for by abstinence, having searched (ishṭva) he obtains the Atmâ.

"What people call sacrifice (sattrâyana), that is really abstinence, for by abstinence he obtains from the Sat (the true), the safety (trana) of the Atmâ.

"What people call the vow of silence (mauna), that is really abstinence, for he who by abstinence has found out the Atmâ, meditates (manute).

"What people call fasting (anâsakâyana), that is really abstinence, for that Atmâ does not perish (nanasyati), which we find out by abstinence.

"What people call a hermit's life (aranyâyana), that is really abstinence.

"Ara and Nya are two lakes (*purity of the dual being*) in the world of Brahman, the third heaven from hence; that world of Brahman belongs to those who find the lakes Ara and Nya in the world of Brahman by means of abstinence; for them there is freedom in all the worlds."

* Sacred Books of the East, Vol. I, p. 130.

† Atmâ can be defined by "breath, soul, the principle of life and sensation, the individual soul, the self, natural temperament or disposition, essence, nature, character, the person, the body, the understanding, intellect, the mind, the faculty of thought and reason, the thinking faculty, the highest principle of life, Brahma, the supreme deity or soul of the universe, care, effort, firmness, the sun, fire, wind, air, a son" (*of man?*). See preface to *The Sacred Books of the East*, by Professor Max Müller, p. 28.) Of all these terms the translators of the Upanishads selected that very word, self, which is least expressive of Atmâ. *Soul* would be the most available word for Atmâ had the fear of offending Materialists not prevailed among modern scholars.

GOTAMA BUDDHA.

(From the Sutta Nipata.)

"Having abandoned the practising of violence towards all objects, not doing violence to any one of them, let one not wish for children; why wish for a friend? Let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

"Certainly we praise the acquisition of friendship; good friends should be admitted into one's company; not obtaining such friends, let one, subsisting on pure food, walk alone like a rhinoceros.

"Possessed of courage, persevering in the attainment of Paramattha (the supreme good) with a mind not inactive, without living in idleness, resolute in perseverance, endowed with strong, powerful thought, let one walk alone like a rhinoceros.

"The old extinct, the new not defiled, the wise—their hearts freed from clinging to future births, their seeds of existence destroyed, their desires not springing up again—are extinguished like a lamb.

"Overcome the desire which clings to various objects, by not overcoming which, gods and men, seeking the gratification of the senses, remain attached to them: do not on any account neglect this moment. Those who let slip this moment, will grieve in hell.

"One should not destroy life; should not take that which is not given; should not tell lies; should not become a drinker of intoxicating liquors; should refrain from sexual intercourse—an ignoble thing; should not eat unseasonable food at night; should not wear garlands or use perfumes; should sleep on a bed spread on the ground. Such they say, is the eightfold sacred formula declared by Buddha, who came to end our sorrows."

(From the Dhammapadda)

"This body of thine shall soon return to the earth—your form destroyed, your spirit fled; why then covet such an abode? It is the mind that makes its own dwelling-place; from the earliest time, the mind reflecting on evil ways, itself courts its own misery. It is the very thought that itself makes its sorrow. Not a father or mother can do so much; if only the thoughts be directed to that which is right, then happiness must necessarily follow. Concealing the six appetites, as the tortoise conceals his limbs, guarding the thoughts as a city is surrounded by the ditch, then the wise man in his struggle with Mâra shall certainly conquer, and free himself from all future misery."

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

(From the Poemander.)

Whereto are ye running so eagerly ye ine-

briated multitudes? Ye that have drunk of the wine of ignorance, it will ill become you unless you abstain in time.

Be ye sober and see ye with the eyes of the heart, and if ye all together cannot, then let those at least do so that are able. For the evils of ignorance inundate the whole surface of the earth, and deprave the incarnate soul, as they prevent it from arriving at the port of salvation.

Therefore be ye not drawn in with the vortex of the common flood but turn away, ye that are able, to reach the port of salvation and keep therein.

Seek ye a faithful guide to show you the portal of the understanding (gnosis) where the clear light shineth, the pure of darkness, where no one is inebriated, but all are sober looking to he that desires to be truly beheld. For he cannot be heard nor seen with the eyes, nor uttered, but only with the soul and heart is he perceived. But ye must first rend asunder the clothing ye wear, namely the clothing of ignorance, the cause of evil, the tie of fragility, the dark surrounding of the living death, the susceptible corpse of the grave that we carry about with us; the thief in the house, who mixes hate with love, and to whom hate is pleasing.

Such is the coat of enmity that ye wear; it drags you down that ye cannot look above to behold the glory of truth and the God therewith enveloped, and that ye cannot hate the evil it causes you. Behold and understand the meshes wherein ye are entailed, as the senses are made depraved instruments, they are clouded and obstructed by the multitude of gross matter and filled with accursed sensuality, so that ye can no more hear what ye should hear, and ye can no more see what ye should see.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SYSTEM.

The Pythagorean system, says Cleobolus, is founded upon temperance, and love of work. Pythagoras instead of making religion serve to establish morality, causes morality to demonstrate religion, and that that religion only is true which benefits humanity; thus the errors of impiety and of superstition are equally avoided. The object of this religious system is the love of all humanity. This system is a special gift to the poor and unhappy, to whom it offers continual consolation, and whom it inspires with infinite courage by demonstrating to them that all happiness lies within their own being, and if they only will it so, they are not less happy than those who are apparently more fortunate.

Without morals no civil institution can endure. The system of Pythagoras has all the essentials to render its ethics popular, it is simple in its principles and easy to follow in practice, for it is not merely intended for philosophers, who are few, but for the common people whom it should chiefly persuade; and as the masses of the people are mostly unhappy, they should therefore adhere to a system which proves itself the most useful to follow. The Pythagorean system of morality is purely humanitarian, and rests chiefly upon the bases of equality and charity; finally, it is independent of all opinion, as it is founded only upon those ideas whereupon all rightminded men are agreed, namely, the innate sense of justice and true morality. He who will instruct the people in the truths of the Pythagorean system, will assuredly greatly benefit the human race, and his name will endure throughout the ages.

PORPHYRY*

From our works our happiness results Those who would lead a perfect life must accord to nature only that which is absolutely necessary, as the senses are only satisfied at the cost of the intellect Those people who think to live a partly sensual life gradually degenerate into barbarity The only means of arriving at the end for which we are destined is by freeing ourselves from sensual pleasures Earthly attachments cause the soul to become gross and corporeal; the memory and imagination when heated by the senses, set in motion a multitude of passions. Therefore great care must be taken to avoid all occasions of encountering these enemies of our happiness; for this reason the Pythagoreans and ancient sages dwell in desert places, and even if the body was in the city, the soul despising the surroundings, was absent

That which is necessary for man is very little, easily obtainable, and can be used without impairing the justice and tranquility of the soul.

The use of flesh so far from being conducive to health is contrary to it, and health is recovered by abstaining from flesh. Corruption is caused by the mixing of contraries, and as by eating that which has had animal life, that which is dead becomes joined to that which is living, it necessarily communicates corruption, even as the joining of the *body* to the soul. As man is born he becomes defiled through his union with the body; when he dies his soul is also defiled as it issues from an impure corpse, and it is further defiled by the passions which are

* From his treatise *On Abstinence from the Flesh of Animals*.

excited by the nature of the food. Thought, or rather the thinker, becomes defiled when impure fantasies become mixed with the thoughts.

A fattened body increases that which is mortal in man and becomes an obstacle to eternal happiness; it defiles the soul and renders her gross and corporeal and addicted to strange things.

It is impossible to be united even with an inferior god (or higher spirit) unless we totally renounce the use of flesh, and far less with the Supreme who rules the All. It is only by purity of body and soul that we can have access to Him.

Pure food is the safe-guard of innocence, and the symbol and seal of God, which limits the power of demons (earth-bound spirits); for they have no power over those whose body and spirit is pure, as these conditions have no similarity to their own. The best sacrifices we can offer to the Deity are a pure spirit and a soul free from passion. For if one is filled with impurities, how can he become united to the most perfect of all beings?

The Philosopher, therefore, who is at the same time priest of the Supreme God, abstains from partaking as food of anything which has had animal life, and avoiding the persecution of importunate spirits, he studies nature as a true thinker; he understands her various operations, and seeking to approach the Supreme God alone, he is intent only upon that which unites him with God.

The foregoing extracts sufficiently illustrate that the system this treatise advocates, *the Religion of Humanity and the Knowledge of the Absolute*, is no new invention, but the most ancient and the most true system of practical philosophy. It is an exact and absolute system, which makes no concessions to vice. Morality has but one standard, and all right-minded men must conform to it; there is diversity of mentality and talents, but only one uniform purity for all. Even as little as there is liberty of opinion in mathematical science, can there be a diversity of moral systems; there is but one absolutely right system, and the laws thereof are the laws of right and wrong, *innate in every undepraved being*, and which are as clear as the noonday sun. No sophistry should ever cloud a right-minded man as to the necessity or permissibility of bloodshed and wrong indulgence; the straight line of Humanity is the criterion of adeptship, and a life of rational abstinence is the way to the absolute.

Liberty to differ in opinion from the absolute ethical standard means the liberty of ignorance and liberty of being wrong-minded. Man is free to do evil, and he may crush the innate sense of justice, the criterion of Humanity, but he will do so to his own detriment and at his own peril.

Man should live in accordance with the object of life, strictly adhering to necessaries for his physical and psychical well-being, and utterly avoiding all sensual luxuries, the more so if they are costly. The wealthy should first of all provide the necessaries of life for the poor; those unhappy, wrongly educated wealthy people, who indulge in expensive luxuries, are criminally responsible for the misery their thoughtlessness has caused, and the example they set to their less fortunate fellow-beings. Not only is a luxurious sensual mode of life simply an expensive method of acquiring painful diseases, but an indiscriminate pursuit of sensual pleasure can only terminate in extreme misery and bitterness.

J. K.

SPIRITUAL SELFISHNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE."

I have read a good many articles recently about Adeptship, and the mysteries of the Eastern Brotherhood of Theosophists, and I confess I am puzzled to make out what they are all about; nevertheless, I venture to express what appears to me to be a common-sense opinion upon the utility of following the life of an adept.

In the first place, Madame Blavatsky, who appears to be an exponent of the mysteries, cannot shew that any practical good comes of being a Theosophist. We have not heard that she has benefited humanity by being a Theosophist. She is said to have performed some wonderful feats, to have caused things to appear in places where they were never put by human hands, and to have astonished her friends by producing letters from invisible personages stitched up in the middle of cushions where no human hand could have placed them. This may be very wonderful, but what is the good of it? Does it make anyone happier? Is it a worthy object in life to produce such marvels, taking into account the price at which the power to work such wonders is acquired? We are not told what the process is; but we learn that complete isolation from your fellow-men for some years is one of the conditions of adeptship. This on the face of it stamps the whole thing

as selfish and unnatural. "No good can come of any science that has to be acquired in a life of lonely isolation, out of communion with the world, and without any human sympathy. The soul cannot expand under such conditions. It must become morbid, and be attended with morbid physical conditions, in fact we have no hesitation in saying that such a mode of life is at variance with God's commands, and therefore a sinful life, not sinful against others, but sinful against self. Every man's duty is to be of use to his fellow-men, and the man who spends years of his life away from all human sympathy, and sets before himself as an end and aim in life, the attainment of powers over matter that are abnormal, though they may perhaps be curious and exceptional, is laying out for himself a course of life that will inevitably tend to evil for himself. Such a man cannot possibly be doing his duty in life, which is to mix with his fellow men, and, by his example, and his teaching, to lead them to higher lives. He may succeed in astonishing his fellow-men, and he may be proud of his achievements, and value his wonderful powers as the rich man values his gold, and the power it gives him, but *cui bono* if no one is any better for it? What is the good of being able to make a tea-cup appear at the root of a gooseberry bush or a letter be found in the bark of a tree? It is all conjuring, or very much akin to it. Christ performed far more marvellous works; but He did them to attract attention to His Teachings, and he succeeded in making his miracles the wonder of the world, even to the present time. They were a sign that he had peculiar credentials from on High. They were not acquired, but were in-born in Him, and He used them for the purpose stated. Now, the Himalayan Brothers do not come down from their fastnesses and preach to the common people as Christ did. They wrap themselves in mystery and pretend to have a mission to perform, but they make no sign of accomplishing it. They secure a few adherents, it may be, but it is all vague and mysterious. What they are aiming at, and the conditions of life they propose to those who are to become as they are, are impracticable and at war with the natural instincts of the human race. They are to avoid tobacco and wine and meat, it may be. We only guess at these things, but we understand that they must lead absolutely pure lives, and purity is said to be identical with celibacy, which is only another proof of what we have said that their lives are unnatural and therefore contrary to Divine Law, which certainly

shews that for every human being there is a counterpart in the opposite sex, and that the two united can alone form the perfect man. Therefore we declare and we defy any Theosophist to prove the contrary, that the life of the celibate, be its object what it may, unless indeed it is to sacrifice self for the good of humanity, as Christ did—is not a life such as God has ordained for any man. Love is the basis of happiness in life, either on the earth or in the spirit world, and the man whose nature is warped by adeptship and such unnatural practices, is not living in accordance with the highest law of nature. There is something wanting, something wrong; he has sold himself to the devil as it were—given up the world, for the sake of possessing powers that are denied to his fellow-men. He even associates the natural, and therefore pure and divine life of wedlock, with *impurity*, and talks of the necessity of leading an absolutely pure life as involving a life of celibacy. We deny this utterly and emphatically. A married man may be as pure physically and spiritually as the celibate, and he will certainly, if happily married, be a much more perfect man than the miserable, one-sided, soul-starved ascetic, who flatters himself that he is better than other men because he possesses a few abnormal powers acquired at the sacrifice of his better nature. We say this advisedly. It is unnatural and contrary to all divine law for males to live isolated and celibate lives, shut up in themselves. It is unnatural for the spirit and it is so for the body; neither can prosper under it, and in the spirit world it is as unnatural as it is in yours. The spirit of such a person is one-sided, undeveloped, morbid and unhappy. We defy any man to be happy who has no human sympathies, and we defy any Theosophist to prove that living a life of solitude and self-immolation can tend to the happiness either of the person concerned or of those related to him. It is every man's destiny to be allied to one of the opposite sex, and he cannot escape his destiny by cultivating strange modes of life and thinking that he has raised himself to a higher level than his fellow-men, and become a little god. Vain folly! There is abundant work to do in the world to-day by those who lead good and pure lives, and we would warn all against believing that eccentric and mysterious modes of life are essential to the highest usefulness in life. Reform your lives by all means. Men are sunk in ignorance and given to all kinds of malpractices in their daily lives and habits. That cannot be denied;

but they can reform all this without becoming adepts and leading celibate lives amidst the fastnesses of the Himalayas. In England there are abundant facilities for those who wish to avoid the evils and contaminating influences of large towns. No need to go far away—Nature is at your doors. Go into the green fields and by the babbling brooks, and you will find all the inspiration to purity and simplicity of life that you need, and you can take your wife and children with you and enjoy what you see and what you possess, and perhaps then you will have occasion to thank God that you are not an adept.*

A BOOK BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

Towards the close of this month a new book, *A Philosophy of Immortality*, by Mr. Roden Noel, a well-known author of high reputation, will be published at *The Spiritualist* office, 38, Museum Street, London. In the book the author gives some of his personal experiences in Spiritualism. The price of the work will be seven shillings and sixpence.

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

BY HENRY G. ATKINSON, F.G.S., AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO MISS MARTINEAU."

Sir William Hamilton says, very truly, that "what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of," therefore unconscious cerebration is fundamental, and before conscious perception. Our ordinary thinking, then, is in fact inspiration formed for us and not by us; even the sense of effort is not the effort itself, which is an unconscious impulse of which we become conscious. The idea that the mental state is the effort or will itself, or the efficient power, is mere illusion, as much so as that the fire is hot, the feeling in the finger, or the pain in the tooth. Consciousness is the exponent of the underlying action, from which may come much we may not comprehend, as in the dream, and what may really have no definite meaning.

Sir Edwin Landseer painted a picture he called "The Kind Star." It was a female figure, or angel, with a star on the forehead, descending to a dying stag, but no one could make out what it meant. Was it a Midsummer Night's Dream, or what? So I made up my mind to ask my old friend, the painter, himself. "Well," he replied, "I don't ex-

* The above article is mostly inspirational so far as the writer is concerned. It was written without thought or preparation after reading Madame Blavatsky's last letter in the *Spiritualist* and in defence of the Theosophists.

actly know. I thought it a pretty idea anyhow, and that it would make a pretty picture." So poets often are impressed to write good but unmeaning lines, as in the case instanced in respect to Coleridge. I myself have often, half dreaming, noted down what I thought a good idea, and afterwards could see no meaning in it.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

CHARLES H. FOSTER AS A PROPHET.

The *Daily Chieftain*, of Pueblo, Colorado, says *The Two Worlds*, speaks of a remarkable circumstance in which Mr. C. H. Foster played an important part as seer:

"Our Santa Fé special announces the death by suicide at that place of Señor Pedro C. Armijo. This announcement will be received with profound sorrow and regret in this community, where he was well known and highly esteemed. He was largely identified with the wool-growing interests of the West, and reputed quite wealthy. He numbered his sheep by thousands, and was sometimes styled the sheep king of Mexico. We have some particulars regarding the case of the tragedy, which, being of rather a painful nature, we deem proper to suppress. Señor Armijo was quite a young man, of fine appearance and agreeable and winning manners, and apparently always lively and in excellent spirits. Some strange and startling facts are related in connection with his melancholy taking off. It appears that in November last, when in Denver, he visited Foster, the medium, who was then attracting much attention. During the *séance* Foster gave a start, and, with considerable agitation, exclaimed: '*My God! sir, you will die a violent death, and very soon; you will be shot!*' Señor Armijo attached no importance to this announcement, treating it lightly, and, when relating the circumstance to a circle of friends at the Lindell Hotel, of this place, jocularly remarked that in the future he would keep his pistols about him and be prepared for the predicted danger; evidently understanding the prophecy to mean that he would die by the hand of another person, and not by his own. Foster seems to have formed quite an attachment for the unfortunate gentleman, and appeared greatly distressed in consequence of the powerful and painful impressions regarding his future fate. Without desiring to comment on the above, we will merely say the facts are well authenticated, and their truth vouched for by those who were present when the narrative was given by Señor Armijo himself."

MORE OF COLONEL OLCOTT'S EXPERIENCES.

Last week some experiences of Col. Olcott were printed in this journal in which he is reported to have said that he found comments written upon his letters from abroad, inside the envelopes while the seals were yet unbroken. This manifestation of obtaining writing in closed spaces, is common enough in the presence of some mediums, and has been obtained inside envelopes through an Australian medium, so is but in the ordinary run of spiritual manifestations. He is, in the same narrative, also reported to have said that he saw a Cabalist, after burning certain gums, cause a clear sky to be obscured by clouds for ten minutes. Is Col. Olcott a seeing medium, for such often see phenomena not visible to normal eyesight? Or is he sure that the burnt drugs were not influencing his sensations? In the following narrative he is reported to have told how a magician showed him the face of an awful-looking "elementary," with snakes for hairs. Is he a seeing medium? Such often have visions of like kind. Once the late Mr. Cogman described to us beings he saw producing manifestations through another medium; they were not unlike Col. Olcott's elementaries, but were purely Mr. Cogman's subjective visions. At present it is not clear that anything in the two narratives, the following of which is taken from *The Boston Globe* of January 31st, 1875, is outside the range of ordinary subjective and objective spiritual phenomena:—

Colonel H. S. Olcott, who has attained considerable notoriety through his connection with the Eddy Brothers' affair, and since has been a student of occult art in the New York Theosophic Society, delivered two lectures, yesterday, in Paine Hall, to large houses. In the afternoon he spoke of "Human Spirits and Elementalities." The reason why Spiritualists have made no progress in the last twenty years is because, like theologians and scientists, they have thought themselves the discoverers of the truths they profess. But can it be possible that all the learning of the ancients in spiritual matters goes for nought? Possibly, by careful study, it may be found that there is reason for the baseness, untruthfulness, and absurdities in many of the "messages" by mediums. Colonel Olcott said that the ancients,

by the most solemn rites, consecrated the virgins who were the mediums of communication from the immortals; and until Spiritualists follow their example, the poor mediums of to-day will continue to be slaves to a low order of beings, capable of simulating man's appearance, and, conscienceless and without moral responsibility, ready to work all mischief. The speaker said that only recently he had been led to study the Lore of Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus, and those Eastern wise men who knew more of God and Right than Christianity has ever forgotten. Although but a novice in the occult art which the successors of the alchemists still practice, he had seen many strange things. He met a Hindoo at a restaurant one day, and they discussed the magic art. Finally, his swarthy brother accompanied him home, and there verified all the statements in regard to "elementaries" found in the writings of the alchemists. Taking a bamboo wand, this magician, by sundry wavings and mutterings, caused a cloud of mist to appear. First, he evolved beautiful sylphs, or air sprites, then, the mist condensing into water, strange Undine-shaped creatures, half animal, half human, appeared. Next, the Hindoo caused the walls to spread apart, and a representation of Vesuvius in eruption was shown. In the fire appeared strange creatures, tossing about balls of flame with impunity, a few of them beautiful, but most of them misshapen and hideous. Finally, the wonder-worker gave the speaker a glimpse "down in a coal mine," where gnomes appeared to him. Colonel Olcott attempted to touch them, but was gently restrained by his Hindoo friend. The most hideous of the creatures had the peculiarities of a malignant eye which, with a huge gash for a mouth, made up the face; and from the chin to the feet hung a beard of wire-like snakes. Col. Olcott averred that this "critter" had a hide like a rhinoceros.

However, these elementaries, according to the speaker, are not insensible to pain. They have a good deal of matter in their composition; and, if a bullet passes through them, it hurts them. The Colonel evidently thinks that Mrs. Hardy has the paraffine in which her familiar spirits "materialise" only moderately warm, to spare the feeling of the elementaries. He told a pleasant story of one of the elementaries who tried to materialise in boiling paraffine and was heard to cry out to the medium, "Oh, this is too hot." The difference between the magician and the medium is that one controls the "elementaries," and the other is controlled

by them. To have communication with pure immortals, we must have pure-minded mediums; and the first thing necessary to free the mediums from the thrall under which they now are, is to learn the law by which "elementaries" can be controlled. Colonel Olcott told about having letters to a friend in India answered in a moment, in his own room, and of an occult "adept" clearing away a rainstorm for him when he wanted to go out once; but said, very considerately, that he didn't expect his auditors to believe him.

In the evening, Colonel Olcott spoke of "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism." The world, he said, moved in cycles; and to attempt to solve the mysteries of the ethereal world without going back to the men who built Karnak and Baalbac "before antiquity began" would seem useless. These men surpassed us in art and equalled us in science; and it is contrary to all analogy and all reason to suppose that they were ignorant of spirit matters.

The occult or divine art was professed by priests of all religions under a veil. This was the soul of all mythology; but, lest its dangerous power should be converted to base uses its votaries were bound to secrecy and silence. It was then "white magic;" and what has since been practised by necromancers and Kabi-men is the abuse of it, called the black art. The one has dealings with immortals, the other with "elementaries." The soul is the apex of the great pyramid of nature, and is given dominion over the microcosm or lesser world. The occult art supplies the "missing link" in Darwin's theory of evolution, and explains the great cosmos governed by one creative force. Colonel Olcott told the story of the fakir who was buried eleven months, and revived, but did not vouch for it. He explained, however, the theory of a man's "double," saying that he met the other day the double of a woman whom he knew to be in Florida at the time; to touch and appearance she was solid as when in the body. He referred also to levitation, etc., and the power of passing through walls, which gifted magicians possess, and fortified his marvelous stories by references to the marvels told in the Bible and by patristic writers. The lecture, it is needless to say, was heard with a good deal of interest.

Among the members of The Liberal Association of New South Wales, recently established at Sydney, are Mr. Haviland and many other Spiritualists. The president of the society is the Hon. J. Bowie Wilson; the honorary secretary, Mr. G. Lacy. The Association has sent us a copy of its constitution and rules.

THE HUMAN DOUBLE.

The following appears in the current number of the *Spectator* :—

Sir,—If I were to tell you that I have seen and analysed the waters of a river which runs two degrees north of the Equator, and found in those waters eleven per cent. of sulphuric acid and one and a half per cent. of hydrochloric, I might cause some surprise, but little or no incredulity, even if I were to add the little-known fact that in that region of the world there is thrown away in twenty-four hours more of those two acids than is artificially produced in Europe in a year. But if I tell you that I once saw, outside my fancy, a woman who was two thousand miles off at the time, I shall not only be generally disbelieved, but laughed at as well. I have often told the story in private life, but not till now have I told it in print. Twenty-three years ago, as I was looking out of the window of General Torico's rancho at Chorilles, ten miles south of Lima, Peru, there passed by several ladies and gentlemen on horseback. A lady whom I will call Mrs. Morena (the Spanish rendering of a common English name), was one of the gay cavalcade. She was so beautiful, that I have remembered her face with the ease with which I am able to recall the Victoria Regina, or the yellow convolvulus, or the blue orchid, as when I first saw those beautiful flowers in their native lands. I had never spoken to Mrs. Morena or her husband, who accompanied her, and who was then on his way to Jauja, from the United States, to get healed of consumption. Three years ago, as one morning I lay musing in my bunk in a Cunard steamer crossing the Atlantic, in full daylight, and having my eyes wide open, Mrs. Morena came into my cabin, and, to my sorrow, went out of it as quickly as she came in. Thereupon I rose, bathed, dressed and went up to breakfast. It was late; the saloon was nearly deserted, and I found only two fellow-passengers, talking together and eating ham and eggs. I had never seen either. The common name of Morena was mentioned between the two, and I, being full of my vision remarked at a venture to him who sat next to me, "Mrs. Morena is more plump than she was twenty years ago." My neighbour turned on me a quiet look of inquiring surprise. Putting his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, he drew out one of those excellent photographs for which some American photographers are so celebrated. "Is that the lady you mean?" he gently demanded; and I answered, "Certainly, and you see she is rather stouter."

"When did you see her last?" was the next question; and I answered, "This morning." The gentleman with the photograph was Mr. Morena, the husband of my beautiful lady. We became friends and had many social yarns together; he told me of his residence in Jauja, of the complete cure of his lungs, the number of his children, and many more dear, delightful, household things in which I had no interest. He invited me to his house. On our arrival at New York, Morena telegraphed to his wife, who replied, whilst he waited in the telegraph office, that they were all quite well at home. Nothing happened. I had not, to my recollection, thought of the Morenas for years before. Is it very difficult to understand, when two or three are met together under certain given circumstances, that a real presence may be vouchsafed to each? A. J. DUFFIELD.

Belle Vue House, Newlyn, Penzance.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN CALCUTTA.

From "The Indian Mirror."

Mr. Eglinton's wonderful powers, as a Spiritualistic medium, are beginning to develop themselves more clearly and distinctly. He has been holding a *séance* again with the same sitters as on the last occasion, at the house of Babu Denonath Mullick, Parsi Bagan, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. In our opinion, it was even more successful than the last one. . . . Two materialised spirits appeared—one of a Hindu lady, and the other of a Hindu gentleman; but on this occasion not in the dark, but in the light of a lamp, though the light was not brilliant. They were the father and mother respectively of two of the gentlemen present. The forms, though distinctly visible as of a Hindu lady and a Hindu gentleman, were not quite recognisable yet, in their spirit life. We hope they will be so on a future occasion. But the most noticeable features of the last *séance* were the following: One of the sitters was requested to write the name of one of his departed relatives. The name written was not at all shown to Mr. Eglinton, nor did he know it, or was likely to know it before. The bit of paper, on which the name was written, was then folded up, and handed over to Mr. Eglinton, who, as soon as he received it in its folded state, burnt it in the flame of the lamp before which he sat. It was immediately reduced to ashes, and Mr. Eglinton then rubbed the ashes over one of his arms, which was laid bare and found to be quite clear, and free from any writing at all. But scarcely had Mr. Eglinton rubbed the ashes

over his arm, when the name of the departed relative of the sitter appeared in a minute or so in *distinctly legible* characters over the very arm, spelt similarly as on the bit of paper itself. But the most striking thing was this. When the materialised spirits had disappeared, a distinct sound of writing was heard in the dark for two or three seconds only, and immediately, when a light was brought in, a card was found stuck up on the edge of a book, near a certain distinguished sitter, and the following Sanskrit text appeared on it, in pencil, in pure and excellent Bengali handwriting, with the initials in English of one "P":—"Tapasha Brahma bijigya sumbo," which, when rendered into English, runs as follows:—"By devotion, and knowledge of God, a person is united with Him," *i.e.*, he attains salvation.

We may well look forward to still more startling glimpses into the spirit world, through the agency of Mr. Eglinton's certainly most extraordinary powers. No man who has witnessed his *séances* can possibly doubt the genuineness of his manifestations.

SEVERAL persons have written to us of late in consequence of some remarks in an article by J. K., asking for the address of Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt. We had it not at the time. It is 13, Fitzroy Street, London, W.

THE BRAIN-WORK OF SIGNALMEN AND POINTSMEN:—No one who has any practical acquaintance with the working of the human brain should fail to recognise the fatuity of a policy which entrusts the safety of many thousand lives and limbs to the integrity and precision of mental functions performed by one brain continuously during several successive hours. Let any student of psychology apply scientific tests to the operation of his own brain for even two or three hours at a stretch, and say whether such sustained attention as is requisite for the precise discharge of duties such as those which devolve on a railway pointsman can be reasonably expected of it. We have no hesitation in asserting that the demand made on the attention of the officials placed in the signal-boxes at junctions where there is much traffic is monstrous. In the nature of things physical there *must* be periods when memory fails and the mind is wandering. If it were not for the "habit" formed by practice the task imposed could not be performed. The higher cerebral centres are, to some extent, relieved of the strain put upon them by delegating a large share of their proper work to the lower automatic centres; but even with this relief the tension is excessive, and the way in which some measure of ease is purchased by "habit" is in itself a source of special peril. . . . When the lives of hundreds of confiding passengers are made to depend for safety on the perfect integrity of a single brain, with no better excuse than that it would cost more to retain another brain in aid of the first, we cannot help thinking the greed of dividends has reached a point at which public opinion may be fairly asked to express itself; and—albeit the "railway interest" is so strongly represented in both Houses of Parliament as to render the task a hard one—the Legislature may, and must, be moved to intervene.—*Lancet*.