THE MIND TELEGRAPH

A Treatise

ON

THE TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE OF THE HUMAN WILL

BY

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Translated from the Sixth German Edition

BY

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The little book of which the following is a translation has run through its sixth edition in Germany. It purports to be a translation from the English. As the writer was unable to find the English edition, and believes that many American readers would be interested in its contents, he gives this translation to the public.

GERMAN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

One of the most remarkable men of our times is undoubtedly the author of this pamphlet, of whose wonderful influence over men, animals, and inanimate objects accounts have appeared for a number of years in many magazines, especially the English and French. It is a pity that we know nothing more about this extraordinary man than what these articles narrate, and what he himself has chosen to make public in this little pamphlet.

More important, however, than the story of his life and his personality are his experiences and observations. On their account we have made this translation, for a whole system can be built up upon them which would overthrow our modern principles of philosophy and natural science, and especially those of the Materialists. The main features of such a system would be:

(1) The soul (mind) has an independent existence, separate from that of the body.

(2) The soul (mind) is a manifestation of the Spirit of God and is endowed with all the perfections of the same, and is able, above all, to rule all of creation by its will and to subject it thereto; therefore, a man, if he will only earnestly exert his will, has every power and hence control—

(*a*) Over himself and his own body.

(*b*) Over other persons.

(*c*) Over things.

(*d*) Over animals.

And, in addition thereto, a man can exert the power of his will not only upon near objects but also at a distance, and can, therefore—

(*a*) See at a distance.

(*b*) Act at a distance; and finally

(*c*) Place himself at a distance.

(3) The soul (mind) of each man would rule all Nature, if he were not of little faith, in consequence of the perverted education of children, who are, from the very beginning,

taught that many things are impossible. This omnipotence, however, returns even in the case of ordinary men—

(*a*) When they are excited by their passions.

(*b*) When they are in the throes of death, or

(*c*) When something causes them to believe in their power to act. As instances the writer mentions: (1) Forms and formulas used in so-called sorcery, and (2) forms and formulas used in sympathetic cures.

(*d*) When through particular circumstances, especially ecstasy or insanity, the ideas which have been inculcated are forgotten.

(4) By the exercise of his will power every one is able to strengthen the same to such a degree that he can exert his will upon all Nature, especially men and animals, and can make them his subjects. How to exercise one's will power is plainly shown in the following pages.

THE MIND TELEGRAPH.

"If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you."—*Luke* xvii., 6.

WHILE yet a young man, Cæsar was captured by pirates while on a trip to the Isle of Rhodes. He was with them for five weeks, during which time his friends collected the money for his ransom; but during this time, as the Greek writer Plutarch tells us, he was held in so much respect by the pirates that a stranger would have sworn that he was the master, and they his slaves. When he wished to rest he forbid them to make any noise, and they obeyed him absolutely. At other times he read them poems and speeches which he had written when time hung heavy on his hands, and when they showed a lack of attention called them vulgar-minded boors who were not worthy of the honor he bestowed

upon them, and promised that he would crucify each and every one of them as soon as he had obtained his liberty—a threat which he afterward really carried out.

No one has ever doubted that only a great man could ever have obtained such a dominion over other men. But the term "a great man" is too general, and therefore meaningless, and does not express the substance of the idea. It is of great importance to designate exactly that faculty, or, if one prefers so to call it—that power by the employment of which Cæsar humbled men who were actually his masters, as they had him in their power.

History tells us of similar instances in the lives of famous men of ancient and modern times.

Every one has heard of the Athenian Alcibiades. He once made a bet with other young men that he would in the public market-place give Hipponikos, a respected citizen of Athens, a box on the ear. "You will not do that!" said the others. "Oh, yes, I will," replied Alcibiades; "and afterward he shall give me his

daughter in marriage." The next day he went to the market-place. Hipponikos came; Alcibiades walked quickly up to him and gave him a box on the ear. The good man did not know what to make of this, and went home in dismay. Every one who had seen or heard of this called Alcibiades a dastardly cur. He, however, went the next day to the house of Hipponikos, bared his back, and begged that he be punished for the insult of the previous day. The old man laughed, pardoned him, and finally grew to like the young man so well that he gave him his daughter in marriage, exactly as Alcibiades had willed.

As Alcibiades had *willed*, we say; and we wish to lay especial emphasis upon this word, for we shall see in what follows that the *will* plays the main part in the cases that we have related, and in similar ones, and that it is the *will* that makes great men great.

Why was it that his soldiers followed Alexander to death and victory even when, according to human calculation, defeat was inevitable? Why was it that Cæsar was victorious

even in the most hopeless battles? How was it that Napoleon climbed upward, step by step, until he was worshiped as an idol? How was it that Frederick the Great could rule men by his glance, could lead them as he wished, and could, as he preferred, either crush them or raise them up?

With all of them this was made possible by the firm, strong *will,* whose existence had already been revealed when they were in their infancy.

The same was the case with all those who, in war or in peace, in times of revolution or of quiet, exerted a great influence over the masses of the people. They were all of them men of firm *will,* even if they were not aware of the fact that it was the *will* alone that gave them and maintained for them their dominion.

But why shall we mention only those who are prominent in history? What is it that gives power to the skilled horse trainer over the wildest and most stubborn animals? If we examine carefully all the circumstances we shall soon become convinced that this power

does not depend only upon skill, or special knowledge of any kind, but that it is the *will* that conquers and crushes the will of the animal. Watch the divines, the lawyers, who exert the greatest influence, and you will always find that they are men of strong will; that they reconcile, that they convince, that they attain their aim, because they *will* it—while thousands of others seemingly far more talented men, with all their learning, all their skilful speech, all their sound logic, can achieve nothing; so that, compared with these beings endowed with a firm *will,* they are mere nonentities. With a certain degree of wonder this fact has been recognized by Agrippa of Neetesheim, Malebranche, Leo Allatius, Jung Stilling, Peucer, Heironimus Cardanus, St. Augustine, Haller, Azais, and hundreds of others in ancient and modern times whose names we cannot mention here—while we now, after the wonderful revelations of the nineteenth century, perceive with a clear eye the mighty secret, the eternal truth behind the raised veil of Isis.

Do not smile, dear reader, when some one tells you that a man, endowed with this power, stretches out his hand toward a sick person and immediately frees him of his disease. Rather interrogate the man himself, this worker of miracles, whom the narow-minded have often ridiculed, derided, and persecuted; whom the masses admire, fear, wonder at; whom the healed honor and praise, and ask: "How do you work your cures?" And he will answer: "I *will* to do it, and therefore I can do it!" And if he is honest, as the true healer always is, he will add, "And you can do it also, if you *will* to do it!"

But why need I multiply examples? Listen to the strange and remarkable story of my own life, and draw a lesson from it, so that you can employ the knowledge you gain for your own benefit and for that of your fellow-men. But cursed be those who misuse the knowledge they may gain!

I was born on the eleventh of March, 1811, on the farm Hodgehead, in the south of Scotland. My father was an upright and active

gentleman farmer, who was quite well-to-do, and was willing to spend money upon the education of his children. While yet quite young I was sent to the college at S—— to learn Latin and Greek, two languages to which I could not take a liking. While the professor expounded Ovid, I thought of the trout that swam in the woodland brooks of my native place; while the masterpieces of Homer lay open before me, my mind traveled back to the green meadows on which my father's kine and sheep were grazing.

Usually I did not know what line of the book had been reached by the class. But I firmly gazed at the professor, and firmly wished that he should not call me up—and he did not call me up. At other times I happened to know what line had been reached, and happened to have prepared myself and knew that I could translate quite well if I should be called—and looked with an inward exertion and excitement at the professor, who, surely enough, just as if he had understood me, turned to me and requested me to continue the

translation. After I had seen my wishes fulfilled in this manner several times the thought came to me that I could perhaps rule destiny by my will. My confidence grew, and the successes of my will became always more astonishing. I was well enough acquainted with the professor to know that he always called up those who, he thought, had been lazy or inattentive, and my astonishment grew and my mind was aroused by my great success.

"Do I really possess a will that almost attains omnipotence?" I asked myself one day while in the class for Bible study, my mind having been busy with anything and everything but the lecture of the venerable vicar. Before me lay my Bible, open at the first page. My glance happened to fall on the book, and I read the verse in which it is said that God made man in his image. These words are sufficient to make any idealistically inclined boy wonder, and I fell into a revery and tried to arrive at a comprehension of the real meaning of these words.

Has God the *form* of a man, and has he created us in his image in *that* respect?

There He was, on the title-page of my Bible —God as an old man with a long white beard and a bald head, stretching out his hand over the earth in blessing and looking down upon it.

I looked at the picture one moment, then angrily turned the leaf and cried out "Fie!" The good vicar was startled and stopped in the middle of his exhortation, of which I had not heard a word. He called me earnestly to account, and I confessed that I had been looking at the title-page of my Bible and was horrified at this profanation of God's majesty.

"Good, my son!"' said the old gentleman; "God is Spirit, and only as a spiritual being man is his image."

I do not know what else he said, for I was again buried in thought. The outside world no longer existed for me.

"The will of God rules the world!" was one of the main propositions with which my philosophic mind busied itself. "Man is created in God's image; therefore, godlike powers and

perfections must be man's heritage!" That was my second proposition. The conclusion was now easy to reach that man must be able to exert an influence in the ruling of the world.

I felt now for the first time that no one who does not possess a rich fund of knowledge can in any important matter arrive at a definite decision. To do so, many proofs are necessary, and I did not have these owing to my lack of knowledge. I could not draw definite conclusions from my own experiences; I was compelled to call the experiences of others to my aid. To be able to do this I began at that time to study diligently the works of ancient and modern authors.

A year had hardly passed, and I had already read more than many a man has read during the course of a lifetime. The words of Ovid had electrified me:

> Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescismus illo,
> Sedibus aethereis spiritus ille venit.
> (There is a God in us, through him we glow;
> This spirit comes from heavenly heights.)

I found the originals of these words in the

works of the two Greeks, Aratus of Cilicia and Cleanthes, of whom the former said: "We all have need of Zeus, for we are of his race," and the latter, in his song in praise of the highest God, said: "Yes, to Thee we mortals may all speak, for we are of Thy race, and we alone of all that lives on this earth were endowed with the power of speech."

Unfortunately, the materialism of modern times, that monster born of the Copernicus-Newton fallacy, has misled the understanding and denies the existence of a mind separate from the body. Inexact reasoners may in truth be misled when they read the unpardonable sophistries of our materialists; for instance, of Frauenstaedt:

"It is a fact that the mind grows and develops as the body does; that the operation of the former is dependent upon the brain, its size and condition, just as vision depends upon that of the eye, and that injury to the brain produces a corresponding effect upon the mind, etc. How could this phenomenon be explained if the mind existed independently of

and separately from the body, being only externally united with it? Why should an independent mind which is complete in itself become so dependent upon a body which differs so greatly from it that it grows and decays, rejoices and suffers with it? If the brain is only a materialized tool of the mind, why should the mind be affected when the brain is affected? Is the ordinary workman so dependent upon his tools that their injury is also his? Does one become dull when the knife with which one cuts becomes dulled? Does the player become out of tune when his piano is out of tune?"

Thus reasons the sophist and materialist; but his case is the same as that of all who yield allegiance to the theory of materialism: in trying to prove their case they furnish invincible arguments to disprove it. To be sure, every workman depends upon his tools. When the knife is dull no sharp cut can be made with it, and the greatest player cannot make an untuned piano produce harmonious chords. Similarly, the mind cannot produce harmonious

thoughts when its instrument—the bodily organism—is out of tune.

When one considers the influence of illness, of old age, of food and drink, upon the manifestations of the mind, one is very apt to arrive at the sad conclusion that the mind is not an independent entity, but merely a function of the body. But when we consider that when the body is asleep the mind seems to be absent but is nevertheless present, that then the limitations of time and space do not exist for it, and that then it is almost freed from the prison of the body and sees into the past and future, as well as to the greatest distances—a fact unknown only to the coarsest organisms, in which the physical body preponderates—we must assume that, when the body is affected, only the exterior manifestations of the mind are interrupted: those for which the agency of the body is necessary.

It is true, the mind manifests itself by means of the body as long as it is bound to the same, and is able to manifest itself only to the extent that the material condition of the

body permits it, but it remains independent none the less, and is not actually changed by changes of bodily conditions, just as the mind of the sleeper is not blind because the eyes are closed. The mind of the lunatic may be perfectly sane, although it cannot produce any manifestations of sanity by means of the deranged brain. The mind of the child-like octogenarian may be in a state of the greatest perfection—may already be soaring in higher spheres—although it cannot manifest itself as perfect by means of the shriveled body.

The mind is therefore not a function of the body; on the contrary, it is the mind that forms the body and shapes it, as it could not do if it were not an independent being. It is for this reason that as the mind develops the lines of the face and the glance of the eyes both change, and that we are able to read the mind in the lines of the body. But the body may hamper the mind in its activity, and therefore disturbances of the body react upon the manifestations of the mind. But when death approaches, when dissolution has taken place,

when the pulse beats no more, when the mind is freed from the chains of crippled organs—then the mind's imperfections disappear, insanity flees, the child-like octogenarian becomes rational, and the prophetic utterances of the dying—we might almost say of the already dead—prove that the mind, the soul, is a being of a higher nature than the materialist can possibly conceive it to be: that it is itself a manifestation of Divine Spirit, a breath of the Lord, fashioned in the image of Jehovah.

For this reason the soul can in a moment of ecstasy depart from the living body—*poeta propheta!*—and partake of the omniscience and of the divine power of God's Spirit, of which it is a manifestation. But in our times, owing to our ridiculous ideas about Nature, which are contrary to all our experiences, enthusiasm, ecstasy, far-vision and far-action have become almost impossible. Because children are taught even in their infancy the materialistic ideas of the impossible the world has grown to be "of little faith" and sinks like Peter into the waves over which it was destined to rule—and it is

only in the lower strata of the less educated children of Nature, in dreams, in the state of somnambulism (with which, alas! so much deception is practised), and in the hour of death that the divine perfection of the soul manifests itself.

Only once in a great while a gleam of our original state of perfection breaks through, but it can shine only with a dismal light. Such are impressions—*i.e.,* effects produced on us and our surroundings by those who although far away are thinking of us, the existence of which is not denied even by so-called strong-minded (really weak-minded) persons—such are forebodings, which, however, are recognized too late or ignored altogether, by those whose erroneous views have led them away from the path of Nature. While the former prove that the mind can act at any distance, the latter prove that the soul, born of God, always retains a part of its divine omniscience, although modern science has done its best to destroy this perfection.

How is it that we can feel that some one is

sneaking behind us? That we look around at some one who has walked past us at the moment when he turns around to look at us? That we awake when a stranger comes near us or some one looks fixedly at us? That we are restless when another is thinking of us? That our mind turns to him and we speak of him who is just about to come to us (the wolf in the fable)?

Are these not all proofs of the fact that man can act at a distance, or that he can receive impressions at a distance, or—what is more probable—that he can do both? Do these facts not prove that the mind does not need ears in order to hear, eyes in order to see, and nerves in order to feel, taste, or smell? Do they not prove conclusively that the soul can, without the interposition of the body and in fact beyond the body's sphere of action, exert its wonderful divine power?

In the space of a few years I had read all the Greek and Latin writers, had thought over the often misunderstood words of Holy Writ, had impartially studied the works of the most

famous mathematicians, philosophers, physicians, and students of Nature, had impressed upon my mind the experiences of all times, the views of every people; and the following propositions were irrevocably fixed in my mind:

1. The mind is an independent entity, separate from the body.

2. The mind is a manifestation of the divine spirit and partakes of all its perfections.

3. The mind of man rules all of Nature as soon as it throws off the lack of faith to which it has been educated and attains to a realization of its power.

My teachers praised me, and congratulated my parents upon having so excellent a son.

My good old father wept tears of joy when I handed him in my seventeenth year the medical diploma given me by the University of Oxford.

My fellows considered me a miracle of learning. But, alas!—

* * *

Has it ever occurred to you, dear reader, why no one of the old myths, tales, and traditions appeals to us more than the famous story of Dr. Faust?

The reason for the charm which this story has for us is no other than that every man is a Faust; that every man who is not a dullard finds a description of himself in that of Faust; that every man has some aim, some longing, some desire, for the attainment of which he is willing to sacrifice everything else.

The success of Goethe's Faust arises from the fact that Goethe described himself when describing his hero, however much that may be denied.

Don Juan is no one else than Faust. The quiet spirit of the North, always seeking the highest and noblest, created as its image the German Faust—the sensual South found its image in Don Juan.

But the extremes touch—limitations and bonds fall away from the desirous spirit—the very best of men, however much they may through natural gifts, through the special fa-

vor of Providence, or through enthusiastic endeavors, have raised themselves above the common herd, are apt to unite, even in the North, the nature of Don Juan with that of Faust, just as Faust had his Gretchen and his Helena. That was my case also.

Shortly after my return from Oxford I was offered, in spite of my youth, an office in the church. I refused it. The fortune which I expected some time to inherit was large enough to assure me a comfortable existence. Why should I bow my neck under the yoke of an office? Were there not slavish minds enough who would count themselves happy to exchange thraldom for their daily bread? The man who has attained a height from which he can survey mankind, who has drunk at the fountain of living truth, can never become servile, and nothing is more terrible to him than an office.

In a wing of my father's house I fitted up a suite of apartments in accordance with my own taste. Two rooms were used as a library, and in one of them were set up all the authors

that had ever thought and written about the mystic dualism of man's nature. A Bacon, a Swedenborg, a Boehme, a Paracelsus might have envied me my wealth of books—perhaps also my knowledge, my good fortune, which was ever offering me the opportunity to rise higher in the scale of perfection.

A cousin of mine, a charming and virtuous girl, lived on a neighboring farm. With the will that she should be mine, I one day went to her just as she happened to sit in a lilac arbor before her father's house. We had never seen much of each other, for I had been away from home for many years and had devoted myself entirely to my studies.

I stepped into the arbor. I had appeared unexpectedly and she jumped up, started, as if she wanted to escape. I nodded to her, and she sank back upon the bench. I sat down by her side, laid her hand in mine, and began in a low, almost inaudible tone of voice to make her a declaration of love—in Greek.

What was the result? Did she laugh at

me? Did she consider me a lunatic, or at least out of my mind?

Not at all! She listened attentively to my words, as if Greek were her native tongue, and as if she could understand every word.

And, in fact, she understood what I said. Put your mind, put your firm will into your spoken words, and you will be understood, you will be obeyed, no matter in what language you may be speaking. Is that perhaps the secret of the power of the enthusiastic missionaries who preach in a language unintelligible to the natives and who nevertheless convert them? Is that perhaps the explanation of the preaching in a thousand tongues? (Acts ii., 3-11.) I cannot decide, but I have had similar experiences with popular orators. They also spoke words, but often these were only thrown together without meaning or connection; nevertheless they swayed the eagerly listening populace, which could not understand a single word that was shouted from the platform, because they *willed* to sway it. These popular orators have proved to me not only that wealth

of knowledge and attainments may develop man's divine powers, but that every passion can kindle the slumbering spark into a flame.

But enough of this digression. Let us go back to poor Liddy, whom I, like the monster that I was, looked upon only as a worthless instrument with which one makes an experiment in physics and which is then cast into a dusty corner of the garret and forgotten.

She listened attentively to my words, of which she did not understand a single one. Her eyes became moist and glowed. Her curly head sank down upon my breast, although her eyes were always hanging on my lips.

Cold-hearted wretch that I was, no pity stirred in my breast. I felt only a great happiness at having discovered the secret of Don Juan. Everything was now clear to me. The words, the sense which they express, are merely incidental; it is the concentration of the mind by means of the spoken words that work the miracle and forge the fetters for the

weaker being that trustingly yields to the will of the stronger.

I recall the magneto-sympathetic cures which an old woman in the neighborhood used to work. She laid her hands on the diseased portion of the body and murmured mystic words—the so-called "blessing." Many offered her a great deal of money for teaching them this miraculous "blessing." But she refused them all, for she wanted her son to be the only one to inherit her art. I have myself often performed wonderful cures, and have worked "miracles" through them, but without using any words—merely by concentrating my will and laying my hand upon the suffering part, willing at the same time that it be cured. Later on I no longer laid my hand on the diseased part, but merely stretched it out toward the same, and still later, after my will had become strengthened by practise and after my successes had removed every atom of doubt and of lack of faith, I relied merely upon my will, and, without even leaving my room, cured patients living at a great distance.

I now compared my influence over the sick with my influence over Liddy. Could I not do in the latter case what I did in the former? Could I not subject the girl to my will even at a distance?

Printing a hasty kiss upon her blushing brow I hurried away. Not eighteen years of age, I was a thorough Faust and Don Juan. The poor girl was nothing to me—a mere tool, as I have before said. I was a prey to the black powers of the nether world, for that is the difference between the mighty spirit of the Creator and those minimal manifestations of it which form the minds of men—that the latter, as soon as they have realized their power, can no longer control themselves, and sacrifice themselves, blindly, to it, just as they sacrifice those unfortunate beings which they make the playthings of their power, and upon which they practise their usually unconscionable experiments. Happy, thrice happy, is he who never learns fully to know the demon within himself!

The famous French physician, Andral, who,

like every true and great healer, learned more by practical experience than he did at the school, was once, near his native place, consulted by a countryman for sleeplessness. The patient complained that he could not sleep between ten and twelve o'clock at night on account of a noise in his room which sounded as if some one were striking iron. When Andral asked him whether he had any enemies in the village, he replied that he knew of none except a horseshoer with whom he had a quarrel of old standing. But he lived fifteen minutes distant at the other end of the village. "Return to your home," said Andral; "I can help you." The following day the famous physician sent for the horseshoer, with whom he was well acquainted. "What do you do every evening between ten and twelve o'clock?" he sharply asked the man as he came in. "I strike a bar of iron which lies on the anvil and think hard of a bad man who has cheated me out of my pay, willing at the same time that the noise shall disturb his rest." Andral replied: "'Tis well; you have achieved your purpose; but you

must no longer annoy the poor man, for if you do I will report you as an evildoer and a sorcerer." The horseshoer followed the warning, stopped his hammering, and the farmer could again sleep, for he heard the noise no more.

Kieser, in his Archive VIII, 2, p. 45, has reported the above from authentic sources, and I have never had any reason to doubt its truth. By means of his will the horseshoer could easily deprive the farmer of his sleep, but whether he could have done it without striking the iron bar I am very much inclined to doubt. Just as little could the old woman mentioned above have worked her magnetic cures without the muttered formulas. Nevertheless, the striking of the iron bar in the former case and the muttering of the formulas in the latter case were absolutely immaterial.

The explanation of this apparent contradiction is not difficult and has already been suggested in previous pages. There are matters which every Tom, Dick, and Harry thinks he can explain, and again others at which even

the most learned stand aghast. These latter are called "supernatural," and their existence would be denied were it not that the fact of their existence is forced upon us by our daily experience. People have in the same way tried to deny the existence of will power, in spite of the fact that this existence has been proved by the most numerous and undoubted experiences of all times. With the seemingly laudable intention of combating superstition, children are taught that to act at a distance which we cannot reach with our hands is a matter of impossibility, and that in fact everything that Tom, Dick, and Harry cannot explain belongs to the superstitions of dark, medieval times and to the realm of the impossible. The result is that we are educating a generation of unbelief, or, rather, of little faith, artificially destroying as we do every faith in our own powers, thus making their utilization impossible. "Gentlemen," the famous Professor Theoluck, of Halle, is reported as having once said to his students: "If I firmly will that this glass raise itself from this table and float

through the air to that table, it must obey my will." I believe that he was right, although we are unable to will such a thing with the necessary firmness. We have been taught from childhood that such things are impossible, and, however firmly we may will to do something which seems impossible, an inner voice will always say to us: "It is impossible! It is impossible!" The necessary result is that our will is paralyzed—and it *is* impossible. For this reason the Saviour called out to mankind, already spoiled by false rationalistic doctrines: "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove . . . ; and it shall remove."

If we look at the lunatics whose instilled human prudence and wisdom of the schools has disappeared with their reason, we are astounded at the wonders they can perform by means of their will. They defy wind and weather; they cast themselves naked into the snow without feeling cold or being injured by it; they lift the heaviest burdens with ease, and

tear the strongest bonds as if they were gossamer. We find the same to be the case with the savages whose understanding of the laws of Nature is not clouded by the false education of civilized countries. They can achieve astonishing results; for they believe that they can do so, and consequently their will is not hampered. Hence their acute senses, their mighty strength, their indifference to pain. The Indian who is deeply grieved at the death of his wife, as we are told by the most credible travelers, lies down on his bed, curls himself up, crosses his arms and legs, determines to die—and dies.

Similar observations have been made in the case of religious fanatics. The most remarkable examples in this regard are to be found in the history of the Convulsionists among the Protestants in the Cevennes, who in the sixteenth century wandered about and spread themselves all over Germany; and in the still more remarkable history of the Convulsionists at the grave of Diakonus Paris in the cemetery of St. Medard at Paris. These people, di-

vorced as they were by their religious enthusiasm from the views of the modern world, had visions and prophetic inspirations of all kinds, so that, as the historian of the Convulsionists in the Cevennes says, they saw when in a state of extreme ecstasy things which were far away and prophesied future events. With the Convulsionists at the grave of Paris beside the centripetal force of the psychic life the centrifugal force was made manifest, either inwardly as healing the body or outwardly as a wonderful power of such intensity that it could even resist the mechanical force of gravitation in a way that we would regard as impossible. The account of Carre de Montgeron is as follows:

The Convulsionists at the grave of Paris arose in 1724 and continued for twelve years. All kinds of sick people went to the grave of Paris; and then there appeared these different kinds of phenomena, as in the crises of the somnambulists, all of which were followed by recovery. The sick adopted peculiar methods of cure, called *grands secours meurtriers,* the existence of which is proved by the evidence

of documents and of eye-witnesses. The sick allowed themselves to be struck in the abdomen or other parts of the body with heavy tools, wooden beams, iron bars weighing thirty pounds, sharp poles, etc., and this treatment, instead of crushing their bodies, merely afforded them a sensuous pleasure which increased with the strength of the blows; or the sick man had a board laid on him on which twenty or more persons stepped without giving him any pain. As in this case, especially where heavy blows were struck in the region of the stomach, the mechanical force of the normal resistance of the muscles could not have been great enough to neutralize the force of the blows, we must assume that the psychic force of faith or will (which are one and the same thing, as we have already seen) appeared in a degree not possible in our every-day life, and resisted a force which the ordinary man nowadays could never oppose.

Of the numerous other cases of the seemingly wonderful and unbelievable influence of the will upon the person of the "willer" re-

lated by ancient and modern writers we shall recall here only a few.

Avicenna, the famous Arabic physician, tells of a man who could paralyze his muscles at will. Haller cites many examples of people who had their heart, pulse, and breath under control, so that they could stop the same at will. St. Augustine says that he knew a man who could perspire when he wanted to. The most remarkable case is that of a monk who could at will make himself senseless and stop breathing, so that he felt neither pinching, pricking, nor burning. Whether the account given by Pliny of the old man of Hermotimos, whose soul left his body and who afterward spoke of events that had happened at other places, and of which one could have spoken only if he had been present, is in point, is uncertain, as we are not told whether he produced this state at will. Cardanus, however, assures us that he could put himself at will into a cataleptic state, in which he felt nothing, heard voices but understood nothing, and had a feeling that his soul departed from

his body; and that he could also call up phantasmagoria at will. According to Bernier the art of putting one's self into the cataleptic state, in which one neither hears, sees, nor feels, is very common among the Brahmans and Fakirs of India, and that the enlightened and those "united to God" (Yogis) have a regular set of rules for attaining this state.

The most remarkable story, however, is that told by Jung-Stilling. An American had the power to transport himself at will to distant places and to appear to people there in his own form, while his body lay quiet like a corpse. The wife of a ship captain who had sailed to England and had remained away beyond his regular time requested this seer to tell her where her husband was. The seer went into the next room, fell into the cataleptic state, and reported when he came back that he had seen her husband in London and had found out that he was to return soon. Upon his return the captain recognized the seer as the man to whom he had spoken in London at exactly the time that the latter had made the

report to his wife. Here we have first a far-seeing at will, and secondly a psychical influence upon a person at a great distance, exactly in the manner of certain somnambulists of modern times.

A similar instance of the power to transport one's self to distant places is told by Jung-Stilling. We shall cite only one example. In the latter part of September, 1759, at four o'clock one Saturday afternoon, Swedenborg, arriving from England, disembarked at Gothenburg. Mr. W. Castel invited him to dinner, and with him fifteen others. At six o'clock that evening Swedenborg went out and returned to the table excited and pale. He said that there was a fire in Stockholm which was steadily spreading. Gothenburg is 200 miles from Stockholm. He was restless and often went out. He said that the house of one of his friends, whose name he mentioned, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he reported cheerfully: "Thank heaven! the fire is out, the third door from my house."

This news excited the whole town and the governor was told of it that same evening. He called Swedenborg to him the following day, in the morning, and asked him about the matter. Swedenborg described the fire exactly, how it had begun, how it had stopped, and the time it lasted. Monday evening the courier of the merchants of Stockholm arrived at Gothenburg, having been despatched while the fire was burning. Tuesday morning a royal courier arrived at the governor's palace with the report of the fire, which corresponded exactly with that of Swedenborg; the fire had stopped at eight o'clock.

Now, if it is possible for any one to transport himself to a distance, it follows that he must be able to act at a distance in the same way that he can near by. The common people even at the present time generally believe that this is possible, and it is wrong to ignore such beliefs of the common people, for, as Most says: "The superstition of the common people always brushes closely past a law of Nature." In fact, we may ask: What is faith, and what

is superstition? Does not the ordinary man consider many things superstitious because he is told they are such? And does he not accept many beliefs on the authority of others, and other things again as true, although he is not and cannot be sure that they are true? Or are matters different in the case of the so-called learned? Our so-called knowledge, our so-called learned wisdom or wise learning embraces a greater or less number of our own and others' views, opinions, theories, and hypotheses about the objective world, about heaven and earth and our own lives, most of which are, in the present state of human imperfection, nothing but a mass of beliefs: and time always changes our beliefs. When the famous Arabian astronomers read that old Greeks and Hindus asserted that the earth moved about the sun, they smiled at their supposed superstition. But when men had accepted the views of Copernicus that the earth revolved, they again considered the Biblical theory of an unmovable earth a superstition.

We may then boldly do justice to this pop-

ular belief and devote our attention to it, as first of all we cannot assume—as is often the case with the beliefs of the learned—that it arose without a reason for so doing, and as secondly we must admit the existence of that delicate sense of the man in a state of nature for that which is right and true. In our modern enlightened times we laugh at the old, almost vanished, belief in lace-tying, although the same has been upheld by hundreds of impartial, credible philosophers, theologians, and physicians; also at the belief in the smearing of certain salves on the doors of houses, and the burying of toads and lizards under doorsteps. When one of the learned men of our times tells me that all these methods are without effect, I gladly agree with him; but the will power employed in connection with these means can have a terrible effect.

The will has a powerful effect when it is employed under unusual conditions, such as the delirium of fever, the fear of death, the frenzy of rage. Hence the remarkable phenomenon that people in a state of great need

or of great fear can make themselves seen and heard by their relatives and friends hundreds of miles away; hence the grewsome effects of a curse uttered in the hour of death. A man, innocently convicted, when carried to the place of execution summoned his judge before God's judgment seat at a certain day and hour. The judge was kept in ignorance of the terrible summons, and never heard of it, but died nevertheless on the day and hour named by the condemned man. And this incident is related to us by the doubting Thomasins! To be sure he will not recognize the truth of this inexplicable fact, but suggests: "Would the summoned man not have died on that day and at that hour anyhow? Could not the stings of a guilty conscience have brought on death?" We need hardly point out to the reader how useless these questions are, and how fruitless this reluctance to recognize the truth.

On the other hand, much good can be done by the will. The lucky penny that mothers in former times gave to their sons when about to set out on a journey, in order to save them

from all harm, did actually protect them in most cases—for it was the bearer and mediator of the mother's will. The same is the case with the talisman. It shows great ignorance of natural laws to relegate such and similar things to the realm of superstition.

The reader is now, I trust, sufficiently prepared to understand what I am about to tell of my further experiences and adventures.

In the night after this visit to Liddy, I leaned out of the window of my chamber and looked toward the young girl's house, willing firmly at the same time that she come to me.

After about half an hour I saw a white figure approaching under the willows of the river.

I was becoming impatient. I willed that Liddy should run.

Soon I noticed that her steps became more unsteady. In another moment she began to run. Two minutes later she stood between the rose-bushes and my window.

A ladder lay next to the house. I willed that she should raise the ladder and mount on it to my room.

She stood there looking like a culprit—the head lowered, but her eyes raised up to me. I perceived a shudder passing through her body. She approached the ladder, looked at it and then tried to raise it. I did not speak a word of encouragement. I was a silent observer, and only my will was active.

The ladder seemed to be too heavy.

"You shall raise it," I willed.

And, behold, the weak girl easily raised the heavy ladder. It soon leaned against the house and Liddy mounted it with the agility of a mountain goat. One leap, and she was in my room.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "What am I doing? Is this a dream or is it reality?"

"It is reality, my dearest cousin."

"Then I no longer understand either myself or anything else. God is my witness that I am not guilty, that I am obeying a power which is stronger than myself, and which plays with us in a way I cannot understand. I am an instrument without a will!"

She sank upon a chair, covered her face with her hands and wept.

I kneeled before her, spoke unintelligible words to her, and willed that she console herself.

She smiled through her tears; I now no longer made use of my will, and after Liddy had quieted herself we parted.

That was in the year 1829. Many years have passed since then; and the whole affair is now like a dream to me, but the remembrance of it became more vivid than ever when I read, a few years ago, the novel by the Countess Dash, "La Belle Aurore." Without a doubt this skilful French authoress has become acquainted with the power of the will.

Many do the very same thing, although they are not aware of it, but perhaps look for an explanation of the phenomena in a totally different direction. How many an old, baldheaded, almost decrepit Don Juan believes that he owes his conquests to his charming manners, when in reality they are due only to his practised will! How many an ancient dame

of repulsive ugliness deceives herself when it was only her will, strengthened by her burning desire, that cast the net over the one long wished for! As a rule the members of the female sex need some special excitement in order to develop the necessary will power. The intoxication of a dance often gives them the necessary excitement. They *want* to please—a supernatural charm overspreads even ugly, yellowed countenances; they *want* to captivate —and the partner is influenced by that mighty power, especially as men on such an occasion usually leave their will power at home, and any counteracting force is therefore absent.

For this reason so many troths are plighted at dances.

I have already mentioned that the average man, however strong he may be as regards others, is weak in regard to himself, and as a result he becomes a Faust and a hopeless prey to the powers of hell.

And I was really from the very beginning a Faust. The indulgence of my senses was

secondary—the principal thing was knowledge. The investigating and perceiving mind can persevere longer; it is not, like the bodily organs, blunted by excess of enjoyment, but on the contrary is strengthened and sharpened by practise and application; it perseveres therefore until it is too late, and usually leaves no time for repentance before the day on which the summons of the highest Judge arrives.

My parents had died. My patrimony was a large one, but lasted me only a few years. I denied myself nothing, for why should I have looked into the future with apprehension? I knew that with the knowledge that I had gained, with the strength of will that I had acquired by incessant practise, I should never have to want for the necessities of life.

Spare me the task, reader, of recounting the victims of my continual experiments, and the sorrow I caused because I disappointed the hopes of others.

These are warnings which I set down here, forced from me by a tortured conscience.

My wealth had disappeared, but the world did not know this, and I had unlimited credit. It was only two years afterward, when my indebtedness amounted to 70,000 pounds, that my pecuniary condition became known. Complaints were served, attachments levied, and warrants of arrest were already prepared.

Then I started out in my coach and called on all my creditors, one after the other. With firm glance, with indomitable *will,* I came before each one. Torrents of reproaches awaited me from the lips of those whom I had so cruelly deceived. I did not answer a word; I regarded them steadfastly and *willed* that they quiet themselves, that they meet me half way, that they discharge me from my obligations; and everything occurred just as I had *willed* it. I surrendered my property, and my creditors made a composition which was very advantageous for me.

While the sheriff drew up the record I stepped in among the assemblage dressed in a plain suit of clothes, and with a cane in my hand, to say good-by.

"Where are you going?" they asked me.

"To London."

"On foot?" they then asked me, pointing to my cane.

I replied with a sigh and looked at an old gentleman who had been the heaviest loser by my failure.

No glance could inflame more quickly than my trained one. The old gentleman pushed his way through the assemblage, took my hand, led me into the garden, looked about him to make sure that he was unobserved, and handed me a bank note for a thousand pounds.

Then my conscience, for the first time in my life, began to prick me. I clenched my teeth to repress the tears that seemed ready to burst forth in spite of myself, kissed the hand of my benefactor, and hurried away as if the ground burned beneath my feet.

Two months later I had established myself in London in the most gorgeous manner. No duke need have been ashamed to own my horses; my lackeys, hunters, coachmen, jockeys, and grooms glittered with the gold

and silver embroideries of their liveries. The most precious objects of art and wealth, the most refined devices of luxury, filled my palace.

I chose for my friends the richest among the younger members of the aristocracy. They were my companions, my gentlemen-in-waiting, my bankers—and they would have been my bootblacks if I had *willed* it.

From this it can be seen how much can be done with a *will* that is constantly trained. The beginning of the art is difficult and needs the greatest care; the further development takes care of itself. The *will* is a delicate plant which has just burst from the seed; it is easily crushed by surrounding weeds, it rots when there is too much moisture, it is withered by too much sunshine, it sickens and dies in a soil which has not been sufficiently loosened and fertilized. But when the little plant has grown to a tree its own leaves give it shade, it defies the whirlwind with its tough branches, it mocks the rainstorm, it enriches the soil in which it grows by the leaves it sheds.

When using one's will for the first time upon others, defeat must be avoided. If we are defeated, if we yield to the will of another whom we cannot rule, the game is up forever. Just as the boy Cyrus learned the art of ruling among the shepherd boys who were beneath him, so every one must practise first upon his inferiors. Then advance step by step; pursue your object with others of strong will power until they are tired out, and you will finally learn the art of ruling with ease and without exertion.

Shortly after his return to England, Sir George Catlin, who had spent eight years among the wildest tribes of North American Indians, related how these men tamed captured wild horses by breathing upon them and blowing into their nostrils. This subject was being discussed at the Jockey Club and I maintained that the taming of *all* animals was possible without such a farce, and offered, in order to prove my point, to go into the cage of an enormous lion that had just arrived a few days before from Africa, and that was so

wild that even the famous Amberg did not dare to go near him.

Soon bets were made to the amount of thousands, then of hundreds of thousands, of guineas. A day for my début as lion tamer was fixed upon.

On the morning of that day the Duchess of —— came to me. This charming young woman wept tears upon my neck. I was unmoved.

My valet handed me before my departure thirty-two letters in which bets were offered. I stood to win in all much more than 100,000 pounds sterling.

When I arrived I found the whole aristocracy of London already assembled. I stepped up to the cage and fixed my gaze upon the lion. He closed his eyes, and opened them from time to time, and I saw them glow with a red fire. While I walked around the cage in order to reach the door, the lion, no longer fettered by my gaze, raged about the cage in wild fury and with a deafening roar. I suddenly opened the door. The monster trembled,

crouched in the opposite corner, closed his eyes, but showed me his wide open mouth and roared so loudly that I thought I would become deaf. "Quiet," I commanded with a loud voice, and struck the monstrous fellow over the nose with a woven wire whip so that he whined and turned his head away.

One moment we stood quietly opposite each other; the lion growled weakly. He had evidently recognized his master. With the whip I drew a circle about him and the king of the forest walked around it, obeying my will absolutely. I would gladly have made other experiments, but my friends adjured me to put an end to the game. On that day I had the pleasure of paying all my debts with the money I had won by my numerous bets.

By this time, however, life had begun to pall on me. There is nothing more *ennuyant* than everlasting good fortune. The unlucky man always has his hope of better times left him; the lucky man knows that death is his only deliverer. There is nothing more ridiculous than the comments in the newspapers on the

report of a suicide—"that no cause is known, and that therefore the suicide could have been committed only in fit of despondency." Fools! They do not know that good luck more than anything else makes life a burden.

However, I was too proud to commit suicide, and I determined therefore to go to the Iman of Muscat and to offer him my services in his campaign against the Kabyles who lived on the west coast of Africa.

I do not wish to detain the reader by matters not relating to my subject. I pass over, therefore, my honorable reception at the court of the mighty Iman, my victories over the Kabyles, and also the sad experiences I had.

The Iman presented me with an estate on the coast almost 600 geographical square miles in extent, and had a palace built for me in European style. I fell into a deep *dolce far niente,* slept, smoked, and drank coffee, but was unable to fill the void in my soul. The most terrible pangs of conscience assailed me day and night. Especially did Liddy's image fill my dreams and my waking thoughts.

Then I determined to make use of my will once more and to hold a conversation with Liddy from the east coast of Africa.

I asked her whether she was still alive, and requested her in case her answer was in the affirmative to strike one blow on the table.

The table next to me resounded as if it had been struck by a woman's soft hand.

"Are you married?" I asked, exerting all my will power.

No answer.

"Then you are still free?"

One knock on the table.

"Do you still love me?"

Three quick knocks on the table.

"Then come to me!"

Four deliberate knocks on the table.

Eight days later I again exerted my will and called "Liddy!"

One knock on the table.

"Are you already on your way here?"

Three quick knocks.

After that I conversed every morning and every evening with Liddy. I accompanied her,

as it were, on her trip. Half a year later she arrived under escort of a troop of Arabian cavalry which my friend the Iman had given her as a protection.

She is now my wife. I could be happy, if on the one hand I were not already too happy, and on the other I did not have to endure the pangs of conscience, as I fear that many upon whom I have tried the power of my will have become unhappy through me. I have confessed everything to my friend the Iman. He is of course unable to understand me, and suggests that I become a Mohammedan. Then everything would be all right.

But how would that agree with my Christian morality?

So nothing remains for me but to bear the pain, and by earnest repentance for the heedlessness with which I followed my desire for higher knowledge, and for the misuse I so often made of my power, to obtain the forgiveness of the All-merciful God.

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