

# SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST

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"TRY to Understand Yourself and Things in General."

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Written for the Spiritual Scientist.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

In an obscure town in a far-off province of the Roman empire, nearly two thousand years ago, were heard these words: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" In those days there were no newspapers to herald and announce. A man with a theory or a cause must have done his own talking, speaking usually to attract attention from the flat roofs of houses. It was not, therefore, the manner in which the words were said, in what way soever they may have been made public. The manner would now be quite unusual, and would be considered *prima facie* evidence of insanity in the person who should utter them. But then, even as now, it was the words, and not the manner, which were the most important. Astounding as they must have been to the people of that time, the thought they bore made but a slow and painful progress against the dominance of imperial Rome; and seem to be heard among ourselves with an open ear, but a vacant mind. Across the centuries it may well be that the human voice grows faint and doubtful. Amid the multiplicity of details in the daily lives of men, it is only some deep and far-reaching principle which survives upon the tempest-tost ocean of the mind. Still, half the world has heard these words. They are declaimed many a time and oft, in gilded temple and in humble chapel, in the hearing of the Englishman, the German, Frenchman, Northman, Greek and Muscovite, among the races of the far East and in the islands of the sea. Can it be that these various peoples hear these words passively, and on sufferance? Rather, should they not arise, and seek this wonderful physician, and be healed. Are the words meaningless; or has the time gone by, and is the physician dead?

If you ask the orthodox of that belief whose head centre Jesus is claimed to be, whether he be alive, you will be answered: "Yes, his spirit lives and reigns; it cannot die." Whence, then, this indifference of the people to this astounding offer of spiritual health and sympathy? If words like these were publicly spoken in the streets of New York to-day by some gentle-featured and pure-minded, irreproachable but poor physician, and he by some means had made good his word in a few cases, would not the poverty-stricken, the lame, the halt, the blind, the luckless gambler, the wretched debauchee, the nerveless drunkard, the "one more unfortunate, weary of breath," press into his presence from the four quarters of the city in a mad eagerness to touch the hem of his garment? Yet, in the crowded marts of the world these words are sounded on the empty air.

"His spirit?" exclaims in derision the materialist. What is a man when he is dead? Can he be brought to life again? Strange as it may seem, that very question was asked of this identical physician of the time gone by, and his followers have accepted his answer as forever settling it at rest: "Verily, I say unto you, if a man die he shall live again!"

But the doctors of the law would deny the language of the Master by an attempt to decry the only indisputable evidence by which such an answer can be sustained. Such evidence as the Master himself had furnished and established in his practice.

The age when miracle was thought possible has gone by. The best judgment of the day cannot suppose what was called the supernatural to have been unnatural. Reason is dominant, science is the umpire, and the orthodox believer must choose between his orthodoxy and the spirit of the age, or admit science as an auxiliary in establishing the only dogmas of his creed which render it worthy of belief, as a system of religion, namely the communion of saints and the resurrection of the dead.

When the healing words alluded to were spoken, they had their weight. The people came from far and near. And this is how the words were proven: the functionally blind were made to see; the nervously afflicted to be rid of their convulsions; the paralytic to walk and become sensitive; the woman taken in error condoned; the widow's son awakened from his pulseless and oppressive sleep by the magnetic absorption of the stronger vitality; and hope, the eternal dweller in the human breast, and aspiration, sympathy, the heart's fulfillment here and a life hereafter; all made sure and undeniable by potent and palpable proofs. Now, the like of so practical a scheme for the amelioration of mankind, the world until then had never seen, or at least it had not been preserved in any previous age. If there had been before his time other "crucified saviours," we may commiserate their misfortunes, while they proved by their lives and deaths their devotion to the truth.

How were these great works done? If they appeared great in the days of Jesus, are they not so now? Are they not thought so improbable now by the scientific wise as to be condemned as subjects for imposture? The orthodox assert their miraculous occurrence; the scientist denies their possibility. Is there not an explanation which may satisfy the one and convince the other? There is no excuse for the orthodox to reject now phenomena accepted by the early Church. But the materialist may well ask, were these things done? nor the question be easily evaded.

If the records of a period subsequent to the precise time of Jesus be tainted with probable perversion of the truth, or misstatement of fact, the records of a time near our own, as well as tradition, will attest identical and similar occurrences in profusion; while the present hour is rife with the like wonderful powers and effects, plainly demonstrated to all save those who have eyes and will not see, ears and will not hear. There is a strong following, if not in numbers, at least in quality of intelligence; and the universal expectancy can not but be obvious. While reason abides and sense awakes, the central truth of spirituality grows still more luminous amid the indifference of the learned, the scoff of the churchman, and the scorn of the high.

Again, the materialist may ask: If these things are, how

can they be? Just here our questioner may try us most. In general terms, we may truly say, by law. It is much to know the how, but more to know the why. Knowledge is prompt to advance; philosophy comes after, tardily, but she is slow in order that she may be sure. These wonders have been seen on land and sea, aforesaid and now, revealing the old truth with a new face: the dual nature of man and two states of being.

Behold, I show you a new thing and a strange: Jesus of Nazareth! The great physician, the gentle teacher, who in the best sense, and with no thought of earthly honors, died that men might see to live; suffered that men might forsake their fears; and who showed mankind what philosophy had so long failed to show, the possibility of a spiritualized life in this world, and the certainty of its continuance beyond the grave.

The so-called miracles of Jesus, about to be reproduced in the physical, will be accepted by the scientist in the spiritual; and his divine mission to humanity be more widely and unequivocally recognized and acknowledged. The emperor Julian's objection that the Christian worships a man as God, will no longer have the force of truth; for then the gentle Nazarene will be seen to be of Christ's the first and best, namely, a medium of the most high God; a spiritual physician, the greatest as well as the most lovable the world has seen.

For the Spiritual Scientist.

#### THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

RE-INCARNATION.

BY BUDDHA.

"Be worthy of death; and so learn to live,  
That every incarnation of thy soul  
In other realms and worlds and firmaments,  
Shall be more pure and high."

The average American regards re-incarnation as the *Ultima Thule* of nonsense, and worthy of no more serious thought than what is involved in a laugh.

But, in the history of ideas, it has not infrequently transpired that the stone which the builders have despised has become the chief corner-stone of the building; and even Americans may yet find for the despised idea of re-incarnation a more honorable place in their thoughts and possibly in their creeds.

It may be the ludicrous dresses, uncouth covering and trappings which have provoked the laugh, rather than the idea itself. In the old Irish comic song the school-master rebukes the cruelty of a boy who was enjoying the tortures of a fly, and asks him if he did not know that the fly might contain the soul of his grandmother! Oriental fables and legends relate the passages of transmigration of a human soul through the forms of dogs, hogs, deer etc. Socrates destined certain human spirits to lodgment in animals corresponding to the bestial lives which they had led while in the human form. Now all this being directly opposed to our ideas of growth and development, renders it impossible to be received. We can entertain Darwin and see that all higher forms have been evolved from the lower, but we cannot accept the inverse spiritual Darwinism; and the more so that there are human "asses, wolves, hawks and kites," in which the spirit may find punishment and progress, without degrading the human spirit and the inferior animal at the same time.

But the same objection is urged against re-incarnation in the human form. Imagine a Newton or a Humboldt, becoming again an infant mewling and puking in its nurse's arms! I think it a more pitiable sight to see the old age of majestic intellect in its second dreuling in semi-idiocy, and quite as much opposed in appearance to a persistent progression as a new birth in any state could be. Can a man enter his mother's womb and be born again? This question must ever present itself to the ultra-materialist, should the idea of re-incarnation ever receive a serious thought from him; and it must always be met with a response similar to that given to Nicodemus. The re-birth of the spirit is not the re-birth of the physical. It is the individual who is born again, but the physical organism is not the individual.

Physical organization is the medium through which the spirit grows, and even American mediums tell us that spirits who have been deprived, by premature death or otherwise, of

certain benefits derived from physical life, return to earth and, vampire-like, seek it from mediums who have nothing of the kind to spare. To be born again would be more rational, systematic and natural; more suggestive of the reason why there is an ascending gradation in animal forms of life, of the principle of unity in the chain of being involved in the lower as it ascends.

George Stearns says in the Scientist:

"Science begets the alternative either to reject her axiom that force is indestructible or to accept its persistence as demonstrating a state of existence *ulterior* to the physical wherein all issues of sublunary evolutions culminate, to fulfill the purposes of Creative Power and to verify the superlative Use of Nature."

But science also asserts that Force cannot be created. Creation and annihilation are terms equally unthinkable; therefore, an *anterior* existence to the physical is also demonstrated. Pre-existence is a necessary corollary to the doctrine of immortality.

If this be not so, and if the doctrine of the American Spiritualist be accepted as true, that as individuals we had no anterior existence to the present, yet this existence is eternal and eternally progressive. I believe it is generally accepted among Spiritualists, that the Universe is eternal, and all the principles now in operation have always been in operation; that there is no creation. Then the birth of spirits from the physical into the spirit world has been in eternal operation; but if this be insisted upon, the universe must now and always have been increasing the number of spirits, and at the same time have been replete with spirits, for in idea eternity is commensurate with infinity. Is it not more rational to believe that individuality is indestructible and increase? Like the atoms of matter, it is incapable of increase or decrease, that we are each from eternity to eternity; and like immortal Nature our existence is in cycles. Of course this destroys the popular spiritual doctrine of eternal progression, which is supplanted by eternal life and eternal action in modes suited to the requirements of our existence; thus life is as holy, as mysterious and as wonderful in the crawling caterpillar as in a man, an angel or a God, and each has the same destiny.

I do not see why any should make merry over the idea that our progressive re-incarnations have been through the ascending scale of inferior animal life, when we have all in embryo passed through states of being as despicable in appearance as the crawling insect, so much so, that American mothers and American fathers, backed by respectable(?) American physicians, think it no crime and in no way allied to murder to destroy embryotic life at certain stages of existence, so unimportant have we all been at one period of our existence.

Is the ascending scale of life in existence only to gratify the vanity of a Creator? or, does it exist only to grind out spiritual substance into greater refinement, to die as many spiritual deaths as it has physically, thereby destroying our only predicate for immortality; that which happens beasts may also happen man. How can that begotten in death be immortal?

But do we not remember our former lives? How should we? Our present memory is a physical condition belonging exclusively to our present condition of being. Our physical individuality does not exist only as it is maintained by the individuality of the soul; and our present consciousness is only demonstrated by physical means, so our memories can only be of this life, and only a small fraction of that, how then can memories of other life be retained? Memory depends entirely on spiritual contact with physical impressions, as when a psychometer delineates the impressions received from a lock of hair or from a rock, when they are *en rapport* with our own brain, or it may be our neighbors, or as in many cases, where a spirit communicates through a medium.

Spiritual memory consists more in what the spirit has become than what it has been; in what it can do, rather than what it has done.

Memory must ever be faulty and incomplete till the spirit has reached the culmination of progress and is *en rapport* with the physical universe, then it has encompassed universal memory—OMNISCIENCE.

The Spiritual Scientist will be sent to any address in the United States for one year, on receipt of \$2.50.

From the London Spiritualist.

SPIRIT MUSIC FROM THE BEDS OF THE DYING.

All that I have hitherto recorded of my psychological experiences (and likewise those of my friends) have been of a violent and annoying nature, which leads me to conclude that the spirits, if such they were, who so uninvitedly visited me, were far from being good or benevolent. And on perusing many accounts in your journal, and other papers, I deduce, perhaps erroneously, that the majority of "perturbed spirits" are not those we are likely to meet hereafter on high; no "Beautiful spirit with thy hair of light, and dazzling eyes of glory" could be guilty of acts, which in this world or the world to come, must be pronounced ungenerous, coarse and inelegant.

That now and then a good spirit may be permitted to revisit its former mundane abode, I believe; and I recall an instance of this kind which happened some years ago in my own family. I had a brother who lived some eight or nine months only. My mother was excessively fond of the infant, more so than she appeared, to have been of any former child, and, indeed, of any subsequent one. Some few nights before the poor babe left its clay tenement, occupied for so short a time, sweet, seraphic music "held sublime communion with the soul." My mother has frequently described it to me as composed of the sweetest and most powerfully entrancing strains she ever heard. The melody was hymn-like and holy, such as we might expect from a choir of children.

But now comes the thought, "did these angelic strains proceed from spirits who had ever crowded with the scenes of calamity and affliction on earth; or were they not rather direct from the inhabitants of that beautiful and unimaginable ether to which the soul of the poor infant was about to proceed?" I know not.

To introduce another phase of Spiritualism, how is it, may I ask, that we sometimes dip into the future of locality in our dreams? I mean, how do we visit in advance, perhaps months or years, spots at which, when we arrive in the flesh, we ask ourselves, "How knew I that such a place existed? How is it that I can thread my way unerringly through these streets; and how do I know such a house or such a monument, when I have never been here before in the course of my existence?"

This is by no means an uncommon phenomenon, for many are those who have related to me such like dreams; and my own experience has been great in them. I revive in my memory two towns in particular which I inspected, so to speak, more than once, before I really visited them, viz., Hastings and Portsmouth.

In the former I was struck, in my dream, by the Albert Memorial, and its surroundings; in the latter, by the numerous draw-bridges, and the soldiers set to watch the forts. Of course it suggests itself that I must have read or heard of them. Possibly with regard to the latter, but of the former I am convinced I knew nothing. Then, there are other places of minor historic importance with scarcely anything to describe, save field and trees, and yet I have known the nooks and corners, hills and dales, as well as though I had traversed them for years. But it is only lately that I have given the subject much thought—only since I was so forcibly compelled to consider somewhat more than superficially the phenomena of Spiritualism.

E. G.

"The law appears to be—'The lower the spirit the greater the power over common matter.'"—(Ed.)

BIRD CAUTION.

The following statement is from the Chicago Journal of Friday: "Rather a remarkable manifestation of caution in birds was recently developed on a farm near Sterling, Whitesides County, Ill. Around the place are cottonwood trees, in the branches of which, in former years, the pigeons have built their nests. This year, however, the pigeons have not built a single nest on these trees, but have established their houses on the plowed ground within the circle of trees. The friend who relates this singular departure from the ordinary laws that govern the pigeon family, deems it an indication of coming high winds, tornadoes, or other atmospheric disturbances, which would render their former 'high life' unpleasant and dangerous. On no other principle can this problem be solved, so far as is known of the habits and customs of these feathered favorites. Whatever the reason, the subject is worthy of a thought as an unusual phenomenon."

THE FIRE TEST.

One of the English officers who is in the great trigonometrical survey of India, writes home a description of the fire test in India: A Poojari or Bhil had a hole dug four feet long and eighteen inches deep; this was half filled with charcoal and lit up. An incantation was then pronounced, and a fowl killed, after which a naked sword was passed six times over the fire. A Bhil approached the hole and deliberately walked over the coals, which were bright and free from ashes. He took slow, measured steps, and on examining the soles of his feet there was not the slightest trace of a burn. A Chuprassie (a Peon) stepped forward without the slightest hesitation and walked over the fire, pressing down each foot—on which he brought the whole weight of his body to bear—firmly, three or four times. An examination of the soles of the feet did not reveal the slightest trace of a blister. The charm only holds good for four or five minutes. An exhibition of this nature, though not decisive, has been given in this country. A fire queen, as she called herself, would play with the flames of burning alcohol, the light of a kerosene lamp, or the hot chimney that was taken from it. She claimed that the power was given to her by the spirits, and any disturbance would cause her to be burned. One or two illustrations of the latter assertion were furnished.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE FATHER of the Davenport boys is in Boston. ROBERT Dale Owen was in New York last week. MR. HARDY Perkins is advertising as a "medium" again and for money. J. M. Peebles is to remain some two or three months at Melbourne, Australia. THOMAS Gales Forster is now in Baltimore, but is to leave soon for an European tour.

AN ORDER of Spiritual Teachers is to be established in London. They will find work enough to do. AT THE present day the most earnest and steadfast Spiritualists are readers and addicted to meditation. ONE OF the subscribers to the Religio-Philosophical Journal asks, "Why do so many mediums become tramps and sponges?" THE Little Bouquet, a child's paper published in the interests of Spiritualism, suspended with the May number. MANSFIELD, the writing medium, familiarly spoken of by the secular press as the "teapot medium," is travelling through the West.

A MESSAGE purporting to be from one of the actors who was burned to death in the Brooklyn fire, was published last week in the Banner of Light. A MEETING of the directors of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association was held at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., last Tuesday. The final arrangements for the camp-meeting the coming summer were then made.

THE CLAIRVOYANT who sees a spirit controlling a medium would describe the picture by saying that a mere shadow of a body seemed to touch and partially merge with that of the medium. This shadow, which is the controlling power, never wholly lost sight of in that of the medium.

A RECEPTION was given to Andrew Jackson Davis at the Banner of Light rooms last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Davis is now the guest of Alfred E. Giles at Hyde Park, Mass. Allen Putnam, Esq., presided and remarks were made by a number of prominent Spiritualists. Mr. Davis spoke in his usual genial manner.

"DEMONS OR Angels—Which; or, What Spirits Are Amongst Us?" is the subject of a lecture that Mr. J. M. Hardy delivered at Eagle Hall last Sunday afternoon. John should have considered the question earlier, although in the light of his experience he may be able to furnish his audience with some valuable information.

IN THE Banner last week, as an illustration to an article by A. J. Davis on "Views of Our Heavenly Home," appears an engraving entitled, "The Summer Belt As It Appears to the Inhabitants of Mars." It is a broad belt, apparently a plain, dotted with trees, rivers and fountains. Paths diverging from it are labelled "To the Earth," "Planetary Stream," etc.

SPIRITUALISM is God's gift to the people of the nineteenth century to save the world from superstition on the one hand, materialism, senseless atheism, on the other. It is but the unfolding of a greater measure of that truth which is as old as humanity; its message is infinite and eternal love, which shall permeate every soul, and make the life on earth the happy prelude to the life of bliss above.—A Trance Lecture.

THE LATEST rumor is to the effect that a prominent lecturer now in the West, who was recently married, made the acquaintance of the one who is now her husband by inducing his wife to become her travelling companion. She then deserted her in London, leaving her in destitute circumstances, came to this country, was divorced from her own husband, then went West and married the one whose name she now bears. The story comes from London.

From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PAUL FELDEN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Could Paul Felden remember his mother? Yes, he remembered her—as a glimpse of a beautiful image afar off; mistily as in a dream. In the midst of that dream was a cottage; a vine clambering up its front, around its corner and along its roof. There was a grape vine with an amber berry over the rustic porch, which, from the time it first filled the air with the rich but oppressive fragrance of its bloom, till the sun distilled its sweet wine to bursting, he eagerly watched. There was in his dream his mother; her girlish face surrounded with wavy ringlets, drawn back over her ears by the strings of her little white cap. She sat on the porch under the amber vine, reading a paper. Oh! how beautiful she appeared with the golden red of the setting autumn sun! In the background are the Alps, rising peak on peak, warmed by the rosy sunshine, and fading into the neutral sky.

Who was Paul Felden? He was—well he is a bundle of rags that last night slept in a hay-loft, to-night is allowed to occupy a portion of the bar-room floor, and to-morrow night will be—anywhere. To-night he is allowed the floor of a public house, a log cabin in the remote West. He has traveled far; his feet ache. He is hungry and fevered. He dreams. He gazes in sleep through the year. His mother sits on the porch. The cottage is sold. The scene changes to the ocean. The ship swings grandly from port and spreads her white wings for the new world. A wonderful creation opens; the illimitable expanse of water, gorgeous clouds, the calm, the storm, are equally novel. A gay world for a time, soon changed to one of appalling woe. The pestilence spreads its dark wings over the ship and death comes apace. Like a frightened bird she beats her pinions, and the pitying winds of heaven waft her onward, but there is no escape. The passengers sicken and die. High hopes sink in that night of despair, and loving hearts drink to the dregs the cup of hopeless sorrow. There is a storm at night, but the sun rises bright over a crystalline sea, rolling heavily, but smooth and glittering. A fresh breeze bears the ship directly on with its steady push. He goes to his mother's berth, and thinking her asleep, softly comes on deck. He meets the captain, a rough man with a kind heart, who takes his hand and says, "Paul, poor boy, it is hard for you; your parents are both dead." He does not understand until some of the seamen bring up a sack, in which they tell him his father and mother are both enclosed. They place the sack on a plank. The captain reads a prayer. The end of the plank falls, and into the sea plunges all of poor Paul's world. Frantically he rushes to the side of the ship and gazes astern. There is a white wake like a sparkling serpent; nothing more. The water seems to exult and laugh in demoniac glee at his childish anguish. Not a friend in the world. All gone! All swallowed by a monster in a moment!

Terrible hour for Paul, but far more utterly lonely when he lands on the wharf of New York. For four years he struggled to live. It is a terrible effort. What he suffers no one can tell. He shivers with cold, is pinched with hunger; the buffet of fortune, the target of wealth to shoot at, at pleasure. He works, to see his blood crystalized into gems on the hands of beauty that scorns his presence; works that others may waste; works to live, feeling every day his feet sinking deeper down into the slough of brutality. The dream has been a reality. The actual is Paul dreaming on the bar-room floor. Look at his face; only fourteen years, and how old! Care and want have sharp chisels. They strike hard blows, make deep cuts and rugged lines.

He has come to the western prairies, hoping for more humanity and greater opportunities. The strong and willing hand, guided by sound principles and practical common sense, generally finds both these wherever they go, but not always. He rises in the morning feverish and fatigued, and at once starts on his journey. He would not ask for breakfast for fear of refusal, and his sensitive nature, still sensitive after all its rough usage, shrank from rebuff.

It was a December day, unusually cold, and a south-west snow storm swept the prairie as if it were the sea. Had any one known his intentions they would have prevented his going. But it was so early that no one had entered the room. He drew his tattered clothes around him and met the storm, firmly resolved to reach the next settlement which was his destina-

tion. Oh! it is pitiful to see him bend to the knee blasts surging over the waste, driving the cutting sleet against his fair cheek! He went bravely on. The storm increased; the snow deepened. There was no road, no trees, nor guide of any kind; no sky, no earth; nothing but a cloud of blinding snow, driving, rushing, flying past; alighting no where, alighting every where, and the wind was like a devil, laughing at the writhing of the victim it pierced through and through with icy spears.

Paul's strength failed. He was not strong, and the strongest were no match for such a contest with the elements. When nature's giants are aroused man is as helpless as the smallest insect. He keenly suffered for a time, but he managed to keep walking. He knew that to sit down was death. To walk was death also. His nerves became benumbed; he ceased to suffer, but grew strangely sleepy, and thought he would sit down. He sank in the snow. It filled his yellow hair; it saturated his thin clothing; it soon covered him over; and the wind, losing sight of its victim, rushed howling with disappointment over the smooth expanse.

Under the snow Paul Felden was happy. He was so warm! He fell asleep and dreamed. The rose-hued Alps arose in the sky, and the cottage with its amber vine stood clearly defined, and his mother, reading on the porch. She folded the paper and came to him. She was exceedingly beautiful. She took his hand and said: "Paul, my dear boy, we meet where it will forevermore be well with you."

A strange thrill ran through his nerves. Then was a momentary pain, and then glided upwards. After a time a new warmth diffused itself. He opened his eyes on a landscape so beautiful no words can describe. Resplendent beings came around him with words of welcome. His garments, like theirs, were as silver, and his heart throbbed with joy. It seemed like reality, but he feared it was fancy.

"O mother!" he exclaimed, "do I dream?"

"No," she replied, "no, Paul, you have crossed the river of death. This is the Eternal Land. We shall never part again, and there is no more suffering or pain in the blessed future."

Spring came, and with soft hand drew aside the white shroud from the dead earth. Wrapped in its folds was the body of Paul. His tattered rags hung wet and chill about him, his old cap was drawn tightly over his head, but even then a smile of peace lit his livid face, as though the spirit in its immortal triumph reflected on its deserted shrine the glory of its morning. The rough but kind pioneers gathered around the body. No one recognized it. They said it must have been a vagrant. They buried it, and over the mound, for many a summer the long grass has waved and bright flowers bloomed, and for many a winter the winds have swept their unheeded snows.

No one knew Paul Felden on earth. He was a vagrant. The angels knew him well and received him with welcome.

#### MATERIALIZATIONS.

If the readers of these columns have digested the many smaller stories that have been told in relation to materializations they may be prepared for some of the larger ones that are coming. There is a noticeable improvement either in the ability of the narrator or in the power of the producing force. The statements made in this department are not selected simply because they are wonderful; the character of witnesses and the nature of the evidence is examined with a view of publishing only that which may be accepted as authentic so far as human testimony may be relied upon in such matters. The student of the spiritual philosophy who can step from his surroundings and observations to the place of the investigator who has seen little or nothing of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism can well conceive how nonsensical the narratives concerning materializations must appear to the casual reader. But, on the other hand, the casual reader would be surprised to see how many intelligent persons, people of education and position in society, are forced to declare on the evidence of all their senses, that materializations, so called, can and do appear. That a medium in Rome should obtain these manifestations in the open street, in broad daylight, that a third form should grow out of the air and return thereto, that three of a circle should be transported half a mile by the spirits, may tax the credulity of nine out of every ten, but the evidence in its favor is very strong. Phenomena of this character are not witnessed by one or two alone, but by dozens; nor is the power confined to one medium or one locality. The facts are admitted by many; but as to the cause producing them there is a variety of opinions among the few who have given the subject much meditation.

## SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

Since the establishment of the Spiritual Scientist, it has been our constant endeavor to make it more valuable to its readers each year, and in this respect the prospects for the coming year are more promising than ever before. With gratitude to the unseen powers and their instruments in earth life, we recognize the remarkable success of the paper, and the good it has been permitted to accomplish in the past. The distinctive policy that has made it so popular is to be maintained. We are grateful to those who have written of their growing regard for the paper and for the interest they have taken in extending its circulation. We promise a steady improvement in the Spiritual Scientist in the extent of the support which it receives.

It is with pleasure that we refer to the distinguished writers, who, by their able contributions, have sustained the editor in his efforts to place the Spiritual Scientist in the front rank of the journals devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. It is a matter of pride with him that he can refer to the fact that the number of these co-laborers has grown steadily, and none have become dissatisfied with the management or withdrawn their support because they felt that it was not serving the best interests of the cause; on the contrary we have their hearty endorsement of the manner in which it is conducted. Harmony is the strength and support of all institutions, more especially this of ours; to this end we shall in the future, as in the past, seek to eliminate the causes of dissatisfaction and inculcate the principles upon which all can unite.

Readers of the Spiritual Scientist will become familiar with the progress of the cause in all parts of the world; for this purpose our correspondence, exchanges and reportorial facilities are not excelled by any journal. In obtaining a just and discriminating knowledge of ancient philosophies, remarkable phenomena in all ages and at the present time, scientific investigations, the nature of the human spirit and its surroundings, they will be aided by many of the leading and more experienced Spiritualists.

The corps of writers the coming year includes  
Hudson Tuttle, J. M. Peabody, Eugene  
Crowell, M.D., Prof. J. R. Buchanan,  
Colonel Henry S. Olcott, George  
Stearns, Charles Sothman and  
G. L. Ditson, M.D.,  
Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Mrs.  
Emma Tuttle, Mrs. Emma A. Wood,  
Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, A.  
V. D., and others.

all eminent in the ranks of literature. The same may be said of those who prefer their contributions to appear under the respective nom-de-plumes

Buddha, J. W. M. and Zens.

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JUNE 14, 1877.

No. 15.

## SPIRITUALISM AND ELECTRICITY.

The account of the experiments at the Sutro Tunnel with the electricity in the human body has not yet reached England, but the Spiritualists of London have recently had some interesting discussions bearing on these topics. At a meeting of the National Association, M. Desmond Fitzgerald, M. S. Tel. E., said that as an electrician he would make the statement that frictional electricity was merely a surface phenomenon, and he had never been able to trace any connection between electricity and the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. That gas could be lit by an electric spark from the finger, in a dry atmosphere, he did not doubt; in fact, it was a common thing. Cromwell Varney, F.R.S., of Atlantic Cable fame, has been able to obtain this result. Other Spiritualists differ with M. Fitzgerald, thinking that the one force is but a modification of the other. Instruments that will detect the slightest wave of the electrical force, however, are motionless in the presence of the most powerful spirit manifestations.

## A CATHOLIC PRIEST EXHORTS SPIRITUALISTS

The very Rev. Capon Gilbert, of London, continues his sermons on Spiritualism, and, while many of his assertions are evidently exaggerated and unfounded, he makes good use of the many weaknesses of Spiritualists. He advises and exhorts them to give up their dark seances; to put their mediums in the hands of experts, favorable and unfavorable, and test them in the same way that Catholics prove spirit manifestations. If trickery be discovered, let it be condemned without mercy. If self-delusion exist, let them pity it and try to cure it. If there be communication with the evil one, let them put people on their guard; but when there are true manifestations, let them glorify God for his mercy to man. This course is sensible, manly and Christian. But if Spiritualists go on as they do, publishing every supposed spirit manifestation, clinging to impostures (after being detected in their fraud), trying to persuade people that too great scrutiny and want of sympathy destroy spirit manifestation, they could not adopt a more successful mode of propagating trickery and self-delusion, and abnormally exciting the brains of their readers. He warned the leaders of the movement that there was a terrible responsibility on them, and advised them for guidance to study "Benedict XIV. on Canonization," "Father Faber on Beatification," the decrees of Urban VIII., Clement XI., and the blue books of the Congregation of Rites.

## A LAND FULL OF GOLD AND SILVER.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Alexandria, informs the public that Capt. Burton, the African traveler, has made a find of unusual interest. At the request of the Khedive, he has visited the "Land of Midian," the desolated region on the eastern side of the Gulf of Akabah, the easternmost of the two long and narrow estuaries in which the Red Sea ends. Accompanied by M. George Marie, a French engineer, Capt. Burton landed in Midian on April 2, and in an expedition of some weeks explored a region full of ruined towns, built of solid masonry, with made roads, aqueducts five miles long, artificial lakes, and massive fortresses, all marking a wealthy and powerful people. Their wealth was based on mining operations, and Capt. Burton reports the existence of gold, silver, tin, antimony, and turquoise mines.

The auriferous region is extensive; indeed, the discoverer believes he has opened up a California, and the Khedive proposes to have the country worked by European capitalists. It will be remembered that in the Bible Midian is always described as a land full of metals, especially gold, silver and lead. It is more than probable that Solomon's Ophir was situated there, as the small ships in which he imported gold, ivory, and peacocks were launched at the head of the Red Sea. Midian is a part of the Egyptian Viceroyalty.

Extracted from "Speaking in Many Tongues," by Judge Edmunds.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES IN LANGUAGES UNKNOWN TO THE MEDIUM.

"She was next developed to speak different languages. She knows no language but her own, and a little smattering of boarding-school French; yet she had spoken in nine or ten different tongues, sometimes for an hour at a time, with the ease and fluency of a native. It is not unfrequent that foreigners converse with their spirit friends through her, in their own language. A recent instance occurred, where a Greek gentleman had several interviews, and for several hours at a time carried on the conversation on his part in Greek, and received his answers sometimes in that language, and sometimes in English. Yet until then she had never heard a word of modern Greek spoken."—Extract from Vol. II., "Spiritualism," p. 45.

The foregoing is my account, in very general terms, of my daughter's mediumship. Let me here specify some of the instances more particularly:

One evening there came to my house a young girl from one of the Eastern States. She had come to New York to seek her fortune. Her education was that which can be obtained at a common country school. She was a medium and was accompanied by the spirit of a Frenchman who was very troublesome to her. He could speak through her, but only in French. For more than an hour a conversation went on between my daughter and the spirit, speaking through Miss Doud. They both conducted the conversation entirely in French, and both spoke with the rapidity and fluency of native Frenchmen. Miss Doud's French was a wretched *patois* of some of the Southern provinces of France, while Laura's was pure Parisian.

This occurred in my library, where some five or six persons were present; and Miss Dowd is still living in this city.

On another occasion, some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura, and during it she several times spoke in their language words and sentences which she did not understand, but they did, and a good deal of the conversation on their part was in Polish, and they received answers, sometimes in English and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though she seemed to understand it perfectly.

This can be verified only by Laura's statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give their names.

The incident with the Greek gentleman was this: One evening, when some twelve or fifteen persons were in my parlor, Mr. E. D. Green, an artist of this city, was shown in, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Evangelides, of Greece. He spoke broken English, but Greek fluently. Ere long a spirit spoke to him through Laura in English, and said so many things to him that he identified him as a friend who had died at his house a few years before, but of whom none of us had ever heard.

Occasionally, through Laura, the spirit would speak a word or sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek? The residue of the conversation for more than an hour was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and on hers, sometimes in Greek and sometimes in English. At times, Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed either by her or him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

He was sometimes very much affected, so much so as to attract the attention of the company, some of whom begged to know what it was that caused so much emotion. He declined to tell, but after the conversation ended he told us that he had never before witnessed any spirit manifestations, and that he had, during the conversation, tried experiments to test that which was so novel to him. These experiments were in speaking of subjects which he knew Laura must be ignorant

of and in frequently and suddenly changing the topic from domestic to political affairs, from philosophy to theology, and so on. In answer to our inquiries—for none of us knew Greek—he assured us that his Greek must have been understood, and her Greek was correct.

He afterward had many other interviews, in which Greek conversations occurred.

At this interview, which I have described, there were present Mr. Green, Mr. Evangelides, Mr. Allen, President of a Boston bank, and two gentlemen whose names I forget, but can easily ascertain, who were large railroad contractors in one of the Western States, my daughter Laura, my niece, Jennie Keyes, myself, and several others whom I do not remember.

My niece, of whom I have spoken, has often sung Italian, improvising both words and tune, yet she is entirely unacquainted with the language. Of this, I suppose, there are a hundred instances.

One day, my daughter and niece came into my library, and began a conversation with me in Spanish, one speaking a part of a sentence, and the other the residue. They were influenced, as I found, by the spirit of a person whom I had known when in Central America, and reference was made to many things which had occurred to me there, of which I knew they were as ignorant as they were of Spanish.

To this we three can testify.

Laura has spoken to me in Indian, in the Chippewa and Monomonic tongues. I knew the language, because I had been two years in the Indian country.

I have thus enumerated Italian, Spanish, French, Greek and English, that she has spoken. I have also heard her in Italian, Portuguese, Latin and Hungarian, and in some that I did not know. The instances are too numerous for me to recall the persons present.

I will now mention instances through others than her.

A man by the name of Finney, a carpenter, of very limited education, living near Cleveland, Ohio, was once giving me a communication, for he was a speaking medium. The subject was self-knowledge, and while I was writing it down, I spoke, (*sotto voce*) *Gnothi seauton*. He paused, repeated the Greek, and added, "Yes, know thyself."

Mrs. Helen Leeds, of 45 Carver Street, Boston, a medium of some note in those parts, has very often spoken Chinese. She is of very limited education, and never heard a word of that language spoken. This occurred so often with her in a former stage of her mediumship that I suppose I may say that there are thousands who have witnessed it. I have myself witnessed it at least a hundred times.

In the early stages of my investigations I kept very full minutes of all that occurred. From my records I make this extract:

Nov. 3, 1852.

"There was a special meeting of the Circle of Hope, last evening, to meet some of our friends from Albany. Beside the members of the circle [the circle consisted of Mr. Sweet and wife, Mr. Wood and wife, Mr. Ira Hutchinson, Mr. Comes and myself], there were present Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Haight of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mettler of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. Mettler, of New York; and Mrs. Heath, sister of Mrs. Ambler.

"Mr. Ambler was soon thrown into the mesmeric state.

"After he came out of the trance-state, Mrs. Shepherd was affected, and spoke in several languages. She occasionally spoke English. . . . And she continued for an hour or two thus to speak in some foreign languages. It seemed to us to be Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

"Mrs. Mettler was thrown into a trance state, and she was developed for the first time in her life to speak in diverse tongues. She spoke in German and what seemed to be Indian.

"And they two, *i. e.*, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Mettler, then for some time conversed together in these foreign languages.

"Occasionally they spoke in English, and sometimes in broken English."

I have looked at my records, but do not find it, though I very well remember the fact, that Mrs. Sweet, of this city, another of our mediums, of very little education, has often spoken French. I learn that she has also spoken Italian and Hebrew.

I have a number of times, witnessed a cognate manifestation, when the communication was through the rappings, and was given in a foreign language, though the medium knew only the English.

And I have heard Governor Tallmadge's daughter, at my house, speak in German, several persons being present.

To-day, at our Conference, I mentioned this subject, and asked if any of those present could give me any further information. The attendance was unusually small, there not being over a hundred present, but I received the following replies to my inquiry:

Dr. John F. Gray mentioned having had communications through the rappings and table-tippings in the Malay, Hebrew and Spanish languages. The communications were spelled out letter by letter, and written down. He obtained translations of all these from persons versed in the different languages. He has records of it, specifying where it occurred and who were present.

He mentioned one instance, where Professor Bush, who is a Hebrew scholar, was present, and he called the Hebrew alphabet, and wrote the communication down at the time, and afterward translated it, no one present but himself being acquainted with that alphabet.

Dr. Abraham Wilson, another physician of high standing, stated that the late Mr. Henry Inman, the artist, told him that when his daughter was developed as a medium, she repeatedly spoke Spanish, of which she had no knowledge.

Mr. David Bryson stated that at a recent circle, where Mrs. Tucker was the medium, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Taylor and others were present, the medium spoke fluently an unknown tongue, and conversed with a Dane, who was present, in the Danish language.

Mr. Taylor was at the Conference, and confirmed Mr. Bryson's account.

Mrs. Richardson relates a recent incident of a woman named Greenleaf, who spoke French. And Mrs. French, the medium, well known here and at Pittsburg, stated that through her the spirits had spoken nine different languages.

She relates a recent instance, where Mr. Henry C. Vall being present, she was addressed by an Italian female, and led by her to a part of the town where some fourteen Italians were huddled together in one room, in a great state of destitution and sickness, and where Italian was spoken by her to them with entire ease. And she mentioned an occasion at Washington, where in the presence of Governor Tallmadge and Mr. Giddings, M. C., from Ohio, she spoke French fluently.

All these are cases where the persons speaking knew only language, the English.

This is the gathering of one afternoon only. I can form no idea of the extent of the evidence that might be gathered by a more extended inquiry.

But is it not enough for all, except those who would not believe, though one rose from the dead?

## THE OUTLOOK.

### NOTES AND NEWS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

#### Europe Generally.

BRUSSELS is to have a new Spiritual paper.

THE REV. Stainton Moses did not intend to say that a piece of spirit drapery had changed after it came into his possession, but that it changed while he was cutting it.

ONE OF the speakers in the conference at Belgium estimated that there were 15,000,000 of Spiritualists in the United States, and the destiny of the country was in their hands.

SUNDAY SERVICES in Spiritualism are not held in London. A few years ago one or two series were successful, but since that time several have failed. Another attempt is now to be made.

AT OMET (Haute Garonne) France, furniture and crockery in a private house have been broken and stones thrown in every direction by an unseen force. The correspondent who communicates the fact to the *Revue Spirite* says that by appeal and prayer the undeveloped spirits who caused the trouble have been induced to mend their ways. The letter is signed by sixteen witnesses.

AN UNUSUAL amount of veneration has been shown a Spiritualist in Spain who has lately departed this life. His kindness to the poor gained him so many friends that the priest refused to take any money for his burial ground. He said the people looked upon the deceased as a saint, and their opinion must be respected for the space of seven years. If, during that time, any manifestation took place in connection with his remains he would be canonized a saint.

Prepared for the Spiritual Scientist.

## GOETHE ON "DEMONS" AND THE "DEMONIAC."

No. II.

BY DR. G. BLOEDE.

In his conversations with Johann Peter Eckermann, comprising the years 1823 to 1832—Goethe made from March 1829 quite frequent allusion to his ideas about the Demons and the Demonic, which seem to have become in his last years almost a favorite constituent of his speculations on the unseen. We will first give a complete and literal transcription of Goethe's utterances in the presence of his eagerly listening and faithfully recording secretary, and then try to bring them under certain comprising points, and to draw a sum total from them, adding an occasional remark where it would seem to be in its place.

In March, 1829, Goethe remarked :

"The higher a man (is or stands) the more he is standing under the influence of the Demons, and he has to look out all the time, lest his guiding will be led astray into by-ways.

"Thus in my acquaintance with Schiller there was something decidedly demoniac. We could have met earlier, we could have met later, but that we met exactly in that epoch, when I had the journey to Italy behind me, and Schiller commenced to feel tired of the philosophical speculations, was significant of the greatest result for both."

Some days later, when talking of Beranger, the popular French bard, the conversation turned on "influences," and Eckermann remarked, that Goethe ought to write on this subject, which, as Eckermann added, grew more important and richer, the more one reflected on it, Goethe said :

"It is only too rich, for finally everything is "influence" as far as we are not it ourselves."

To Eckermann's farther remark that we had to distinguish whether an influence was obstructive or promotive, congenial and favorable or opposed to our nature, Goethe said :

"Of course, that is the main point. But there at the same time lies the difficulty, that our better nature may hold out vigorously and not concede more power to the demons than is fair."

(December, 1829) "In old age one thinks differently about the worldly things than in youth. So I can not help thinking that the Demons, in order to tease and fool mankind, sometimes put up single figures which are so enticing that every one strives after them, and so great that nobody reaches them. Thus they put up Raphael, in whom thought and action were equally perfect. Single excellent men of the later ages have approached, but none has reached him. Thus they put up Mozart, as something not to be equalled in Music; and thus in poetry, Shakspeare."

A few days later, speaking of that grotesque but deeply significant product of his fancy, "Homunoulus," in the second part of Faust, Goethe said :

"Mephistocles calls him cousin, for such spiritual beings as Homunoulus, which have not yet been obscured and limited by their perfect incarnation as men, were counted among the demons; therefore some kind of kinship existed between both." (Mephistocles and Homunoulus.)

Here we have a remark of the great poet-seer, of which the "Occultists" may avail themselves as an authority for some of their theories.

In March 1828, when Eckerman had some trouble in his mind, Goethe, rallying him a little, as was his wont, said :

"You are the second Shandy, the father of that famous Tristram, who through half of his life was vexed by a creaking door, but could not arrive at the resolve to remove his daily vexation by a few drops of oil. . . But that is the matter with all of us! *The offuscations and illuminations of man make his fate.* It would be necessary the Demon should daily guide us and tell us and push us to whatever was to be done. But the good spirit leaves us and we are slack and grope in the dark."

Another important conversation turning on the same point took place a few days later, when I made the following genial remarks about the spiritual influences of the physical surroundings of man :

There are, indeed, very considerable forces in the wine, inducing productiveness. But all thereby depends on time and circumstances, and what benefits one, damages another. There are further forces inducing production in quietude and in sleep. There are such, however, also in motion. There are such forces in the water, and first of all, in the atmosphere. The fresh air of the open field is the place where we properly belong. It is as if the Spirit of God were directly

breathing there upon man, and a divine force were exerting its influence. Lord Byron, who several hours every day lived under the sky, now on horseback on the sea-shore, now sailing or rowing in a boat, then bathing in the sea and exercising his physical strength in swimming, was one of the most productive men that ever lived."

The conversation then turning upon the different unhappy events which had galled Lord Byron's later life, Goethe made these general remarks, tinged again with his favorite belief in a mysterious and seemingly hostile power in man's life :

"In general you will find that in the middle of a man's life there is frequently a turning point, and that, while in his youth everything favored him and he was successful in every thing, now at once everything changes and one misstep and bad luck crowds the other. . . Do you know, however, how I think about this? Man must be ruined again. Every extraordinary man has a special mission which he is called to fulfill. Having it fulfilled, he is of no farther need on earth, and Providence again employs him for something else. As, however, all things here below are done in a natural way, the Demons trip him up one time after the other, until he at last succumbs. This happened to Napoleon and many others. Mozart died in his thirty-sixth year. Raphael at the same age. Byron was little older. All, however, had fulfilled their mission most completely, and it was time for them to go, in order that something may remain to do for other people in this world, which is destined to a long duration."

In October, 1828, a conversation took place between Goethe and Eckermann, about the recent death of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and his intimate intercourse in his last days with Alexander von Humboldt, who had given a feeling account of this in a letter to Goethe. Here the latter expatiated upon the great gifts and the mission of this remarkable prince and his comparatively premature decease. He said :

"Only one miserable century longer, and how he would, in so high a place, have pushed his time forward !

"But, do you know what? The world shall not arrive at the goal as fast as we think and wish. There are always present the retarding Demons, who step in everywhere, oppose everywhere, so that the whole progresses, indeed, but very slowly. You only live on, and you will find that I am right."

On Eckermann's remark, "The development of mankind seems to be calculated for thousands of years," "the seer" rejoined :

"Who knows? perhaps for millions. But let mankind last as long as it may, it will never lack impediments to make it work, never manifold troubles in order to develop its forces. It will grow in smartness and insight, but not become any better, happier or more energetic, or only for epochs! I see the time come when God will no more rejoice in it, and when he once more must smash everything for a rejuvenated creation. I am sure all things are disposed for this end, and time and hour are fixed in the far-off future, when this rejuvenation shall occur. But there is certainly a good while yet till then, and we may yet for thousands and thousands of years have many a good fun on this dear old plain as it is."

It would seem as if the poet-seer had cast another glance here into the future, hinting at the melancholy results of a later phase of German Philosophy, that of Arthur Schopenhauer and his followers, which lately reached their climax in Edward von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious." This metaphysician of Pessimism, after having demonstrated in the most pleasant manner that everything in the Universe is "illusion," portrays the end of the "world-process" in the form of a heap of putrefaction! Our poet-philosopher, however, even in the midst of the gloomy vision of old age into the far-off future, could not help to react against it good humoredly, and to promise mankind a good deal of "fun" yet for a good while. He would certainly have arrived at a still brighter aspect of the destiny of mankind had he already been more fully initiated into the harmonial ideas of Spiritualism.

As a German patriot, too, — as he certainly was in spite of all his slanderers in this respect—he would have spoken differently in 1870 from what he did in 1830. He then in conversation with Eckermann made mention of the "Demonic in a nation." He complained that while the French had a Paris, and a political poet at Blanquet could really be called "the voice of the people," "Germany was nowhere." He remarked :

"Only sixteen years ago, when we at last wanted to get rid of the French, Germany was everywhere. Then a political poet could have made a general impression. But there was no need of one. The general distress and the general feeling

of shame had seized the nation as something "Demoniac." The fire of inspiration which the poet could have kindled, already burned everywhere by itself. I will, however, not deny that Arndt, Koerner, and Ruokert, have had some effect."

In February 1832—a few months before his death—Goethe uttered to Eckermann the following striking sentences bearing upon "inspiration" and the working of his own genius:

"I do not at all owe my works to my own wisdom, but to a thousand things and persons outside of myself, that gave me the material for them. There came fools and wise men, lucid and obscure heads, childhood and youth, as well as mature age. They all told me what they felt and what they thought, how they lived or acted, and what experiences they had gathered; and I had nothing to do but to grasp and to reap what others had sown for me.

"If we go to the bottom, it is foolish to ask, whether one has something from himself or from others, whether one acts through himself or through others. The main thing is, that one wills something great and has skill and persistency to carry it out; all the rest is indifferent. Mirabeau was perfectly right therefore if he used the external world and its forces as he could. He possessed the gift to distinguish the talent, and the talent felt attracted by the Demon of his mighty nature, so that it willingly gave itself to him and his guidance. Thus he was surrounded by a mass of excellent forces, which he penetrated with his fire and put in activity for his higher aims. And even that he knew how to work with others and through others, this was his genius, his originality, his greatness."

As a proof how the Demoniac often acts beneficially through impediments, Goethe referred to the slow progress of a French translation of his, "Metamorphosis of the Plants," by Soret. He said:

"We are occupied with this translation since more than a year. A thousand obstacles have interfered, the undertaking has often been stopped in quite an ugly manner, and I often have damned it by myself. Now, however, I am led to reverence all those obstacles, because in the course of those hindrances, these have outside, among other excellent people, matured things which now, as 'the best water upon my mill,' are helping me beyond conception, and bring my work to a conclusion which I could not have thought of a year ago. Such things have often happened in my life, and one is led to think in such cases of a higher influence, something Demoniac, which one adores, without assuming to attempt at explaining it.

"The Demoniac is that which cannot be solved by intellect and reason. . . In my nature it is not, but I am subject to it."

"The late Grand Duke was a Demoniac nature, full of unlimited energy and restlessness, so that his own Dukedom was too small for him, and the largest (dominion) would have been too small for him. Demoniac beings of this kind were reckoned by the Greeks among demi-gods."

The question whether the Demoniac did not also appear in the events, he answered thus:

"Prominently so, namely in all (events) which we are not able to solve by intellect and reason. It generally manifests itself in the most diversified manner in all Nature, the invisible as well as the visible. Some creatures are entirely of the Demoniac kind; in others it is partially active."

He denied that Mephistocles had Demoniac traits in him:

"Mephistocles is by far too much of a negative being. The Demoniac on the contrary exhibits a thoroughly positive energy. Among the artists it is found more in musicians, less in painters. In Paganini it shows in a high degree, which is the cause of his great effects."

"In poetry there is decidedly something Demoniac, and particularly in the unconscious, in which intellect and reason all fall short, and which therefore acts beyond all conception."

"It is likewise in the highest degree in music; for this stands so high that no one can get at it, and from it issues an effect, which rules everything, and of which nobody is able to give any account. The religious service, therefore, cannot miss it (music); it is one of the best means to wonderfully act on man."

"The Demoniac likes to throw itself into prominent individuals, especially those occupying a high station, as Frederick and Peter the Great."

"In the late Grand Duke (of Weimar) it was in such a degree that nobody could resist him. He exerted an attraction upon men by his quiet presence, without any effort of his to be kind and benignant. Everything I undertook upon his advice succeeded, so that in any case, where my intellect and my reason were not sufficient, I had only to ask him what had to be done, when he uttered it instinctively and I could always in advance be sure of a good result. I could have wished he had been able to take hold of my ideas and higher aspirations, for when the Demoniac spirit left him, and the human

only remained, he did not know what to do with himself, and was in a bad state."

"In Byron also the Demoniac may have been active in a high degree in consequence of which he possessed 'the attractive' in a great measure, wherefore particularly women could not resist him."

Upon a remark of his companion, that the Demoniac as an acting force did not seem to enter into the idea of the Divine, Goethe uttered these memorable sentences:

"Dear child, what do we know of the Divine Idea, and what signify our limited notions of the Highest Being? If I, like a Turk, should name it by a hundred names, I would yet fall short, and would still have said nothing in comparison to so illimited qualities."

We may infer from these weighty sentences that this great mind, after an octogenarian life, spent in unceasing labors of thought, had very little, if at all, advanced in his comprehension of the God-idea, that he still entertained, or rather had returned to the same sentiments, which the young poet had, in the first part of "Faust," expressed in the beautiful words:

"Who dare express Him?  
And who profess Him?  
Saying: I believe in Him?  
Who, feeling, seeing,  
Deny his being,  
Saying, I believe Him not?"

Ought not this to settle the claims and aspirations of Theology as a so-called "Science of God?"

Returning once more to his "Metamorphosis of the Plants," he repeated:

"This book gives me more trouble than I thought. I was at the very beginning drawn into that undertaking almost against my will. There prevailed, however, something Demoniac in it, against which there was no resisting. Man must, however, at the same time try to hold his own against the Demoniac, and I, in the present case, must strive by diligence and my own toil, to make the work as good as my own forces allow and as the circumstances are offered to me."

"The Demoniac, as it likes to stick to prominent figures, so it has a predilection, too, for somewhat dark times. In a clear (headed) prosaic city like Boston, it would scarcely find occasion to manifest itself."

Under the date of March 1828, we have the following remarkable sentences in regard to the mysterious working of Genius:

"Every productivity of the highest kind, every memorable dictum, every invention, every grand thought which bears fruit and has a sequel, is under nobody's sway, and above all earthly power. Man has to regard such as unhelped gifts from above, as pure children of God, which he has to accept and exonerate with joyful thanks. It is a kin to the Demoniac, which supremely deals with him as it pleases, and to which he gives himself up unconsciously, while he believes to act from his own impulse. In such cases Man has often to be considered as an instrument, a higher world-ruling power, as a vessel found worthy to receive a divine influence. I say this, when I reflect how often one single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how single men, by what went out from them, stamped an imprint on their age, which could be recognized yet in subsequent generations and continued to work beneficially."

During a talk about Goethe's early love-affairs (Gretchen, Friedericke, Lili), when Eckermann remarked, that love was never alike, "It is always original and always modified according to the character and personality of the one we love," Goethe added:

"You are perfectly right—for not only we are the love, but the dear object which attracts us is it also. And then, what we must not forget, there comes in as a powerful third (element) the Demoniac, which is wont to accompany every passion, and finds in love its own proper element. In my relation to Lili it was particularly active; it gave my own life a different direction, and I do not say too much when I assert that my going to Weimar and my actual presence here was an immediate consequence thereof."

#### SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Cape Town has a hall that will hold 600 persons, in which spiritual lectures are given regularly; it was built by a Spiritualist for this purpose. At the Diamond Fields, 700 miles from Cape Town, circles have been started, and also at Bloemfontein. In the Free State and at Natal, also at Port Elizabeth on the west coast, and Grahamstown, Spiritualism has taken strong root. At French Hook the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church are preaching against it.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

### A SAN FRANCISCO INCIDENT.

#### A SINGULAR STORY OF A LOST DIAMOND PIN.

A singular incident happened in connection with a theft in a mansion at Van Ness Avenue a few nights ago, which Spiritualists will immediately seize upon as an evidence that departed spirits are really wont to return to this mundane sphere and exercise their power for good or evil on the inhabitants thereof. In the elegant mansion referred to lives a lady who has recently been visited by a sister, one of those fortunate mortals who is the possessor of diamond jewelry and gold coin in abundance. Shortly after her arrival the lady of the house, for some good reason, discharged a female servant and employed another in her place. A day or two after this event the visitor, desirous to go on a shopping expedition, took her purse, containing a valuable diamond pin and a respectable amount of coin, from its place of security in a drawer and laid it upon the bureau. She went from the room several times in making her preparations, and when ready for departure the purse with its contents was missing. The alarm was at once given, and the two ladies, assisted by the new servant, made a thorough search. The house was swept, the furniture moved and every possible crevice into which it could have fallen examined, but all to no avail; the purse had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed it. It was late at night before the search ended, and, completely tired out, the household retired. In the middle of the night the lady of the house was awakened by the entrance of her sister, who was acting in the most singular manner, and asking constantly for writing materials. Her nervous system seemed to be highly excited and she did not appear in her right mind, though it was not a case of somnambulism. Paper and pencil were given to her, and she immediately covered the former with scrawls which were hardly decipherable. She soon quieted down and lapsed into her normal condition, when the two ladies set themselves to work to decipher the writing, in which they were finally successful, finding, however, it all to be a repetition of the sentence, "She has hid it under the stool." They decided that "she" meant the new servant, and, proceeding to the latter's door, they knocked for admittance. The girl soon unlocked the door, when the ladies informed her that they could not sleep, as the loss of the purse made it impossible, and that she must dress and assist them in a further search. She grumblingly obeyed and as she came out of the door the ladies entered. At the foot of the bed stood a covered stool, the cover reaching to the floor. Highly excited, the ladies rushed to it, tripped it over, and there lay the lost purse, with its contents intact. The servant from the outside of the door had closely watched the ladies' movements, and as they placed their hands upon the stool she turned, ran down stairs, unlocked a door, and rushed into the street and away before she could be apprehended, and she has not been seen or heard of since. So far from being a Spiritualist, the lady is very positive in her disbelief of any such agency, and, moreover, is an old-school Presbyterian, and in accordance with her religious doctrine is opposed to any such theory as spiritualistic influence. She ascribes the incident to—the fact that her nervous system was much overwrought; that she had been thinking and dreaming about her loss, and, as there was no one upon whom the blame could be charged, she accused the servant of the crime, though an apparently unexplained circumstance is the fact that she had never been in the servant's room, and knew nothing of how it was furnished. The facts occurred, however, precisely as above stated, and Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists will each undoubtedly be able to furnish a satisfactory explanation.

#### BRITISH HOAXES.

The London correspondent of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph writes: The sea serpent story was clumsily managed, and most people would have seen through it. It arose in this way: At Oban, some time ago, there was an earthquake, or what seemed to be one, and the event was described by a correspondent in a letter addressed to the editor of a Glasgow newspaper. The editor was incredulous about the earthquake, and said so freely. At this incredulity the local correspondent, conceiving that his character for truthfulness was at stake, was very indignant. However, he concealed his wrath until a fitting occasion presented itself. In due

time he invented the sea-serpent, with the most minute details and incidents. The description he addressed to the Glasgow paper, which swallowed greedily the fiction while it had thrown doubt upon the fact. When the local correspondent had achieved the feat, and everybody was laughing at the Glasgow paper, he sat down and wrote a cool letter, in which he said the body of the sea-serpent had been opened, and the only article it contained was a copy of the Glasgow news paper which had the editor's comments throwing doubt upon the story of the earthquake. The indigestion paragraph had killed the animal.

A much cleverer hoax was played on Sir Erskine May. Some time ago he received an official letter, or what looked like one, purporting to come from the authorities of Constantinople, desiring to know whether he would be prepared to undertake the task of framing a parliamentary scheme for Turkey upon the British model. Sir Erskine, as you know, is the author of an elaborate work on the "Practice and Procedure of Parliament." It therefore seemed most fitting that he should be appealed to in such a case. However, as it was necessary that he should go to Constantinople in order to set the new scheme in motion, it was also necessary that he should obtain permission from the Speaker and Prime Minister. These two high authorities gave their permission readily, and Sir Erskine made preparations for his departure, but before starting he went to the Turkish Embassy, where perhaps he should have gone first, and there learned that he had been hoaxed. There had been no request from Constantinople for his presence or advice, and his good nature had been played upon.

#### INFATUATED HUMMING-BIRDS.

The Ottawa (Canada) Free Press of May 31 contains this interesting story: "Yesterday afternoon Mr. John Thompson's man (Jules Mather) gathered a large bunch of lilacs from a tree in the garden in Nepean, as he was about coming to the city to deliver milk. A couple of humming-birds hovered around the bush at the time, and these followed after the bunch which had been picked. Strange to state the little winged creatures came along with the rig to the city, at every opportunity sipping the honey from the petals of the flowers. At the Queen's Restaurant, for which the flowers were intended, the birds visited the bunch at the door of the bar entrance. The flowers were placed on the table in the dining-room, a faded bunch being substituted at the door, but after flying once around the latter the birds left it, and soon found the others again, entering the room through the open window. The boarders present were astonished at the tameness of the birds, which might have been easily caught if it had been desired."

#### DR. SLADE'S LAST OFFER.

The agent of Dr. Slade writes to Professor Lankester that he is willing to return to London for the purpose of satisfying him that the slate-writing occurring in his presence is in no way produced by any trickery of his. For this purpose Dr. Slade will visit the Professor, unaccompanied, sit at his own table, using any slate or pencil that may be furnished. He will give six trials, and more if it be deemed advisable. There shall be no charge or expense whatever, and all that is required of Professor Lankester is that he shall not undertake, cause to be undertaken, or countenance legal proceedings against Dr. Slade if he is satisfied that the writing is produced otherwise than by trickery; otherwise he can proceed against him if he remains another week in London.

#### THE SPIRIT WHO MADE A MORNING CALL.

An individual having given before a society an account of his experience relative to Spiritual matters, it was published in a newspaper. In it was a paragraph regretting that some information imparted by a spirit had been lost, and all attempts to again obtain it from the spirit had failed. As a well-known private medium was reading this he was touched, and a voice said: "I am he—the old shade to whom the brother alludes. I will tell you what it is. Make it as I direct you, and inform him that you have done so when you have verified my statement." The medium accordingly prepared some, and as the "old shade" was quite willing, the medium, who is an amateur photographer, took his picture. He was thus able to furnish the individual with a photograph as well as the powder.

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