

while his known character for personal devotion to the truth lends an especial weight to his testimony. It is the most usual of things for our Asiatic friends in writing to us to bespeak the "blessing" of the Mahatmas. This results from the surviving tradition of such personal interpositions, handed down from a hoary antiquity. This letter of Prince Wittgenstein ought to strike Europeans as a fact going to show that this inherited belief is not altogether baseless. We shall be more than satisfied if at the same time it does not prompt many of them—and many others who are not Europeans—to demand that the "blessing" may also be extended to them. It is only too common for persons who have never done one thing to entitle them to the slightest consideration by an adept, to put in a claim that their diseases shall be miraculously cured, their fortunes bettered, or their idle curiosity satisfied, as the price of their allegiance to the cause of Theosophy. Such persons were never taught, or at least never heeded, the time-honoured maxim of Occult Science, "First Deserve, then Desire.—*Ed.*"]

PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPIRITUALIST."

Allow me, for the sake of those who believe in spirit predictions, to tell you a story about incidents which happened to me last year, and about which I, for months past, have wished to talk to you, without, till now, finding time to do so. The narrative may perhaps be a warning to some of the too credulous persons to whom every medial message is a gospel, and who too often accept as true what are perhaps the lies of some light spirit, or even the reflection of their own thoughts or wishes. I believe that the fulfilment of a prediction is such an exceptional thing that in general one ought to set no faith in such prophecies, but should avoid them as much as possible, lest they have undue influence upon our mind, faith, and free will.

A year and some months ago, while getting ready to join our army on the Danube, I received first one letter, and afterwards a few more from a very kind friend of mine, and a powerful medium in America, beseeching me, in very anxious words, not to go to the war, a spirit having predicted that the campaign would be fatal to me, and having ordered my correspondent to write to me the following words: "Beware of the war saddle! It will be your death, or worse still."

I confess that these reiterated warnings were not agreeable, especially when received at the moment of starting upon such a journey; but I forced myself to disbelieve them. My cousin, the Baroness Adelpa Vay, to whom I had written about the matter, encouraged me in doing so, and I started.

Now it seems that this prediction became known also to some of my Theosophical friends at New York, who were indignant at it, and decided to do their utmost to make it of no avail. And especially one of the leading Brethren of the Society, utterly unknown to me, and residing far away from America, promised, by the force of his will, to shield me from every danger.\*

The fact is, that during the whole campaign I did not see one shot explode near me, and that, so far as danger was concerned, I could just as well have remained at Vevey. I was quite ashamed of myself, and sought occasion, now and then, to hear at least once the familiar roar and whistle which, in my younger years, were such usual music to me. All in vain! Whenever I was near a scene of action the enemy's fire ceased. I remember having once, during the third bloody storming of Plevna with my friend, your Colonel Wellesley, stolen away from the Emperor's staff, in order to ride down to a battery of ours, which was exchanging a tremendous fire with the redoubt of Grivitsa. As soon as we, after abandoning our horses further back in the brushwood, arrived at the battery, the Turkish fire ceased as by enchantment, to begin again only when we left it half an hour

later, although our guns kept on blazing away at them without interruption. I also tried twice to see some of the bombarding of Giurgiewo, where all the windows were broken, doors torn out, roofs broken down at the Railway Station by the daily firing from Rustchuk. I stopped there once a whole night, and another time half a day, always in the hope of seeing something. As long as I was there the scene was as quiet as in times of peace, and the firing recommenced as soon as I had left the place. Some days after my last visit to Giurgiewo, Colonel Wellesley passed it, and had part of his luggage destroyed by a shell, which, breaking through the roof into the gallery, tore to pieces two soldiers who were standing near.

I cannot believe all this to have been the sole result of chance. It was too regular, too positive to be explained thus. It is, I am sure of it, magic, the more so as the person who protected me thus efficaciously is one of the most powerful masters of the occult science professed by the Theosophists.

I can relate, by way of contrast, the following fact, which happened during the war on the Danube in 1854 at the siege of Silistria. A very distinguished Engineer General of ours, who led our approaches, was a faithful Spiritualist, and believed every word which he wrote down by the help of a psychograph as a genuine revelation from superior spirits. Now these spirits had predicted to him that he would return from the war unhurt, and covered with fame and glory. The result of this was that he exposed himself openly, madly, to the enemy's fire, till at last a shot tore off his leg, and he died some weeks later. This is the faith we ought to have in predictions, and I hope my narrative may be welcome to you, as a warning for many.

Truly yours,

(Prince) E. WITTGENSTEIN, (F. T. S.)

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND, }  
18th June 1878. }

AN EXCELLENT MAGIC MIRROR.

[OF the many kinds of divination glass or Magic-mirror that have been devised, the one described by a theosophical brother in the following note is among the best. It has the advantage over a goblet of water and other shining objects, that the eye of the gazer is not fatigued by a large body of white rays, while it possesses most of the good qualities of the ancient concave black mirror of the East. We recommend a trial of it to those who are investigating this most interesting field of "conscious clairvoyance." If a "carafe" is not available a clean, round, smooth inkstand filled with ink will do. It is always difficult for beginners to distinguish between subjective mind-pictures seen by the untrained seer or seeress and actual reflections from the akasa or Astral light: only long practice makes perfect. Without saying whether what our friend's wife did see in her mirror had or had not much importance, it will suffice to give the general assurance that every member of our society who earnestly makes researches in every lawful branch of occult science, has the chance of help from not only "chelas" but those who are higher than they. Provided, always that they are themselves "living the life" described in *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy*. Experimenters must however always avoid excessive taxation of the nervous system. A clairvoyant or psychometer should never be forced to see longer than they feel good for them nor what is distasteful. Violation of this rule may entail most serious consequences—*Ed.*]

Having read a great deal about magic-mirrors, I wanted to get one, but not knowing where to procure it, I thought of making one for myself. I took a smooth glass goglet (or *caraffe*) and filling it with black ink sealed the mouth. Afterwards I made my wife look into it when in a short time she began to see whitish clouds with white birds flying away. A few minutes later she saw the scene of a solitary place with trees, &c., and that scene changing, there appeared a most beautiful female form, of surpassing whiteness with hands and feet un-

\* The friend and favourite Brother of Chohan Koot-Hoomi whom his Anglo-Indian correspondents have surnamed "The illustrious." Our guru wrote personally to the Prince.—*Ed.*