

# **SEERSHIP; Guide to Soul Sight**

**A practical guide for those who aspire to develop the vision of the Soul.  
and  
The Magic Mirror and How to Use It**

**By Paschal Beverly Randolph 1825-1875**

**Published by  
The Confederation of Initiates  
Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.**

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**Paschal Beverly Randolph, Physician, Philosopher, world traveller, Supreme Grand Master of the Fraternitas Rose Crucis; Hierarch of Eulis and the Ansaireh, member of L'Ordre du Lis of France; the Double Eagle of Prussia, and Order of the Rose of England, was born in the city of New York, October 8, 1825.**



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## **INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

***Seership* is the work of an Orientalist, which term is commonly understood to mean, either one who has been born in the mystic east or one who, due to the possession of a mind easily capable of comprehending the thoughts and feelings of these people, and deeply in sympathy with them, can express their thoughts and emotions as effectively as if they were native to itself.**

**Dr Randolph first conceived the idea of writing such a book as *Seership* about the year 1850, about the time of his first visit to Paris; this much he tells us himself. It is easily possible, though we have**

no proof of this fact, that while in France he became familiar with some of the teachings then current on the subject, for though nothing like the present book had ever been published by any writer of any nation, nevertheless the practice of occultism was well known to no few occult students as witness the many stories current connecting Dr. Dee, Cagliostro and others with mirror gazing and seership, all of whom lived and were active in occult practices before Dr. Randolph's time. One thing is certain, if we may believe but a fraction of what is written on the subject, the very air of Paris was permeated with every form of occult thought during the several periods when Dr. Randolph visited there, even the men closely associated with the affairs of the government of France, being members of the Fraternity, deeply versed and keenly interested in this subject. It is therefore small wonder that Dr. Randolph became fired with the thought of writing a text on the subject and clarifying the various teachings relative to the practice so that all truly interested might readily understand the method of procedure and its results.

At the early period of 1850-51 Dr. Randolph succeeded in doing little more than making numerous notes on the subject of *Soul Sight*, his time and attention being occupied with other and seemingly more immediately important subjects.

At this period Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the Napoleon III, of history was perhaps the central personality of all Europe and certainly so of France. Napoleon was so thoroughly steeped in occultism that even the most hardened historians call him "mystic minded," and though officially connected with the Fraternity and active in occult affairs he, himself was gifted with either *Soul Sight* or the power of occult prophesy. Napoleon was first informed of the strange powers possessed by Dr. Randolph, through General Hitchcock who had visited Paris in the late forties and had become acquainted with Napoleon, and then through Drs. Fontain and Bergevia, the French Rosicrucians living in New York.

Napoleon firmly believed that Mystics or Occultists had the power to foresee the future in more or less detail and above all else, he sought someone who was capable of reading the mystic scroll. Dr Randolph was invited to visit Paris and the Rosicrucian Lodge when in session. This he did, and the seance was so successful, that shortly thereafter he was made the Supreme Grand Master of the Rosicrucians of the world who derived authority from the Supreme Grand Lodge of France.

After Randolph's work in France was completed, his thoughts again reverted to the text on *Soul Sight* and he returned to America with the idea of devoting his time to the completion of this task. However, this was not to be. Conditions had so changed that his mind became engrossed with other and seemingly more important affairs: First there had arisen a party which sought the freedom of all men, irrespective of color, and whose energies were at the moment directed toward the release of the colored men of the South. This idea had its inception in the minds of men who had been, and still were, connected with the Supreme Grand Lodge of Russia, men who considered the Emperor of Russia who had freed the serfs, as almost a God-man and who eagerly sought for an American leader to repeat the noble experiment. Second, the occult and mystic students in America, thought the efforts of General Hitchcock and others had become so numerous that it was desirable that an organized effort be made to band these together into one unit.

**Dr. Randolph had no desire to become a French subject despite the many friends he possessed in that great country and the power with which he had been vested, and his mind therefore turned toward the establishment of the Fraternity in America. For some years the greater part of his time and thought was directed toward this end, while at the same time he was keenly interested in the "new freedom party" which was silently at work.**

**In about the year 1858, his first efforts proved successful, and the first Temple of *Rosicrucia* was established in America with Headquarters in Boston. Meanwhile, he continued to function as Supreme Grand Master of the Fraternity with Headquarters in France, which position he held until 1863 when he appointed a successor for France but still under his guidance.**

**In 1861 Dr. Randolph visited California, conducted a series of lectures there on occultism, mysticism and the objects of Rosicrucianism and established the Grand Lodge for California. His task completed, his mind once again turned to the thought of completing the text book dealing with *Soul Sight* through the medium of the Magic Mirror. Ten weeks after his arrival in California he left for the Orient there to seek at first hand material on which to base the instructions which were from the basis of his book which when published bore the title, *Seership*, of which the present volume is the first reprint under the present regime.**

**Dr. Randolph's dream was two-fold: First to visit all the places where had labored the great teachers of the past such as Mahomet, Plato, Jesus, Pythagoras, Heber and many others, and through association with these places and the vibratory forces still present, come into touch with the *spirit* of their teachings and work; second, to find out for himself, whether the *spirit* of the teachings of these great Masters differed essentially and to such a degree that the follower of one Master and his teachings, could righteously condemn the believer and follower of the spirit of the teachings of another. What he desired, was to learn the truth, the soul of the teachings of these great leaders of the past. He had not the slightest interest in either dogma or schisms, as neither one is inherently capable of saving, i.e., Immortalizing a single Soul, the spirit alone, when entered into and lived up to, alone possessing this power.**

**During 1861-62, Dr Randolph successfully visited England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Malta, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, Greece and other nations, as well as many sects heretofore almost unknown and certainly never before visited by a white man. He was received in the inner circles of the Mystic Orders of all of these countries, as his office gave him free entry at all times as well as the privilege of scanning the pages of the most secret manuscripts, as well as the right to initiation into all the rites of the various Orders.**

**As a result of this extended trip, two books were published: *Pre-Adamite Man* a text book on human antiquity and ethnology, and *Seership*, the present text book on *Soul Sight*.**

**In England, Dr. Randolph met such men as Hargrave Jennings, Lord Bulwer Lytton and Kenneth**

**R.H. Mackenzie, and these became his active coworkers and were his correspondents during life, In France, Eliphas Levi was one of his greatest admirers, for Levi, like Napoleon, had the entre to the halls of the Fraternity but was himself not gifted with *Soul Sight*. Alexander Dumas, *pere*, became his fast friend and declared that Randolph's life and adventures in a dozen directions, could afford the ground work of a score of *D'Artagans, Monte Christos and "Admirable" Crichtons*, in everything but wealth.**

**I feel that I have paid a fair tribute to my predecessor and one of the greatest minds that ever thought and dictated words of wisdom, and I here rest my labors.**

**The preface is by Dr. Allan F. Odell, and the notes to the subject matter of the present edition, are by the writer of these introductory remarks.**

**R. SWINBURNE CLYMER**

# **SEERSHIP; Guide to Soul Sight and How to Use the Magic Mirror**

## **Preface**

The author of the present volume was well known to the reading public of two generations ago. He lived and wrote in a time of mental stress and strain; in the days of the reconstruction after the young Republic had successfully withstood the first assault upon its internal unity. Just after this struggle of brother against brother, there was an attitude of thankfulness on the part of the nation. The people breathed more easily and turned the lamps of their minds upon the ways of the spirit and the deeper things in life. Warfare, carnage, over-zealousness, mistaken devotion or forgetfulness of high ideals, always seem to have been followed by periods of solemn quiet. Such periods of reaction bring about physical relaxation. The mental being become dominant and, turning away from the world, men contemplate the dim aisles of the inner self, where God is said to dwell. Out of such communion spring great thoughts and actions.

We witness in the cathedrals of Europe the result of such a reaction. They represent one exquisite form of atonement made by medieval mankind, for the release from the scourge of the Dark Ages, and a penance for the slaughter in the Crusades.

The Great War just behind us has left the world in the throes of a reaction of this nature. There is freedom of thought never before indulged in. An absence of the old order. A breaking away from convention. An earnest search for the purpose of Life. This is the chief reason for bringing out a new edition of Randolph's works at this time. On account of the wider field which now exists for such books, they may possibly serve the purpose more effectively now, even, than they did when first published.

Randolph's works are now exceedingly rare, some of them seem to have utterly disappeared from circulation. Their value lies not alone in their rarity but in the history and experience of this man which they reveal. When P.B. Randolph was in his prime, before he became an author, there was everywhere a spirit of frank inquiry, very probably awakened by the recognition of the unlimited potentialities in the increasing application of science and its method. There are many exponents of theories, resulting in the subsequent foundation of schools and orders. Mary Baker Eddy, Daniel Homes, Alan Kardec and the later Magnetists, were prominent in the current literature and thought. Study was intense and detached. It was not hindered by the jocund treatment of the press

or the incredulous portion of the public. It was among such investigators that Randolph received his early experience. His youth had been hard and bitter, as a result of which he had set up questions to answer which would require a searching analysis. The inadequacy of these early occult experiences to answer him impelled him to start an impetuous search throughout the world for the solution of the difficult problem he had found in Life. The full romance of this search will never be fully written due to the unfortunate burning, recently, of many of his personal notes in a book which served as a record of his travels. This book was lost sight of for years, and came to light only to be destroyed. The results of his search, however, we have intact in his writings, many of which have as yet not been published.

It is difficult for one in this age of many cults to appreciate the true value of Randolph's efforts in behalf of the Soul and its pilgrimage. Today we follow one god, only to be deceived and rush in search of another tomorrow. A general confusion surrounds the truth about mysticism. There is mercenariness, an offering of stone for bread; honest but inadequate systems of philosophy, where one seeks facts but finds speculation. In 1850 it was simpler. There were few cults. It was due to this that Randolph seems, early in his search, to have gone almost directly to the heart of Truth.

It was about 1850 that Randolph, then in Paris on the first leg of his journey, met Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock a grandson of Ethan Allen of the Revolution. Gen. Hitchcock later became a writer on mysticism and alchemy and his writings are still well and favorably known. The meeting was brought about by Drs. Fontain and Begevin, who were intimate friends of Randolph. It was from this moment that Randolph's instruction by and association with the great members of the now extinct Frankfort lodge commenced. It was from such men as Count *Giounotti*, Gen. Hitchcock, and Kenneth R.H. Mackenzie, that he received the secrets of the Rose Cross. During the next ten years on succeeding trips abroad he cultivated the intimate acquaintance of Bulwer-Lytton, Eliphas Levi, and especially Hargrove Jennings, with whom he carried on an active correspondence during the remainder of his life.

After his sojourn in Paris, his plans crystalized. He had known all along what he wanted and now he had found where to obtain it. So from this point his wanderings took him into strange localities, into high places, and circles where the face of a white man had never before been seen. He emerges from Egypt, Tunis, Arabia, Syria and many other less travelled lands, each time having succeeded in adding some variation of the lore he already possessed. There are yet left a few queer relics and documents which show the track of his journeys at this time.

As a result of this method of accumulation wisdom and experience, Randolph's works embrace the most diverse and unusual mass of information.

The bare relation of the details of his travels are of absorbing interest, yet this was not his object in writing. It was his desire to attract to him all those who had suffered as he had, and who also thirsted for infinite truth. He has embodied in his works nearly all of the invaluable wisdom he has to offer. This is not always easily found, as one would judge, but to those who have been his

followers, the Truth can be singled out and the hand of Oriental, Arab or European master traced with precision. In his writings, in some form of expression, is said to lie hidden the study and application of the deepest secrets revealed to mankind. Among the invaluable possessions handed down to him by Count Giounotti, representing the true philosophy and methods of the Rosicrucians are strewn the observations and secrets of the Ansairii, of Moor, Persian Turk, Hindu—whenever he had found that man who had made himself a member of this vast, unnamed fraternity.

These are some of the reasons for the great value attached to Randolph's works. They date from a time when occultism was comparatively simple. The unfortunate brood of mystic fledglings which today flutter between the always obscure guiding light and honest reader are disconcerting. In the darkened field of confusion may give up. Who to believe? One must believe before the senses can receive the proof. The truth giver and the liar may appear alike to one who has not seen or felt the presence of Truth.

From 1850, for upwards of twenty-five years, the field of mystic teaching in this country was open and uncontested, Randolph and a number of coworkers occupied it completely. There is for this reason a complete satisfaction in reading his works. An unbroken line of life-long followers down to the present day, is the strongest tribute one can make to his philosophy and methods.

*Seership* now republished in this new edition, was among the most popular of Randolph's books after Ravelette and Eulis. It is not, as one might gather from superficial reading of the title, a work devoted to ordinary crystal-gazing. It is a work dealing with magic of the loftiest and most powerful kind. There is much scattered information in the literature on magic mirrors, and in recent years a small book by Bosc has appeared in French, but a comprehensive work embodying methods, the history and practice amongst various nations, does not exist up to the time of the appearance of this work.

There is nothing here for the dabbler in occult phenomena. On the contrary, the high-minded and ambitious experimenter may find hidden in the lines of this work the most profound truth, the discovery of which may lead him to the greatest attainments. The work is indeed practical, but at the same time, its purpose is to entice the reader toward the high planes where one becomes Soul Conscious and to impress upon him the uselessness of commonplace phenomenalism. It is with the heartfelt desire of accomplishing the author's wish that the publishers send forth this illuminating and instructive work upon a new venture.

ALLAN F. ODELL

**SEERSHIP; Guide to Soul Sight  
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**Chapter1**

**SEERSHIP or SOUL SIGHT**

**Clairvoyance, or Somnambulic Vision; Its Art and  
Culture, with Rules for Its Attainment**

**I TRUST I may be pardoned if I make and attempt to rescue the subject of somnambulic vision from the charlatanry of the day. In these days clairvoyance, which is a natural power inherent in the race, is regarded as a sort of forbidden or rare wonder, mixed up with mesmerism, fraud, circles and so on, while it is also the garb under which more barefaced swindling is carried on than under any other one gift of God to civilized man.(1) I hold it to be emphatically true, that**

**No curtain hides from view the spheres Elysian,  
Save these poor shells of half transparent dust'  
While all that blinds the spiritual vision  
Is pride and hate and lust.**

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**(1) It is questionable if there are three genuine public clairvoyants in the entire United States. If students will accept the results of our investigations, they will under no circumstances patronize paid clairvoyants, mediums or any others who profess to foresee the future.**  
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**And I believe clairvoyance to be the birthright of every human being; that *all* will one day possess it; that children will be born so; that even now, coarse as we are, some of us – a great percentage of the people – can develop it to a most surprising extent. In the first place let it be distinctly understood that there are three sources of light – solar, planetary and astral – adapted to material eyes, and that, independent of that, every globe in space is cushioned upon the ether, and that this ether is one vast billowy sea of magnetic light, and is the media of an inner sense of sight, and the whole mystery is at once cleared up, and the clap-trap of the charlatans at once exploded and**

exposed. And thus this wonderful power is resolved into the mere sensitive ability to come *en rapport* with this vast ocean of inner light, which may quite easily be done, as well herein by briefly shown. All that is required is simply patience.

Clairvoyance is the art and power of knowing or cognizing facts, things and principles, by methods totally distinct from those usually pursued in their attainment. I claim to have reduced it to a system and to have evolved science from hetero-geneity; to have added new thought, new conception, opened new fields of investigation, and to have discovered the central magnetic law, underlying and subtending the evolutions of somnambulic phenomena - a brief *resume* of which I herewith present.

We are approaching the termination of the first stage of civilization, are bidding farewell to many of its modes, moods, opinions, sentiments, thoughts and procedures, and are entering upon a new epoch of human history and might, destined to develop powers in man,(2) now latent mainly but which will yet revolutionize the globe. On earth man is greatest, mind and greatest part of man and clairvoyance the greatest part of mind....Clairvoyance depends upon a peculiar condition of the nerves and brain. It is compatible with the most robust health, albeit oftenest resulting from disordered nerves. The discovery consists in the knowledge of the exact method, how, the precise spot where and the proper times when, to apply the specific mesmeric current to any given person, in order to produce the coma and lucidity. A careful following of the rules herein laid down is generally sufficient to enable the aspirant to attain his or her end.

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(2) The second age of man, generally termed the Christian, has passed the limbo of time, and the third age, the Manistic, or age of Man, has set in. During this age man's concept of his powers, duties, morality and spirituality will change completely. Man will gradually come to accept his own personal responsibility for all his activities, whether of thoughts or acts. With this will come about a change as regards his powers and potencies and he will indeed become as one of the gods. As he resumes the responsibilities to true, virile manhood so will flow to him the rewards accruing to the strong, the brave and the free. This will mean for him first, manhood, ending in godhood and the immortalization of his being. In the past age this has been the exception; in the present age it will become general.

(3) Experiments conducted by us have shown that when the thyroid gland is below normal in its activity, it directly affects the brain and resultant mental activity. Furthermore, that spiritual elevation of any department of man's nature is extremely difficult under these conditions. This would also indicate that for man to be normal and non-criminal in his tendencies, it is essential that his endocrine system be functioning properly. Our conclusions would be that to reform the world of man, we must endeavor to have all his glands in a healthy state; then he will feel himself too much a man to do other than right and justly. Let reformers give heed to this thought and let us, first of all, establish institutions where professional reformers are examined and treated for glandular over-activity or inactivity.

At the start let it be distinctly understood that fear, doubt, nervous agitation, coarse habits, or bad

intent.(4) will retard success and may prevent it altogether.

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**(4) An indication that if man seeks to attain the higher spiritual state he must, first of all redeem himself and free himself from the evils existing within his own house. Spiritualization cannot take place while the temple is filled with thieves and money changers, i.e., evil and destructive thoughts and intentions.**

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When a person cannot be mesmerized through the eye, head, or by reverse passes, success often will follow if cloths be wet with slightly vinegared water, just over the pit of the stomach and small of the back. If an operator acts, let his left hand cover the rear wet spot, has right the front one, while the gazing process continues as before. **REASON:** the brain is not the only seat of nervous power; and we can often reach and subdue it by and through the nerves, nervous matter and ganglia, situate along and within the backbone.(5) If tractors or magnets are used, their points should be placed just as would be the mesmerizer's hands, and the experiment be continued as before.

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**(5) The two major nerve centers in the human body are found located in the pituitary gland in the head and at the base of the spinal column. It is extremely difficult to stimulate the pituitary gland, but modern physicians have learned to normalize and dilate the rectal center and thus reach the pituitary gland which helps to normalize mind and body and in a sense Spiritualize man. To attain clairvoyance the pituitary gland must be functioning normally.**

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At first, clairvoyance, like any movement, nervous or muscular, requires a special effort, but it soon becomes automatic, involuntary, mechanical. **KEEP YOUR DESIGN CONSTANTLY BEFORE YOU, AND YOUR SOUL AND INNER SENSES WILL MAKE GROVES FOR THEMSELVES, AND CONTINUE THE MOVE IN THEM AS CARS ON RAILS OR WHEELS IN RUTS. Let your groove be CLAIR-voyance!**

Lucidity is no gift, but a universal possibility common to the human race. Idiots can and *do* have it. It is latent, or *still* mind-power, and can be brought to the surface in a majority of cases. *Ominia vincit labor!*

All mental action comes through nervous action, but in these cases the result must be reached outside our usual mental habitudes and paths. The person who attempts to reach clairvoyance and gets discouraged after a few trials, does not merit the power. If you begin, either by agents or mesmerists, *keep right on*. Every experiment lands you one step nearer success and that, too, whether you aim at psychometry, lucidity, or any one of the fifty phases or grades of occult power.

Remember that physical conditions influence, modify and determine mental states, whether these be normal or recondite and mysterious.

Nor forget that pure blood gives pure power. If your blood IS foul with scrofula, pork fat, rum,

venereal, suspended menses - by nursing, cold, or perchance , pregnancy - don't attempt clairvoyance till you are free from it. Artist prepare their paints - you must prepare your body; else no good picture comes, no lucidity follows. Sound lungs, stomach, kidneys, liver, brain, blood, heart, urinal vessels, womb, and pelvic apparatus are not absolute essentials, but good preparatives. Above all, the blood *must* be purified, vacated or its poisons, rheums - alkalies, acids in excess – and be toned up to concert pitch, if you would enjoy the music of the spheres, and *know* beyond your outer knowing.

Food, digestion, drinks, sleep, must all be attended to. Mesmeric subjects at first become quite passionate – *the devil's bridge*. Look out you do not fall through it, for true clairvoyance is coincident only with *normal* appetites *normally* sated. (6) Excess destroys it. Every passion, except the grosser, has a normal sphere.

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(6) It is to be constantly born in mind that the Initiate is not a nihilist. He has learned that all things that exist have some use and that generally the law is temperate use of all things, excess of none, irrespective of how good a thing may be in itself. That which itself is good, may become destructive when abused. Right use, not non-use is the Law.  
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Clairvoyance is qualitative and quantitative, like all other mental forces. It is limited, fragmentary, incomplete, in all, because we are all imperfect; *but* no other being can occupy your or my ground, or be so great in our respective directions as we are. No one exactly is like us – we , precisely like nobody. We are like the world – green spots and deserts - arid here, frozen there – fertile in one spot, sterile in another; therefore we should cultivate our *special loves!* Clairvoyant vigor demands attention to the law: "The eternal equation of vital vigor is Rest equals exercise." Remember this and retain your power. Clairvoyance is an affair of the air, food, drink, love, passion, light, sleep, health, rest, sunshine, joy, music, labor, exercise, lungs, liver, blood, quite as much as of mesmerism and magnetic coma, for all mental operations are physically conditioned.(7)

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(7) We are all familiar with the Biblical inculcation "seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you" In this age of the beginning of spiritual light, another precept should become equally familiar to all: Direct your efforts toward health - a balance mental-physical condition and all things shall become possible to you. Ill-health is un-balance, and there cannot be true spirituality where there is not a true balance. Remember this!  
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Clairvoyance is an art, like any other. The elements exist, but to be useful must be systemized. It has hitherto been pursued, not rationally but empirically – as a blind habit, a sort of gymnastics, a means to swindle people, and scarce ever under intelligent guidance like the logical or mathematical or musical faculties of the Soul, albeit more valuable than either, and like them, too, subject to the laws of growth. It is far-reaching and once attained, though the road is difficult, amply repays the time and labor spent. It has been the study of my life and that knowledge, which enables me to demonstrate the laws governing it and by which it may be developed, also enables me to understand

and impart those which attend its aberrant phenomena. This mystic ground has hitherto been the prolific hot-bed of a host of noxious, dangerous superstitions and quackeries; and I believe my own is the first attempt to reclaim it to rational investigation.

Clairvoyance is a generic term, employed to express various degrees and modes of perception, whereby one is enabled to cognize and know facts, things and principles; or to contact certain knowledges, without the use and independent of the ordinary avenues of sense. It is produced or attained in various degrees by different methods and is of widely diverse grades and kinds, as:

**A. PSYCHOMETRY**, or nervous sensitiveness, wherein the subject does not *see* at all, but comes in magnetic contact with, first, the peculiar material emanations or sphere given off from every person or object in existence, and is analogous to the power whereby a dog finds his master in a crowd, or a hound hunts down a fugitive and pursues him unerringly, from having smelt a garment once worn by that fugitive. By this sense of feeling, persons come *en rapport* with others present, distant, dead, or alive, and when the sensitiveness is great, are enabled to sympathetically feel, hence describe, that person's physical, social, moral, amative and intellectual condition and, in extraordinary cases, can discern and detect diseases, both of mind, affections and body, without, however, being qualified to treat or cure said aberrations. Every city in the land abounds with persons claiming to be "clairvoyants," who are not so in any sense whatever, but are, to a greater or less extent, mere sensitives at best; but, in by far the majority of cases, such are rank impostors, fortune-tellers and charlatans, who eke out a living by dint of a very little good guessing and a great deal of tall lying. The majority are females of lax principles, who keep a lounge and drawn curtains— pestilent vampyres, redolent of filth, moral, intellectual, and physical, who are loaded with the *exuviae* of death, and charge a man or woman with the very vapor of ruin itself.(8)

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(8)The sincere and faithful student will not consult with professional fortune tellers, clairvoyants, astrologers or others of that ilk, for to do so frequently means death to all his ideals and the possibility of attaining Soul Illumination.  
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**B. PSYCHOMETRY** can be deepened into absolute *perception* by carefully noting the *first* and strongest impressions resulting from contact with a person, letter, or object, and afterward ascertaining the correctness of the verdict come to. A little careful experimentation will develop good results and demonstrate that clairvoyance is an attainable qualification, with proper patience and active effort.

**C. INTUITION** – the highest quality of the human mind is latent in most people, developable in nearly all; is trainable, and, when active, is the highest kind of clairvoyance. It is the effortless, instantaneous perception of facts, principles, events and things. The rule for its promotion is simply, When it tells a tale to test it at once. In a brief time the perceptions will grow clearer, stronger, more full, frequent and free.

**D.** The difference between clairvoyance, feeling, or psychometry and intuition, are these: the first

sees, the second feels, the third knows instantly.

In our ordinary state, we see through a glass darkly; in clairvoyance, we see with more or less distinctness; in psychometry we *feel* with greater or less intensity, and in intuition, we *leap* to results at a single bound. There are hundreds who imagine they possess one or all of these faculties or qualifications, and arrogate much importance, merely because the ideas have made a strong impression on their minds; or perhaps they have seen one or two visions or spectral sparks or flashes. Such are what they claim to be, only in the wish. They need training. For clairvoyance is a thing of actual system, rule and law, and whoever would have it in its completeness or *complexity*, must conform to the *science* thereof, if they expect good results to ensue.

E. The *actual* PERCEPTION is of various kinds and degrees. It does not require brilliant talents for its development, for many seers are inferior morally, organically, spiritually and intellectually; yet the higher, more brilliant and finely constituted a person is, the higher and nobler is the clairvoyance they will develop. Some subjects never get beyond the power to hunt up stolen or lost property; others stop at the half-way house of telling fortunes; a number reach the scientific plane, while but a few attain that magnificent sweep of intellect and vision that leaps the world's barriers, force the gates of death and revels in the sublime mysteries of the universes. the purer the subject, the better the faculty, is *the rule*. Goodness, not mere knowledge, is power. Remember this!

F. No two persons' clairvoyance is precisely alike. Each one has a *personal* idiosyncrasy that invariably determines his or her specialty, and, whatever that specialty may chance to be, should be encouraged, for in that he or she will excel and in no other. The attempt to force nature will be so much lost time and wasted effort. I say this after an experience of twenty years. I had a specialty for the occult, and an early friend, whom I loved tenderly, became unhappy by reason of an accident that, for ten years, rendered him utterly wretched and miserable. He lost all taste for life because of his injury and its effects, and was often tempted to self-murder, and an estrangement sprung up between himself and wife, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in America. A more deplorable wreck was never seen. The wife became morbid, and they used to visit mediums and clairvoyants in hopes of a cure. At that time, 1853, I had a mesmeric subject, and examined for two French physicians in New York – Drs. TOUTAIN and BERGEVIN.(9) Here I first saw and prescribed for the man, who afterward became my personal friend. Himself and lady were kind to me and kindness won my undying love. I have had so little of it in this world, have so often been robbed, plundered and traduced, by so-called friends, that when a real one appeared, I hailed it as the Greeks hailed the sea. We sat one hundred and eighteen times for my friend and his wife, searching for a means of cure, made many costly experiments, and finally were rewarded by a grand discovery.

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(9) The two French physicians belonging to the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross of France at the time and to whom Randolph was given an introduction by the Order in France while on his first visit there. The connection thus formed ultimately resulted in his becoming Chief of the Rosicrucians.  
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And so I say to all clairvoyant aspirants, Adopt a specialty,(10) and pursue it steadily during your life.

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(10) To be successful in the process of Spiritualization it is essential that the Acolyte should carefully examine himself, find out just what he wants to do or seeks to become, and then bend all his energies toward that end. The counsel of Emerson, "Hitch your wagon to a star," here applies. Set a star or goal ahead and then push forward toward the attainment of that goal.

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G. When a mesmeric "circle," self-magnetizing, or – what I do not advise - varied experiment for clairvoyance, bids fair to become a success, and the subject sees flashes, sparks, white clouds, rolling balls of light vapor, or is partially lucid, the tendency of the mind should be carefully noted and the future direction or the power or faculty be fully decided on, sought for, aimed at and strictly, persistently, faithfully followed, until a splendid and never-to-be-doubted triumph and success crown your efforts. If you intend to examine and prescribe for disease; "will-throwing," or to read people; to hunt up lost goods; detect thieves; make business examinations - in short, any special thing;(10) cultivate that thing and *no other*, else you will spoil your sight, dim your light and become a sort of Jack-at-all- trades , master of none. You cannot excel in finding lost property, reading the love-life of amorous people, and also describe and prescribe for sick folks. No; the rule is, One thing and that thing well. Let the rest alone.

Again: people are too impatient.(11) They push a somnambule too fast and too far. Be careful, if you look for success. Go short journeys, at a slow pace, if you expect to hold out. While laboring for the French physicians, and others, in New York, I frequently not only examined fifty cases of disease a day but made all sorts of explorations in as many different directions' the consequence of which was a chronic lassitude, dyspepsia, angularity and great irritability of temper, by reason of the unwise step and resultant nervousness.

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(11) Impatience is one of the most destructive qualities of the human mind. To become impatient will forever bar one from the spiritual or Soul realms. One should be dissatisfied with one's progress as this acts as an incentive to greater efforts but impatience is of a quality altogether harmful. The sincere student will make every effort to be patient, and refuse, under any and all circumstances, to become discouraged even though his mental skies may appear as black as the darkest night. He who refuses to surrender is certain to succeed.

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H. There are various *kinds*, as well as degrees, of clairvoyance: Natural, Intellectual, Medical, Ethereal, and Divine, Social, Practical and purely Mental. Or a clear-seeing of material forms; lucidity of mind, generally; lucidity of special cerebral organs; lucidity upon certain points – as Medicine, Prevoynance, Religion, Philosophy, Science, Logic, Art Love, etc. There are many pretenders to all these, nine in ten of whom are rank impostors.

There is a clairvoyance of Introspection, Inspection and Projection, and these have their

appropriate fields in the past, present and the future; all of which are easily developed and perfected.

There is the common somnambulic or mesmerically induced lucidity(12) It also comes through the coma or trance, however produced; and yet it is by no means necessary that the patient be fully entranced in order to produce the distinct lucidity. I know capital seers who never were entranced; who never lost their consciousness for a moment. But such cases are far from being common or usual. This first kind of vision exhausts itself on material objects alone - a mere perception of things without penetrating power. The next stage it reaches is that of mind reading. In 1853-4-5, the writer hereof had this power to a remarkable degree; used to play cards, chess and read books, blindfold; and this power caused him to be invited to visit Paris where he exhibited it to the astonishment of the savants, and his own glorification. Practically the thing is useless.

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(12) This is the method that was pursued so successfully by the Master in the training of Marie Corelli, and under these conditions her first five books were written. It is needless to say that the morality of the operator must be above reproach.  
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There is a perception, one grade higher than this last, which enables the subject to come *en rapport* with the surface and essence of things, as a tree, man, woman, herbs, etc; and it grows till the seer beholds and explains somewhat of the *penetralia* of things; and it culminates in the condition wherein the mind, leaping all the barriers of the outer senses and world, sees and *knows* things altogether beyond their ranges and approaches the awful realms of Positive Spirit. Special cerebral organs(13) become lucid, soon succeeded by an entire illumination of the brain. This is a grand, a sublime, a holy degree; for the subject sees, senses, feels, knows, by a royal power; is *en rapport* with a thousand knowledges. A step further, a step inward and the subject is in harmony with both the upper and lower universes. He or she thenceforth is a **POWER IN THE WORLD**. All clairvoyants may not claim genius but all true genius is clairvoyant. Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

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(13) Our experiments and tests have shown that the two organs involved, now known as glands, are first and most important, the Pituitary, and second and hardly less involved in the process, the Thyroid.  
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I. Very few persons will fail who strictly conform to the general rules here laid down, and fewer still who follow the special plans determined upon. As a rule, I find it safe to declare, that in every one hundred cases seventy-five can become partly lucid; sixty three can become sensitive; forty-five can reach the second, thirty-two the third, fourteen the fourth, five the fifth, and two the highest degree of clairvoyance their peculiar organization is capable of attaining. Of one hundred men, fifty-six can become seers; of two hundred women, one hundred and eighty can become so.

**MAGNETIC CLAIRVOYANCE** is that induced by holding the head close to the open horns of a large and powerful horse-shoe magnet. It may be suspended from the ceiling and held to the head lying down, so when let go it will spring away, or come in contact with its armature – a nail will do so as to close the circuit. A quartz crystal is nearly as good for this purpose as a horse-shoe magnet; but I prefer a bar magnet to either.

**MESMERIC CIRCLES** differ from all others, in that, to be proper, all who are in one should be insulated; the chairs and tables and footstools should rest on glass knobs made on purpose. In these circles, the chances are ten to one that some will go off into the mesmeric coma on the first trial. The circle must wish, will, desire, and favorable results are almost sure to follow. Have patience, if they do not.

**NOTE.**-All clairvoyants should, to be useful, successful and enduring, cultivate the habit of deep breathing; for all brain power depends upon lung power, nor can continued ability exist if this be neglected.(14) All clairvoyants should feed on the best things attainable. Again, all clairvoyants must use great caution in matters of sex. Abstinence is good, for an error in that direction is fatal to clear vision or its perpetuity when possessed.

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(14) One of the reasons why the authentic Secret Schools give their first attention to the instruction of the Neophyte in the ancient Occult methods of breathing; a method which has never failed when conscientiously followed and faithfully, regularly and consistently practiced. Irregular, now-and-then practice avails nothing.

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I am told by a friend of mine, in Paris, the best male seer in France, that carelessness in this respect cost him the loss of his vision for a period of seven months. If the party desires to develop sensitiveness only, with a view to becoming a psychometrist, this caution does not apply with such force. If a person was to ask me, is it best to try to be a clairvoyant or a good psychometrist, I should unhesitatingly say the latter,(15) by all means, for it is more easily attained, and, to say the least, is quite as useful, if money-making and tests are the objects sought to be gained.

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(15) One having attained clairvoyance cannot always close his visions to things it is not desirable to see or which may bring about a morbid mental condition for a time. This is the one fault with clairvoyant power. The psychometrist does not have contend with this.

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In all mesmeric experiments, individual or collective, very few become, at first trial, true hypnotic subjects; and some can never be, owing to peculiarities of organization. The matter can be tested in a variety of ways, as, for instance, the usual "passes" may be reversed. Or the doubtful subject may look *steadily* at a speck on the wall for six minutes. If drowsy at the end of that time, and the eyeballs have a tendency to roll up the person *is* a subject, and all that is required is patience. *Or* breathe rapidly, forcibly for ninety seconds. If it makes you dizzy, you are a subject, and can enter the somnambulant state in any one of a dozen ways. This same operation, often repeated, is almost

certain to produce coma; and if done while lying down, in connection with the horse-shoe magnet operation, will prove successful in enabling the person to see without eyes. In all cases the room should be quite dark.\* If, at the end of a few minutes, sparks, flashes, streaks of quick and lingering light are seen, or phosphor clouds float before the face, then one of two things is immediately probable. First, that the party by continuance and repetition can be clairvoyant; or, second if not too *scary*,(16) these clouds and sparks may resolve themselves into beautified forms of friends long gone but unlost.

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\*All magnetic, odylic and mesmeric processes are twenty times oftener productive of grand results if conducted in a dark chamber, than in one lighted artificially, or by the sun. Next to a thoroughly dark room, moonlight is best, and starlight is better still.

(16) Whoever is possessed of fear should not attempt to take up this system of training. Fear is the terror of the threshold and successfully prevents the Neophyte from entering the Temple.

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Forty-eight out of fifty mesmeric experiments fail because the operator wastes, not saves, diffuses, instead of focalized, the mesmeric force that streams from the eyes and fingers. RULES. – Subject and operator must be of opposite sex, temperament, complexion, size, stature, hair, eyes, build and so on, throughout, in order to bring about the best results, without reference to all the talk about positive and negative, which is mostly nonsense; for I have known a sweet miss only six years old, to thoroughly and effectively mesmerize her great burly uncle - a man capable of knocking a bull down with one stroke of his ponderous fist, and who was one of the roughest sea-tyrants that ever trod a quarter deck, and yet the little lady rendered him not only helpless, but clairvoyant, by *repeatedly* manipulating his head while he held her on his lap in his daily calls. She had witnessed a few experiments, *believed* she could do the same, tried it on four times, and accomplished it in great glee on the fifth attempt. But the greatest miracle of all was, that the captain's nature become entirely changed, and today a better or a gentler man does not sail out of New York harbor! Concentrate your attention on a single point in the subject's head; keep it there. Do not let your thoughts wander. Gaze steadily at it and it alone, gently waving your head and hands over it from right to left, left to right. Repeat the process at the *same time*, daily for one hour, till the sleep is thoroughly induced. When it is, and you are perfectly satisfied of the fact, you will be strongly tempted to ask questions. *Don't you do it!* Resist it. Deepen the slumber in *seven sittings after perfect insensibility ensues!* The eighth time you ask a few questions and but a few. Lead the subject slowly, tenderly, holily, gently along, step by step, one subject at a time, and that subject *thoroughly*,(17) not forgetting what I have said about "specialties."

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(17) These methods taught by Dr. Randolph were the ones then in vogue in France. They were taught by the Brothers of Light of which Elpahas Levi was the Master, and which Order was at one time known as The Magnetists.

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J. Persons ambitious to become clairvoyant must not forget that a full habit, amorous pleasures, high living and mental excitement, all are disqualifications. The entire diet must be changed; the

linen often; the skin, especially the head and hair, must be kept scrupulously clean; and, to insure speedy success, the food should be very light; fruit and milk may be freely used: but no chocolate, fat, oysters, pastry, and but very little sugar. Nor should the person fail continually to think, wish, and will the end aimed at. Soft and plaintive music is a capital adjunct.

K. The experiments should always be made at first with but few spectators, in a darkened room; and perfect trust should exist between operator and subject. Ane here let me state that no woman should allow herself to be mesmerized by a man whose principles she cannot fully trust, for any man can seduce any woman he sits by, in magnetic *rapport*(18)

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(18)This applies only to those who have known man and to virgins whose minds are not free from sensual thought or desire. When the mind is as virginal as the body, and when the mind is normal, then any suggestion contrary to the innate state of the heart will automatically awaken the subject. Admittedly, a weak mind is readily overcome; so is one which has known sensual desires.

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L. For some purposes I prefer the Oriental methods of clairvoyance to the full magnetism of European and American practice. These are: first the mesmerist places a few drops of ink in a proper vessel; gazes therein himself - magnetizing it - and bids the subject gaze also. Presently, the subject will behold a vision in it and will see pictures of whatever is desired.

I now give the special method of thorough magnetization. First let the room be partly darkened. Let there be a mirror in the north end; let the subject's back be toward that mirror, but take care that he or she sits so that the reflected ray of light - magnetism - from the operator's eye will strike the back of his or her head,(19) the subject receiving the reflected ray - or, operator, subject and mirror, forming a triangle, which any schoolboy can arrange in a moment. Now the subject sits in a chair fully insulated, the feet being on an insulated stool and no part of the dress or chair touching the floor. The operator also stands or sits on an insulated stool and, if he is weak in nervous force, should be fully charged with electricity, or from a battery. If spectators are present, seat them silently in the south, east and west but not a soul in the north. No silk, not even a cravat, must be allowed in the room. If a piano is there, let some soft and tender chord be played; but take care not to play more than that one on that evening. Previous to the experiment, two magnets have been suspended, one north pole up, the other down, so as to embrace the subject's head without much pressure; the poles must antagonize, and a current will be sent entirely through the head. *Now be careful.* You have already prepared a magnet. or magnetic bar, and when the subject is seated and the magnets arranged, the operator looks steadily at that point of the looking-glass, whence the reflected ray will glance off and strike the back of the subject's head, just between the fork of the northern magnet, and while doing so he points the bar magnet directly toward the open neck of the subject. In a few minutes there ought to be perfect magnetic slumber, and frequently the most surprising clairvoyance exhibited. It is still better if all the spectators grasp a cord on which a copper and iron wire has been bound, the ends being fastened to a chair, so that they point directly to the subject's body. If these direction be faithfully observed, success will follow nine times in every ten experiments.

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**(19) The method employed by the Master, as notated in Dr Randolph's book, Ravalette.**  
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**I may also observe that a slight alteration will render this circle unequalled for different purposes. In such cases let all sit round a table itself, the chairs and stools being wholly insulated.(20) If the room be darkened, you may and probably will have curious mental phenomena. But I advise the chord to be played all the time till results sought for are obtained. Again let a person sit facing the south, insulated, with the magnets in contact as before - the person being alone - and the results desired are almost certain to follow. But let me here say that no one in or out of a circle can reach good and speedy results unless perfectly and absolutely clean. The bath is the very best of preparations for these experiments, and cannot be neglected with impunity. I have known many successes and some failures in conducting all of the above experiments both in this country, England and France, and I give it as my deliberate opinion that no one need fail in them, and will not, unless their own folly and *impatience* ruin all.**  
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**(20)Another method employed by the Master mentioned in Ravalette. All of these were the original French and German methods, and universally in use when Dr, Randolph visited Paris.**  
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**All phantasma are based upon the eternal fact, that whatever exists is something; that thoughts are things; that spirit is real substance; that all things photograph themselves upon other surfaces; that sensitives can see and contact these shadows, lights, impressions, and images - as abundantly demonstrated by Baron Von Reichenbach in his researches into the arcana of chemism, light, force and magnetism; also by thousands of others in all lands, and especially wherein it is said disembodied people project an image of themselves upon paper, the artist sketching the outline with a pencil, thus producing pictures of the dead, recognizable by all who ever saw them when walking in flesh and blood. Now, the fact that dead people can and do project images of themselves upon the retinas of sensitives, upon the aura that surrounds certain people, upon similar emanations from houses - haunted - so plainly that hundreds can see them clear as noonday, is so firmly established that few are so hardy as to deny what is thus, upon the testimony of millions, in all ages, absolutely and unequivocally demonstrated.**

**It is equally well established, however fools may sneer, that, for ages, men of the loftiest mental power have used various agents as a means of vision, either to bring themselves in contact with the supernal realms of the ether, or to afford a sensitive surface upon which the attendant dead could, can and *do*, temporarily photograph whatever they choose to, or conditions permit.**

**During my travels through Africa, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, Syria, and my intercourse with the *Voudeaux* of New Orleans and Long Island, I became thoroughly convinced of the existence of two kinds of magic: one, good and beneficent, ruled and governed by the Adonim; the other, foul, malevolent, revengeful, lustful and malignant. They antagonize each other. The one revels in the saturnalia of the passions; the other, the true Rosicrucian, moves in the light-producing SHADOW**

of the OVER SOUL. In the one, the adept is surrounded by an innumerable host of viewless powers, who lead him on to great end and power, but finally sap out his life and utterly ruin and destroy him. And this accounts for much of ill, seen and experienced by modern sensitives.

The other leads its votaries through the glimmer toward the light, and unfolds at length that FINAL and CROWNING CLAIRVOYANCE, which consists in a clear perception of relations, causes, connecting links, effects and uses, by far the noblest and highest attainable while embodied, and this it is that I aim to enable others to reach. **BUT TAKE NOTICE: THE TRUE CLAIRVOYANT IN THIS SUBLIME DEGREE MOVES AND ACTS ABOVE AND BEYOND THE TEMPESTUOUS REALM OF THE PASSIONS - DEFIES THEIR UTMOST POWER. PASSION DIMS THE SOUL'S BEST VISION.** To reach this lofty eminence, the subject's physical system must be purified and proper preparation be made. Food, raiment, habits, thoughts, impulses, all must be modified, for it is idle for any one to expect to reach the greatest apex of possible mental power, unless the right kind of effort be first made. It is God's highest gift to individual man and cannot be had without a struggle. Since the first edition of this little hand-book, originally printed for sixty subscribers, afterward for five hundred more, was printed, several imitations of it have been born into the world of letters, and every one that I have seen, written by persons who have never known what clairvoyance really is; for it is a demonstrable fact that but a very small percentage are really lucid of all the vast throng that claim this divine and superlatively holy power.

The old-time mesmeric processes - not the mere so-called "psychologizing" - Phœbus, what a word! - nor the "biological" manipulations, once in such high repute wherever their "professors" - heaven save the mark! - could procure a hall and a glibble flock of witnesses; but the good old-fashioned mesmeric induction, seems, in these latter singular times, to have come to an almost total stop and failure, for not one in every hundred experiments is a decided success according to the ancient standard of twenty years ago; and the universal complaint and testimony are that as soon as a subject is once fairly inducted into the hypnotic condition, he or she immediately passes from under the mesmerist's control, and either announces a determination to "go it alone," or becomes the "subject" of some unknown power, at once entering the domain of mediumship and thenceforth becoming wholly useless from a mesmeric point of view. Now, I think there is no real necessity for such state of things, nor do I believe it would happen were it not that the operator is deficient in the prime elements of resolution and Will - without both of which, the matter had better not be undertaken at all. Another reason for these frequent failures to produce magnetic states and the concurrent powers of lucidity, results from the fact that men who mesmerize females become too susceptible to the powers and influences of lust, and during the operation of magnetizing are too full of lascivious imaginings and hopes to pay strict regard to the matter in hand, and hence the subject spurns the control and act independently, or, the invisible forces that hover about, incontinently clap a stopper over all, and forthwith veto and annul the whole affair; for which kindly providence they merit and receive my most hearty thanks, and those of all other well-wishers of his kind, here or over there.

Not all invisible onlookers, however, are to be counted in along with seraphs and angels, nor do

they always take a subject away from the mesmerist for that subject's good; but it may happen that obsessing forces of the "Voodoo" grades step in to serve their own peculiar ends. People may laugh as much as they please at the idea of wicked, mean, obsessing, tantalizing, tempting beings, or at the old notions of the alchemists and others of that ilk; my researches and experience tell a far different story. When it is asserted that there is no mysterious means whereby ends both good and ill can be wrought at any distance; that the so called "spells," "charms" and "projects" are mere notions, having no firmer foundation than superstition or empty air alone; - then I flatly deny all such assertions, and affirm that the conclusions arrived at are so reached by persons wholly ignorant of the invisible world about us, and of the inner powers of the human mind. Although I am not called upon here to explain the *rational* involved in this special department at full length, yet elsewhere I have clearly indicated the direction in which it is to be found. As well tell me that the sun does not rise, as that there are no means whereby two dissevered persons cannot be brought in contact, or that methods do not exist by means of which one person can assuredly so work upon another as to gain desired ends - of course said ends ought always to be good, but even if they be evil, the self-same principle and power exist, and can be easily brought into active play and power - no matter whether said ends be those of love, affection jealousy, revenge, or love of gain and lust of power. I have seen too much of that sort of thing in Asia, Africa, France, California, England, Long Island and New Orleans, to doubt the evidences of my senses, and the experience of years of attentive study of this branch of the great magnetic law, makes it impossible for me to doubt it. Indeed, so thoroughly convinced was I of the truth, that I spent years in travel and association with experts in order to become master of the processes and the rather unpleasant secrets of the lower - as well as of the higher - kind. In New Orleans nothing is more common than for both men and women to employ the VOUDEAUX to effect contact with loved or desired ones. I have never known a failure, albeit some experiments of acquaintances of mine were rather expensive. A man loves a woman and can not reach her, or vice versa; then comes in the *voud*. I have a personal story to tell on this head, with living witnesses in Boston, that would convince the most sceptical person living. More than that: in this matter of sympathetic art I know that a pair of twin rings, containing each other's hair, one worn by the loved, the other by the lover, will blend the two in magnetic *rapport* to an astonishing degree. The whole thing is magnetic - another word for magic; and so it is also of the "love-powder" business, for although most of the charlatans who pretend to deal in them are conscienceless swindlers, yet it is possible to prepare and charge certain materials so that they will retain the nerve aura of one person, and impart it to another, kindling up magnetic love between them, just as a little yeast will leaven a whole barrel of flour. Again, it will not do to tell me that one person cannot throw a spell upon another, and affect them favorably, or the reverse, at any distance! Hundreds are living witnesses today of my public exposure and defiance of the whole tribe of VOUDEAUX QUEENS - Alice H\_\_n and Madame D\_\_s\_\_ a victim, that I gained much of my knowledge in these occult points of black magic. I have known it to be practiced for purposes of lust, passion, love, revenge and pecuniary speculation, and always with a strange and marvelous success. Again, we are told that powers of evil guard hidden treasures, and successfully obfuscate and confuse the would-be finders. I believe it; and also believe that said obfuscation can easily be overcome by a timely resort to powers of a higher grade. People are wont to laugh at and deride all this, in spite of the fact that the loftiest minds earth ever held, from HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, and the ALCHEMISTS, down the ages, to the last elected members of the SORBONNE, have

believed, do believe it, and I glory in being found in such August company, including ALEXANDER of RUSSIA,(21) and NAPOLEON III.

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(21) Alexander II, one of the greatest rulers the world has known. He was both liberal and tolerant and did everything in his power to better the lot of his people. He belonged to the Russian branch of the Fraternity and Dr. Randolph was in close touch with him, especially during the period of our war of secession. Due to Alexander's fraternal connection with the American Order and his decision to uphold the Union, England's intervention on the side of the South, was successfully prevented. See [The Initiates and the People, Vol.3, Nos. 1-2.](#)

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In corroboration of what I have written, I beg leave to introduce, without comment, the following article concerning "Voodooism - African Fetich Worship among the Memphis Negroes," from the *Memphis Appeal*: -

" The word Hoodoo, or Voodoo, is one of the names used in the different African dialects for the practice of the mysteries of the Obi (an African word signifying a species of sorcery and witchcraft common among the worshippers of the fetich). In the West Indies the word 'Obi' is universally used to designate the priests or practices of this art, who are called 'Obi' men and 'Obi' women. In the southern portion of the United States - Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia - where the same rites are extensively practiced among the negroes, and where, under the humanizing and Christianizing influence of the blessed state of freedom and idleness in which they now exist and are encouraged by the Freedmen's Bureau, the religion is rapidly spreading. It goes under the name of Voodooism or Hoodooism.

"The practicers of the art, who are always native Africans, are called hoodoo men or women, and are held in great dread by the negroes, who apply to them for the cure of diseases, to obtain revenge for injuries, and to discover and punish their enemies. The mode of operations is to prepare a fetich, which being placed near or in the dwelling of the person to be worked upon (under the doorstep, or in any snug portion of the furniture) is supposed to produced the most dire and terrible effects upon the victim, both physically and mentally. Among the materials used for the fetich are feathers of various colors, blood, dog's and cat's teeth, clay from graves, egg-shells, beads, and broken bits of glass. The clay is made into a ball with hair and rags, bound with twine, with feathers, human, alligators' or dogs' teeth, so arranged as to make the whole bear a resemblance to an animal of some sort.

"The person to be hoodooed is generally made aware that the hoodoo is 'set' for him, and the terror created in his mind by this knowledge is generally sufficient to cause him to fall sick, and it is a curious fact, almost always to die in a species of decline. The intimate knowledge of the hoodoos of the insidious vegetable poisons that abound in the swamps of the South, enables them to use these with great effect in most instances.

"With the above as introductory, our readers will better understand the following, which we vouch

for as strictly true in every particular. Names and exact locality (although we will say that it occurred within a few miles of this city) are withheld at the request of the lady, whom we will call Mrs. A.:-

"Some months since the only child, a little daughter of Mrs. A., who had been left a widow by the war, was taken ill with what was then thought a slow malarious fever. The family physician was called in and prescribed for her, but in spite of his attentions she grew gradually worse, and seemed to be slowly but surely sinking and wasting away. Everything that medical skill could think of was done, but in vain.

"One evening, while Mrs. A. was watching by the bedside of the little sufferer, an old negro woman, who had been many years in the family, expressed her belief that the child had been 'hoodooed.' Mrs. A. was a creole of Louisiana, and, having been from her earliest infancy among the negroes, was familiar with, and had imbibed not a few of their peculiar superstitions. In despair of deriving any benefit from the doctors, and completely baffled and worn out with the peculiar lingering nature of her child's illness, the suggestion of the woman made a great impression on her mind.

"In the neighborhood were two negroes who bore the reputation of being hoodoo men. They were both Congoes, and were a portion of the cargo of slaves that had run into Mobile Bay in 1860 or 1861. As usual with their more civilized professional brethren, these two hoodoos were deadly enemies, and worked against each other in every possible way. Each had his own particular crowd of adherents, who believed him to be able to make the more powerful *grigats*.

"One of these hoodoos lived on or near Mrs. A.'s place, and, although she was ashamed of the superstition which led her to do so, she sent for him immediately to come over to see her child. The messenger returned, and said that Finney (that was the sorcerer's name) would come, but that Mrs. A. must first send him a chicken cock, three conch shells, and a piece of money with a hole in it.

"She complied with his demands, and he shortly afterward appeared with the cock under his arm, fancifully decorated with strips of yellow, red, and blue flannel, and the three conches trigged up pretty much in the same manner. Placing the conches on the floor in the shape of a triangle, he laid the cock down in the centre of it on its side. He then drew his hand across it in the same direction three or four times. On leaving it the cock lay quiet and did not attempt to move, although it was loose and apparently could have done so had it wished.

"After these preliminaries, he examined the child from head to foot, and, after doing so, brokeout into a loud laugh, muttering words to himself in an African dialect. Turning to Mrs. A., who was all anxiety, he told her that the child was hoodooed, that he had found the marks of the hoodoo, and that it was being done by his rival (who lived some miles off, although considered in the same neighborhood), and that he (Finney) intended to show him that he could not come into his district hoodooing without his permission.

"He then called the servants and every one about the place up, and ordered them to appear one by one before him. So great was the respect and terror with which they regarded him, that, although many of them obviously did so with reluctance, not one failed to obey the summons. He regarded each one closely and minutely, and asked if he or she had seen either a strange rooster, dog, or cat around the house in the past few days; to which questions they made various answers. The chambermaid, who attended on the room in which the child lay, was one of those who were particularly reluctant to appear before him or to answer his questions. He remarked this, and grinning so as to show his sharply filed teeth nearly from ear to ear, he said, 'Ha, gal, better me find you out than the buckra!'

"This was late at night, and, after making his 'reconnoissance,' he picked up his conches and the cock, and prepared to go, telling Mrs. A. to move the little sufferer into another room and bed. Promising that he would be back early in the morning, he left the house. At an early hour next morning he returned with a large bundle of herbs, which, with peculiar incantations, he made into a bath, into which he placed the child, and from that hour it began to recover rapidly.

"He, however, did not stop here. He determined to find out the hoodoo, and how it had been used; so, after asking permission, he ripped open the pillows, and the bed in which the child had lain, and therein he found and brought forth a lot of *fetiches* made of feathers bound together in the most fantastic forms, which he gave to Mrs. A., telling her to burn them in the fire, and to watch the chambermaid carefully, saying that as they had burned and shrivelled up, so she would shrivel up. The girl, who had displayed from the first the most intense uneasiness, was listening at the keyhole of an adjoining room, and heard these injunctions. With a scream she rushed into the room, and, dropping on her knees at Mrs. A.'s feet, implored her not to burn the fetiches, promising, if she would not, to make a clean confession of her guilt.

"Mrs. A., by this time deeply impressed with the strangeness and mystery of the affair, was prevailed upon by the entreaties of the girl, and kept the 'fetiches' intact, and the chambermaid confessed that she had been prevailed upon by the other 'hoodoo man' to place these fetiches in the bed of the child. She protested she did not know for what reason, and that afterward she wished to take them out, but did not dare to do so for fear of him.

"As soon as the family physician came in, Mrs. A., completely bewildered, told him the whole affair, showing him the fetiches, and making the girl repeat her story to him. He, being a practical man, and having withal considerable knowledge of chemistry, took the bunches of feathers home with him, and on making a chemical examination of them, found them imbued with a very deadly poison.

"Meanwhile, he told the affair to two or three neighbors, and getting out a warrant for the arrest of the malignant hoodoo man, they went to the hut to arrest him. The bird had flown, however, and could nowhere be found. Some of the negroes had, no doubt, carried word to him, and he had thought it best to clear out from that neighborhood. The little patient, relieved from inhaling the poison in her pillow and bed, soon got well, and Mrs. A. has now in her possession the fetiches

which came so near making her a childless widow.

"It may not be generally known to the public, but it is nevertheless a fact, that these barbarous African superstitions and practices prevail, and are increasing among the 'freedmen' not only of Memphis and Tennessee, but of all the southern States. It is the clearest proof of the inevitable tendency of the negro to relapse into barbarism when left to control himself."

So much for Voodooism. I believe this story to be true, for I have myself been a victim to the thing, but the doctor who analyzed the stuff, and found "poison," is both a cheat and a sham to hide his utter ignorance. There was no poison about it. The whole thing is purely magnetic, as I can demonstrate at will, for I know this thing from end to end.

But I have already exceeded the limits assigned to this part of my subject, and shall end it with a few words of advice to those who are mesmerized, who mesmerize others, and to that large class of persons who, unable to be put into the magnetic state themselves, or induce the sleep in others, yet have a constitutional tendency towards the occult - a peculiar idiosyncrasy which admirably adapts them to the investigation of the inner mysteries of existence - men and women, who have strange prophetic impulses, weird and arabesque dreams - people who feel strange mental depression without any apparent cause - persons who are strangely warned of impending death or danger, and before whose eyes fiery sparks glitter a moment and then vanish into the deep blank void again; - such persons make splendid seers through the magic crystals of Artefius and Dee, the Japanese crystal globes, and better still, the splendid magnetic mirrors of Trinue, and the finer ones imported in this country by the Armenian seer, CUILNA VILMARA,(22) many of which I have used myself, and selected for others. I think I never so deeply regretted the loss of any material object so much as I did the accidental breaking of a splendid first-class Trinue glass, which cost me twenty-five dollars, but which I would not have parted with for ten times that sum; for not only could I see strange scenes upon its charmed magnetic surface, but of the hundreds who have gazed into it, I only knew of but five who could not see strange scenes upon its charmed magnetic surface, but of the hundreds who have gazed into it, I only knew of but five who could not see curious clouds moving at will, and phantoramas strangely beautiful and interesting, clear as noonday and brilliant as polarized light! To all these classes of persons I say: Your power depends upon your health, cleanliness, freedom from doubt, irritability and, above all, *impatience*. You must, if you would succeed in penetrating the dark pall which hangs between this world and the under and over realms of light, yet mystery, cultivate firmness of purpose, steadiness of will, persistency in search of the desired end, volume of lung power and clearness of mind. Mystery never opens her dark doors to the impatient seeker, has been the result of all my experience, and that of every true Rosicrucian that ever lived, from Thoth-Mor, King of Egypt and high priest thousands of years before the birth of the present materialistic phase of civilization, down to the last explorer of the realms of Mystery. From THOTH in his palaces three miles square on the banks of ancient Nile, to the humble student on the shores of grander Mississippi, each and both, and the links between, all tell the same story and recount the same experience - that MYSTERY refuses knowledge to the impatient Soul - ALWAYS.

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**(22) Cuilna Vilmara having passed to the Beyond, these mirrors are now extremely rare and command high prices. One should not buy a glass supposed to be genuine unless it is recommended by some one who is familiar with them and has handled the genuine ones.**

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**The persons who seek for interior light and perceptive power cannot obtain it without a trial which tests the perseverance. They must endeavor to secure an equable nervous, physical and mental health; for the "clairvoyance," falsely so called, which results from sickness and morbid states of mind and body, is at best both unsafe and unreliable; but a psycho-vision, such as can without much difficulty be reached through processes herein laid down, and especially by means of a good glass such as VILMARA's, which, in my opinion, maugre, all table-rapping, planchetting, and all that other objectors may urge, is incomparably a better, more rapid, and infinitely more satisfactory means than any other known on earth today, and, if necessary, I could give the names of scores of adepts in their almost daily use. Some may ask the question: "Spiritualism is now an accredited fact; why not, then, depend upon the revelations obtainable from that source, for answers to all questions concerning the interior senses and the invisible worlds about us? What advantage can a person have by pursuing the search in his or her own person?" To which I answer:**

**First. Not ten percent of what passes for spiritual intercourse has a higher origin than the "medium's mind.**

**Second. What one sees, feels, hears, is positive proof to him or her. All spiritual communications come second-handed, but the clairvoyant sees directly and reaches knowledge by the first intention.**

**Third. If a person is lucid (clairvoyant), he or she has a secret personal positive power, and need not consult any other authority whatever.**

**Fourth. "Mediumship" is automacy; a medium is a machine played on and worked by others, when it really exists; but the clairvoyant sees, knows, understands, learns and grows in personal magnetic and mental power day by day; and, while embodied, makes the very best possible preparations for the certain and absolute life beyond the grave, which awaits us all when this "fever called living is over at last."**

**Fifth. Clairvoyance necessarily subtilizes and refines the mind, body, tastes, passions and tendencies of every one who possesses and practises it.**

**Virtue is not a myth; Death is; but by clairvoyance the bars of death are beaten down, and it opens the gates of Glory, to show all doubting souls the light and life beyond. *And why die till one's work is done?* Is yours? If not, this divine thing will enable you to more effectually accomplish it.**

**Possession ordereth use. True clairvoyants do not count themselves as altogether of this world, for they are in connection with and do the work below of the ethereal peoples of the starry skies. By**

means of this royal road, the true seer or seeress is enabled to read the varied scrolls of human life; frequently to explain the real significance of dreams and visions; examine and prescribe for those who are sick or ailing in body, Soul, mind, heart, affections, hope, ambition, love, aspiration, speculation, losses, gains, fears and troubles of every character, healing bodies, minds, Souls; scanning by real positive mental vision, not merely the secrets of a man's or woman's lives and loves, and keeping them as wisdom seeds, to grow into good fruitage presently - but also reaching the perfect comprehension of the sublime fact that organization determines destinies - which of course begets charity to the neighbor and love to all mankind; hence it is possible to foretell events that must inevitably come to pass, either in the general or special plane of an individual's life and experience. There are ever two roads and three choices before every intelligent human being, and clairvoyance alone is competent to decide which is best, for only this magnificent science and power can enable us to reach the penetralium. As a Rosicrucian, I know that men ever fail and die mainly through *feebleness* of WILL. Clairvoyance will teach the adept how to strengthen it. The WILL is one of the prime human powers, and it alone has enabled Man to achieve the splendid triumphs that mark all the ages. If it sleep, or be weak, fitful, or lethargic, the man amounts to a mere cipher. If it be strong and normal, there is no obstacle can successfully impede its sway. We know that the sick are healed by its strength; that homes are made happy by its power; that love itself comes to man through its divine agency; that woman can realize her hopes, in *many directions*, through its resistless force; that GOD is WILL, and whoso hath it fullest and finest, most resembleth him! *Steady WILLING will bring lucidity of vision and of Soul!* By it, also those who love or would love, may find. Especially is this true of that large class who seek the occult, and strongly desire to reach the cryptic light beneath the floors of the waking world - I mean the sons and daughters of Sorrow, Anguish and the Light; the loving, unloved ones of the earth; the lovely pilgrims over desert sands; the heart-reft mariners now sailing and surging over the stormy waters of the bitter seal of Circumstance - for these are the God-sent, and they travel ever the roughest paths. To all such, WILL and especially Clairvoyance, is a boon, a true friend, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will point the road to rest!" - clairvoyance I mean - not automacy in *any shape*.

What a man or woman eats, drinks, is clothed with, inhales, or is surrounded by, has a direct effect upon the entire being. What shall be partaken of or avoided, in order to purify the person, and create the best possible personal conditions? What chemist can answer that question? Who among them all can tell the precise magnetic, electric, or dynamic state of a man at any given moment of his life? Not one. But the clear seer can do all that and more! What shall be taken or avoided in order to strengthen the WILL? The love nature? The flagging appetites and natural passions? The entire nature? principle? courage? fortitude? faith? persistence? Mental lucidity alone can reply. Nothing is more certain than that in certain things you have undertaken, disastrous failure has been the result. And why? You cannot tell, but lucidity will enable you to find out and render you master or mistress of the situation. There are **THREE THINGS** only that we strive for in this life, as times go, and these are Love, Money and Position (Power), but we often fail in reaching all or either, only because we are ignorant of the true road to them, as determined by our respective organizations. What but seership can remedy all this?

**Again: It may happen with the best of us that we have forfeited love or lost it. That we are stranded midway on the rocks of distrust, jealousy, incompatibility.**

**Does passion lie smouldering? Do you love and find that love unreturned? Are you forced to "eat your own heart," and languish all your days and nights in hopeless gloom, as I have in years gone by? Have meddlers destroyed your peace, broken up the dearest and tenderest ties, wrecked you on the hard rocks of life's roughest paths, deserted you and left you all alone in the terrible trial hour? Have you been wrecked on life's journey and seek dry and solid footing? Do you seek communion with the dead and to know the higher magic of Power? Here is Rhodes, and here leap! Hope! Persistence! Is it worth while to know what your faults or character are and how the defects may be remedied? To know the reasons why you fail in many of your undertakings and what will lead you on to success? If man or woman hath lost hope, and love and passion are smouldering wrecks, is it worth while to know how they may be resurrected from their premature graves: All this, true clairvoyance will instruct you how to accomplish.**

**"Sad, sad, are they who know not love,  
But, far from Passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass  
The silvery coasts of fair isles.**

**"But sadder they, whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear warm mouth of those they love,-  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.**

**"But clear as amber, sweet as musk,  
Is life to those whose loves unite!  
They bask in Allah's smiles by day,  
And nestle in his heart by night."**

**Thus sang Fatima; thus singeth ever true Soul. Clairvoyance should be cultivated by everybody, and then there would be fewer marriage mistakes.**

**No curtain hides from view the spheres Elysian,  
Save these poor shells of half-transparent dust;  
And all that binds the spiritual vision  
Is pride, and hate, and lust.**

**Clairvoyance points the road that all should travel. But to be valuable, it should be healthy. Sydney Smith said a good thing when he wrote:**

**"Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-**

and-twenty receipts against Melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob.

"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value - dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prosperity and happiness in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under a bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

"I am convinced that digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soups. I have often thought that I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with the instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre."(23)

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(23) Nothing truer than this has ever been written though the lines were penned more than half a century ago when even the term "Dietetics" was uncoined. A piece of pie-crust may cause a fit of melancholy and cause suicide. Examples of failure and horror due to an attack of indigestion can be multiplied literally a million times. On the other hand, countless great deeds, possible and performed as a result of simple living and exalted ideas, can be cited. While it is true that our thoughts affect the body and its functions, it is equally true and, to a greater degree, that our physical state profoundly influences the Mind and therefore the Soul. Consequently our entire spiritual state, and the body, is what the digestion, therefore the food make it.

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The principle applies to clairvoyance (lucidity). Be so healthily or not at all. Self-mesmerization is a very safe and sure road if it is a slow process. As a matter of course, every tyro and experimentalist will not make a grand success, because in too great a hurry; nor is it to be expected; neither will every one skate or sing well who tries, until a fair amount of practice shall enable them to do so; that practice necessarily involving many failures before the final triumph. Mesmerism, self or foreign, has been in use as an educator for hundreds of long ages, as is proved by the sculptures and tablets of Ancient Egypt, Syria, Nineveh, and Babylon, fashioned by civilized man over forty thousand years ago, if there be any truth in the archæological conclusions of Botta, Mariette, Champollion, Lepsius, Rawlings, Leonard, Horner and Baron Bunsen; and in those ancient days, magnetism and clairvoyance, judging from art relics yet remaining, were, as now, used practically. Then probably, as now, a large class of learned men affirmed diseases mainly to spring from bad states of the blood and organs, totally ignoring what clairvoyance then, as now, asserted, that they were (and are) frequently the result of deeply hidden causes, albeit there is some doubt whether they even distantly glimpsed the recently discovered fact, that every disorder bears its own signature or means of cure, as plainly as its direct symptoms themselves are apparent; that many diseases that have successfully baffled medical science are due to magnetic disturbances in many instances - fairly eluding detection until forced to yield the secret to clairvoyance; that still other, and many, diseases can only be accounted for on the doctrine of spores - already herein explained;

nor, furthermore, were the "learned" ones of that day, any more than their brethren or class in our own time, probably aware, that at least three-fifths of all the evil in the world - social, mental, national, religious, physical and moral, sickness, agony and premature death - sprung and spring from troubles, fevers, colds and acidities in the love departments of our common human nature,(24) as it also, and it alone, can indicate the universal remedy.

Most people are sick because there's trouble in the love nature, and that trouble demoralizes the man or woman, destroys the family compact and, disorganizing the foundations of society, engenders multitudinous hells on earth, and makes crime abound like locusts in a plague!(24)

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(24) See [Eulis](#) by Dr. P.B. Randolph and [The Mystery of Sex: Race Regeneration](#) by the writer of these notes.  
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No power on earth but true clairvoyance, can either detect the causes at work productive of this domestic inharmony, or suggest the remedy.

But what is true clairvoyance? I reply, it is the ability, by self-effort or otherwise, to drop beneath the floors of the outer world, and come up as it were, upon the other side. We often see that we take to be sparks or flashes of light before us in the night; they are not really what they seem, but are instantaneous penetrations of the veil that, pall-like hangs between this outer world of Dark and Cold, and the inner realm of *Light* and *Fire*,(25) in the midst of which it is embosomed, or, as it were, enshrouded; and true clairvoyance is the lengthened uplifting of that heavy pall. It is not the insane raving of obsession, possession, of a puling sickly somnambule! It is not a lure, to win a man or woman from correct practices, or their ideas and standard of *Virtue* - the Latin word for strength; it is not a trap to bait one's senses; nor the mere ability to make a sort of twilight introspection of your own or some one else's *corpus*; not a thing calculated to undermine the religious principles of any human being, nor to sap one's moral nature in any way, or to exhaust the strength. But it is rich and very valuable power, whose growth depends upon the due observance of the normal laws which underlie it. The price of power is obedience to law. If we would be strong, clear-seeing, powerful, the rules thereof must be observed, and the adept and acolyte alike be ever conscious that no earthly fame gained, or place reached, or wealth accumulated, will, or probably can avail them or any human being, when, passed over the river of death, we take our places in the ranks of the vast armies of the dead, as they file by the Halls of Destiny, past the gates of God. What, then, is clairvoyance? I reply: It is the LIGHT which the seer reaches sometimes through years of agony; by wading through oceans, as it were, of tears and blood; it is an interior unfoldment of native powers, culminating in somnambulic vision through the mesmeric processes, and the comprehension and application of the principles that underlie and overflow human nature and the physical universe, together with a knowledge of the principia of the vast spirit-sea whereon the worlds of space are cushioned. Thus true clairvoyance generally is knowledge resulting from experiment, born of agony, and purified by the baptism of fire.

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(25) This Light or Fire is in essence within almost all human beings and, by the right methods,

taught by the Secret Schools, can be gradually developed into a living, pulsating, scintillating fire which envelopes the entire being and which finally results in the Illumination and Immortalizing of the Soul. This is the Great Work so much spoken of by the various writers on the Mysteries. It is the Way, the Light, and the Life of Man.

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It may require a special examination in certain cases to determine whether the person is best fitted, naturally, for a sympathist, or psychometer, *truly such* in any one of a thousand phases, or for a clairvoyant in any particular degree. To go blindly to work is but to waste your time and effort to no purpose whatever. If your natural bent, organization and genius best fit you for one particular thing, it were folly to attempt to force yourself into another path.

Never begin a course of experiments unless you intend to carry them on to certain success. To begin a course of magnetic experiments, and become tired in a fortnight because you do not succeed, is absurd. Mesmeric circles are, all things considered, probably the quickest way to reach practical results in a short time.

In the attempt to reach clairvoyance, most people are altogether in too great a hurry to reach grand results, and in that haste neglect the very means required, permitting the mind to wander all over creation - from the consideration of a miserable love affair of no account whatever, to an exploration of the mysteries enshrouding the great nebulae or Orion or Centauri. Now that won't do. If one wants to be able to peruse the life-scroll of others, the *first* thing learned must be the *steady* fixing of mind and purpose, aim and intent, upon a *single* point, wholly void of other thought or object. The *second* requirement is, *Think the thing* closely; and *third*, *WILL steadily, firmly*, to know the correct solution of the problem in hand, and then the probabilities are a hundred to ten that the vision thereof, or the PHANTORAMA of it, will pass before you like a vivid dream; or it will flash across your mind with resistless conviction of truth.

Mechanical or magnetic means may be used to facilitate results, but never by the opiates or narcotics. Lured by what Cahagnet wrote about the use of narcotic agents, and strengthened in the hope by what THEOPHILE GAUTIER, BAYARD TAYLOR, FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, and various other travelers, wrote regarding the use of one, early in the year 1855, I was led to make two experiments; but may God forgive me for so doing. Nothing on earth could induce me to repeat them, or to suffer others to do so, for I know no possible good, but much of inmitigated evil, *can* result therefrom.

In attempting to gain lucidity, I strongly advise purely magnetical means, either at the hands of a judicious manipulator, or by the means indicated herein. A magnetic bandage worn over the head, with the polar plates either in the front or back head, or covering either temple, may be worn to equalize the currents, and induce the slumber. And now I end my task with a bit of advice, hoping that the matter of this book, original and selected, may benefit all. To everybody the poet says, and I repeat:

**"God gave us hands, -one left, one right;  
The first to help ourselves; -the other  
To stretch abroad in kindly might,  
And help along a suffering brother.  
Then if you see a sister fall,  
And bow her head before the weather,  
Assist at once; remove the thrall,  
And suffer, or grow strong - together!"**

**It may chance that you, reader, have enemies; and if so, take my advice - for I have them too - sap-heads mainly. Go straight on and don't mind them; if they get in your way, walk round them, regardless of their spite. A man or woman who has no enemies is seldom good for anything - is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks, and speaks what she or he thinks; such are sure to have enemies. They are as necessary as fresh air. They keep people alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark, "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you; if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error. Keep right on the rough or even tenor of your own way.**

**Why look back to the past, when you should be gazing forward to the future? why hurry to the old haunts, when you see the whole world hastening the other way? A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grains of charity, might win all to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forego this prelatial tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men, I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger were to come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasons, in pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or a kingdom happy." Have you faith in the great spirit of our mighty people? Can you discern the instinct of its immortal longing? Do you hope to stem the tide of its irresistible advance, any more than to take the swallows from the sky and stop their flight toward summer? Is it possible you can believe that tradition will serve for anything but men's couch dreams, or that the shadows of antiquity will stand for the substance of Now? The President, Congress and Supreme Court of today are not, do not mean, the same powers of fifty years ago. We call our Constitution the same but laws vary in their effect with the tendencies of their administrators, as completely as if they were repealed or altered in their substance. Public opinion consigns some to the cobwebs of the obsolete; altered views change their very interpretation. Are you alone insensible to the change? If not, be up and stirring with the times, in all affairs, of church, State, politics, labor, love, marriage and the family; for we live in stirring times, when every one of us must prove ourselves either pieces or pawns in the chess game of life and, to avoid being checked, must play WELL!**

In these days of turmoil, climatic changes, political change and revolution, imposture and true revelation, rampant quackery and blooming science, honesty and villany side by side people may falter and despair of the world and its fortunes; but to do so is to distrust God, and doubt his providence, for he has safely brought us through so far, and therefore let us truly trust him to the end.

Reader, whoever you may be, I beg you to not only read, but study well, the glorious meaning of the following sublime jewel from the pen of one of Islam's poets; for once armed with its philosophy you will be impregnable to all assaults, and stand firm amidst the wildest tempest.

"'Allah! Allah!' cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night thro,  
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.  
But at morning came the tempter; said, 'Call louder, child of Pain,  
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, "Here am I," again.'  
Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;  
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.  
Then before him stands Elias: says, 'My child, why thus dismayed?  
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?'  
'Ah!' he cried, 'I've called so often; never heard the :Here am I;  
And I thought God will not pity; will not turn on me his eye.'  
Then the grave Elias answered, 'God said, "Rise, Elias, go  
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.  
Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;  
That his prayer, "COME GRACIOUS ALLAH!" is my answer HERE AM I"  
Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;  
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"(26)

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(26) No grander lines were ever penned and all Neophytes should commit them to memory so they may quickly come to mind when discouragement, sorrow, or failure seem to stalk abroad. If your supplication is from the heart, then under the Law, there must be an answer to it and there shall be.  
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Women, a last word to you. Perhaps you have a lover or husband, and, that being the case, I say,

If you prize him, let him know it;  
If you love him, show it, *show* it.

The cure for wrong and evil is to be found in Clairvoyance, which will enable woman to avoid certain *risks*, at certain times; enable man to understand himself, his wife and his neighbor; and thus will seership banish crime and bring peace on earth and good-will among men. So may it be. Let us now turn to another branch of the great subject of seership.

## Chapter 2

### Theory and Practice The Magic Mirror

**My reasons for writing, compiling and editing the following extraordinary treatise - a very difficult task, because wholly out of the ordinary literary channels - a subject almost wholly unknown to the great majority of readers and a labor that necessitated very extensive reading and research of and among**

**“Many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore”-**

**were threefold: First, to relieve myself of the pressure of correspondence on the subject of the treatise, and occult matters generally, by recording the principal points upon which inquiries are made of me, from the fact that I am generally supposed to be thoroughly versed in many of those subtle sciences which for ages have constituted the special studies of the fraternities Pythagorean and Rosicrucian, to which I have, for many years, had the honor and privilege to belong(27). The Second motive was that of obliging one who, in the dark hour of sickness, proved to me a friend indeed and, thirdly, because the time had come wherein, at least partially, to ventilate a much misunderstood and tabooed subject, especially as the opportunity was offered me just then to avail myself of very rare and unusual facilities of obtaining information of the subjects treated of, from one of the first masters of occult science now on the globe in flesh and blood and bone - I allude to the famous Armenian Philosopher, Cuilna Vilmara, then on a brief visit to the shores of Republican and matter-of-fact America.**

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**(27) Written in 1864.**  
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**Aside from these motives is another: Within these past few years there has grown up a very widespread discontent regarding theories, theorists, and the real causes underlying and subtending the strange and varied Psychological Phenomena of the age. Especially is this true with reference to the but little understood, yet in reality vast science of magnetism, one branch of which the following**

pages are devoted to. The want was felt for a handbook. That want is here supplied.

Amidst the heavy pressure on my time, health and vital power, but little opportunity has been hitherto afforded the writer hereof, to give the subject the attention it so richly deserves. The task of bringing its scattered ends together has been imperfectly performed herein perhaps; yet have I fearlessly stripped it of the garb of mystery purposely thrown around it by pseudo-mystics, charlatans and the rank impostors who abound on all hands, and bring odium and disgrace on a matter whereof they are wholly ignorant.

Mirror-seeing is unquestionably a fact and a science, however some may fail in their efforts to see, and despite the sneers of others who are wise in their own conceit, know nothing whatever of the *principia* of what which they so glibly deride and condemn, and who have not the kind or quality of brains or mental power possessed by those who are better qualified than they are.

Mirror-seeing is but another mode and phase of clairvoyance; it is the self-same power, reached by a different road and different processes, but is and can be carried to a far greater degree of perfection by many persons, while others totally and wholly fail. And here I strongly advise all to refrain from the expense and trouble of mirror-experimentation, who have no tendencies of an interior magnetic or mesmeric character. But possessing these, it is highly probable that satisfactory results will follow a proper trial.

The famous Dr. Dee, of London, and thousands of others, since and before him, used a plate of polished cannel coal (which identical plate I have myself seen in the British Museum), and other instrumentalities also, as a means whereby to scan and cognize mysteries otherwise wholly unreachable. Some sturdy mater-of-fact people in these material days, wherein a great deal of pseudo-miracleism is current, along with a very little that is real and genuine, are apt to ridicule and laugh at the idea that a mere physical agent can enable one to penetrate the floors of the waking world, and come up, all brilliant and keen, upon the other side. Such scout the notion that an oval, concave, black-white mirror, or a crystal, or even a splotch of ink in a virgin's hand,(28) are really such instrumentalities; and yet I know that such is, *incontrovertibly*, the fact; and there are thousands in this country who can testify to the startling truth of what Dee and others claimed in that regard:

What if upon the mirror's face serene  
Your lot in life be written? What, if its pearly sphere  
Disclose to mortal view the far and dark unseen?  
This seemeth strange, yet doth to me appear.  
I, far events can often clear preview,  
And in my thrice-sealed, dark prospective glass  
Forsee what future days shall bring to pass.

There, various news I learn, of love and strife,

Peace, war, health, sickness, death and life;  
Of loss and gain; of famine and of store;  
Deceits of husbands, wives; of travels on the shore;  
Of storms at sea; the rise and fall of stocks;  
The market's state; and great commercial shocks;  
Of business speculations; good fortune in the air;  
of when to stop, or go; 'gainst danger to prepare;  
Of turns of fortune; changes in the state;  
The fall of favorites; projects of the great.

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(28) This may be male or female. It is best that these shall not have reached the age of puberty, and better yet, if the mind is free from all thoughts of sex desire.  
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The mystical has been to me a more familiar fact than that of friends on earth. In its solemn school of dim and solitary discipline, learned I the languages of other peopled worlds.

Unquestionably Immortality is a truth, sublime as Creation, more solid than the granite hills; and it has been demonstrated in a thousand ways, physically, by viewless spiritual beings. There have been *true* mediums; there may be still; but it is equally certain that scores of heartless tricksters abound, whose business it is to counterfeit these testimonies from the dead. These wretched people thrive, for they are sustained by an unthinking class of believers in spiritualism, who care all for phenomena, nothing for *principia*.

Just so in other departments of occult science. False media and pretended clairvoyants, and what I call "horse-radish spiritualists," abound on all hands - downright, unreasoning fanatics, a class of most wretched people who, for the sake of a little pecuniary gain, will not, do not hesitate, in the grossest possible manner, to counterfeit true and real, and by their trickery bring odium on *true* spiritualism and genuine seership. In these days a real medium or clairvoyant is the marked exception to a very broad rule. Just so is it with crystal and mirror seeing, there being ten false to every single true one in the land. The thing itself is older than any civilization now of the globe, yet nevertheless, like genuine mediumship, is constantly being counterfeited. Indeed, turn whichever way you will, a great and deep-seated discontent prevails, in the household of the spiritual faith. It is not so among Rosicrucians,(29) albeit their belief in spirits is as strong as strong can be; not *fanatical but strong*. The people are getting tired of modern spiritualism, for they accept, as I do, its real facts, but discard its jargon and crudities. Interested parties try to hide its blotches, but these will show themselves. The reason is that there is too much theorizing and too little religion; too much head, and a great sparseness of heart. Carlyle wrote to a friend of mine that a certain given form of moder spiritualism was the "liturgy of Dead Sea apes." Much of it is; but out of what is good and true in it will spring, I hope, glorious things of heart and hope in the good time coming.

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(29) This is entirely due to the fact that Rosicrucians do not now and never have depended on

external forces and entities for their peace of mind. Rosicrucians believe in the existence of many things but they proceed directly to the Soul of the Universe for their knowledge and their strength. They obey the Biblical behest, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' To the Rosicrucian this means that he is to seek, find, develop and bring to Illumination, i.e., Light, his soul; then he may proceed more or less directly, according to his attainment, for strength, power and the knowledge and guidance he needs.

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Madame George Sand gives an account of the famous Comte de St. Germain,(30) one of the most remarkable magic-mirrorist that ever lived this side of the hills in India, and of whom it was claimed that he had lived for centuries, despite the wear and tear of time, and the surging revolutions of decaying empires.

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(30) Comte de St. Germain was a member of the Secret Council of the Rosicrucian fraternity of that day and the instructor of the famous Cagliostro. Cagliostro is not to be confused with that Balsamo of whom so much has been written and who has been so roundly abused by a multitude of writers. These were two entirely distinct persons. Much of the history of both St. German and Cagliostro will be found in the magazine *The Initiates and the People*.

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“What makes this Comte de St. Germain an interesting and remarkable personage, to say that, in my opinion, is the number of new and ingenious claims by which he unravels the doubtful points of the obscurer history of States. Question him about any subject or epoch of history, and you will be surprised to hear him unfold or invent an infinity of probable and interesting things, which throw a new light on what has been doubtful and mysterious. Mere erudition does not suffice to explain history. This man must have a mighty mind and great knowledge of humanity....It is with great difficulty that he can be made to talk of the wonderful things. ...He is aware that he is treated as a charlatan and dreamer, and this seems to trouble him much. ...He refuses to explain his supernatural power. ..He has filled Europe with countless strange tales.”

Of Count Cagliostro, George Sand says: “It is well known, when Frederick the Great ordered him to quit Berlin, that he left it in his carriage, in *propria persona*, at twelve exactly, passing *at the same time through each of the gates*; at least twenty thousand people will swear to that. The guards at every gate saw the same hat, wig, carriage and horses, and you cannot convince them that on that day there were not at least six Cagliostros in the field.” That same Cagliostro fashioned and owned a magic mirror, now in Florence, Italy, in which whosoever he permitted to gaze, could and did see any three things or persons they desired to, no matter whether living or dead! And thousands as sacredly believe this as they do that two and two make four. Nor is this belief any part or parcel of spiritism, so-called; nor superstition; but it is perfectly scientific, the whole thing being of a magnetic nature - clairvoyance under unusual conditions, and easily formulated exactly, as will be done before I finish this monograph. I quote:

**Frederick, the Great, was thus forced to resume his philosophical serenity without assistance.**

**He said, “Since we are talking of Cagliostro, and the hour for ghosts and stories has come, I will tell you one which will show how hard it is to have faith in sorcerers. My story is true; for I have it from the person to whom it happened last year.”**

**“Is the story terrible? Asked La Mettrie.**

**Perhaps,” said Frederick.**

**“Then I will shut the door; for I cannot listen with a door gaping.”**

**La Mettrie shut the door, and the king spoke as follows:**

**“Cagliostro, as you know, had the trick of showing people pictures, or rather magic mirrors on which he caused the absent to appear. He pretended to be able to reveal the most secret occupations of their lives in this manner. Jealous women went to consult him about the infidelities of their husbands, and some lovers and husbands *have learned a great deal about their ladies’ capers*. The magic mirror has betrayed mysteries of iniquity. Be that as it may, the opera-singers all met one night and offered him a good supper and admirable music, provided he would perform some of his feats. He consented, and appointed a day to meet Conciolini, the Signore Astrua, and Porporina and show them heaven or hell, as they pleased.**

**“The Barberini family were also there. Giovonna Barberini asked to see the late Doge of Venice, and as Cagliostro gets up ghosts in very good style, she was very much frightened, and rushed completely overpowered from the cabinet in which Cagliostro had placed her, *tete-a-tete* with the doge. La Porporina with the calm expression which, as you know, is so peculiar to her, told Cagliostro she would have faith in his science, if he would show her the person of whom she then thought, but whom it was not necessary for her to name, for if he was a sorcerer, he must be able to read her Soul as he would read a book.**

**““What you ask is not a trifle,’ said our count; ‘yet I think I can satisfy you, provided that you swear, by all that is holy and terrible, not to speak to the person I shall evoke to make no motion nor gesture, to utter no sound, while the apparition stands before you.’**

**“Porporina promised to do so, and went boldly into the dark closet.**

**“I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this young woman is one of the most intellectual and correct persons to be met with. She is well educated, thinks well about all matters, and I have reason to**

know no narrow or restricted idea makes any impression upon her.

“She remained in the ghost-room long enough to make her companions very uneasy. All was silent as possible, and finally she came out very pale, and with tears streaming from her eyes. She immediately said to her companions, ‘If Cagliostro be a sorcerer, he is a deceiving one: Have faith in nothing that he shows you.’ She would say no more. Conciolini, however, told me a few days after, at one of my concerts, of this wonderful entertainment. I promised myself to question Porporina about it, the first time she sang at Sans Souci. I had much difficulty in making her speak of it, but thus she told me:

“Cagliostro has, beyond a doubt, the strange power of producing spectres so like truth that it is impossible for the calmest minds to be unmoved by them. His knowledge, however, is incomplete, and I would not advise you, sire, to make him your Minister of Police, for he would perpetrate strange mistakes. Thus, when I asked him to show me the absent person I wished to see, I thought of my music-master, Porpora, who is now at Vienna. Instead of him, I saw in the magic-room a very dear friend I lost during the current year.”(31)

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(31) It is a mistaken idea that the seer, however great he may be, is capable of causing certain persons to appear through the medium of a mirror or even that dictated messages can be given. All the seer can do is to prepare the mirror and then that which is hidden deep in the heart will be portrayed. In many instances our deepest feelings may be subconscious, and it is only when we come in touch with things of a spiritual nature that they betray themselves and - us.

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“*Peste!*” said D’Argens, “that is more wonderful even than the apparition of a living person.”

“Wait a moment, gentlemen. Cagliostro had no doubt but that what he had shown was the phantom of a living person, and, when it had disappeared, asked Porporina if what she had seen was satisfactory. ‘In the first place, monsieur,” said she, ‘I wish to understand it. Will you explain?’ - “That surpasses my power. Be assured that your friend is well, and usefully employed .” - To this the signora replied, ‘Alas! sir, you have done me much wrong; you showed me a person of whom I did not think, and who is, you say, now living. I closed his eyes six months ago.’”...

“All this is very fine,” said La Mettrie; “But does not explain how your majesty’s Porporina saw the dead alive. If she is gifted with as much firmness and reason as your majesty says, the fact goes to disprove your majesty’s argument. The sorcerer, it is true, was mistaken, in producing a dead rather than a living man. It, however, makes it the more certain that he controls both life and death. In that respect, he is greater than your majesty, which, if it does not displease your majesty, has killed many men, but never resuscitated a single one.”

“Then we are to believe in the devil,” said the king, laughing at the comic glances of La Mettrie at Quintus Icilius.

**“To conclude... Your Porporina is either foolish or credulous, and saw her dead man, or she was philosophical, and saw nothing. She was frightened, however.”**

**“Not so; she was distressed,” said the king, “as all naturally would be, at the sight or portrait which would exactly recall a person loved, but whom we shall see no more. But if I must tell you all, I will say, that she subsequently was afraid, and that her moral power after this test was not in so sound a state as it was previously. Thence forth she has been liable to a dark melancholy, which is always the proof of weakness or disorder of our faculties. Her mind was touched, I am confident, though she denies it.”**

**“... “And I Confess I am under the influence, if not under the power of Cagliostro. Imagine, that after having promised to show me the person of whom I thought, the name of whom he pretended to read in my eyes, he showed me another. Besides, he showed me a person as living, whom he did not know to be dead.(32) Notwithstanding this double error, he resuscitated the husband I had lost, and that will ever be to me a painful and inexpressible enigma.”**

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**(32) There are no dead except those who have destroyed themselves by committing sins against the “Holy Ghost.” All others are as active shortly after passing as they are in life. In fact, more so, because the inertia of the body drops off after we leave the earth plane and then the “spirit” governs, incites to action and dictates. We use the term “spirit: for the reason that no term has as yet been coined which exactly suits the condition of a Soul which has not been Illuminated in life on earth and is therefore not in reality Self-Conscious.**

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**“He showed you some phantom, and fancy filled up the details.”**

**“I can assure you that my fancy was in no respect interested. I expected to see in a mirror some representation of Maestro Porpora, for I had spoken often of him at supper, and while deploring his absence, had seen that Cagliostro paid no little attention to my words. To make his task more easy, I chose in my mind the face of Porpora, as the subject of the apparition, and I expected him certainly, not having as yet considered the test as serious. Finally, at perhaps the only moment in my life in which I did not think of the Count, he appeared.(33) Cagliostro asked me when I went into the magic closet, if I would consent to have my eyes bandaged, and follow him, holding on to his hand. As he was a man of good reputation, I did not hesitate; but made it a condition that he would not leave me for an instant. ‘I was going,’ said he, ‘to address you a request not to leave me a moment, and not to let go my hand, without regard to what may happen, or what emotion you may feel.’ I promised him; but a simple affirmative did not suffice. He made me solemnly swear that I would make no gesture nor exclamation, but remain mute and silent during the whole of the experiment. He then put on his glove, and having covered my head with a hood of black velvet, which fell over my shoulders, he made me walk about five minutes without my being able to hear any door opened or shut. The hood kept me from being aware of any change in the atmosphere, therefore I could not know whether I had gone out of the room or not, for he made me make such frequent turns, that I had no appreciation of the direction. At last he paused and with one hand**

removed the hood, so lightly that I was not even aware of it. My respiration having become more free, he informed me that I might look around. I found myself, however, in such intense darkness that I could ascertain nothing. After a short time, I saw a luminous star, which at first trembled, and soon became brilliant before me. At first, it seemed most remote; but, when at its brightest, appeared very near me. It was produced, I think, of a light which became more and more intense, and which was behind a transparency. Cagliostro made me approach the star, which was an orifice pierced in the wall. On the other side of that wall I saw a chamber, magnificently decorated, and filled with lights regularly arranged. This room, in its character and ornaments, had every air of a place dedicated to magical operations. I had not time, however, to examine it, my attentions being absorbed by a person who sat before a table. He was alone, and hid his face with his hands, as if immersed in deep meditation. I could not see his features, and his person was disguised by a costume in which I had hitherto seen no one. As far as I was able to remark, it was a robe or cloak of white satin, faced with purple, fastened over the breast with hieroglyphic gems, on which I observed a rose, a triangle, a cross, a death's-head, (34) and many rich ribbons of various kinds. All that I could see was that it was not Porpora. After one or two minutes, this mysterious personage, which I began to fancy a statue, slowly moved its hands, and I saw the face of Count Albert distinctly, not as it had last met my gaze, covered with the shadows of death, but animated amid its pallor, and full of soul in its serenity; such, in fine, as I had seen it in its most beautiful seasons of calm and confidence.(34) I was on the point of uttering a cry, and by an involuntary movement crushing crystal which separated him from me. A violent pressure of Cagliostro's hand reminded me of my oath, and impressed me with I know not what vague terror. Just then a door opened at the extremity of the room in which I saw Albert; and many unknown persons, dressed as he was, joined him, each bearing a sword. After having made strange gestures, as if they had been playing a pantomime, they spoke to him, in a very solemn tone words I could not comprehend. He arose and went towards them, and replied in words equally strange, and which were unintelligible to me, though now I know German nearly as well as my mother tongue. This dialogue was like that which we hear in dreams, and the strangeness of the scene, the miracle of the apparition, had so much of this character, that I really doubted whether I dreamed of not. Cagliostro, however, forced me to be motionless, and I recognized the voice of Albert so perfectly that I could not doubt the reality of what I saw. At last, completely carried away by the scene, I was about to forget my oath and speak to him, when the hood again was placed over my head and all became dark. 'If you make the least noise,' said Cagliostro, 'neither you nor I will see the light again.' I had strength enough to follow him, and walk for a long time amid the zigzags of an unknown space. Finally, when he took away the hood again, I found myself in his laboratory, which was dimly lighted as it had been at the commencement of this adventure. Cagliostro was very pale, and still trembled, for, as I walked with him, I became aware of a convulsive agitation of his arm, and that he hurried me along as if he was under the influence of great terror. The first thing he said was to reproach me bitterly about my want of loyalty, and the terrible dangers to which I had exposed him by wishing to violate my promises. 'I should have remembered,' said he, 'that women are not bound by their word of honor, and that one should forbear to accede to their rash and vain curiosity.' His tone was very angry.

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(33) Thought is frequently superficial. In the deeper moments of life we may be thinking, nevertheless beneath the thought there is memory which is far stronger than the moment's thought;

it is memory which shadows itself in the spiritual vision, rather than either the superficial thought or desire of the moment.

(34) The insignia of a Brother of the Rose Cross. Having attained in life to the status of Illumination it is but natural that he should be seen just as in life, for he who has attained Initiation or Illumination, will continue after life just as during life. He is merely active in a different sphere.

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“Hitherto I had participated in the terror of my guide. I had been so amazed at Albert’s being alive, that I had not inquired if this was possible. I had even forgotten that death had bereft me of this dear and precious friend. The emotion of the magician recalled to me that all this was very strange, and that I had seen only a spectre. My reason, however, repudiated what was impossible, and the bitterness of the reproaches of Cagliostro caused a kind of ill-humor, which protected me from weakness. ‘You feign to have faith in your own falsehood,’ said I, with vivacity; ‘ah, your game is very cruel. Yes; you sport with all that is most holy, even with death itself.’

“‘Soul without faith, and without power,’ said he, angrily, but in a most imposing manner. ‘You believe in death, as the vulgar do, and yet you had a great master - one who said: “*We do not die. Nothing dies; there is nothing dies.*” You accuse me of falsehood, and seem to forget that the only thing which is untrue here is the name of death in your impious mouth.’ I confess that this strange reply overturned all my thoughts, and for a moment overcame the resistance of my troubled mind. How came this man to be aware of my relations with Albert, and even the secrets of his doctrine? Did he believe as Albert did, or did he make use of this as a means to acquire an ascendancy over me?

“I was confused and alarmed. Soon, however, I said that the gross manner of interpreting Albert’s faith could not be mine, and that God, not the impostor Cagliostro, can invoke death, or recall life. Finally, convinced that I was the dupe of an inexplicable illusion, the explanation of which, however, I might some day find, praising coldly the *savoir faire* of the sorcerer, and asked him for an explanation of the whimsical conversation his phantoms had together. In relation to that he replied, that it was impossible to satisfy me, and that I should be satisfied with seeing the person calm, and carefully occupied. ‘You will ask me in vain,’ added he, ‘what are his thoughts and actions in life. I am ignorant even of his name. When you desired and asked to see it, there was formed between you two a mysterious communication, which my power was capable of making able to bring you together. All science goes no farther.’(35)

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(35) An exact statement of the Law. The seer or master can do no more than establish a communication, the Soul then reveals itself. The wise man does not speak of that which he has seen but remembers the statement of Paul: “How that he [Paul] was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter.”

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“‘Your science,’ said I, ‘does not reach that far even; I thought of Porpora, and you did not present him to me.’

**“‘Of that I know nothing,’ said he, in a tone serious and terrible. ‘I do not wish to know. I have seen nothing either in your mind, or in the magic mirror. My mind would not support such a spectacle, and I must maintain all my senses to exercise my power. The laws of science are infallible, and consequently, though not aware of it yourself, you must have thought of some one else than Porpora, since you did not see the latter.’”**

**“Such is the talk of madmen of that kind,” said the princess, shrugging her shoulders. “Each one has his peculiar mode; though all, by means of a captious reasoning, which may be called the method of madness, so contrive, by disturbing the ideas of others, that they are never cut short, or disturbed themselves.”**

**He certainly disturbed mine.” said Consuelo; “and I was no longer able to analyze them. The apparition of Albert, true or false, made me more distinctly aware that I had lost him forever, and I shed tears.**

**“‘Consuelo,’ said the magician in a solemn tone, and offering me his hand (you may imagine that my real name, hitherto unknown to all, was an additional surprise, when I heard him speak it), ‘you have great errors to repair, and I trust you will neglect nothing to regain your peace of mind.’ I had not power to reply. I sought in vain to hide my tears from my companions, who waited impatiently for me in the next room. I was more impatient yet to withdraw, and as soon as I was alone, after having given a free course to my grief, I passed the night in reflections and commentaries on the scenes of this fatal evening. The more I sought to understand it, the more I became lost in a labyrinth of uncertainty; and I must own that my ideas were often worse than an implicit obedience to the oracles of magic would have been. Worn out by fruitless suffering, I resolved to suspend my judgment until there should be light. Since then, however, I have been impressionable, subject to the vapors, sick at heart, and deeply sad.”**

**... “You are about to tell me that he died during the conclusion of the marriage ceremony. I will, however, tell you that he is not dead, that no one, that nothing, dies, and that we may still have communion with those the vulgar call dead, if we know their language and the secret of their lives.”**

**... “While for the miracles which are about to be accomplished, God, who apparently mingles in nothing, who is *eternal silence*, creates among us beings of a nature superior to our own, both for good and evil - angels and demons - hidden powers. The latter are to test the just, the former to ensure their triumph. The contest between the great powers has already begun. The king of evil, the father of ignorance and crime, defends himself in vain. The archangels have bent the bow of science and of truth, and their arrows have pierced the corslet of Satan. Satan roars and struggles, but soon will abandon falsehood, lose his venom, and, instead of the impure blood of reptiles, will feel the dew of pardon circulate through his veins. This is the clear and certain explanation of all that is incomprehensible and terrible in the world. Good and evil contend in higher regions which are unattainable to men. Victory and defeat soar above us, without its being possible for us to fix them. ...Yes; I say it is clear that men are ignorant of what occurs on earth. They see impiety arm itself**

against fate, and vice versa. They suffer oppression, misery, and all the scourges of discord, without their prayers being heard, without the intervention of the miracles of any religion. They now understand nothing; they complain, they know not why. They walk blindfolded on the brink of a precipice. To this the Invisibles impel them, though none know if their mission be of God or of evil, as at the commencement of Christianity, Simon, the magician, seemed, to many, a being divine and powerful as Christ. I tell you all prodigies are of God, for Satan can achieve none without permission being granted him, and that among those called invisibles, some act by direct light from the Holy Spirit, while to others the light comes through a cloud, and they do good, fatally thinking that they do evil.”

... “A few rare persons have the power of commanding their ideas in a state of contemplative idleness, which is granted less frequently to the happy in this world than those who earn their living by toil, persecution, and danger. All must recognize this mystery as providential, without which the serenity of many unfortunate creatures would appear impossible to those who have not known misfortune.”

... “She then went to a rich toilette - a table of white marble sustaining a mirror, in a golden frame, of excellent taste. Her attention was attracted by an inscription on the upper ornament of the mirror. It was: *‘If your soul be as pure as your crystal, you will see yourself in it always - young and beautiful. But if vice has withered your heart, be fearful of reading in me the stern reflection of moral deformity.’*”

... *“If the thought of evil be in your heart, you are unworthy of contemplating the divine spectacle of nature; if your heart be the home of virtue, look up and bless God, who opens to you the door of a terrestrial paradise.”*

The loftiest spiritualism the world ever saw - that of ancient Jewry - recognized the truth of such mirrors, for they - the “Urim and Thummin” - polished breast-plates - were used for purposes of a celestial divination, and are still so used today. Even many of the modern spiritualists recognized the same truths, for their papers frequently contain articles on crystal-seeing, and the magical uses of various jewels and precious stones; while one of their noblest “Psalms of Life” contains this beautiful verse:

“But most the watching angels guide the thought,  
If in the mortal’s heart be wrong or error,  
Soon by the pure and viewless influence taught,  
He sees the end where leads the tortuous path,-  
Its darkness and its dangers; and, awaking,  
He finds within his soul a holier faith,  
and turns, with heart, his sin forsaking.”

The chief Rosicrucian of all England says,(36) in his recent work on *Fire*, “When the mind is surrendered up, as a clear glass (or in, and to it), - *shows of* the magical world roll in.” Again: “The

gauge is according to the amount of absorption out of this world - flights which the intelligence takes into the worlds not about us. ...We are as the telescope in the perfect sight-making of the optic glasses - in the focus of his glasses of sense. *But there are other landscapes...*and new sights float over, and through, the man-perspectives, and, in new adjustments of the preternatural Soul-sight, new worlds are penetrated to, or, which is the same, undulate, centrically, to us, from out the universal flat of shows. Basis of the Rosicrucian secret system,(37) and of all true mysticism or occult knowledge, it is the only thing *possible*. ...We can glow, by working, as by heavy strokes upon our nature, as like iron in a forge. And this, with an exalting light, forced out - the Immortal fire - wealth - out of another world, even to grow visible to men's mortal eyes. This is ecstasy, and the Divine Illumination.(37) None the less real, because we see nothing of it in the world. Else we should be, as the Bible says, Gods. ...It is in this magical world of God's light, that sainthood becomes possible, and that the solid world and the exterior nature obey the God-like nature, - worked and drawn, magically, into the circle of its power...by the all-compelling magnetism. Trodden of the spirit. ...It is a God-instinctive, magic life, in which unliving things are, really,taken to live. ...the first magician, who is as such recorded, and who gave distinct teachings on the subject of magic, is Zoroaster. The genius of Socrates, Plotin, Porphyrius, and Iamblichus, of Chichus and Scaliger and Cardanus, is placed in the first rank, which included inward (or magic) sight. In later times Robert Fludd (1638-53) and the great magnetist and mirror-seer, Paracelsus. We have records of over three thousand grand masters of the art, - all dead; and of scores - all living - right in our land, -ay, within rifle-shot of where these lines are penned. The plane of the mirror is before us, within so few feet or inches; but its lanes lead down the ages, and its reads up the starry steeps of the Infinite. Its field is - the Vastness below, within, above, and around - and elsewhere; but what else where contains all life next off this life - is an immortal factness. ...

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(36) Hargrave Jennings. Randolph and Jennings were very close to each other and for many years maintained a regular correspondence.

(37) Jennings here reveals a great deal of the true Rosicrucian system though not many will be able to understand his barely veiled hints. However, all who have even partly entered the Path will comprehend and at least in part, be able to apply.

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“In ancient times a natural basin of rock, kept constantly full by a running stream, was a favorite haunt for its magical effects. The double meaning of the word *reflection* ought here to be considered, and how, gazing down into the clear water, the mind is disposed to self-retirement, and to contemplation deeply tinctures with melancholy. Rock pools and gloomy lakes figure in all stories of magic: witness the Craic-pol-nain in the Highland woods of Laynchork; the Devil's Glen in the County of Wicklow, Ireland; The Swedish Blokula; the witch-mountains of Italy; and the Babiagora, between Hungary and Poland. Similar resorts, in the glens of Germany, were marked, as Tacitus mentions, by salt-springs.

“It was, really, only another form of divination by the gloomy water-pool, that attracted so much public attention, a few years ago, when Mr. Lane, in his work on Modern Egypt, testified to its success as practiced in Egypt and Hindostan. That gentleman, having resolved to witness the

performance of this species of Psycho-vision, the magician commenced his operations by writing forms of Invocation, to his familiar spirits, on six slips of paper; a chafing-dish, with some live charcoal in it, was then procured, and a boy summoned who had not yet reached the age of puberty. Mr Lane inquired who were the persons that could see in the magic mirror, and was told that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman.

“To prevent any collusion between the sorcerer and the boy, Mr Lane sent his servant to take the first boy he met. When all was prepared, the sorcerer threw some incense, and one of the strips of paper, into the chafing-dish. He then took hold of the boy’s right hand and drew a square, with some mystical marks, on the palm; in the centre of the square he formed the magic mirror, and desired the boy to look steadily into it, without raising his head. In this mirror, the boy declared that he saw, successively a man sweeping, seven men with flags, an army pitching its tents, and the various officers of state attending on the Sultan.

“The rest must be told by Mr. Lane himself. ‘The sorcerer now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson; of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sultan, “My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson. Bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily.” the boy then said so, and almost immediately added: “A messenger has gone and brought back a man dressed in a black (or, rather, dark blue) suit of European cloths; the man has lost his arm.” He then paused for a moment or two, and, looking more intently and more closely into the mirror said, “No; he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.” This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared, in the mirror, as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass which makes the right appear left. He answered that they appeared as in a common mirror. This rendered the boy’s description faultless. Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father; of whom he was sure no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man, in a Frank dress, with his hand placed on his head; wearing spectacles; and with one foot on the ground and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache, and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. On another occasion, Shakespeare was described with the most minute exactness both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of several Englishmen of my acquaintance.’ So far, Mr. Lane, whose account may be compared with that given my Mr. Kinglake, the author of Eothen.

**“It may be worth adding, that, in a recent case of hydromancy known to the writer, the boy could see better without the medium than with it; though he could also see reflected images in a vessel of water. This fact may be admitted to prove that such images are reflected to the eye of the seer from his own mind and brain. How the brain becomes thus enchanted, or the eye disposed for vision, is another question. Certainly it is no proof that the recollected image, in the mind of the inquirer, is transferred to the seer, as proofs can be shown to the contrary. When we look closely into it, Nature seems woven over, almost with a magical web, and forms of the marvelous are rife.” ...**

**“Are there intelligent things, of which we know nothing, dealing with the world? Is all a wondrous mechanism, a perfect play of solids which proceeds unerringly, and of whose laws the scientific people are the only interpreters? Are there no such things as miracles? Is the progress of things never changed? And, once out of the world, do the departed never return?**

**“Is all chance? Cannot the future ever be foreseen? Are all the strange matters told us mere fables or inventions? The forgery of the imaginative mind, or the self-belief of the deluded?**

**“Whence came that fear which has always pervaded the world? How comes it that, in all times, spirits have been believed? Cannot history, cannot science, cannot common sense conjure this phantom of spiritual fear, until it really resolve into the real? Cannot the apparition be laid? Cannot we eject this terror of invisible *thinking* things - spectators of us - out of the world? Nothing is really done until this be done, if it can ever be done. Man is absolutely not fairly in his world, until this other thing is out of it.**

**“It cannot be done. And why? Because this fear lies buried in the truth of things. Man’s interest lies quite the other way of believing it. This dread of the supernatural is the clog upon his boldness - the mistrust which spoils his plans - which interferes with his prosperity - which brings a cloud over the sunshine of his certainties. Man, then, is afflicted with this fearful mistrust, that after all, perhaps, his life may be the ‘dream,’ and that unknown future which is filled with those whom he knew, is the ‘waking.’ Where have our friends gone? Where shall we go? Are there well-known faces about us, though we see them not? Are there silent feet amidst our loud feet? And is it possible to come suddenly upon these - ay, and to hear? Miracle, or flash, in the (contrarily-struck) waves of spirit and body. ...**

**“Men secretly tremble. But they hide their fears under the supposed defiance and in the boastful jest. In company they are bold. Separately they reflect, in their own secret minds, that, after all, these things may be true. True from such and such confirmatory surmises of their own; true from, perhaps, some personal unaccountable experiences, or from the assurance of some personal unaccountable experiences, or from the assurance of some friend whom they are disposed to believe. But only disposed to believe. Modern times reject the supernatural; are supposed to have no superstition. Superstition? When this modern time is full of superstition!**

**“But, unfortunately, man has restless curiosity; he loves real truth; he solicits that which he can finally depend upon. He would believe if he could. But the evidence of supernatural things is so**

evasive - so fantastic - so, in one word, unreliable, that he will hold by the ordinary scientific explanations. All mystery, he says, is that only partially known. When that which constitutes a thing is understood, man declares, the mystery ceases. He only finds nature. Unknown nature before - now known nature.

“The faculty of wonder is a gift; by wonder we mean that highest exhaustive knowledge of the things of this world, upon which to set up, or to construct, the machinery of converse with another. By the ladder of the several senses, we climb to the top platform, the general sense. In most men’s minds this bridge of intelligence is not stretched. And this knowledge of the supernatural is rejected like precious gems to grasp which there are, literally, no hands. A compliant cowardice, and an ashamed, merely half-belief have pervaded writers who, really, ought to have known better - who believed while they denied. ...

“We feel sensation of surprise and shame, that some writers who, out of the secret strength of their minds, and not out of its weakness, saw that there is more in that which is called superstition than meets the eye, should, because they hesitated and were afraid to deal with it seriously, condescend to disparage and to treat it with ridicule. Superstition is degrading; a sense of the supernatural is ennobling. Walter Scott - although from the constitution of his mind he could not fail to be a believer - has surmised and supposed, and apologized for, and toned into, commonplace and explained, until he has resolved all his wonders - we may say, stripped all his truths - into nothing. Will it never be seen that even truth - that is - our truth - may be only plausible? Walter Scott’s mind was not profound enough for a really deep sense of the Invisible. We greatly doubt whether he had, or by nature could have, the true wise man’s sense of the Great Unseen; that which holds this world but as an island in it. Whether, indeed, he did not designedly deal with the marvelous, and chip and pare, amidst his superstitions, and trim all up with the instincts of a romancist, and the eye to a balance in his favor of the mere worldly man, is a fair suspicion. As a clear-headed, common-sense man, who in his good nature, and in his admiration of it, wanted to stand well with the world; as a man who thoroughly enjoyed his life, and possessed an abundance of rich and marketable imagination - as all this, Walter Scott converted superstitions as into his stock in trade. We seriously mistrust whether, while believing, he did not - to please the world - still deny; whether in his affected and even pretendedly laughing disclaimers he was not secretly bowing, all the time before the very thing he thought allowable to barter. This, if true, was disingenuous, if not something worse.

“Nearly all the writers who have treated of the marvellous have done so in the disbelieving vein. *It is the fashion to seem to sneer.* All of this acting before the world comes from the too great love of it; arises out of the fear of that which may be said of us. There prevails a too great compliance with convention; to great a meeting of the universal prejudice. Men are too apologetic, even in their faiths. In the face of standards, few men have the boldness to be singular. Habit dictates our form of thought, as equally as it legalizes our dress. We dreadfully fear the world.

“Other narrators and exponents of the supernatural - though aware of the always powerfully interesting material which they have at command - instead of being imbued with the strong sense of

the latent truth in them - may be said, indeed, almost with one consent - though longing to tell - to begin to parade a sort of shame at their revelations. And pray wherefore? They are already met more than half-way in every sensible man's mind. There are few families - nay, there is scarcely an individual - who has not had something *naturally* unexplainable in his history. The supernatural tale always finds an echo in every breast.

“Now, if discredited by writers, the ‘supernatural’ should not be treated of by them. There are plenty of subjects at which they may play but that - if they believe any life but their ordinary life - so serious one. If the possibility of the supernatural be believed, and its instances be accepted, they are bound, as candid men and honest men, to make the avowal that they believe. The explanations which are frequently offered of things appearing as supernatural, are greatly more difficult to credit than the extra-natural matters themselves. Of some unaccountable things, in fact, nobody credits the ‘explanations.’ The uncomfortable fact is *got rid of*. The subject is dismissed, to make way for the next soliciting object. The wonder is given up as unexplainable. And that is the whole process. This is a very easy, though not a very conclusive or satisfactory method of disproving. We *suppose* we disbelieve. ...

“We are weary of the jargon whereby strange and unexplainable - possibly natural - doubtless natural - phenomena have been degraded. The history of all unknown things has been thus similar, that at the outset, they have invariably been invested with the attributes of the magical. We must carefully guard ourselves from credulity. Such things as these presumed Spiritual Disclosures have been known in all ages. There is nothing newer, other than that they have been suddenly and widely noticed, in these psychologico-magnetic displays - this supposed spiritual betrayal - this counter-working and false working of the universal transitive evolvment - these aberrations of polarity. We have an abiding dislike to, and we cordially dissent from all this epileptic wandering; all this convulsive, incoherent, blameworthy - nay, audacious reaching out at forbidden things. The pampered human mind can run into any extremes. We, on the contrary, are friends to the solidest and plainest common sense.

“We apprehend that the explanation of the great majority of the spiritual manifestations - as they are called - may be, that the forceful magnetism with which the world is charged is, in states of excitement, impelled through the medium - probably the stronger through the reflective VACUITY; and that it undulates again outwards, as we see the rings, or rather the single ring, upon a sheet of water circumsolve from about a stone suddenly dropped in. The exterior, magnetic, unconscious rings may become intelligent, from which ‘motived circles’ - obeying laws of which we know nothing, or from which invisible walls, come sounds - vibrates motion. It may be at the intersection of these ‘out-of-sense’ circles - which, from the multitude of minds, must be innumerable, though they are altogether unsuspected - at which are struck all that strange attraction and repulsion which we call sympathy and antipathy, and in which are mind-commerce, and all the puzzling *phenomena* of the so-called spiritual shows. Thus the mind answers to itself. And instead of ‘spirit’ having much to do with it, it is mainly the invisible ‘microscopical,’ ‘unnecessary work to the world’ of man's own *other nature*; real spirit being in the majority of cases still as far off as ever, and outside and transcended of all of it! All the grave gossip and

delusion, therefore, of religious communication and of impartments - truly pieced out, in his wild imagination, individualities, must fall to the ground. The *phenomena* are indisputable. What they are, the scientific world has yet to learn. We seem to fall, in these things, into a wide field of vital magnetism. And also into mind-contagion. ...

“To reduce the question into the narrowest limits - do spirits exist? Is there anything apart from the solid, the tangible, the senses of man, the bulk of nature? Can intelligences exist without a body? Is the world of soul within the world of flesh, or is the world of flesh within the world of spirit. Which is the real thing, the material or the immaterial? All the speculation - all the purposes of life - may be confined within these circumscribed bounds. Either this world is all, or it is almost nothing. For if the senses are all of the man; if Nature is just the mere solids which she presents to us; if the course of circumstances is fortuitous; if we are, really, alone in the world; if nothing is believable - and therefore possible - but what is demonstrable; if human reason is everything, and common sense the true guide and the only guide; why, then, - if all that the world tells us be really true, - the sooner we close the account with this outside phantom-world the better! In this case **AWAY WITH IT!** And away with all the spiritual tales which are told to us!(36) The quicker that we realize to ourselves the fact that all of the supernatural - though, possibly, amusing - is all of the untrue, the more conformable it will be to the comfortable exercising of ourselves. We are children otherwise. Why should we frighten ourselves with fair tales? Why bring over us this damp of the phantasmagoric view of life? We must, surely, be as the rude and ignorant - as the very unlettered - in distressing ourselves concerning this supposed outside watch of which fabulists have found it their interest to tell us. Surely, in this nineteenth century, when exploration has sifted the world, and science has exposed, however admirable, all the watchwork of it; when superstitions have been, even from their last lurking-places, expelled, and when teaching has almost - we are compelled to use the significant word *almost* - settled things, we can dismiss our belief in this old world-mistaken idea of the reappearance of the dead; of anything which has ceased out of the world. We can get rid of the fear of the preternatural. In one word, supernaturalism is untrue, because nature is true. And because it has nothing of the supernatural in it. All the groping in the world cannot discover a thing that is not there. ...

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(38) And this will then sweep with it all religious beliefs, all mystical ideas, all the accounts of miracles, and will leave us only two distinctly drawn classes: those people and their beliefs whom we call “sane and practical,” and who are free from all religion and mysticism; and those whom we term insane because they live in what we term fancy. The just man cannot give credence to one phase of religious thought with its miracles and discount all others. Either the non-human, non-material activity exists and is manifested through various agencies and in different phases, or it is non-existent. We must choose which idea we wish to accept. To condemn one phase is to condemn all.

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“Science-men are kings in their own domain, which is the world of sense.(39) But they are very untrustworthy guides out of it. They can domesticate us very satisfactorily in this world, and can, piece by piece, put the machinery of it into our hand. But they can never give us another. Nor will

their glance ever arrest one invisible visitant from out another world; nor will their sight ever penetrate, for a moment, past that shadowy curtain - which is yet, perhaps, penetrable - which divides the Seen from the Unseen. Let us give Science due honor; but let us not render up to it our hopes of the future, as equally as all of us of the present. ...

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(39) But let one of these master scientists become afflicted with an old-fashion toothache, and attack of acute indigestion, or run a splinter under his nail, and all his "science" avails him nothing! He will be but a child again and if the pain be continued, sufficiently long, be ready to believe in seven different heavens and all supernatural things, at one and the same time! Men, scientists or otherwise, are but boasting children. When the sun shines and digestion is normal and the nerves tingle with health, then there is neither God nor any of his realms save the matter-of-fact world. But let the sun hide behind a cloud, and attack of the spleen afflict, and the nerves be on edge, they immediately are as filled with fear and superstition as the veriest jungle savage. After all, it is very much a matter of good or poor digestion. Don't believe it! Watch yourself and your fellow men.

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"True magic lies in the most secret and inmost powers of the mind. Our spiritual nature is still, as it were, barred within us.(40) All spiritual wonders, in the end, become but wonders of our own minds.

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(40) The work of the Secret Schools is to open up and develop these inmost powers of the mind, to remove the bars that imprison the mind and Soul, and to release our innate potential spiritual forces that they may search throughout all the realms of being.

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"In magnetism lies the key to unlock the future science of magic, to fertilize the growing germs in cultivated fields of knowledge, and reveal the wonders of the creative mind.

"Magic is a great, secret, sudden and disbelieved-in wisdom, out of this world, and its opposite. Reason is a great public, relied-on mistake - in this world, and the same with it, in its, by man, accepted operations. The one treads down, and destroys the world. The other springs with it, and makes it. Therefore is one the worldly true and believed, since man makes himself in it, and grows, into his being, in it. And therefore is the other, in the world-judgment, false and a lie, and a juggle, since man is contradicted in it. So says Paracelsus. ...

"The crystal seers and mirror viewers use their talent in telling love-sick girls their fortunes, and," ten score more such things are said. What of it? God gave all men brains, but some put them to swindling uses. Are brains, *per se*, bad things to possess? Barbers use leaves of literature to wipe their razors on; yet essays nor the art of printing had that end in view. Trunks are lined with sheets of the Bible, but the books were printed to fatten souls upon. "But all people can't successfully use these crystals and mirrors?" No one knows till they try. A gentleman of Cambridge left me ten minutes ago, who had stopped a little time, while floating down the river of life, at Spiritualists' Island, but grew tired of the fruit - religious, social, philosophic, and so on, reputed to grow there;

just as I did, and thousands more have, and still more thousands do and will; and he owned a very valuable Trinue glass. I doubt if America possesses a more splendid seer than that builder of brick houses and philosophical systems! Why? Because the glass enabled him, by its magnetic fulness, to burst the bondage of a perverse brainism, and reach the streams that flow beneath the senses. That is all.

In April, 1896, Horace H. Day, the famous financier and true philanthropist, came to my house in Pleasant St., Boston. That morning I had been mirror-gazing, for pleasure's sake, and the doors of the inner worlds had not yet wholly closed; and I distinctly foresaw, and told him, that in September the country would feel a monetary crash. Result - the "gold panic" of that month, carrying ruin to thousands, and some to sudden death by self-slaughter. I know one man who forecasts the markets by means of another Trinue; he deals in grain, and as the sheaf which appears in the glass rises or falls, so *inevitably* will the market. All he wants is capital to buy, or a sensible man to follow his magneto-commercial *barometer*. He will soon have both. I know a woman who never fails to tell correctly all that others want to know. She is getting rich. But I deprecate this sort of thing; it borders close upon a mere prostitution of a divine instrumentality; for, properly used, this agency is not only second to none other for intromissional and psycho-visional purposes, but is liable to not one single objection, which all others are. Drugs, fumes, odors, ethers, mesmerism, all and each of them disturb the nervous system, injure the brain, and their effects are all unhealthy and abnormal; but the mirror is free from all that, and the things, persons, events, and symbols seen, are actual, almost tactual - as clear, plain and distinct as any other plano-diorama, resembling the effects of the camera obscura, and no abnormal state is induced; for the seer is wide awake, broadly intelligent, in possession of every sense, in all its integrity and watchfulness; while at the same time there is no strain whatever upon the brain; no tension of the nerves. In mesmeric lucidity, the visions rapidly pass away; never again can they be reproduced or recalled; but, in the mirror, any given face, place, picture of any locality, or symbolism, can, by an effort of the Will, be made to remain fixed, stationary, and solid, as long as the seer shall elect; besides which, an infinitely greater percentage of persons can successfully use them than can be effected by any or all combined of the above-specified agencies. There are also many diverse drugs, and mesmeric modes; but there are only two sorts of magic mirrors in existence - the crystalline, which are but of little use, and of which the polished coal is a sample; besides being exceedingly difficult to obtain, seeing that only coal of a peculiar shade and grain will answer the purpose; and even then is utterly useless unless of a size, without crack, difference, solidity or flaw, sufficient to be correctly ground, shaped, and polished; for the whole thing depends upon the power of the mirror to attract, and retain upon its surface, the magnetic fluid thrown from the eyes; on which magnetic surface in all cases the things seen appear, and not upon or in the surface or substance of the mirror itself, as is apparently the case; but mostly above and in front of it. Sometimes, indeed, the seer sees through the mirror, which, in that case, serves precisely the same ends and uses to the spirit of the out-looker, that the eye-pieces and object-glasses do to the external senses of the telescopist and microscopical investigator. In mesmeric vision there is a necessary and unget-rid-of-able *rapport* and magnetic sympathy between the operator and the subject, which latter is, therefore, quite as likely to give forth the pictures, images, memories and fancies of the former, as he or she is to reveal the actual truth of and from the outside world. "But spiritual or spirits'

magnetisms are not so likely to intrude fantasies; and therefore, what a medium sees must be true and real." To which I reply, - the objections against human magnetism are tenfold stronger against the spiritual, or the spirits, so-called, even when it is real and true, which it is not, over once in at least two hundred times; for beyond all cavil, what passes for spiritual trance is, in the vast majority of cases, either simulated, delusive, the effect of mental habit, the effect of the physico-mental influence of the parties present, or the result of a diseased condition of the nerves and brain. But suppose, for argument's sake, a real and *bona fide* case of spiritual magnetism. How is the medium or bystander to know whether the thing seen is a real photograph of the unseen by mortals, or a transcript from the playful fancy of a disembodied wag or experimenter? The medium cannot tell, because the very term and service both indicate a person played upon, - and instrument actual in unseen hands; a machine worked by unknown forces, - a mere automaton, made to move, do, act and say, at the will of a power of which neither they or the bystanders know literally anything whatsoever! There is no standard of comparison. The medium is a nobody in the matter, while the invisible, and necessarily totally unknown, operator, is all in all! The difference, therefore, between positive seership and mediumship in any form is the difference of a whole species; or that between *hearing* a description of Paris, and seeing Paris one's self; that is to say, it is the difference between act and experience, and the merest hearsay. These opinions are based upon over twenty years' experience and observation of both classes of phenomena.

The second class or order of mirrors, the first embracing all the coals, light-colored metallic mirrors, and crystals, none of which are of much worth, as compared with the perfected instrument of the last century, and the present, are those made upon strictly scientific principles as to form, in the first place. After innumerable experiments, it was found that upon removing the skull, and slicing the brain of dead human beings horizontally, just above the ear, that all heads of all the human races were shaped precisely alike, and that all differences of external contour depended upon the volume of matter on the periphery or outside surface of the brain, - the cortical matter. It was found, also, that the brain, at the foundation-point, was of the same general form or shape as the earth on which we dwell; that is to say, an oblate spheroid, whence, by experiment, it was deduced that such section of a figure, oblately spheroidal, was also the very best possible form of a magic mirror. Such a figure having two mathematically true and absolutely certain *foci*, so that a stream of magnetism being thrown upon one *focus* slid along the surface and returned to the centre of the other focus, from the centre of the fore-brain, thus completing a magnetic circuit, and rendering the portion of brain in the line of contact exceedingly active, by reason of its increased magnetic play and motion of the brain-particles there situate. So much for the shape. But experiment also demonstrated that something else was wanted beside the peculiar outline; for if the fluid impinged upon a perfectly plain surface, it would bound back, and the result of its action would be merely the magnetization of the organs in the fore-brain; beside which, much of the fluid would penetrate the surface, and be lost in space. Then a long series of experiments were instituted by different master-chemists, of different scientific lodges, in various parts of the world, to find a substance which would prevent the escape of the refined *vif* - this extremely subtle, magnetic fluid - as the sides of a tub prevent the escape of water. Hence, an alteration in the surface-form of the mirror became requisite, nay, wholly indispensable. A point of the very first importance before the application of the proposed insulating material, even if such should be discovered; which, for a long

period of time seemed problematical.

If the convex form was used, the fluid - even supposing the retentive material was applied - would *roll off*, like a soap-bubble from a pipe bowl. If it was convex, the mass of the invisible globe of magnetic aura would roll off at the ends and sides, and hang in a mass *beneath* the mirror, which of course would never do. And now months were spent in that particular research, until at last a concave was adopted for the glass itself; a thin film of gold was placed close to it on the edge of a peculiarly constructed compound concavo-convex frame, made in conformity with the known laws governing the motion of rare fluids, ethers, and gaseous bodies.

The next step was to find an insulating substance, and one having elective, electric and chemical and magnetic affinity to and with the finest form of magnetism known to science and to human experience. It had already been demonstrated that what would insulate and hold electricity was but an open sieve to that same element in its higher forms and modes; hence, recourse must be had to something else. And so experiments were made, separate and combined, with the alkaline metal, Lithium, Sodium, Potassium, and the hypothetical substance, Ammonium, but without complete success. Then come the metals of the alkaline earths, Magnesium, Calcium, Barium, and Strontium, but without avail. Then experiments were made with the proper earths, Didymium, Cerium, Lanthanum, Zirconium, Norium, Erbium, Beryllium, Thorium, Yttrium, Tervium, and Aluminum; but still the proper thing was not found. Attention and trial was next turned to the oxide-forming metals proper, whose oxides form powerful bases, and these are Copper, Uranium, Lead, Cobalt, Zinc, Cadmium, Nickel, Bismuth, Iron, Chromium and Manganese; but you might as well try to hold sunlight in a basket, as to confine magnetism within walls made of any, or all combinations of these metals. Therefore the next series of texts embraced the oxide-forming metals proper, whose oxides form weak bases, or acids, namely, Arsenic, Tin, Vanadium, Osmium, Niobium, Antimony, Titanium, Molybdenum, Tantalum, Molybdenum, Tantalum, and Tungsten; a nearer approach, but still not the thing required, albeit much time, a deal of money, and more patience, had been expended. Then came the noble metals, whose oxides are reducible by heat, namely, Rhodium, Ruthenium, Silver, Platinum, Iridium, Mercury, Palladium, and Gold. Of course the isomorphous groups of substances, embracing Sulphur, Selenium, Chlorine, Cyanogen, Phosphorus, Fluorine, Iodine and Bromine, were also called into play, and a few of them, as some of the others, were found partially, but not wholly applicable to the purpose sought to be attained, not even by the aid of others of the non-metallic elements, viz., Oxygen, Nitrogen, Carbon, Boron, Hydrogen, and Silicon, albeit it was found that fusible combinations of fifteen or two of substances, associated with Phthalic acid and Paranaphthalene, constituted just the thing required, namely, a compound with strong elective and electric characteristics, presenting a perfectly even, white-black surface, and sensitive in the highest possible degree. Of course this substance is very difficult to make, and well it is that such is the case, else the land would be flooded with counterfeit or very imperfectly constructed mirrors. As it is, it is impossible to make them properly in this country, and only one man ever imports them, and that man is *Cuilna Vilmara*, from whose lips I am now reporting, in as plain English as I can command, this exhaustive monograph upon a very difficult subject - for it is not easy to correctly catch the meaning of a man whose speech is part English, French, German, Italian, Armenian, and Arabic, and yet by dint of great patience, chemical

information, two linguists, and half-a-dozen lexicons, I have succeeded in getting the pith and marrow of all he had to say, as himself agreed was the case when reading the French translation. Hence, it will be understood that I herewith give the views of this great master of the subject, as well as, and interspersed with, my own and others' beliefs and knowledges of the matters under consideration.

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The man whose experiences are wholly confined to things of the practical every-day life, is a mere shell, floating on the sea, totally ignorant of the amazing wealths lying scattered beneath the surface, and piled up in mountains on the ocean floors; for there are more real worlds under this outside life of ours, than human brain can number. Dream-life, so wonderful, vivid, oftentimes strangely prophetic, is but one of these; and there is a real state even behind that life of Dreams; and we reach its mystic borders by the mesmeric roads, while we gaze into its very depths by the mysterious lens I am here writing about. There is no accident, no chance, only such seem to be to our outer senses; but when the veil-pall that hangs over the inner senses is removed, we at once glance down the mystic lanes, and are in the street of chances; hence the future as the present - and the past is a fact, and all their events are now! Wherefore it is not difficult to foretell what shall be, if we but get beneath the veil and glance along the floors of the world. God's numbers never change. They are perpetual Fixedness, - scannable by whoever has the sciences.

Sir David Brewster, albeit he attempts to pervert the account to other ends, says that, "It can scarcely be doubted that a concave mirror was the principal instrument by which the heathen gods (disembodied heroes) were made to appear in the ancient temples. ...Escuapius often exhibited himself to his worshippers of Tarsus; and the temple of Enguinum, in Sicily, was celebrated as the place where the goddesses (disembodied heroines) exhibited themselves to mortals." Iamblichus informs us that the ancient magicians caused the gods to appear among the vapors disengaged from fire; and the conjurer, Maximus, terrified his audience by making the statue of Hecate laugh. Damascius, quoted, in a bad cause by Salverte, says, "In a manifestation [the cause of which, that is, a magic mirror, ought not to be revealed] ...there appeared on the wall of the temple a mass of light which at first seemed to be very remote; it transformed itself, in coming nearer, *into a face evidently divine* and supernatural, of a severe aspect, but mixed with gentleness, and extremely beautiful." According to the institution of a mysterious religion the Alexandrians honored it as Osiris and Adonis.

The Emperor Basil, of Macedonia, inconsolable at the loss of his son, went to Theodore Santabaron, celebrated for his miracles, who exhibited to him the image of his beloved son, magnificently dressed, and mounted upon a superb charger. The youth rushed toward his father, threw himself into his arms and - *disappeared!* This aerial image was no trick, for even now optics cannot do anything of the sort; but it unquestionably was produced in, or by, and through, a magic mirror. The plea in this case, of imposture, is absurd.

Mr. Roscoe, in his life of Benvenuto Cellini, gives a thrilling account of that famous artist's

adventure with spectres raised by magical means, and, what is more to the purpose neither Roscoe, Brewster, or Smith, pretend to claim that they, the spectres, were mere figments of fancy. On the contrary, all three admit the thing *was real!* True, they attempt to stave off the supernatural conclusion; but do it very lamely indeed, for it is pretended by them that the magic lantern, playing upon volumes of smoke, accounts for the whole terrific affair, totally forgetful of the fact that Cellini's experience took place in the middle of the sixteenth century, whereas Kircher did not invent that instrument till a *hundred years later!* The paragraph in italics on page 154, of Smith's edition of *Brewster's Magic*, is too puerile and contemptible to merit notice. Such hard-headed people would fain make us believe that all ghostly appearances are phasmas - even that of Jesus after his death; and that all that is knowable *they* know; when, aside from the multitudinous impostures, there are enough real spiritual visitations and visions to base the hopes of a million worlds upon. In no case, whether the objects viewed are physical or mental - as in dreams, etc., is it the eye which sees, but the faculty of consciousness *within* the eye, brain, Soul, of the observer; and as man is a spiritual being, it follows that he has a series of inner senses underlying and subtending his external ones, and which series of internal senses are adapted to his natural-born spiritual nature; and all that he requires is a bridge to help him span the thick matter and reach the spiritual ether. This the mirror enables many, though not *all*, to do.

The condition of death is *mental* activity and *physical* quiescence. If the activity can be had without the quiescence of death, or greatest aim - a new avenue or means of knowing - is attained. This is all the mesmerist and the mirrorist claim to achieve; and both have proved and made good that claim in numberless instances.

The spiritual, therefore the substantial reality of all being, is above and beyond the other senses, and it is only either by his rising to it, through the floors of the outer world beneath which he sinks, or by its descent to him, that he can cognize the actualities of that superior world. In either case, if his motive be good, he ascends toward God. If evil, then his account must be rendered for his act.

When a man, his organs of perception, his intelligent principle, is suspended from its matter-bounded exercise, he can enter the domain of the real, through the gates, of the inner senses; catch glimpses of the forward world, and, therefore, cannot fail of actual outside show, experience, and being. In the interior state he throws open the windows of his Soul, and lets in the sunshine and glory of the spaces; hence all true seers can but deprecate the prostitution of Clairvoyance - true, and therefore very rare - to immoral uses; or that of the mirrors to mere fortune-telling, and such like ends; for, although unquestionably these things have been are, and can be done, with rare and marvelous success and efficiency by their means, yet it is like causing a first-class race-horse to draw a butcher's cart, or, conning rich attire to plough the land. Hence the caution and advice, simply because the mirror is the gate to another world, another field, another department of the "Inside World."

Says Hargrave Jennings, on of the master Rosicrucians of England - a man whose writings on *Fire* rank him high among the true genii of the world of letters, and one from whom I have largely quoted in this monograph - a man who deservedly occupies a lofty place in the esteem and affection

of every true brother of the Arch Fraternity of Rosicrucians - in his last great work concerning the *Curious Things of the Outside World*: “The Phantasmagoria of real things are revealed to us only when we escape the outer world.” In other words, when we elude by mental swiftness these cast-iron, outward-seeming senses of ours; and when we take a God-bath in the rivers that flow by our Souls. There is a light of slumbrous beauty beneath this world-light of ours, and the spaces are thronged with aerial intelligences, unseen by material man. They, to him, wait in darkness, but his darkness is theirs and “*our*” effulgent light, because it illumines the waste of what to him is mystery. That realm is no shadow-country, no phantom-land. It is a country without sound and noise; yer the fulness of melody echoes through its gorgeous halls, and the wingless cherubim are there in effulgent majesty, to guard its mystic splendors; hence, none but true, brave, feeling Souls can *wholly enter* therein. It is a regal domain where *our* under life is topmost. Gautama Buddha, seer of all seers of the olden time, and equalled only now, if ever, tried, to stupid man, these sublime mysteries to reveal; and in that land he has waited six thousand years for the advent of understanders, just as that other king, the lonely Man of Nazareth and Bethlehem, waited nineteen hundred years to find a score of *Christians! Are they found?*

It is only in deep absorption that the Soul can outwit the body. Thus, when a man is tempted to waste his manhood in the lap of lust, his senses ever urge him to the deed, albeit he knows it is pollution and death which invite him to the horrid banquet, death-charged and dreadful!(41) But the very instant he sets his Soul to gaze upon the temptress, he sees her hollow heart, and realizes the danger to his Soul and body; and the sight and the knowledge frees him, that moment, from his thrall; his boiling blood cool, recedes to its proper channels; his tempestuous passion subsides, and, though weak and exhausted, he still remains a MAN, which is never the case when lust extinguishes its fires in the arms of wanton passion. Lo, here, what a truth!

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(41) See [Eulis](#), by Dr. P.B. Randolph.  
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As in the telescope the landscape only is possible, not at either end among the mistakes of the unadjusted glasses, but in the exact focus, where the sight-point is caught, even so we Rosicrucians hold that supernatural beings only are possible; visible at that cross-point where the angelic contraction and the magic dilatation intersect. In short, man being himself as the telescope, it is only at the magico-magnetic focus at which the spirit world and the *essential worlds* are to be spied into. Under the dominion of lust, hatred, avarice, *wrong*, no man can enter either! Therefore virtue is its own reward! Divine and supernatural illumination is the only road to absolute truth.

The Platonic philosophy of vision is, that it is the view of objects really existing in interior light,(42) which assume form; not according to arbitrary laws, but according to the state of the mind. This light unites with exterior light in the eye, and is thus drawn into a sensuous of imaginative activity; but, when the outward light is separated, it reposes in its own serene atmosphere. It is, then, in this state of interior repose that all really inspired and correct visions occur. It is the same *light* so often spoken of in ancient books and modern experiences. It is the *light* revealed to Pimander, Zoroaster, and the sages of the East. It is Boehmen’s Divine Vision or Contemplation; Molinos’ Spiritual

**Guide, and the inner life of all true men - few, and women - many.(43) It is the FOUNDATION-FIRE upon which all things whatever are builded; ambushed everywhere; bursting out when least expected; slumbering for ages, yet suddenly illuminating an inebriate's brain, so that he shall see the moral snakes and larvæ of his perversion assume physical proportion and magnitude to fright him back to temperance, virtue, and his forsaken God!**

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**(42) The identical teachings of the Fraternity of the present day. Platonic philosophy, as already pointed out, formed part of the fundamental teachings of the Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis instituted in, or about 1616.**

**(43) It is this Light which the Masters seek to bring into manifestation within the Acolyte, and all the training and drills taught the Neophyte have this end in view. Some of the first exercises prepare the body, others the mind, and finally there is the Drill, which is the "Door," leading into the interior realm of Light and sight.**

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**No amount of merely intellectual quickness, sharpness, or solidity will avail the searcher for the unseen! Only a meek spirit, attention, perseverance, faith, open the doors which lead to the vastitudes.**

**The world we live in is full of the pattering of ghostly feet, and the music of spiritual singers. It is not difficult to hear them. I may not here write concerning the methods of invocation, because fools will laugh,(44) and the fraternity of the mystical, everywhere, would grieve thereat; and yet it is certain that perfumes, odors, and vapors of magnetic character have, in ages past, and may again and in ages yet to be, proved immense aids to the true seer. There are hundreds who visited the "Rosicrucian Rooms"\* in Boylston St., Boston, who marvelled greatly at hearing no raps or ticks, and seeing no clouds pass over the splendid mirror there owned and used, until perfumes were scattered and incense burned - whereupon, thousands of patterings rained upon the silver tripod, and glory-clouds, in presence of and seen by scores, floated over the black-sea face of the peerless mirror.**

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**(44) Because the method is so simple in itself, yet leads to such wondrous results if faithfully, trustfully and consistently practiced. It is forever the little, the seemingly insignificant things, which lead to great results, and that is why the great mass miss that which is really worth while in life, and which elevates observant ones to the status of the gods.**

**\* The Rosicrucian Rooms were opened in 1860 and continued open until late in 1872 when fire destroyed them. Headquarters of the Fraternity were then moved to Toledo, Ohio. A formal organization has been in continuous activity and at no time has authority been conveyed to anyone not trained within the order.**

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**The belief of the supernatural is the only escape out of the coldest infidelity; and the word magic every where is but another term for magnetic, which, being understood, at once remove all its mysteries from the region of the "Black Arts," so-called, into the beautiful realms of ethereal**

science.

Not every person can see in a mirror of any sort whatever; and hundreds of those who can see in them are unable to procure a genuine instrument. To such I recommend a very cheap and beautiful substitute, in the form of a concaved Claude Lorraine mirror, easily made. Mould a lump of clay a foot square, *slightly convex*. Dry, and bake it hard, and smooth its surface as perfectly as possible. Then press pasteboard on it till all is smooth and even. Now make another exactly to match it, concave. Between these two place a sheet of fine plate-glass. Bake it till it conforms to the required shape. Make two alike.(45) Between these two, cemented one-fourth inch apart. Pour black ink till full; seal the aperture left for that purpose, and you have a very good substitute for a magnetic mirror. Else take a glass saucer filled half full of black ink, and you will have as good a mirror as Lane saw so successfully worked in Egypt. A crystal glass of pure water has often served a good purpose to the same end; and, in fact, there are numberless forms of substitutes for the genuine mirror, some of which are very good, but of course not equal to even an ordinary Trinne glass. The rules and laws governing these substitutes are precisely the same as those of genuine glasses.

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(45) Manufacturers of plate glass are usually willing to accept orders for convex plates, and mirrors can then be easily made. We have seen some very beautiful homemade ones which answered every purpose and every test. The potency of the mirror will depend almost entirely on the mood and the love which possessed the maker during the time occupied in the task.  
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“It will never do to urge that these things lie beyond us. A fruitful source of the spiritual lowness of the modern time is the resolute averting of the face from deep thoughts, which of course, give trouble. That all the lifting of the mind, that all the sublimest speculation, that all the occupancy of the thoughts by these intensely noble and refining investigations; that all these high ideas, and great ideas, about God’s providence, and his purposes in the world, end, when pushed to answer, just where they began - that is, where they first opened, and in no wise attaining to definite result - this is, of course, as true as that men cannot help their speculations and their wonder. But we unconsciously pass higher and become something better, in such thoughts. We teach ourselves to place the world at a distance. We grow spiritualized; and the very amount of our pleasures multiplies, because it purifies. The fault of the time is haste - is conceit - is a wilful disregard of the higher truths - is a protesting speed to be back again amidst the business of the world - a cowardly acknowledgment of incapacity to cope with the contemplation of man’s possible higher destiny - a hypocritical putting-forward of reliance upon and acknowledgment of a beneficent superintending Providence in the abstract. The time is so unenthusiastic, everything is so questioned for its utilities, and all is so toned down to commonplace, that it is the voice of exclamation and *alarm* only that can arouse. To obtain a hearing we must call aloud.

“We are involving ourselves in too many deductions. We are thickening ourselves in our mechanic dreams too much. We are posing ourselves with systems. We are living the heart out of us. We are making very clockwork of the grand intensities of nature. Formalism is becoming as a second nature to us, and our methods of living is the translation of the life-long charities into pounds and

pence. Even our very fine cases - as we may so, perhaps, to 'curiously' figure it - are growing vastly too fine, vastly too wonderful, and too elaborately wrought for us. Why not be of rougher material, and of mere painted outside - of bulk and not sentiment - of the coarse, solid components - of wood and of varnish - instead of making up of such exquisite vermilion blood, and of flesh of a marble-like whiteness in the female examples of us? There be something in superb colors, like you! Why, when we are so laboriously casting ourselves as into ingots for the devil's golden Hades, should we make all this hypocritical fuss about moral improvement? Surely we might as well become stumps - blocks - turn into dead, hard wood, as mean and unhandsome as Lapland idols, when all our foolish pity, and all our human sympathies, are being most convincingly argued and demonstrated out of us; and when the very affections are strangled - oh, think me not too direct and plain-spoken, my dear, contented, but, perhaps, too compliant reader - like irregular children; those which are only sure to bring their parents into discredit. Children of no town, since they belong not to a town, where money abounds! Owning not love, since they cannot claim affinity with the love of banknotes!

“We have forgotten the inside of the cup in the burnishing of the exterior. Nor - after all - do we live half our life. Our triumph in the common conveniences of life - spite of our vaunting of our perfection in them - go not great lengths. We can forge an anchor. But we cannot cook a dinner. We can spin thousands of yards of calico in two or three revolutions of a wheel. But we, personally, curve so indifferently, that we can scarcely make a bow. The banks groan with our gold. And yet we have not the knowledge profitably - by which we here mean towards our Soul's advantage - to expend a single dollar. In the universal Plutus-conversion, our heads - so to speak - are growing into gold, while our hearts are fast becoming but as the merest blown paper-bag inside of us!

“Is this Dutch like life of toys and trifles right? Is this all of nature; and all of us? Oh, this wilderness of flowers, and, of, the eternal forests! Let the mind, for a moment, glance at that inexpressible microcosm - far from the vulgar disturbances of the pavements, and out of sight of the glare of the city - in which are the thin, spiry stalks, in whose invisibly minute veins course up the bright-green blood. What a neglected treasury is this world of our, in which lie undreamed-of riches for the seeking! Why abandon them all - desireless - to the inviting angels who stand sentinels upon a Paradise upon which we might enter! Oh - stretching above us - all ye vast fields! Blue as the very ultimate floor of covintiy; throbbing with world, as through the intensity of an all-exultant, all even *violently* God-declarant life! Oh, all ye thousand visible wonders, that scatter spells, as of the fruitful magic, through all this most invisibly populous universe; this universe, whether of man's mind or of the larger macrocosm! Pronounce, ye that know, whether evil, meanness, or wresting to false purpose - whether aught of bad - should profane a theatre of grandeur so immense? Is not man himself - show ought to be the arch-glory, as the *recognition* of it - but as he would seem so desirous of making himself the blot upon this excellence, the lie to all this overpowering sublimity? Is he not, himself (to speak to him the language which he may best understand), the bankrupt in this myriad of banks, whence thought can - and virtue might - draw their inexhaustible supplies?

“Were gold-ribs the very framework of the world, and were they torn out of their mighty sockets;

were even the Genius of its Riches shown, barless and central, throned at the very heart of this so detestably, because so for its material glory, worshipped globe - would the sight, or the possession, match against thine immortal chance? Were the spirit of the material world exposed, in a single revelation, in all his blasting splendors, would - O thou miserably merchandising heart! thou seller of thy seat amidst the star-girt saints! thou wretched contemner of the chance offered thee, for thy salvation, by thy God! - would all this compensate for the averting, for one moment, from thee, of the face of the rulers of thine Immortal destinies? Confess, thou mad and besotted man! - avouch, thou less defiant than hypocritical rebel to God's heavenly care of thee! - would thy very hugest heap of dross match in value with the tiniest flower, into whose thirsty cup the heaven-missioned spirit poured his eternal dew? Christening to Immortality!

“Boastest thou of thy world, and of thy dignity - in thy science - out of it? Art! - what is art to the reticulation of a fungus? What is it to the fine-spun tracery of the meanest moss? Labor - what is thy labor, that thou shouldst pride thyself upon it - when the whole frame of stars be nightly moved? Pride - why, what a shallow thing is this pride, when to the lily of the field even Dolomon, in all his glory, has been declared not equal! What be thy stars and ribbons - thy rings and spots - when, than all, the snake hath more splendid? What be thy braveries, and all thine ingenious adornment, when the summer insect - less than thee the ‘painted child of dirt’ - surpasseth thee at them? What be thy money, when, with whatever assurance thou reliest upon it, it may not spot for thee, as gold nails, thy final melancholy, and, for thy body, long-lasting house? Hoarder for that day of enjoyment which shall never come to thee, in thy last earthly house, all thy tenfold fences of precious metal useless, art thou content to put up with most ignoble lead! Thou leavest all thy wealth, all ‘thy goods and chattels,’ and, for aught thou knowest, thou forfeitest thy very Soul; and at that, perhaps, terribly sudden summons, thou stand'st not even solitary! For is there not thy misspent life thee to confront? Thou hast bargained away thine heritage, and hast spent the price. And, now, as that as which to be it hath been thy greatest boast - a good ‘man of business’ - thou must, in rendering up thyself, perform thine own half of the obligations. If the real law be that life to come be alone purchasable by good deeds - as any lawyer will tell thee, friend, if thou consultest him - thou hast miscalculated the law. In thine own interest's sake, then, better a single virtuous act than a reiteration of money victories!(46) Better, for thee, the prayer of the poor man, and the blessings of the fatherless and of the widow, than a whole shipload of plate, an avenue of bowing menials, and a whole court of flatterers! Remember that the reckoning with thee, must come. Disencumber yourself in time. Perhaps the very ‘conveyances of thy lands’ may not be contained in that box, in which there will be found, at last, but too much room for the possessor himself!

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(46) In the final analysis, only that which helps the race a step forward is of actual value. It is not Immortality to store up a mountain of gold. It is, however, the act of Immortalization to see that this money is used in the alleviation of those who suffer and are in pain; to educate the ignorant so that they may free themselves from bondage; to tear the veil of ignorance and superstition from the mind of man; to lead all who seek to the Center of Light. If any have millions, they collected their store from the many. If they leave these millions to friends and relatives, they but weaken them. If they see to it that this wealth is left to those who will use it wisely for the good of the many, in the founding of institutions of real learning, the establishment of Sanatoria for the removal of mental

blindness, then they will have accomplished real things and helped to immortalize the Soul. Every effort of the Secret Schools is toward this end and though these schools may not dictate to their Acolytes, they indicate the right Path to follow.

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“Art thou wise - even in the world’s sense? Art thou sagacious as to the relative meanings of ‘debtor and creditor?’ When all the world attesteth that these things which I have written concerning inner worlds and the methods of admission thereto, are true, shalt thou, then, persevere in so hopeless a chance of phantoms - of fine false things which flee from thee? Shalt thou, with this knowledge, strain for an imagined good, which even in thine own hand, melteth? Shalt thou, with all these results which experience avoucheth as imminent, still sleep the sleep of fools? Still, with no alarm, fold the accustomed hands, and acquiesce because we see all the world doing so likewise? Shalt thou waste thy precious hours in the pursuit of those anticipated fine things, which, for all thy knowledge to the contrary, art to prove as daggers to thee? If missing *thee*, perhaps to prove nets to the feet to trip up, or pits of selfishness, or of mistake, into which they shall fall, to those to whom thou leavest thine accumulation! That for which thou canst have no farther use, keep it as tenaciously as thou mightest want! Those that thou fanciest best beloved, may but inherit direct ruin in heiring thy riches. That which might have been as a gold mosaic pavement for thee to walk over in thy lifetime, may, in the sinking under thee in thy final disappearance out of this slippery world, convert as into a devil-trap to thy children.

“Love not money, then other than ‘wisely’ and not ‘too well.’ Grow back into the simplicity of thy childhood. Time hastens from thee. Thou, really, hast not that half century which thou proposest to live. Live at once, in leading a new life. Prate not in thy vanity, but get thyself to thy knees, thou foolish man! And confess thyself a very child - ay, more than a child - in the true wisdom. Recall thy mind to better things than thy wretched traffic, in which by far too much thou imitatest the muckworm. Make much of the holy affections which, like flowers, heaven hath planted in the mind of thee, if thou, like an ox, wouldst not tread them so daily out with thy brutish feet; and of thy children. Each of thine innocent little children contradicteth thee. Thine own youth is that which the most completely exposeth thy false policy. Think that thou hast but the poorest portion of life in thy present life. Thy widest margin of profit, and thy very mound of bonds and of bank-notes, alike shall prove but clogs - ay, but as tons of dead weight - in the hour when unexpected affliction shall start up before thee, or in that time that thou hast thy real summons out of this world. Chains are wealth - ay, chains of heaviest link; hell-forged, but self-wound in one’s unconsciousness of acquisition - of which, for its escape, in the last hour the angels have, perhaps, to free the struggling Soul! The blessings of the orphan and of the widow - of the lately down-trodden, of but the now rescued - shall be the wings upon which, in triumph out of the clay, shalt thou mount to the face of God! Then to thy heart shall penetrate, and to thine ears shall reach, that blessed assurance, welcoming thee within the doors of the eternal places: ‘Even as thou didst it to the meanest of these thine earthly brethren, has thou done it unto me!’

“The roads of heaven, out of this mere, miserable, transitory man’s world - this world of disputes and difficulties, of the struggle, and of the eagerness, to live, but of the compelled and confused

**haste when death arrests - this place of weariness and discomfort, of - in the real reasons of things - very frequently, the high-placed low, and of the lowly-placed high - the ways, leading beyond those clouds of heaven towards which thou gazest, thou longing man! Have not those solid barriers of division, between body and spirit, which thou, sometimes, art taught to believe! Look out into the universe - important as thou thinkest thine own globe - and imagine what innumerable 'mansions' thy 'Father's house' hath! But how many ways may the hope - which may be all of thee - travel into the celestial spaces! By how many natural and ethereal wickets the blessed may, according to their natures, enter! Are not the stars as bright doors, opening into the glory?**

**“God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, “Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house.” And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, “Take him and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; arm him with sail-broad wings for flight. Only touch not with any change his human heart - the heart - the heart that weeps and trembles.”**

**“It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel-wing they fled through Zaarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divide the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickening, under prophetic motions, towards a life not yet realized. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned, for a time, through a sleepy film. By unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and by answers from afar, that by counter-positions, that by mysterious combinations, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways - horizontal, upright - rested, rose - at altitudes, by spans, that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measures were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below. Above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body. Depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose - that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy - other heights, and other depths - were dawning, were nearing, were at hand.**

**“Then the man sighed, stopped, shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, “Angel, I will go no farther! For the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of Gods' house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the infinite! For end, I see, there is none.” And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant: “Even so it is! Angel, thou knowest that it is. End there is none that ever yet we heard of.” “End is there none?” the angel solemnly demanded. “Ah is this the sorrow that kills you?” But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, “End is there none to the universe of God? Lo, also**

**THERE IS NO BEGINNING!”...**

**“If the bond of the whole visible world be the universal magnetism, then the Immortal, unparticled spirit, of which this Magnetism be the shadow, may be that ineffable potentiality in which the real religion shall be, alone, possible. In this manner shall Sainthood be true of all time. In this ‘new world of the old world,’ shall miracle be possible. In this manner out of the familiar shall come the wonderful. In this angelic medium shall Heaven be! And alone be. ...**

**In “my book I have sought to cast loose the chains which men think they have of this dense, solid, soulless world of ours. Ignoring spirit out of it, as a thing of no account. Rejecting miracle, because it will not submit to a machinery which produces the world; but which is, of course, incompetent to explain the mastership over itself. Which machinery dissolves wholly at the frontier that separates the great, outside, unknown world, from the little, inside, know world.**

**“Mine is not so much an attempt to restore to Superstition its dispossessed pedestal, as it is to replace the Supernatural upon its abdicated throne.**

**“And if, after listening for so long a time to the mighty eloquence of Saint Paul, when heaping inference on inference and proof on proof concerning the religion of the Redeemer, of which he was then so triumphant a champion, Agrippa breaks up his charmed revery, in which he, himself touches on confine of conviction, with the astonished exclamation: ‘Paul, Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian!’ may we not hope that, now, to the reflecting reader, such light of probability shall shine from our arguments, as that he, too, shall ‘almost see’ that the Supernatural may be possible about him even in his own familiar hours, and in this our modern and present day?  
...**

**“In the work now in the reader’s hand, the author proposed to himself these certain objects. First: to the best of his power, to establish the possibility of the supernatural. This science denies. Next, to prove the present existence of the supernatural. This faith rejects. Lastly, to show that all religion is only possible, not in the *thinking* that we believe which means miracle, *per se*, but in the *actually* believing. For mankind may be divided - in the subject of belief in divine matters, or, rather, in the crediting of anything out of this world - into three great sections: First, into those who believe nothing; secondly, into those who would believe if they could; lastly, into those who think that they believe. In this last large class, are included - as to believe impossible things is impossible. - all the conscientious and ‘good’ of all the various orders. People can only believe according to the best of their power; and their common sense stops short of the conviction of miracle; in which, as I contend, real religion can alone lie. ...**

**“It will only be thoughts which arise out of what the author has said, that will set the reader musing. He will see that there lie other things beyond, farther reference to which in a work of this nature - indeed, in any work - would be improper. Those who will accept, as clear Illumination out of the fogs and the delusions of this world, are those who, by intelligence and by knowledge, are fitted to recognize. Ordinary readers, of whom, out of curiosity and the natural vivacity of mind,**

the author feels assured he will have many, will accept the same pages as most amusing matter, certain things in which will stimulate the profoundest thoughts in those who have the higher gift. For, in reading, there are two views. ...

“To the guardians of the more recondite and secret philosophical knowledge, of whom, in the societies - abroad and at home - there are a greater number, even in these days, than the uninitiated might suppose, it will be sufficient to observe that in no part of his book, though every reader will find - it is presumed - abundance of entertainment in it, is there approach by the author, to disclosures which, in any mind, might be considered too little guarded. ...

“Respecting the real meaning and purpose of the extraordinary philosophy of the Rosicrucians - some slender portion of which this book contains, as also do all of Dr. P. B. Randolph’s works - indeed they are, from first to last, *wholly* Rosicrucian - there is the profoundest general ignorance. All that is supposed of them is that they were a mighty sect, whose acquirements - and, indeed, practice - were involved in so much mystery that the comprehension of them was scarcely possible. And this famous secret society has been not only the problem, but the amusement, and converted into the romance, of modern times. On the principle - usually a very true one - that all of the unknown must, therefore, be imposing, the story of these Cabalists has served the turn of those who sought to impress. If modern writers have made use of their history, it has been to weave up the materials into romance. The name of the Rosicrucians has been a word of might with charlatans;(47) they have been the means of exciting, with the dealers in fiction. The character of the *mystic fraternity* - its designs and objects - have been a potent charm with all those who thought that they possessed, through it, a power of stimulating curiosity. Members of the Society of the Rosy Cross have been introduced, as heroes, in novels; have mysteriously fitted as the *deus ex machina*, through tales of the imagination. From want of knowledge of what they were, they have been supposed everything. They have been wondered at - laughed at - feared - set down as magicians, and as exempted from the common lot of the children of men. Fanaticism, dreaming, imposture, and, in the milder form of accusation, self-delusion; all this has been assumed of them. From the curious forms in which they chose to invest their knowledge; because of the singular fables which they chose to invest their knowledge; because of the singular fables which they elected as the medium in which their secrets should be hidden, they have been looked upon as quite of another race - as scarcely men. But they have been much mistaken.

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(47) Most of these organizations base their teachings either on neo-Theosophy, or on a popularized form of New Thought. It is needless there to mention that they contain not a shred of true Rosicrucian philosophy or training and are never - cannot be! - presided over by anyone who has ever been an Acolyte in the authentic Fraternity. They spring up in a night, gather crowds to themselves within a short time because they offer a short and rosy path to Initiateship, and, being unable to fulfil their promises, as quickly die and are forgotten, leaving those who foolishly followed them in a worse state than they were before.  
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“Justice is so late of arrival to all original thinkers - the terms of prejudice, and of astonishment -

not in the good sense - are so long in falling off from profound searchers - that, even now, the Rosicrucians - in other words, the Paracelsians, or Magnetists(48) - are totally ignored as the arch-chemists to whose deep thoughts and unrelaxing labors modern science is indebted for most of its truths. As astrology, not the jugglers of the stars, but the true exploration, seeking the method of being, and of working, of the glittering habitants of space, as astrology was the mother of astronomy, so is the lore of the Hermetic Brethren, miscalled in only one of their names - and that the popular - Rosicrucians - the groundwork of all present philosophy. In its applied side, Rosicrucianism is the very science which is so familiar, and so valuable. But as the Hermetic Beliefs are a great religion, they, of course, have their popular adaptation and, in consequence, there is a mythology to them. There must always be a machinery to every faith, through which it may be known. And the mistake of people is in accepting the childish machinery and the coarsely, but fitly, colored mythology of a religion for the religion itself, and all of it. Hence the Rosicrucians' supposed doctrine of the invisible children of the various elements; its sylphs or sylphids, its kobolds, krolls, gnomes, kelps, or kelpies, its salamanders and salamandrines, and its undines; hence all the picturesque but necessary catalogue of paraded items of belief, to constitute it a system that the vulgar might accept as reconcilable with sense. It is surprising that brighter intelligences have not perceived all this as only coverings and concealments. It ought to be seen, at once, that it is not possible to display certain things. *Mystics are the chief priests of every religion.* For perhaps there never was a worse-founded supposition than that knowledge was for all people. *The minds of some classes of individuals never grow.* Men who have arrived at the last of their mental possibilities are as much children to the higher intelligences, and are as unfit for their knowledge, which has, however, the great merit of being *sure to be disbelieved*, as the children, knowledge to whom, of higher things than their capacity admits of, we conceal and falsify in nursery talk. All that has, yet, been disclosed of the beliefs of the Rosicrucians is fable fitted only to the comprehension of those who demanded a *mythos* as the first necessity of a faith. As more and more of the light is kindled in the mind, so is the disciple introduced into the greater and greater truth. As he himself, becomes fit, so are things fitted to him. And in the mystic sense, and, because it is mystic, the only true sense, when men leave their settled facts and move towards things assumed an unbelievable, they only, by an inverse process, as it were, approach the real facts and leave their children's stories and fables. Mystical, fantastical, and transcendental - nay, impossible - as the studies and objects of the Rosicrucians seem in the modern ultra-practical days, it is forgotten that the truths of contemporaneous science are all based on the dreams of the old thinkers. Out of natural philosophy, the occult brethren sought the spirits of natural philosophy. And to this inner heaven - so unlike ordinary life - through purifications, through invocations, through humbling and prayers, through penances to break the terms of body with the world, through fumigations and incensing to raise up another world about them, and to place themselves *en rapport* with the inhabitants of it, through the suspension of the senses and thereby to the opening of other senses - to the shutting-out of one state, in order to the passing into another state; to all this the Rosicrucians sought to reach.(49)

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(48) They have been known as Hermetists, Paracelsians, Alchemists and in France especially, as Magnetists.

(49) Admittedly not an easy Path to follow and , for this reason, the Fraternity and its labors will

not speedily become popular. Only the proportionately few are willing to follow the leadings of the Law. This is also the reason why the authentic Schools enroll one Acolyte while the clandestine organizations, by offering the secrets and mysteries of heaven and earth plus a path of roses, enroll thousands, only to disappoint them and throw them back into the world with a loss of faith and weaker than they were while living in their original ignorance.

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“By the Philosopher’s ‘Stone’ we acknowledge that we mean the magic mirror, or translucent spirit-seeing crystal, in which impossible-seeming things are disclosed. The menstruum or universal dissolvent, a transmuting element, the *elixir vitae* or a power of general regeneration, magical means in their widest sense - a capacity to deal with the materials of nature until quite contrary things are evolved of them; every phase of impossible knowledge has been assumed of these philosophers. That soon, outside of our material nature, the grand lights begin to shine, was their argument. But by the vulgar their accomplishments were suspected as the forbidden golden keys of the very treasure-house in which lie the means of unlocking the gates to the immortal knowledge!

“Those who take up these volumes will see, by what is advanced in this concluding chapter, that they deal with no crude or inconclusive fancies of merely enthusiastic, imaginative, theorizing people. Nor that they are to be defrauded in the unconscientious work, sought to be diverted from solid judgment in the flimsy attractions, nor simply seduced in the plausibilities of the book-making tribe; traitors - compelled or lured - to the great commonwealth of letters!”

The second volume of *Curious Things* by Hargrave Jennings, F.R.C., from which copious extracts have been made herein, in which will be found some very original and interesting speculation, points, as its keynote, as it were, to the following well-supported though surprising assertion: That extra-ordinary race, the Buddhists of Upper India (of whom the Phoenician Canaanite, Melchizedek, was a priest), *who built the Pyramids, Stonehenge, Carnad, etc.*, can be shown to have founded all the ancient Mythologies of the World, which however varied and corrupted in recent times, were originally ONE and that ONE founded on principles sublime, beautiful, and true!

And at this stage of my book, I may, with propriety, cease addressing in the formal and distant third person, and, in my individual capacity, assure the kind reader (who has accompanied me thus far, and so long) that the volumes upon which he has been occupied have been the full work, in one manner and another, of two years, I first formed the notion of such a book as this at no less distant a date than nine years; namely, in 1851. It was in October, 1858, that I first commenced upon these volumes. Except a certain interval from December, 1859, until the succeeding March, when I was otherwise occupied, the task has held me, uninterruptedly, down to the present. Twenty years of metaphysics are exhibited in the conclusions of this book. They have, thus, the guarantee of delay and of thought. Much thinking produces good acting. ...

Distributed as over the wide and heaving sea of history, most numerous fragments, evidently of a mighty wreck - most wonderful the ship, and of materials and of design portentous and superhuman - have floated as to the thinker’s feet. Chips as of strange and puzzling woods - pieces

that, dissevered, bore no meaning - contradictory objects - diverse matters, only, through keenness, with suspected relation - a beam, portions of rope, the angle of the prow, items that, by long guessing, could alone be discovered to have once constituted a fabric; these have been, as it were, gathered up, and built, into a whole Argo, humbly, in my book. And I have sought to reconstruct a majestic ship, and have traced a celestial and the sublimest story, which we have heired, unknowingly, through the ages. Whether I have succeeded in demonstrating the philosophical possibility of the Supernatural, I am not to be the judge.

There are seven distinct magnetic laws, which, when obeyed and enforced, cannot possibly fail of producing given effects or results; and the first of these, and without which but little can be done, either with reference to one's self or another, is PERSISTENCE OF PURPOSE TO GIVEN END, AIM AND PURPOSE. My own career is a proof-case in point. Many years ago I made the discovery, elsewhere announced, that most of human ills, social, domestic, mental and moral, were the result of infractions, by excess, entire continence, or inversion, therefore perversion, of the sexual passion and instinct common to the human race. But there was no known cure for those evils, and I was therefore compelled to search for one in the regions of the unknown. With certain speculative and transmitted data to start from, I began and for long years continued, the investigation of the matter, with a persistence, patient research, and strength of will that shrunk at no obstacle, admitted no possibility of defeat or failure. The result of that persistence is before the world, which this day acknowledges that I have perfected a series of nervo-vital agents, better than have yet been produced on the globe, to relieve the nervous troubles of mankind, no matter whether they result from excess or inversion of the sex-instinct of mankind, or from prodigal waste of life from over-study, sedentary, in-door life, or excessive mental, moral, or nervous toil.

The *second law* is that of ATTENTION - condensed, steady, concentrated attention to, and upon, the person, object, principle, purpose or thing intended or attempted to be achieved. The exercise of this power will increase the general mental strength, *rapidly*.

The *third law* is, CALMNESS, quietude! Nothing can be gained by ebullition, hurry, excitement, especially in matters pertaining to seership, by any means what ever, because it destroys the direction and volume of the magnetic currents, and scatters to the winds what ought to be a steady, waving flow of power.

The *fourth magnetic law* is that of Will; not persistence in, or of, it; but WILL itself - the It-shall-be-as-I-want-it-power of the Soul. It is the central pivot about which all the others rotate, and receive their impulsion toward the ends aimed at.

The *fifth law* is that of INTENSITY, which needs no explanation.

The *sixth law* is that of POLARITY - the most important one of all, because without it not much can be done; with it, there is no human being but can be reached and influenced, to a degree perfectly astonishing, as I have demonstrated in a hundred cases, one of which shall serve as a lesson.

Mrs. A., for instance, having heard that I sometimes give lessons of a psychical character, comes to me with the old story, that her husband's love has grown cool, that he is attracted elsewhere, and she is wretched in consequence, and wants to draw him back by magnetic, or any other equally sure, innocent and certain means. If she already possesses a good magnetic mirror, all the better; if not, I tell her to borrow one from a friend, and use it as hereinafter directed; and I begin by inquiring the height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, approximate weight, and build, and age of her husband. This, to determine his temperament, with *reference to her own*. Suppose she is a blonde and her husband a brunette. These are the proper *relative* temperaments, and such *ought* to be a happy union, and they twain disagreeing, I conclude that the fault is mainly her own. She is, very likely, too cold, exacting, imperious, disobliging, heedless of him; non-caressive; and I tell her to *correct* these faults in herself to begin with, for such a man with such a temperament will be quick, impulsive, passionate, restive, and full of angles; yet, armed with love, the blonde wife can not only subdue him, but win him from any *brunette* woman under the sun. How? Blondes are electric, brunettes magnetic, and very susceptible to influences *steadily* brought to bear upon them. His weakest point, and there fore greatest want, is *caressive* love. Let the blonde wife play *that* card, and her game is won; and that is what is meant by Polarity. Let her set before the mirror, bring up his image before her therein, and when it is steadily fixed before the Soul's eye, let her bring all the other six laws to bear upon it - *him* crowning all, as she looks upon him with true, pure, wifely desire.

But suppose both parties are blondes. It is evident that caressive love won't do there, because both are of the same electric temperament, and the straying husband, nine chances in ten, has become fascinated with some dark-eyed, dark-haired olive-hued, passional woman, whose warm, magnetic nature is altogether fascinating, and chains him with bands of triple steel. Well, in that case, the wife must attack him through the door of his higher nature, and prove to him by her steady, unchanging treatment of him, that Soul is superior to body, mind to mere beauty, solicitude and interest in his affairs of more worth than whole oceans of mere passionalism. His brain and sense, then form the *point d'appui* in that case - the polar point. Reverse the sexes and circumstances, if you choose to do so, yet the law is still the same.

But there is another principle here, that is of equal importance, in all cases where a love-sundering is the result of a third party's intrusion, influence, and power. Repulsion is precisely as powerful as Attraction, and we will suppose that the fault lies neither in the wife nor husband, but in a female rival of the former, who of course is just as susceptible to magnetic influences, hatred, dislike, etc, as any other human being. Well, to illustrate this very important point: Once in Cairo, Egypt, I conversed with an educated Arab on this very topic, and learned that it was a common custom for an injured wife to bring before her the image of the recreant husband - by force of Will - frequently using, for want of a better, either a glass of water, or such a magic mirror as is described in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and in Mrs. Poole's *English Woman in Egypt*. But as there are plenty of Wulees, Kutbs, and dervishes all over Egypt, it is quite an easy matter for such to gain an hour's use of a genuine glass or jewel. In this mirror, no matter whether a common one or a diamond, she invokes the Simulacrum, or magnetic image of the woman who has stolen her husband's affections. "But

suppose she does not know who the woman is? That makes not the slightest difference; all she has to do is to Will the woman, and no earthly power can prevent her image, wraith, picture, or spiritual form and face from appearing. When she does so: *“Back on thy head, all the misery thou has heaped upon mine! Back to thy heart the pangs thou has made me endure!* In the name of love, whom thou hast disgraced; in the name of Him who is omnipotent, I turn the love of my [husband or lover] bears thee, into its opposite - dislike and hatred; and in Allah’s name I change thy mutual passion into foul disgust and horror. In the name of God so may it be!”

Now your *practical* people will probably laugh at such a method, such means, and yet in so doing they laugh at God, at human love, breaking hearts, and the irresistible magnetic laws of the entire universe of the great Supreme, and I had rather face the “devil” that the solemn prayer of an injured woman; for I *might* escape his clutches - if he had any; but it is certain that such a message, from such a woman, under such circumstances, and in such a cause, would find me and fang my Soul with horror wherever I might hide; because woman’s love is the strongest force on earth; her cause is the purest, strongest, and most just; and all the good powers of the universe are in sympathy therewith. Nor do I believe it possible for a failure to occur, provided the woman be in *dead earnest*, and follows up her blow day by day, till her magnetic victory is achieved.

But injured wives are not the only ones in Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and Arabia, who have recourse to magnetic means in love affairs; for windows resort to the identical methods, save it only a change of *formulas*: “Gracious Allah, thou hast declared it is not good to be alone; wherefore grant that I may herein behold one suited to me.” This, supposing she has no special man for a husband in view. If she has, then she brings up his image, and directs her force upon *him*. I have heard of many successes; I have known of no failures: nor do I see any reason why the white women of Western Europe and North America should not be quite as powerful and successful in these matters as their Arabian and Egypt-Syriac sisters, or the Quadroons of the South, who notoriously practice the same things to the same ends. If one of these women has no special man in view whom she desires to have for a husband, then she continues the experiments until a series of psycho-visual phantasmal faces flit across the strange, dark face of the magnetical glass. When one appears toward whom her Soul yearns, as only a woman’s Soul can yearn, and she feels toward it as love alone can feel, she holds the simulacrum there, firmly, steadily, brings into active play the law heretofore explained, and forthwith impresses - wherever, whoever, he may be - the living original of that phantom picture, by a magnetism forceful, irresistible. The next thing is to find the man; to bring the two together; and this is done by the same means; for the lucidity has often revealed localities, places, names. Seldom, however, is there a case like the above; for generally the woman already knows of the man she wants, and then her object is to inspire him, and the meeting afterward is a very easy affair.

Of course this whole thing is nothing but clairvoyance, pure and simple, entirely magnetic from first to last, only that it is Oriental, instead of Western, and is reached by methods differing from those in practice by Europeans and Americans generally - if we except a few of the Wandering Zingaras, and Southern Octoroons.

In gazing into the profundities of the magnetic world through the agency of a mirror, it sometimes happens that very strange things are seen; as a hundred letters from mirror-seers to me most unequivocally demonstrate. Occasionally an eye, emblematic of the very loftiest seership and celestial guidance, is beheld, and blessed indeed are they to whom it appears. Recently a correspondent in Ohio wrote me that he had beheld such a mysterious eye, and forthwith I wrote him for particulars - after this book was nearly all set up in type. The subjoined reply came to hand, which I deem of so great importance to those who aspire to seership, that I have caused it to be printed herein. Says the writer:-

“T-C-, Ohio, Jan. 9th, 1869.

“Now for the particulars of that eye, or whatever it was. For some time past I have been wearing a bandage - not the improved magnetic arrangement, but the first crude substitute therefor. This bandage was of linen, with half-a-dozen thicknesses of heavy paper over my eyes and forehead at night - and tried to see through them, according to the directions laid down in your book, *Dealings with the Dead*, and your first monograph on clairvoyance. I began this practice immediately after purchasing a magnetic or magic mirror [a second-grade Trinue]. As I sit at the present time, I soon see a pale golden light, seemingly misty, frequently cut with flashes of electric or magnetic light. In this soft, pale, golden light, there appears a spot of deep-yellow gold moving about, sometimes in a circle. After watching it for some time, it resolves itself into something like an eye, with a dark, deep-blue pupil; then into a ring of gold around the eye-center; then into a lighter ring of blue, resembling an eye. I first saw this object two or three weeks after I bought the mirror. The first object I saw at all was in the evening when sitting back toward the bright lamp-light. I had sat about twenty minutes, impatient and discouraged at seeing nothing but a black mirror, when suddenly the appearance described above showed itself near the left-hand lower corner of the disc, slowly passing upward two-thirds the way toward the right-hand upper corner, when it suddenly disappeared. This has been repeated several times, with variations. Its size was that of a silver dime. I thought it was a usual thing, hence paid but little attention to it; I am certainly not a seer, but thought I was tending that way. I was not satisfied, because I could not get a likeness when I wished to. I can get answers enough, but not always reliable, though the future may reveal something more satisfactory.

“Yours, etc.,

Now I know cases wherein that identical spot of golden light has resolved itself into an *ethereal lane through which magnificent supernal realities have been seen*; and other cases wherein full faces have grown out from it, and the perfect forms and features of the dead been fully beheld and recognized. More than that: I have known three persons, at the same time, in broad daylight, see the same

things, - a magnificent living picture, embodying the most splendid and arabesque scenery; and I am satisfied that whoever can see even a single cloud pass across the mirror's face can, if they but pursue the matter, very soon develop their latent powers of clairvoyance or seership. But not all can do so, for I have known persons to try for quite a length of time without succeeding, owing to some organic difficulty born with them; persons who will probably never become clairvoyant while in the body. At this point I will state, that in any case of difficulty in developing the psycho-vision, the wearing of the magnetic bandage on the head at night, and the magnetic plate on the body by day, will go far toward removing the disturbance and obstructions, besides exerting a positive curative effect, if the party be at all ailing. ...

Again, while reading the printer's proofs of this work, another letter, from a lady in Oswego, N.Y., reaches me, pertinent to the matter of the volume. I quote:

“Oh, let me tell you that my dear father has gone home since I left Boston. ...I was far, far away from him. ...I saw my father's face, his beautiful face; and it seemed as white as snow, and his reverend hair as white as his face. ...Since that he has come to me just as I used to see him long, long years ago, in the splendid prime of perfect manhood. And he conveyed to me these blessed words - *‘My child, I am not dead!’*”

Reader, such a *proof* of Immortality can be had by no other means, and is worth all the medium talk, and oblique, indirect, and far-fetched communications in the world, ten thousand times over.

Another proof, while I write. The Cambridge gentleman, alluded to a while since, has just related to me the following strange experience with his mirror:

“A short time ago while looking in my mirror, my attention was arrested by the appearance of an object resembling a vast and distant mountain. Even while I gazed upon its craggy outlines, it changed into the semblance of an enormous cloud, moving toward the top of the glass, dividing itself into two parts, and gradually vanishing from sight. And now a train of curious, but indistinct, objects began to pass in panoramic order across the sublime field of the marvelous glass. Suddenly the mirror became radiant with auroral light, and things flashed across it with electric speed. Barren regions, utterly destitute of verdure; rugged mountains, awful chasms, fearful precipices passed, immediately followed by a majestic sweep of planets, stars, suns, systems, galaxies, in awful splendor and unutterable majesty. They sailed away, and seemed to leave me solitary and alone, standing hard by the confines, as it were of an awful, vast eternity - a stranger in an unearthly clime - an infinitesimal mote in space - the merest speck in existence - the nearest approach to Nothing, without power to comprehend the vast, boundless, limitless vault before, beneath, above, and around me. Amazed at the awful sublimity of the scene, I was on the point of calling for an explanation, which I undoubtedly should have obtained, when my solitude was broken

by the entrance of one of those cast-iron, matter-of-fact men, whose only idea is the dollar; and to my great annoyance the mirror ceased to reflect the image of the Eternal, and the seance for that time was ended.”

The superiority of Psycho-vision to the so-called mediumism of the day, for all purposes whatever, is too apparent to need further argument. Spiritual manifestations subserve the grand end of demonstrating the sublime fact of post-mortem existence, but, as a revelative power, otherwise is of very little use; and the quality of mediumship unquestionably unjurious, because it is impossible to *know* whether the possessing invisible is good or evil. A “Hearsay” is good; but “I see and know,” is a great deal better. The thought here intended to be conveyed, was very elegantly and forcibly expressed by Dr. Uriah Clark, a man who had the bravery to openly denounce the imposture and pretense of modern spiritualism, in defense of a truer and higher kind, direct from God.

“The trifling tricks passing for modern spiritual phenomena pale into insignificance before the magnificent phenomena of Nature and the Revelations of God in human history. ‘This brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire;’ yon cloud-capped mountains pushing their white cones into the heavens; yon glorious landscapes sweeping into the distant horizon; the murmur of myriads of sentient existences swarming the air and earth around; the eternal roar of old ocean, and the aeolian melody of the morning and the evening breeze; the songs of woodlands, and the whistling of hurricanes; the waves and tides sweeping around our globe; the world, wheeling through empires of endless space - the occult forces flashing in lightnings, and rolling in thunders vibrating the universe; the unseen currents coursing through every fibre of the wonderful mechanism of our being; these minds within us, anon making us feel like heroes, martyrs, gods facing fire, flood and fiercest battle; these hearts of ours pulsating with hopes bounded only by eternity - all these are revelations of Almighty God, and prophets of the Soul’s unending destiny.”

A finer peroration, or a grander one, I never yet heard fall from human lips. Yet this is called defection, and treason against the truth. It may be so, but if it is, then set me down as loving all such defection, and glorying in just such treason. If there were more of it, this were a great deal better world.

Before closing this work, I beg to again enforce upon those who would attain to a positive development of lucidity, the absolute necessity of perfect nervous quietude during the process; because every departure therefrom, every excess, physical, mental, emotional or sexual - every abnormalness, of what ever nature, are just so many and effective bars to its attainment. Everything may be done in moderation, but whoever goes beyond the mark, treads upon the “dead line” of Clairvoyance. Will is the primal Power. Love the central Force. Persistence is the Road.

To such as have faith in the things underlying outer sense, who realize that we are floating in a sea of mysteries, that the reality of all things lies deeply hidden behind a thick veil which only the strong and patient Soul can raise or penetrate; to those especially who have provided themselves

during the last twelve years with good and perfect instrumentalities; and to those who have demonstrated their importance in the deeper researches of magnetic science and philosophy; and to such only, is this book and the subjoined code of rules for their use presented. And these rules are exact copies - rendered into English - of those in use by all oriental seers, with the exception of the extracts from *De Novalis* and the Masters, both of which I copy from my first work on internal vision, long since out of print.

I. To have impatience (in these things) will delay, or totally prevent, success. But unto the true seeking Soul cometh ever the real light of the divine magnetic power of true magic. But it cometh in its fulness only to the spirit that is self possessed and calm. Remember what the Grand Master, himself a genius rare, and, therefore, a true seer, says: "The true Rosicrucian, the acolyte, the adept, reaches forth for the infinite, in *Power and Goodness*, which are the keys that unlock the gates of glory; and he sees, hears, knows, and healeth the mental, physical, social, moral and domestic ills of humankind, by means of his goodness and his mighty secret whereof but few in an age are naturally possessed, and still fewer attain to, for want of WILL and PATIENCE. For only the children of the empyrean, by nature or adoption, are admitted to the treasure house of the underlying and overflowing real. Such, only, have the true medical and supernal inspiration, and inhale the diviner breath of God...Whosoever hath a strong Will, and purity of purpose, may, if they elect, unbar the doors of mystery, enter her wide and strange domain, and revel in knowledge denied to baser Souls."

*De Novalis* says: "The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, hath a regularity of its own. He or she that hath a *right sense* for the fortuitous, hath already the signet and seal of a royal power, naturally to know and use, not all mystery, but much that lies very, *very* far beyond the ken of mortals who are not thus endowed by nature, or have not grown thereto by experience and choice. Such persons can readily determine *truly* that which to others less gifted or with less COURAGE, WILL, PERSISTENCE, and quietude, must forever remain unknown. For one with these qualities necessarily commands both information and obedience from the viewless intelligences and subordinate powers and agencies of the universe. Such can seek destiny for others, in her own halls; solver her riddles by her own laws; and read, as in an open book, the future - the things that shall befall an inquirer in all that pertaineth to body, Soul health, affections, and possessions; and, still casting forward and upward the Soul's keen glance, can discern the final result and summing up of being, and all by means of the phasoul and phantorama, as revealed to the Searcher's vision on the surface of the Symph, the magic mirror, the peerless disk of La Trinue."

II. There are glasses of three grades: the mule, or small, neuter; the female and the male. The first is small, but fine; More a philosophic toy than of practical use; has two foci, is good for clouds and fame, symbols and shadows; but the magnetic filament is very thin, and the two foci not always mathematically true; they are quite easily warped and broken, cost but little, and are mainly used by fortune-telling, vagrant gypsies of the lowest class, and who are not able to procure a higher and better grade Trinue.

The mirror next in size to the imperfect sort just described, is, in mirrorists' parlance, called well-

sexed, or female, because its foci are true, its polish superb, its power great, and sensitiveness most remarkable. There are magic mirrors in existence really not much superior to these last, valued at fabulous sums. For instance, the one that covers the back of the Sultan's watch, for Abdul Aziz, of Turkey, possesses one of rare beauty, seeing that it consists of a single diamond concaved out; and its value is something over \$400,000. The late Maha-rajah Dhuleep Singh possessed three; one an immense diamond, the other an enormous ruby, and the third composed of the largest emerald known in the world; and yet, despite the enormous pecuniary difference in value between these and a Trinue of the second order, it is doubtful if the former, for special uses, can ever equal the latter. For a glass of that grade will hold a magnetic film nearly *eight inches* in thickness, flattened on the top, quite as good as a first grade male mirror for seeing all things, and only inferior thereto in not affording a magnetic surface sufficiently extended to admit of the finer and grander phantoramic displays; and not thick enough to enable the seer to readily affect distant persons, or to fix the called-up images or simulacra of distant persons, or the locality of the absent living or dead. But, for all ordinary purposes, it serves admirably, and, in my judgment, is altogether superior to the celebrated crystal globe, belonging to Charles Trinius, of San Francisco, California, for which \$3,000 was offered and refused. They are more expensive than the male-glass; more of them are made and imported; and they are the kind generally in use throughout the Western Continent.

Not long ago, a "Reform" paper publisher declared he had no faith in mirrors; and yet, within a month thereafter, published column after column to prove the reality of precisely the same thing. For both the principles, rationale, methods and results, are *identical*; namely, spiritual photography. But, in reality, the man only objected to the one, because it did not originate among the faithful of his peculiar household, and commended another form of the same thing, because it *did* thus originate, and was backed up by wealthy lawyers, doctors, judges, and moneyed men, most of whom, judging from their style of argument, possessed more greenbacks than brains. I and my friends are poor, and can't afford to buy up the proprietors of papers, which, you see, makes all the difference in the world; and hence there is a marked contrast in regard to the claims of wealthy Tweedledee, and impecunious Tweedledom, who are, after all, precisely right, because exactly on the same ground. Spiritual and electric photography is, and ever was and will be, true; and crystal seership, and mirror visions, and such photography, are one and the same thing, operated by the same laws and principles, and underlaid and subtended by precisely the same wonderful esoteric chemistry; and the only difference, if any, lies in the fact that but few persons can get spiritual photographs, while a great many can obtain very satisfactory, but evanescent pictures, by means of a differently sensitized plate - a fact I have seen demonstrated hundreds of times, as thousands of others have whom I never saw, heard, or knew.

The male mirror is superior to either of the others. Its foci are *four inches apart*. The basin is over *seven inches by five in the clear ovoid*, and of course its *field* is immense. They are better adapted to *professional use* than private experiment, because they are capable of, and frequently do, exhibit three separate and distinct vivoramas, at one and the same time, to as many distinct on-lookers. I have often wished I could make these mirrors; but that is impossible, as three continents furnish the materials composing them. And even the frames and glasses must be imported from beyond the seas; as must also the strangely sensitive material wherewith the sympathetic rings are filled;

concerning which rings and their brightening, when the future is well, and their strange darkening, when evil impends, or friends fall off, and lovers betray, the quadroons of Louisiana, as well as the women of Syria, could tell strangely thrilling tales. And in consequence of the importance attached to these rings and mirrors, counterfeits of them have been, in times past, put forward, albeit the parties who obtained them were themselves to blame, seeing that but one person - Vilmara - ever imported either to this country.

III. No mirror or ring must be allowed to be handled much, if at all, by other than the owner thereof; because such handling mixes the magnetisms and destroys their sensitiveness. Others may *look* into them, holding by the box in which the frame is kept, but never touching either frame or glass.

IV. When the glass surface becomes soiled or dusty, it may be cleaned with fine soap-suds, rinsed well, washed with alcohol, or rubbed with a little fluoric acid, and then polished with soft velvet or chamois leather.

V. A mirror must not be neglected; but should frequently be magnetized by passes with the *right* hand, five minutes at a time. This is calculated to keep it *alive*, and give it *strength* and *power*.

VI. Passes with the *left* hand add to its magnetic sensitiveness.

VII. The longer time, and frequency of its use, the better it becomes.

VIII. The somnifying or magnetizing power of the glass is obtained to a greater degree than is possible by hand-mesmerism, but looking at its centre in perfect quietude. It will magnetize many who defy mesmerism.

IX. When used, the mirror's back must always be *toward* the light; but its face *never*. That is fatal to its visional power.

X. The position of the glass, held or placed, must be *oblique*; that is to say, its top must lean *from* the on-looker.

XI. When amateurs, or several, look in at one time, it should be suspended; but must then be touched by nobody at all.

XII. The proof of the proper focus or position of the glass is when no image or thing whatever is reflected in it. Change its inclination, or move the head, till a *clear, plain, whitish black, deep-watery volume* is seen, which will not be till the magnetism has time to collect. That surface is the magnetic plane of the mirror; and in and upon it all things seeable in a Trine are beheld.

XIII. The first thing seen are clouds. They appear to be *on* or in the mirror, but in reality are not

so, but on the upper surface of the magnetic field above it. That magnetic plane collects there from the eyes of the onlooker. Persons of a magnetic temperament - brunette, dark-eyed, brown-skinned, and with dark hair - charge it *quickly*, but no more *effectually* than those of the opposite temperament - blonde or *blondette* - who are electric in temperament.

XIV. The male is not so *easily* developed into seership as the female sex; but become exceedingly powerful and correct when they are so. Virgins see best; next to them are widows.

XV. In all cases the boy before puberty, and the girl in her pucilage, make the quickest and sharpest seers. Their magnetism is pure, unmixed, unsexed; and purity means power in all things magnetic and occult.

XVI. White clouds are favorable; affirmative; good.

XII. Black clouds are the exact reverse: inauspicious; bad.

XIII. Violet, green, blue, presage coming joy - are excellent.

XIX. Red, crimson, orange, yellow, mean danger, trouble, sickness, "beware," deceptions, losses, betrayal, slander, grief, and indicate surprises of a disagreeable character.

XX. To affect a distant person, invoke the image. Hold it by Will, and fix the mind and purpose steadily upon the *person*; and whoever he or she may be - no matter where they are - the telegraph of Soul will find them, somewhere within the spaces. But, observe this law: Nothing is surer than, if the seer's purpose be evil, it will react upon him or herself with terrible effect, sooner or later; wherefore all are strictly cautioned to *be* and *do* good, only; for:

XXI. Remember the aerial spaces are thronged with innumerable intelligences, Celestial and the reverse. The latter have Force; the former possess Power. To reach the good ones, the heart must correspond. In many ways will they respond, when involed with prayerful feelings; and they will protect and shield from the bad - and there are countless hosts of the bad on the serried confines of the two great worlds - Matter and Spirit: myriads of grades of them, whereof the *puling*, phenomenal spiritualist never yet has even dreamed. These malign forces are many and terrible; but they can never reach or successfully assault the Soul that relies on God in perfect faith, and which involves the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

XXII. The face of the mirror should never be exposed to the chemical and actinic influence of direct sunlight, because it ruins the magnetic susceptibility, just as it does the sensitized plate of the photographer; and no mirror once spoiled can be made good as before, without sending it to Europe to be re-made entirely. Moonlight, on the contrary, benefits them. The back must not be tampered with, or removed, for any light striking it will at once completely ruin all its magnetic properties; hence its careful sealing. So also are extremes of heat and cold injurious to them,

because either will destroy the parabolic-ovoid shape of the glass, which done, it is thenceforth useless, for it will no longer retain its hold upon the magnetic effluvium from the eyes - the sensitive sheet upon which its clouds and other marvels are mirrored; but it will roll off like water from hot iron, and, in the words of Vilmara, “be good never - no more!”

**XXIII.** Whatever appears upon the left hand of the mirror-looker, as he gazes into it, is real; that is to say, is a picture of an actual thing.

**XXIV.** Whatever appears upon the right hand, as he looks into it, is symbolical.

**XXV.** Ascending clouds or indistinct shadows are affirmative replies to questions that may be asked - if silently, it makes no difference.

**XXVI.** Descending clouds are the negations to all such questions.

**XXVII.** Clouds or shadows moving toward the seer’s right hand are signals from spiritual beings, indicative of their presence and interest.

**XXVIII.** When they move toward the left hand of the seer, it means, “Done for this time” - the seance is ended for the present.

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That Magic is an actual thing no sane man, especially if well read and travelled, can will deny, for there is too much corroborative testimony from among the Hindoos, Indians, Arabs, Negroes, Tartars, Chinese, and other races, to successfully do so. Americans, till of late years, have wholly neglected the veiled studies; but from their immense amount of energy, brain and nervous power, they will yet excel all other people on the globe, in that, as in other specialties. So sure am I of this, that I venture to assert that aside from the savages of our cities, eight-tenths of the average Americans are competent in six weeks, to the development of what in another age than this, would be regarded as miraculous phenomena, either of the physical type of mediumism, or of the clairvoyant order, through circles, magnetism, or seeing by the mirror.

## Chapter 3

### MAGICAL ARTS

#### Making Magical Mirrors

**This third part of the present book\* is added to answer the numerous correspondents who, for many years past, have pressed me for something on the points involved in the book proper; and to give, in a concise and condensed form, information which it would be wholly impossible to write out for even a small part of the number who ask for it. I first quote the subjoined article:**

**"The far east must ever lead the world in the practice of necromancy. All the skill and mechanical ingenuity of the most expert prestidigitateurs of Europe or America cannot produce a single exhibition which will compare with the feats of the commonest Indian juggler. The Japanese have taught us the greater part of the slight-of-hand illusion which is now paraded before staring audiences in this country and in Europe; but the necromancy of Japan is a boys' play compared with the mysterious jugglery of the nether and farther Indies, and especially of Siam. In the latter country there is a royal troupe of jugglers, who perform only at the funerals and coronations of the kings, and then only in the presence of the nobles of Siam, or those initiated into the mysteries of the religion of the country. These necromancers do not perform for money, are of noble blood, and it is seldom that a European sees even their faces. Last year, however, an English surgeon, who was in the country, performed a somewhat remarkable cure upon a princess, who had been treated in vain by all the physicians of the country. Great was the gratitude of the Siamese court at the doctor's performance; and, as a reward commensurate with his great service, he was permitted to witness the performance of Tepada's royal troupe of jugglers. This exhibition was given in the sacred temple of Juthia, on the 16th of November, the occasion being the coronation of the young king. The surgeon's narrative, stripped of a large amount of description, and materially condensed, is given below.**

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**\* This chapter originally appeared in the several editions of [Eulis](#) but we deem it of greater importance as part of Seership, to which it properly belongs. -The Editor.**  
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## IN THE TEMPLE OF JUTHIA.

"Woun-Tajac called me very early, and he and his father's cousin, a jolly, fat old gentleman, called Soondatch-Tam-Bondar, set to work to prepare me for witnessing the performances in the great pagoda. A white turban was wound around my head; my skin was stained the color of new bronze; my mustache ruthlessly trimmed down, blacked, and waxed till it had the proper Malayan dejected droop and tenuity; my eyebrows blacked; and native garments furnished me, over which I wore the long white robes which, I was told, were peculiar to the 'initiated.' The pagoda of Juthia is more celebrated for its sacredness than its size, or the splendor of its architecture. It is, nevertheless, a building of some very striking features. It is situated without the city, upon a broad and commanding terrace, elevated considerably above the level of the river-plains. It is approached from the city by a long, brick-paved avenue, wide, straight and imposing.

### ADMIT ONE.

"Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, each holding me by an arm, now directed me toward one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men, with drawn swords, and very fierce aspect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. At a triple password these men admitted my companions, but crossed their swords before my breast. Soondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two; he started, gazed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a signet. He took it, and reverently placed it upon his forehead; yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions; and, at last, the elder guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone-pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly appeared, I could not see from whence. He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar, cunning, self-possessed look of person and intelligence.

### 'TEPADA!'

exclaimed both of my companions at once; but the man, who was naked, except for a breech-clout, took no notice of them. He put his hand heavily, but not unkindly, upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said in excellent French, 'Are you a brave man?' - 'Try me!' I said. Instantly, without another word, he bandaged my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore; he snapped his fingers suddenly, whispering in my ears, 'Not a word, for your life!' and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down; the bandage was quietly removed; and I found myself squatted on a stone-floor, between Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, who, with bowed heads, and faces partly shrouded in their white robes, squatted like statues of Buddha, their knees and shins close to the ground, their haunches resting upon their heels, their hands spread palms downward upon their knees, their eyes deflected, and a look of devout reverence and abstracted meditation in their countenances. The light was dim to my unaccustomed

eyes, but all around, as far as I could see, were white-robed worshippers crouched in the same attitude of silent reverence.

### A WEIRD SCENE.

"By degrees, as my eyes grew used to the dim gloom, I began to look about me. The place was a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide. All around the sides rose gigantic columns, carved into images of Buddha always, yet with a thousand variations from the central plan, a thousand freaks of fancy, a thousand grotesqueries, through which shone, the more effectively for the departures, the eternal calm, the stagnant, unperturbed ecstasy of apathy of Buddha's remarkable face, with the great pendant ears, and the eyes looking out beyond you into the supreme wistfulness of Nioban - a face that once seen can never be forgotten. By degrees I came to see the plan of this evidently subterranean vault, and to look with wonder upon the simple grandeur of its massive architecture, which was severely plain, except so far as the carving of the great columns, was a raised dais or platform, covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five or forty feet deep and one hundred and fifty broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just about the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent, sacramental odor.

### THE OPENING CEREMONIES

"Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage - gongs, drums, cymbals, and horns - and with wonderful alertness, and a really indescribable effect, a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains, bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps, strung from the base almost of the columns sheer up to the apex of the vault, which, I could now see, rose in a lofty dome, that doubtless pierced far up into the interior of the pagoda proper. The illumination from these multitudinous lamps was very brilliant; too soft to be dazzling or overpowering, yet so penetrating and pervasive that one missed nothing of the perfect light of the day. The din of the horrible orchestra increased, and a band of old women came out from under the stage singing, or rather shrieking out, the most diabolical chant that I ever heard, The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud, and there, right before us, alongside the censer, stood a very old man, but wrinkled, with long hair and beard, white as cotton fleece. His finger-nails were several inches long, and his sunken jaws were horribly diversified with two long teeth, yellow and ogreish. He was naked, except for a breech-cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hands, and blew his breath into it until the flame rose twenty feet high, red and furious; then, with a sudden, jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil toward the crowd of squatting spectators. It shot toward them a broad sheet of terrible flame; it descended upon them a shower of roses and japonicas, more than could have been gathered in a cart. Turning the censer bottom upward, he spun it for a minute upon the point of his long thumb-nail, then flung it disdainfully away toward

the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced, and rose with sudden expanse of wings.

### A SHRIEKING EAGLE,

frightened horribly, and seeking flight towards the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upward; then, seeing the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent its legs apart, with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and hurled them, dartlike, toward the eagle. They glanced upward with a gilded flash, and instantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst, dead, and three horrible cobras coiled about him, and lifting their hooded heads defiantly, and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still wilder, the snakes coiled and plaited themselves together in a rhythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and, presto! Tight in our midst there stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame, and its incense-savored breath. A more perfect illusion never was seen.

"That is Norodom,' whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be the tall athletic, Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is

### IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE,

unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them, In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spon with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient; and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in lie manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body; there was a sudden strain, and the arms of the men from being horizontal become perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and, presto! Tepada's head was on the ground. Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned a somersault, and the column was unbroken!

### METAMORPHOSES.

"One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and, borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the

robe. When the robe was lifted again, a fox was in the place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leper appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon its hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the fold of a great boa-constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

"During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one that preceded it, following one another in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment.

### THE BEAUTIFUL LUAN PRABANA

"A perfectly formed and most lovely nautch girl sprang out upon the stage and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Luan Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather-work. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then she knelt and laid her head on old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet-fern leaves, Minhman fetched a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint-looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old yogi-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfigured she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewildering rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman, and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her; it broke, and as she was whirled along, a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over our heads towards the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air then with a slight, wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up toward the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized bow and arrow and shot toward her. There was a

wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and laid there an apparent bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

### WAS IT A MIRACLE?

"Now, from behind the red curtains cam a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered drapery, upon which lay Luan Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quietly down upon the front of the stage, and left there, while Norodom and Temada went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. 'That is Stung-Tieng's coffin,' whispered Woun to me; 'the old saint has been dead more than half a millennium.'

"Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak-box was discovered. This was pried open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least one hundred yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shrivelled mummy of a small, old man was visible, eyes closed, flesh dry and hard - dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it - it was still as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and, prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold-chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils, and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a space, while the drums and gongs and cymbals clashed and clattered, and the shrill, crackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

### A LA LAZARUS.

"A breathless pause ensued - one, two, three minutes - and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared, blinking and vacant, out around the vault - an old wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shrivelled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently, upon his knees, bringing a salver, with wine and a wafer-cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, and tottered to his feet, the feeblest decrepit old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the nautch girl slumbering upon her couch; he scuffled feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden waked, clasped him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him.

Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kiss. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away - a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend, to whom I described it, regards as a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects the ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of sun-worship.

### BACK TO THE TOMB.

"The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayadere led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shrivelled dotard; he sighed, then breathed no more. Luan Prabana retired sorrowfully; Norodom and Tepada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blindfolded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends - as the mystic ceremonies of the great temple of Juthia were over, it may be for many years."

"With strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away - a bridal pair." "Venus and Adonis - a form of sun-worship." "The Phallic chorus sunk into a dirge." Can anything be plainer or more direct in confirmatory proof of what I had written in this book than this excerpt from a newspaper, dated April 11, 1874, months after this book was completed - but the appearance of which necessitated a brief additional page or two? There is no need to go to far-off Siam to witness such marvels, or to learn their strange *principia*, for I have not only witnessed displays of High Magic in this country, quite as marvellous, but different from the above, but have myself performed the feat of Fire-drawing, and come very near destroying the life of a woman who assisted at the rite, and but for the quick, brave, self-sacrificing action of Dr. Charles Main, of Boston, that woman would have been slain by fire drawn down from the aerial spaces by principles known to me. For fifteen years I sought a female of the right organization - an European or American Luan Prabana [the Fair and Virgin invocatress] - and not till March, 1874, did I find her, but her Self-will, and brother-in-law's [he was a Pupil] lack of decision determined me to seek elsewhere for the true material - which, it is needless to say, I have found again in my own personal circle. The Mysteries are all wrought through the Phallic, Discal, Yoni Principles, in *unsullied purity*, and the highest, noblest worship known to man. The great trouble with all whom I have partly taught in this land is that they - not one of them - saw anything nobler than the brilliant chance of sure gain, or opportunities to gratify Passion. Wherefore, of course, I dropped them all. The phenomenal magic recounted in the extract given above, together with the equally startling things of Egypt, Negroland, Japan, China, Tartary, and India - only distantly approached by the Fire-tests, materialization and the like, as seen in the case of Hume, the Baltimore negro and others, together with the air-floating of various persons, myself included - are, so far as real use is concerned, but

secondly trifles compared to that loftier system of the far Orient, whereby persons are enabled to glimpse behind the scenes of life, and note what transpires on the further side. To the special consideration of that transcendent phase of high magic, I shall devote this concluding chapter of my book, observing, ere I do so, that I hope these things now written will neither be scattered to the winds, or seized on in the interests of either dollars of lust; for I cannot help utterly despising the worshippers of either Mammon or Priapus. One thing, however, is absolutely certain, and this it is: No one can succeed in either branch of high magic whose spur and motive is such as I deprecate above; but success is sure to eventually crown the efforts of the persevering student, whose aims are goodness and the acquisition of power for noble ends.

For many ages people have sought to penetrate through, or lift the veil which hangs between the world we inhabit and that vast realm where causes reside and principles exist. To that end, recourse has been had to drugs, such as opium, cannabin, and camphora; to mesmerism, "psychology," disks, magnets and fasting; and in later times to circles and various so-called marvellous methods; all of which, in the end, have proved unsatisfactory, and the student and searcher has been, by them left worse off than before. Not all persons can reach the interior sight by such methods, because all are not possessed of the essential organic attributes, or constitutional bias and tendency. To all such there is a surer, better, safer and grander road, and that is self-development, by means entirely within the reach of every one, and which are within their will and control. These require but the elements of Time, Patience, Assiduity, Persistence, and periodical effort to ensure, if not complete success in Soul-sight, then in those other qualities, powers, and attributes essential to perfect human character.

That agency, I hold, is some form of the spirit-glass or lens - not the "Urim and Thummim," or metallic breast-plates used for purposes of divination, and worn by the priesthood, as recounted in the Bible; nor the stones and crystals of later days; but the perfected spirit-seeing or magic-glass, formed of materials prepared in the Orient, and fitted for use in Paris, France.

These are of two generic kinds, and also of diverse grades, sizes, sensitiveness, focal power, and magnetic planes - because those made for and adapted to, one line of use, are not so well suited to different lines.

First: The common kind averages about eight inches by seven, and is a true AEthic mirror adapted to ordinary ends, such as invoking the dead; and the other purposes for which they have for ages been used. The difference between the spirit-seeing mirrors, such as already described, and the methods and materials of their construction set forth, and those hereinafter described, is the difference between a first-class gold repeater, and a common cylinder-escapement watch. Both are time-keepers, but one is vastly superior to the other. The materials of the two classes of mirrors are quite dissimilar; and the labor expended on those hereinafter described, is simply enormous, for after they come into the hands of us of America, they cost an immensity of toil, in cleaning, polishing, heating, bathing, and magnetic manipulation, and this it is that renders them valuable, and adapted to the uses for which from hoary antiquity they were intended. I have seen a very small crystalline mirror, weighing less than a pound, for which the owner demanded \$4,000 in gold

coin, and was not at all anxious to part with it even at that price.

Second: The larger and finer ones of the same sort, but which of course are far better, stronger, more perfectly magnetic, and have a great deal wider range. Formerly there were five sizes of this class; but it was found that but two could be depended on; as the rest were extremely liable to fracture by reason of the great climate ranges of temperature in Western Europe and North America. This class were also found better suited to beginners than to proficient seers; especially those who not content with the limited ranges of the ordinary ones, were anxious for a perfected instrument of greater sensitiveness, magnetic calibre, focal range, AEthic basin, or magnetic reservoir, and of a capacity equal to the solution of almost any subject capable of demonstration by such means; wherefore that form was superseded, in 1874, by the *ne plus ultra* of all such things in that line: fine oval magnetic polar ones, with deeper, broader, larger basins, or magnetic reservoirs, presenting a deep-sea surface, nearly absolutely perfect, and leaving almost nothing to wish for in any respect; a beautiful, clear ovoid, and of size, focal length and calibre seldom equalled and never surpassed. They go in grades, sizes, ranges, and cost according to their illuminant power.

In January, 1874, I received a few of these from Paris, and hung them on my chamber-wall to charge and fit them for their owner - a lady - and there they remained till the morning of February 8, when they became suddenly illuminant, and no grander sight ever was beheld by human eyes that was presented on that memorable morning; for the whole starry galaxies, rolling world-systems of nebulae, vast congeries of stellar constellations, cities afar off on the earth, and scenes never before beheld by eyes of this world, were displayed to such a grand, sublime, and amazing extent that the Soul panted with the weight of the transcendent Phantorama.\* Such mirrors as these - would they were mine! - if kept free from promiscuous handling, treated judiciously, and rightly used, are capable of more psychic marvels than all the mesmerists on the globe! Very few of any grade are imported, save when expressly ordered; the risk of breakage in crossing the seas and by inland carriage being too great to admit of larger consignments, even were it possible to have such, which it is not.

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\* They are, every one of them, from the plain surface mirror, to the magnificent, golden-edged, Beauties, or the enormous 40-inch ones, fit for a Lodge! - worth a king's ransom, capable of mirroring correctly - and before hand too! the Markets of the world. Here is a strange test, whose truth I solemnly avouch: A pregnant lady - and such are ever the most favored in all lines of celestial magic - on the morning alluded to above - February 8, 1874 - gazed into one of the mirrors, and demanded to know the sex of her unborn child. The reply came instantly: "A boy! And a great one! A vast Soul! The king-seer of Five Thousand years!" The result, so far as sex was concerned, was absolutely true; and there is but little doubt that the rest will prove equally so. This same lady was the only true mystic of her sex I ever saw in America. She was the best mirror-manipulator on the earth, and owned - still owns - all the genuine ones on the continent. Through her I have obtained specimens of such rare value, that to part therewith was like the loss of the right eye.  
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Full directions for their general use and care are given in the forepart of this book. But those of the superior grades require supplementary advertisements concerning their treatment.

They should - when not in use - be kept either with face to the wall in a dark place, or be covered with a board or plate (usually furnished with them) so as to exclude every ray of light. About once a month they should be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for at least an hour; while a similar exposure, but of longer duration, to moon or starlight, invariably increases their powers and quite often adds new ones. The larger ones may be used by a room full of persons at the same time, being fixed immovably, and the people arranging themselves so that each can see the broad white-black river flowing continually across the surface. No one, save the owner, should either touch, or sit, or stand closer than from four to seven feet or more, and when the seance begins, no word should be spoken, no movement made; and it ought to open with a prayer to the Most High, while special invocations, for any given purpose or purposes, may be made to lesser potential intelligences. Those which are now in this country are of an extraordinary character and degree of power; their illuminant surface has never been equalled; while their *true* cuspic-ovoid, depth and breadth, is most admirable - appreciable by those favored ones who are true seers and born mystics, as being immeasurably superior to anything of the kind seen since the days of the magi on the plains of Chaldea! For great pains have been taken with the glasses, which act as protecting-shields to the material beneath, on which material, the mode of its preparation, seasoning, application, and magnetic manipulation, and not upon the glass itself, their beauty and excellence *wholly depend*; albeit the highest art is brought to bear in the making and shaping of the crystal-shield, and in the construction of the frames in which they are mounted. The GLYPHÆ-BHATTAN, or Mirror surface itself, is the *true*, and well-factured bhatt from India, whence alone it can be procured even by the Mystic Brotherhood of Paris, France, where the mounting is done.

Due care is essential that they, like a child, be kept clean; to which end fine soap and warm soft water, applied with silk or soft flannel, is the first step; followed by a similar bath, whereof cologne, or liquor spurted from the mouth, are the ingredients: the second for the sake, 1st, of the spirit; 2nd, of the individual magnetism; and 3rd, symbolism embodied in the ritual - so palpably as not to need further explanation.

"But why are these black-white, cuspic ovoids magnetic or magical in any degree? Or, if they are, why may not we of Western Europe or America fabricate the same?" To which the reply is: You cannot! Because you know not how to mingle the materials - even if you knew them, which you do not - that enter as elements into the mysteriously sensitive substance wherewith the shields are covered, and which alone constitutes the magnetic or magic film, of which and to which the lavaglass and frame are merely protective covers.

People of the West (Europe-America) are not subject to the same extremes of passion (sexive) as are Orientals, and hence know not either its awful intensity, or its terrible penalties, because they dwell far more in the Brain than in the gender, wherefore they have less verve'elan, and passional power than their brown brethren and sisters of the far-off eastern lands. As a general rule, with

occasional exception, they are unable to reach the magnificent goals of Soul-vision and magic power easily attainable by the sallow devotees of Sachthas and Saiva, and therefore cannot real intense passionnal furore, essential both to the successful invocation of correspondent Ærial Potentialities,(50) and the charging of mirrors with the divine spiritual reflective powers which characterize them. I here allude to a profound mystery connected with their construction, known only to the initiate, but which is vaguely hinted at in the subjoined quotation, a mystery at which dolt and fools may laugh - provided they sense its nature - but which higher Souls must reverence, honor, and adore.

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(50) Generally termed, in the later literature of the Order, the Hierarchies of the Fraternity.  
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Says Colonel Stephen Fraser, in his glorious volume entitled *Twelve Years in India*, a magnificent book, which was kindly lent me by Mr. W.G. Palgrave, of London, who called on me in August, 1873, while on his overland route to China, via San Francisco, and whom I had known in England fifteen years before, as a polished gentleman and scholar, and one of the deepest mystics on the globe outside of the Orient:

"We joyfully, gladly went, five of us, her Majesty's Officers, on a tour of military inspection, the toils of which were likely to be rewarded by an opportunity of witnessing the dance of Illumination, of the MUNTRA-WALLAHS, or Magic-working Brahmuns, whose strange miracles, worked apparently by the triple agency of Battasahs (rice), Gookal (red-powder), and stangest of all, by means of oval glasses or crystals, but black as night, in which it is reported, some very strange things were to be seen. We were all prepared to witness skilful jugglery, for which the residents of Muttra\* are renowned, but fully resolved to ascertain, if possible, how it was all done, rejecting, of course, everything claimed to be either supra-mortal or hyper-natural, so far as the underlying principles were concerned. ...It was sheer skill, but such as no European could pretend to equal. Yet how the sleeping girl could tell our names, ages, place of birth, and fifty other true facts, she never having seen either of us before - because the dust of Jubalpore was still upon our clothes, we having been but one day in Muttra - was a problem not easily solved. They call it the Sleep of Sialam, and she passed into it by gazing into a dark glass.

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\* Muttra, a town in the province of Agra, India, on the west bank of the river Jumma, in latitude 27 deg. 31 min. North; longitude 77 deg. 33 min. East; a place famous for the manufacture of Magical apparatus, and one of the only two places on earth where the Paranaphthaline gum is prepared, wherewith the adepts smear the backs of these extraordinary mirrors, so celebrated by the various authorities named in the text." *Twelves Years in India*. Vol. 2, p. 286.  
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"After reading Lane's story about the Magic Mirror in his *Modern Egyptians*; what DeSacy says in his famous *Exposition de la religion des Druses*; Makrisi's account in his *History of the Mamelukes*; J. Catafago and Defremeny in the *Journale Asiatique*; what Potter affirms as truth in his *Travels in Syria*; Victor L'Anglois, in *Revue d'Orient*; Carl Ritter; Dr. E. Smith; Vn Hammer in his *Hist. Des*

*Sasseins*; W.H. Taylor's *Nights with Oriental Magicians*; the *Gesta Magici* of Lespanola; *Lettres Edifiantes et curieuses*; *Youett's Researches into Magic Arts*, and innumerable other unquestionable authorities, it was far less difficult to believe in the existence of some occult visual power possessed by these mirror-gazers, of both sexes, all ages, and diversity of culture, than to attribute it all to chicanery and lucky guesswork. ...'Sahib, it true,' said our Wallah, next morning, when speaking of the exhibition of the previous day; 'and now I s'pose you go see Sebeiyeh dance(51) [the Mirror Bridal-fete of a renowned brotherhood of Mystics, Philosophers, and Magicians] no doubttee?' Well, we all determined to go, and a three-hours' ride brought us to a plateau in a mountain-gorge of the Chocki hills. We were not too late, and were kindly offered vantage ground of view by the Sheikh, a man of at least 125 years of age, judging from the fact that his grandchildren were white with snowy locks and beards waist long. ...The two brides entered the circle followed by the two grooms, all four bearing large earthen-pots full of a black, smeary, tar-like substance, which, on inquiry of the Sheikh, we learned was the product of the Volcanic springs of the Mahades hills, in the far-off province of Gondwana, in the Deccan; that it only flows in the month of June; is collected by girls and boys who are virginal, that is, before puberty; and must be prepared for use within the ensuing forty-nine days, by similar persons on the eve of *actual* marriage, as it is supposed certain properties of a magical nature attach to it when handled by such persons under such circumstances. Of course I, with my western habits of thought and European education, could but laugh at this, which seemed so very palpable and gross a superstition; and yet strange to relate, when I expressed my sceptical views to the old Sheikh, he laughed, shook his head, handed me two parts of the shell of a large nut, and requested me to fill one with the crude material, and the other with the same after it had been prepared. I did the first, and reserved the empty shell for the other, taking care to hold both in my hand well wrapped up in a brown bandana. ...The circle had a pile of stones in the centre, upon which coals were brightly burning, and over this fire - which, by the way, is the Eternal Sacred Fire of the Garoonahs, which is never allowed to go out from one year's end to the other - was suspended from a tripod of betel rods a coarse earthen vessel, into which the four expectant marriagees poured about one-fourth of the contents of the simla gourds already mentioned; this, amid the din and an hundred tom-toms or native drums, the clashing of rude cymalos (cymbals) and wild, clarion-like bursts of the strangest, and, shall I, a staid Briton, confess it? - the most Soul-stirring and weird music that ever fell upon my ears, or moved the man within me! After this was done, the Sheikh's servitors erected a pole near the fire, around which pole were coiled the stuffed skins of the dreadful hooded snake of India, the terrible Naga, or Cobra, while on top was an inverted cocoa-shell, and two others at its base - understood by the initiated as symbolizing the Linga, the male emblem, or creative principle of Deity, while the suspended vessel over the fire represented the Yoni, or female principle, the tripod emblemizing the triple powers or qualities of Brahm - Creation, Preservation, Perpetuation - the fire below corresponding to Love, or the *Infinite Fire* which is the *Life of All!* ...And now began a strange, weird dance, to the wild melody of five hundred singing devotees of that wonderful Phallic, or sexual religion, mingled with the mellow breath of cythic flutes, the beating of tambours, the thrumming of various stringed instruments, and an occasional ziraleet, or rapture-shriek from the lips of women and young girls, whose enthusiasm was unrestrainable, and who gave vent to it in wild movements of their graceful and supple bodies, and in shrill cries that might be heard long miles away, like voices from heaven awakening the echoes of Space! ...Advancing with a slow, voluptuous, rhythmic movement, not of

the feet alone, but of the whole form from crown to toe, the girls, aged about fifteen, brown as berries, agile as antelopes, graceful as gazelles, lovely, with barbaric splendor, as an Arab's ideal houri; they swayed, bent, advanced by twists and curves, by nameless writhings, by sweeping genuflexions, by movements the very poetry of passion, but passion of Soul far more than of body, with suffused faces and moistly gleaming eyes, toward the taller emblem, round which they slowly whirled and danced, ever and anon stirring with a silver spatula the dark substance contained in the vessels they bore. This by turns, while the two youths, bearing similar vessels, performed corresponding movements about the vessel which symbolized Nature in her productive aspect - until we five Europeans were lost in a maze of astonishment at the capacity of the human frame to express mutely, but with more meaning and eloquence than a thousand tongues could convey, the amazing heights, depths, and shades of passion, but a passion totally free from vulgarity or indecency, as pure as that of the ocean billows when they kiss each other over the grave of a dead cyclone! ...Observing my surprise, the old Sheikh touched my arm, and in purest Bengalee whispered: 'Sahib, ARDOR begat the Universe! There is no power on earth either for good or ill, but Passion underlies it. *That* alone is the spring of all human action, and the father and mother alike of all the good and evil on the Earth! It is the golden key of Mystery, the fountain of Weakness and of Strength; and through its halo alone can man sense the ineffable essence of the Godhead! The materials in the vessels are charged with life - with the very essence of the human Soul, hence with celestial and divine magic power! For O, Sahib, it is only lust and hatred that keep closed the eyes of the Soul! And in the crystals whose backs we cover with the contents of these five vessels, the earnest seeker may behold, not only what takes place on earth, but also what transpires on other globes, and in the SAKWALAS of the Sacred Gods! - and this is the only true Bab (Door).' - 'But,' I rejoined, 'we of the West magnetize people, who, in that mysterious slumber, tell us amazing' - '*Lies!*' he said, interrupting the sentence, 'for no two of them tell the same tale or behold the same things! Why? Because they explore the kingdoms of *Fancy*, not of *FACT*, and give you tales of imagination and distorted invention, instead of recitals of what actually exists Beyond! But wait!' I acquiesced, and turned once more to the dances of the *Aleweheh*, who by this time were moving in a more rapid manner to the quickened strains of the more than ever wild and fantastic music. ...Three of them began stirring the contents of the cauldron, into which all the material from the gourds had now been poured, murmuring strange, wild bursts of Phallic song the while; and the fourth, the taller maiden of the four, stripped herself entirely nude above the waist and below the knees, her long raven hair streaming around her matchless form - a form of such superlative contour, proportions, lively peach-blow tint, and rounded beauty, as made me blush for the imperfections of the race that mothered me! There were not violent exertions of legs and arms, not the slightest effort at effect, none of the gross motions in use in the west, on the stage or off it - whose palpable object is the firing of the sluggish blood of half-blase spectators; but a graceful movement, a delicious trembling, half fear, half invitation, a quivering, semi-longing, semi-reluctant undulation of arms, bosom, form, eyes even - rippling streams of most voluptuous, billowy heavings and throbbings of Soul through body, so wonderful, so glowing, that one wished to die immediately that he might receive the reward of centuries of toil in the ravishing arms of the houris of the seventh, ay! even the first paradise of the Ghillim, and the resplendent Queens of the Brahminical Valhalla. And yet there was absolutely nothing suggestive of course, gross, animal passion in all this transcendental melody of hyper-sensuous motion; on the contrary, one felt like

seizing her by the waist, drawing his sword and challenging all earth, and hell to boot, to take her away, or disturb her tranquillity of celestial - what *shall* I call it? - I am lost for a name!

"Presently both the girls joined the mystic sensuous-magic dance and one of them seized me suddenly by the arm and dragged me to the central vessel, saying, 'Look, Sahib, look!' I did so, but instead of a black mass of seething boiling gum, I beheld a cauldron bubbling over with the most gorgeously pink-tinted froth that imagination ever dreamed of, and while I stood there marvelling at the singular phenomenon - for every bubble took the form of a flower, lotus, amaranth, violet, lily, *Rose!* - the old Sheikh drew nigh and said, 'Sahib, now's the time! Pointing to the bundle containing the empty shell and the one already half filled. Acting on the suggestion, I held forth the empty shell, into which the girl ladled about a gill of the contents of the swinging vessel, and the Sheikh produced two perfectly clean ovoid glass plates, over which he poured respectively the contents of the two shells, and held both over the fire for a minute, till dry, and then handing them to me, said, 'Look, and, wish, and WILL, to see whatever is nearest and dearest to your heart!' Internally I laughed, but he took the two shells, and while he held them, I looked into the hollow face of the glass which was covered with the singular substance first handed to me, and gazing steadily about half a minute - the mystic-dance going on meanwhile - I willed to see my home and people in far-off Albion. Nothing appeared. The old man smiled. 'Now look at the other one, which is a true Bhatteyeh - full of divine light and imperial power, and you will -' Before he finished, I glanced into the other, and, scarce hoping that the Western reader will credit me with anything loftier than a vivid imagination, fired almost beyond endurance by the lascivious surroundings in the midst of which I was, I nevertheless clearly and distinctly affirm, on the hitherto unsullied honor of an English gentleman, and a colonel in Her Majesty's service, that I saw a wave of pale, white light, flit like a cloud-shadow over the face of the mysterious disk, and in the centre of that light a landscape, composed of trees, houses, lands, lowing cattle, and forms of human beings, each and every item of which I recognized as the old familiar things of my boyhood and youth, long ere the fires of ambition had turned my face toward distant India. I beheld the simulacrum of a dear sister, whom I had left in perfect health. I saw her to all appearance, very, very sick, the physicians, nurses, troops of friends, and faithful servitors, gathered round her; *she was dying! dead!* I saw the funeral *cortege* set out for the cemetery, and I marvelled greatly that they buried her by the iron ribs of a railway; because when I left, no road of that kind ran through my native town. I saw the silver plate on her coffin, and most clearly and distinctly read the inscription thereon *but the surname was one I had never heard of!* I looked up at the Sheikh, who was eyeing me with strange interest and intensity, as if to ask an explanation; but he only smiled and repeated the one word, 'See!' Instantly I turned my eyes to the ovoid again, as likewise did three of my European friends, and, to my and their utter astonishment, beheld a shadow, an exact image of myself, standing near the well-curb of my native manse, weeping as if its heart would break, over the prostrate form of my elder brother who lay there dying from a rifle-bullet through the groin, the result of an accident that had just befallen him while in the act of drinking from the swinging-pail or bucket! Now came the most astonishing phenomena of all, for each of the three friends who were looking with me, started in surprise, and uttered exclamations of undisguised astonishment, for each had seen things beyond the range or pale of trickery or the play of excited fancy. One beheld the three forms of his dead father, sister, and uncle, the latter pointing to a sealed packet on which was

inscribed the word, 'Dead - Will - heir - Oct. 11th. Go home!' The other beheld the drawing -room, and its occupants, of the old house at home, and on the table lay a large pile of gold coin, across which lay a legend thus: 'Jem and David's winnings: Lottery: Paris: June 18th: 10,000 Pounds!' the third man saw a battle or skirmish waging in the Punjaub, and his senior officer struck down by a shot in the side, thus opening the road to his own promotion. Much more we saw and noted in that wonderful scene of *diablerie*, portions of which I shall detail at length hereafter. But it became necessary to attend to other matters. I did so, as will be hereinafter cited, and then accompanied the Sheikh to his tent, where the marriage was celebrated, and he told me there certain wonderful secrets in reference to the further preparation of the strange material composing the reflective surfaces of the curious Bhattas, which, while exceedingly mystic and effective, at the hands and *offices* of the newly married people, is yet of so singular and delicate a nature as not to be admissible to these pages; for, while really of the most holy and sacred nature, yet the miseducation - in certain vital respects and knowledges - of the civilized Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, and Latin races, would render the matters to which I allude subjects of either not well-based blushes or outright mirth.\* ...Seven long months after these memorable experiences, I parted with three of my then comrades, and, accompanied by two others, embarked on one of the steamers of the *Messageries Imperiales*, from Bombay, homeward bound. Before I left, one of my friends had sold his commission in consequence of having fallen heir to an uncle's estate, who, the letters of recall stated, had died in England, on Oct. 10th, and not on the 11th, as the ovoid had stated! It had actually taken the difference of Longitude, and was *correct to an hour!* The second man, on arrival in England, proved the truth of the mirror, for Fane, not 'Jem' as the glass stated, and *Davidson*, not 'David' - cousins of his - *had* fallen on a lottery-fortune of over a lac of rupees in India money! The other officer was promoted in consequence of the death of his lieutenant-colonel, in a skirmish in the Punjaub, which event was the result of a shot in the loins, not the side. Arrived at home, I found my people in deep mourning for my younger sister, the widow, after a wifehood of less than a year, of Capt. H. \_\_\_ of Her Majesty's Navy, whom she had met for the first time only a few months before their marriage, I had left for India five years before, and though I had often heard of my brother-in-law's family, yet we had never met. He went down in one of the new crack iron-clads on her trial-trip. The awful news occasioned premature motherhood; she died, and her remains were deposited in the hillside vault, skirting which was a railway just equipped and opened for traffic a month or two prior to the marine disaster! Lastly: Within eight months after my return I became sole male heir to our family-property in consequence of the death of my brother by a charge of shot, not a bullet in the groin, as the Mirror showed, but full in the abdomen, while climbing a fence for a drink at the brookside, and not at a well. Every fact shown so mysteriously was proved strangely true, though not literally so. I, just previous to my departure from the strange bridal, asked the old Sheikh some questions; and learned that the material on the crystal surface wherein we saw the strange miracles was but partially prepared, as my readers will also recollect; but some which he placed on a glass just before I left, and which had been *fully* prepared, the finishing process being a secret one and conducted by the newly wedded couples by a peculiar process - and nameless - never made a mistake while in my possession. I confess I lost it from a silly servant having shown it boastingly to a gypsy, who stole it that same night, through the most adroit bit of scientific burglary I ever heard or read of. The loss, however, was not irreparable, for I have since found that these strange Muntra-Wallahs, as they are contemptuously

called by their Islamic foes in the Carnatic (but true Magi in the opinion of better informed people), have brethren and correspondents in nearly every country on the globe - Brazil, China, Japan, Vienna, and even our own London, while they have a regular Lodge in Paris, of some of whom the Initiated, and favored ignorants even, can and do obtain occasionally, not only well-charged and polished Bhatteyeh, but actually, now and then, a gourd full of Moulveh-Bhattah, - the strangely mysterious substance which constitutes the seeing surface, as mercury does in the ordinary looking-glass; the two are alike in all save that the latter reflects matter and the living, while the former, sometimes but not at all times, or to all people, or to the successful seers on all occasions, reveals only spirit and the dead, ay, and things that never die! Heaven help all whom a Muntra-Wallah hates! - or loves either, for that matter - unless that love be returned; for the magician in one case will bring up the hated one's shadow, and then strange horrors will seize him or her; and in the latter case - well *stranger things happen*, that is all.

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\* Exactly the reason why I have been unable to find a single true adept or adept in the U.S.A.  
\_\_P.B.R.  
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Thus much by way of information. Those who have read the works of MUNDT, HARGRAVE JENNINGS, LAWRIE, PALGRAVE, MORIER, LANE, need not be told that these Bhatts have been imitated often, but without avail;(52) for, unless they be true, not a cloud even can be seen. There is another secret about them which can only be revealed to such as have and use them! - and not then till they shall have proved worthy of the knowing.

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(52) The process of manufacture might be the same, but where is the spiritualized and potentized material to be found which is necessary to give and hold continual life in the reservoir? In the performance of the necessary rites, the western mind would see only means for self-satisfaction and be forgetful of the high office of the process or acts.  
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Now I wish right here to say, that some persons have been disappointed in such, because all mysteries of the heavens, or gold in the ground, or hidden money, etc., were not at once revealed. I never used one for any such purpose but sat and gazed upon it, awaiting patiently for aught that was vouchsafed in the way of visions or phantoramas. This is their negative and immeasurably lowest use. The highest is to sit gazing until the gazer shall pass into a transcendently lofty and most interior state - absolute, unequivocal supra-clairvoyant condition, and then, ah, THEN, as myriad glories unfold and roll before the Soul's eyes the seer is every inch a king or queen, and can laugh this life and world, and all their trials, troubles, and infinite littleness to utter scorn, and, as it were, snap his fingers at life, death, and their copula - circumstance. And this is the positive use of a good Bhatteyeh.

The facts of Psycho-Vision, Mesmeric lucidity, Somnambulatory sight, and Clairvoyance, so called, are too numerous, palpable, and well authenticated in this age to be questioned. The old time animal magnetism and its marvels gave way to what was called "Electrical Psychology," which in turn

receded before the advance of what were called "Seeing Mediums," but few of whom, however, could see the same facts alike; and all gave way before the better method of developing the inner vision. By a royal road the goal is reached in these days, and that too without the delays, dangers, and uncertainties heretofore attending all methods of attaining that strange Soul-sight wherewith not a few have astonished the world. But a higher, broader, deeper clairvoyance is now needed and demanded by mankind, far superior to that displayed by the riff-raff pulings of half-crazed fanatics; the money-grabbing hordes of "Fortune-tellers" infesting all large cities; the "Biologists," "Psychologists," and others of the same order and genera. The new has become old, and the old new, and a better method of self-development is found in the revived practice than in all the others singly or combined. In India, China, Japan, Siam, Upper Egypt, Arabia, central Nigritia, and on the far-off plains of Tartary and Thibet, the old usage still survives; and the seers divine through shells, and crystals, and diamonds, emeralds, or the plain and less expensive dark-ovoid, wholly surpassing the boasted clairvoyance of France, England, and America, and in the same identical lines too, albeit some uses thereof are perversions from the true and normal, whether for mere financial ends, - as by the rising and the falling of a white or yellow cloud or spot on the mirror's surface, indicative of similar movements in the correspondent precious metals; the floating or the sinking of a fleece for "stocks;" the rising or lowering of a stalk or sheaf of wheat, declarative of the course to be taken by that cereal in the markets of the world, for, sometimes, weeks ahead; or whether the objects, purposes, and ends sought pertain to the higher, broader, or deeper ranges of human thought and speculation. Unquestionably this ancient mode of dealing with the dead, and *rapping* the mystical worlds above, beneath, within, and around us, is as superior to modern "Circleism" as gold in beauty outvies rough iron. Hence students and explorers of the mystical side of the human Soul, those desirous of opening the sealed doors of strange new worlds, and realizing somewhat of the tremendous problem of being, must develop, not merely "Progress." And to such the process of self-culturement is by me considered absolutely indispensable, and worth more to an anxious, earnest, light-seeking, yet not impatient soul, than all the "circles," and magnetists on the four continents, because the developed man or woman grows CHARACTER, the "progressed" ones, merely memory and tact. And to be an Independent Seer is to become an absolute Power on the globe! Whereas all forms of automacy, magnetic or otherwise, are but forms of serfdom and slavery to *powers incapable of identification*, and for that reason doubly dangerous!

But the question arises with many: "Can any and every one successfully use the Bhatts?" The reply is, No! Yes! Not every one can see in them; but every one can develop by them the Eight characteristics of perfect man and womanhood: WILL; ATTENTION; CONCENTRATION; PERSISTENCE; SELF-RESTRAINT; RELIANCE; MAGNETIC ENERGY, and AFFECTION, by an hour's steady use per day, and thus develop Soul, thereby growing the power of death-survival and enduring Immortality. For I hold that those who cannot see in them at all, or produce clouds, or other magnetic effects after fair trial, may rest assured that they lack the great essential to Immortality, and unless they cultivate Soul and strive for it, when death lands their bodies in the grave their inner selves will dwindle back to the monadal state of blank Nihilism.

Others can see in them, if not at once, then in periods varying from six weeks to one year, and the slower the development, the grander will be the power when culture shall have brought it into play.

**I have known a few utter failures with them, but the successes outnumber them at least in the ration of five hundred to one. When used by a single one the front may be gazed at, but a glorious surface is presented edgewise, or obliquely. In lodge, the company, whether it be few or many persons, should sit in a semicircle, the mirror leaning against the wall, and the glare of a bull's-eye lantern be thrown full and round upon its glowing face. Let all be still and motionless, and then carefully note the result.**

**To conclude: I so not approve of the use of them for purposes of magnetizing the opposite sexes, affectionally, for although easily done, yet I think Love thus gained is not apt to be enduring, by reason of its too ardent and too often passional character, hence cannot fully satisfy the needs of the human Soul; yet I do believe it good to stir the medicine for the sick, with the finger, in the Basin of the ovoid, for by such means it can be quadruply charged with the divinest and most loving, therefore healing effluence of the tremendous Soul of man.**

**CONCLUDING PARAGRAPHS. - Many will suspect from our true name - BROTHERHOOD of EULIS(53) - that we really mean Eleusis, and they are not far wrong. The Eleusinian Philosophers (with whom Jesus is reported to have studied) were philosophers of Sex; and the Eleusinian Mysteries were mysteries thereof, just such as the writer of this has taught ever since he began to think, and suffered for his thoughts, through the unfledged "Philosopher" of the century, amidst whom only now and then can a true thinker or real reasoner be found.**

**Through the Night of time the lamp of Eulis has lighted our path, and enabled obscure brethren to illuminate the world. Before Pythagoras, Plato, Hermes, and Buddha, we were! and when their systems shall topple into dust, we will still flourish in Immortal youth, because we drink of life at its holy fountain. Restored, pure, healthful, and normal sex with its uses to and with us means Restoration, Strength, Ascension, not their baleful opposites, as in the world outside the pale of genuine science. Up to the publications hereof on this continent we were indeed secret, for not one-tenth of those tested and called "Rosicrucians," knew of the deeper, yet simpler philosophy. But the time has come to spread the new doctrines because the age is ripe. I - We - no longer put up difficult barriers, but affiliate with all who are broad enough to accept Truth, no matter what garb she may wear. But till then we shut out the world. Now the Infinite, all seekers after the attainable. We have determined to teach the Esoteric doctrines of the AEth,(54) to accept all worthy aspirants, initiate them, and empower them to instruct, upbuild, and initiate others, - forming lodges if so they please.**

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**(54) The philosophy, doctrines and practices taught by the AEth Priesthood, the third and highest Order of the Secret Schools.**  
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