

THE Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Spiritism, Occultism, Ancient Magic, Modern Mediumship,
and every subject that pertains to the Whence, What, and Whitherward of Humanity.

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



CONTENTS.

	PAGES
1. Mr. George Watroul in Canada.....	433-438
2. Poem—The Stone Christ.....	438-439
3. Extracts from "Ghostland," Vol. II.....	440-447
4. Historical Spiritualism.....	448-456
5. The Mystery of No. 3, Stanhope Street.....	455-461
6. Two Remarkable Works.....	462-463
7. Spiritualism in Mary Lands.....	464-473
8. Question Department.....	473-478
9. Special Notice.....	478-479
10. Poem—Gone.....	480-481
11. Correspondence.....	481-482
12. Phenomena.....	482-483
13. Roman.....	484-485
14. Opening of the Chicago Exhibition.....	485
15. Remarkable Accounts from New Mexico.....	486-487
16. St. Augustine on the Antipodes.....	487

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITISM, OCCULTISM, Ancient Magic, Modern Mediumship, and every subject that pertains to the WHENCE, WHAT, and WITHERWARD of Humanity,
Entitled,

"THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

Under the sole charge and conduct of

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

THIS Magazine has been established in response to a widespread demand for a journal that shall treat of the above-named vast theme without fear, favour, or limitation, yet with sufficient literary ability to meet the demands of the humblest as well as the most highly cultured classes of thinkers—a journal that will not trench upon the ground already occupied by the London Spiritual papers, yet will supplement matter that cannot be included in their columns.

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THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 9.

MR. GEORGE WALROND IN CANADA.

We have received a copy of the *Welland Telegraph*, of Canada, containing an excellent article from a gentleman of whom we are quite sure his spiritual co-workers, and hosts of friends in Glasgow, will cherish equally kind and grateful remembrances. Mr. George Walrond's address will be read with all the more interest, both by his Scotch and English friends, as it seems to have been called forth to defend the cause of which he is so able an advocate, both as a writer and speaker, from the disparaging remarks of one whose career is too well known in this country to need any further comments than the general satisfaction felt and openly expressed in the ranks of Spiritualism when the party in question transferred his allegiance from Spiritualism to Christianity. Whilst most well-informed Spiritualists felt in this transfer that their loss was a gain, and not a few amongst them wished the Christian Church joy of its new adherent, we now feel that Dr. Sexton—at one time well known amongst London Spiritualists—has conferred as much benefit on the cause he once professed by his change of faith, as by calling forth the following article from Mr. Walrond. It is headed in the *Telegraph* :—

DR. SEXTON AND SPIRITUALISM.

An Article written by Geo. W. Walrond, of Hamilton, for the Welland Telegraph.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that the subject of Spiritualism is dear to many a family in the county of Welland, and when Dr. Sexton was in Welland in May last, a few remarks on the subject, in reply to a question, aroused a spirit of enquiry among quite a number of people who before had heard little or nothing of the philosophy and teachings. As might be expected of a lecturer addressing a congregation on "Scientific Christianity," Dr. Sexton was not very complimentary in his remarks concerning Spiritualism. To those who are in the dark it may be a revelation to them to know that



Dr. Sexton was himself at one time an avowed Spiritualist ; indeed so enthusiastic was he on the subject that he became the chief editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, London, England, and remained as such for a long period. Whatever the doctor's views may be to-day, one thing is certain, that if ever he obtained sufficient data and phenomenal knowledge to convince him of the truths and realities of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, he is to-day as much a Spiritualist as he ever was in the days of his editorial occupation, advocating Spiritualism in all its scientific and religious teachings. True, his views may have altered regarding the *cui bono* and general application of the subject, but as to the facts the doctor knows they are the product of an unseen intelligence, a spiritual entity or entities, claiming to be the spiritual forms of individuals, who once lived upon the earth.

These facts have been demonstrated over and over again to the entire satisfaction of many of the ablest scientists of the day. Professor Crookes, F.R.S., London, England, says :—"That a hitherto unrecognised form of force is involved in these phenomenal occurrences is not with me a matter of opinion, but of absolute knowledge."

Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, says :—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation."

Professor De Morgan, the President of the Mathematical Society of Great Britain ; Professors Hare, Gregory, and Varley, Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, Elliot Coues, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, and a host of others, besides Authors, Divines, and men and women of every rank and degree have testified to the undoubted realities of spiritual phenomena.

Regarding Spiritualism and the phenomena that open up to investigators, there appears to be an erroneous

opinion on this subject. Many imagine that it is going to destroy religion. The fact of the matter is, it is a builder up of true religion and supreme spirituality. This has been the case all through the ages. Indeed, every religion, whether Christian or Mohammedan, Brahmin or Islam, Chinese or Jewish, originated on the spiritual phenomena preceding that religion.

Take away from the Christian Bible the records of phenomena therein contained, and what would there remain? Read the life of Abraham in Genesis, and you will perceive it is a record of Spiritual phenomena from the very moment he was told by the angelic messenger to leave his native country, to the event of the *three men* Spirits, who appeared to him as he sat in the door of his tent on the plains of Mamre, and so on to the day of his death. Spirits appeared to Hagar, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Elijah, also to Samson, David, Saul, Job, Ezekiel, Daniel, and a host of others, all through the various books of the Old Testament.

Moses and Elias, who had been dead some hundreds of years, came back at the transfiguration on the mount. They came back in a manner capable of recognition, and the same spiritual laws which enabled them to revisit the inhabitants of earth must be in operation to-day, for God's laws are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

A perusal of the Acts of the Apostles is sufficient to convince any one of the phenomena of spiritual powers that from time to time are experienced by mortal men and women, not by every one in those days, nor is the phenomena witnessed by every one in these modern times, but it can be so by every one desirous of developing the spiritual faculties which Paul speaks of in the twelfth chapter of the First Epistle of Corinthians.

The life of Mohammed is as replete with phenomena as any of the Patriarchs' lives, and Mohammed founded one of the most powerful religions of the day.

Swedenborg, the greatest seer and prophet of modern times, passed through a variety of spiritual phenomena worthy of historical record. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, Socrates, Plato, Appollonius of Tyana, and indeed the bulk of the Christian and Apostolic fathers, as well as the Sages of Assyria, Chaldea, Egypt and Persia, have one and all left everlasting records of their individual experiences in the realms of spiritual occultism. But there is no need to travel away back into the fathomless midnight of the past, for revelation never flowed with so rich a harvest of the spiritual manifestations of the God of Creation, the one great Spirit over all, as it flows in this present generation of scientific research and spiritual investigation. We are living in an age when the immortal expression of Thales, the Grecian philosopher, "Man, know thyself," is being made an every-day practical study, with the result that the spiritual darkness of the past five or six thousand years is gradually dissolving, and mankind is beginning to understand the purposes of existence here, and the destiny of the soul in the hereafter.

The great question of the soul's immortality is the most momentous of all questions, and one affecting the destiny of every man, woman, and child, and in all countries, times, and seasons have the earth's people sought, and not unsuccessfully, to unravel the mysteries appertaining to man's spirit. The Spirits are God's telegraph operators everywhere, and the prophets and seers of old were, as the so-called mediums of to-day are, the human organisms or sensitive wires (so to speak) on "which the life lightnings of the Spirit may run, while the history of man is the history of how the Father in Heaven speaks, acts, and inspires his children on earth through his ministering Spirits."

People who are ignorant of the Spiritual philosophy are the first to deride those who have had practical

evidence of life beyond the grave, and yet these same people every Sunday at church profess to believe in the communion of saints. They believe that the "witch of Endor" was a diviner of Spirits, and brought forth the Spirit of Samuel, yet they cannot accept the testimony of reliable men and women to-day on a similar subject. They readily acquiesce in all the ancient stories of three or four thousand years ago, no matter how absurd or contradictory those same stories may be, or upon what slender evidence they are strung, but reject with ridicule and scorn the well-authenticated and verified phenomena occurring in their midst every day. It is, however, a true and unmistakeable sign of the times that psychical and psychological subjects are permeating society more and more, and in tens of thousands of sacred homes is the knowledge of immortality being demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of those who are seeking evidence (not hope) that the grave does not end all, and that life in the Spiritual spheres is not a life of beautiful idleness and monotonous psalm singing, but one of Spiritual industry and continual progress. That the Spirits of those who have passed on before are not enduring eternal stagnation, but everlasting growth and a retention of the aspirations, joys, sorrows, and affections of humanity; that the high, while teaching the low, continue themselves to soar into regions of grandeur more and more supreme, and the lower Spirits are moving upward in their footsteps; these and a thousand and other well authenticated teachings have been revealed to those who have asked of the revelator and knocked at the door of Spiritual knowledge.

I could quote from Dr. Sexton's own writings on the subject numerous passages to bear me out in the short summary now penned. The true secret is, that "Scientific Christianity" is more *profitable* than the doctrine of modern

revelation, and lecturers in this age of the almighty dollar measure, first, the popularity of their subject, and secondly, the financial results likely to accrue therefrom. It is a practical form of "cause and effect."

I have been inspired to write the foregoing at the request of numerous friends in the town and county of Welland, who have written me on the subject of Dr. Sexton's lecture, "Is Death the End of Human Life?" The philosophy of Spiritualism says emphatically "No," while the phenomena of the same, manifest evidence that life beyond the grave is capable of demonstration to the physical senses.

THE STONE CHRIST.

BY EDITH MARY NORRIS.

SHE drew her rags more closely,
 As she passed thro' the biting sleet,
 And the stones of the street were icy
 To her bare and bleeding feet ;
 But none of the passers noted
 Her anguish, or turned with scorn.
 And she passed through the open portals
 Of the house of God—*forlorn* ;
 For she thought in its cloistered precincts,
 The sacred haunt of prayer,
 To lose for a while her burden
 Of sorrow, and want, and care.
 Above from a niche in the pillared aisle,
 A pitiless stone Christ gazed the while.

She thought of her lover and husband,
 The swart bread-winner, slain
 While earning the pittance doled him
 For a toil that was sorrow and pain ;
 Great-hearted he was, and tender,
 And over her soul in a wave
 Broke the waters of deep affliction,
 As she thought of his pauper's grave,
 And thought of his little children
 In a garret crying for bread.
 While down on the pavement splashing
 Fell the heart-wrung tears she shed,
 Above from a niche in the pillared aisle,
 A pitiless stone Christ gazed the while.

They came on the morrow thronging,
 And they filled the holy place
 With the pomp of wealth and fashion.
 While proud priests in linen and lace,
 With singers following after,
 Passed stately up the aisle,
 As the mellow organ thundered
 Triumphant strains the while ;
 And the air was rich with incense,
 From golden censers flung ;
 And a song like that of the angels,
 The white-robed singers sung !
 Above from a niche in the pillared aisle,
 A pitiless stone Christ gazed the while.

They sank with a silken rustle
 On their knees : " Thy will be done ;
 Come Thy kingdom on earth as in heaven,"
 They prayed in unison.
 Then, when the prayers were ended,
 The preacher took the word ;
 They settled themselves to listen,
 But never the sense they heard.
 He spoke in cultured accents
 Of love and of charity.
 " Who doeth it unto the least of these,
 Lo, he doeth it unto Me !"
 Above from a niche in the pillared aisle,
 A pitiless stone Christ gazed the while.

They found on that Sabbath morning,
 In the wretched garret bed,
 A mother and little children,
 Lying stark, and cold, and dead.
 Lo ! her prayer had been heard and answered,
 She had entered into her rest !
 The poor heart-broken mother,
 With the wee gold heads on her breast,
 They brought them into the chancel,
 And chanted a requiem song.
 Too late, O Christian brethren !
 They will stand and accuse ere long.
 And still from a niche in the pillared aisle,
 A pitiless stone Christ gazed the while.

—*The New Nation.*

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl
 chain of all virtues.—*Bishop Hall.*

EXTRACTS FROM "GHOSTLAND," VOL. II.;

OR,

RESEARCHES INTO THE REALM OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

By the Author of "Art Magic."

*Translated and Collated by Emma H. Britten.**

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PART IX.

THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.

IT was amidst the wild and glorious mountain scenery of Santa Cruz, California, in a lonely house once occupied by a party of miners, whose mortal forms had been suddenly engulfed during a violent storm in the Pacific Ocean, the heaving waters of which laved the foot of the mountain on which I had taken up a temporary residence, that I determined to devote a few weeks to a season of restful study and retrospect of my late wanderings.

My sole companions were my faithful Hindoo attendant Ali, the reserved mourning widow of one of the lost owners of the place, and her Mongolian servant. The voices of Nature were the only sounds that broke the deep stillness of that charmed spot, amidst which the ceaseless monotony of tossing waves chanted alternately the requiem anthem for the dead, and shouted the resurrection hymns of triumph for the ascended spirits that had left their prison-houses of clay in the mausoleums of the deep sea.

During the hours of sunlight I wandered through valley gorges, shaded almost to midnight gloom by arcades of giant "redwoods," and ascended to craggy mountain summits, communing with the soul-worlds of

* By permission of the author.

being—now from the depths below, in the murmurings of the "Nature spirits,"—now from the supremest heights, in inspiration from the angels of the solar realms. At midnight, when the vast expanse of the heavens, so widely visible in those mountain regions, became studded all over with the fiery scriptures of the skies, and, like "angels mounting their silver thrones," the solemn stars by myriads seemed to respond with divine assurance to my restless questioning of "whence and whitherward," I would draw from my cabinet the roll of MS. given me at Koon's Spirit House in the Ohio Hills, written, as I found, and presented to me by "Oress," the most ancient angel of the band there assembled, and with the aid of the writer's own corrections and the ten thousand speechless voices of inspiration around me, I prepared what I was confidently assured would yet prove to be, in the days when humanity should be fitted to receive and understand it—a true, brief, and plain compendium of

THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT, OF DEITY.

The first God ever conceived in man's apprehension—the last that he, as an inhabitant of the speck in Infinity called "the earth"—will ever know, is the sun and its spirit spheres, the physical centre and spiritual ruler of that solar system of which the earth and its sister planets are the satellites. The visible sun may be simply described in its primordial formation as a nucleated mass of the three primal elements in the universe, namely, MATTER, FORCE, and SPIRIT. These three uncreated, eternal, and infinite elements are the ALL OF THE UNIVERSE. Their order of resolving into forms proceeds thus: Matter is the formative mould, Force the ever-acting principle of motion, eternally aggregating and dis-integrating matter by the dual modes of attraction and repulsion; SPIRIT saturates every atom of matter in the

universe, but does not attain its grand, ultimate attribute of INTELLIGENCE until it has grown through matter into form. Spirit takes form through Matter as a mould, impelled upward and onward by the life principle of Force.

Suns in their original constitution are, as above stated, nucleated masses of cosmic matter, vitalized by force and saturated by spirit. When in the æons of eternity, suns have attained the massive proportions of a system, by centrifugal force they throw off rings, which, retaining the qualities and powers of the central mass, aggregate into satellites called planets. These again, by the laws derived from the parent sun, throw off moons, or satellites, which revolve around them; whilst the entire system moves, each member of that system in its respective orbit, around the grand central star; every planet, with its attendant moons, registering its attraction to, and repulsion from, the parent sun by the perihelion and aphelion points of its special orbit.

OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MATERIAL BODIES.

Suns, planets, systems—every form of matter, indeed, whether in mass or unparticled atoms, grows to a maximum point of perfection, analagous to the prime of humanity and manhood; the form, be it what it may, then "turns the hill of time," and goes down to the valley of death, disintegration, and re-birth, into some other and more progressed condition on the highways of infinity. It may require such billions of mortal time as defy the computations of mathematics to define, ere the material of suns and their systems run their appointed course. It is all one with the birth, growth, life, and death of man. The macrocosm and the microcosm are one, and the laws of being impressed on a dewdrop, prevail through galaxies of blazing suns. But the tale is not yet completed.

OF SPIRIT THE IMMORTAL PART OF BEING.

I have said that every atom of cosmic matter in the universe is vitalised by force and saturated by spirit. Matter grows up to its prime, waxes old, and dies. Spirit grows *through* matter, but NEVER DIES. It only passes out of the form of matter when that form disintegrates, and then commences a new set of ever-ascending phases of being, clothed upon by the life force which becomes a spiritual body. Next; shedding even this envelope of a life-principled body, it becomes pure spirit, and, as such, is A SUN GOD. From the first condensation of a material sun into a central star, giving birth to planetary satellites, suns equally inevitably throw off SPIRITUAL particles, which aggregate into spiritual spheres, filled with the spiritual parts of every substance, whether of mineral, plant, or animated forms, grown in the parent mass. As in the planets, earths, and satellites of every sun in space, so in the central parent mass itself, Spirit spheres are grown, thrown off in zones, belts, and unparticled glorious realms of Ether, and are filled with the spiritual parts of all that ever was, or ever can be born of the physical parent mass. This is the law of life and growth in the mightiest sun that sparkles through the galaxies of infinity as in the humblest satellite that moves around the orbit of the central star. Nature or creation—call it as man may—is far more unique, and the laws of being far more simple than man with all his aggregation of scientific terms or complex mathematical sums would make out. "Words, words, words!" and these only mask the sense and simplicity of the infinitely large and the infinitely little. Thus, once again, the life of a man is as the life of a solar system, or a galaxy of systems; and thus, again, the parent sun, the physical creator of planets and all that is therein, from a crystal to a man, forms, fashions, and endows with life and being, every

physical form or atom of his satellites at the same time that he throws off the spiritual elements within his own being, creating, through the ever-restless action of force a spiritual sun, the counterpart and supplement of his own glorious being.

In this Spiritual Sun and its spheres, like the spheres of earth and other planets, are conserved all the beauty, perfection, and deathless spiritual life of the physical parent sun. Here the glorious and perfected souls of solar men become the deific and tutelary lords of creation. They are the angels of the entire solar system, and in their ascending spheres become archangels, gods, "thrones, dominions, powers," ruling and governing the planetary worlds of their own system until time shall be no more.

. . . . Here let us rest.

Even if my readers will follow me into this revival of the ancient teachings upon the problem of Deity, they may tire of stretching the forces of mind up and away to the solar roads of infinity. They may shrink also with conventional, though all too unreasoning disgust, from what it has become the cant of sects to call "Heathenism, Paganism, or Fire Worship."

We know that the views of antiquity concerning Deity, now reproduced in these Spiritual teachings, will be indignantly rejected by those who have been accustomed to image forth their God as a huge man, seated on a huge throne, listening to hymns of praise from the saints in Heaven, or to shrieks of agony from the tortured in Hell to all eternity.

It matters little to me, however, what men think *now* or what they accept or reject for *to-day*. In the years that shall be, humanity will all worship with me the Central Spiritual Sun, with its *Elohim*, tutelary gods, angels, and guardians of this solar system, and bend their mortal lives on earth, only to be worthy to join these

hosts of Heaven. Meantime, I write because I have heard THE VOICE, and obey the command it implies, "Be still, and know that I am God." It is a strange and significant fact that all religious systems upon the face of the earth originated in solar worship, most commonly in the acceptance of the physical sun as the sign and symbol of a Spiritual sun. So taught, so worshipped India, Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, Greece, and Rome. So believed, so wrote, though mostly in Cabala, the wandering Jews. So did the Cabalistic writers of the Jewish Scriptures imply, when they put into the mouths of the Elohim the words—"Let us make man in OUR image"; when they gave the Jewish nation in charge to one of the Elohim, "Jah" or "Jehovah"; when they filled their Scriptures with a thousand figures of speech, all indicative of Deity in the brightness of solar glory, or the obscurity which hid that brightness in clouds and darkness from sinful men. So wrote the Cabalists in imaging forth the fall of Spirit through the creative sunbeam in the fall of man and the origin of sex. So, in a word, will all the original mysteries of theology be yet explained, and the subtle webs of priestcraft be broken and swept away.

The little child, in the simplicity of its one, sole knowledge and belief—namely, the love of father and mother, knows nothing of the complexities of life, and is not distracted from its primordial loves by the clamorous demands of art, science, and worldcraft. Even so in the infancy of the race the antique man knew and loved his Father God in Nature, and saw his image in himself. Before priestly arts had confused his mind, or the world's rushing tides had swept away and effaced the original writings of Creation on the consciousness of the creature, the child man perceived, as well as felt, that the warmth and power of the mighty sun was life, and the light of the glorious orb was revelation. The earliest of all arts and

sciences, agriculture and astronomy, only confirmed that faith, and if more evidence were needed to prove solar, and, subsequently, "fire worship," as the original natural religion of man, the fact that in our own modern times this is the first natural belief of the untaught savage, might have shown to the crafty and designing priesthood that the worship of God "in Spirit and in truth" was the first and the last—the Alpha and Omega—of divine revelation.

In writing of the "Gods" or tutelary spirits of this planet and its sister worlds in our solar system, let it ever be understood that I *infer* and believe that the same laws of life, origin, growth, and ultimate, both in regard to matter and spirit, obtain in ALL systems discoverable to man and apprehended by spirits throughout the universe.

The universe! what do those petty assemblages of letters imply? Take one single galaxy. To the unaided eye of man it is only a nebulous cloud, no bigger than a handbreadth. Examined through the telescope it is a cluster of millions of suns, each the centre of systems like our own, though exceeding ours in magnitude, as the sun exceeds the flame of our midnight camp. To know or even dream more of how these galaxies thicken on the eye of science, until the stretched cord of mind trembles, shivers, and threatens annihilation, let my readers glance over the words of my favourite author, Fichte. He clothes my unspeakable views of the universe in words which I could never imitate. Hear him!

Writing of THE GOD, not of a single system, but of the CENTRAL SUN OF THE UNIVERSE, the great German writer says:—

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 he said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human 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 farewells, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zaarahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickened under prophetic motions from God. 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. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphant gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at an altitude by spans—that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves; past number were the archways; beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled 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 they thus rode from infinite to infinite—suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming, were rearing, were at hand.

Then the man sighed, and 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 acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecution of the infinite; for end, I see, there is none." And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, "End there is none." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end?—and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered. 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."

As are the planets, comets, meteoric sparks of our little speck of a solar system in space, clustered around its spiritual sun spheres, so are the vaster, grander, and endless solar systems of INFINITY clustered around an unknown but ever-existent central SUN OF BEING, and its name is—GOD.

(To be continued.)

Between two worlds life hovers like a star.—Byron.

HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

PART VIII.

WHILST every well-informed civilian in this century must be aware that SPIRITUALISM (by which is implied facts, phenomena, and apparitional manifestations of a super-mundane nature) has interpenetrated human history in all ages and all countries, there will ever appear to the careful student abundant testimony to show that such manifestations as come under the above-named category are invariably characterized by the specialties of the time and place in which they are said to have occurred. Thus, whilst I have selected the eras of time succeeding the foundation of the dominant religion of Europe, namely Christianity, for the first series of articles on "Historical Spiritualism," the scenes and personages most intimately concerned being comparatively more familiarly known to European readers than those of other lands, I would not have it inferred from this *a priori* selection that I claim for Christian Europe and its dependencies, any specialty of spiritual influence, either in point of divine authority or extent.

This remark will be sufficiently justified as we proceed to analyze the characteristic Spiritualism of other quarters of the globe than Europe.

If we refer back to the various eras of time, noted in our different sketches, we shall find that the first few centuries of the Christian era were chiefly remarkable for that class of spiritual phenomena evolved either by fervid zeal on the part of religious devotees and ascetics, or the no less powerful aspirational impulses called forth by persecution and martyrdom. Such was the Spiritualism of the Apostolic Fathers written of even in the early days of Eusebius and St. Augustine. From the period of Constantine up to that of the Crusades—in

fact for the first thousand years of the Christian era—the histories of saints, martyrs, and memorable men and women of all classes, stamps every country of Europe with spiritual waymarks which no mere denial can obliterate.

True it is that the bitter discord, wranglings, and even slaughter which arose between rival sects—Christians persecuting Christians, and each fresh sect, as it were, becoming a target for the shafts of all that preceded it,—served to heap reproach and shame upon the ecclesiastical side of Christian history, and justify the assertion of Mosheim, the historian, “that the history of Christianity is written in the blood of its saints, and lighted up by the fire of burning victims.” From the 12th to the 13th century two specialties mark the Spiritualism of Europe with ineffaceable and too often in ghastly proportions. These are first the uprising of whole districts of noble Reformers, inspired, led, and obviously guided by spiritual influences, like Huss, Luther, Savonarola, the Waldenses, Albigenses, Lollards, and many other bands of brave Protestants, and the tremendous outpouring of the spirit both on communities and individuals, signalized as “Witchcraft.” Thus a vast amount of religious inspiration leading to the formation of new sects was characterized by the ignorance and superstition of the middle ages as “Witchcraft,” and the latter opprobrious epithet itself was only used to stamp out and destroy precisely the same powers as those attributed to the founder of Christianity. It is a fact which no special pleading of interested historians can distort or stamp out, that the gifts of the spirit which animated alike the leaders and followers of the Protestant Reformers, as well as the same gifts of the spirit which distinguished the hapless victims of the witchcraft brand, were always manifested by veritable “prophets”—in the ancient sense—or “mediums,”

in modern phraseology. Also it will be found that all and each, by their tens of thousands and millions, were done to death by the dominant Christian Church—a church founded and perpetuated in the name of Him who declared that *the works which he did his followers would do likewise*, and in the last chapter of St. Mark he is reported as saying :—

“And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. . . . And they went forth, preaching everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the words with signs following.”

I am now about to write of the two last phases of European Spiritualism of which I can treat in any detail, and the first of these, I candidly confess, I approach with equal pain and regret—pain, because of the unspeakable horrors which the history itself reveals; regret, that I can only skim over its surface for the benefit of such readers as may not have had other opportunities of studying the narratives in which the life, times, and persecutions of “the Prophets of the Cevennes” are given in full detail. The unhappy people known as the “*Cevennois*,” the inhabitants of one of the lovely rural districts of the South of France, became obnoxious alike to both Church and State, from the fact that they were believers only in the most simple forms of religious faith, and preferred banishment, confiscation of their lands, homes, and civil rights, enduring even long imprisonment, and often death under the most horrible of tortures, to attendance upon the services of Roman Catholicism, and professions of a faith they abhorred.

In Bulkely's “*Cry from the Desert*,” the author, writing of the unhappy “*Cevennois*,” says :—

Their houses were rifled and burnt, their crops destroyed, and themselves were thrust into the galleys by thousands, till the prisons were

filled to repletion, and such prisons! Pits and dungeons swarming with vermin, and reptiles engendered by filth; abysses unvisited by the sun. The unhappy people could neither stand upright, sit, or lie down. They were let down into these horrible depths with ropes, and came up only to be flogged, mutilated, rent on the rack, or broken alive on the wheel. Many, after some weeks' confinement, issued from these *infernos* without hair and without teeth. Carrion and the garbage of cattle were flung into these pits for their food. They weltered in sloughs of impurity; their bodies became bloated, their skins peeled off like wet paper, they were, in effect, living corpses. At length, to disencumber these hells of horror and contagion, King Louis was compelled to ship them off in rotten transports to America, indifferent whether they reached land or the bottom of the ocean.

But as the most active and pitiless use of fire, sword, plundering, racking, torturing, hanging and murdering in these slaughter-houses of prisons could not bend these poor but brave Christians, Montrevel the General and, Baville the Intendant, determined to lay waste the whole country of the Cevennes, and exterminate them. They therefore divided the whole territory into sections, and distributed to every section its troop of soldiers, who went to work to destroy every house, lay waste with fire every field, and kill every man, woman, and child that they could find. Driven by these merciless measures to rebellion, the Cevennois rose and defended themselves. They got up into the mountains and the forests, laid up grain and provisions in huge caverns, and every man that had any kind of arms became a soldier. Yet what a handful against a host! The highest calculation gives only three thousand Cevennois in arms at once; some authors declare that there never were more than two thousand, whilst the king's troops, disciplined in the great wars of the time, and the militia amounted to sixty thousand! commanded by some of the best generals of France.

But the handful of brave mountaineers, trusting in God, determined not to die tamely. They elected leaders, and rushed down on their enemies, scattering them and slaying them to a marvel.

William Howitt, in his touching history of "the Prophets of the Cevennes," writes thus:—

But what concerns us is, that the source of their triumphs, and their deeds which rung through Europe, was SPIRITUALISM—Spiritualism of the most exalted and unprecedented character; Spiritualism which demands for its recorded facts the utmost stretch of faith, but attested by a cloud of witnesses, such as no history can surpass for weight, numbers, accordance, or trustworthiness.

When the wretched people were driven to desperation, when the bloodhounds of despotism surrounded them with fire and sword, overwhelming thousands with daily and insatiate carnage, then they cried mightily to God, and God came visibly to their rescue. They were seized with an extraordinary power of inspiration. They were shaken and agitated by it, and, as it were, transfigured. Then they broke

forth in prophesyings, in declarations of trust in God, in exhortations to prayer and newness of life. They foretold all that was necessary for their safety and success. Every action was immediately regulated by these oracles which never failed. Whether they should fight or flee, should hide or advance, was clearly told them. If a traitor came among them he was at once pointed out; if their enemies were planning means for their destruction, they saw them as if present, and heard their discourse. Men, women, and children—babes, too, who had never spoken—spoke in good French, to the amazement of hundreds present, and the words of such little ones were received as implicitly as those of the eldest and wisest of them. These startling facts stand on the testimony of numbers of the highest rank and fame. All this was the real source of the unparalleled triumphs of the little band of the Cevennois over the mighty armies of France for years. From the moment that any man received the influence of the spirit, it was observed that he became a new man, whatever had been his life before, and nothing could seduce him from his purity of life and devotion to the cause. The "Spirit inspired all the military manœuvres, and animated the courage of the chiefs in battle. They had no knowledge of war. Everything was given them miraculously." "The Spirit encouraged the soldiers," says M. Fage in the *Théâtre Sacré*. "When about to go into battle, and the Spirit said, 'Fear nothing, my child, I will guide thee, I will be with thee,' I rushed into the *melée* as if I had been clad in iron. Happy in the power of God, our little boys of twelve years struck right and left like valiant men. The bullets whistled about our ears like hail, but as harmlessly. . . . Swords cut through our caps and coats, but they did no hurt."

Those who were told by the Spirit beforehand that they should fall, went resignedly to their martyrdom; the rest fought in confident assurance of safety, and declared that they often found flattened balls betwixt their shirts and skin. This was the grand secret of those wonders of valour which astonished all Europe, and confounded the most experienced of the royal generals. The sufferings of the Cevennois, however, were terrific. Four hundred towns and villages were reduced to ashes, and the whole country for twenty leagues was left a desert. But the hunted Protestants made terrible reprisals. They destroyed every cross, image, and symbol of Popery that they came near, and had slain one-third of the royal army.

And all this was accomplished by simple peasants and artizans. Rowland, their commander-in-chief, was a vine-dresser; Cavalier, a poor peasant, but the David of their army, was a beardless boy when he stood forth as a prophet and a leader, and was only nineteen when he terminated his career in the Cevennes. Catinat was a watcher of horses on the hills of Vivens. Ravanal and La Belle Isabeau, the prophetess, were all carders of wool. Ellie Marion was the only one of a family of superior grade. Yet all these conducted their share of the command with an ability and success which astonished beyond all measure their high-born opponents, and covered them with defeat. These, not self-instructed, but God-instructed men and women conducted their

community, a population reduced to beggary and helplessness, with the same sagacity as they did the war.

The great leaders of the Camisards, as they were called—from Camis, the name of a shirt, or more probably from the black blouse which they wore, that they might not be seen at a distance—were Rowland and Cavalier. Rowland Laporte was a man of about forty, sedate, thoughtful, and endowed with the capacity of managing the general affairs. His providential watchfulness, under the guidance of Providence, inspired confidence, and diffused order and harmony through the whole Camisard community. He, as well as every commander, was a “prophet,” and exhorted, prayed, and prophesied in the assemblies, held sometimes in the glades of the forest, sometimes in the courts of old chateaux. To them the people, men, women, and children, ran in the midst of danger from their woods and hiding-places, listened intently to the words of inspiration, and to the hymns of faith and triumph, till weak women and children became capable of the most astonishing deeds.

Cavalier was the great hero of the Camisards. Youth as he was, of low stature, and a simple, ruddy countenance, and with his long hair rolling in waves on his shoulders, he was capable of carrying with him the spirits of all around him, both when he delivered an inspired harangue, or led them to battle. At his right hand always rode the gigantic and intrepid Ravel, with his bushy beard and wild hair; on his left, his younger brother, Daniel, a mere boy, on a fine young charger. At the head of their cavalry they rushed down into the plains, and spread terror amongst soldiers, priests, and enemies. They had, through inspiration, knowledge of the ambushes laid for them, and overthrew vast armies with amazing slaughter. Cavalier had a touch of romance in him; he would dress himself and his followers as royal soldiers, and thus obtain admittance to the castles and forts, dine with the commandants, and then astonish them by seizing them, leading them out of their strongholds, and setting these on fire. He entered the towns in disguise, and made himself master of all the projects of the king's officers. The people conceived for him the most enthusiastic admiration, and looked on him as their great deliverer under God; and this at length led to the fall of the Camisards.

It were needless at present to pursue this wonderful history further. Suffice it to say the weakness and ultimate fall of the once resistless ranks of the Cevennois arose out of internal dissensions and divisions in their ranks. Herein lies the bane of all great movements, especially of such as begin by trusting in the divine blessing on good and truth, and end by sacrificing their cause to their own personal advancement.

Two or three more episodes only can we quote concerning the ultimate fate of this brave and once devoted people of Cavalier. Howitt says:—

After parting with the Camisards he went to Holland, and collecting a regiment of French Protestant refugees, he fought gallantly in Savoy and in Spain against the persecuting Louis. . . . After that Cavalier came to England. His world-wide fame gave him distinction and wealth. He married in Holland a daughter of the famous Madame Dunoyer of Nismes, and by that marriage became nephew of Lachaise, the persecuting confessor of Louis XIV., and nominally brother-in-law to Voltaire! He wrote his memoirs, and became the governor of Jersey, which post he held till his death, which occurred at Chelsea in 1740. But was he as happy as he was prosperous? When he was introduced at Court to Queen Anne, she asked whether the Lord still visited him, as He did in his native mountains, and the wealthy and *fortunate* (?) ex-Camisard Chief burst into tears, hung his head, and was silent!

The rest of the Camisard leaders refused any compromise. But the charm was broken, the Divine Spirit which had blazed in unclouded glory upon them, was veiled in a great measure, if not withdrawn. Confidence had received a shock by the defection of Cavalier, and suspicions and weakness crept in. Rowland the brave was suffered to fall into the hands of a traitor, and killed, gallantly defending himself against an overwhelming enemy. There was no longer any head or centre of union. Every chief commanded his own independent section of Camisards, who fought bravely, but were overpowered. Some surrendered on condition of being allowed to quit the country; others were put to death with horrible torture. The leaders gone, the poor people endured a condition of sad oppression till 1787, when Louis XVI. was compelled to pass a much-boasted, but pitiful edict of toleration. But it was not monarchy, it was not Christianity, but the National Assembly which proclaimed the freedom of the mind, and yet it is remarkable that that assembly elected as one of its first weekly presidents a pastor of the church of the desert, a son of the martyrs of the Cevennes, Rabaut Saint Etienne! And when the dungeons were thrown open they found in them crowds of miserable beings, the sight of whom would have drawn tears from a stone. These victims of the infallible church, chiefly women, overwhelmed at the idea of deliverance, fell at the feet of their liberators, and could only express their sensations by sighs and tears. Many of them were eighty years of age. One of fifty-three had passed thirty-eight years in her prison. Marie Durand, sister of the martyr of that name, had been cast into her dungeon at five years of age, and had passed all her youth there.

The fiery conflict of the Prophets of the Cevennes had at length its triumph. This was the issue of its inspirations and its martyrdoms. The mighty had fallen, but the weak, mighty in God, had remained. The Cevennes gave to the world a great and salutary lesson. They proved that the apostleship of the sword is impotent to convert souls, and that in order to triumph over a despotism the most colossal, it is only necessary for the very weakest people to suffer in silence and to hope. Happy are they who believe, who love, and who hope.

So say the historians of the brave and devoted Cami-

sards, many of whose descendants now in Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and other distant parts of the world, are known as amongst the best, most pious, and honorable of any community in which they are found.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By *Emma Hardinge Britten.*

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH the transcriber of these memoirs is not prepared to state the exact period of their occurrence, there is good reason to believe that it was before the era of quick steam travel.

Richard Stanhope's attempt, therefore, to obey his friend's request to "Come at once," as recorded in our last chapter, was only expedited through the agency of post horses wherever they could be procured, and lagging "diligences" whenever they could be bribed to fulfil their inappropriate names.

Rome reached at length, after a long and weary pilgrimage, compared with which the modern steam engine is a lightning magician, Richard Stanhope found himself standing before the open gates of his friend Balfour's hired "Palazzo." It must once have been a splendid, though somewhat isolated, dwelling, near the *Corso*—a princely residence evidently, as the grand entrance court, vast hall, wide marble stairway, gilded ceilings, and enamelled or richly-painted walls proved. But now there was a change, and such a one as either spoke in mute but

eloquent tones of fallen fortunes, or utter indifference and neglect.

Something of both pressed upon the sensitive nature of Richard Stanhope as he ascended the once magnificent staircase of the "Balfour Palazzo" to visit Madame, who was "at home" that day, as a lounging lacquey informed him, though the Signor, for whom he first inquired, was absent.

Ushered at length into the spacious reception room, he found himself in presence of a very beautiful but gaudily attired woman, who was surrounded by a number of visitors, all of the male sex, whose dress and features evidently represented fluttering Cavaliers of different nationalities. Suffering his keen glance to wander from one to another of the different notabilities that thronged that *Salon*, the eyes of the visitor fastened upon one special form, though that was not the fair creature who was the centre of attraction to the admiring circle around her.

The person with whom Stanhope at first exchanged formal greetings, and by whom he was introduced to the lady of the mansion, was an English nobleman whose portrait Stanhope had been engaged to paint for an art exhibition, and whose name and fame had become notorious throughout European fashionable society for the multitude of conquests he had achieved over many trusting women, the homes he had blighted, and the hearts he had broken.

By way of doing *justice* to this once *celebrated* personage we may recall the report that he had fought so many duels with outraged husbands, fathers, and brothers, whose fairest and best beloved home treasures he had lured away, that on one such occasion, when the wife of an eminent peer had consented to share his infamy, he redeemed *the honour of his class* by offering to cross over

to Calais to fight a duel and give *the injured husband that satisfaction* on French ground that he had again and again been bound over by the laws of Great Britain not to attempt within its limits. The sequel to this story was that the *injured husband* thus addressed wrote back to say that the titled seducer had already given the said husband the utmost satisfaction he was capable of by releasing him from, and carrying off a bad woman.*

And this was the man (all too well known to Richard Stanhope) that he now saw lounging on the arm of the beautiful Italian lady's chair, and toying in idle playfulness with the two innocent little children who called Reginald Balfour father! It was some two hours before Stanhope could procure the private interview he sought, and was determined to have, with his friend's wife.

Even then he only obtained the privilege he desired by sending up to the *throne* of the fair sovereign of the household an urgent note, with the request for the favour of a private interview, a point he enforced by a silent exercise of that WILL POWER, the effect of which he had so recently observed in the action of M. D'Esion.

Late in the evening of the day on which he reached Rome, Richard Stanhope was admitted to the boudoir of the fair wife of the one who to him was the dearest friend he had on earth. His interest in the approaching inter-

* As this incident, like all the main features of the story now being given is STRICTLY TRUE, it seems in order to notice the "*laws of honour*" which prevailed in Europe during the past hundred years. It was perfectly honourable for a *gentleman* to enter another man's house or family, and seduce by arts needless to describe, that other man's wife, daughter, or sister, and having won and carried off his victim, the *laws of honour* required that he should offer the injured husband, father, or brother, as the case might be, *satisfaction* by meeting him in open combat with such weapons as would ensure the fact that one or other of the belligerents should be *killed* or otherwise seriously wounded. When this result was obtained the *honour* of the entire transaction was redeemed, and all parties were *honourably* satisfied. Great is the honour of *civilized* seduction and murder!!—ED. U.U.

view was certainly not much enhanced by the fact that on reaching the splendid corridor from which the various chambers branched off, he saw the same English nobleman (referred to above) come carelessly, and seemingly ostentatiously rather than otherwise, out of the very private boudoir into which he was subsequently ushered, and descend a narrow flight of steps opposite to the grand staircase by which he himself had ascended.

Heart-sick and sorrowful as the inspiration of the place rendered him, Richard Stanhope's interview with his friend's wife was not in any way calculated to restore his feelings to a sense of pleasure, or even hope for that friend's future happiness. Madame Balfour appeared to him, externally, the most beautiful being he had ever looked upon, though she was as cold and statuesque as if she were posed as a model before a sternly exacting artist. She did not know, she said, where her husband was, or why he had sent for his friend. He never told her where he was going, she added, carelessly, or when he should return.

It was evident to the pained observer that little or no sympathy existed between the husband and wife, although it was equally apparent that both parties were passionately fond of their two sweet little children, a girl of six years old and a boy of four.

With some hesitancy, and not a little anxiety, Stanhope informed the lady that he was well acquainted with her sister Adina, and her mother, Madame Baillie. Would she not wish to inquire for them? Drawing herself up with the hauteur of an offended princess, the fair dame replied: "Oh, Signor, I beg you to understand they are no relations of mine. Adina is simply my foster sister, and Madame Baillie was the nurse of my widowed mother. I can scarcely remember my mother," she added, "and of my father I have no recollection whatever; but when

my poor mother died this nurse Baillie, a Frenchwoman, took me and my little brother Jacopo."

"Jacopo Morani, Madame."

"Even so, Signor. Morani was mine and my brother's name. I presume we were left by our parents without a provision, so when this nurse Baillie adopted us she made us earn our own living by hiring us out to artists as little children models. At length my uncle, who was a priest, found us out, and objecting, I believe, to his sister's children being engaged in the model business, he offered to adopt us both. Me he insisted on taking, and I lived with him until his death. My brother Jacopo, whom he wished to become a priest, refused to accede to his wishes, and remained with our reputed foster mother. She and my little brother subsequently left Italy and went to France with her infant daughter, Adina, and of none or either of these parties have I ever heard since."

To say that Stanhope was thunderstruck as he listened to this recital would but poorly describe the dismay as well as amazement with which it filled him. Strange to say, however, the revelation, instead of suggesting the least tendency to prejudice his beloved Adina in his eyes, only the more strenuously determined him to lose as little time as possible in removing her from the society of her treacherous mother and the so-called brother Jacopo, who, as he supposed, had taken advantage of her pretended relationship to force her into the hateful disguise of a billiard-playing boy. It was then with ill-concealed haste to quit the presence of the haughty lady of the mansion that Richard, after bestowing a few caresses on the lovely children of his friend, made his parting obeisances, and that very same night set out on his journey to Florence.

One of the most enchanting air castles that had ever been created in the dreams of a worshipper of the beautiful was Richard Stanhope's vision of wandering through

and around the city palaces of Florence. Sometimes in lonely murmurings to himself; sometimes in conversation with his artistic associates, he would descant on the delight he should experience when he should realise his boyhood's most cherished dream by visits to Rome and Florence. He should tread the streets pressed by the feet of Bruno, Dante, Galileo, Luther, Savonarola, and Michael Angelo. He should linger around the ruined splendours of the Medecis, and the very stones that had echoed to the tread of saints, martyrs, princes, potentates, sculptors, and artists would prate still of their whereabouts, and inspire their humble worshipper with some gleams at least of the Divine fire that had animated them. And now—oh pitiful failure! stern awakening from all the illusions of his long-cherished imaginations!

His visit to Rome, the grand ideal of his soul's aspirations, he had only been able to extend through a few short hours, and these, unlighted by one gleam of pleasant remembrance, while his journey to Florence only served to revive all the strange torture and unaccountable impressions of the same malignant spell cast upon him which made his nights at Paris unendurable. Recollecting, too, such a vivid presentment of the terrible apparition he had there witnessed, he could scarcely believe he was not in direct presence of the murdered man whose visionary face and form seemed continually to rise up before him. The weary journey at length ended, the first question arising in Stanhope's mind was, where should he be likely to find his friend Balfour?

In his startling demand for Stanhope's immediate presence at Florence no address was given, neither had he the slightest idea whether or no he should enquire for him at his uncle's residence at Bello Sguardo. Considering the latter proposition the most probable, and reflecting that sooner or later the unknown artist of Sir

Lester's prize picture must be presented to him in person, he determined to avail himself of the present occasion to make his own introduction. Great was his astonishment, however, when, on enquiring at the coach office where he had landed for "the Villa Medicis," the residence of Sir Lester Stanhope, the official to whom he spoke replied in tones of deep sympathy—"Alas, Signor, for the poor old Milor Stanhope! But, Signor, you are too late, so avoid the great assemblage of people expected to attend the *funeral*. It took place early this morning; quite three hours ago."

"A funeral! My uncle dead!" cried Stanhope in a voice of horror. "When? How? Speak, some of you? What does all this mean?"

"Murdered, Signor," replied the official addressed, "cruelly, foully murdered five nights ago! None can find out who did the deed. The poor old Chevalier's head was nearly severed from his body, and he was found in the morning dead—dead! and none to tell the dreadful tale of who committed the terrible crime."

"Would you like to see the account of the inquest, Signor?" asked one of the bystanders, several of whom had now gathered around the pale, agitated young Englishman.

"Yes, yes! I thank you, Signor," responded Stanhope, taking the newspaper courteously tendered to him. "My poor old uncle! and I lingering idly away in Paris! A carriage, quick! quick! Horses and a postilion! Make no delay. Thanks, all of you. To the Villa Medicis, Bello Sguardo."

(To be continued.)

Self-abnegation, that rare virtue that good men preach and good women practise.—*Holmes.*

Book Review.

TWO REMARKABLE WORKS:

“THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY,” AND
“OCEANIDES.”

Two works written and published by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, author and founder of the “Petersilea School of Music,” Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

We have received copies of the above deeply interesting writings, the author being now himself in London, giving a series of fine entertainments, or recitals, of the best classical music, varied by readings from his own remarkable Spiritual volumes, above named.

Mr. Petersilea has long been celebrated in the “Athens of America” as an eminent musician, an admirable teacher, and one of the finest living interpreters of Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and other classical composers. To these great gifts Mr. Petersilea has added his powers of authorship in favour of his newly-adopted faith in Spiritualism. With the energy and devotion peculiar to him, and the talents of a high strung and grandly endowed nature, Mr. Petersilea has contributed to the literature of his adopted faith two volumes of brilliant writings, such indeed as only inspiration and profound research could have dictated. “The Discovered Country” consists of a well-bound volume of 234 pages, representing the experiences of a mortal (“weary of the march of life”) through the spheres of Spirit land.

No mere quotations or transcripts could do justice to the beauty, comforting descriptions, and brilliant pictorial delineations of this wonderful work. It must be read carefully and dispassionately to be in the slightest degree appreciable, and the reader must either come to the con-

clusion that the volume is a sample of the highest flights of imagination to which a mortal could attain, or, a genuine transcript of life in the world of spirits, as inspired by one of its inhabitants.

The second volume, named "Oceanides," is graphically described as a "Psychical novel." In this respect, no less than in its general tone, it differs from the more occult and spiritually inspired "Discovered Country." The chief theme of "Oceanides" is the stern law of natural "affinity" existing between the male and female individualities of the human family, and the mistakes, and consequent unhappiness which results on earth from such mistakes. This book, like the first-named, is finely written, and interspersed with highly philosophical teachings concerning the formation and ultimate conditions of worlds in space.

Mr. Petersilea's position as a musician, no less than his brilliant abilities as an author, merit warm support in this country, whether from the friends of music or religion. We commend him in both respects to public attention and patronage. He has given the disposal of his works, and such private meetings as the friends in London may organise, into the hands of Mr. James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London. This is also Mr. Petersilea's postal address. The terms of sale of Mr. Petersilea's works are thus given:—

"THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY." By Carlyle Petersilea. 234pp., on heavy paper, handsome cloth, with frontispiece portrait of author, and also engaged in writing. Price 5s.

"OCEANIDES." A Psychical Novel. By Carlyle Petersilea. 418pp., paper covers, 2s. 6d. London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

SPITITUALISM IN MANY LANDS.

NO. I.—IN FRANCE.

AN EVENING WITH BALZAC.

Translated for the "Progressive Thinker" by C. K. Allen.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"Me? No!"

"The dead who speak?"

"Less yet."

"Eh, well, sit down there and hear me a moment."

In this unexpected way Mme. Y—— abruptly opened the conversation last evening, at her house in the Rue Pierre-Charron. She is one of the most spirituelle and best-informed survivors of intelligent society and romantic literature. The evening before the first representation of "Pere Goriot" * I had awakened old recollections and anecdotes of old and celebrated writers. "*The dead speak,*" she emphasized.

Understand me well, you who are no more sceptical than I was myself upon this wonderful subject. Like you, I have laughed at turning tables and the phantoms that appeared. I did not believe any more than yourself the stories told of Mme. de Girardin, that Auguste Vacquerie had moreover taken the trouble to confirm, and you have not laughed more heartily than myself. You have heard the story, like a dream of hallucination, of William Crookes, and Katie King, that the personalities the most worthy of faith of the Royal Society of London were willing to confirm by their presence and their writings. I was an unconvertable adversary of Allan Kardec, Eugene Nus, and the masters of modern Spiritu-
alism, when, in the month of last September, a friend desired to present me to a young Dane, aged twenty-six,

* An adaptation from Balzac.

M. Aveling, who, without knowing three words of the French language, would surprise me if I was willing that he should turn the tables and make them talk. "As it is good to laugh I will go," I responded. "Introduce me to your medium to-morrow night."

The next evening there were six of us. About ten o'clock a seventh came. It was our Dane. We soon commenced the experiments. Surrounding a large and heavy centre table we obtained successively the phenomena of typtology, rapping, intelligent manifestations, etc. At half-past eleven our medium declared that he was impressed. I then placed before him some paper and a pencil. During a half hour his hand wrote wonderful words in answer to mental questions. I then put upon the table two school slates, one upon the other (these slates have large frames), and a pencil, laid flat so it could move easily. I inserted in the interstice a piece of chalk of small size. The medium laid his two hands upon the slates, while we continued to surround the table. We called for friends and relatives, and, mute and immovable as a cataleptic, the Dane pressed upon the slates, between which we could hear the chalk pencil write, tracing in French the responses of the persons called for, with their respective writing, although the medium spoke and wrote our language as badly as possible; he had been only six months in Paris.

I confess I was not much interested in these tests, of which I had read many descriptions, when, to enliven the meeting, I proposed to call for historical personages.

They then commenced to speak of an adaptation of "Pere Goriot." Suppose we interrogate Balzac? Immediately we concentrated our minds toward this end, making the Dane believe that Balzac was a politician.

A great silence ensued. We were very much agitated. The furniture began to crack; phosphorescent lights burst

forth. Suddenly the clock struck the hour; the table raised up suddenly, and fell again violently.

“Who is present?”

The table rapped twice, then once, then twelve times, then twenty-five, then once, then three times. According to the agreement, two raps marked the letter B; one, the letter A; twelve, the letter L; twenty-five, the letter Z; one again, the letter A; finally three, the C.

“BALZAC!”

“Are you disposed to respond to our questions?”

An energetic “Yes” was rapped. And very soon the slates began to tremble. We heard the chalk go and come, tracing zigzag lines, then write. We seized the slates at each interruption, to read the writing, which was almost undecipherable. It was then that we asked questions, and the following interview was commenced between the spirit and ourselves by writing:

“What do you think of ‘Pere Goriot,’ Balzac’s great play?”

“Determine yourself!”

“Do you approve of this adaptation?”

“Yes, assuredly. I have besides given my advice.”

“How is that?”

“In sleep, in dreams; is it not our domain, like death?”

“Explain yourself.”

“I have given my advice to the writers, Tabarant and Antoine.”

Here was an interruption. Then:

“Where were you just now, when we called you?”

“At the Théâtre Libre.”

“Did you assist at the representation?”

“What a foolish question!”

“Answer more clearly. Were you present?”

“Why should I not be present? I have besides reserved my place.”

"Where is that?"

"First balcony, in the centre."

Though this response appeared facetious, we reflected. The chairs of the front row of the first balcony are occupied at the Théâtre Libre—hall of the Menus Plaisirs by Mme. Severine and M. Francisque Sarcey. The latter also occupies the very centre.

"But, we say this place is occupied by M. Sarcey."

The table gave a sudden leap, and literally twisted. The pencil danced upon the slate, and we read:

"Eh, well! I sit upon the knees of Sarcey."

"One word more. What do you think of the enormous influence of your work upon the present generation of writers?"

"I cannot say."

"Why?"

"That is forbidden me."

"Nevertheless, tell us what you think of the romancer whose name is often quoted with yours: Emile Zola?"

"This man constructs a cathedral; he is an archbishop; I have only been a village rector."

"You know his work?"

"I read all his books. I repeat it, you tire me."

With this last response the pencil stopped and would not write any more.

The Danish medium was very much fatigued. They declared that he had never shown so much lassitude as that evening.

Since this experience of the 12th of September last year we have not been able to establish new communications with Balzac. Such is the official report, the best I can give you of this strange meeting. To give credit to the purport of one of the answers on the slate, it was instantaneously photographed and engraved. "*Balzac judges Zola.*" It is there in its original writing, and

with all the characteristics of the handwriting of the master, that the experts who have examined it closely acknowledge to be identical.

"And now," added my hostess, "will you say the dead do not speak?"

"Strange! strange!" said I, in turning over in my hands the metallic card where the writing of Balzac had been fixed. "If you will only allow me to submit this writing to the examination of an expert, before believing, without any doubt?"

"Will I permit it?" said she. "Come with me." Then, pushing me into the carriage, which soon conducted me to the house of Eugene Charavay, I found the autographs of Balzac nearly similar as to the whole, and almost identical as to the details of the characteristics of the letters compared with this posthumous document, the material proof that if the dead do not speak, at least they write.—*Le Figaro*.

NO. II.—IN FRANCE.

M. ROCHAS' EXPERIMENTS IN MAGNETISM.

Specially Translated for the "Banner of Light" from "L'Etoile" of June, 1892, by W. N. Eayrs.

"WE read," says the editor of *L'Etoile*, "in *La Justice*, the account of the following strange experiments made by Col. Rochas. These facts overturn all our received opinions, and send us into a strange and curious world. Could any one imagine that the sensibility of a person could be transferred to an object, to a liquid, and even be bottled up? This is, however, just what has been done. To this phenomenon M. Rochas has given the name, the exteriorization of the sensibility.

"On the 10th of last March, M. Rochas, by the aid of a magnetized subject, rendered a saturated solution sensi-

tive. When his assistant threw into the preparation the crystal which was to cause the solidification of the liquid, the subject who had transferred his sensibility to the water, was seized with a terrible nervous attack, fainted, and was with difficulty restored. How could the change of state produced in the liquid induce a similar disturbance in the subject? Mystery!

“M. Rochas went further. He saved the solution just as it then was, and, on the 18th of March, wishing to find out whether it had lost anything of that strange affinity which it possessed with the person who had, eight days before, communicated to it a portion of his own life, he made this trial. Without informing the subject of his intention, he suddenly plunged the blade of a knife into the liquid. Thereupon ensued a terrible scene; one that we shall never forget. The subject, as soon as the knife had penetrated the liquid, uttered a piercing scream, as if he had just been wounded, and fell to the floor, sobbing and pressing his hand hard against his breast.

“This experiment, and others analogous to it, would explain quite well the crime of witchery, which, in the middle ages, brought so many persons to the stake. To illustrate this ancient custom to his guests, M. Rochas made a little statuette of red wax, and rendered it sensitive by causing a young woman whom he had magnetized to make passes over it. From that moment the life of the subject was in a certain sense doubled and intimately connected with the lot of the wax doll. Touch it in whatever place we would, the subject felt the touch; and if a pin were thrust into it, the young woman would cry out in pain, and rub with her hand the part of her body corresponding to the part of the statuette which had been pierced, as if she herself had been wounded.

“These facts appeared to us so singular and so plainly whimsical, that we tried to explain them by the theory of

mental suggestion ; that the operator, either consciously or unconsciously, controlled the mind of the subject. That this was not the case was proved by an unintended accident.

“ The hour for the departure of the guests had come ; and M. Rochas with his visitors and the young woman, his subject, were in the hall engaged in a merry chat before they said good-night. We, however, had remained in the drawing-room, and were intently examining the wax doll. Without intending to do so, we did in fact slightly injure the left leg. Instantly a scream was heard in the hall, from which we could not be seen. The cry came from the young woman, who complained of feeling a shooting pain in her left leg. Thus without wishing to, we had caused a sensation of pain to be felt by a person who was at a distance of several metres from us.

“ We shall not discuss these phenomena, but content ourselves with stating them simply and truthfully. They are sufficiently strange to cause poor human reason to hesitate before the mysterious realm which such facts disclose.”

Let us say here that the *brochure* which M. Rochas has recently published, entitled “ *Les Etats Profonds de L'Hypnose,*” is most worthy the attention of those who are interested in the study of the hidden forces in man. It has a greater scientific value than any other book upon this matter of Hypnotism that has come to our notice.

IN AMERICA.

WHY DON'T SPIRITUALISM GIVE US SOMETHING NEW ?
HON. A. B. RICHMOND in a discourse delivered at Cassadaga, and reported in the *Banner of Light*, says :—

A prominent Orthodox Christian gentleman recently asked me “ Why it was, if Spiritualism was true, that the

spirits did not give us some useful scientific information?" Why they did not reveal to us some great scientific discovery or invention for the benefit of mankind? Why they did not tell us years ago about the electric light, describe the telegraph and telephone, or any other of the wonderful inventions of man? Why did the spirits wait for man to discover what they might have told him if the knowledge would have benefited our race? And oh! the look of profound wisdom that accompanied this interrogatory. The ponderous implied logic of the question was almost paralyzing. After I had partially recovered from its effects, I answered that *I did not know!* But that nearly nineteen hundred years ago mankind was very ignorant, not only of the facts that science has lately revealed, but of the geography of the earth; that on His holy mission of *redemption* a *God visited the world* and gathered around Him a band of disciples, and He taught them in sermons, by parables and by prophecy; that at that time astronomers believed in the theories of Hipparchus, afterwards modified by the errors of the crystalline spheres of Ptolemy; that this *God* had descended to the earth through the vast fields of Ether from heaven—which orthodoxy locates "beyond the stars"—and of course He knew that no crystalline sphere surrounded this planet, in which it was then believed the stars were set like jewels in a diadem. He knew that the yet undiscovered theory of Copernicus and the laws of Kepler with the then unknown laws of gravity—afterward discovered by Newton—would in time confute the errors of the day in which he lived and suffered, and yet He never taught His followers one fact in astronomy. And when He said to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," He did not inform them of the vast continent across the Atlantic, nor yet of the innumerable islands of

the ocean where His Gospel would be preached by the missionaries of the nineteenth century. In His teachings he seemed to know no more of the geography of the earth than the ignorant fishermen who followed Him. He healed the sick, raised the dead, stopped the issue of blood from the suffering woman, who but touched His garment and was made whole, and yet He said nothing of the great fact demonstrated by Harvey—that of the venous and arterial circulation. He did not reveal one single scientific truth to an ignorant world, and yet *He was God*, and knew all things. His divine mission was to announce the existence of a future world to mankind, and to teach them how to live in this, to insure their greatest happiness hereafter. This is the exact mission of the spirit-manifestations of to-day. They are moral teachers, not scientific instructors. Yet do they heal the sick, and in many ways assist their earthly brotherhood.

No. I.—IN RUSSIA.

ANASTASIA PERELIGINA.

Translated for the "Banner of Light" from Psychische Studien, by W. N. Eayrs.

THE care which Herr Aksakoff takes to get at the truth of every alleged fact in psychic phenomena reported to him, and the completeness with which his methods of investigation and his evidence for or against the fact in question are laid before the reader, give to his magazine a weight of authority and value which not many others possess. We transcribe for our readers two interesting examples of his method.

The first is a report of a sitting held at the house of Herr A. Nartzew, at Tambow, in Russia.

"The sitting began at 10 o'clock in the evening of Nov. 18th, 1887. We were at a table placed in the

middle of the room, which was lighted by a lamp standing on the mantel. All the doors were locked. Each one with his left hand held the right hand of his neighbour, and foot was placed upon foot, so that hands and feet were under control during the whole sitting. Loud knocks were heard in all parts of the room, and in the middle of the table, as if some one with his fist had struck it so violently that it trembled the whole time.

“Herr Nartzew asked: Can you answer my questions by means of raps, three for yes and one for no? Yes. Will you answer by using the alphabet? Yes. Please spell your name. The alphabet was called over, and the name was given—Anastasia Pereligina. Pray tell us now why you come here and what you wish? I am a wretched woman; pray for me. Yesterday I died during the day in the hospital. The day before I poisoned myself with phosphorus. Give us some information about yourself. How old were you? Seventeen years. What were you? I was a house-servant. I poisoned myself with phosphorus. Why did you do that? I shall not tell you. I will say nothing more.

“After this, a heavy table, that was standing near the wall, moved three times from its place to the circle which we made around the little round table, and as often moved back again, nobody knew how.

“No one of the party,” says Herr Nartzew, “had ever heard the name of Anastasia Pereligina before, nor knew of her death.”

To determine the correctness of her statement, and consequently the identity of the spirit communicating, Dr. N. Tuluschew, one of the party to whom the communication was made at the sitting, sent a letter to Dr. Sundblatt, chief physician of the only hospital in Tambow, requesting information whether there had been under his care such a person, when she was admitted, when she died, and of what cause.

The reply from the house physician came on the following day: That on the 16th of November two patients were brought in who had poisoned themselves with phosphorus; one of them was Anastasia Pereligina, a house-servant, aged seventeen years; she died on the 17th; she would not give any reason for her suicide.

The full text of the correspondence is given in the February number of *The Review*.

NO. II.—IN RUSSIA.

AUGUST DUVANEL.

Herr Aksakoff says: On the 19th of January, 1887, I received a visit from Herr Kaigorodow, who lives in Wilna. He reported to me the following fact: He has for his children a governess, Mlle. Emma Stramm, a Swiss lady from Neufchatel. She possesses the gift of automatic writing. At a sitting which was held at his house in Wilna, on the 15th of January, at nine o'clock in the evening, the following communication, written in the French language, was received.

The medium, who was in her normal condition, asked: "Is Lydia here?" [Lydia is the name of a spirit who had previously manifested at sittings.] The answer came: "No, but Louis is, and wishes to give his sister a piece of news." "Well, what is it?" "A person of her acquaintance went away at three o'clock to-day." "What am I to understand by that?" "That means he is dead." "Who is dead?" "August Duvanel." "What was his sickness?" "He died of apoplexy."

Two weeks later Herr Kaigorodow, who was again in St. Petersburg, showed me the letter which the father of the medium had written to his daughter. It was dated at Neufchatel on the 18th of January, three days after Duvanel's death, and conveyed to her the information

agreeing precisely with the communication of the spirit Louis.

The principal points established by the correspondence which followed between Herr Aksakoff and other parties who knew the deceased are: Duvanel died at three o'clock, January 15th, in a Swiss village, where he was living alone; for he had no other relatives except a brother, who lived at a great distance from him. Of this brother Mlle. Stramm had never heard. Mlle. Stramm's father did not learn of the death until two days later; but the news was received by automatic writing at Wilna, in Russia, only five hours after Duvanel's death.

Herr Aksakoff's conclusion appears to be the only competent one to explain the occurrence: "Thought-transference among the living is in this case out of the question," for a strange circumstance attends it. The spirit giving the information in the first séance announced the death as due to apoplexy, and the letter of the father assigned the same cause; at a later sitting the same spirit said that Duvanel committed suicide; and this was proved to be the fact in the following March. The explanation of the discrepancy and the cause of it, given by the spirit, are so satisfactory that no alternative is left. The communication could not have come from the visible side of life.

OPEN COURT CORRESPONDENCE AND QUESTIONS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

To the Editor, "Unseen Universe."

DEAR MADAM,—I have been reading, with equal pleasure and profit, your excellent treatise on the "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History." I have also had the pleasure of lending the two extra volumes I purchased of Heywood to several "brothers of the cloth," pious reverend gentlemen who, if they did know it all beforehand had not the honesty to teach it, and if they did not know it all, were not fit to be the people's teachers. Without troubling you about the black looks,

blackier words, and still blackier thoughts which my desire to enlighten these black-coated gentry called forth, I now take the liberty of finding a little fault with you, talented lady, and asking why you confined your review to the various Christs and Messiahs that preceded the Jewish Avatar Jesus, and yet omitted to give some account of the still greater number of Messianic impostors that have appeared on the scene subsequently to the Christians' God-man, that is, supposing that such a personage ever did exist—a point which some of the best *savants* of the day are now shrewdly questioning. Not doubting but that you had good and sufficient reason for limiting your analysis to the time of the Jewish Avatar, I beg permission to offer to your readers 25 more of the Messiahs of history, whose appearance at different times has, I think, established the fact that one Messiah is about as good as the rest, and if one is to be worshipped and set up as a God, why not all?

No. 1. Simeon, surnamed Barcocheba ("Son of a Star"), who appeared in the reign of Hadrian, A.D. 130. He took Jerusalem in 132, and was slain in 135.

No. 2. Moses Cretonis, who arose in the reign of Theodosius in 434, and claimed to be a second Moses, sent to deliver the Jews who dwelt in Crete. He promised to divide the sea, and give the people of Israel a safe passage through, but, failing, disappeared. He was generally supposed to have been drowned.

No. 3. Dunaan, who appeared in the reign of Justinian, about 520. He entered a city of Arabia Felix, and being taken prisoner was put to death.

No. 4. Julian, set up by the Jews and Samaritans as the real Messiah, in the reign of Justinian, in 529. Julian was captured, and put to death.

No. 5. Serenus, who arose in Spain, claiming to be the real Messiah, in 721. He had for a time a large following, but was ultimately forsaken, and died in unknown parts.

No. 6. In 1137, there appeared in France one generally called Christus. He and many of his followers were put to death.

No. 7. In 1138, the Persians were disturbed by a Jew, who called himself the real Messiah. He collected a large army, was defeated, put to death, and his followers maltreated. Name not given.

No. 8. In 1157, a Messiah stirred up the Jews at Cordova, in Spain, collecting the scattered people, prior to a return to Jerusalem, for the coming millenium. He and nearly all the Jews in Spain were put to death. No name given.

No. 9. David Alroy, of the kingdom of Fez. He brought great trouble and persecution on the Jews, and was eventually destroyed by a mob.

No. 10. In 1167, there appeared in Arabia a prophet, who claimed to work miracles. He was decapitated, but through promising to appear again and failing to do so, he was forgotten. Name not given.

No. 11. In 1170, a Jew, who dwelt beyond the Euphrates, called himself the Messiah, and drew large multitudes of people around him.

He said he had been a leper, and had been cured in one night, and that was the proof of his mission. Name not given.

No. 12. In 1174, a magician arose in Persia, who seduced many of the common people, and brought the Jews into great tribulations. Name not given.

No. 13. David Almosser, a great cabalist, arose in 1176, in Moravia. He claimed to make himself invisible, but was taken, put to death, and a heavy tax laid upon the Jews.

No. 14. David-el-David appeared in Persia in 1199 as the Messiah of the twelfth century. He was a man of great learning, soon raised an army against the king, was taken, and beheaded.

No. 15. Ismael Sophus arose in 1497, in Spain, and deluded many of the Jews. He soon perished and his followers were dispersed.

No. 16. A German Rabbi, Ascher Lämlein, in 1502, gave himself out as a Messiah, and urged an immediate removal to the East. He made many converts among Jews and Christians. He died suddenly and his followers were scattered.

There are ten more of these Messianic impostors reported of in Buck's Theological Dictionary, the exact names and dates of whose appearances I cannot quote from memory, whilst the book I have not at present at hand. Who shall say which is the only true and *bonâ fide* Son of God. Can you solve this problem, madam, with all your learning?

ANSWER.—If closely questioned I should say to our esteemed correspondent, they were all sons of God, one as much as the other; but like a good many other sons of the Father, they either made great fools of themselves, or believed that the world, whom they strove to impose upon, were the real fools, whilst they were only knaves.

QUESTION.—Pray, madam, may I enquire why Mrs. Lean, née Florence Marryat, writes so constantly of dark circles as the methods by which the best (apparently so) spirit manifestations are to be obtained, whilst you, with seemingly equal persistence, in all your writings denounce them? Who shall decide when doctors disagree? (*Ibis.*)

ANSWER.—In a movement like Spiritualism, where there are no acknowledged leaders or teachers, wherein even the humblest attempts to impart knowledge on the basis of experience is often unwittingly denounced as "*Priestcraft*," the desire to rule, lead, dictate, &c., &c., each writer, especially those of long and wide experience, must give the results of that experience independent of the varied experiences of others. Without the slightest idea of dictation or fault-finding, I, in my 30 years of spiritual mediumistic practice and observation of phenomena, especially in America, emphatically declare that the best spirit phenomena I have experienced through my own mediumship, or that of many of the most powerful, physical, trance, and writing mediums, have been given in the light, and some of the worst cases of fraud, folly, and deception it has been my lot to encounter have resulted from sitting in dark circles, where the opportunities for such practices were all too favourable. The manifestations by loud and various rappings, and the

intelligent and truthful answers to questions, are quite as good and powerful through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, the justly celebrated, though wholly unprofessional medium and honoured friend of the editor's, in broad daylight as when that excellent lady, by request of the spirits, holds a few, rare, dark séances, given chiefly for a special phase of power. The entire of Mr. Home's marvellous manifestations during his visits to this and many other countries took place in the light, and I could cite the experiences of hundreds of others, similarly gifted mediums, for the descriptions of which, and attestations of innumerable witnesses, I refer to my own voluminous writings in the large volumes entitled "Nineteenth Century Miracles," and "Modern American Spiritualism." I answer thus for myself alone. Other writers' opinions and observations I do not propose to discuss. I simply reiterate the fact that many hundreds of the best and most powerful mediums of the New Dispensation have given tens of thousands of wonderful manifestations in the light; consequently darkness is not an essential factor in the production of such powers, whilst it must be acknowledged to be a fruitful promoter of fraud and wrong.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

PRESENT SUSPENSION OF THE EDITOR'S LECTURES IN
EDINBURGH HALL, MANCHESTER.

As I hoped to reach, and advertize this, my Manchester lectures, to such friends in the city as had subscribed to my magazine, so I employ the same agency to announce, to my deep regret, the severe indisposition, which prevents the continuance of those lectures beyond the first six weeks of my promised course. The bronchial affection under which I am now suffering (induced, as the doctors believe, partly by the changeable weather and aggravated by draughts and over work), admits of no other palliation than rest and entire cessation from public speaking during the next few weeks. This is my only reason for ceasing meetings in which so many apparently earnest inquirers took part, and which I do not expect to renew, on account of the severe task they impose upon my good husband, who is himself unable to endure the sole burden and fatigue of their management. Hoping,

during the coming spring and summer, to lecture for my friends occasionally in their own organised meetings, I permit our home experiment to close, with the highly satisfactory assurance that it only needs to put our noble cause fairly before the public, to give evidence of the unabated interest that awaits every effort to place our grand philosophy before the world; also, let me once more add to this semi-valedictory address the significant, but ever truthful aphorism, that "UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL!"

I now also take this opportunity of commending to the readers of this magazine the announcement of my forthcoming new Encyclopædic book, as briefly described in the circular enclosed in each number.

Under whatever aspect we contemplate the future of Spiritualism, the proposed work assigned, as it has been to me by the SPIRITUAL LEADERS AND FOUNDERS OF THE NEW REFORMATION, and undertaken by me in view of the vast stores of biographical literature I possess, and the world-wide experiences I have gained in thirty years' of incessant in-gathering of spiritual facts and experiences, surely will merit the attention and assistance of those Spiritualists who yet remain on earth, *pledged by what they already know* to consider alike the wonderful past, present, and *possible* future of the noblest cause that has dawned upon humanity during the last thousand years.

Trusting to receive responses far and wide to the circulars referred to, I am now, as ever, the servant and messenger of the Spirit-world—EMMA H. BRITTEN.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—*Louise L. Alcott.*

G O N E !

WHERE have the world's great Heroes gone,
The champions of the right,
Who, with their armour girded on,
Have passed beyond our sight?
Are they where palms immortal wave,
Where laurels crown their brow,
Or was the victory thine, oh grave?
Where are they? Answer thou!
Where are they, Death, thou mighty one?

To some fair land beyond the sun
Have their bright spirits flown?
Their hearts were strong through truth and right,
Life's stormy tide to stem.
Oh, Death! thou conqueror of might,
What need hadst thou of them?

The earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill, and plain, and shore.
And the wide ocean's sounding waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the battle's strife.
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The secret of their life!

Where are they, oh creative soul,
To whom no name is given;
Whose presence fills the boundless whole,
Whose love alone is heaven?
Through all the long, eternal hours
What toils do they pursue?
Are their great souls still linked with ours
To aid us and to do?

Lo! how the viewless air around
With quickening life is stirred,
And, from the silences profound,
Leaps forth the answering word,
"We live!—not in some distant sphere
Life's mission to fulfil—
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love and labour still.

"No laurel wreath, no waving palm,
No royal robes are ours;
But, evermore serene and calm,
We use our noblest powers.

Then bravely bear, and *know that ne'er*
 God's angels leave you ever.
 Great, earnest souls your labours share,
 Our love forsakes you never."

—LIZZIE DOTEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Note by the Editor of the "U. U."

The following letter is from a truthful lady and highly esteemed correspondent, and she sends this article in the hope that some of our intelligent readers may be able to offer a solution on the problem she writes of:—

AN INCIDENT WHOLLY UNACCOUNTED FOR.

As there is in the present day great interest shown regarding anything in relation to Spiritualism, the following fact, which occurred to a friend of mine of many years standing shall tell its own tale, and if any one cares to explain it I shall indeed be glad. I must first of all say that my friend and all his family have to this day an utter contempt for, and disbelief in, "ghosts," etc., and none of them credit the possibility of "spirits" appearing for any purpose, good or otherwise. Still, my friend has always declared himself puzzled with the circumstance to which I allude, and which I will now narrate. On a certain occasion, when my friend, as the head of the family, was the last to retire to rest, and he had been in his room some little while, he recollected that he had forgotten to take upstairs something he required for the night, he therefore went downstairs again to get what he wanted. He was so accustomed to move about in the dark, and knew the position of everything so well that he did not trouble himself to light a candle, but before returning to bed he thought he would go into the sitting-room, which had been occupied by the family during the evening, and see that all was right. Judge of his amazement when, on opening the doors, he found the whole room filled with a soft, bright light, enabling him to see every object distinctly! Being a man of considerable nerve he walked in, stood on the hearth-rug, and brought all the power of his mind to bear on the subject, but had to confess that he was utterly at a loss. He then unbarred the shutters of the windows, and looked out! Nothing was to be seen but the thick darkness of a winter's night. Closing the shutters again he found no diminution of the radiance, and though he examined every piece of furniture closely, he still found nothing to account for it. He opened the door of the room and looked into the passage. Everything was dark and dreary, and he was compelled to retire to rest without solving the problem, which, to his matter-of-fact nature, was most amazing. On reaching his room he found his brain was too active to let him rest,

and, after waiting for some time he determined to go down again, when he found the same light, yet the cause was as far from solution as ever. We have many a time discussed this matter, but have abandoned the hope of explaining it in bewilderment, feeling that it must have proceeded from causes utterly beyond our knowledge.

Malvern, Nov. 15th, 1892.

PHENOMENAL.

SHE LIFTED FOUR KINGS.—The "Story of the Girl Who Baffled the Czar" is told in the new number of the *Review of Reviews*, says a London journal. Miss Bentley at Copenhagen before the golden wedding party broke up, rather surprised His Majesty by some of her experiments. He keenly watched the efforts of the Prince Royal of Greece to push to the ground a billiard cue lightly held by Miss Bentley in her hands, and with considerable alacrity he took his nephew's place after he had failed. The Czar grasped the cue with both hands, and put his enormous strength into the effort to get the point of the cue to the ground. It bent and quivered, but all His Majesty's efforts, like those of his predecessor, were in vain. But still a greater surprise was in store for the Czar. He placed his hands under Miss Bentley's elbows, and lifted; up went the young English girl until her fair hair almost touched the ceiling. Then it was explained that on that occasion Miss Bentley had allowed herself to be lifted, but when His Majesty next tried he would find it impossible to lift her. The Czar smiled. But the smile quickly gave way to a look of perplexity when all his efforts to lift her the hundredth part of an inch from the ground were unavailing. Still more surprised was he when Miss Bentley, lightly resting her fingers against the wall, resisted the efforts of various members of the royal party to push her against the wall. The experiment with a chair, in which Miss Bentley, by merely placing a hand on each side of the back of a chair, with the thumbs

slightly curved, lifted a person seated thereon, excited the Czar's profound attention, and he sat on the chair and was lifted. Then the Prince Royal of Greece sat upon His Majesty's knees, and up went the chair. To them were added the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland—one emperor, two future kings, and a king *in posse*. Never was there so much royalty upon one single chair before. Their collective weight was certainly not less than sixty stone. The chair was grasped by Miss Bentley, as before, and up it went, emperor, princes and all, three or four inches from the ground. The Czar's first look was one of surprise, his second one of warm congratulation.

* * *

IN referring to the Congress of Psychology held in London in August, the *London Times* said: "The 'School of Nancy,' as it is the fashion to call the followers of Dr. Liébault, has collected a number of very extraordinary experiences, and some of them were related recently to the pleasurable wonder of the audience. But it was an Englishman, Dr. Bramwell, of Goole, who made the most remarkable statements, and he had taken the precaution to bring his 'subjects' with him for experiment. He went, indeed, curiously near the old performances of the professional mesmerist; but whereas the mesmerist uses his power generally for some foolish purpose, Dr. Bramwell cures a woman of short sight by telling her she can read perfectly well, and repeatedly sends patients to a dentist carrying with them a written order not to feel pain, which they read when they sit down in the dentist's chair—and, we presume, do not feel pain accordingly. This must be a very valuable power, and everybody must wish that it was a little more widely spread among our doctors. A will like Dr. Bramwell's seems to possess the qualities of ether, laughing-gas, and bromide combined."

RENAN.

AMONG the funeral orations delivered at the Collège de France over the bier of Ernest Renan was one by M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction, who eulogised the scientific depth and fearless spirit of inquiry manifested in the late philosopher's work. The route to the Montmartre Cemetery was lined by crowds of spectators, who respectfully saluted the procession.

The first speech was addressed by M. Bourgeois, the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, who said that he would leave the duty of judging Ernest Renan's life and work to the colleagues of the deceased Academician. What he proposed to do was to show why the Government had resolved to honour M. Renan's memory. The death of the great writer was a loss for French literature, for science, and for human thought. The French language lost in him one of its masters, for none knew and loved the mother tongue better than he who had said of it that only those who were ignorant of it called it "poor in resource." The language was grateful towards him, and allowed him to write pages that would never die. Everything written by Renan, from the address to the soul of his sister in the beginning of the "History of the Origins of Christianity," on through his reminiscences of his youth, lectures, deep philosophical discussions, or even stray leaves, all was expressed in the old and admirable tongue. All knew how he entered upon the study of religious problems with a sympathy for relinquished beliefs, but with firmness of spirit and will. Renan said that religions were given out as facts, and should be so discussed, no matter what might be the consequences, and with that motto he pursued his inflexible way. The Minister concluded by hoping that, ere long, Renan's remains would be transferred to the Panthéon,

that temple in which the Republic desired that those should be laid to rest side by side who defended the independence of the country, and served well the liberty of human intelligence.—*Daily Telegraph.*



OPENING OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION, OCTOBER 6TH, 1892.

LAST month Chicago availed herself of the great opportunity offered to show her hospitality, her commercial enterprise and her public spirit. With pæans of joy the World's Fair Buildings were formally presented to the nation, and Columbia's day was celebrated with oratory and song. The dedication of the Columbian Exposition was a grand and imposing affair, and Chicago's welcome to the rulers and diplomats of this Republic and to the dignitaries of the ruling nations of the earth will never be forgotten by those who participated in or witnessed it. A hundred thousand voices cheered the eloquent Depew and the brilliant Watterson, and the chorus of five thousand voices attuned the melodies of the dedicatory ode. At the Auxiliary inaugural four thousand people were drawn together by a common interest in the International Congress, over which gathering Hon. C. C. Bonney, President of the Auxiliary Association, presided with a dignity and grace befitting the great occasion. Archbishop Ireland's oration was an eloquent statement of the work and influence of the World's Congress Auxiliary. All last week Chicago waved its welcome draped in red, white, and blue (and terra cotta, too), and on Friday night three of its parks were the bases of gorgeous pyrotechnic displays which rounded up the glories of the week.—*Harper's Weekly.*

REMARKABLE ACCOUNTS FROM NEW MEXICO — SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE AZTECS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Herald* furnishes that paper with an interesting account of discoveries recently made regarding the history, religious belief and practices of the Zuni Indians, living about forty miles from Fort Wingate, and believed to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Aztecs. While at the Fort the writer met Mr. Frank H. Cushing, a young gentleman who, about two years ago, was commissioned by the Smithsonian Institute to investigate the history and customs of the Pueblos, a general name of several semi-civilized tribes of Indians residing in the western part of New Mexico. These differ in many characteristics from the nomadic tribes, devoting their attention principally to the cultivation of the soil, and in raising large herds of cattle. They live in stone houses, some of which are several storeys in height. Their civilization dates back to a period anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards, and they still retain their ancient language. There are twenty pueblos, or villages, of which Zuni is the principal, and the total population is about 20,000. Realising the importance of being on familiar and friendly terms with the people whose present and past history he designed to study, he made Zuni his base of operations, by entering the village and placing himself in a helpless condition entirely at the mercy of its inhabitants. In that way he soon gained their confidence. They adopted him in their tribe. He learned their language thoroughly and scientifically; obtained admission into their most secret councils, and is now one of their chiefs, the second man of influence among them, standing next to the Governor in authority.

Though not yet twenty-eight years old, Mr. Cushing seems destined soon to be classed with the most famous

scientists of this era, and has already, through a mastery of the Zuni language, unlocked a treasury that will yield to the world a vast amount of information upon matters hitherto veiled in mystery, of a historical, mythological, philological, and social nature.

ST. AUGUSTINE ON THE ANTIPODES.

ST. AUGUSTINE seemed inclined to yield a little in regard to the sphericity of the earth, but he fought the idea that men exist on the other side of it, saying that "Scripture speaks of no such descendants of Adam." He insisted that men could not be allowed by the Almighty to live there, since if they did, they could not see Christ at his second coming descending through the air. But his most cogent appeal, one which we find echoed from theologian to theologian during a thousand years afterward, is to the nineteenth Psalm, and to its confirmation in the Epistle to the Romans; in the words, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." He dwells with great force on the fact that St. Paul based one of his most powerful arguments upon this declaration regarding the preachers of the gospel, declaring even more explicitly that "verily their sound went into all the earth, their words unto the ends of the world." Henceforth we find it constantly declared that as those preachers did not go to the antipodes, no antipodes can exist: and therefore that the supporters of this geographical doctrine "give the lie direct to King David and to St. Paul, and therefore to the Holy Ghost." Augustine taught the whole world for many centuries that as there was no preaching of the gospel on the opposite side of the earth, there could be no human beings there.—*From Geography, by Andrew D. White, in the Popular Science Monthly for September.*

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