

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.



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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.

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VOL. I.

MAY, 1892.

No. 2.

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## THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE AND THE CUI BONO OF MODERN SPIRITISM OR PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

WITHOUT taxing our readers' attention by quoting the published opinions of various learned authorities, it may suffice to say that the general attempts at explanation concerning the mysteries of life and being offered by scientists of the materialistic school have been—"that the known universe is composed of *matter* and *force*; that these two elements are invariably found in such mutual relations as to imply that force, with its dual motions of attraction and repulsion, is an attribute of matter; matter itself being only definable by the properties which it exhibits, etc., etc." Where the learned theorists are themselves imbued with what is popularly called "religious beliefs," it is quite sufficient for them to resolve all the mysteries of man's origin and destiny to biblical interpretation only, and all we can ever know of spiritual existence and powers, to miraculous interference on the part of Deity, as it occurred in the times and places recorded in the Old and New Testaments. Questioning an eminent scientist concerning these same mysteries of life and being, I was answered thus:—

I support the Church and pay my minister expressly to think and to deal with all such matters as come under the denomination of "religion." This is *his* business, not mine. I should as soon expect him to be meddling with retorts, crucibles, and other chemical apparatuses, of which my laboratory is full, as for me to be prating about Deity, salvation, and the means of grace, etc., etc.

All scientists are not materialists, neither are all learned Christians of the same type as the great chemist quoted above, still the "Church and the Bible," or "matter and force," are the words that for ages past have rung the changes in the ears of eager, inquiring humanity, when it has attempted to solve the stupendous problems of man's whence and whitherward. It was nothing to remind the pious or the learned of the wonders of invisible life and motion revealed by the microscope and the telescope, or of the mysteries of the magnet, electricity, chemical affinities, the silent invisible changes that transformed the acorn into the oak, "protoplasm" into a living organism; of the marvels of mind, thought, character, and the last and mightiest of all mysteries—of that which changed the living organism into the awful dumb inanity of the dead. No answer save "the Bible," "matter and force," was ever rendered to these, and ten thousand other similar speculations upon which the mind would run riot—until—what? Is there, then, a solution to be found upon which the tempest-tossed soul can rest and discover the grand secret? Aye, is there! and it is that sublime pioneer into the mystery of mysteries—that guide into the *adytum* of the Unseen Universe that we are now invited to follow. *A priori*, we shall call the name of the great revelator

#### SPIRIT.

The first attribute of Spirit is its total invisibility, except under rare and exceptional circumstances.

Secondly, we note the universality of Spirit, for though we may find it so hidden away in the mineral kingdom that we can only detect growth and decay as the result of changes in force, or the life of things—yet rocks disintegrate into vegetable forms, which again give birth to insect life, or animal forms, whilst the very lowest of

these, steadily march upward through various grades of expanding intelligence, *without one missing link*, until we arrive at the culmination of earthly being—man.

Thirdly, we have the most indisputable, the most world-wide proof that Spirit is undying,—that the mighty change that occurs to the material body in what is called “death” does not touch the Spirit; and,

Finally; we have in the facts of Spirit communion the proof palpable that Spirit, though invisible to the great mass of human sensuous perceptions, does and can become so thoroughly identified as a still living being, that we can no longer question the truth that Spirit lives beyond and independent of the forms of matter. Now, to reason back from this culminating position, we must first admit that for every effect there must be an adequate cause. Also, that as Spirit, after the death of the body, can and does exist independent of matter, therefore matter *cannot be the cause of Spirit*. But this is not all. All the changes that have led the race forward from the depths of savagism to the heights of civilization have been effected by Spirit—for it has been the spirit in man that was the digger, spinner, hunter, builder, sailor, mechanic, musician, poet, engineer, discoverer—all and everything by which the earth has been re-created, and humanity led up the steps of time, power, and achievement. If this be so on this planet, is it not reasonable to suppose that it is the same in all worlds?—nay, in all systems of worlds?—and hence it is only thus that we can ever know or conceive of the Infinite Spiritual existence we worship as the First and the Last, the Being we so vaguely call “God.” But we have further evidence yet to show that there is an unseen universe in which Spirit is the all in all—the sole reality. Whilst millions of spirits have returned to earth, and still continue to com-

municate with it, they all agree that there is a spirit country in which they live—houses, lands, scenery, garments, instruments, arts and sciences—all, in short, that we possess, or have known of, and very much more that is so far beyond our present knowledge, that spirit friends fail to find language in which to describe it: then it is evident that all things, nameable and unnameable, have a spiritual part, and exist in the unseen universe. If, in the first place, spirits, by an immense mass of corroborative testimony, can prove that all things that be and are known to man have an existence in the spirit world, and that all things that be on earth, except the planet itself, have been manipulated, discovered, and organised by the deathless spirits of men, here is quite sufficient evidence to show that Spirit is the Alpha and the Omega of being. Still reasoning backward from the spirits that only left us yesterday to those that lived upon the old earth hundreds of thousands of years ago, the question next arises as to whether, if there is a spiritual part of all things in the life beyond, may there not be a spiritual part in all things upon this earth? To this every returning spirit will answer affirmatively, and the sceptic will defend every outpost of his belief with fresh objections, and demands for proof of this. Be it so. Then we should commence our research by asking, What is the speciality which distinguishes Spirit from matter? To this we answer, Spirit is essentially intelligent,—matter the reverse. Did we go no farther than to stand between the living and the dead we should prove this. Aye, but where does intelligence begin or end? Intelligence is in every animated being, from the invisible animalculæ in the dewdrop, or infusoria in the air, all through the grades of bird, beast, insect, and fish, even to the humblest “Radiate.”

But once more to cite the well-worn platitude, that something cannot grow out of nothing, so we insist that

in the varieties, sensitiveness, and qualities of plants,—their assimilation to man as foods, medicines, poisons, and their obedience to man in his controlling culture,—there are evidences of their relationship to him, especially as we trace the inevitable growth of insect life from the disintegration of vegetable forms, and the equally inevitable growth of plant life from the disintegration of animated forms. But the claim we make for Spirit's embryotic growth in the vegetable kingdom, we also make for the mineral. Even in the hardest crystalline masses the clairvoyant discerns the lambent flame or odic force of life, though it is invisible to the external eye of matter, and in all the earths and metals what have been termed "chemical affinities" are as much magnetic attractions and repulsions peculiar to the embryotic life of rocks and stones as the magnetic attractions and repulsions by which the human family is divided up by love and hatred into friends and foes.

Once more returning on the footsteps of our researches, we claim that as every spirit communicant proves by corroborative testimony that there are minerals, vegetables, and animals in Spirit life, so this Spirit life must have had an embryotic commencement of growth on earth. Even Nature, that mighty chart on which the Creative Spirit has inscribed all the wondrous laws of being, speaks of the transformations through which the travelling spirit has passed in the processes of change and growths from the nucleated cell, through the varieties of different animal forms, to the perfectly developed babe—the man that shall be, the spirit that cannot die. We shall be able to elaborate this philosophy still more clearly when we come to write of the great discoveries resulting from Psychometry, Magnetism, Life in the Spirit spheres, and other revelations, now opening up to us fast and thick in the leaves of the mighty book

labelled "Unseen Universe," the readers of which too often hurry forward without pausing to count the worth that each fresh page discloses. And so, in response to the silly, captious questions, "What is the use of it?" and, "Why don't the spirits tell us something new?" we point out that this same Spiritism, or, the Science of Spirit Communion, has given to earth the knowledge of a new country, with a spiritual part to rocks, stones, firmaments above and seas below; fields, woods, plants, trees, flowers, houses, manufactured goods, arts, sciences, and all the instruments appertaining to them.

In mediumship Spiritism gives a new and wonderful page of Physiology, and that from a book kept only in the Unseen, but veiled from the eyes of the students of the Seen Universe.

In the spirit rappings it brings forward new methods of acoustics—in spirit dancing tables it displays a new motive power—in trance, inspiration, speaking with new tongues, and all forms of art executed through spirit control—it is the new Educator of the earth.

In Healing it is a new and complete Pharmacopœia. In passing matter through matter it clearly demonstrates the action and control of a spiritual atmosphere within the material realm of atmosphere.

In clairvoyance, clairaudience, dreams, and visions it stretches away into endless possibilities for the soul, and shows some of the grand and newly-discovered pathways which traverse the realms of the "Unseen Universe."

Our next opening essay will be upon the subject of  
WHAT IS THE MORAL AND REFORMATORY USE OF  
SPIRITISM?

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"That which we know is little, that of which we are ignorant is immense."—*Laplace.*

# HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE EARLY CENTURIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

PERHAPS modern Christian teachers and preachers have never made so great a mistake in their policy of dealing with the present great Spiritual outpouring as in ascribing it to their fabled "Devil," quoting Old Testament passages of denunciation against communion with the so-called "dead," and citing other passages from the mystic allegory of "Revelation" as authority to justify their assertions that the Bible declares the days of miracle to be ended with the lives of Jesus and his Apostles. Now, besides the express words of the Founder of Christianity himself, promising that those that believe in him shall perform even "greater works" than he did, and in the last chapter of St. Mark enumerating "the signs that shall follow those that believe," the entire history of the early Christian centuries abounds with testimony to the continuance of Spiritual gifts, especially amongst the saints, martyrs, and Christian fathers of the first three centuries.

That the church of modern Christianity is totally destitute of these powers shows that its ministers either regard the words of their Founder as addressed only to his immediate followers, or else that their professions of belief in him do not in the least accord with their practice.

It has often been remarked by the opponents of Christianity, and openly declared by the celebrated Edward Irving—the founder of the sect of "Irvingites"—"that the lack of the 'Spiritual gifts' in the modern Christian

church was the strongest possible evidence of its decadence from the true faith and a sign of its approaching downfall."

At some future time I hope to be able to give extracts from the philosophy of Philo Judæus, the eminent Jewish writer who lived contemporaneously with Jesus of Nazareth, although he makes no mention of him. This eminent writer expounds at great length the doctrines of the Cabalists; describes the Spiritual orders and hierarchies of the Heavens and their intimate relations with earth and its inhabitants; explains the nature and functions of arisen Spirits in angelic ministry, and throws more light on the mysteries of ancient faiths than is to be found in all the veiled symbolisms of the Bible. Why the writings of Philo have never been cited at length by Christian authorities can only be explained by the fact above alluded to—namely, that living at the period of the signs and wonders alleged to have occurred through the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, Philo never even alludes to him or his "mighty works."

Allowing for any amount of exaggeration in the records which the early Christian writers have left concerning the noble lives and matchless faith of the saints and martyrs of those trying periods, even the testimony of their "Pagan" persecutors bears witness to the marvellous powers by which frail women and devoted men were sustained. Torn to pieces by savage beasts, and enduring horrors in the "games" of the dreadful amphitheatre, in which agonies too shocking to think of, and scenes that will not endure recital, were *the sports* of the spectators, these Christian martyrs, as all history declares, were constantly sustained by angelic voices, visions, and apparitions; they chanted their Christian hymns with dying breath, and amidst the most agonizing tortures reiterated their unshaken faith in their adopted religion.

Vain-glorious modern theologians not unfrequently cite the heroic endurance of these early martyrs as an evidence of the power of the *Christian faith* to sustain its votaries under the most fearful trials, and even go so far as to allege that a divine afflatus so completely encompassed and uplifted the sufferers that they became unconscious of the tortures inflicted upon them. Unfortunately for the worth of such testimony to the special divinity of any particular form of faith, we shall have occasion to show in future records of Historical Spiritualism that such an argument would apply to many other forms of faith, wherein Christians were the persecutors and *Pagans* the martyrs. Especially does it fail in practical application when we read the shocking details of the Protestant Reformation, when the most savage forms of martyrdom were inflicted *upon Christians by Christians*, and that alone for minor points of difference on articles of faith and modes of worship. These and thousands of other instances of the most heroic endurance under the keenest suffering only prove that the strength of all martyrs lays!! in an inward conviction of the truth of their cause; also that they are invariably sustained in what they believe to be *RIGHT* by the pitying angels and ministering Spirits who hold watch and ward over all nations and in all ages alike.

When we come to cite the "miracles" wrought by the philosophers of Greece and the magicians of India, Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, and other *Heathen* lands, we shall find that the manifestations of Spiritual power are no special evidence of Deific favour to any particular nation or creed, but rather an universal proof of the fatherhood of God to all men, and the intimate relations between the seen and the unseen universe of being, enabling the angels of Heaven to minister to every creature on earth according to its state of receptivity.

One of the most interesting and renowned martyrs mentioned in the records of early Christianity was a young and beautiful married lady named Vivia Perpetua. When imprisoned and awaiting trial with her new-born infant in her arms, her brothers—also converts to the new faith—together with many other hapless Christians immured in the same dungeon with her, used to ask her to pray for visions, by which—trusting to her high inspiration—they felt sure they should learn the nature of the doom they were to meet. Some of these visions are recorded in the ecclesiastical histories of those awful times, and whilst their truthful imagery shadowed forth the martyrdom that awaited the hapless captives in all its horrors, there was an invariable delineation of the Heavenly rest and triumphant crown of victory that was to follow, which served to cheer their drooping spirits and exalt their souls even to rejoicing in the horrible scenes which were to prove to them “the footstool of Paradise.”

Some seventy-eight years after the period assigned to the birth of Christ, Apollinaris, the first bishop of Ravenna, is said to have performed even greater works than the Master in whose name he preached. Christian historians relate that he saw a poor blind boy washing his rags outside the city, and being moved by compassion, he made the sign of the cross on his eyes, whereupon the boy instantly received his sight. The lad's father, who was a Roman soldier, became converted with all his family to the Christian faith. In L. M. Child's history of “The Progress of Religious Ideas,” in the sketch given of this great miracle worker, occurs the following description :—

A Roman gentleman, who had been many years dumb, hearing of the fame of Apollinaris, sent for him, and was cured instantly by the laying on of hands. In the same family a lunatic servant, said to be possessed of a devil, was at once restored to reason by the Bishop's touch. The

whole family, besides some five hundred others of the town, amongst whom he wrought cures, were converted. To a patrician lady, who had long been confined to her sick bed, he had but to say: "Daughter, arise, in the name of Jesus!" She at once arose, crying: "The God of Apollinaris is the only true God!" Hundreds of people flocked around him, being cured, as Eusebius alleges, of all manner of diseases. His success excited the enmity of those who trusted in the old worship. They threw him into prison, but the Bishop having cured the gaoler of a fell disease, was aided by him to escape. His enemies, however, discovered his flight, pursued him, beat and pierced him with many wounds, so that when his disciples afterwards found him, he died in their arms. . . . Five hundred years afterwards a magnificent church was erected on the spot where he fell. This ancient building is still standing, bears the name of Apollinaris, and contains a mosaic picture of him in bishop's robes, stretching out his hands, as if in the act of healing the sick.\*

Nearly all the early Christian fathers wrought wonderful cures, some of them "miracles." Gregory, Bishop of Neocæsarea, was always termed in his lifetime, as well as by his biographers, "thaumaturgus," or wonder worker, and the records of the miracles attributed to him by ecclesiastical historians leave those of the God he worshipped far in the shade. In the writings of the Christian fathers—notably those of Justin Martyr, Theophilus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Clement, Eusebius, and Augustine, whose works I have frequently quoted in my lectures—these authorities invariably acknowledge that *Heathens*, the Greeks in particular, wrought miracles, made cures, spoke with a voice and, through sybils and thaumaturgists, prophesied correctly future events; but in these acknowledgments the old trick—now so industriously copied by modern Christians—of attributing all these powers to Satan and his imps was the invariable explanation of their source. Tertullian makes many blatant challenges in his time of the power of the Christians' God pitted

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\* This celebrated Christian healer is often confounded by a slight similarity of name with a still more remarkable wonder worker and healer—namely, Apollonius of Tyana. Both performed works which, according to their period, were deemed "miraculous," the main difference between them being that Apollinaris was a Christian bishop and Apollonius a Greek *Heathen* philosopher. The Christian cured in the name of Jesus; the *Heathen* in the name of Æsculapius.—ED. U. U.

against that of the Heathens. *He says* none dared to accept his challenges, but as we have only a one-sided version, and that given by a veritable Christian "Munchausen," we cannot attach much faith to his assertions. Here is a sample of the mode in which the fathers of the early centuries *sustained* the claims of their God for superiority over the Pagans' gods. On page 312 of "Progress of Religious Ideas," Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, is quoted as saying:—

There are evil Spirits who lurk in statues, inspire the soothsayers, direct the flight of birds, move the entrails of victims, excite terror in the minds of men, convulse their bodies, and destroy their health in order to force them to worship them, that being fattened by the steam of sacrifices they may appear to cure the diseases themselves had caused. By *our command* and the secret operation of Divine power, you may see them lashed with scourges, scorched with fire, howling, groaning, confessing whence they came and whither they go; they vanish immediately or go out gradually, according to the faith of the patient or the grace of him that works the cure. . . . Saturn himself, Serapis, Jupiter, and others whom you worship, constrained by the pain they feel, confess who they are.\*

On page 315 *et seq.* our author says:—

It was a common opinion with the fathers that every "magician" had an attendant Evil Spirit, who came when summoned, obeyed his commands and taught him ceremonies and forms of words by which he was enabled to do supernatural things. *In this way* they were accustomed to account for miracles performed by Gentiles and heretics. They also state that even Jews could cast out devils by invoking the name of God, provided *it was spoken in Hebrew.*

Whole volumes of such stuff as this are included in what are called the Christian fathers' writings, much of which it would be positive blasphemy to the sacred name of God and the subject of religion to quote. On the other hand, these are the modest terms in which these great and learned Christian bishops speak of their own performances.

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\* It would be needless to remind any well-informed reader that the methods here referred to, though called in ancient times "exorcism," are now more properly named "hypnotism," one and the same thing in all times.

Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, says :—

All who are true disciples of Jesus receive grace from him, and work miracles in his name. Some cast out devils, so that those from whom they are ejected often turn believers, and remain in the church. Others have visions, and a knowledge of future events. Others heal the sick by the laying on of hands. Even the dead have been raised, and afterwards lived many years among us. It is impossible to reckon up all the mighty works which the church performs *every day* to the benefit of nations, neither deceiving nor making a gain of any, but freely bestowing what it has freely received.

Origen says :—

Visions and prophetic gifts are of common occurrence. There are prophetic gifts among us at this day, and both men and women endowed with extraordinary powers by the spirit of God.

Tertullian says :—

The greater part of converts came to the knowledge of the true God by means of visions. In an argument to prove that women ought to wear veils, he mentions a sister of the church to whom an angel in a dream revealed the proper length and breadth of the veil. (!)

As Saint Augustine—himself a veritable Prince of Christian thaumaturgists—apologizes in his letters to Gregory the Great for not writing more at length concerning the miracles he sees wrought, “because,” he says, “they are so common,” so we find, on searching amongst the writings of the most renowned of the early Christians, even up to the days of the Crusades, the records of their miracles are so common that we must leave our readers to go over the same weary ground which I and others have trodden before them, if they are not satisfied with the evidences that even this brief summary discloses, to the effect, that the days of miracles did not cease with Jesus and his disciples, neither did “the Canon of divine revelation close with the Bible.” As a final example of the eagerness of Christian authorities to claim credit for their own faith in every occurrence of a remarkable character, I may refer to the account of the great rain fall recorded by Roman historians as occurring in the year

174 of our era, in the army of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Mosheim says :—Marcus Aurelius was expecting an attack from an enemy whilst the blazing sun shone in the faces of his soldiers, who were perishing with thirst in consequence of a long continued drought. In this extremity the Emperor, who led his troops in person, stretched forth his hands to implore aid from Jupiter, crying at the same time—"These hands, which have never yet shed human blood, I raise to thee." This act, say all candid historians, was immediately followed by an abundant shower of rain, eagerly caught in cups and helmets by the parched soldiers, succeeded by a tempest which terrified the enemy into a shameful retreat. In celebration of the memorable event which assured this victory to the Romans, the Emperor had a medal struck, on which Jupiter was represented hurling thunderbolts at the barbarian troops, many of whom were seen stretched on the ground. Paintings in the temples to the same effect also served to stereotype the event as above described, and as occurring solely in answer to the petition of the good and virtuous Marcus Aurelius. Another cotemporaneous fact which strengthens the belief in the sole agency of the Romans is the fact that they were long called "The thundering legion," from the circumstances above narrated. Giving an account of this famous historical event in after years, Tertullian, that unscrupulous historian of Christian exploits, actually affirms that there were some Christians in the Roman legion; that it was their prayers that produced the rain; and that though the people gave thanks on their bended knees to Jupiter, it was meant in reality, and so received, as to the Christians' God!

I am not writing the history of Christianity, although I have made myself thoroughly acquainted with its original excellences, its gradual declension from the life

and doctrines of its Founder, the heroism of its early martyrs, the pomposity and assumption of its later "confessors," and the ultimate divisions in its ranks into innumerable sects, many of whom from the fourth to the tenth century seemed to think they could do their sectarian beliefs no greater service than by persecution, often slaughtering each other in the streets, the churches, and before the very altars where they professed the religion of the Prince of Peace. Searching through these revolting records for the sole purpose of tracing out the progress or decadence of spiritual gifts in the church, I find but little of the same sublime powers of endurance, faith, or exalted spiritual gifts which distinguished the first martyrs, and inspired the men and women of the three first Christian centuries, continuing beyond that period. Solitary examples of such powers may be mentioned, and shine through the darkest periods that followed, like stars amid the gloom of a storm-clouded midnight sky, but I insist, and all reliable history shows, that under imperial patronage, and in the midst of papal and archiepiscopal state, wealth and splendour, the gifts of the Spirit passed away from the churches. The fluttering wings of the Holy Spirit might have been heard, even above the clamour of contending voices, winging its way back to the heaven where "all is love." The rustle of the "vast multitudes" of invisible angels, that suffering, devoted faith, and purity of thought and purpose, had attracted to guard and sustain the early martyrs in their hours of doom and death, might have been heard in the churches desecrated by violence and mutual hatred, whilst the voice of the leader of those retreating armies of tutelary spirits, crying, "Let us go hence," was *felt*, if not heard, throughout all Christendom, and that from the evil days when Christianity banished from her splendid palaces, gorgeous fanes, and gilded

altars, the life, teachings, and example of the man of sorrows "that had not where to lay his head."

That the Holy Dove of the "Paraclete," and the armies of light from the unseen universe have never left the earth when or wherever they could find a fitting standard-bearer of the spiritual faith, we shall show in our next era of ascending progress in Historical Spiritualism in Christian lands.

(To be continued.)

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### AN OPEN QUESTION.

SOME years ago, in *the dark ages* of this very century, the proposition was mooted to shut up the Zoological and Botanical Gardens from the people, whose only day was Sunday. Thanks to such writers as the author of the following homely rhymes, this barbarism has for the most part ceased, but for the benefit of the Chicago friends, whose future action on the Sunday question is now divided between God's love and justice on the one hand, and priestcraft and pew rents on the other, we republish in this magazine (which we already know will circulate widely in the United States), the following suggestive lines by

THOMAS HOOD.

WHAT! shut the gardens! lock the latticed gates;  
 Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!  
 And hang a wooden notice up to state  
 "On Sundays no admittance to this wicket!"  
 The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race  
 Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!  
 Now, really, this appears the common case  
 Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,  
 Who, turned by Nature with a gloomy bias,  
 Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,  
 And think when they are dismal they are pious.  
 Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun  
 Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—  
 Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one  
 Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems that in the oddest way  
 (Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)  
 Our would-be keepers of the Sabbath-day  
 Are like the keepers of the brutes ferocious—  
 As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk  
 About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,  
 As any harmless man to take a walk,  
 If saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight oil,  
 Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,  
 Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,  
 And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"  
 Better it were if, in his best of suits,  
 The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,  
 Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,  
 Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy.

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough  
 To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbish?  
 But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff  
 As vessels cant their ballasts—rattling rubbish!  
 Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,  
 Shut knowledge up from Saturday till Monday,  
 And sure as fate they will deny us next  
 To see the *Dandelions* on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?



Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn, but you cannot be educators or apostles.—*Mazzini*.

"I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact."—*Addison*,

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 II.

IN AMERICA.

I WAS to meet my friend, "John Cavendish Dudley," as he desired to be called, at New York, the port of destination to which I had taken passage on quitting India, and by agreement we had determined that I myself was to be known as Mr. Dudley's son-in-law, Louis Gray. Why two seekers in a new and unknown cause should propose to make researches into the length and depth of that cause, in what was to them a *terra incognita*, and that under other names rather than their own, is a point that need not be discussed beyond the fact that Mr. Dudley feared his titled name and my foreign one might subject us to undesirable notice, and hinder the cautious and unobtrusive methods by which we proposed to conduct inquiries into a matter of which we neither of us entertained any high expectations.

Mr. Dudley, I knew, had realized the truth of spirit communion in his own family, and his only purpose in visiting America was to investigate the subject "at headquarters" and through its earliest discoverers. For myself, though I had abundant evidence to prove the existence of Elementary Spirits and "Planetary Angels,"

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\* By permission of the author.

I could hardly bring myself to believe in the fact of the soul's immortality, or that the forms, voices, and sudden inspirations that marked my life path, were aught but *occult impressions* made upon the "astral light" by former dwellers in the mortal form, and were perceived and felt by me only when my own conditions were favourable for such perceptions. The tales of spectres and apparitions with which the traditions and histories of every land abounded could not be all imagination. Imagination itself, if only "a shadow," *must be the reflection of some original substance, but where and what that was* remained to me an unsolved mystery.

In all the initiations of the various grades of Hindoo religionists I knew beyond a peradventure that invocations to ancestral spirits formed a necessary and important part.

Were the wise men of all ages in India for ever invoking myths? Exorcisms of the evil spirits of evil men were and still are constantly used in all ceremonial rites, and that not only in India, but also in Ceylon, and all through the East wherever I had travelled. Still I asked, Was the history of supernaturalism in all lands and all times superstition or reality?

If the former, how could humanity originate a something from a nothing? If the latter, did not the universality of that reality prove a common origin in the nature of being?

I would know. "I will know," my soul cried; and so I set sail to join my friend in the land from which proceeded the claim that the great problem of human spiritual existence had been solved. . . . I found on landing a dear face greeting me on the thronged and busy wharf; warm hands pressing my own; a loving though hurried welcome—for I soon perceived that everything in New York was hurried, and everyone was in a

hurry—and then a drive to my friend's hotel; an hour or two of rapid work in refreshment and imaginary rest, and then Mr. Dudley said to me: "Louis, are you equal to accompanying me in a brief visit? I have to make one by appointment this morning."

"Certainly," I replied; "where, and to whom?"

"Oh, never mind the where, except that it is in the city. As to the whom—well! it is to the Father and Head Centre, as it were, of New York Spiritualism,—Judge Edmonds. You don't know him, but I do, a little. I met him last night at a circle, and"—

"A circle, what's that?"

"Oh, you'll soon find out what a circle is when you are initiated."

"Initiated!" I cried, in dismay. "Why, John, have those Yankees and Spiritualists actually got you into their toils and initiated you?"

"They are quite harmless, Louis," replied my friend, laughing; "and take my word for it, you'll never regret being as much initiated into Spiritualism as I am."

A long drive through the most busy throng I had ever seen out of the heart of London city, and we stopped at a large building full of offices, and were shown by an attendant into a small room, through another open door of which voices could be plainly heard in conversation. Judge Edmonds, the attendant said, was engaged just then, and we were to wait for him in his private room.

If we were in private, the speakers in the next apartment were not so, for every word they spoke was plainly heard through the open door. The subject of conversation seemed to have been some legal point, and soon after we had entered we were *compelled* to hear one of the speakers say:

"Now, Judge, I pay you for your excellent opinion with pleasure, but I beg to say I came to you for other

purposes than to obtain legal advice. I will tell you candidly I wished to see if you were in your senses, and then to learn how a lawyer of your vast ability and high reputation could sacrifice your position as Judge of the Supreme Court, and all on account of your belief in that abominable humbug, Spiritualism."

The voice No. 2 answered (speaking very quietly): "How do you know it *is* a humbug, sir?"

Voice No. 1: "How? Because I have investigated it, and found it so."

No. 2: "In what way?"

No. 1: "I went to one of those precious so-called mediums, and not one word that she professed to tell me was true."

No. 2: "How long were you there?"

No. 1: "A whole hour, sir, and for that I paid her five dollars, and I'm very sorry for it."

No. 2: "Well, what was your next experience?"

No. 1: "Next! Why, you don't suppose I was going to pay out another five dollars to any of those swindlers?"

No. 2: "And your final conclusion is, then ——"

No. 1: "That there is not one word of truth in the whole thing."

No. 2: "Won't you be seated, sir? Good! Now, listen to me. I have seen in this and several other cities at least four hundred mediums—professional and private, mostly the latter, who received no pay at all. My daughter and niece, resident in my house, are both mediums. About forty of the first ladies and gentlemen in this city are mediums, and I am one myself. During the eight years I have been investigating Spiritualism, I have spent over a thousand hours in testing mediums, and the result is that I have found it all true. You have spent one hour in investigation and seen one medium, and found Spiritualism all a humbug. I have given up

my office as Judge of the Supreme Court, with an income of several thousands of dollars a year, because I know Spiritualism to be true. You grudge five dollars spent upon it because you deem it all false. Which of us two has the greater right to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism?" . . . . .

The above conversation, under the circumstances in which I heard it, I should not have presumed to repeat, had not the Judge himself subsequently named and published it on several occasions. At its close, the last speaker himself joined us, and after a kind welcome to my friend and an introduction to myself, entered freely on subjects that most interested us all. Judge Edmonds at that time, some thirty years ago, seemed to be an elderly gentleman, but still in his prime, with an astute expression of countenance; keen, deep-set eyes, and a piercing glance, before which the least attempt at dissimulation seemed impossible. Fixing that searching glance upon me, he said in a low, determined tone, "Why do you come to me, or seek any farther than in your own mediumship? The highest and the lowest of spirits can come to you, and you have visited the spheres in company with one of its blest inhabitants. Is not this true?"

"It may be so," I said. "Yet I need more evidence than that which comes through myself."

"All mediums do; in that they are all alike," replied the Judge. "However, tell me nothing about yourself, or what you seek, but come to my house to-night; it is my semi-monthly reception. Many of the mediums of this city are in the habit of attending, and some of them may have evidence to give you."

He handed us his card of address and invitation, and we at once took our leave.

Judge Edmonds's residence was a palatial dwelling in

Fifth Avenue, the St. James's of New York. When we arrived, the splendid reception rooms were crowded with well-dressed and very agreeable people, who, strangers as we were, soon made us feel at home with their kind and courteous treatment.

Shortly after our entrance, a lady, whom I afterwards learned was well known in spiritual circles—a Mrs. Cargill—was asked to sing. Accompanying herself on the piano, she sang a simple song in a rather low but pleasing voice, but as Mr. Dudley and I approached the instrument, and stood near it with a view of hearing her better, she suddenly rose from her seat, came and laid her hands on my arm, and with eyes closed, sang, in a voice of immense power and volume, a brilliant cavatina which my late beloved wife's music master, Signor Garcia, had composed expressly for her. *It had never been published*, and, except in my Blanche's own matchless and highly-cultured voice, I had never heard it sung, and yet now it resounded in my ears vocalized magnificently, by one whom every visitor present declared to be a totally uncultivated and very mediocre singer, except, as they said, "when under influence."

But this was not my only surprise. A young lady, the most simply dressed and unassuming-looking person in the room, came up to me, and taking my hand without reserve, began to converse with me in the Tamil language, one of the ten Hindoo dialects. The speaker, then, giving me a sign which none but an initiate of a certain order could know, passed on rapidly to speak German, and in a totally changed tone of voice, in the deep and never to be forgotten accents of Felix von Marx, the strange girl, in the purest German, repeated to me, word by word, the last speech my beloved teacher had ever addressed to me on earth, concluding with the promise he had then made me, thus: "You shall soon know *the*

*absolute, my Louis—know it for yourself.*" "What, then, is the absolute?" I murmured, in German, as the young lady paused. "Spirit, my Louis; Spirit the Alpha, Spirit the Omega; Spirit is God!" "Do you then believe in God?" I queried. "I do *now*," replied the influence, "and regret I ever denied him."

A change passed over the lady's face, and she cried, as she fixed her eyes just above my head: "Oh! what two lovely female faces I see. Both have golden hair, hanging in long curls,—such angels they are! And both so love you, sir. One says her name is—— What a strange one! '*For ever.*'" "For ever what?" I said. "Constant; no, not *Constant*—but *Constance*. She spells it so."

"And the other?"—"She holds up a piece of white muslin."

"What does that mean?"—"Her name in French."

"Still, I would have her give it in English."

"In French or English it is the same—*Blanche*. Stay, stay; now she holds up a lovely baby. She dances it above her head; and, hark! She says: '*Our child is not dead now, but lives for ever.*'"

"For Heaven's sake, no more," I murmured, turning away, for I was almost paralyzed.

As the young lady retreated, Judge Edmonds himself advanced, and said, courteously: "Has my daughter, Laura, told you truly, Mr. Gray?"

"Even so, sir," I replied; "but is that young lady your daughter? Truly, she is an accomplished linguist."

"Upon my honour, sir, as a man, I declare she has no knowledge of any language but American, and to you I may say, English," replied the Judge, with a solemnity of manner that left no room for doubt or question. "Yet she has spoken and written in ten different languages," he added, "and that with perfectly gram-

matical precision. Of this many friends here present can testify, Mr. Gray."

"Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray! there's no such person here," shouted a voice from the far end of the long drawing-rooms, and then, the crowd giving way, made room for a young man, apparently about two or three and twenty, who, with eyes tightly closed was holding the tip of one forefinger lightly on a little fancy table, or, as they called it there, an inlaid stand, which—seemingly without any human means or volition—was pushing and gyrating itself through the drawing-rooms with no other contact from any living creature but the young man's one forefinger tip, which much of the time he held *above* the table, without ever touching it.

"Seymour, the actor," said the Judge, who was standing close by me. "He is one of the most powerful non-professional mediums in the city. See, he is coming up to you."

The Judge was right. The entranced man, still with eyes tightly closed, came up to where I stood, and again shouted out—

"That's no Mr. Gray. That's my old college friend, the Chevalier de B——," calling my real name.

"Hush!" I said, involuntarily, though somewhat checked by the keen, piercing glance fixed on me by Judge Edmonds, who said in a low, but evidently amused tone—

"These spirits know everything, and cannot always keep secrets."

"Don't you know me, then?" cried the still sleeping medium. "Don't you know Conrad Kleeberg? See! that will remind you."

Instantly the little table began to gyrate like a drunken man, ultimately falling over on its side. Alas! alas! I did know, and know too well what that sign meant. It

meant that it was Conrad Kleeburg, one of my college companions; one noted as an intemperate sot, and although a youth of only eighteen, one who had died in the streets of a drunken frolic. I could not question the medium they called Seymour then, for all around me was too new and strange, but, beckoning to my friend Dudley, I begged him to terminate our visit at once.

After taking a kind leave of the Judge, and receiving a general invitation to his fortnightly receptions, I was making my way as best I could through the crowd, when I was stopped by another young man with closed eyes; one Mr. Pettee, as I afterwards learned.

In a sweet, low voice this person whispered, "Chevalier, Chevalier, do you want your fortune told? Juanita is ready."

"Great Heaven!" I cried; "What! are you too amongst the dead, Juanita?"

"Juanita is not amongst the dead," said this new speaker. "She still lives, and would fain tell her friend's fortune now, although *she is no longer a gipsy.*"

"For God's sake, John, come away!" I cried to Mr. Dudley. "I know not where I am, nor where all these people get their weird words from, but—hark! what is that?"

I paused to listen. Four gentlemen, members of a Spiritualists Association of Musicians, were singing with exquisite pathos and beauty a lovely quartet, set to Whittier's touching poem, "Gone." The words, the exquisite harmonies, the delightful blending of those well-trained voices were the last sounds I heard in that strangely new and, to me, wild and wonderful scene.

Reaching my hotel, and my own apartment, dazed and confused with the memories of the past evening, I stretched myself on my bed to watch through the live-long night, as the apparitions of the vanished loves of

earth once more passed in shadowy, stately steps before my eyes.

Father, mother, brother, and friends; my adopted father; the gipsy, Juanita; my college saint, Constance; my fair and lovely bride and the dead baby—all alive; these were the glorious forms that passed in vivid panoramic life and beauty before my now open vision, and I started up from my couch as the first gleams of the coming day and the last fading stars of night shone through the uncurtained window, and throwing up the sash to breathe the refreshing breeze of the morning, I involuntarily spoke aloud the words—"The dead! there are no dead!" Instantly, as clearly as I had ever heard him speak on earth, sounded the deep tones of Felix von Marx's voice in my ears, "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." I looked round in amazement to discern the speaker—too real, too actual to proceed from any supermundane source—but I found the door was locked as when I entered it, and I was alone.\*

(*To be continued.*)

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It's uncharitable, unchristian, and inhuman, to pass a peremptory sentence of condemnation upon a tried friend, where there is any room left for a more favourable judgment.—*L'Estrange*.

THE BETTER WAY.—"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, which the vulture's eye hath not seen." "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the prize thereof;" "the lion's whelps have not trodden it;" "God understandeth the way thereof," "and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light."—[Bible.]

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\* The Editor of the *Unseen Universe* desires to state that every scene, word, person, and incident in the foregoing sketch are strictly true and historical.

# PROPHETS, SEERS, AND MEDIUMS.

OR THE TRUE NATURE OF SEERSHIP, PROPHETIC POWER,  
CLAIRVOYANCE, CLAIRAUDIENCE, AND PHYSICAL  
MEDIUMSHIP EXPLAINED.

## PART II.

### THE TRANCE MEDIUM.

IN the last number and first issue of this magazine I commenced such a series of papers as I have long been solicited to write, on the specialties by which Spirit mediums may be distinguished organically from those who are not mediums between the seen and the unseen universe.

In taking up the thread of my former essay, I would remind the Spiritual student of the claim then advanced, namely, that the quality or character of the mediumship with which different individuals are endowed results from the predominance of the "life principle" in different organs of the brain and their correspondence with the general make up of the physical system. I have never had occasion to modify the teaching given to me, and corroborated by many wise Spirit guides, to the effect that every form of intellectual manifestation produced by Spirits is operated through different portions of the cerebrum or front brain, whilst the physical manifestations, such as sounds and movements, are produced through the predominance of the life principle in the cerebellum or back brain.

Clairvoyant and clairaudient powers are stated to emanate chiefly from the ganglionic nerves, of which the *solar plexus* in the abdominal regions is the centre, and though there have been and still are many individuals who unite all phases of mediumship in their own persons,

the special centres classified above are the seats, so to speak, of the three principal varieties of medial power at present known.

As sounds and movements were the first forms of mediumship which fixed the attention of the world in this nineteenth century, and the specialty from which the advent of Modern Spiritualism dates, it might seem in order to write of and dilate upon this peculiar phase of the power in the first instance, but as I am prepared to show that the most important of the three groups above named is being clearly demonstrated to have an earthly as well as a Spiritual side to its operations, I shall commence with the trance state, as the one induced alike by human and Spiritual magnetism.

Most of my readers must have read of, even if they have not witnessed, the various experiments which from the beginning of this century have been known as "mesmerism," "animal magnetism," "electro biology," and "hypnotism." Change of words implies but little distinction in the methods of operation, still less in results obtained.

Though the first eminent experimenter of modern times, Anton Mesmer, was impelled to his attempts by the idea of effecting more potent cures through magnetism than by any other means, his studies in astronomy and his published theses concerning the one grand universal force in Nature, show that he prophetically realized a far wider field of discovery for the application of this force than the curative properties of magnetism afforded. It remained for the followers of Mesmer, especially in the experiments of Puysegur, De Billot, D'Eslon, Dupotet, and Cahagnet in France, and Braid, Elliotson, and Ashburner in England, to discover that the magnetized subject could go forth into space spiritually, even whilst the body remained in its place calmly sleeping. Very soon it was

found that the sleep thus induced, whether by magnetic passes or will, was not of the ordinary kind, but displayed all the phenomena attributed to the trance state—a condition well known in Eastern lands and corresponding to the term of “being in the spirit,” so often referred to in the Bible, Koran, Zend-Avesta, Vedas, and other sacred books of the ancients.

At first the cautious experimenters of modern times were content to enunciate the theory that their magnetized subjects only received the impress of the operators' minds in the intelligence they rendered, and they urged that though the life principle of the sleepers was the means of rendering that intelligence, the source of the mentality was in the mind and will of the operator. To confirm this view they pointed to the puerilities of public operators in the experiments of “electro biology.” “Herein,” they said, “it is clear that not only the minds but the very senses of the subjects are reflected from their operators, as they see, hear, or taste, are cold, hot, or even lose their personalities and become other individuals at the will of their operators.”

Beyond and above all this, however, came another and still more perplexing phase resulting from “animal magnetism.” M. Alphonse Cahagnet, the Baron Dupotet, Messrs. Elliotson, Ashburner, and many other really scientific students of the newly discovered force, found that some at least of their subjects passed away into states which far transcended the mentality of their operators. They not only beheld and correctly described scenes, persons, and places beyond the knowledge of the operators, but at last they floated away in spirit to fair, white cities and lovely lands unknown to the children of earth, describing the radiant, happy people that inhabited these lands of ethereal beauty as “the arisen spirits of the mighty dead.” Pertinent to these wonderful revelations

I herewith subjoin a few extracts from "Art Magic," now acknowledged to be the very *vade mecum* of the weird subjects which give the book a name. On pages 432 *et seq.* the learned author, writing of the difficulties which the early mesmerists experienced in bringing their philosophy before the world, says:—

"Still, such experiments were not wanting, and to show their results we give a few excerpts from the correspondence between the famous French Magnetists, MM. Deleuze and de Billot, from the years 1829 to 1840. By these letters, published in two volumes, it appears that M. Billot commenced his experiments in magnetizing as early as 1789 (Mesmer's period), and that during over forty years he enjoyed opportunities of witnessing facts in clairvoyance, ecstasy, *Spiritual Mediumship*, and somnambulism, which at the time of their publication transcended the belief of the mass of general readers."

"On many occasions in the presence of entranced subjects, Spirits recognised as having once lived on earth in mortal form, would come in bodily *presence* before the eyes of an assembled company, at whose request they would bring flowers, fruits, and objects removed by distance from the scene of the experiments."

"In a letter" [published in the above-named volumes] "and dated 1831 M. Billot, writing to M. Deleuze, says: 'I repeat—I have seen and known all that is permitted to man.'"

"I have dispelled obsessions of evil spirits with a single word. I have seen Spirits bring those material objects I told you of, and when requested make them so light that they would float; and again, a small box of *bonbons* was rendered so heavy that I failed to move it an inch until the power was removed."

"Alphonse Cahagnet, to whose invaluable work, the *Celestial Telegraph*, allusion has already been made, published a series of experiments with a vast number of *lucid* subjects, who, by virtue of his magnetism, became clairvoyant."

"At first their lucidity only sufficed to behold the things of earth, and trace earthly scenes and persons."

"As the magnetic sleep took deeper hold upon them, however, it became apparent that a new world opened up before them."

"Without any direction orally or mentally from their magnetizers, they one and all persisted in describing the Spirits of those whom the world deemed dead. They discoursed with them—sometimes personated them, gave truthful accounts of their lives on earth, and described them so accurately that scores of mourners, attracted by the fame of Cahagnet's 'Lucides,' came thither to find their dead restored to them."

"It was as if a gate had suddenly been opened into the realms of Paradise, and poor, suffering bereaved humanity might be seen crowding upon each other, longing to gaze through those golden portals and discover there all they had loved and lost, and, as in a mirror,

behold the delightful panoramas of being where their own tired feet were to find rest when their bodies should sleep the sleep that knows no waking." . . .

"Spirits of those who had passed away strong in the faith of Catholicism—often priests and dignitaries of that Conservative Church—addressing staunch believers, too, in the faith, always asserted there was no creed in heaven, no sectarian worship or remains of dogmatic beliefs, thus proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that such communications were wholly independent of the human minds and opinions then present."

"They taught that God was a grand Spiritual Sun—life on earth a probation—the Spirit Spheres different degrees of compensative happiness or retributive suffering, each appropriate to the good or evil deeds done on earth, but described the ascending changes of progress open to every soul in proportion to its own efforts to improve."

"They insisted that each soul incurred a penalty or reward, for which there was no substitution—no vicarious atonement."

"They spoke of arts, sciences, and continued activities as if the life beyond was but an extension of the present on a greatly improved scale. Descriptions of the radiant beauty, supernal happiness, and ecstatic sublimity of angelic companionship fill the soul with irresistible yearnings to lay down life's weary burdens and be at rest with them."

"We cannot close this necessarily brief summary without quoting a few words from that philosophic herald of Magnetism's new morning, Baron Dupotet. This brave and skilful Scientist says:—

"No one can conduct magnetic séances with patience and fidelity, without coming to the conclusion which bursts upon my own mind, namely: that in Magnetism I rediscover the Spiritology of the ancients. Let the *savant* reject the doctrine of spiritual apparitions as one of the great errors of the past, the results of the Magnetic séance re-affirm them all. They do more. They prove that the healing of the sick, the ecstasy of the Saints, and all their miraculous works are ours. *Is the knowledge of ancient magic lost?—we have all the facts on which to reconstruct it.*"

"The learned Magnetist then recites a vast number of the phenomena produced through his own subjects and those of Puysegur, Seguin, Bertrand, and many others, which fully equal in marvel any of the magical histories of past ages."

"And these discoveries multiplying in number every day, and increasing in marvel as the Adepts became more and more accomplished in their art, clustered to their meridian point before the year 1840, nearly ten years before the outbreak of modern Spiritualism in America, a movement from which many date the advent of spiritual revelation in this generation."

And now what remains to add to this record but to ask these questions: Do these magnetizers, one and all of them, survive the shock of death? Have they Spirits

which death cannot touch? and, if so, what becomes of their Magnetism, and from whence did the magnetic aura come, by which they induced the somnambulist sleep in their subjects?

If, as we believe, that Magnetism is the real life, then it certainly quitted the body when the principles of life became extinct, leaving the material form a mere handful of dust and ashes. Where, then, is the difficulty of believing that the magnetizers of earth are the magnetizers of the Spirit Spheres, and the subjects of earthly magnetizers are the Spirit trance Mediums and clairvoyants, whose spiritual controls are the very self-same Spirits and magnetizers they were on earth—only freed from the encumbrance of their mortal organisms?

The phenomena of death and decomposition proving quite sufficiently that the life—the force—the magnetism—*does not* inhere to the dead form, our only remaining queries are: Can we prove that the Spirit does survive the shock of death? and Are there mediums and magnetizers in the Spiritland as there are on earth?

To the first of these questions we can cite the testimony of millions of reliable, respectable, and often illustrious witnesses in the affirmative. To the second question we also have the affirmative of multitudes of teaching Spirits, who account for the fact that certain Spirits only can communicate with earth, because there must be medium Spirits, or what in olden time were termed "familiar" Spirits, to do so. In our present-day modes of speech these medium Spirits are called "controls," "guides," or "guardian Spirits."

At circles the visitants from the life beyond most commonly speak, write, or manifest through the controlling Spirit of the medium, although in many instances each Spirit's individuality is in a measure preserved, and the tokens of identity given by the Spirits who desire to be represented.

In trance mediumship there are generally, though not always, several controlling Spirits or magnetizers, although one, in special affinity with the trance speaker, or writer, is, as it were, the instrument through whom the other Spirits, desiring to communicate, find the conditions prepared for them.

I may be permitted in this category to cite a little of my own experience, having been in early girlhood a very susceptible magnetic subject.

By a party of eminent occultists who held strictly private—or I might say secret—circles for investigation, I was frequently invited, with other young persons, to become a subject for the magnetic operations of enquirers, and it was among these scientists that I first had the advantage, as well as pleasure, of meeting the author of "Art Magic" and "Ghostland." In my own case I was never rendered wholly unconscious by the will of the magnetizers, though nearly all the rest of the subjects they experimented with were made so.

I believe now that the difference between the partial and total unconsciousness of the various subjects of these occult séances corresponded to the different degrees of entrancement which we who are platform speakers experience. In my own case, and that of many of my American co-workers, I realize that on the Spiritual rostrum I am two distinct persons.

I can go on speaking aloud yet thinking of quite other matters, and when I can fix my mind on what I utter I have listened with a sense of strangeness, which brings conviction *to my* mind, at least, that I am not the individual who originates the thoughts expressed, although they are undoubtedly shaped by the organism and lingual capacities through which they are transmitted. From this state of what I may call waking trance, up to the somnambulic sleep in which the Spirits' ideas are

expressed automatically, I have observed many gradations, ranging, as above observed, from semi-consciousness to the deep somnambulic sleep. There is one striking difference, however, between the entrancement induced by human and Spiritual magnetism. The former is much stronger, more direct, and, in general, may be considered as being a much coarser, or material, element than the latter. It annihilates individuality, and even identity, for the time being, and substitutes the sensuous perceptions of the magnetizer in place of those of the subject. "A good magnetic subject" is helplessly in the power of the magnetizer, unless that subject passes away from the human to a Spiritual control, when that of the human operator is AT ONCE LOST. This was constantly my own case, and thus I and others similarly influenced have come to the conclusion that the Spiritual control is more subtle, finer, and—except in the case of obsession by evil spirits—far purer. Mediums, when once they have become so, are scarcely ever susceptible again to earthly magnetism. To avoid any such possibility, I have always been strictly charged by spirit friends never to submit to be magnetized by human operators, and when preparing for the Spiritual Rostrum to wear *silk* and avoid as much as possible conversation or contact with those around me. There is much more to say on these wonderful, weird, and, at present, unfortunately, ill-understood subjects.

We of this century seem to be entering upon new and untrodden paths, and though we (especially such as are mediums) have palpable evidence that there are divine wire-pullers behind the scenes, blessed spirit friends holding watch and ward over us, yet we are in the midst of what to us seems a phantom world, in which we only "know in part, and prophesy in part."

To the most enlightened amongst us we can only see "as in a glass, darkly." To the most ignorant and there-

fore, invariably, the most presumptuous of our ranks, we may well apply the poet's significant expression—"They rush in where angels fear to tread."

[Our next article of this series will contain some rare and curious details as to how the physical force manifestations of Spirits are produced.]

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## THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

*By Emma Hardinge Britten.*

### CHAPTER II.

LONG and earnest was the conversation that followed the exchange of greetings between the two friends whose meeting we recorded at the close of the last chapter. Reginald Balfour might have been some ten, or even more, years older than his "academical chum," as he delighted to designate Richard Stanhope, but the warm friendship which the two artists had conceived for each other in their early days of study was enhanced by the fact that the father of Richard Stanhope had given young Reginald a home when, as an orphan lad, he was struggling alike with poverty and the irrepressible impulse which led him up to the metropolis to pursue his studies in the "divine art," as he termed it, to which he had determined to devote his life and talents. In return for this kindness Reginald gave all his spare time to his kind patron's young son, whose enthusiasm for the profession of an artist was his natural inheritance, his father having already won some fame as a portrait painter, and being an academician in good standing.

Whether bound to each other by home associations, ties of mutual kindness, or a similarity of tastes, the two young students were united by far more fraternal feelings than those that oftentimes prevail between blood relations, and when Richard Stanhope ultimately became an Academy student, his "big brother," as Reginald Balfour called himself, was equally his preceptor in the rules of art and his protector against the all too human tendencies of the strong to bully and oppress their weaker and younger compeers.

In process of time and the "logic of events" Reginald Balfour was induced to visit Italy, and there, where his talents, like the sword of power which cuts its way to success, opened up to him the avenues to fame and honour, he had lived for several past years. From time to time the fraternal intercourse with his quondam pupil friend was continued by correspondence, but it was evident to both writers that there were heart mysteries yet to be explored which neither dare trust to mere correspondence.

One grand fact of their warm and fraternal intercourse had been recorded and fully dwelt upon. The father of Richard Stanhope, and the adopted father and friend of Reginald's orphaned years, had passed away and left his young son alone. Like many another devotee of art, he had spent all his means on the one supreme object of his life—the mistress of his soul—his art; hence, when he died, he had nothing left to bequeath to his son but the large No. 9, Stanhope Street house, which, in his palmy days, he had purchased in the hope that in its size and central situation he could make it a school for young students who had no other means to help them in the pursuit of their art than an organized charitable institution.

Having "passed on" without leaving enough in his great house to pay for decent funeral expenses, the artist

father, who lived in the clouds, died, whilst the poor young son, who lived upon just what he could turn into pence or else on credit, found himself the inheritor of No. 9, Stanhope Street, and nothing else, if we except the services of the old-time domestic of the family, Mrs. Marsh, who was still there, and who volunteered to stay and serve the young master without pay till better times should come again.

Long and earnest, then, were the confidential words passing between the two young men, but still—by the hard lines of earthly travail—old friends, now met in No. 9, Stanhope Street.

The reviews, recollections, regrets, and promises of future revelations were at length interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Marsh, who, with a faded black cap on her head, a faded old merino gown on her worn form, but with a very solemn and respectful tone and attitude, knocked at the door, and on opening it announced, first, "din——", then, interrupting herself (in view of the quality of the provender she had to offer), she added—"tea is ready, gentlemen."

"Come on, Reginald!" cried Richard, cheerily, and together they descended the stairs to the lowest floor, where, in a small room known as "the housekeeper's apartment," a meal was provided, consisting of tea (in a cracked teapot), sugar (in a ditto basin), "cream"—a sky blue liquid so called; ham (bacon), and four fried eggs; still there were green leaves around the dish as garnish (probably gathered from the weeds in the back-yard); two kinds of plates (both cracked); two bottles of ale; two different kinds of glasses (also cracked), and two penny pies on "a sideboard," as Mrs. Marsh called her old ironing board, rigged up for the occasion by one of Mrs. Marsh's—under garments, white, and tightly drawn across the board. There was also, to complete

the feast, a new loaf, to be cut by a knife that would persist in coming out of the handle.

To Dick Stanhope this display of aristocratic order and *regime* passed unnoticed. He was too indifferent, and too ordinarily abstracted, to observe what a wonderful attempt at display his poor housekeeper had organized. Not so Mr. Reginald Balfour, the now successful and wealthy proprietor of a luxurious suite of apartments in a Roman palazzo. He took in the entire situation at a glance, but, reserving all remarks for a future occasion, submitted to be solemnly waited on by the Major-ess Domo—Mrs. Marsh—just as if it had been an alderman's feast presided over by a Lord Mayor, and waited on by a hundred Guildhall flunkeys.

After the two penny fruit pies had been served up for dessert, and the host's abstracted suggestions that they should go to the drawing-room (*i.e.* the third floor, top rooms) had been followed out, Mr. Reginald Balfour, in his own somewhat commanding but impulsive way, addressed his host as follows:—

“Dear old fellow,—I wish now to serve you, as you and the dear father who is gone—God bless him—have served me. Would you object to tell me how you are situated, and——.” Here he stopped, seeming to choke up physically or mentally, or both, in such a way as to prevent his proceeding.

Without noticing his friend's agitation, Richard, in his dreamy way, went on to tell how, on the good father's death, it was found there was nothing left but his pictures, his ragged everyday clothes, his academical dress suit, and that house. “My father,” he said, “missed my mother. I have often heard him say women were life's better side, and without them men might steer their way so far as the world in its external respects were concerned, but woman was the soul as well as the QUEEN of the home,

and if she were not there—why—there was no home at all. Ah, me! I think this is true," he added, "but no matter. My good father died, and it took all I could scrape together to bury him. Somehow, I don't know why, the Academy claimed all his pictures, and there were so many debts to pay, debts for paints and canvas, and all sorts of things, that at last I wrote to my uncle, Sir Lester Stanhope, and asked him if he could help or even advise me what to do, but—but—I hardly know how to tell even you, Reginald—that man, my father's own brother, sent me back a curse. Yes, Reginald, a bitter curse, and said he was *glad* his enemy was dead, and he hoped I'd soon follow him. As to my prospects," he added, "I might starve before he would stretch out a hand to help me."

Here the young man buried his face in a very ragged pocket-handkerchief, and strove in vain to stifle a choking sob.

"Look here, Dick," began his friend in a somewhat broken voice, "do you remember your mother?"

"Very slightly," replied Stanhope. "You know I was but a little fellow when that terrible event happened, but the circumstances attending it I remember as well as if they occurred but yesterday. It was just such a dark day, and pelting rain storm, as it is now," glancing up at the streaming window. "I remember, oh how vividly, the blue forked lightnings flashing through the room where my mother sat sewing; and how, when one terrific peal of thunder burst over the house, as I thought rending it to pieces, how I ran to hide my head in my precious mother's sheltering arms, when lo! there she lay on the floor, cold and still. I don't know who it was that came in answer to my wild cries to my mother to awake! To awake! to awake, alas! from the sleep that knows no waking. All the rest seems like an unquiet dream from which I only

awoke when they pointed her out to me, lying so still and white and motionless on that very couch out yonder, Reginald, and told me she was dead—killed, as I have since heard, by a stroke of lightning.”

“I was away in the country on that fatal day, Dick,” said his companion in a low voice, “but I remember well seeing her when I returned, as she lay in her coffin, and thinking how wondrously beautiful she was, and what a beautiful marble statue she would have made.”

“Yes,” rejoined Stanhope. “I heard the watchers say that; for my part, I did not then know what death was, but I did know that she was very beautiful, and I can tell you this, Reginald, that I dream of her, both asleep and awake, and though she never looks white and stiff, as I last remember her, when laid on that couch, I thought she had turned to a marble statue, so that I was almost afraid to look at her, yet now, when I dream of her, *asleep and awake*—for *awake* I seem to see her, aye, and hear her talk—why, good heavens! I don’t think angels can be more lovely or more sweet; and I often wish I was an angel, too, like her.”

“Well, now, I’ll tell you all about it, old fellow,” said Reginald Balfour. “That mother of yours was once engaged to be married to your uncle—that same Sir Lester Stanhope that sent you his curse, and the trouble was that somehow or other she preferred the other brother to her betrothed, and so, what did she do, but she went and jilted him and married your father. Now, you see, Dick, that’s a sort of thing that no fellow could stand, especially when the first fellow was madly in love with a girl and the second fellow that carried her off was the first one’s brother—don’t you see?”

“Of course, I do,” replied Richard. “But, Reginald, do you remember my mother’s features?”

“I should think I did,” answered his friend. “She

acted a mother's part to me, and I would know her beautiful face among a thousand."

"If you remember her so well, then, Reginald," rejoined Stanhope, "tell me, does that face resemble hers at all?"

So saying, he arose; and drawing aside a curtain from a number of sketches, some of which hung on the wall of the inner room, and some stood on the floor, he was about to direct his friend's attention to one in particular, when Balfour rushed forward and, pointing to an exquisite painting of a female face on a stretched canvas, placed on a stand, he cried—

"There—there! that is the *fac-simile* of your beautiful mother, exactly as I remember her! I have admired her too well and too often ever to forget her."

"That may indeed be the face of my dead mother," replied the artist in a low, solemn tone, "for it is a vision that has appeared to me sleeping or waking for years past. It was to incarnate and give life and reality to that vision that I painted the portrait—or rather the ideal sketch—of Marie Antoinette going to execution. It was the incarnation of that beloved dream face upon canvas that procured me the splendid prize I took at the Academy Exhibition."

"It is your beautiful mother's portrait, nevertheless, I tell you, Richard Stanhope," said his visitor, passionately. What more he would have said was at once interrupted by the storm that had so long been raging, and now burst in might over the scene.

The room in which the young men stood became illumined by a succession of vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a loud and heavy peal of thunder.

Amidst the obscurity of the evening, deepening almost into Cimmerian darkness in the gloom of the storm, the continuous gleams of the forked lightning revealed another form which seemed to have appeared weirdly and

suddenly enough to have descended from the skies in a very chariot of fire, yet the apparition which now presented itself to the gaze of the two amazed observers had nothing terrible in its aspect, for it was the form of a woman, tall, graceful, and of surpassing loveliness. She wore, or seemed to wear, a robe of dazzling whiteness, illumined as if with streams as of liquid silvery fire by the flashing lightning. Her face was the *fac-simile* of the beautiful unframed painting on the stand; in fact, so perfect was the similitude that the young men might have deemed the whole vision a mere illusion but for the speaking gaze of deep and apparently soul-felt tenderness with which the lustrous eyes were fixed on young Stanhope's. Was it the glare of the lightning playing over this wondrous form, or was it indeed a reality? But now she seems to bend forward—nearer, nearer yet! Another instant, and that face will be pressed to his; those eyes will pour their insufferable gleams of light into his own burning eyeballs! He must break the spell or die. "My mother, oh, my mother!" he cried.

"Alicia Stanhope, by heavens," shouts his friend, and then the spell *is* broken; the sudden roar of the storm subsides; the muttering thunder dies off in the distance; the last streak of the vivid lightning only leaves the scene in deeper obscurity than ever; the angel of the storm has vanished, and nothing remains in the dimness of the evening shades closing fast around them save the cowering forms of the awe-struck watchers, the dim outline of the painted faces on the walls—might, silence, and the faint beat of two fastly throbbing hearts.

*(To be continued.)*

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Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening than by talking.

## THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM.

(Note by the Editor of the U. U.)

THE continual complaints that we receive by letter, and are obliged to hear, concerning the general decadence of interest in the Sunday meetings amongst the Spiritual Societies, impels the Editor to call attention to some extracts from an article on this subject, written by Dr. Charles Hidden, an earnest Spiritualist, a fine writer, and a gentleman whose opinions always command the highest respect and attention. Writing in a recent issue of the Chicago paper, *The Religio Philosophical Journal*, Dr. Hidden says :—

“ Permit me to remark that the average Spiritualist has more to fear from abuse within than without the camp of Spiritualism. To tell the truth about certain things which pass muster for Spiritualism, is to invoke a storm of un-Spiritualistic abuse, and this does infinitely more harm to Spiritualism than the sneers and raillery of the world. The reason Spiritualists as a body do not command more respect, is because of a lack of organization, and not because of any peculiarity of belief relative to phenomena. Spiritualism, reduced to the scientific basis of certainty, and backed by a powerful organization, would challenge the admiration of the world, and it would then be considered a very respectable thing to be a Spiritualist. But just so long as Spiritualism remains in its present transitional stage, just so long will it continue to furnish a harbour for spiritual tramps and hobby riders ; and just so long will it fail to attract the attention from the world which its honest and well-intentioned believers feel that it merits. The manifest lack of harmony among Spiritualists not only does harm to the cause, but it is slowly but surely driving the brightest and brainiest men and women out from our ranks, and Spiritualism will become a dead letter unless a halt is called and sense instead of nonsense is summoned to the front. When Spiritualists perfect an organization, reduce Spiritualism to the basis of certainty, relegate the weaklings to the rear, bring the brightest

and best minds to the front, in a word, when Spiritualism is made worthy, instead of allowing it to appear unworthy, then, and not until then, will Spiritualists command the respect of each other and the world."

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QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

FOR CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

IXION.—Do you believe in the perpetuity of animal life as well as that of human beings in the Spirit World?

*Answer.*—Most certainly. The special function of spirit is intelligence. If spirit cannot die, and animals manifest intelligence, there is the evidence that they are endowed with the deathless elements of spirit. Read this magazine carefully, and you will find this special subject dealt with in detail. In one of the forthcoming "Ghostland" articles, the spheres of animal and elementary spirits will be more fully treated of than in these brief answers.

L. M. M. and several other correspondents enquire if the second volume of "Ghostland" has been published, or will be so. To both questions we answer "No." Neither can the serial parts now being given in this magazine be copied. "All rights are reserved" in these articles.

MICHAEL.—(I.) Is it possible for one person, sitting alone, to develop mediumship? I have no chance to join a circle, and would fain become a Medium. (II.) Why are circles necessary for the unfoldment of mediumship?

*Answer.*—If you possess *by nature* medium power—in other words, if mediumship is an organic quality in your physique, the act of sitting alone, with all your thoughts and purposes fixed upon the one object, will not only attract spirit friends to your aid, but will assist in magnetizing yourself. You must exercise patience, however, and if in the course of ten or at most twelve sittings you find no results, it will be better to remit your sittings. These should never exceed from twenty minutes to half an hour. (II.) The special use of the spirit circle is this: The concentrated magnetisms of those present are absorbed by the most sensitive of the sitters, and this is the means of unfolding latent mediumistic powers. The most marked and permanent phases of mediumship are those which have been exhibited from infancy or early childhood—hence are they a normal part of the organism.

EBEN.—What is the difference between "Spiritism, Occultism, and Theosophy?"

*Answer.*—SPIRITISM depends for proof of its reality on the TEST FACTS of direct communion with the Spirits of incarnated human beings. In

this age of fraud, corruption, and ignorance of true spiritual realities, it would be as useless to expect that the ranks of Spiritism should not be invaded by some impostors, as to suppose that all the goods we purchase are free from adulteration. There are quite sufficient well-proven records of Spirit communion in the modern movement however, to claim for it a world-wide range of undeniable testimony.—**OCCULTISM** includes the research for and discovery of ALL spiritual existence, whether sub-human or super-human. It also teaches the methods of developing Occult powers in the individual. In the "Ghostland" papers, from which the serials now being published in this magazine are taken, there will be found treatises on these several subjects, which I do not now propose to anticipate.—**THEOSOPHY**: In the original foundation of the society claiming a "Theosophical" title, the founders alleged themselves to be firm believers in Spiritism, and *able to teach Occultism*. Failing utterly in the last respect the original society broke up, and was re-formed on a basis, the truth of which yet remains to be proved. Taking the term "Occult" to mean the "hidden" or "unseen," the authority for every present day Theosophical assertion, whether of powers, principles, or personalities, is in all respects truly *Occult*; its powers are occult; its assertions concerning past and future existence are occult; its definitions are especially occult; and, above all, its sources of information are so thoroughly occult, that many doubt whether they ever had any other existence than in the fertile brain of its principal founder.



## SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

PAPER AND DISCUSSION AT ABERDEEN.—A paper was read before the Aberdeen Unitarian Literary Society on Wednesday, March 23. The paper was written by Mr. J. W. James, who was prevented from being present, and in his absence, Mr. Jas. Clark read the paper. Mr. James contended he had proved Spiritualism to be a fact, and the reason of so much opposition to it was really £ s. d. on the part of the orthodox parson, whilst the Materialist on the other hand in many cases would not investigate. He advised all to do so at home, and test it for themselves. A discussion followed, and a violent attack was made on the Spiritualists by a Mr. Duncan, who thought it was the brain that controlled the body. He concluded by stating he would "not believe such tomfoolery," and he

wanted to improve this world and never mind Spirit lands. His remarks clearly proved the absurdity of any one trying to talk about what they neither understood or had investigated. The general sympathy of the audience was with the Spiritualists.—*Evening News.*

INGERSOLL'S RELIGION.—“ Let us have such a religion that it cannot be said they who do the most work have the least to eat. Let us have that religion until hundreds and thousands of women are not compelled to make a living with the needle that has been called “the asp for the breast of the poor,” and to live in tenements in filth, where modesty is impossible. I say, let us preach that religion until men will be ashamed to have forty or fifty millions, or any more than they need, while their brethren lack bread—while their sisters die from want. Let us preach that religion until man will have more ambition to become wise and good than to become rich and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused and beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are no longer afraid of their own parents, and until there is no back of a child bearing the scars of a father's lash. Let us preach it, I say, until we understand and know that every man does as he must, and that, if we want better men and women, we must have better conditions. Let us preach this grand religion until everywhere—the world over—men are just and kind to each other.”

Mlle. LOUISE GAUTIER, a young French girl who was born deaf and dumb, has lately passed the examination at L'École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, with high honours, and received not only her diploma, but an appointment as teacher. She has been taught to read the lips and to speak by the Grosselin system.

*Le Spiritisme* (Paris) publishes two communications received by M. Flammarion from a spirit purporting to

be that of the illustrious Galileo. One was to the following effect: "As the architecture of the heavens is superior to that of earthly temples, and as the infinity of space is superior to that cognizable by the human senses, so, in its spiritual relations, is the future life superior to the present, which you know not how to comprehend, because it refuses to be grasped by your finite intelligence; but which you may dimly discern through the prism of your spiritual hope."

NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. Whyte, president of the Dunedin Society for Psychic Culture, sends us the following communication, received through their lady sensitive, and which they sent to Boston for verification. None of the circle appear to have known anything about Horace Seaver, though his name was not unknown in Victoria to readers of American journals. The following is the message: "Mr. Chairman, my name is Horace Seaver; I was editor of *The Investigator* in Boston. I was born in Boston in 1810, and passed out on the 21st August, 1889. I give you these particulars to establish my identity. I have reported myself before, but this is the only sensitive through whom I have been able to speak direct. I desire to be reported to my many friends in Boston, and particularly to my very great friend, Col. R. Ingersoll." After delivering the message, Mr. Seaver treated the audience to a stirring and eloquent address on "The March of Evolution," and regret was expressed that there was no reporter present to record it. The Society is making solid progress. Among their rules is one forbidding any member from attacking other people's belief, and this facilitates the introduction of visiting members from orthodox bodies, who ultimately become permanent ones. The inner circle at their meetings have by practice learned to focalize will, to shut out all objectionable spirit controls, and are thus enabled to protect their mediums from disturbing influences.—*Harbinger of Light.*

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