

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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# THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 3.

## THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC (?) ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN AWAY THE PHENOMENA PRODUCED BY SPIRITS.

Two or three months ago, and during the time when I was Editor of *The Two Worlds*, I published an account of certain séances held at Naples, reported in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and translated for the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, from the columns of which I reprinted the article in question.

The medium for these séances was a Madame Eusapia Palladino, and the manifestations, which were of more than ordinary power, were represented as consisting of strong physical movements, ringing of bells, direct action of Spirit hands upon the bodies of the sitters present—in short, the phenomena common to physical force mediumship, given, however, with wonderful and exceptional strength and variety. The medium, it was stated, took no payment; consequently it was inferred she could only have given her services out of pure devotion to the cause she represented. The manifestations were of such a character as to preclude all possibility of fraud or deception, and the sitters were men of high social position and scientific attainments. One of the most distinguished members of the company at each of the séances was an eminent scientist of Turin named Professor Lombroso.

The impression upon this gentleman's mind, resulting from what he witnessed, may be judged from the follow-

ing brief quotation published over his own signature in several papers. He says:—

I am quite astounded and regret that I have combatted with so much persistence, the possibility of facts called spirit; I say facts because I still remain opposed to the theory.

Before commenting further on the great professor's admissions and the astonishment with which he viewed the manifestations he witnessed, I call attention to a few more extracts from the *Religio Philosophical* issue of April 2nd.

The article in question is written by Dr. Hans Bartle, and is translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, December 21, 1891. "TWO SITTINGS WITH LOMBROSO'S MEDIUM":—

Since Professor Lombroso has published his observations about Spiritual Phenomena, or, as he says, "facts," the interest in the demonstrations of the "psychical force," has perceptibly increased in the scientific circles of Italy. Especially are investigations carried on by the Italian psychists, with Lombroso's medium, Eusapia Palladino. . . . The experiments are to be still further continued in Rome or Turin in the presence of Lombroso himself and his principal scholars. But before further results of the interesting attempt to deal with a still unknown power of nature are brought into great publicity, it may perhaps be of interest for many of our readers to accompany the writer of this to two sittings with the celebrated Eusapia. The first of the sittings took place on the evening of November 19th, at half past nine o'clock, in the dining-room at the house of a highly esteemed engineer with whom we were acquainted, and who also took part in the sittings with Lombroso.

After describing the house where the sittings were held, the room, which was *well lighted*, and a number of distinguished persons who were present, the writer of the account, Dr. Bartle, the representative of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, says:—

To prevent any chance of fraud, we held the medium firmly by the hands, and the feet of Messrs. Fiori and Hirsch rested upon the feet of the medium. . . . Scarcely had we seated ourselves in clear lamp-light, when the table commenced revolving and rolling, motions which raised it to a height of from five to six feet—a position in which the table remained for a while without any visible mechanical aid, and then quietly let itself down again to earth. The peculiar spectacle of the

soaring of the table, upon which the medium very lightly held her fingertips, repeated itself several times and up to different heights; and now the table sank down slowly, now it rushed down with a loud crash.

Much more powerful phenomena ensued, it seems, when the sitters reduced the light, leaving, however, quite enough to see each other's faces distinctly. "Little flames darted over the table, and a whole shower of lights ascended and descended, filling the entire apartment. At the same time delicate hands, large and small, touched those present on back, shoulders, hair, and beard."

Out of the table resounded muffled strokes, and other sounds, like powerful blows of a hammer, while similar sounds were audible everywhere on the walls, and at our request in any number or on any part of the ceiling. Now the whole room seemed to be filled with "spooks." Now something tottered out from the corner towards the medium, then, a venerable armchair lifted itself slowly over our backs upon the table, without a human hand being visible to move it. Now canes, bells, musical instruments, flew through the air and struck the ceiling, or gently touched the heads of those present. Finally, luminous hands teasingly drew away the chair from one of the sitters—a true witch festival.

All this would be nothing strange to those who in this country have seen similar phenomena through Mesdames Everitt, Volckman, Marshall, and numerous others, or witnessed it, as I and thousands have done, in many other countries, through mediums by the hundred. But the reader's attention is specially called to these phenomena, for the sake of comparing them with the still more wonderful *explanation* which a great scientist has to render of them, as we shall presently see. Let us, however, continue our extracts a little further. Dr. Bartle says:—

One of the most interesting episodes of the sitting was, when a soft hand drew the watch gently from the vest pocket of the writer, laid it upon the table with a suddenly illuminated face, and then bore it up to the ceiling there to wind it up noisily and to open and shut the case repeatedly. Then the watch came floating down again, as was plainly seen, without support, and at request was pressed against the mouth, forehead, or ear of the sitters. At the wish of the writer, a hand com-

pletely formed, but as delicate as down, drew some change out of his pocket, clinked it upon the table as if in counting, to return it carefully to its place a little later without a centime missing.

From the endless abundance of unexplainable occurrences which followed each other unceasingly, often indeed, taking place at the same time in different parts of the room and over the heads of those present, we select only a few.

Upon the suggestion of a sitter, tables and chairs, together in time, began to drum a march with their legs, with tambourine accompaniment following in the air, while at the same time continued the play of the mysterious hands tugging at the chairs. We also heard several times high up in the air the clapping of hands. After the immediate fulfillment of every, even mental, order of ours, banker Hirsch, in Italian, "summoned a dead person lying in the graveyard in Naples." If this was possible, the spirit was to make known his willingness to do so by ringing the bell and by a stroke upon the table. Immediately the bell with a clear ring swung itself up into the air, like a bird, while a resounding thump was heard from the middle of the table. Then there was silence for a few minutes, until suddenly, behind Mr. Hirsch, who sat with his back to the wall and, with his neighbour on the right, held the medium firmly, was heard a light rustling. Upon Hirsch's request "*Si c'est toi, donne moi une signe*" (if it is you, give me a sign), all heard the slow, gentle stroking of a hand over Hirsch's shoulders and face, and the medium in a trance immediately said, "It is a young lady." With two kisses, audible to all, upon Hirsch's mouth, the phantom reported to be Hirsch's dead wife departed. During the whole episode, Hirsch's form had been surrounded by a shining mass, and the whole surface of the wall about the medium shone phosphorescently. The writer also attempted a similar experiment, and in answer to his unspoken wish, *thought in German*, he called up an apparition, strangely enough, with the same results as Mr. Hirsch had. For several seconds caressing hands stroked my hair, face, and beard, and upon the mental wish in German, the apparition pressed upon my face two kisses, plainly audible to all present. The repeated clapping of hands above our heads and the soaring aloft and tolling of the bell for our departure closed this remarkable sitting.

The representative of the Berlin paper then gives an account of another séance, held, like the former one, in a private house, in which the medium, Madame Palladino, had never before been. On this occasion the manifestations were as powerful as those related above. Mental requests from the different sitters were intelligently and immediately answered, and as before, the séance took place in a room fairly well lighted. To those who for years, like myself, have seen all manner of intelligence

given, such as was utterly unknown to any member of the circle present, prophecy of future events, tidings from distant places, new tongues spoken, marvels of sight, sound, and motion produced, the above extracts of phenomena will be interesting, chiefly on account of their novelty to the sitters, and the eminent positions and characters of the witnesses. But that which ought to be priceless in value to all earnest investigators, is the *explanation* (?) rendered of these and all similar marvels, commonly considered to be the work of beloved and loving spirit friends, but now declared by the great Professor Lombroso, of Turin, Rome, and Europe generally, to be nothing more nor less than "brain waves," "thought set in motion by will," or "will," somehow, "set in motion by thought," any way, *we do it all ourselves*; the kisses given in answer to mental requests, the dancings, bell ringings, arm chair floatings, lights, and table dancing, watches pulled out and replaced, money taken out of pockets and put back again, lights of all sorts, and hands formed of all sizes; all is done by "thought" or "brain waves," or "will," or something of that extra powerful and extra intelligent nobody knows what kind of a something that resides in the brains of those vulgarly called mediums, but now shown by Professor Lombroso to be a kind of mental brainy servant of all work, who would be invaluable in our kitchen; worth a fortune to house movers, and generally useful in any and every department of life where superhuman intelligence and strength were in demand. Remembering the many dark days we have endured during the past winter in England, what a boon in the shape of a light manufactory would be the thought, or will, or brain waves of Madame Eusapia Palladino in London or Manchester next winter! How invaluable would her brain waves be in seasons of coal strikes, when gas was

dear, and kerosene uncomatable. Lights in abundance struck out of the so-called medium's heads would soon bring coal mining strikes to an end, and make gas cheaper than mediums' fees. That I do not exaggerate when I claim that a great Italian scientist—aye, and not a few small wits of other countries claim that, said thought waves, or brain waves, or *something* in the head set in motion does all the work that has shaken the world with wonder from pole to pole during the last forty-four years, I shall conclude this article with a few more extracts from the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, of April 9th, and the editor's comments on Lombroso's marvellous discovery. The *R. P.* editor commences thus:—

Cesare Lombroso, Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Turin, and author of several well-known works relating to mental diseases, hypnotism, etc., recently wrote an article in regard to some manifestations which occurred in his presence in full light through the mediumship of one Eusapia Palladino. . . . Professor Lombroso admits that hitherto he has been so hostile to Spiritualism, that he has treated its adherents with scant courtesy, indeed almost insultingly, and that he still discredits the claim of spirit agency in the production of any kind of phenomena. But he is compelled now to recognize as no longer doubtful the reality of occurrences which he formerly regarded only with contempt. . . . The phenomena which Professor Lombroso witnessed he thinks admit of explanation on the theory of "psychical force." The medium, Eusapia Palladino, he says, is neuropathic or nervous, as other great mediums, Home for instance, are known to have been. He thinks it probable that in hysterical persons, or those easily hypnotized, the excitement of some centres, reinforced by the paralysis of all others, may call forth a transposition and transference of the psychical forces, a transformation into a force producing light or motion, that the cortical and cerebral forces may raise a table, cause raps, touches, and such other genuine phenomena as occur at spirit séances.

In the transference of thought Professor Lombroso claims that the movements of the brain surface from which arises thought, are transferred in certain circumstances to a small or great distance. Just as this force may be transferred, so may it be transformed; the psychical force becoming a moving force. . . .

After ringing the changes on thought and brain and will, mixed up with some hitherto unknown forms of wonderful intelligent stuff which the professor dignifies

with the name of "ether," the great scientist ends as he began, or as the journal puts it—

Professor Lombroso holds that the molecular motion of the brain, transformed into a "moving force," may, without muscular contact, but by means of the "ether," move material bodies, and that thought transference explains apparitions, messages from spirits, etc.

We have not space to quote all the clever forms of dissection by which the journal writer shows the absurdity of this theory as applied to spirit phenomena, but he remarks, pertinently enough :—

Professor Lombroso says that *thought is motion* and he applies to it the law of the persistence and convertibility of forces. In one place he says that motion gives rise to thought. Whatever he means, all that can be affirmed on this point is that brain motion, which is the physical concomitant of thought, and the objective aspect of the thinking process, is convertible into other forms of motion, molecular or molar.

Supposing that there are beyond reasonable doubt real spirit agencies, how is it to be proven to one who has recourse to unverified and unintelligible imaginings to explain phenomena which purport to be by discarnate spirits, and for which no other cause has been found? A spirit moves articles of furniture when no visible hand touches them, plays on musical instruments when they are suspended or moving over the heads of the sitters, takes a pencil and writes what is known only to the spirit and some one person present, or known at the time to none present in the flesh, shows a hand or face which is clearly recognized, and gives numerous evidences of identity. The skeptical savant in the face of overwhelming testimony denies the reality of these phenomena, until he has personally seen them; then assuming that they are not what they purport to be, he racks his brain and taxes his ingenuity to think of some hypothesis which neither he nor anybody else can understand to avoid accepting the spiritualistic theory.

Where was the thought of Miss Florrie Cook, who was generally put asleep when her spirit friend "Katie" was performing wonders for the benefit of Professor Crookes? I have known Mr. Home for many years; seen him drawn out eight inches in height, shortened eight inches below his ordinary height, lay his head on red-hot coals, hold them in his hands, float in the air and write upon ceilings of rooms 18 feet high. Was all this done by brain waves? Flowers and flower-pots, birds, and all manner of solid objects have been brought into

rooms with one door, and that locked, and the key in the pocket of Serjeant Cox in a few minutes, and in less time still they vanished through closed doors and walls, through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy. Was all this the work of thought? I have seen in broad daylight tables float, chairs run about the room, and heard voices talk with myself and others, in the presence of Mrs. Everitt. Was all this, and hundreds of still more wonderful phenomena coming through this dear lady's mediumship, effected by ether in her brain?

I have in my possession hundreds of volumes of testimony concerning far more stupendous phenomena and far wider intelligence than Professor Lombroso has witnessed. Volumes written by wise, learned, cautious, and wholly veracious authors, and in all, one and the same explanation concerning the cause of the phenomena is given. In fact, that cause is what the phenomena report of themselves, invariably claiming that they are produced through the SPIRITS of those the world call "dead." Why, then, should we distrust testimony corroborated by the experiences of millions of individuals all over the world?

If there were sense, meaning, or adaptation of cause and effect in the complex mass of jargon concerning "thought, will, ether, brain-waves," etc., as put forth not only by Professor Lombroso, but by sundry others who retail out his utterances as authority, we might abandon the simple, the natural, and the comprehensible for that which the authority himself can neither explain or understand. With no disrespect, then, to Professor Lombroso's opinions on matters of science with which he is thoroughly familiar, his views in relation to the Spiritual philosophy all too forcibly remind one of the philosophic saying that "the man is a fool who attempts to explain to others what he does not understand himself."

# HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

## CHAPTER III.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

IT may seem superfluous in this day of abundant Spiritual literature to recall passages of history in connection with celebrated personages, accounts of which have been repeatedly given to the world. Whilst acknowledging this position, I claim that the publication of such matters as relate to Spiritual influences are so widely scattered, and in many instances touched upon in biographical notices in such a superficial manner, that the orderly record of special periods and scenes in which Spiritual manifestations are authoritatively testified of, can never be out of place, especially in an age when the admirable works of the Howitts, R. D. Owen, Thomas Shorter, and their immediate cotemporaries, are skimmed through, too often as a nine days' wonder, and then are consigned to the undisturbed repose of the bookshelf.

Continuing, therefore, the brief gleanings that my present limited space will allow, I desire to answer *a priori* a question that has frequently been sent to me, as to the *raison d'être* of why "miracles," or—as we know them to be—Spiritual manifestations have been so constantly identified with the Roman Catholic Church and so seldom with that of Protestantism.

Whilst I deny the churchal basis of this allegation, and insist that Spiritual powers have been quite as frequently manifested with *individuals* of both professed beliefs, I still assume that the devotion of conventual and monastic life is more favourable to the occult powers of mediumship than the cold, stern formalism of Protestantism. I desire, however, to illustrate the fact that it is in such conditions

of mental exaltation as martyrdom and persecution for the sake of religious belief call forth that the most striking proofs of Spiritual presence and influx are to be found. In proof of both these assertions I point to the histories of the so-called "Saints" of Romanism (*not to the Church*, wherein the alleged miracles may or may not be genuine) in evidence that the life of the devotee and ascetic is far more favourable to Spiritual influences than amongst "the world's people." Also, I call attention to the marvellous proofs of Spiritual guidance and protection which enabled the Protestant Reformers of the Middle Ages to achieve astonishing victories by bands of the most insignificant numbers against vast armies of less devoted foes. Some few instances of both these positions will constitute the staple of this article.

In Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics" the learned author says:—

In the 12th century St. Hildegarde is said to have received revelations and visions; to have been at times surrounded by a divine radiance; to have possessed supernatural gifts of language and prophecy, discerning the thoughts of others and healing many diseases. . . . Great nobles and high ecclesiastics sought her counsel, and even the Emperor and Pope corresponded with her and sought her advice.

One of the greatest wonder workers of the Middle Ages was, according to Vaughan, Morrison, and other historians, St. Bernard, whose miracles of healing are reported as even exceeding in number, if not in potency, those recorded in the New Testament.

Morrison says, quoting the record given of St. Bernard's life by Herman, Bishop of Constance:—

At Cambray, in the Church of St. John, after the mass, a boy, deaf and dumb from his mother's womb, received his hearing, and spoke, and the people wondered. He had sat down beside me deaf and dumb, and having been presented to Bernard, in the self-same hour he both spoke and heard. The joyful excitement was scarcely over before a lame old man was raised up, and walked. But now a miracle occurred which, beyond all others, filled us with astonishment. A boy, blind from his

birth, whose eyes were covered with a white substance—if indeed those could be called eyes in which there was neither colour, nor use, nor even so much as the usual cavity of an eye, this boy received his sight from the imposition of Bernard's hand. We ascertained the fact by numerous proofs, hardly believing our senses, that in such eyes as his any sight could reside. In the same place, a woman who had a withered hand was healed. In the town of Rosnay, they brought to him in a waggon a man ill and feeble, for whom nothing seemed to remain but the grave. Before a number of the citizens and soldiers, Bernard placed his hands upon him, and immediately he walked without difficulty; to the astonishment of all, he followed on foot the vehicle in which he had just before been carried.

On another day we came to Molesme, which is a monastery from which formerly our fathers went forth who founded the order of Citeaux. It was on Wednesday, and they received the man of God with great devotion. When Bernard was seated in the guest-house, a certain man, blind with one eye, came in, and falling on his knees, begged his mercy! Bernard made the sign of the cross with his holy fingers, and touched his blind eye, and immediately it received sight, and the man returned thanks to God. About an hour afterwards, as it was getting dusk, the holy man went out to lay hands on the sick who were waiting before the doors. The first who was cured was a boy blind with the right eye, who on shutting the left eye, with which alone he had seen previously, discerned all things clearly, and told at once what anything was which we showed to him. And again, at the same place, a little girl who had a weakness in the feet, and had been lame from her birth, was healed by the imposition of hands; and her mother bounded for joy, that now for the first time she saw her child standing and walking.

And these are but amongst the least of the marvellous cases of healing recorded of this great and beneficent "Thaumaturgist," whilst the only two personages to whose experiences I have been able to refer, so far from standing alone, simply illustrate hundreds of instances, in which both male and female recluses were the astonishment of all Europe during the Middle Ages, through the exercise of their wonderful gifts. These were not confined to healing, but included vision seeing, trances, the gift of tongues, prophecy, the discerning of spirits, describing characters, visiting clairvoyantly distant places, and levitations. St. Theresa was a well known instance of this latter phase, being frequently raised in the air in presence of visitors and many of the sisters of her convent.

In Thomas Shorter's admirable book, "The Two Worlds,"\* the author says:—

I might further adduce such instances as those of St. Catherine, St. Philip Neri, and Richard, Abbot of St. Vanne de Verdun, who (1036) "appeared elevated from the ground while he was saying mass in presence of the Duke Galizon, his sons, and a great number of his lords and soldiers." To these instances may, in later times, be added, those of Ignatius Loyola, who "was raised up from the ground to the height of two feet, while his body shone like light;" and of the martyr of freedom and reason, Savonarola of Florence, the Church Reformer of the fifteenth century, who, according to Burlamachi, was seen, when absorbed in devotion, a few days before his death, to remain at a considerable height suspended from the floor of his dungeon. Mr. Madden, in his *Life of Savonarola*, in adverting to this incident, observes: "To any one conversant with the lives of the saints, it will be well known that similar phenomena are recorded in numerous instances, and that the evidence on which some of them rest, is as reliable as any human testimony can be. The same fact is authentically attested of St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Dominick, St. Dunstan, St. Francis of Assisium, St. Teresa, St. Cajetan, St. Bernard Ptolcemæi, St. Catherine of Ricci, and several others."

In his *Lives of the Saints* (Vol. V., Note on St. Philip Neri), Butler tells us that some of these facts are narrated by "persons of undoubted veracity, who testify that they themselves were eyewitnesses; others were so careful and diligent writers that their authority cannot be questioned. . . ."

Speaking of the fifteenth century, which, while it closed the Middle Ages, was preparing everywhere a new advance in civilisation, Professor Villari says:—

All nature seemed to be full of occult powers; of mysterious spirits that held converse with mortals. In this age Ficino taught the doctrine of the Neo-Platonists, that the soul may in ecstasy attain to divine visions, see beyond the present, and predict the future. Machiavelli thought "the air we breathe to be full of spirits, who, in compassion to mortals, forewarned them by sinister omens of the evils about to come to pass." At a little later period, Guicciardini held that—"Aerial spirits exist which hold familiar converse with men, for I have had practical experience of this, in cases that make it appear most certain." And Cardan believed in visions, presentiments, and warnings; and that he had himself frequently been saved from great perils by the friendly monitions of his guardian spirit.

On the other hand, it would be almost useless to remind

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\* Nothing to do with the paper so called.

our well informed readers of the wonderful powers of the early Protestant Reformers, who, long before the period of the great Lutheran Reformation, maintained the very tenets which the noble Saxon Monk afterwards worked out—almost alone—against the dominant power of the Roman Catholic Church, and that in modes which even the most matter of fact of their historians are fain to confess was nothing short of Divine power. Both Shorter and Howitt give lengthened accounts of how the noble and heroic though poor and humble peasant reformers (called, from the name of the valley in which they dwelt, “The Waldenses”) maintained their simple Protestant faith by bands of a few hundreds, defending themselves against the attacks of Papal armies of thousands of well equipped soldiers. In the history of the “Vaudois,” by Boyer, one may read of miraculous powers which would transcend belief were not the marvels recorded testified of by every historian of the Middle Ages. Boyer says :—

At one time seventeen men, with no other weapons than slings and home-made bows and arrows, defeated and drove away six hundred men.

And again :—

The little village of Rora, consisting of fifty houses, defended only by this handful of men, was at length only taken by a simultaneous attack at different points of three divisions of an army of ten thousand men ; and even then the little band succeeded in making good their retreat.

Shorter says :—

It was not only from their mountains that they gained their extraordinary victories ; from the plains also the enemy was swept like chaff before them. The Catholic troops themselves could not help exclaiming, “God must be with these men.” In July, divers of these Waldenses went out into the country to reap their harvest, and in sundry places were all taken prisoners, not knowing of each other’s calamity. But God so wrought that *miraculously* they *all* escaped out of prison, to the great astonishment of their adversaries. At the same time, also, *others* who had been long in prison and longed for nothing but death, through God’s providence were delivered after a wonderful sort.

Again, what to human calculation could appear more Quixotic than

their enterprise to recover their native valleys—of which treachery had deprived them—by a body of only eight or nine hundred men against the apparently overwhelming forces of France and Savoy? Yet this enterprise they not only undertook, but successfully executed; having to march a fifteen days' journey through an enemy's country, "where they must charge up high mountains, and force divers straight passages, where a hundred might not only stop, but beat three thousand." Successfully did they contend in many battles against the armies of France and Savoy, and this without any commander's experience in warlike affairs. . . .

Muston says: "Eleven thousand French, and twelve thousand Sardinians were baffled by a handful of heroes, clothed in rags, and subsisting on the fare of anchorites." No wonder that their historians speak of the "great miracles" wrought amongst them; nor that Henri Arnaud, their noble pastor and leader—the Gideon of this little host—tells of their witnessing "prodigies beyond the course of nature, or the natural strength of man."

Even the ordinary operations of nature appear in their behalf to have deviated from their usual course.

"Can any one," exclaims Arnaud, "refuse to recognise the hand of Providence in the extraordinary circumstance that the Vaudois were permitted to make their harvest, not in the midst of summer, but in the midst of winter? Or could any but God have inspired a handful of men, destitute of gold and silver and of all earthly succour, with the courage to go and make war against a king who at that time made all Europe tremble? Is it possible to imagine that without protection absolutely divine, these poor people, lodged in the earth almost like the dead, and sleeping upon straw, after having been blockaded for eight months, could at last have triumphed?"

In the subsequent histories of the "Bohemians," and "The United Brethren;" in the lives of the noble John Huss, Martin Luther, and even in those of the stern but prophetic men, Knox and Calvin, every historian has *per force* been obliged to record the interposition of Spiritual power and occult influences, through which *alone* the missions of these remarkable personages were outwrought. None who read with candid minds can deny

that there are times and seasons also when these inspiring powers can and do save the mortal subjects of their protective love from harm, whilst at other times their powers (not being almighty or omniscient) fail in their effect. Thus, the hapless Waldenses, so marvellously sustained in some emergencies, were ultimately massacred and nearly exterminated; and thus, too, John Huss, one of the noblest of the Protestant Reformers, though the subject of dreams, visions, and incessant angelic ministration, was ultimately doomed to die the martyr's death at the stake.

Martin Luther was driven from the performance of a merely superstitious penance at Rome by "a miraculous voice from Heaven." Yet he alleged that he was constantly tormented by Spirits, who made noises in his house and disturbed his rest by night—Spirits whom he called devils; yet he owns how wisely and sagaciously these "devils" conversed and not unfrequently had the best of the argument with him, even according to his own confession.

As to the claims of rival sects that the manifestations of Spiritual power and protection are peculiar to certain phases of belief only, it is an insult to the Creator of all men, and a mockery of the records of history to make such a claim. In fact, it can only originate in the same Pharisaic spirit which inspires the modern Christian to say that "all the Spirits that came to the Jews in Biblical times were angels from God, and all that come to Europeans and Americans in the nineteenth century are emissaries of Satan." As to the assertion that Spiritual manifestations ceased with the Bible, it is a falsehood which any fairly educated person should be ashamed to utter.

The visionary ladder of which the patriarch dreamed at Bethel, and on which the angels ascended and descended between heaven and earth, has never been drawn

up, and the angels thus beheld in the form of humanity are now known to be the ministering spirits of humanity; the links between the Creator and the creature; they who know no creed but love; no worship but in doing good; no belief but eternal progress; no church but the wide, wide universe.

These Spirits are God's telegraph operators in all countries, times, and seasons; amongst all peoples wherever they can find organisms suited to become wires on which the life lightnings can run, and the history of man is the history of how the Father in Heaven speaks, acts, and inspires His children on earth through His ministering Spirits.

*(To be continued.)*

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EATRACT FROM "THE PALM GROVES AND MODERN IDOLATRY."

BY WM. SHARPE, M.D.

THE following extract is taken from a splendid little tract prose poem, by Dr. Sharpe, of Bundora, Co. Donegal. We only regret we cannot find space to print the entire poem.\*

Now has come again the advent,  
 The outpouring of the spirit,  
 When the young men see in visions,  
 And the children of the people  
 Fill the rôle of priest and prophet;  
 When the babes in human learning  
 Teach the schoolmen and professors,  
 Breaking up their old opinions  
 With the pungency of new thought,  
 Till they cry out in their anger—  
 "Who are these, the innovaters,  
 Coming to disturb our slumbers  
 With their whimsical assertions,  
 And their wild hallucinations?"

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\* Sold by J. J. Morse, Progressive Library, 80, Needham Road, Liverpool.  
 Price 2d.

In these latter days returning,  
As of old it was predicted,  
Comes anew the Gospel-message  
With a further revelation,  
With a mightier unfolding  
And a broader demonstration,  
Rolling back the tide of darkness,  
Liberating men from bondage,  
Giving proof unto the people,—  
Proof anew unto the people,  
To the learned and the simple,  
Of a wondrous evolution,  
Of a mighty compensation  
For the present toil and trouble  
In the fast approaching future.

In the over-crowded cities,  
In the streets, and lanes, and alleys,  
In the fields, and on the highways,  
From the North to distant India,  
With the force of full conviction  
Based on facts beyond disputing,  
Is the ancient message sounded :  
Sounded from the press and pulpit  
By the writer and the preacher  
And the unassuming layman.  
In the broad lands of the Far West,  
On the rolling plains and prairies,  
In the pine woods by the great lakes,  
In the little wooden churches  
Of the rising forest cities,  
Many teachers may be met with,  
Simple, zealous, unaffected,  
Who with force of love abounding  
Kindle new life in the people.

Other teachers, great and noble,  
Beacon lights amid the darkness,  
Full of eloquence and wisdom,  
Learned in the lore of ages,  
With the glow of inspiration  
In their eyes and on their foreheads ;  
Lead the mind to higher reaches,  
Kindling thought and aspiration,  
Pointing man to the ideal,  
The perfecting of his image  
Of the Godhead manifested,  
Of his image, male and female,  
Of the Adonai of Heaven.

# 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 III.

I HAD come to America in the expectation of obtaining crucial evidence of the existence of the human soul after its separation from the body by mortal death. Whatever I might have seen, felt, or believed in the course of my Spiritual researches, the one grand central fact of all knowledge most desirable for humanity to realise seemed to me to be the indisputable proof of the INDIVIDUAL SOUL'S IMMORTALITY, the certainty that the spirit which all the phenomena of life and death testified to as being the real man, was the same I AM in some world of life after death as it had been on earth. Still, whilst I fully acknowledged the genuine and truthful character of the manifestations addressed to me at Judge Edmonds' evening reception, on the very second night, too, of my landing in America, yet in reviewing the nature of my feelings concerning them I was obliged to confess that they sorely disappointed, even if they did not offend me.

The intelligence as well as the descriptions given, were entirely out of the pale of human contrivance, thought transference, or any of the baseless suppositions by which individual spirit influence could be set aside as the source of causation, yet that the spirits of those that had passed through the solemn, and in some instances, the awful

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\* By permission of the author.

change called *death*, the piteously lamented ones, the invisibles, gone! none could say whither—those existences around whose fate was woven the great unknowable mysteries of eternal silence, a sleep never to be broken, a disintegration horrible to contemplate, leaving a void in nature never to be filled up—that the subjects of these awful mysteries should visit a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, laugh, talk, sing, make tables dance, and take part in all the procedures of pleasant, social, but still commonplace everyday life, all this was to me so startling, so utterly foreign to all my previous conceptions of possible life beyond the dreadful grave, that I did not know, as I reviewed my feelings on the day succeeding Judge Edmonds' reception night, whether I would not far rather have remained in the mysterious gloom of the dark valley of death, than have been so completely disenchanted by the realities of spirit communion.

I know now that the pain of this disenchantment lay with myself, and resulted from the vague and phantasmal conceptions I had formed of Spiritual existence through my purely occult experiences, but I doubt if thousands of others besides myself have not been repelled from what they considered to be the mere commonplaces of Spiritism by the self-same sentiments as I then cherished. Happily for me, however, two circumstances arose which impelled me onward for a time, at least, in the methods of research I had commenced. In the first place I soon discovered that if the lowest round of the ladder on which the angels ascend and descend is on earth—the highest is still in the supernal Heavens. The second impulse which favourably urged me forward was the fact that I was happy enough to meet a young lady whom I had known as one of the clairvoyant magnetic subjects of the "Orphic circle" to which I had been affiliated in Great Britain.

The lady in question was Mrs. Emma Hardinge (now

Mrs. Britten), and the renewal of our acquaintance in this land of the far West was a source of equal pleasure and benefit to me and my esteemed friend Mr. Dudley. We found Mrs. Hardinge devoting herself and her remarkable medial powers to the service of the public, and sitting "without money and without price," giving tests of Spirit communion to all who chose to visit her. The place in which these séances were held was a fine building on Broadway, in the heart of the city, and rented at a very high cost solely by a Mr. Horace H. Day, a wealthy merchant, so devoted to the cause of the newly discovered marvel of Spirit communion, that he ungrudgingly spent a large annual income in affording the public free and open means of investigation. On the first floor of this building was a séance room where all who chose could come without any payment to obtain tests by rapping and writing through one of the original "Rochester knockers," to whom the noble proprietor of the establishment paid a handsome salary. Here, too, all the literature by way of books and journals could be purchased. On the floor above, a handsomely furnished apartment was placed at the disposal of Mrs. Hardinge, whose tests were rendered by writing, clairvoyance, pantomimic representations, and trance speaking. The upper floor of this great building was appropriated to the printing department of a weekly paper entitled *The Christian Spiritualist*, the chief portion of which was written and edited by Mrs. Hardinge. In these rooms, which Mr. Dudley and I constantly frequented, we witnessed nearly every phase of the phenomena whereby spirits from the life beyond made their presence known to mortals. The time of which I speak was between ten or twelve years after the date of what was called, from its special publicity and continuous phenomenal activity, "the Rochester knockings." There were even then many thousands of believers in

Spirit communion resident in New York City, and these included professional men, merchants, authors, journalists, and persons of the highest circles of learning and intelligence. There were at the least twenty different grades of professional mediums who could be consulted for a small fee, and at least a dozen young ladies—including Miss Laura Edmonds and Mrs. Hardinge—who sat free for all comers, strangers high or low, whoever chose to call at the hours appointed. Two of the New York papers were conducted by eminent believers in the faith, and one of these, the *Daily Times*, announced that, at the least, a thousand circles were held nightly in this great commercial, busy, matter-of-fact city, by its shrewd and keenly inquisitive inhabitants. Some of the well-proven facts I learned during the last few months of my residence in this immense field of research I will briefly tabulate as follows :—

1st. The Spirit world is a human world, every class and grade of humanity being represented there.

2nd. The special characteristics of mediumship seemed to determine the different classes of Spirits that could communicate through special phenomena ; the rappings, table movements, and physical force manifestations being generally wrought by strong, powerful, and probably earth-bound Spirits—very often by Indians and Negroes, though not always so—whilst the more intellectual phases of the power seemed to find fuller expression through trance, writing, drawing, seeing, and inspiration by a higher class of Spirits.

3rd. Nearly all the mediums, out of some thousands I have then and subsequently visited, seem to have one or more special Spirit guides, who act as *medium* Spirits for others less able, for some cause (said to be a lack of organic power in that direction), to impress human mediums for themselves.

4th. The most exalted Spirits that have passed from earth, and from whom the world would expect to receive correspondingly fine communications, seem to be the least capable of representing themselves through earthly sources.

This has been accounted for, in many communications through different sources, by the fact that mediums in general are not of the same grade of mentality as the most rarely endowed Spirits who have passed from earth, and these last, living in far more sublimated conditions of spheral atmosphere than the inhabitants of states nearer to the earth, find it impossible to control directly persons whose natures do not assimilate with their own, hence arises the necessity for the interposition of medium Spirits.

5th. It is claimed by all intelligent communicating Spirits that the various channels, through which the communications pass, *do* influence materially the nature of what is given—in some instances limiting, in others changing, the phraseology; in most cases, colouring whatever intelligence is rendered by the idiosyncrasies of the medial channel of communication.

Amongst the most gifted of the mediums for the manifestations of what are called "tests," or proofs of Spirit identity, I class those persons who have been influenced to draw or paint Portraits of Spirits, and then, under the same control, send them to the relatives who, in general, were total strangers to the mediums. At the time of my first visit to America there were, amongst many others, three persons in especial who became widely renowned for this remarkable gift. Their names were "Rogers, Anderson, and Walcutt." The last-named person is claimed by Mrs. Hardinge, in her voluminous "History of the American Spiritual Movement," to have drawn two thousand and twenty portraits of Spirits,

utterly unknown to him, and at *their* request to have sent them to varieties of distant places to their relatives, by whom they were invariably recognised. It is alleged that Mr. Walcutt has publicly shown over two thousand testimonials to this effect, and yet I was assured by several of the most capable and thorough investigators that all the different drawing mediums (and there were many more than I have named) invariably *put themselves* so unmistakably into their work that any one acquainted with them could at once pick out and identify the artist of each picture, and that amongst any given number.

The same special characteristics I found most commonly appearing in the writings and trance addresses of various mediums, inducing me to believe that the poverty of language, and limitations of ideality, manifested in many communications claiming to emanate from illustrious spirit sources, are caused by being marred in transmission by the imperfect methods of the telegraphy through which they must pass. This is not always the case; many Spirit communications received through different sources being highly characteristic of the communicant. Still, the reverse is so often apparent that I have felt obliged to admit what the Spirits have so often urged upon my attention, namely, the extreme difficulty that attended their efforts to work the Spiritual telegraph successfully, and the many obstacles that human mediumship places in the way of conveying their ideas.

As a final close to details, which I fear may prove wearisome to the reader, necessary as they may be to the elucidation of the subject in question, I shall now transcribe the report of a circle which took place during the first few months after the tidings of the celebrated "Rochester knockings" had become widely known and universally commented on. The séance I am about to refer to was held in the house of the gentleman who kindly

furnished me with the report, Dr. Robert Hallock, a well-known physician of New York and a thoroughly cautious and scientific investigator. This gentleman, like many others, had commenced his researches with experiments in magnetism. Being himself a very powerful operator, he had excellent opportunities of observing the transition which so often occurred in his subjects, when they passed away from his own or other human influences, to the control of Spirits. The subject or clairvoyant of the séance I am about to describe was a German girl, a domestic in Dr. Hallock's family, and one deemed especially well qualified for *independent* control, as she was in all respects a perfectly passive person. On a certain occasion, when a number of Dr. Hallock's friends had assembled at his house to witness his magnetic experiments, after his seeress had been placed in the trance condition, one of the company present proposed that she should be sent clairvoyantly to the city of Rochester to find out, if possible, how the weird "knockings" were produced.

The gentleman who made this proposition alleged that he was well acquainted with Rochester, and knew every point of the road that must be traversed in order to reach it. The clairvoyant's description of her journey being pronounced accurate, and Dr. Hallock's assurance that the girl had only been a few months in America, and never out of New York City, gave the circle confidence in any farther statements she might make.

Passing into the street and house indicated, which were both correctly described, the seeress entered a large room, wherein she said twelve persons were seated round an uncovered table. Then followed this dialogue:—

Q. What are they doing?

A. Spelling out communications which come by knockings. Oh, how loud they are! Can't you hear them?

Q. Can you see what or who knocks?

A. Yes; they are a lot of rough, black-looking men and women, who fill up every part of the room. They are giving little papers to one fine-looking, big gentleman, who stands right behind a young girl, sitting at the table. He takes the papers from the rough people outside, and then throws flame on the head of the young girl, and the flame comes down right through her fingers on to the table in sparks, and with every spark a knock comes.

Q. Where does he get the flame from? -

A. Speak louder. He raises his head, and can only hear what you say when I hear.

(Question repeated.)

A. He shows me a sort of a machine he carries in one hand, and from this comes the flame; it passes into his other hand, and this he holds over the young girl's head.

Q. What is the machine?

A. He says it is a battery of all the magnetisms in the room.

Q. Who are the black-looking people you see in the room?

A. Why, don't you know? they're spirits, not people.

Q. Nonsense! Spirits are all bright and glorious beings—angels, you know.

A. No, no, no! I tell you; they're spirits. They're all workmen and workwomen, and the Spirit man with the machine is teaching them how to make those knocks you hear. It's only such as them and him that can make knocks.

Q. Ask him his name.

A. He says he was known on earth as Benjamin Franklin.

Q. You said there were papers given him by the crowd; ask him where they come from.

A long silence here ensued, when the clairvoyant said in a loud voice to Dr. Hallock, "Magnetise me again."

After a few passes the medium threw off his hands, and then cried, as if in great delight—

Oh, I see now another circle right above the table, and all above the people in the room. They are fair, bright spirits. Some of them are lovely, and some more common; but they look lovingly on the people at the table. They are the fathers and mothers and friends of the people sitting round the tables, and it is they that throw down the papers.

Q. Where do they get the papers from?

(Again a silence, and the medium murmured, "Magnetise me again.") A still longer pause, when the medium, clasping her hands as if in ecstasy, cried:—

Oh, Heaven! I see circle above circle, and all fairer, and—oh, how much brighter than the lower ones! They reach away and away up

through the sky, away, away up right into the sun. Ah me! I cannot see higher. I dare not look. Oh that I was there! Oh send me there! I am amongst the angels!

*Q.* What is the highest circle you can see? Tell us that.

*A.* Three gloriously bright men, and now there's a fourth. Why—that's the same one that had the machine, and made the flames come through the young girl's fingers—the flames that every time made knocks—and it is these four that send down the papers, down, down through all those circles below them, till they reach the black-looking crowd round the tables. You were going to ask what they are doing this for, and I will tell you without asking. These are all spirits of earth, but they get their commission from angels not of earth, and it is to build a church—a church in which all the earth shall worship together; the church of God dwelling amongst men. The black crowd you see are the carpenters, masons, and builders. The friends of the sitters give messages of love, and these are the first links between the earth and the Spirit world. The spirits in the circle above them are designers, architects, and councillors. The highest four are the electricians, who bring the fire of LIFE from the heavens, and form the chain that binds together God and man.

Here the clairvoyant ceased, and having become demagnetized by Dr. Hallock, soon resumed her natural state. It is proper to say that from the time when she first asked for more power, or magnetism, she became completely transfigured, and seemed to have gained in height and beauty. Her air, voice, and manner were superb, grand, and impressive. She had entirely overcome her foreign accent. "In a word," says Dr. Hallock, in his report, "I never saw any human being so marvellously changed and so thoroughly in the condition of what might be termed 'in the spirit.' . . ." My own comments on the scene above described I shall reserve for a future occasion, simply remarking that the descriptions of this untaught German girl corresponded singularly with some visions I subsequently received through other mediums, and tended to show in their general sum of intelligence that the Magnetists, Electricians, and Scientists of earth had, on passing into the Spirit world, devised this scheme of telegraphy between the Seen and the Unseen Universe, and that the more

material or earth-bound Spirits were final and necessary links of the great and graded chain that bound together the realms of matter and spirit, from the lowest to the highest states of being.

*(To be continued.)*

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## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AND THEIR *MODUS OPERANDI.*

(A CURIOUS REVELATION.)

COINCIDENT with the description of the rapping Spirit circle given through clairvoyance, and recorded by the author of "Ghostland" in this number, I propose to cite a few experiences of Mr. Edward Fowler on the same subject, especially as they throw still more light on some of the earliest, as well as the most independent and remarkable phases of Mediumship yet known in this generation—namely, intelligence rendered through Spirit rapping, writing, and the movements of ponderable bodies.

Three years after the advent of the celebrated "Rochester knockings" a party of ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing in New York formed themselves into a society called "The New York Circle." The séances held by these distinguished persons in the house of Dr. Gray, of New York, were continued for some years, and were attended from time to time not only by the most gifted mediums of the country, but also by many of the most eminent scientists and literati of the day. The principal medium of the first two or three years' sessions of this famous circle was a young medical student, Mr. Edward Fowler, a gentleman of good family, college education, and now a physician of high standing and

large practice. During the early sessions of the celebrated "New York Circle" Mr. Fowler's mediumship included rapping, writing by spirits, various phases of physical force-power, besides clairvoyance, trance speaking, and vision seeing.

Whilst utilising this young gentleman's wonderful and almost unparalleled gifts, the Spirits themselves wrote manuscripts in many different languages and Oriental characters on papers placed in locked drawers. On one occasion they inscribed a large sheet of paper, placed at night in a sealed and locked drawer in Mr. Fowler's room, with seventy names in the handwriting of the various signers. Among these were the names of all the Independence Fathers, whose signatures on being compared with the original "Declaration of Independence" were found to be *fac similes* of the signers' handwritings. The motto at the top of the sheet in the handwriting and with the signature of Benjamin Franklin, was "PEACE, BUT NOT WITHOUT FREEDOM." The above document has been submitted to the inspection of thousands of witnesses, and the most famous experts in handwriting have verified every signature as perfect *fac similes* of the writers' caligraphy. Copies of this wonderful document were engraved for my earlier editions of "Modern American Spiritualism," though the plate has now unfortunately passed out of my hands.\* Passing over an immense number of the records kept by the New York Circle, testifying to the almost incredible marvels that proceeded from Mr. Edward Fowler's Mediumship, I come to a few extracts from the Appendix to the first volume of Judge Edmonds' and Dr. Dexter's elaborate

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\* It is proper to add that some of the signatures of this wonderful paper were *fac similes* of the writing and names of private individuals who had passed to the Spirit Life, and of whose existence Mr. Fowler never could have had any knowledge. On application to their relatives, these signatures were in every instance fully verified as identical with the deceased parties' handwritings—and all this was done BY SPIRITS, without the *possible interference* of any human agency!

work bearing their names, and entitled "Spiritualism." These volumes are records of the circles held by the above-named gentleman. The matter of the following quotations (though printed in the Appendix of their first volume) are taken by permission from the records of "the New York Circle."

Judge Edmonds himself prepared them from Mr. Fowler's notes of interviews with the Spirits who effected the marvels that occurred through his Mediumship.

FIRST INTERVIEW.

Nov. 21, 1851.—On this night I sat at my table reading until a few minutes to 12, when I retired. After extinguishing my light I noticed a bright light near my bed, about a foot in diameter.

At this I was not much surprised, as I had been accustomed to be attended by such lights, though none as bright as this.

After lying down in bed for about five minutes I heard a footstep in the room. My face at the time was turned to the wall. I looked towards the two windows of the room, and beheld a man, apparently about forty years old, and a little more than six feet high, walking from the centre of the room toward window No. 1, where he met another man not so tall, who seemed to have come through that window. I did not see him come through, but first saw him when one or two feet from the window on the inside. They stopped and spoke with each other for a few minutes, and then came to my bedside, and the taller one said, "Arise, and take thy pen, for I will dictate."

I made an unsuccessful attempt to rise, but I was paralyzed. I could not move a limb, had no power of articulation; in fact, I had not control of a single muscle in my body. A cold breeze seemed to be chilling me through; I never before experienced such an indescribable feeling of horror.

The two stood by my bedside gazing at me for a few minutes, and then moved to the table, where they were joined by a third party, who also appeared to come in by the window in the same manner as the second one. He was not over five feet six inches high, and rather slender. He had a high, open forehead, was bald, and had some small thing in his hand, but I did not notice what it was.

The three stood by the table conversing, when a fourth party entered. He appeared to be of medium height, and shortly built. The contour of his face resembled the portraits of Franklin, and I have since been told (through the rappings) that it was him.<sup>X</sup> He came in by the same window, bearing under his arm a box about 18 inches long, and nine in depth and width. He came to the table and set his box thereon. <sup>Where</sup> <sup>standing?</sup> Meanwhile the tall man had seated himself in a chair, and the small one on a trunk.

After the four had consulted together, the first and second one came to my bedside and talked to me 25 or 30 minutes. I at the time fully understood what was said. Its import was very clear to my mind; but I cannot now, nor have I ever been able since to recall the first word or idea uttered.

The small man, and he who brought the box, remained at the table.

After this one had ceased to speak, the two again went to the table and joined in conversation with the other two. I could hear them talk, but could not understand their language. They were evidently speaking of me, as they often looked around at me.

After staying three hours, from twelve till three, they left, apparently going out at the same window at which they came in, the tall man going first, and the man with the box last.

I did not see them go through the window. They seemed to disappear from my sight when about a foot from the window inside.

That I really had possession of my natural senses I infer from the following circumstances:—

*First*, I had not been asleep when the scene commenced.

*Second*, the Brooklyn fire-bells, which were tolling for fire when I went to bed, I could still hear, and in the course of half an hour the City Hall bell of New York gave the alarm of fire, which the church fire-bells repeated. I heard the "Rutger's Hose" go by the house and the adjacent church bell toll the four hours as I lay awake, viz., twelve, one, two, three, and four o'clock.

#### SECOND INTERVIEW.

Nov. 22, 1851.—As I had but little sleep the past night, I retired early (at nine), and soon fell asleep. I slept till near twelve, when I awoke, seemingly without any external provocation. I involuntarily looked round the room to see if my visitors were present, but found, much to my satisfaction, that they were not.

In a few minutes the clock of the church struck twelve. About five minutes passed when the tallest one of my previous evening's visitors entered the room at the same window as before, and closely followed by five others, the last one being the man with the box, who set his box down on the table.

The six conferred together for a short time, alternately glancing at me and at the box.

At length the man who had brought the box opened it. I should think they were quite an hour in arranging the machinery inside the box, which occasionally emitted shafts of light, resembling in appearance and vividness the flashes which occur during a severe thunderstorm. My knife, which was laying on the table, seemed to be detrimental to the experimenters. The lights seemed to be attracted to the knife, which in turn emitted a blue shaft of light.

At length, after some effort, they succeeded in throwing the knife on the floor. A sheet of paper, which lay on a shelf above the table, was taken down and placed on the open box cover.

After displacing the knife the lights formed regularly from a circular row of holes in the box cover, being alternately white and blue, and seeming to be operating on a steel pen which lay on the table.

The pen was several times lifted nearly perpendicularly, and fell again. Finally they succeeded in getting it entirely upright. The pen was then hopped along to the inkstand, dipped in, conveyed to the sheet of paper, and commenced writing. It fell two or three times, and was with much difficulty apparently re-erected.

After occupying about five minutes in writing, the pen was dropped, and the box was re-arranged and shut up by the one who had brought it in. These Spirit-men then held a conversation for a while, and at three o'clock left by the same window, and in the same manner as the night before, the tall man leading, and the man with the box going last.

They were all dressed as on the former occasion (that is, in long gowns), with the exception of the man with the box, who seemed to have on a sack coat, which reached down nearly to the knees, with a girdle for confining it hanging loose.

In the morning I found the writing was executed on real paper, and was five lines of Hebrew. The translation by Professor Bush proved to be a quotation from the book of Joel, ii., 28-29 :

"And it shall come to pass afterwards that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

"And also upon the servants, and upon the handmaids, in those days will I pour out my spirit."

#### THIRD INTERVIEW.

Nov. 27, 1851.—This evening I retired in company with my brother Samuel at half-past eleven o'clock, and soon fell asleep. I was awakened by a footstep in my room. I looked around, and at the same window beheld a tall man walking toward the table, followed by six others. The man with the box was next to the tall one, and the small man next. The last one of the company appeared to be merely an aid, who brought another box, and retired after setting it on the table.

The man with the box (Franklin) placed one box under the table and the other on a shelf over the table. These boxes were the same size as the other, but different in construction. These seemed to open by a drawer drawn out at the end. After the two had occupied some time in arranging the machinery (during which the tall man sat in chair No. 2), lights came from the boxes to the table, alternately white and blue. Whenever the white lights increased in brightness below the table and the blue above, the table would rise. The lights would sometimes become bright at one end of the table underneath, and not at the other end, and then only that end of the table would move.

After experimenting some time in this manner the box under the table was moved out to the centre of the room, and then, as if by the streams of light proceeding from it, books were conveyed through the air from one box to another.

The books started rapidly, moderated their speed, and increased it

again as they approached the other box. After some time, both boxes were placed on the table, and a process of forming hands from this light gone through, but my observations do not enable me to describe this clearly. My brother did not waken during this scene, and I was powerless to awaken him. . . . They were dressed and left as described in the last interview.

Two more interviews are recorded in this remarkable series. In the fourth of the order the number of spirits present was increased to ten, and four boxes were brought. Franklin and the small man (who was announced at the circles as Hahnemann) were still the principal operators, and the time for the séance was indicated by rappings on a previous occasion, and fixed at three in the afternoon. Mr. Fowler was desired to darken the room and remain dressed as usual. All the spirits seemed to come as before through the window, though its shutters were closed, and as they entered, the room became as light as day. The boxes were arranged at different parts of the room, the medium, Edward Fowler, being as before, powerless, speechless, and quiescent. Writings in Sanscrit and French were executed far more easily than before, and apparently as quickly as lightning flashes. After a great variety of writing materials and other articles had been carried with the same lightning speed about the room, and that with far greater ease and force than formerly, this séance closed with the following phenomena:

After the writing was completed, the lights approached and surrounded myself, grasping me round the waist in the same manner the pen was grasped, taking me from the floor and swaying me backward and forward, and several times raised me so that my head touched the ceiling. I felt nothing like a hand touching me, but distinctly felt a sensation resembling a mild breeze. I was thus operated with for the space of half or three-quarters of an hour, during which time a servant girl passed the door, which very materially impaired the operation of the boxes on that side of the room.

She afterwards came to the door and rapped, at which time I was suspended several feet from the floor, and the operation of the boxes on that side of the room were so much affected that I came near falling. Her proximity seemed to change the white lights to blue. The absence

of the white lights seemed to render the blue ones uncontrollable, so that instead of converging to me as a point, they diverged irregularly to different parts of the room, displacing with roughness whatever chanced to lie in their line of motion. They regained their former state of controllability as soon as the girl receded from the door. The blue lights, when abstracted from the white, caused a breeze of very great coldness.

Finally, the boxes were covered again, and "Franklin," "Hahne-  
mann," the tall man, and one of the others, took each a box and retired, the others following.

I have given these extracts, taken from many others of a similar character in my possession, principally with the design of showing that the *modern* phases of Spiritualism have unquestionably originated in the efforts of Spirit scientists to establish a systematic and scientific basis for the intercommunion between the worlds of spirit and matter.

It is in vain to lament over *what might have been*, but what is not. Perhaps the age was not worthy of this open communion; perhaps the times were not ripe for its establishment. Certain it is that the material world has taken little or no part in the attempt to discover the laws of this intercommunion, or furnish proper conditions for its exercise.

The failure in these respects is sufficiently evident in the decadence of the power by which the first phenomena, so remarkable and so far superior to any that have succeeded them, were obtained. Whether the next generation of Spiritists may be prepared to abandon its apathetic indifference and its attitude of expectancy that "the good spirits" will do all their work for them, tell their fortunes on the rostrum, instead of urging them to make their own eternal fortunes by good deeds and exalted aspirations, remains yet to be proved. In the meantime, looking over the path that angel feet have beaten down for humanity to tread in, we cannot but feel, with sentiments of unavoidable regret, that *the harvest truly has been plenteous, but the labourers are all too few.*

# THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

*By Emma Hardinge Britten.*

## CHAPTER III.

FOR several succeeding days after the evening meeting between the two artist friends described in the last chapter, Reginald Balfour made daily pilgrimages into town from Twickenham, where he was visiting some near relations, and hastening at once to No. 9, Stanhope Street, he seemed impelled to linger around his old friend, no doubt hindering his work, but still seemingly moved by an impulse he could not resist, to spend some hours each day in young Stanhope's studio. In their first interview he had stated that one of his chief motives in coming to England was the hope of inducing his friend to sell off and leave that dreary old Stanhope Street house, and come to live at Rome with him or near him, just as he—the said Richard Stanhope—should elect. Why this desire so moved him, except as a matter of friendship, he did not seem able to explain until the end of the first week of his daily visits. Then, as if screwing up his courage to the fulfilment of some protracted and difficult purpose, he suddenly exclaimed, almost immediately after entering Richard's studio :

“Look here, Dick, I'm bound to return to Italy in a few days ; before the end of next week, in fact. So this thing had better be settled at once.”

“What thing, Reginald ?” replied Stanhope, in his usual dreamy way.

“Why, about going back to Rome with me, old fellow. Come now ! I'll pay all expenses—say you'll go.”

First plunging both hands wildly into his thick, brown curls, as if to collect together the brain matter beneath, and thus to apprehend the astonishing nature of his friend's proposition, Richard Stanhope, after a few moments of silent bewilderment, seemed to have become equally master of himself and the situation. Then, pointing to the only comfortable seat in the room, a big, old, faded-cushioned armchair, he bade his friend, with something like a tone and attitude of dignified authority, to be seated, and placing himself in another chair opposite to his visitor, he spoke as follows :

"I believe, Reginald, you are the only friend I have in the world, and as such, I think it would make me both happier and more settled if I should tell you just how I am situated and what are my present aims in life. I have written you all about that five hundred pounds prize I won for my Marie Antoinette picture, and no doubt, my friend, you think that after such a stroke of luck as that, I ought to be living in rather a better style, and with more pleasant surroundings than you see here; but, Reginald, brother of my heart, I want to tell you how it all is."

"Go on, dear fellow," responded Balfour. "Only if you don't mind, I'll just light a cigar—have one?"

A shake of the hand from his *vis-à-vis*, the stroke of the match, and the first puff of "the flagrant weed" intervening, and then the master of No. 9 proceeded as follows :

"Ever since my good father's death, Mrs. Marsh—an angel in disguise, Balfour, though you may not know it—this Mrs. Marsh, then, has let various rooms in this big old deserted house by way of making an income for me. She has let the rooms to poor clerks that can't afford to pay much, but want a respectable home, and every week she has brought me the room rents, and on that we have

lived just as the blessed creature has arranged, and the little surplus that I could save over the bread and cheese and the taxes I have spent on models."

"Models!" almost screamed the visitor, half rising from his chair; then subsiding again he re-lighted his cigar and added, in an undertone, "Go on."

"Well, Reginald, models, you know, are necessary for artists, and must be paid for. One day, as I was passing a hairdresser's shop the thought just occurred to me that Mrs. Marsh (my household angel, you know, Reginald) had told me I looked like a wild man of the woods, and ought to have my hair cut. I was about to enter the shop, when from its dingy portals there emerged two women. The first of these was an ordinary-looking, stout personage; the second, a young, slim, graceful creature, a very angel. Good heavens! I thought, as she came out, what a lovely picture she would make! Reginald, has it ever occurred to you that poets, musicians, artists, and perhaps all other human beings that are endowed with special faculties, are liable to live under the domination of that one faculty at the expense of their other mental powers? I believe this, and sometimes think that what we call genius in one particular direction is apt to unbalance the general equilibrium of our minds. Do you follow me?"

Balfour nodded his head emphatically.

"Believing thus, Reginald, I may perhaps account for my own want of practical apprehension of life and its duties by finding my whole soul absorbed in the love of the beautiful, the picturesque, even the horrible and revolting, provided only it suggests to me a fine subject for an artistic representation. I will not digress by telling you how I have rushed off to fires, mobs, all sorts of sensational scenes, to gather in ideal scenes for this poor brain of mine to feed on. Sometimes, dear boy, I have

talked of this most ridiculous idiosyncrasy with musicians, and they have reconciled me to my absurd self by assuring me they were just as *one idea-ed* on the subject of sounds, tunes, histories, tragedies, and comedies in musical rhythm—in a word, they, the musicians, seem to interpret life by tone, artists by form and colour. It may be so with all specialists, and the wise Dispenser of all gifts may have thus ordained it to make the individuals of life dependent on mutual interchange between the whole, and the whole dependent on specialties amongst its parts. But I am digressing. Reginald, if ever there was fascination—call it love, if you will, at first sight—it was when I saw that most beautiful creature I spoke of following her coarse companion out of the hairdresser's shop. Abandoning at once my original intention of entering the shop, and led by a sort of resistless fascination, I followed these women through many of the streets of Southwark until they turned into an alley filled with back doors of little gardens. At one of these they stopped, when the elder woman took out of her pocket a key, opened one of these little garden doors, and the two passed in, locking the door, as I distinctly heard, behind them. In the twinkling of an eye I counted the number of houses in the row, and almost rushed round the lane to the thoroughfare in which I knew the front of the house must be. It was not, as I expected, a small place, but a large, double house. Cigars were exposed for sale in one window, newspapers and periodicals in the other. Entering the shop, which was empty, I bought a cigar from the very woman—the elder one, I mean—who came in to serve me. Day after day I frequented that shop, but never saw nor was served by the angel I had looked upon at first. One day, under an impulse I could not resist, I wrote a letter, in which I related what I had seen at the hairdresser's door—stated that I was an

artist—wanted a model for a great picture I wished to paint, and deliberately asked if, for a handsome consideration, the beautiful young woman I had seen would consent to be that model. I was stimulated to make this offer chiefly from the fact that the cigar shop was in a very low neighbourhood, and yet attended by some young and fashionable-looking men, who deliberately passed through the shop, entered by a door beyond, and seemed to remain there, at any rate not for a long time, as I found by waiting outside and unobserved near the shop. At length, by careful inquiries in the neighbourhood, I ascertained that this house was kept by a man and woman who had a billiard saloon; that young and inexperienced men came there to learn and practise the game, and that the shop was merely a blind to cover the real purpose of the house. The strangest part of all this was, that nobody in that neighbourhood seemed to know anything about any young and beautiful woman who lived in the house. The gossips said the people had only just come there. They wished they had stayed away, for the house bore no very good name. Rows and disturbances were often heard there, and not unfrequently the police had been called in—but of the golden-haired girl for whom I inquired no one could tell me anything. Notwithstanding all this, there was a wild, irresistible impulse in my own being which determined me to write as I did to that woman—Mrs. Baillie, as I found her name was. Somehow I knew, by a sixth sense I have (whether you, my friend, know of its existence and working or not), that I should have a favourable answer.”

“A sixth sense. Intuition, I suppose, you mean, eh, Dick?” said his listener between his cigar puffs. “All right; I know all about it. Everyone has it, but few heed it as you and I do. Go on.”

“Be it what it may, Reginald, I know this sixth sense is

a stronger motor power than even reason or sensuous perception, and under its prompting I wrote to Mrs. Baillie, confident that I should receive a favourable answer. The result proved the truth of my perceptions. Mrs. Baillie called upon me the next morning; stated that she was the widow of a Frenchman, and herself an Italian by birth. Her name had been Morani, and——”

“Morani!” almost screamed Reginald Balfour, starting from his seat; then violently checking himself, he said in a hoarse whisper, “Go on; the plot thickens!”

“Yes, Morani,” added Stanhope, without remarking his friend’s agitation. “She had married a Frenchman—one Baillie—and by him had a son, who when grown to manhood kept that house, and the business his father had founded. She had also, just before her husband’s death, had a daughter, Adina, a girl who grew up to be so wonderfully beautiful that she and her son, Fernando Baillie, determined she should not be generally exposed to the public gaze in that low neighbourhood. Meantime—as the woman calling herself Mrs. Baillie said in a kind of horrid, furtive way, which throughout her talk had greatly troubled me—times were bad, business scarce, and in that low neighbourhood the right kind of customers seldom, if ever, came; so she had consulted with her son, and both had come to the conclusion that if they could get a *real good engagement* for Adina, they would be willing to let her sit, stand, or do anything in the way of being an artist’s model.

“‘We are the more impelled to this course, sir,’ said my visitor, ‘because Addie, as we call her, has an elder sister in Italy, who lived at Padua with my brother, a priest, sir—a priest of the true Church, sir. And this good brother of mine, Father Pierre, when my husband made me come to England to live, offered to adopt our eldest child, Maddalena, and bring her up as his niece

should be brought up. Well, sir, we were young, and going to seek our fortune in a strange land, so we agreed to our brother's wish, and left our little Maddalena with him. Poor brother!" added the narratress, with a sigh. "He has become blind, and cannot any longer perform his functions as a priest, so Maddalena, who became—as we learned from friends—very beautiful, has earned her own bread and that of her old uncle's by becoming an artist's model."

"Yes, I know that," interrupted Balfour in an undertone.

"Do you, indeed, Reginald," rejoined Stanhope; "I am glad to hear you say that—another link between us, old fellow. Shake hands!"

"On with your tale, Dick," replied the other, moodily.

"Well, Reginald, to make a long story short, I did agree to give 'good terms,' especially after I had seen the model. She came with her mother, according to promise, the next day, and when she removed her hat and wrappings, and stood in a simple white close-fitting dress, with her beautiful shower of long, waving, light golden hair streaming down her back without shading her tall, graceful form, I declare to you, Reginald, it was only with difficulty that I could restrain my emotions sufficiently to prevent my falling at her feet to worship her as a Madonna."

"Have you ever been a model—an artist's model, I mean—fair maid," I said, hesitatingly, fairly overcome by her beauty.

"No, sir," she replied, in a soft, sweet voice, "but my sister in Padua has been one, so I know something of what is wanted, as she writes to mother about it."

"What forms has your sister sat for?" I enquired.

"The Virgin, that is—Madonnas—Venus, and Eve."

"Just so," I rejoined, "I shall require you for Eve."

"One hundred pounds the first standing," broke in the

mother, in a loud, firm, business-like tone, "and twenty pounds each standing afterwards; I to accompany her at all times; a private room to dress and undress in, a fire in the studio all the time, and strict secrecy about who the model is."

"Now, Reginald, I confess that at first the harsh, detestable tone and manner in which these terms were enunciated, so grated on my nerves that I could hardly answer her, but when I looked upon the lovely face and form standing before me—the perfect innocence of the large deep blue eyes gazing into mine—noted the clause that the mother was always to accompany her; and, furthermore, when the mother blurted out, as if in a hurry, that these were the terms they always paid in Italy for Venuses, Eves, etc.—*nude* models—I was paralyzed, and had not a word of dissent or objection to offer. Besides this, it was not the terms I objected to—it was, somehow, the thought of that refined, almost angelic looking creature standing as a model for an Eve; and, must I confess the fact? something terribly repellent in connecting that angel form with the coarse sinister looking woman that poured out her glib talk of terms in that bargaining way."

"The terms were all right?" murmured the visitor.

"Right or wrong," pursued the narrator, I told the trading mother to make whatever arrangements she deemed best, assured of my compliance. I knew and felt that money was mere dross and a worthless commodity compared to the rare, wondrous—nay divine incarnation of beauty that then stood before me.

"I thought then—as I might almost venture to say I have since found it—that such beauty of form could scarcely be more than an earthly blossom, and that the mind could not, in the nature of heavenly justice and equilibrium, keep pace with such an exterior. I know

not—I cannot even now say it is so, or whether I am right or wrong. This exquisite flower—this Adina of mine—is very kind, gentle, obedient, but so strangely silent. She never speaks except in monosyllables, and in answer to me or her *masterful*, determined mother. She always comes closely veiled, and always in company with that same soldierly mother. I have sketched her in many ways—represented her lovely form and face in all sorts of fantasies. In my last picture, a very large and choice one, either the *chef-d'œuvre* of my life or its first, last, and overwhelming failure, she stands as—as the mother of mankind, Eve, with the serpent.”

So saying, the now thoroughly aroused, enthusiastic, and noble-looking artist strode up to the curtain which hung across the folding doors dividing the front and back rooms, swung back that curtain with the triumphant air of a victor in an ancient gladiatorial combat, and pointing to an immense picture which stood facing the two lookers on, cried: “Behold my angel!”

The picture thus presented to view represented a scene of embowering trees and flowers of strange form, but exquisite though most delicately-shaded colouring. Long avenues, carpeted by flowery grasses, and overarched by bending trees stretching away into the very clouds, were penetrated and illumined by brilliant rays of sunbeams, colouring up the entire wilderness of exquisite beauty with diversified hues of gold and purple, and glittering on falling cascades and streams winding through the wonderful landscape in sparkling radiance. Half shaded by clustering bushes and rare blossoms, appeared a lovely female form, glowing in snowy beauty half revealed, and putting aside with exquisite grace long waving tresses of shimmering gold, the better to fix her wondering gaze upon a vast coiled up serpent standing erect in the midst of a group of flowery bushes, opposite the fair vision of

the fabled *mother of mankind*, and fixing its sparkling sinister eyes full on that lovely being.

One of the grandest triumphs of this wonderful picture was that this reptilian form conveyed to every beholder the impression of human intelligence in the very act of speaking, whilst an equally irresistible sentiment of conviction seemed to pervade the veiled yet nude and unexceptionably modest angel of the flowery bushes—gleaming in her eager, large, azure eyes, and revealing eloquently in her bending form—that she was listening.

The picture was at once a marvel of history, revelation, and artistic perfection. After a long and almost breathless pause of admiration the visitor murmured—“Matchless! Perfect! Supermundane! And is this, then, modelled from your Adina?”

“Even so,” replied Stanhope.

“How unlike her sister!” was the rejoinder.

“Do you then know Maddelena Morani?” asked Stanhope.

“Slightly,” rejoined Balfour. “She is only my wife. But come, Dick, don’t start or express such surprise, perhaps horror. Veil this wondrous picture and wondrous beauty of yours. Come and sit down again, and I will tell you a strange history, one that concerns yourself as much as your friends. Are you ready?”

(*To be continued.*)

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## QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

ALEXIS.—I notice that Dissenters no less than Spiritualists and Agnostics think proper to try and crush the Church party by ridicule and attacks on those points of doctrine that through long generations their hearts have held sacred. Would it not be better to try and reconcile the doctrines, say of Spiritualism and Christianity, and treat with mildness those from whom we may differ on minor points?

*Answer.*—It may be so when "Alexis" can show that the differences between Spiritualism and modern Christianity are upon "minor points." At present they are not so. The very latest pronouncements of the party of leading Christian "divines" is, through a recent issue of the *London Times*, that they believe in and desire to maintain in all its *literal wording and meaning* that the Bible is the veritable "Word of God." Nearly every intelligent well-read Spiritualist maintains the truth of the doctrine of solar and planetary evolution, all of which renders the childish cosmogony of Genesis null and void. Nearly every intelligent and well-read Spiritualist knows through the agency of common sense that the commandments alleged to be given by God in person, on Sinai, not to kill, steal, commit adultery, etc., are directly contradicted by the commandments given to Joshua and other leaders of the Israelites, charging them to commit all these crimes. Several hundreds of similar contradictions have been published in tract form. But passing over the contradictions, obscenities, allegories, and well-known interpolations of which the Bible is acknowledged by modern scholarship to be full, the irreconcilable difference between modern Christianity as *now* taught in its creeds and ordination vows, and Spiritualism as *now* taught by spirits who live in the experience of what they teach, is, that Christianity insists upon the doctrines of the fall, original sin, the curse of God on the creatures he has made, final and irrevocable states of eternal happiness or eternal torture for the soul after death, the miraculous life and death of Jesus of Nazareth as an atonement for the guilt of an imaginary first human couple, and all the sin and wickedness of those subsequent generations of men who worship Jesus as God. Spirits (teaching the facts of their own living experiences) declare there is no finality of state in the life hereafter, whether of happiness or misery, but improvement for the good, reform for the evil, and PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY for all. They insist that there is no vicarious atonement for any soul, but that all must pay the penalty for their own wrongdoing, and endure its consequences, until the evil is overcome and good and reform achieved. They furthermore teach that there is not one Son of God alone, but that all men of all ages are equally the children of God; also that there is not one Christ alone preaching to the Spirits in the prison-houses of their crimes, but that millions of ministering Spirits are thus employed, and that it is by such means that the reforms of evil which ought to have commenced on earth are ultimately achieved in the land of the hereafter. When light and darkness, cold and heat, joy and sorrow can become reconciled, the unproved creeds of *modern* Christianity and the facts of Spiritualism may be resolved into the same category. Until then, whilst Spiritualism has much that is in harmony with the reputed words of Jesus of Nazareth, so long as its allegations are founded on the corroborative statements received from the life beyond, it must remain as a doctrine of proven fact, whilst modern Christianity takes its place as one of the mere beliefs of the nineteenth century.

BETA.—Whilst I have proved the fact of Spirit communion I am thoroughly disgusted with its unreliability. If you can spare time,

I will show you the yarns the platform exhibitors have poured out upon me, because, I suppose, being a well-known man, they think to please me with their fine promises and character descriptions. As to the circles—though I have a medium in my own home—quite one half of what we receive is false. Pray, how do you account for this?

*Answer.*—As far as the manifestations on public rostrums are concerned I have no explanation to give. In many years of experience in public life I have never known more than about half a dozen clairvoyants who could sufficiently overcome the heterogeneous conditions of a mixed assembly as to give correct descriptions; neither do I regard the public rostrum as a fitting scene for such exhibitions, either in respect to the philosophy of their production or the religious influence to which I would wish to restrict Sunday services. In regard to the circles, my correspondent must remember that if liars and frauds are manufactured on earth they may be expected to return to earth when they find an opportunity to do so. Still I insist that such communicants are in the minority and not in the majority. There is never a circle held but that loving friends who have gone before are attracted to it and strive to communicate. There is not a moment of our earthly lives in which ministering spirits do not seek to impress us for good. At the circles we do not always observe proper conditions; we prepare our drugs, chemicals, and electrical machines with scrupulous care, giving to each element precisely such proportions and conditions as are essential to obtain successful results. Do we observe the same care in respect to our preparation for the Spirit circle? I can answer, as the result of thousands of observations, emphatically, No. Making due allowance for the too frequent lack of observance of the conditions we do know, the ignorance of much which we have yet to learn, and the fact that at best our Spirit friends are themselves still in the experimental phases of the communion between the seen and the unseen universes, the marvel is that we have achieved so much as has already been given.

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It is the cultivation of the moral side of our natures that gives to people as a nation their great strength and grand strides.

Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven and delight the unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendours of beneficency.—*Dr. Johnson.*

# EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY ON THE VIRTUES OF MAGNETISM.

BY DR. CHARLES DU PREL.

*(Translated from The Sphinx).*

THE late eminent scientist, Baron Du Potet, first studied medicine, but disgusted by the poor results of Pharmacology he embraced magnetism. He performed a series of mesmeric experiments in the Hotel Dieu of so potent a nature that twenty M.D.'s of that celebrated hospital signed the minutes of these proceedings. People used to run after Du Potet at Paris, pointing at him and crying, "The man who cures."

The respect for medical therapeutics never has been at as low an ebb as just now. The public cannot be blamed for this lack of respect, for they have daily experiences of the ill results of medicine. Even high medical authorities are of the opinion that we have to-day a disintegration of medical principles worse than ever. More uncertain than therapeutics is the manner of diagnosing to-day! The public is well aware that each doctor has something different to say or prescribe. I have a personal case in point. During eighteen months I consulted seven different doctors, and got seven different contrary diagnoses as well as contradictory modes of treatment, and this, too, in the city of Munich, which is hardly secondary to any other city for its medical talent. Is there any cause to blame the public for running to the magnetizers?

Professor Nussbaum, in Munich, said to his audience in college, "Gentlemen, magnetism is the medicine of the future."

In our medicine the adjunct sciences alone are scientific, and we must respect their high grade; but therapeutics we have none. Hence Mesmer should be called a bene-

factor to mankind, for he has pointed out the correct way. He, with Hippocrates, says that not the physician but Nature cures—that the real therapeutics consist only in aiding the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. In this direction the professors at Nancy and Paris are labouring. They have given the experimental proof that *if the idea of an organic change of the body is instilled into the mind of the hypnotized, then such change will take place*. In this we have a foundation for true PSYCHIC THERAPEUTICS which we hope will soon put an end to the anarchic condition of medicine of the present day. But the greatest curse to science of old, and which makes its appearance even to-day, is that *the old ideas are the greatest enemies of the new*. . . .

The power of animal magnetism over all diseases and infirmities of mind and body has been so often demonstrated that its neglect is a deep disgrace to the medical colleges. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* recently gave the following illustration of its power over drunkenness:—

“About eighteen months ago I was conversing with my friend B., who is an enthusiastic believer in mesmerism, and has repute as an amateur practitioner. My contention was that his favourite science (?) had contributed absolutely nothing to the world's good to cause its recognition by either scientists or philosophers. ‘Can you give me,’ said I, ‘one instance in which you have conferred an actual benefit by the practice of your favourite art?’ He related several, from which I select the following:—‘There lives by my parsonage,’ said my friend B., ‘a man who for many years had been a confirmed drunkard. Repeatedly were his wife and children forced to flee from him, for when in his drunken frenzies, he attempted to murder them. Again and again have I striven to induce him to flee from his horrible vice, but my efforts were always futile. One day he called to

see me when he was suffering acutely from the effects of drink. I resolved to place him under mesmeric influence. This I did, and while subject to me made him promise not to touch strong drink again, and if he attempted to break his pledge, might the drink taste to him filthy as soapsuds. I then restored him to his normal state, and he left me. He kept his unconsciously given promise. In the course of a couple of years this man raised himself from a condition of poverty to the comfortable position of a thriving market gardener. 'Not a fortnight since,' resumed my friend, 'my neighbour's wife laughingly said to me, "There is no fear of my husband ever drinking again, sir. You know he has to be in the market very early in the morning with his vegetables. Yesterday morning, while he was drinking a cup of coffee at the hotel, an old mate said to him, "Why don't you drink some spirits; are you afraid?" To show his mate that he was not afraid he ordered a glass of brandy, but no sooner did he put it in his mouth than he spat it out again, saying the "filthy stuff tasted like soapsuds."' My friend B. said that, till he told me, to no one had he mentioned the fact, and that what he did to his poor neighbour he did in order to see if it were possible to use mesmerism as a remedial agent in cases of drunkenness."

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### MRS. BESANT'S EXPLANATION OF GHOSTS.

In the course of a lecture which Mrs. Annie Besant delivered recently at Milton Hall, Kentish Town, on the subject of apparitions, she said that what science meant in talking of ether was what the Theosophist meant by "astral" matter, only in the one case it had been subjected to experiments and was understood, while in the other case the experiments were at present of a most

elementary character; and although promising for the future, they were not yet reliable in the explanation of certain curious and abnormal phenomena. They got a number of apparitions which had this *common characteristic—they were unconscious*. A person awoke and saw a form which said nothing and did nothing except stand there. It generally looked mournful and disconsolate, and speedily disappeared. This was a most unsatisfactory kind of thing, afforded no explanation of its presence, and nothing to show why it came. The person who saw it was not quite sure whether it was real or whether he himself was awake or asleep. The apparition appeared at night, frightened him for a moment, and then was gone. This kind of apparition was what Theosophy described as a picture or revelation in the astral light. The *modus operandi* was this. There was an intense thought in the mind of some person. That thought was a real force, quite as real as an electric force that could be sent through space, and it was not without significance that, whenever they got thought action, they got electrical action. When there was thought, there was electrical action in connection with the brain. When they thought intensely they set free electricity, and set up a current through astral matter or ether. They thought intensely of a person, and the current set up in astral matter or ether went in the direction of that person as certainly as they could send a current along a wire, when they wished it, to reach a distant town. This set of ethereal vibrations, reaching the person who was intensified in their thought, affected the person by the same medium, and in some cases appeared as an objective reality. What were the conditions under which this unconscious picture was produced? It was constantly produced where a person was dying, and was exceedingly desirous of seeing some absent friend. It most often happened between those

closely united by ties of blood or of affection, and the evidence was indubitable that such occurrences did take place, for they might find instances in which the person seeing the apparition had made a note at the time of the day and hour, and it had been subsequently found that at that time a friend had passed through the change men called "death." The news thus carried by those *astral vibrations* was as true and real as though it were flashed along the electrical wire.—*St. James's Gazette.*

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF *U. U.*—As Mrs. Besant's knowledge of apparitions does not seem to extend beyond those that are *unconscious and say nothing*, it is not surprising that this talented lady deems that brain vibrations, set in motion by "electricity," or "ether," or "astral matter," directed towards some one in particular, may explain the kind of apparition she describes; but until our friend can define how "thought, electricity, or astral matter," can speak with new tongues, write, draw spirit portraits, paint blindfolded, produce spirit photographs, give tests of spirit identity by rapping, table tipping, pantomimic action, and writing done with and without the aid of a human medium, besides hundreds of other wonderful things too numerous to mention—in a word, how such explanations can rationally apply to any of the well-proven FACTS recorded in this very number, and duplicated by millions all over the world, is a mystery which Mrs. Besant's fine mind and bright intellect has as yet failed to explain to the entire satisfaction of any one but her Theosophical friends and associates.]

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## SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

THE Saturday supplement of the Paris *Figaro* is now devoted entirely to correspondence, notes, and queries; and very interesting reading it is for the most part.

In the number of the 5th of February last an inquirer propounds the following question: "What is the best course to follow for a person desirous of placing himself *au courant* with the science of Spiritualism?" Such a query, addressed to one of our scientific papers, would probably provoke a sneer at the presumed *intelligence* of the querist. But *Figaro*, edited and contributed to by

some of the ablest writers in Paris, replies to the question in a way that serves to show that that journal appreciates the seriousness and importance of the science referred to, and is also well acquainted with the best French literature on the subject. Its answer is this:—

In 1840, a Spiritualistic magnetiser, Cahagnet, discovered an entirely new order of researches, having relation to the action of the soul on matter, and to the continued existence of that soul. In 1851, Eugène Nus published the first philosophical studies upon the question of communications between the living and the "dead." In 1857, Rivail, the schoolmaster, under the pseudonym of Allan Kardec, published "The Book of Spirits." Spiritualism was born. The Spiritualist school immediately presented two clear currents—the dogmatic current, represented by Paul Aguez (1857), Esquiros (1862), and Pezzani (1875), and the philosophical and literary current, with Camille Flammarion (1863), Deleuze, and many others. In the meantime, the experiments of William Crookes with regard to the psychic force, verified by Dr. Paul Gibier, in his book *Le Spiritisme*, served to give a very great vitality to the new doctrine; and the International Congress of Spiritists and Spiritualists, in 1889, obtained the adhesion of the different schools of Occultism. Since then Colonel A. de Rochas has been pursuing his scientific studies of Spiritualism. In Paris the new doctrine has three principal reviews—Leymarie's *La Revue Spirite*; Gabriel Delaune's *Le Spiritisme*, and Mlle Lucie Grange's *La Lumière*. (The writer then goes on to enumerate the periodicals published in connection with magnetism, hypnotism, theosophy, and neo-Buddhism; and continues :) In 1888 Papus founded the *Initiation*, a synthetic review, which comprises the representatives of all these schools; and since that epoch he has endeavoured to bring into union all the adepts of the various branches of occult science. A detailed exposition of everything relating to these questions will be found in "The Methodical Treatise of Occult Science," by Papus, published by Carré in 1891.

Spiritualism has enlisted quite a little army of writers in its service in France, who have produced a body of literature of a most valuable character, the influence of which is extending day by day, and is tending in no unimportant degree to elevate and purify the tone of current thought, and to erect a powerful breakwater against the inrush of the tide of materialism and animalism which has hitherto done so much mischief in France.

More than twenty years before the physical manifestations of the Fox sisters took place in America, a village

curate named Scribe, at Montagne-Noire, in France, received spiritual communications; he having been both clairaudient and clairvoyant. After he had passed away, he revealed himself to M. Jaubert, a gentleman of property in the neighbourhood, who was also a medium; and *La Revue Spirite* (Paris) publishes one of the communications thus received.

During the earth-life of the village priest he was interdicted from preaching, on the ground that any one who claimed to hold converse with "the dead" must be crazy, and he now, in the spirit-world, attests the reality of the intercourse he was privileged to hold with the departed while he was still upon the earth. He says: "I saw the 'dead.' Sometimes they appeared under a vapoury form, and sometimes under that which they had worn here. They spoke to me by inspiration, and also by direct voice. The sounds were distinctly perceived by my ears. The 'dead' charged me to tell their relations their situation in the other world. I sometimes obeyed their injunctions, and at other times I kept my secret for fear of troubling their beliefs. . . . The 'dead' continued to visit me to the end of my days. I saw them in the garden of the presbytery, in the cemetery, and at the altar during mass. At night when I locked my door, the 'dead' were still present with me."

Speaking of his entrance into the spirit-world, the priest says: "My surprise was great at the first moment of awakening. I had dreamed of the presence of God, and of that of the angels. I saw around me only the friends who had preceded me to the tomb. Touched by their kindly reception of me, I asked them if I was not the victim of an hallucination? No; I was really dead. . . . 'Moored to the shore by your heavy and unhealthy bodies, you have not the power of locomotion conferred upon us by a garment composed of the most

subtle fluids. Nearer to those myriads of globes with which the eternal has peopled immensity, we can contemplate and feel better than you dwarfs of the earth do the grandeur of the work and the majesty of the Workman.'"

The *Bruxelles*, a secular newspaper, in its issue of the 12th of September, mentions that there is a chateau near Le Mans, in France, belonging to M. de Gonidec, which has long been haunted. Every night a lady clothed in green appears in one of the apartments. Every member of the family and many visitors have seen her, and a portrait preserved in the picture gallery of the chateau enables M. de Gonidec to identify her as an ancestress of his. Quite recently sounds have been heard at night resembling furniture being moved about, but none has been found displaced in the morning. A neighbouring prelate was consulted on the subject, and he, of course, attributed the phenomena to the devil, so he undertook to exorcise him; but one night spent in the haunted chamber, where the lady in green appeared to him, filled him with such terror that he returned home quite ill. Ever since the exorcism the nightly disturbances have been more noisy than ever.

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*Il Vessillo Spiritista* relates an interesting incident in the early life of Garibaldi, who, as is well known, was a Spiritualist. One night, during a voyage to China, he witnessed in his sleep, which was unusually heavy, the funeral of his mother, whom he had left in good health at Nice. Some time after his arrival at Canton, he received a letter announcing the death of his mother, and stating when the funeral had taken place. It proved to have been on the very day and at the very hour—allowing for the difference of longitude—at which he had been an eye-witness of it. There can be little doubt that his spirit had flown back to Nice,

while his body lay in trance-like sleep on board his vessel.

A somewhat similar incident is recorded in *Il Secolo*, one of the Roman newspapers. Among those who fled from Santiago to escape the lawless tyranny of President Balmaceda, during the recent civil war, was Senor Lastarria, senator and ex-minister. He and the other members of his party were overtaken by a violent hurricane of snow while crossing the mountains, and before they could reach a place of safety Senator Lastarria fell into a deep swoon. In this condition he appeared to have become delirious, and declared that he saw his brother dying in the city of Concepcion. Eventually the fugitives reached Mendoza, where they were stupefied to learn that the Senator's brother had died at the very moment Senor Lastarria had spoken of the event in his deep swoon.—*Harbinger of Light*.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

IT is in no spirit of regret, but rather in that of deep sympathy, that we record the transition from a condition of pain and suffering on earth to the joy and freedom of the life beyond, of SOPHIA JANE, the beloved wife of E. Dawson Rogers, proprietor of "Light." With none of the conventional paraphernalia of mourning cards and inscriptions, but in the midst of the young spring leaves and flowers which typify the spiritual birthday of a sweet and gracious spirit, long imprisoned in a worn and weary mortal form, Mr. Rogers thus aptly consecrates the memory of the past and the hopes of the future, where-with the attached wife and husband enter upon their new paths of temporary separation.

"Death  
 Hath only parted us a little while,  
 And has not sundered e'en the finest strand  
 In the eternal cable of our love,  
 The very strain has twined it closer still  
 And added strength."

—HAVERGALL.

Mrs. Rogers's joyful release from the bonds of mortality took place on the 9th of May at her home at Finchley.

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### SPIRITUAL CHIPS AND GLEANINGS.

The mediumship of Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," the poem, "He that Died at Azan Sends," etc., is apparent in all he writes, and is further shown in his method of composing poetry, which he describes as follows: "Sometimes the lines are importunate, and *will* be at once registered. Reading, driving, dressing for dinner—it does not matter how I may be employed, the verses will haunt me, fascinate me, dance before my imagination, demanding to be fixed; and I must catch them then and there or they will go. Sometimes the right ideas will come as suddenly as if by electric message."

Father Gobien, one of the very early French missionaries to the Philippine Islands, describes the natives as being without religion, worship, priests, or altars; but they knew of the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they named "Poutan"; they were conscious of the possession of an immortal soul; they believed in a system of posthumous rewards and punishments; and they were convinced that they could evoke the spirits of the dead, or *Anitis*; and reserved a place for them in their dwellings to be occupied by their unseen visitants. A seat was also kept for the departed at the funeral feasts instituted in their honour; and it was an article of popular

faith that they were gratified by witnessing the grief manifested for their loss by the survivors.

The natives of the island of Tikopia, in the Melano-Polynesian Archipelago, build a large dwelling for the spirits. They believe in a future life, and also in ghosts, and it is a curious fact, writes M. G. L. D. de Rienzi, in his *Oceanie*, to which we are indebted for these particulars, "that this belief is universal among the islanders of the South Seas; and the presumption is that these ideas did not come to them from the old world."

In the Caroline Islands, a great veneration is entertained for spirits, one of whom, named Hanno, is said to reign over each group; but all are in subordination to an infinitely Supreme Being. Some persons enjoy the privilege of discerning spirits, and for this they are indebted to the intercessions of their children who have died young. They hold that as a man has led a good or evil life, his spirit will reappear as a prince or a beggar, as powerful warrior or a blind mendicant.

Turning to Africa, we find Hottentots adoring the Creator of all things: "He is an excellent Being," they say, "whom we ought never to fear, and who lives very high above the moon." They believe in the immortality of the soul and in spirits, whom their sorcerers or mediums have the power to attract.

The Koronnas, in Southern Africa hold that the spirits of the dead ascend on the clouds into other worlds, where they continue to exist. The Kaffirs are equally convinced of the immortality of the soul, and in spirits, whom they name "Schonlaya," evoking those of their relations and friends upon important occasions, and receiving revelations from them with the utmost respect.

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