

THE  
**Unseen Universe.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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# PROSPECTUS

OF

## THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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# THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

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## SPIRITUALISM: THE WORLD'S GREAT REFORMER.

TOGETHER WITH THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME AND WANT.

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

*By Emma Hardinge Britten.*

ONE of the *specialities* of Spiritualism is, that it appeals chiefly to the individual mind of its recipients. Whilst its doctrines and the science of its communion are taught to the multitude openly in public services, the FACTS of Spirit communion are only to be arrived at through the tokens of identity with some deceased person, given—under the best conditions—in private circles, and addressed to such individuals as can recognize them. In one respect the advancement of the Spiritual cause suffers from the necessity of holding private circles or depending for proof of Spirit communion upon personal convictions derived from tests of identity only. Such a procedure tends to exalt the phenomena into *the all* of Spiritualism in the minds of those who too often seek it only for the purposes of selfish gratification or amusement.

On the other hand, by appealing first to individuals, Spiritualism is achieving the very work which has been so grossly neglected by those who may well be called theological “shepherds.” *Shepherds* they are in every sense of the word, for their flocks are too often nothing more than sheep, following where and how the said

shepherd leads, and well satisfied to do so, and pay highly at the same time, so long as he saves them the trouble of thinking out and providing for the conditions of their eternal welfare.

On several occasions when I have complained to Spirit friends of the lack of organization in the ranks of Spiritualism, and disintegration even amongst the most promising associations, I have been assured by wise Spirits that the time for solidarity in organization "was not yet," nor would be until the individuals of the race had been dealt with, and the custom of the Churches in teaching their votaries *en masse* only, had been broken up. Much more of the same nature good Spirits have taught me, bringing conviction to my mind that the science of Spiritism, as proved in the phenomena of the circle, and the doctrines of Spiritualism, as taught in the best oratorical manner in public services, should go hand in hand, and that the one would be found as necessary as the other to inaugurate the universal belief in the three great central ideas growing out of the present world-wide Spiritual outpouring. These are :—

1. The PROOF POSITIVE that the soul survives the shock of death, and can and does communicate with friends on earth.

2. That the joys of HEAVEN and the sorrows of HELL, as well as many intermediate states, are entirely determined by the good or evil deeds done on earth.

3. That whilst progress from the lowest to the highest known conditions in Spirit life is open to all, it can only be achieved by sincere repentance for every wrong done on earth—PERSONAL ATONEMENT and personal effort in a new life of good and truth.

Now, if we apply these doctrines, taught by millions of returning Spirits all over the world, and that, without the possibility of collusion between various people and countries, what a stupendous agent for reform in every department of life such a knowledge would become! and how completely it would answer the captious question—  
"What is the *use* of Spiritualism?"

Let us practically apply these doctrines to certain great and manifest wrongs now prevailing in the midst of what we boastfully claim to be our highest forms of civilization, and then surely we shall know for ourselves *what is the use of Spiritualism.*

In a London evening paper of recent date I read the following short but significant item:—

STARVED TO DEATH.—The annual Parliamentary return shows that in 1890 there were no fewer than 31 cases in which a coroner's jury returned a verdict equivalent to death from starvation, or death accelerated by privation. Sometimes even the names of those unfortunate persons, dying in want in the richest city in the world, are unascertained. The record runs: "A man unknown found on the Thames Embankment. Age about 35. Died in January from bronchitis, accelerated by starvation and exposure." There are two cases in which the startling official admission is made that the victims of want and exposure applied for outdoor relief, but were refused. Both were women over 60 years of age. Syncope from want and destitution was the verdict in one case; in the other it was "bronchitis, accelerated by miserable surroundings and want of food." At the age of 70 another poor woman, described as a sackmaker, was allowed to die in Hackney from "exhaustion, accelerated by starvation." In what ought to be the prime of life—at the age of 45—another woman, whose occupation was unknown, is "found dead from consumption, accelerated by want of food and exposure." Workhouse aid had been offered to several of these miserable creatures too late, and we learn that they were "admitted from the street in a destitute and dying condition."

And the above cases we too well know can be duplicated by thousands of similar ones—some unrecorded, others too numerous to mention.

In the *Clarion*, of April 9th, "Nunquam," the justly celebrated writer, and editor of the *Clarion*, quoting the author of "Labour and Life of the People," thus describes home life in Parker Street, one of the slums of London, *the richest city in the world*:—

"Parker Street, only a type of what exists in all our large provincial towns, does not strike one as having been a desirable locality to 'house' in. Drunkenness, dirt, and bad language prevailed, and violence was common, reaching at times even to murder. Not a room was free from vermin, and in many, life at night was unbearable. Several occupants have said that in hot weather they didn't go to bed, but sat in their clothes in the least infested parts of the rooms. 'What use was it,' they

asked, 'to go to bed, when you couldn't get a wink of sleep for bugs and fleas?' The water would be drawn from cisterns which were receptacles for refuse, containing occasionally a dead cat. Over 160 men and 80 women were sheltered in six common lodging-houses, and were usually under the influence of drink.

"In No. 6 lived a big Irishwoman with two children, and with them a young woman of about 27, whose life was that of a fallen woman—in the room all day, and out all night. Six years ago this woman, who then lived in Neal Street, was lying helpless in bed suffering from the kick of a disappointed policeman, who was tried, and got nine months for the offence. About eighteen months since a poor woman was one morning found dead behind the door. Whether she died a natural death or not was never known, and little troubled about. The staircase from the passage to the first floor is in almost total darkness at mid-day. The furniture, let with the room, is dilapidated and swarming with vermin.

"No. 8 is a lodging-house for women. Here at times may be seen about twenty women, with matted hair and face and hands most filthy, whose ragged clothing is stiff with accumulations of beer and dirt, their underclothing, if they have any, swarming with vermin. If any woman from the country is unfortunate enough to come amongst them, she will surely be robbed of all that can be taken from her, and then, unfit for anything else, fall to a level with the rest." . . .

I have only given two or three representative cases detailed in the above-named book, containing hundreds of such sketches. As far as this world is concerned, I insist that it is a disgrace to the rich government—the rich members of a well-fed, well-dressed, and splendidly lodged aristocracy—that any human being should perish for want of bread; a crying sin that over ten thousand young and capable women, in London city alone, should be obliged to sell themselves in the lowest and most horrible of trades, in order to procure bread for themselves and others depending on them. It is a disgrace and a pollution to harbour some fifty thousand inhabitants of any great rich city in slums, alleys, and filthily crowded dens, such as would not be deemed fit to shelter the gentlemen's dogs.

We may go into some of the streets, lanes, and alleys of any of our great cities, wherein we stumble over little, ragged, barefooted children, playing in the gutters, and

at night herded together with brutal men and degraded women—twenty or thirty of them crowded up in the same foetid apartment for shelter.

We may travel through the length and breadth of this rich *civilized* land, and wherever we see fine forest trees massed together into lovely groves, magnificent parks, fair meadows, and green fields stretching away into countless acres—we may be sure all these are the property of two or three titled owners, whose principal use for them is to go out and kill harmless birds and beasts, and that, not for want, or hunger, but for the pleasure of chasing them, seeing them run, run for their poor lives, and, when run almost to death, seeing them set upon by dogs—dogs that would be kind and merciful, if they were let to be as God made them, but trained into savagism, and taught brutality, so that the gentlemanly owner of the broad fields and woods can at last either shoot down the pretty birds, slay with his own hands the harmless stag, or watch the dying agonies of the wretched fox. And this is *sport!* the sport of the civilized Christian gentleman, whose broad lands kept for such *sport*, if parcelled out, would form playgrounds for ten thousand gutter children, afford vegetable and fruit gardens for hundreds of the unemployed wretches that herd in slums and alleys, amidst filth and foetor, and give homes, employment, and food to thousands of women that can only afford a twopenny, or, at best, a sixpenny lodging during the day, provided they can make a shameful sale of themselves during the woeful livelong night!!

Still one more picture I must give of the civilization which, with skeleton form, woe-begone face, eyes—the fountain of whose tears are dried up with much weeping, and ragged garments too thin to shield the shivering form, and too filthy to look upon. See! she raises her lean hands in mute supplication to the cold unanswering stars

for that pity which humanity knows not of! One picture more, and then only but one out of the thousands that the gaunt thing above described as *civilization* represents.

A murder is committed. A brutal man, weary of his den-like lodgment, seeks for warmth, good cheer, and forgetfulness of his wretched lot, in the public-house. When he has drained his last cup with his last penny he staggers back to his den, and stimulated to more than drunken madness by the reproaches of his starving wife and children, in desperation and frenzy he destroys them. The murderer is arrested, tried, goes through all the formalities of the *civilized* law, and then twelve well-fed, well-housed, well-dressed gentlemen who have no temptation to drown misery in drink—not in frenzy, not in desperation, but in calm deliberate sound sense of *high civilization*, profess themselves to be so shocked with the murderer's crime that they at once proceed to repeat it, and give orders to murder him, and then the curtain falls.

Now let us raise that curtain again on the *civilization* of another and a higher world. The starved to death are there; the dwellers of alleys and dens are there; the hungry outcasts that sold themselves for bread are there; and though they who have lived in rags, want, filth, and shame, cannot all at once enter into dazzling light and uncomprehended glory, they are surrounded by the angels of reform, pity, and knowledge, who *prepare* the suffering ones for light and glory. But the angels of reform and knowledge, in teaching "miserables," question of one another—how came they so? and then it is that the gaunt image of modern civilization points to jewelled crowns, gilded thrones, palatial residences, and the dreary talkers, evermore talking, and nothing else except grinding out and gathering in taxes in legislative bodies, and Government offices; points to empty churches, shut up from the

homeless and outcast, and open only once a week for the ingathering of the rich and music-loving fashionables; to forests, fields, and acres kept only for the *sport* of killing; to millionaires grown rich on the blood and sweat of labour; and of all this, and ten thousand times more, civilization, in her fleshless bones and filthy rags, cries—“THERE ARE THE CAUSES AND THERE ARE THE CULPRITS. VISIT THE PEOPLE'S WRONGS UPON THEM.” And does any one suppose the causes are not known by the far-seeing spirits of the better land? and does any one suppose the culprits continue to gather in the spoils of the poor, and enjoy all the possessions of power, wealth, land, and home that they have wrung from the millions that had the same right as themselves to enjoy them? Ladies and gentlemen who sit so complaisantly once a week in cushioned pews, and, with gilded prayer books in hand call yourselves “miserable sinners,” whilst your lawn-sleeve-bedecked preacher assures you that *the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin*—ladies and gentlemen, I tell you—for I KNOW—that the blood of Jesus *cleanseth from NO sin* whether of omission or commission; I know—for I have heard the tale from thousands of spirits—that none are punished for the possession of wealth, goods, or lands, only for their misuse. Capital is as necessary as labour, and is the promoter of all the grand unfoldments of art, science, use, and beauty. But labour has at least the right to home, family, fresh air, decent surroundings, and some share of life's enjoyments, pleasures, and amusements. Governments are as necessary to the nation as to the family, but any government that assumes to rule the land and make the laws, is guilty of allowing men and women to starve, or live in dens not fit for the gentlemen's dogs; of allowing men of education and breeding to teach cruelty by hunting and killing innocent animals; of allowing one man to run riot in, and course over hundreds and thousands

of acres, whilst others have not where to lay their heads. Governments are guilty if they do not strive to reform instead of punishing their criminals, remembering that those who are not fit to live are not fit to die, and of imitating the crime of the murderer by putting him to death, and all those that are in power on earth are found to be responsible for the misuse of that power in the life hereafter. Oh that the men in power and place, only knew the fact of their PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY for all they do, or fail to do, hereafter! Perhaps the most terrible delusion that has ever been born into society, corrupting its morals, and literally offering immunity from the consequences of sin, has been the dreadful doctrine that a vicarious penalty had been paid for sin. Again, and a thousand times again, I declare to the Anarchist who inflicts violence on his fellow-men, as well as to the legislator who makes laws for the protection of property but none for its just distribution, that both are PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE, and both will suffer penalties *in kind* hereafter—the one for the outrage he has perpetrated, and the other for omission to use his power for the help of the homeless and the behoof of the landless. Crime, violence, robbery, murder, and cruelty must be atoned for hereafter, and *none can escape*. Careless indifference to the suffering of the poor, usurpation of the lands of earth, and lack of justice in the distribution of the Creator's good gifts, entail upon those who have failed to do good when they could have done so, retribution just as severe as if they had committed actual crime. All and every living creature on earth is responsible for every evil done, or every good left undone, which their opportunities have afforded, and unless the wonderful world-wide and corroborative communications of the Spirits are all a wild delusion, every wrong of omission or commission must be atoned for, and no soul can come out of the prison house of penalty

until it has paid the last farthing of atonement. Preach, aye, and prove by corroborative testimony, these doctrines on the magistrate's bench, in government councils and offices ; in all and every legislative body—to the murderous huntsman and the land monopolist. "Reward honest labour with proportionate justice, whilst the idler may starve if he will ; make homes with gardens and fresh air for the children, and give land for the industrious to live off (Nature will give toll for every inch of culture) ; let legislation be distributive as well as productive, paternal as well as official, and the causes of crime will disappear. The violent and wrong-headed must be reformed here instead of pushing them into the hereafter. No demons will then return to curse the earth from which they have been driven by drink, hunger, wretchedness, and crime ; and in this true and blessed religion of Spiritualism, we shall have reforms on earth that will stretch away throughout all the Spirit spheres of earth, and thus create a new heaven and a new earth."

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## HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

### CHAPTER V.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

WITCHCRAFT PRACTICES AND PERSECUTIONS.

(*Conclusion.*)

It is now a well-proven fact that belief in Spiritism, or the communion between the seen and the unseen universes, has ever existed in all ages and amongst all classes and nations. In India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, and measurably amongst the Jews—who themselves derived all their theological knowledge and practices from Egypt—the belief in spiritual agency in human affairs, was as much a national faith as if it had

been a part of their laws, or an edict of their government. The entire of the dominant priesthoods of ancient nations notoriously cherished this belief, and taught it as a part of their office; but in the study of magic and a knowledge of the occult forces in nature they were enabled to apply their teachings practically. They knew how to procure clairvoyance and oracular dreams. They prophesied of future events, beheld and conversed with spiritual beings, understood the language of nature in signs and portents—in a word, they were practical as well as theoretical Spiritualists, and the science of Spiritism was the essential basis of their religion.

Not so with the leaders of the Christian churches, after the fifth century of our era. Prior to that period, the fervour of Christian devotion was called forth by the bitter persecutions which followed any profession of the new faith, as well as by loving remembrance of the Founder of that faith, and the teachings of his apostles. As the churches of Christianity became rich and powerful, however, their rulers waxed arrogant, assumptive, and luxurious.

Popes and prelates claimed to hold the consciences of the people as well as their future salvation in their immediate charge, and evidently felt that the maintenance of their ascendancy depended on the exercise of a power from which there must be no appeal, especially in respect to any doctrines the Church might propound. As to the exercise of spiritual gifts on the part of laymen, it was pronounced by the Church to be the most daring heresy to suppose they could even exist, much less to practise them outside the pale of ecclesiastical or monastic institutions.

With the introduction of wealth, splendour, costly apparel, and elaborate ritual services spiritual powers and gifts departed from the Church. The simple teachings

of the humble Nazarene were superseded by external rites, ceremonial display, and incomprehensible Latin chants, while all that remained of the angelic ministry that had sustained the early martyrs in their hours of doom and anguish was the assumption on the part of the Church, of miraculous performances, the spiritual origin of which was more than doubtful.

Meantime, the devotion, faith, and real religious asceticism of monastic and conventual life favoured the culture of spiritual powers in hundreds of instances, but in most cases they are recorded of saintly recluses—men and women of pure lives and holy works, not of proud Churchmen and gorgeously apparelled priests. The same evidences of spiritual gifts and intercommunion with higher realms of being than those of earth are to be found also in the histories of the Waldenses, the brave Stedinger, and the lives of Huss, Luther, Knox, Calvin, and the fathers of the Protestant Reformation.

Thus, independent of the general fact that spirit ministry and communion has ever existed amongst all nations and classes, there is reason enough to believe that these same powers did from time to time appear amongst the people of the Middle Ages, the ban of the Church notwithstanding.

But it was the special fact that spiritual gifts and powers were still manifested amongst the recluses of convents and monasteries, which afforded the Church a pretext for claiming that all the miraculous powers attributed to these saintly personages, were wrought by divine favour through God and the angels, whilst similar powers, however wonderful or beneficent, if exhibited *outside* the pale of the Church, could only proceed from "Satanic influence," and must be crushed out under the awful ban of "witchcraft." In a word, the proud and arrogant priesthood admitted of no rivalry, and those who dared to intrude

upon the sacred precincts of ecclesiastical preserves, whether moved by heretical views of religious faith, or inspired by the possession of ill-understood spiritual powers, must be made examples of to a superstitious and ignorant community, through the horrors of the torture chamber or the fires of the auto-da-fè. Thus, if bold laymen and still more impertinent laywomen had dared to climb the fence set up by clerical monopolists around the marts of commerce in which Churchmen doled out religion at so much an ounce, and attempted to do a little healing, vision seeing, or spiritual communion on their own accounts, burning, hanging, drowning, and torture were too good for such presumption, and the brand of Witchcraft was quite enough to set the hounds of popular opinion upon them and ensure their inevitable destruction.

When it is remembered that every calamity, whether of sickness or misfortune, was attributed in ignorant and superstitious ages to the malignity of Satan and his imps, it was quite enough to put forth the idea that compact with the evil one afforded the suspected witch the same dread power of working mischief, to array the entire spirit of the age against the unhappy creatures who incurred this awful charge, whether it arose from the spite of enemies or the exercise of real spiritual powers.

None can study the history of the Middle Ages without perceiving that progress, in all its varied avenues of light and advancement, was the great bane of Ecclesiasticism. Hence the antagonism of the priesthood to political reformers and all advanced thinkers, as well as to those amongst the people who manifested such spiritual powers as the Church held the exclusive right to practise. On all questions, whether political or religious, the Priesthood of the Middle Ages assumed to hold the Divine prerogative of dictation. To sustain them in these enormous claims they had but to put forth some passages of Scrip-

ture, which it was universally believed was the infallible "word of God," and to oppose which was to ensure eternal perdition here and hereafter. Until Martin Luther gave to the world a translation of the Bible it was a sealed book, interpreted alone by Priests, Monks, and Friars, and represented by them in such passages only as would maintain the supremacy of the Church. I would not for one moment attempt to deny that there were good, honest, and pious men within, as well as without, the pale of the Church, but the very fact of assuming that every word of Scripture was infallible and Divine truth, the frequent references to the devil as "a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he might devour;" and the dreadful edict of Moses, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," not only implied in those days of ignorance and superstition the existence of the personal enemy of mankind and the diabolism of the crime understood as witchcraft, but actually gave what was assumed to be Divine authority for the inquisitors of the time, whether they were impelled by religious scruples, or acted solely in the interests of their Church, to exterminate by fire and torture all whom they assumed to be antagonistic to the dominant rule of Ecclesiasticism.

And in these views I make no charge against any special form of faith. If the Church of Rome wielded the thunders of Ecclesiasticism against Protestantism, as well as Spiritism, the Protestants were no less cruel when they themselves came into power. It was the persecution directed by the Puritans of the American colonies against the Quakers, Baptists, and other dissenters from their own stern faith which brought upon them the popular charge of being *a band of Pilgrims who left their own country to secure religious liberty for themselves and deny it to everyone else.*

As to their treatment of those against whom was

brought the all-too popular charge of witchcraft, they were subjected to such horrible tortures and shameful deaths that the very name of "Salem" was for a long time synonymous with the most remorseless barbarities of those superstitious days.

In closing these painful passages of history, I must remind the reader that the mysteries of Spiritual influx are not even yet understood either by mortals or Spirits. The Spirit teachers now in our midst have repeatedly declared they are only themselves experimenting, and that the conditions by which they are endeavouring to achieve successful communications with the earth are continually interrupted and broken by the ignorance and lack of preparation amongst the recipients. They (the Spirits) claim also, that until the present century, they themselves were ignorant of the *laws* of communion with earth, and that whilst they could and did come when magnetic, mental, and atmospheric conditions were favourable, the influx of Spiritual power upon whole communities, as in the case of witchcraft and the exaltation produced by martyrdom for religious opinions, were dependent rather upon special conditions and peculiar relations between the worlds of Spirit and matter, than (as now) upon prepared magnetic and electrical organizations on the part of the spirits, and mediumistic states on that of mortals.

In proof of this I point to the fact that in all instances of "revivals," or special outpourings of the Spirit, as amongst the *Convulsionnaires* of St. Medard, the Prophets of Avignon, the Spiritual epidemic of Morzine, etc., the manifestations seem to commence with the few, and spread like a contagion amongst the many.

In proof of this, I shall close with the following curious extract from Mary and William Howitt's Journal for 1847. Under the title of "The Preaching Epidemic," Mrs. Howitt writes thus. After describing a portion of

Southern Sweden, inhabited by very poor but industrious people, she says:—

“About sixty years ago a strong religious movement took place amongst them, which the government thought fit to put a violent stop to. In 1842 the singular phenomenon of which we are about to speak made its appearance, and from its rapid spread and apparently contagious character was called ‘the preaching epidemic.’ Bishop J. A. Butsch wrote a long description of this phenomenon to the Archbishop of Upsala, to which letter, after its publication, frequent reference is made. What it really was nobody as yet has been able to say. Among the peasantry the most general belief was, that it was a divine miracle in order to bestow grace on such as were afflicted with the disease, and as a means of warning and exhortation to those who saw and heard the patients. The Bishop himself was of opinion that it was a disease originally physical but affecting the mind in a peculiar way. He arrived at this conclusion by studying the phenomenon itself. At all events, bodily sickness was an ingredient in it, as, although every one affected by it, in describing their state, mentioned a spiritual excitement as its original cause, an internal bodily disorder, attended by pain, preceded or accompanied this excitement. Besides, there were persons who were affected by quaking fits, which were some of its early outward symptoms, without any previous religious excitement.”

That the disease, whatever it might be, partook of the nature of magnetism, is shown by the fact that the patients would constantly fall into deep trances, in which state they were not susceptible to touch, nor even the prick of a needle, yet they could hear and answer questions, speak with eloquence, declare they were quite well and wonderfully happy, and then proceed to give long and most powerful exhortations against all manner of vices, May day or other festivities, always speaking as if the words were given them to say, and came from some high and divine source, and not from themselves. The report adds—

“There was in some families a greater liability to this epidemic than in others; it attacked women and children oftener than men, and the patients showed a strong affinity for each other, sitting together, and when questioned about the disease always answering on behalf of them all, and thus said *we* when the inquirer naturally expected *I*. . . .

“In the province of Elfsborg, where the disease prevailed to a great extent, bands of children and young people under its influence, *went about singing what are called Zion's hymns*, the effect of which was

signally striking, and even affecting. He says, that 'to give a complete and detailed description of the nature of the disease would be difficult, because, like "animal magnetism" (we use his own words), *it seems to be infinite in its modification and form.*'

"In the above-mentioned province of Elfsborg, it was often said, 'such and such a person *has begun to quake, but he has not as yet dropped down, nor has seen visions, nor has preached.*'"

"This quaking, of which so much is said, appears to have been the *first outward sign of the influence*, the inward vision and the preaching being its consummation, though, when this consummation was reached, the fit mostly commenced by the same sign.

"In some cases the patients were violently affected by the simple words 'yes' and 'no'; the latter word in particular was most repulsive to them, and was described by them as 'one of the worst demons of darkness in the deepest abyss.' It was remarked also, that they frequently acted as if they had a strong temptation to say more than they were at liberty to say. They would exhort each other to speak the truth, frequently answered dubiously, and even said they did not know, when a contrary answer might have been expected; in fact, this caution and hesitation was a peculiarity of the disease.

"In the province of Skaraborg the Bishop says he has seen several persons *fall at once into the trance, without any preparatory symptom.* In the province of Elfsborg the patients preached with their eyes open, and standing; whilst in his own province of Skaraborg he saw and heard them preaching in a recumbent posture, and with closed eyes, and, as far as he could discover, in a state of perfect insensibility to outward impressions. He gives an account of three preaching girls in the parish of Warnham, of ages *varying from eight to twelve.*

"It was shortly before the Christmas of 1842 when he went, together with a respectable farmer of the neighbourhood, the Rev. Mr. Zingrist, and the Rev. Mr. Smedmark, to the cottage where a child lived, who by all accounts had advanced to the highest stage of the strange epidemic.

"In the case of this child the first symptoms were a violent trembling of the limbs, until she fell back in a trance of total unconsciousness. Rising up violently, she caught at the hands of those around her, flinging off some passionately as if repelled by them, whilst others she patted softly, calling them 'good hands.'

"Though she was but a simple, bashful peasant's child, yet her actions were free and full of dramatic effect; powerful and vigorous when representing manly action, and so indescribably graceful and full of sentiment when personating female occupations as to amaze the cultivated spectators, and, as the Bishop says, to be far more *like a lovely image in a dream than a creature of flesh and blood.*

"The child next passed into the second stage of the trance, which was characterised by a beautiful calmness, and with her arms meekly folded she began to preach. Her manner in speaking *was that of the purest oratory*; her tones were earnest and solemn, and the language of *that spiritual character which, when awake, it would have been impossible for*

her to use. The Bishop noted down her discourse, and an analysis of it shows it to be an edifying, practical address, perfectly conformable to the pure spirit of the Gospel, and suited to an unsophisticated audience. During its delivery *the child had something saint-like in her appearance.* Her utterance was soft and clear, not a word was repeated, and her voice, which in her waking state had a peculiar hoarseness, had now a wonderful clearness of tone, which produced great effect. *The whole assembly observed the deepest silence, and many wept.*

“The Bishop concludes by saying that the phenomenon lies out of the sphere of human knowledge, but that its extraordinary character has produced a great religious movement, wrought much good, and many have been reclaimed from the error of their ways. The number of persons affected in the province of Skaraborg alone amounted in 1843 to 3,000. *The clergy and the doctors everywhere used all their endeavours to extinguish the movement, and by the end of 1843 it had almost ceased.* Nothing of the kind has since appeared, *but the good effect it produced on the mind of many a sinner remains to testify of its reality, although no one can yet explain the cause and nature of this extraordinary mental phenomenon.*”

The limitations of our space have compelled the omission of many other pages of description, although that which has been given sufficiently represents the various phases of this remarkable “epidemic.”

An epidemic it undoubtedly was. One of a *physical* nature in the first instance, produced by an excess of terrestrial magnetism in the atmosphere. This condition affected the most sensitive organisms, such as those of women and children, at first, whilst spirits, ignorant of the laws of scientific control, took advantage of these physical conditions to attempt the much-desired opening up of a communication between the world of matter and spirit. Had these Swedish phenomena occurred in 1852 instead of 1842, with the experience of scientific spirits in “the Rochester knockings” telegraphy, they would have taken their normal place as a part of the great Spiritual movement. Had they occurred in 1642, there would have been 3,000 more fires lighted “in the province of Skaraborg alone” for the barbarous diversion of burning human beings under the dreaded ban of WITCHCRAFT.

# 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 V.

FOR some time prior to the conclusion of my first visit to "the land of the West," and my earliest investigations into the actualities of the intercommunion between the Spirits that had passed on to the second and higher stage of existence, and those still remaining on earth, I was possessed with an insatiable desire to ascertain the exact relationship subsisting between the seen and unseen realms of being, both in respect to sub-mundane and super-mundane Spirits (as I had been taught to recognize their existence in the schools of Occultism), and the Spirits of humanity, as I found their agency demonstrated in the flood of testimony pouring in upon me from every fresh place and scene I visited in my American researches.

I had ever believed from the pleadings of reason and the aspirations of the soul within me, that death, as we know it on this planet, did *not* end all; but whilst I felt intuitively certain of continued existence beyond the grave, I was, as I have before confessed, but little prepared to discover the very matter of fact mid-regions of being to which I was introduced, in the wonderful telegraphy that I found in operation between the natural and Spiritual worlds in America.

I spent one night in writing to friends in India and mapping out my plans of action for a certain period near at hand. The next day, in a visit to J. B. Conkling, a

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\* By permission of the author.

renowned test medium of New York, I was assured by writings executed through this man (a total stranger to me), that I should not quit America at the time I had arranged, and this information was accompanied by the repetition of certain phrases in my last night's despatches, which no human eye but my own had seen. Following upon these startling remarks came the word that I should receive a letter *that evening* from the party I had addressed, which would tend to verify the prediction thus made.

With Mr. Dudley's usual spirit of scepticism he said: "But, Monsieur Spirit, Mr. Gray has just posted a letter announcing his return; he will not, I am sure, change his plans."

"Mr. Gray has not posted any such letter," was the answer, written rapidly and seemingly automatically by the medium's hand. "That letter is yet on the table in your friend's bedchamber."

"What puerile stuff to write about!" methinks I hear some grave professor or learned lady utter. Is it so, good sir or madame? Be patient a while, and then judge. On returning to our hotel late that same night I found a letter from India, written by a friend and containing kindly advice for me to prolong my leave of absence, promising to join me in America, and suggesting a later period by some months for my return. Whilst closing the portfolio in which this with other letters were placed, the one I had written in the morning, announcing my immediate return to India, and which I had intended to have posted with several others, dropped from the table to the ground, having been evidently overlooked.

Sitting with this missive in hand, and rejoicing in the *apparent chance* by which it had been left unmailed, these were the mental results which the slight and seemingly inconsequential Spirit communications elicited.

These spirits can SEE what is going on here on earth, read writing over my shoulder, and master the contents of my letters. Should determined scepticism allege that the *something* called a spirit might have read the letter, and its very language on, or in, my brain, I reply that *something* did not read my failure to post that letter in my brain, for *I did not know* I had failed to do so. Then it follows that if these *spirits*, as I still call them, *must know some things through our minds*, they also know some things NOT in our minds; added to this, they saw a letter awaiting me of a nature totally unexpected by me, and one which I had not read, but they had, in order to give the assurance that I should not leave the country at the time I had stated. Here was the evidence then that we are surrounded by invisible intelligences, who both see and know more than we do, and yet are themselves unknown to us.

Is it then so *puerile* to demonstrate the fact that we are environed by such intelligences as these, and to prove that we are in contact with a world hitherto unknown to us? If this knowledge be worth anything to humanity, especially if it be something to learn, that the world from which these intelligences come will be our world in the next stage of existence, then surely it matters not how slight or trivial may be the means by which such knowledge is demonstrated.

Voices—not of the inaudible nature to which I had been accustomed to listen, *through my soul*, not by my natural ear—voices purely human, striking on the natural ear and stirring the material atmosphere—such voices came to me and spoke, in tones as clear as my own. That others have heard such voices too, here is some of the testimony I have to give: I made a journey to a remote sea-coast town in Maine, called "Sullivan." There I received from the ex-mayor and some twenty aged people, affi-

davits, that in the year 1806 they had heard, during several months, the spirit of a deceased lady, one Mrs. Nelly Butler, who had died under suspicious circumstances in that town, talk, sing, preach sermons, answer questions, appear visibly, and take part in the conversation of large gatherings of people in various places. One old sea captain, a relative of the deceased lady, gave me a pamphlet written and published by an eye-witness and auditor of these marvellous phenomena — one Elder Cummings. This pamphlet, detailing the doings and sayings of the apparition, together with the testimony of scores of the inhabitants of the place, and their affidavits to the truth of their statements, I subsequently gave to my friend Mrs. Emma Hardinge, who has made extensive quotations therefrom in her magazine, "The Western Star," and her larger volume entitled, "Nineteenth Century Miracles" (page 487).

Bent upon KNOWING, not merely theorizing, upon what worlds of being might subsist outside of this earth—"the all" to the materialist, the footstool of an eternal Heaven or an everlasting Hell of torture to the *intelligent* Christian—I made another journey, this time alone. I went first to Delphi, Indiana, and by recommendation of Spiritual friends, called upon a kind and courteous physician of the place, one Dr. Beck. This gentleman warmly welcomed me, and arranged for my journey to a neighbouring town called Medina, giving me at the same time an introduction to a lady resident of the place, a Mrs. Lewis, in whose house I witnessed one of the most extraordinary of all the phenomena I had yet encountered. Mrs. Lewis and her family were devotees of some Christian sect, but not Spiritualists; yet in the house of this good lady I heard the voice of an invisible speaker, who, in hoarse yet distinct tones, called me by my real name and title, swore with a rude oath that I was a good

fellow, "though an impostor," declared that he lived in that part of the spirit world which filled that house; that he meant to stay there and take care of Mrs. Lewis's children just as long as he thought proper, and, interlarding his conversation with many oaths, he protested that he was doing a better work by telling the real issues of earth life beyond the grave than all the *beggars* (his own polite word) *who preached a pack of lies in the church sentry boxes.\**

Passing another day with Dr. Beck subsequent to this remarkable interview, my courteous companion took me to a neighbouring town called Williamsport, and there, in a long conversation with the Editor of the Williamsport *West Branch Bulletin*, I heard the history of "Bill Dole," the talking spirit; of the crowds of eager enquirers who had for many months past thronged Mrs. Lewis's house to hear Bill talk, swear, knock, sing, and "cut up all manner of tricks," all as absurd and utterly apochryphal in connection with our ideas of departed spirits as it would have been to have presented the churchyard scene of diabolism and invocation of the dead, in Meyerbeer's opera of *Robert le Diable*, as genuine history. The Williamsport Editor furnished me with his printed reports of scenes and interviews with "the talking Spirit of Medina." These also I have given for republication to Mrs. Hardinge, who, I have understood, subsequently visited the scene of these marvels herself.

There is yet one more experience, a part of which—and, I regret to add, a part only—that I deem it right to inflict on readers who should be, and doubtless are, already familiar with the phenomena I have to relate. My chief reason for reiterating accounts of already published

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\* For further accounts of "Bill Dole," the talking spirit of Indiana, consult my "Nineteenth Century Miracles," pages 510 and *et seq.*—Ed. U. U.

manifestations is to point to the effects which such sights and sounds as I can testify to, impress upon some at least of those who personally witness them.

Having been summoned in haste to return to New York to welcome the friend from India, whose letter J. B. Conkling's spirits had, it seemed, made themselves acquainted with—as before narrated—I remained in the City over a fortnight before I found the opportunity to proceed to those distant scenes in which I most desired to continue my investigations. At the end of that time, in company with Mr. Dudley, my friend from India, whom I shall speak of as Mons. Lotti, and two Hindoo servants, our little party proceeded partly by railroad and subsequently by a long stage coach journey to a place called Dover Village, situated in Athens County, Ohio, there to attend some circles for spirit manifestations, of which the most wonderful accounts were in circulation.

We had to encounter much fatigue, and no small amount of crowding in travelling to this place, and if we had not at last been able to secure a private conveyance, horses, and a driver on the road, we should have fared still worse in reaching a scene already the centre of attraction to multitudes of curious investigators.

The place we at length arrived at was a wild, stony district in the midst of bare hills, clusters of tall pine trees, mountain ranges destitute of vegetation, and strewn with ancient boulders scratched over with stony histories of their far and wide travels in tens of thousands of years ago. The habitations in this lonely spot were few and far between. Two rude ill-kept houses of public entertainment had been set up to accommodate the crowds of people who flocked to the scene of wonders, but these at the time of our arrival were so full that we had to drive to a more promising scene some miles further on.

It was several days before we could obtain the privi-

lege of entrance to the weird circles we wished to attend ; and then a visit was organized for us by Mr. Jonathan Kooms in a "spirit house" which he himself had built, out of pine logs cut from a wood behind his own farm, one of the very few habitable places scattered about in this remote and desolate district. I learned that this same Mr. Jonathan Kooms was a settler there who, with a wife and large family, sought a home free from the competition and strife of more crowded places. The excellent farmer told us himself, in the interview we had with him previous to our introduction to his circle, that he was one of those whom the world had called an "Atheist ;" that he had travelled all the way to Rochester, New York, to hear and study the spirit rappings, and learn, if possible, if there was indeed any awakening from "the endless sleep of the grave." He found, as he declared, the dead all alive again, and heard and saw tokens from father, mother, and friends whose forms were mouldering in the silent tomb. He was assured by these spirits that he himself, and his whole family of nine children, even to the infant in the cradle, were all imbued with that peculiar magnetic power through which the inhabitants of the spirit world, *living themselves in a realm of ethereal magnetism*, could work the telegraph, and talk, sing, play music, write, and do all that as mortals they had ever done. By the direction of these *dead-alive*, as Mr. Kooms phrased it, he had built a large log house, on a high bare hill, where concealment, imposture, or confederacy were simply impossible.

For several years, as the good man informed us, he had opened this "spirit house" to all comers free of charge, often sheltering and providing for visitors at his own expense, and for all the hospitality he had extended to hundreds of strangers—for the sights and sounds which testified to the presence of the inhabitants of a new and hitherto un-

known realm of being; for the demonstration of wonders that should have been searched into by every college student and professor on earth, and revolutionized the idle talk of every Christian pulpiteer, this family had been mobbed, pelted, persecuted, and insulted; their farm produce refused; their barns and haystacks burned; their house windows broken, and themselves generally tabooed and as much martyred as if they had been criminals of the worst stamp.

I heard all this from the family themselves, from their far-off neighbours, from many press reporters who had visited them, and, still later, from the researches of the untiring Spirit historian, Emma Hardinge, in her published accounts of this wonderful family, and the cruel persecutions that assailed them, as narrated in "Modern American Spiritualism."

At the séances which Mr. Kooms and his children granted us, I found a one-roomed log house furnished only with rude seats, a long wooden table, a large collection of instruments of music, pencils, ink, paper, and quantities of Spirit writings and drawings stuck up against the logs. Most of the instruments were strung up to the roof, and quite out of reach. These instruments I heard tuned in the darkness of the shut-up room, and played on with masterly skill. Choruses and part singing were given by the Spirit performers with a power and sweetness impossible to describe, and long orations were made by voices speaking through the trumpets on all sorts of scientific subjects. Quantities of writing were thrown upon the table in pencil, and often in wet ink, some of which have been collected and published in small tract form.\* I asked why the speakers used the trumpets to speak through, and the Spirit at once answered me: "For the

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\* I will print a specimen of these published Spirit communications in a future number of this magazine.—Ed. U. U.

same purpose as you use your throat." Mr. Dudley asked, "Have you Spirits, then, no throats?" The reply was, "Yes, but we could no more speak in or through your atmosphere without a material conductor than you could speak or even live in our atmosphere with your earthly bodies."

These and many other answers quickly, sharply, and wittily given, manifested the intelligence of our strange visitors, and the interest they took in our conversation. That their knowledge of us far surpassed that which we had of them, was shown by the fact that they addressed Mons. Lotti, Mr. Dudley, and me by our real names, and asked after some of our friends *by name* in India and England. Of Emma Hardinge they spoke as if she were one of themselves, one voice jocularly shouting out, "She is going to put me in her book" (a book not written till some eighteen years afterwards). When I questioned, "How do you know her, and who is she?" such an answer was given as convinced me they knew of *her through me*—and that correctly, too. There is but one more incident connected with these wonderful scenes which it seems in order for me to recall. For many years during my occult researches I had been visited, instructed, and followed by a noble spirit, ever represented to me as a "planetary angel"—one sent to the earth to aid in establishing a new dispensation to its inhabitants in which the intermediary assistance of human instruments was required. This planetary angel—so named in our occult séances—had ever appeared to us veiled, and shrouded in luminous mist, except on a certain occasion to be hereafter referred to. To return to the scenes I am attempting to describe. One special night, when my own little party constituted the principal portion of the assemblage, amidst the clamour of distant peals of thunder, echoed and re-echoed in long-drawn murmurs

amongst the wild Ohio hills and vales ; whilst the darkness of the Spirit house was constantly illumined by successions of zigzag blue lightnings, and bells rung above our heads ; the reverberations of the thunder sounding in the drums, and stirring like moanings of unquiet spirits the musical instruments around us, one mighty and distracting peal of heaven's artillery shook the Spirit house and the very hill on which it stood to the centre, whilst a succession of blinding wild fire seemed to pierce the roof, walls, and atmosphere around, forming to my perception one vast, boundless amphitheatre of rushing flame, dazzling every eye but mine, and causing every human being present but myself to bury their faces simultaneously in their hands ; then it was that I alone sat watching and gazing up calmly at the unveiled and gracious face of a mighty planetary angel. He whom I beheld seemed to be soaring away into the very heavens ; he whose face and floating head I saw through the now transparent roof, filling the fiery sky with his glorious and majestic head ; he of whom I alone had knowledge in that place, looked for an instant lovingly, protectingly into my eyes ; *an instant* in which I lived *a lifetime* ; at the same moment a spirit touched me and placed in my hand a roll of papers which I intuitively hid away in my bosom for study alone. Then the face in the heavens, the fiery atmosphere, all vanished. The lightning torches went out as if a giant's hand had quenched them. Amidst the far, far distant mutterings of the thunder, now but faintly echoed amidst the mountain ranges, sounded out the signal raps that called for light and intimated the close of the circle, and as the lamps were relighted by one of the family the father remarked—

“ This is the heaviest thunderstorm I have ever known since we lived amongst these wild hills.”

*(To be continued.)*

## THE OLD MAN SINGS.

THERE'S a wobble in the jingle and a stumble in the metre,  
 And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,  
 And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,  
 And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation ;  
 But there's music, like the harper played before the ancient kings,  
 When the old man takes the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings.  
 There is laughter choked with tear-drops when THE OLD MAN SINGS.

And we form a ring about him, and we place him in the middle,  
 And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,  
 And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,  
 And he sings the song of long ago with faltering intonation,  
 And phantoms from the distant past his broken music brings,  
 And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,  
 When he tunes the ancient fiddle and THE OLD MAN SINGS.

We let the broken man play on upon the broken fiddle,  
 And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle,  
 The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges—  
 Then we hear their clamour smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.  
 'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings—  
 And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings—  
 And so we sit in silence while THE OLD MAN SINGS. S. W. Foss.

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MISS IDA LYONS, a handsome sister of St. Mary's Convent, Detroit, has eloped with Billy Considine, a member of a gang of crooks and thugs. Certainly a mixture of good and bad taste.

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THE inhabitants of the village of Tchesnopol, Russia, have been greatly incensed by the rapid growth of Stundism at that place. Led by the village officials, the inhabitants belonging to the orthodox faith made an attack upon the houses occupied by the Stundists. They dragged the occupants out upon the streets, where members of the mob, armed with knouts, severely flogged them. No respect was shown to sex, and women and young girls were as severely whipped as were the men. As the people so their ruler. Autocracy is an evolution of just such bigotry. Nihilism is the antipode of both.

# THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By *Emma Hardinge Britten.*

## CHAPTER V.

Two months had elapsed since the day when Reginald Balfour had taken leave of his friend, Richard Stanhope, carrying with him the large and splendid picture of Eve and the Serpent, to be submitted to the devotee of Catholic art, Sir Lester Stanhope, in competition for the still unclaimed five thousand pounds prize.

At the earnest request of Stanhope, Balfour had promised not to name the artist of the picture in question—in fact, both the friends had agreed that the mere mention of his hated nephew's name might prejudice the baronet against the acceptance of the picture, matchless though it was as a work of art.

No sooner had Richard Stanhope beheld his Eve removed from his studio than the real secret of his devotion to the subject of his magnificent picture awakened in his mind the determination to repeat the idolized image of the beautiful Adina, his now ceaseless dream and object of silent worship, in another picture. In response to a note addressed to her mother, Madame Baillie, that enterprising dame soon appeared in company with her lovely but singularly taciturn daughter at the artist's residence, to await his farther commands. Having resolved, as he said to himself, to devote the entire amount of his first prize money (the five hundred pounds before alluded to) in expenditure on his art—as *he phrased his passion for his fair model*—he had visited a famous masquerade warehouse, and there procured a new and exquisitely beautiful Grecian costume.

In this fascinating attire he had commanded the ever-attentive mother to enrobe her beautiful daughter, and scarcely resisting the impulse to cast himself in adoration at the feet of the fair vision, as she emerged closely guarded by the jealous mother from the dressing-room adjoining the studio, Mr. Stanhope posed the mobile model with a poignard in her hand, upturned eyes, and fixed steadfast countenance, as the beautiful and terrible wife of the Greek Agamemnon, "Clytemnestra." Remembering how exquisitely gentle and feminine his lovely model appeared in the rôle of Eve tempted by the Serpent, Richard Stanhope felt aghast, not to say astonished, when, after reciting to the mother and daughter the classical story of Clytemnestra, he beheld the power and apparent reality with which his listening model instantly grasped the poignard which was to stab the invisible husband to the heart, and straightening up her fine form, and fixing her large, dark, blue eyes in a fierce immovable gaze on an imaginary victim, she at once assumed, without any direction, the *pose* which embodied to perfection the murderess of the famed Agamemnon.

"Great Heaven! what an actress she would make," thought the enchanted gazer.

"Will that do?" demanded the observant mother.

"Admirably, madame," was the reply. And so, for two months after the departure of his friend Balfour, Richard Stanhope's whole soul, his wonderful skill, his work by day and his dream by night, were all engrossed in painting his life-sized "Clytemnestra."

Why he had chosen this weird subject he could not himself have told, but having once commenced it, with one of the most perfect models in the world standing before him, all other ideas were forgotten. To gaze upon the living impersonation of the classical angel of darkness by day; to pay her insatiate guardian every fabulous

charge for time and service she chose to make, and then spend the long day till the evening curtains closed around him in touching up his wonderful work; to snatch hours of feverish, broken slumber, only to be up with the first dawn of morning; to contemplate, think over, and re-touch points in the great picture—this was Richard Stanhope's life, and this, in fact, was the absorption of his entire being until, on a certain morning in May, a note was left at No. 9 to say that Adina, his model, was not very well, and would wish to be excused from attending the studio for the rest of the week. Overcome with chagrin at even this temporary interruption to his dreams of ecstasy, the artist read and re-read the mother's scrawl, and only as he was about to put it aside, did he notice a second letter given to him by Mrs. Marsh, but indifferently dropped to the ground. Picking it up and tearing open the sealed package, the first thing Stanhope's eyes rested upon was a cheque signed by Sir Lester Stanhope on one of the principal banks of London, with the charge "to pay to the bearer" five thousand pounds! The letter enclosing this most startling gift of fortune was, as Richard expected, from his friend Balfour, and after commencing with the famous Cæsarean motto—"I came, I saw, I conquered"—the writer went on to say that the baronet himself, no less than all the judges called in to adjudicate the prize, were unanimous in their award to the painter of that picture, and though there was at first some difficulty in Balfour's determination to keep his friend's name and personality a secret, as he had solemnly sworn to do, he finally pledged his honour that the artist himself should appear before the judges in six months from that time, and, in giving a receipt for the cheque enclosed, he promised that he would not himself leave Rome until the artist visited it. "Now, you see how I am entangled for your sake, Dick," his friend continued;

“my fair wife is a proper woman of fashion, and will insist upon going visiting here, there, and everywhere. Of course I can't go with her, and being, as I think, and everybody else says, the most beautiful woman in Italy, and, truth to own, Dick, with a pretty considerable will of her own, I don't half like my situation, and beg you will come and put a stop to it just as soon as you can.

“There's another reason why I want you to come soon, Dick—your uncle is quite an old man, some say in his dotage. Anyway, he's feeble in health, cannot last long, and from the extravagant delight with which he pores over that picture of your Adina and his Eve, I'm quite sure if you just hurry up and come here right on the top of his Eden and Eve transports, he will take you to his arms, and leave you—who knows!—all his fortune, maybe. I presume, from what you have already told me, you must be the right heir to the baronetcy, and so, if you can only get round the old gentleman during his last days, hey presto! No. 9, Stanhope Street will be exchanged for a splendid Roman palazzo. I shall still have a rich ‘milor’ Stanhope as my patron; my girl, Eva, a perfect five-year-old angel, Dick, and my boy Guido, a worthy three-year-old namesake of the immortal G——, will find a dear adopted uncle in my brother in spirit, whilst my wife——well, never mind, now, we will talk about her later on, when you have seen and known her. Only, dear old fellow, be advised; never marry an artist's model.”

For a long time after the perusal of this letter Richard Stanhope sat in a fit of deep musing; then, as if suddenly completing some system of mental calculation with which his mind had been occupied, he arose, passed into his sleeping apartment, and exchanging his artist's rusty velvet coat for his very best attire, brushing up his handsome brown curls into an unusual form of order, and

glancing furtively at the small dressing glass to see that his face was not bedaubed with the colours of his palette, he put the cheque in his pocket, descended the stairs, and advising Mrs. Marsh of the unusual fact that he was going out in the daytime, and that he should be home "by and by," he set off on a long walk into the purlieus of the Borough of Southwark. He had not proceeded far when he met with a poor flower girl, who, stretching out a meagre hand with a bunch of violets, besought him to buy "Just one penn'orth, please, do, sir, to get me a bit of bread." Fixing at once the bunch of violets in his coat, and gathering three more such "penn'orths" from her basket, he thrust a half-crown into the hand of the amazed violet vendor, and, passing on his way with a still more satisfied smile irradiating his handsome face, arrived at length at a shabby thoroughfare of equally shabby shops and stalls; he stopped before the closed door of a house which he had carefully counted as No. 11. At this he was about to knock or ring when, looking around at the premises, he observed over the door an ill-painted dingy board on which was inscribed, "Jacopo Morani—Billiards."

"Morani!" Stanhope repeated mentally. "Yes, that is the name of her son by her first husband, I think she said; and that, then, is the teacher of billiards as I have heard. My poor Adina, you shall soon quit these foul surroundings."

As he thus soliloquised two gentlemanly looking young men came up to the door, and, addressing Stanhope, inquired—

"Is this the school of billiard playing, pray sir?"

"I don't know," replied Stanhope, retreating from them; "better inquire within."

The young men pushed open the door, which was evidently on the latch, and immediately passed up the

narrow dingy stairway, closely followed by Stanhope. All three then stepped through an open door into a large back room, crowded by young but gentlemanly looking men, who were engaged watching a game being played by an elderly man in the undress uniform of a navy officer and a very young, slight boy, apparently about fifteen years of age. A tall, black-browed and very handsome Italian, who seemed to be the master of the establishment, and who was addressed by the new comers as Signor Morani, turned from the table at the head of which he had been standing, whilst the gaze of Stanhope was fixed with piercing scrutiny on the lad at the far end of the table. This boy with ruddy cheeks, exquisite large blue eyes, and beautifully marked features, presented the somewhat anomalous appearance of a lovely fair face and fine head surmounted by thick black curly hair and eyebrows so strongly marked as scarcely to look natural. Never taking his eyes off this singular looking youth, and whilst the entire room-full of strangers were applauding in low murmurs the boy's wonderful skill, suddenly those violet eyes of his, looking almost black beneath his bushy brows and the thick curls that covered his forehead, were raised from the table, met and became fixed on the piercing glance of Stanhope,

In an instant a deadly pallor overspread the beautiful face; the boy tottered and seemed near falling, when by a strong effort, raising himself up, he muttered something about the heat of the room, and fled rather than walked behind a screen that stood in one of the room corners. The sound as of a door violently opened and shut was heard, when at the same moment Stanhope, passing unobserved through the crowd round the door, flew down the staircase, out into the street, and striding with the step of a giant, turned the corner and into the alley way where he had at first followed his model; then arriving

at the little garden gate, which was now closed and fastened within, he lightly scaled the adjoining wall, rushed up the path, and pushing open a half-closed door, entered a dark passage in which he paused for the first time in his impetuous career, calling aloud—

“Adina! Adina Baillie! Come to me instantly.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

### SOME EXAMPLES OF PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS.

*By the late Professor Wm. Denton.*

THE following psychometric delineations are taken from Denton's celebrated three-volume work, entitled “The Soul of Things.” Although Professor Denton in these volumes, together with his other writings and lectures, has recorded many hundreds of experiments conducted through his gifted wife, sister, son, the editor of this magazine, and, at least, a hundred other different subjects, all these experiments were alike most carefully arranged, so that the psychometers should have no intimation whatever of the nature of the objects they examined, or the source from whence they were taken. Most of these objects were carefully wrapped up and concealed from view—all were unknown to the examinant. These conditions must be borne in mind in perusing the following examples:—

*Experiment with a small fragment of a mastodon's tooth dug by miners thirty feet beneath the surface, at Hazel Green, Wisconsin. Fragment carefully wrapped up from sight. Psychometer, Mrs. Denton.*

“This is a part of some monstrous animal, probably a tooth. I feel like a perfect monster, with heavy legs, unwieldy head, and very large body. I go down to a shallow stream to drink. I can hardly speak, my jaws are so heavy. I feel like getting down on all fours. My ears are very large and leathery, and I can almost fancy they flap my face as I move my head. There are some older ones than I.

“It seems to be so out of keeping to talk with these heavy jaws.

“They are dark brown. There is one old fellow with

large tusks and several young ones; in fact, a whole herd."

The author says: "When lecturing in Oswego the high school was burnt down. I picked up from the ruins a piece of brick, and handed it (wrapped up as usual) to Mrs. Denton, who said:—

"I am all in commotion, and feel as if I was moving with tremendous force, and flying into ten thousand pieces. I cannot go with sufficient rapidity. It makes me nervous. There is fire about this. It is horrible, and produces a terrific feeling. I cannot see anything, but I am sure there is fire about it. I feel like leaping down."

Mr. Denton records several experiments tried with different psychometers on various pieces of meteoric stones or *ærolites*. We give a few quotations from these as follows:—

*Mrs. Foote, Psychometer.*—"This carries my eyes right up, up, into an appearance of misty light. I seem to go miles, miles, very quickly up and up. I see something sparkling, a huge body like a mountain. Between me and that is a broad road that glitters like diamonds. . . . I feel as if I was in the air—no . . . not in the air, but in nothing—no place. I feel as if I was rising, but I look around in vain. . . . I see clouds but nothing else. . . . Now the clouds appear lighter . . . As the clouds separate I can see the moon—it seems near, and looks coarse and rough, and paler and larger than I ever saw it before. . . . What a strange feeling comes over me. Seems as if I was going right to the moon, and it looks as if it was coming on to me. . . . It affects me terribly."

Experiment too painful to continue.

*Mrs. Denton, Psychometer.*—(Another piece of meteoric stone). "I am rising, and everything around me is rising at the same time. I have a nervous feeling with this, as a person might be supposed to have during an earthquake. I rise and sink, rise and sink. . . . I feel as if there

would be a collision before long. There are bright streams of light right before me. They flash on my vision every moment, and produce great terror; all seems strange and terrible. . . . Now I am moving with great velocity and tremendous force, and there! there is a terrible crash; all is confusion. I do not think the concussion took place on this earth. I see enormous rocks piled one on another. I have never seen anything like it for magnificence and sublimity. The rocks are naked, and there is a pit. What a pit! down, down, a vast distance; it is horribly deep.

“Now I am down again, miles of rock are above me. This is chaos. . . . I see water pouring down like a torrent among the naked rocks. . . .

“I have travelled many miles over the surface of this world, for it is a world with plains and seas. I see a road between two cliffs, and a low ridge covered with green vegetation.” . . .

In concluding a large number of experiments with meteorites, the author says: “Our experiments indicate that meteorites were once a portion of a world shattered by some terrible convulsion . . . that these worlds, or, at least, one of them, had an atmosphere surrounding it, large bodies of water upon it, and a vegetation something in the condition of our own planet about the close of the Silurian period.”

#### VOLCANIC TUFA FROM POMPEII.

*Mrs. Denton, Psychometer.* (Specimen very small and carefully wrapped up from sight).—“In front of me and to my left the view is all shut out. It seems as if there were a great mountain so high that I have to elevate my head to see the top of it. That mountain looks volcanic, and there are stones, smoke, cinders, and dust issuing from it in vast masses. They are thrown up with such force that for a great height they form a perpendicular column resembling a tall chimney, and then spread out in vast showers on all sides. The mountain, I can now see, is a hollow shell to an immense depth, the crater at the

top being only an orifice of small dimensions compared to the great cavern of the interior. The mountain has two peaks, one—the lower one—much smaller than the other, but much sharper. I have been standing in the space between them, but now go up higher. I hear the mountain bellow—what a depth that comes from! The power of this eruption seems different from any I have ever felt before; everything seems insignificant compared with it. It is not like lava, but spreads over the country in a great black cloud, and rolls over and over, a sea of blackness, covering everything beneath its awful waves. What a sight! It will bury everything around it. There it goes pouring, spreading, foaming as it rolls from the mountain sides in huge black waves. At first all the country seemed dry; but now the mountain belches out water that sweeps everything before it. It is washing away the cinders and ashes that it previously threw out. I see the water rush through the cleft between the lower and upper peaks, and sweep on and on. What a desolation it spreads over the land, and it continues to pour out. The lower part of the mountain seems entirely buried. It appears to extend for several miles, and makes it seem like night, it is so dense and dark. There are occasional flashes that look like lightning, and others not as evanescent, seen through that dense cloud. They seem to be caused by irregular bodies of fiery matter shot up from the crater. I can think of nothing but electricity that could produce the tremendous force necessary to eject this material to such a height that it falls miles away. There is utter ruin to everything below. I do not see any place at the bottom. It is an immense desert of cinders and dust everywhere. I cannot recognise any place. There is nothing visible that was there before. Even the water for a long way looks covered with a deep, dark scum of this same material.

"I feel the influence of human terror that I cannot describe; it is awful. I see no one; but the feeling is overpowering. I feel like screaming. There are many different sensations commingled; but there is a horror more overpowering than all; it is terribly real. Some seem to regard it as a judgment of the gods. There is wild agony, prayer, and blind dread. Now I see some wring their hands; others throw out their arms wildly.

"I feel the influence of persons at a distance. Now, I see large crowds of persons hurrying along, and occasionally looking back; others seem to feel as if they could never leave, but are compelled to go to save their lives. The scene is agonizing in the extreme. I see women dart from the rest, and rush back, as if they had left a helpless parent or child to perish, but are compelled to give up in despair, for there is a fresh burst from the mountain, and there is no hope. A darkness as great as night is around them. How wild they seem! Many know not what to do, nor where to go. They act as if they thought there was no place left in the wide world for them. There is a town at no great distance, to which many of them seem to be fleeing. I feel the influence dividing off in different directions; but I think many who escaped afterwards perished. Such is the impression I receive.

"Those flashes from the mountain have a slight tinge of purple. . . .

"All is in a whirl of horror and destruction. I can see no more now." . . .

It need hardly be said that amidst the many hundreds of records published by Professors Denton, Buchanan, and other students of the wonderful revelations of psychometry, a few representative examples only can be given in the limited space of this article.

One of the most interesting portions of Denton's "Soul

of Things" is the description evolved by the fossils of the early periods of the earth's existence. To trace out by the merest chips of rock or fossil fragments, a description of the strange forms—reptilian, animal, and aerial—that once covered the surface of our globe, is to roll back the ages, and, step by step, not only to learn the history of the old earth, but to see the mighty pageant acted out, and all its strange, weird, wonderful existences come trooping in upon the mental stage of being in their curious and otherwise inconceivable strangeness.

Certainly amongst all these varied characters of the mighty life drama, the most hideous and repulsive are those of the ancient man—a hairy monster, brutal, savage, disgusting; the *Simia* whom man now disdains, and fiercely disputes his former relations to, are clever, well bred, and interesting, compared to the creature that psychometry reveals as the early man of the earth. In truth, we do not care to soil our pages, nor shock the sensibilities of our readers, by recalling any of the numerous pictures of this revolting being, as given by all the numerous psychometers with whom our untiring investigator experimented. It must suffice to say that the theological lordly Adam and angelic Eve are dethroned from their primordial positions, and must either retire to the pictured canvas of the artist, the pages of the mythologist, or be contented to enter upon the scene of human existence some hundred thousand years later than their hairy, raw fish, and raw bird eating ancestors of the Tertiary period.

To close for the present all that I can find space to say of psychometry, whilst modern Spiritualism proves that the spirit of man is deathless, psychometry brings forward proofs of the same undying permanence for ALL THINGS, ALL EVENTS, ALL FORMS THAT EVER HAVE BEEN, OR SHALL BE. In a word, it reveals a SOUL OF THINGS just as death-

less as is the spirit of man. How far the eminent writer, whose works I have quoted, is justified in assuming that the mysteries of the Arctic and Antarctic regions can be explored by coming in contact with maps or words, or that the nature of distant solar, lunar, and planetary realms can be defined by simply allowing the rays of these astral masses to fall on the psychometer's brow, I, for one, am not prepared to say, or, at present, to put confidence in, but for all forms, scenes, and events, in which life has played its part, the corroborative proofs of a soul principle surviving the disintegration of the material form, is too palpable and too widely corroborated for doubt to enter in. As to the ultimate results that will and must accrue from these great discoveries, they are too vast, and stretch away into realms of possibility too endless for present attempts at definition. All that we can admit is, that with all our boasted knowledge, compared with what we have yet to learn, we absolutely know nothing; although the vistas, whose broad avenues invite our pioneer feet to tread, give us the assurance that we have everything to hope for and everything to believe in the new earth and the new heaven that shall be.

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## QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

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### SPIRITUALISM AND DARK CIRCLES.

I AM in receipt of a long letter, signed "Excelsior," in which the writer charges upon Spiritualists what he calls *the fact* that all they receive from the spirit world (except trance-speaking, which in his opinion is *all bosh*) is obtained in total darkness; hence, wholly valueless as proof of anything, except daring fraud on the one hand, and human gullibility on the other.

"Excelsior" mentions several mediums (all English), whose dark circles he has attended and judged of as above, but he seems, either in ignorance or wilful perversion of the truth, to take the examples he cites as a representation of the entire *modus operandi* of Spiritualism. To set him—no less than others of his class of objectors—right on this point, I

call attention to the fact that very few of the most approved and reliable media ever have, or do, sit in the dark, and this the voluminous literature of the movement, if carefully studied, sufficiently proves. Chas. Foster, the physical test medium, whose séances I have attended by the score, held his séances in the light. Henry Slade, when sitting for a scientific commission at Russia, under the auspices of Prince Emil Wittgenstein and Hon. A. Aksakoff, gave his marvellous physical manifestations in well-lighted rooms. Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, a well-known rapping, writing, and clairaudient medium of thirty years' standing, has never, to my knowledge, sat in a dark circle. This lady has appeared before hundreds of large audiences, in brilliantly lighted halls, and through those same "raps and voices," which "Excelsior" so confidently affirms are only given in the dark, has afforded to public investigators over 10,000 tests of spirit identity, and that not unfrequently by writings in Spanish, German, Italian, French, Chinese, and many other languages, not one of which she has ever been instructed in. Mr. D. D. Home, the *protégé*, and often the guest, of the Emperor of Russia, the late Emperor of the French, and numerous crowned heads of Europe, scarcely ever sat in dark circles, and yet spirit hands, forms, and lights have been seen, delightful music heard, and a vast array of marvellous phenomena has been given through his light circles.

The reports of the Dialectical Society of London, and the long list of noble and scientific advocates of this great spiritual movement, from Professors Alfred Wallace and Crookes to the learned Robert Chambers and William Howitt, should make "Excelsior" slow to libel their belief with falsehoods, however competent he may deem himself to dispel, by the light of his intelligence, any movement which they have endorsed. That dark circles are sometimes, though by no means universally held, is not only certain, but is testified to by the denunciations which I have myself uttered against the practice during many years. I am quite aware of the scientific value of darkness in magnetic experiments; but I object to dark circles, because of the opportunity which dark circles afford for fools and knaves to rush in "where angels fear to tread." These remarks, however, apply alone to public, and not to private or friendly circles, wherein all parties trust each other.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "A Spirit in the Flesh," complains of the imposture which he alleges is practised in Spiritualism, concluding his long letter thus: "Very many of the mediums now holding professional séances have been trained to the imposture from childhood."

*Answer.*—How many impostors have been trained to their work from childhood I am unable to say; but from a very extensive acquaintance amongst those professional mediums who are not impostors, I can positively affirm they have never been trained to their work; nay, more, it has been a constant subject of regret amongst scientific investigators that we have no means of training mediums, and up to this time the lack of training and scientific method has been one of the most marked obstacles to investigation that we have had to encounter; that obstacle, however,

we confidently expect to overcome when we are more experienced in obeying the Biblical command "to covet after spiritual gifts," "not quench the spirit," or "despise prophesyings," &c. Meantime, whilst our pencils and planchettes move without any training, and can and do write messages of purity, truth, and beauty, and that in various languages which the untrained media have not studied, it is no wonder that I read with astonishment the unwarrantable statement that the intelligence which has commanded respect and credence in millions of the best minds of this century is due to a system of trained imposture. Meantime, to all complainants of the kind and class replied to above, we would say, before you rush into print, or desire to appear there, just spend a few hours in studying spiritual literature. There are thousands of volumes to be had, and thousands of tracts of less bulk. When you have become somewhat acquainted with the subject you are dealing with, you are in a position to write your opinions thereon. Until then, you simply betray those two most inconvenient of all elements to deal with, namely, ignorance and prejudice.

SYBIL.—Can the editor of the "Unseen Universe" inform me where, and how, I can find a medium in this country through whom I could investigate?

*Answer.*—I regret to say I cannot respond to this enquiry satisfactorily. In this country professional mediumship has been so bitterly denounced, and mediums themselves so cruelly insulted, that its practice has been almost crushed out, and soon will be entirely extinguished. All I can do is to recommend Sybil to hold circles amongst her own friends, and for this purpose I send herewith a leaflet of my rules for holding spirit circles. If these rules are faithfully observed good results must follow.

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## A SUNSET SKETCH,

SHOWING HOW THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE APPEALS ALONE  
TO THE FEW AND IN VAIN TO THE MANY.

*Translated from the French of Francois Coppée*

BY MARGARET WILKINSON,

*Foreign Librarian of Manchester.*

IT was a splendid afternoon in Paris, towards the end of October, 18—, when an elderly gentleman, one who was devoted to the study of ancient literature, set off in pursuit of a certain old book which he much desired to possess. Our venerable friend had carefully inspected various bookstalls, commencing his researches by the

parapet of the Quai Saint Michel, not so much in the expectation of finding the special volume he sought as to enjoy the fine evening in a walk on the banks of the Seine, and to take advantage of the closing days of autumn. The weather was lovely, the sky serene, the sun brilliant; yet its rays were modified by the caressing October breeze.

Arriving opposite the mint, the book hunter found, and purchased for the modest sum of two francs, a copy (slightly soiled, but still presentable) of the *Gaspard de la Nuit*, by Aloysius Bertrand, which filled the most important gap of his collection of the romantic school; then, tucking his treasure carefully under his arm, he continued his investigations as far as the Pont Royal, where he arrived about five o'clock. He was then rather tired; the small tables ranged round the Café d'Orsay invited him to rest, so he sat down and ordered a cup of coffee. Thus placed, the observer concentrated his attention on the objects around him, and found the scene as amusing as the evening was charming.

Upon the left, in the pale azure which overshadowed his rays, the sun descended majestically, throwing over the busy scene of a Parisian landscape his golden farewell. The scent from the plane trees, whose branches mixed with the slender poplars which shaded the Vigier baths, and, still further, the bushy chestnut trees, growing on the walk at the edge of the water, waved and danced in the rays of the sinking sun, and their leaves shone like copper and gold.

A purple light spread over the windows in the pavilion of the Tuileries, and the harmonious yet sombre lines of the old palace of the Louvre were bathed in rosy hues. A warm, brilliant light struck all objects obliquely, lengthening the shadows upon the ground, and obliging the passers-by to shade their eyes; making mirrors of the

varnished leather of the coaches, and shining on the backs of the horses.

Nature—that great disinterested virtuoso—was this day artistic for the sake of art, and was rejoicing in her glorious sunset. The old gentleman, whilst contemplating this lovely spectacle, seemed suddenly struck with enthusiasm by the calm and radiant splendour which transfigured the buildings, the trees, and the sky. In the meantime, amongst the numerous foot passengers going back to their homes, who had first crossed the bridge and traversed the quay, several passed so near the café as to enable the silent watcher to catch fragments of their conversation.

The first comers were two grave men dressed in black, and having the appearance of lawyers. They had bushy whiskers, wore eye-glasses, and were heavily laden with professional looking black leather bags.

“And you think that the Lavigne party will vote with the right wing?” said one of them with energy; “but that would be infamous!”

“Well,” replied the other with an air of importance, “that would only be parliamentary tactics.”

And so they passed on full of their political discussion, without honouring the sunset with a single glance. Suddenly flocks of little birds, flapping their throbbing wings and setting every leaf of the plane trees quivering, commenced (what some people naïvely call) “their evening song prayer.” After a prelude of some isolated chirps, the concert burst forth, and from the great trees, through which shone the light like sparks, a bird concert commenced, in which was mingled the whistling of blackbirds, the chirping of sparrows, and the trilling of the chaffinches united. Just at this time two young ladies elegantly attired passed by, attended by their little footboy.

“I assure you, my dear,” said most impressively one

of the ladies to her companion, "you have done *very, very* wrong to buy those suède gloves to-day; there will be a sale at the 'Bon Marché' on Saturday, and great bargains will be then going," and so, without attracting the attention of these frivolous women, or of any of the passing crowd, the sun continued to descend with slow, and royal pomp. Now, he nearly touched the glass cupola of the Palais de l'Industrie, which shone like a mountain of diamonds. The celestial arch had changed its aspect, remaining clear towards the east; it took a deeper shade, while at the west long violet clouds fringed with gold rested in an abyss of turquoise blue. Two officers, the one a stout captain and the other a thin lieutenant, girt in their uniforms, then arrived from the direction of the cavalry barracks, trailing their sabres on the footpath, and stopping a moment at the steps of the café, thus spoke:

"I am sure of it, captain; Lieutenant Tardieu will be included in the promotion list of January. It is his turn through seniority."

"Ah, well, I tell you he is not the senior in rank. It will be easy to make sure of it—we will presently consult the list."

And they went into the café, as the time for their "absinthe" had arrived.

At this moment the sun, which was concealed by the remote trees of the Champs Elysées, plunged behind the horizon, and suddenly all was obscured. In a few seconds the houses and monuments became dull and grey, as if they had suddenly become a hundred years older. The autumn foliage, which was still at the height of its beauty, sounded a funeral roll; the concert of birds continued feebly for a minute, then stopped altogether. A cold wind blew from the north, sounding like a long sigh of regret; but at the same time, obedient to the law which

determines that all life about to be extinguished throws in dying a more brilliant lustre, the sun, itself invisible, displayed (in that part of the sky from whence he had sunk in glory) all the magnificence of the twilight, sunset gilding the bridge "de la Concorde," and illuminating every building with streaks of luminous gold, purple, and crimson. Far away in the flaming sky the clouds piled up, varying incessantly in shades and forms. First, they were massed like a chain of golden mountains; the chain was then broken up, and an archipelago of ruby-coloured islands swimming in an ocean of lovely pale green appeared; but behold, the islands were elongated, and transformed into luminous serpents and fiery fishes. Imperceptibly other clouds were formed; still further, to the right, to the left, everywhere, sketching fugitive fancies, presenting hues rivalling those of Paul Veronese, constructing and destroying in haste aerial castles with the perspective of wonderful architectural designs. Now a great cloud of a dusky violet twisted itself like a crocodile, and opened a monstrous mouth, and higher, all alone, a little cloud, pure as a virgin, seemed like a flower expanding into infinity. An omnibus crossed the Pont Royal; it was full, and a whole row of passengers on the outside sat just facing the marvellous twilight, but at that time some sensational event was taking place in the form of a triple murder or a ministerial crisis, and every passenger sat reading the evening paper, pondering over the common-place things of daily life instead of looking at the sublime scene above them.

The sun was vanquished; but, before disappearing entirely, he made one supreme effort against the indifference of cold humanity, and from the abyss of the gulf into which he had sank he threw such a purple light over the whole landscape that it seemed to be on fire. The solitudes of the sky flushed up, as if indignant at man's

neglect. The river rolled in waves of rosy hue, and the fronts of the houses, and the very faces of the passers-by, were coloured with the same ruby reflection. But the book-hunter sat before the Café d'Orsay, fruitlessly observing the various faces, listening vainly to the fragments of conversation of those who defiled before him. There were the silent artisans returning towards their daily supper, bent by toil, their eyes fixed on the ground; there were two literary men on their way to defame a confrère; there were people engaged in commerce and finance, absorbed in mental calculations, dreaming of some stratagem against the well-being of their neighbours; there was a pretty woman who only sought to attract the flattering looks of others. Not one of these beings cared for the setting sun. One citizen only, who had given his arm to his wife, deigned to cast a glance up to the horizon, and then simply pronounced the words, "The sky is red—it is a sign of wind."

The night approached; in the dim azure of the east some stars appeared shining faintly; nothing remained of the twilight but a pale red fog, resembling the vapour remaining after fireworks, and the old "bookworm"—whose contemplation of nature had this evening converted into a poet—became for one instant quite proud and happy, in thinking that the sun had set FOR HIM ALONE.

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It was Constantine the Great who first made a law for the proper observance of Sunday; and who, according to Eusebius, appointed it should be regularly celebrated throughout the Roman Empire.—*Ency. Brit.*

The festival Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intention of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect.—*Neander's Church History, Rose's Translation, page 168.*

## SOME PHASES OF SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

AT the instance of a few earnest friends, who pleaded with me to make a visit to London, if "only to oblige them and the beloved spirit friends who prompted their urgent invitation," I proceeded to fill an engagement to lecture at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on Tuesday evening, July 5th. Taking advantage of having spanned the distance between the North and "the Great Modern Babylon," I accepted the invitation of our most dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, of Hendon, to spend a few bright, happy days with them.

Although I have been privileged to see and converse with the denizens of the higher spheres from earliest childhood, I hesitate not to avow that these strange and exceptional experiences with beings, of whose existence I alone, as a child, seemed to be aware, would never have convinced me of Spiritualism, or its just and reasonable philosophy, had I not been the fortunate recipient of powerful and irresistible evidence — *evidence wholly external to myself*—when first visiting America, in the form of strong physical phenomena, and wonderful TEST messages through rappings, etc. These sounds, therefore, like joy-bells heralding in my Spiritual birth, are ever most dear to me, and their prevalence at Mrs. Everitt's on all occasions, especially in the midst of groups of visitors, at our meals, and social gatherings, were equally delightful, constant, and phenomenally powerful. They seemed like the re-awakening of London Society from a long, lethargic sleep; like the tocsin notes, summoning the scattered and divided ranks of Spiritualists, broken up into distant sections, to muster again on some

mighty battlefield, to make war against darkness and superstition from without, and apathy and indifference in the ranks, once so united, and therefore so powerful. Perhaps I myself dream—dream of a glorious past, wherein leaders, thinkers, and noble men and women stood shoulder to shoulder with me in honoured and powerful gatherings of London Spiritualists; or I may be mistaken as to the best means of promulgating a cause which, to my mind, is too grand, philosophic, and redolent of exaltation and revelation to be left to the haphazard talk of unqualified exponents. However, I pause no longer now on the deep regret with which I have regarded the breaking up of the once powerful Spiritual ranks of London into isolated parties, nearly all remote from the centres of Metropolitan interest. To me, then, the incessant rapping and direct voices of the Spirits that greeted us during our brief stay with the dear Hendon friends seemed like the bugle call of the faith to rally to a fresh new Waterloo.

Still, I know not. It might have been only that "the wish was father to the thought."

Despite a tremendous downpour of ceaseless rain on Tuesday night, July 5th, the Portman lecture-room was filled with a larger gathering of earnest, attentive, and intelligent listeners than I could have dared to expect in such a storm. The brave, devoted, and highly-gifted American lady medium, now visiting Europe, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, of New York, good Mr. Sutton, and the ever-faithful and sterling friends of "the cause," Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, were all indomitable in their efforts to make the meeting a success, whilst the presence and aid of the good officials of the Marylebone Society, under whose auspices the meeting was given, completed all the arrangements on which external success depended. As for the lecture, questions, etc., all I dare say is that the good Spirits

who have ever before sustained me did not fail me on this occasion, and the continued cheers with which all the bold statements advanced were received encouraged me to believe that those present sympathised as much with the views of the Spirit guides as did the beloved friends who, through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship, as she sat close to me on the platform, testified their approval by emphatic and continuous sounds. And on Wednesday evening a reception—thronged especially by dear, noble, thinking women—was given in Mrs. Wallace's drawing-room, and prophesied so unmistakably of "a good time coming" that I left my "*native village*"—London—with far more hope of a future and not far-distant muster of our scattered forces than I had entered it less than a week before. I have only to add to those who so kindly entertained and so warmly supported me the charge of good Gerald Massey in his stirring words—

Build up heroic lives, and all  
Be like the stainless sabre,  
Ready to flash forth at God's call  
His chivalry of labour.  
Triumph and toil are brothers twin,  
Joy is the child of sorrow ;  
IN EVERY FIELD THE WORKERS WIN,  
If not to-day—to-morrow.

EDITOR "UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

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To keep him at a distance from falsehood, and cunning, which has always a broad mixture of falsehood, this is the fittest preparation of a child for wisdom.—*Locke.*

"We learn by descending to the sober work of seeing, and feeling, and experimenting. I prefer what has been seen by one pair of eyes, to all reasoning and guessing.—1st Thess. c. 5, v. 21.—Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

## READ, READ, READ!

THE following almost incredible story is taken from the *New York World*, and being repeated in a Canadian paper and the *Boston Banner of Light*, of July 2nd, we must *assume* it to be true, even though we do live in the nineteenth century instead of the darkest of mediæval ages. If such a report as the following is enough to awaken the whole world to a sense of shame and indignation, what can we think of a *Christian* nation of our own time putting to death a saintly woman for doing the blessed and beneficent works the Lord and Master of her murderers commanded to be done in evidence of faith in Him?

### CABORA'S HEALING GIRL TO BE SHOT!

Considerable excitement has been created at Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, by the arrest of a young girl called Teresa Urrea, who, for some time past, has, on account of marvellous cures effected by her, been an object of veneration in that primitive locality. Teresa, says the account, is now seventeen years of age, tall, slight, and delicate, with a dark olive complexion, expressive and penetrating black eyes. She appears to be a girl of a singularly sweet nature, given to meditation and mystic dreams and visions. Her curing powers were developed some two years ago, and soon her fame spread far and wide. Crowds of pilgrims trooped to the once quiet village of Cabora, and it was no uncommon sight to witness three or four hundred infirm and crippled people standing in line awaiting their turn to receive Teresa's healing touch. Indians from neighbouring States often encamped in thousands on the hillsides, as house accommodation in the village proved totally insufficient for the crowd of devotees. Accounts of the marvellous cures she effected are related with a surprising amount of detail, many testimonials having been published by persons freed by her touch from various kinds of ailments, including some which have always defied the highest medical skill. Eminent medical authorities testify to the completeness and permanency of many cures wrought by this remarkable young girl. Her touch is a cure; her glance alleviates painful symptoms, and the inspiration which glows in her young face completely fascinates all who approach her. In the course of time the authorities in the State of Sonora began to grow jealous of the increasing influence acquired by Teresa over the large masses of Indians. Hence her arrest. Later correspondence informs us that Teresa was arrested at her humble home in the mountains above the village of Cacheora a few weeks ago by a detachment of soldiers, who escorted her and her aged father, Thomas Urrea, to Guaymas. Both were heavily ironed, and were kept closely confined in prison until placed on trial. They were found guilty of witchery by the judge, *who sentenced Teresa to be shot*, and her father to imprisonment for life. The latter was a raiser of goats, and very poor. Teresa would never accept remuneration of any kind for the wonderful cures she performed. She awaits her fate quietly, and offered no defence when on trial.

[*A new verdict just proclaimed in time to stay a revolution.*]

THE *San Francisco Chronicle* of late date contains the following :—

“NOGALES, A. T.—There is no foundation for the report that ‘Saint Teresa’ has been killed as a witch. The young woman and her father were both seen by your correspondent June 22nd, and were found in health and spirits.”

“The following letter from a correspondent at Nogales gives some interesting unpublished facts in regard to ‘Saint Teresa’ and her work in healing the poor.

“*To the Editor of the Chronicle.*—SIR: In justice to a worthy family and an estimable young lady, I wish to correct the statement made in your issue of June 15th, in a despatch sent from San Antonio, Texas. Thomas Urrea, the father and head of the family referred to, resides at Cabora, in the Mayo river country, in the State of Sonora, Mexico. He is about 52 years of age, is the owner of fourteen leagues of land at Cabora, and raises horses and cattle. . . . The daughter is about nineteen years of age. Her name is Teresa Urrea, and she belongs to the class known as magnetic healers. She lays no claim to the appellation of a saint, and dislikes very much being referred to as such. For years she has been visited by thousands at her home, and many are the marvellous cures performed that have been accorded to her magnetic powers. It appears that her great success and popularity caused charges to be trumped up against her and her father for having conspired against the church and State in the interest of the Yaqui Indians.

"They were arrested at their homes at Cabora by order of the commanding officer of the Federal troops in that district, and were escorted by 200 cavalymen to Guaymas, where they were kept in custody about one week. . . . An effort was made to banish them to the State of Sinaloa, but the father, fearing that something might occur on the way thither that could not be anticipated, prayed that they be sent across the line into the United States, which request was finally granted, and the family crossed the boundary at Nogales, A. T., June 2nd, escorted by a Mexican guard. They were instructed to proceed *at least one hundred miles beyond the boundary line*, but having been at once received by hospitable friends they were assured that they were as safe at this point as anywhere within Uncle Sam's domain as long as they did not violate any existing law. . . .

"I have finished a house for the family, and have erected an addition for the accommodation of three hundred or more who are daily in attendance from the surrounding country upon the ministrations of the young lady. Great faith is manifested by the multitude in her marvellous powers, and many instances could be narrated of speedy relief and cures having been effected among our best and most prominent citizens.

"*Nogales, A. T., June 17th.*" "A. BACHELIER.

*Note by the Editor of the Unseen Universe.*

[SINCE the above article was in type I have received two important notices on the subject—the one is the last issue of the *Progressive Thinker* of Chicago, with the succeeding letter, of which I quote the principal part. The second notice is contained in *private, but highly authoritative, advices*, which inform me that the excitement caused by the announcement of the sentence of death pronounced against Teresa Urrea was so tremendous, and the threats of vengeance from indignant multitudes so appalling, that her judges were *obliged* to commute her sentence from death to banishment—a sentence, even in its commutation, disgraceful enough, and one which only too plainly speaks of what her insanely bigoted judges would do *if they dared.*]

## FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

In the dark hour of peril, forsake not the right ;  
 Though the storm gathers wild on the ocean at night ;  
 If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way,  
 To-morrow 'twill rest in the sun-lighted bay.

If foes gather round thee, forsake not the right ;  
 Let truth cheer thee on with its beacons of light ;  
 The hour is the darkest that heralds the morn ;  
 That flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

If sorrow encompass, forsake not the right ;  
 The harvest of joy yet shall gladden thy sight ;  
 The mourner that walks through the valley of tears  
 Shall travel the path of the glorified years.

In the pathway of life, oh ! forsake not the right ;  
 Joy comes in the morning, though dark is the night ;  
 And the hour is the darkest that heralds the morn ;  
 The flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

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 SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND  
 NEAR.

A REMARKABLE boy mathematician, named Frank Northrup, a lad of but *six years*, is attracting attention at Manton, Michigan, U.S.A. The boy's parents are receiving letters of inquiry, many of them from amusement managers, but they are not willing to place him upon exhibition. According to published statements he is boyish in all his acts and in his speech, yet is an old head at figures. He solves mentally and with wonderful rapidity any sum in multiplication, no matter how large the figures. A correspondent gave him any number of apparently difficult examples. In each instance he would readily move his lips, lisp the figures given, and then return the correct answer. When the figures 4, 9, 7, 7 were placed upon a piece of paper the child could not give the amount they represented, but immediately figured it. He simply knows the figures

singly, and has not the least idea of grouping them. Last fall he could not count above twelve, and it was at this time his skill in figures was first recognized. He has attended school but two months. That he has a system of his own by which he works is evident by the fixed expression of his face and his instant solution of figured sums.—*Better Way.*

\* \* \*

CANADA.—In the State of Ontario a citizen has been had up before a judge for witchcraft! It appears that William Merritt, known as a "medium," whose peculiar faculty interests a great many, foretold some time ago that a freight train would run off the track of the Canada Southern railroad, and his prediction was verified. A little later he predicted a similar accident to a passenger train, which was also accurately verified both as to time and locality. And so he acquired a reputation, upon the strength of which he was credited with a knowledge, which he did not claim, of other railroad casualties, and it became common for the employés on the line to consult him before their journeys, and if not satisfied with his prognostication, they would make pretexts to evade their duty; then substitutes had to be found, and the service was of course embarrassed. The magistrates asked whether Merritt might not, with confederates, have contrived the accidents. Their surveyors reported them to have resulted from strictly assignable and preventible causes. They then got the notion into their heads that as Merritt knew that the accidents would take place, he must, by some unlawful means, have been at the bottom of them somehow; and as he was a "medium," what means could there be but those of witchcraft! On this charge, therefore, they had him up before a judge, who promptly looked up the old laws relating thereto, and found one dating from the time of one of the Georges, declared its

applicability to the case, and sentenced William Merritt, the medium, to three months' imprisonment if he did not at once clear out of the district.—*Montreal Press.*

\* \* \*

M. P. F. DE GOURNAY contributes to *La Revue Spirite* some remarkable tests obtained by typtology and slate-writing; and Dr. Gaston de Messimy reports the particulars of a compendious biography communicated in the same way, the accuracy of which was fully certified to by one of the persons present.

\* \* \*

THE CONFIRMATION OF IMBECILES!—The Bishop of Exeter has been interviewed regarding the bestowal of confirmation rites upon 38 inmates of the Western Counties Idiot Asylum. He remarked that he addressed them as simply as possible, and said he believed that they thoroughly understood what was said and what they were doing! ! ! !

\* \* \*

INDIAN YOGIS.—The Yogi or Iogi sect maintain the practicability of acquiring, even in this life, entire command over elementary matter by means of certain ascetic practices. The practices consist chiefly of long-continued suppressions of respiration, of inhaling and exhaling the breath in a peculiar manner, of fixing the eyes on the top of the nose, and endeavouring by force of mental abstraction to effect a union between the portion of the vital spirit residing in the body and that which pervades all nature. When this mystic union is effected the Yogi is liberated in his living body from the clog of material encumbrances, and acquires an entire command over all worldly substances. He claims to make himself lighter than the lightest substances, heavier than the heaviest; can become as vast or as minute as he pleases; can traverse all space; can animate any dead body; can render

himself invisible; can attain all objects, and is equally acquainted with the past, present, and future. It will be seen that these manifestations agree with some of the phenomena known amongst ourselves. Moreover, the Yogis invoke the aid and claim that they receive help from the "Pitris," or Spirits of ancestors. This spiritual aid is emphatically alleged to be always present when they perform their wonders, and they affirm that without this aid they can do little or nothing.

\* \* \*

MATTHEW GAYNOR, of Burlington, N. J., a Roman Catholic, has a daughter whose suitor is a Protestant. Mr. Gaynor is a parishioner of Father Treacy, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, who, having vainly urged the father to compel the young man who was courting the daughter to discontinue his visits, told Mr. Gaynor that he was no longer a member of the church and would not be allowed to enter it. Mr. Gaynor refused to recognize this as authoritative, and he went to church as usual. He found the door of his pew locked. He took another seat, but had barely settled down when the priest, pausing in the services he had just begun, stepped before the altar, and drawing from beneath the folds of his vestment a revolver, called on Gaynor in a loud voice to remain at his peril. Fearful of being shot down, Gaynor left. The wildest excitement prevailed, women screamed, men jumped to their feet, and in the midst of all the uproar Gaynor left the building, followed to the door by the pointed revolver of the enraged priest. Father Treacy was attired in the full robes of the priestly office. Mr. Gaynor has presented the case to Bishop O'Farrell with a view to securing his reinstatement and the pastor's removal. Think of such a fellow as this Treacy—who should be dealt with by the civil authorities at once—as a representative of the Nazarene!—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

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