

THE  
**Unseen Universe.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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# PROSPECTUS

OF

## THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

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

## "THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

Under the sole charge and conduct of

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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# THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 6.

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## THE CHICAGO PSYCHICAL CONGRESS OF 1893 AND ITS RELATION TO THE PRE- SENT STATUS OF SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS.

MOST of our readers must be aware that in connection with the "World's Columbian Exhibition," to be held next year at Chicago, U.S.A., certain progressive Spiritualists and psychical science investigators have succeeded in obtaining permission to announce that an auxiliary

### PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE WORLD'S  
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION OF 1893.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Chairman.\*

ELLIOTT COUES, Vice-Chairman.

From a preliminary announcement circular sent to me by Professor Coues I have great pleasure in giving the following extracts:—

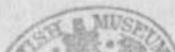
"The Committee of this Congress believes that the time is propitious for a public discussion by leading thinkers of all countries of certain phenomena which may be classified under the general head of Psychical Science. . . .

"The following synopsis of work is indicated for the Congress, subject to such modification as occasion may require: . . . General History of Psychical Phenomena. The value of human testimony concerning these phenomena.

"Consideration of the various classes of Psychical phenomena, of the theories offered for their elucidation, and of the further problems that

---

\* We have only just heard since this journal had been sent to press of the deeply lamented decease of our esteemed friend, John C. Bundy.—Ed. *U. U.*



demand investigation. The questions to be discussed may be grouped provisionally under the following heads: Thought-transference or Telepathy—the action of one mind upon another independently of the recognised channels of sense. Hypnotism or Mesmerism. Nature and characteristics of the hypnotic trance in its various phases. . . . Hallucinations, Premonitions, Apparitions of the living and of the dead. Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, and Psychometry. Automatic Speech and Writing. The Mediumistic Trance. . . . Psychophysical phenomena, such as Raps, Table-tippings, Independent Writing, and other Spiritistic manifestations. . . . The connection between Psychics and Physics; the bearing of Psychological Science upon Human Personality, and the question of a Future Life, &c.

“The Executive Committee in charge of the arrangements for the Psychological Science Congress must of necessity be composed of residents of Chicago and others who can conveniently attend Committee Meetings. But this Committee avows its desire for an Advisory Council consisting of competent and experienced persons, to be selected from all quarters of the world, in order that the Congress may find a truly international representation. The formation of such a Council will follow this publication as speedily as possible.

“The special purpose of this preliminary announcement is to solicit the suggestions, and obtain the co-operation, of all persons who are interested in Psychological Research throughout the World.

JOHN C. BUNDY, *Chairman.*

ELLIOTT COUES, M.D., *Vice-Chairman.*

COMMITTEE.

LYMAN J. GAGE, ERNEST E. CREPIN, HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D., A. REEVES JACKSON, M.D., J. H. McVICKER, D. HARRY HAMMER, D. H. LAMBERSON.

CHICAGO, March 10, 1892.

“The World’s Congress Auxiliary has been organised with the approval and support of the Authorities and Congress of the United States, extending from May to October, 1893. The Directory of the Exposition will provide ample audience rooms. Inquiries and all other communications concerning the Psychological Science Congress should be addressed to

“JOHN C. BUNDY,

“*Chairman of the Committee on a Psychological Science Congress.*

“World’s Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.”

Whatever may be the result of the deliberations on the Spiritual, or—as the phrase now goes—on the “Psychical” subjects proposed for the consideration of the Congress, the attempt to eliminate the best thought of the time on these momentous themes is not only praiseworthy and deserving of world-wide support, but—

speaking from the received opinions of some of the wise councillors of the higher spheres, who have been instrumental in organizing the telegraph between the seen and unseen realms of being—such an attempt, and practical action resulting therefrom, forms one of the most feasible methods of stimulating progress in the wonderful and unprecedented system of intercommunion now in operation between the worlds of matter and spirit.

It must be noted as a marked and significant sign of the times that the Spiritualistic ideas and beliefs, which only a quarter of a century ago were generally commented upon, outside the ranks of the Spiritualists, with scorn and contempt, even with denunciation, have now become the subject of deep research and earnest inquiry from some of the best thinkers of the day; indeed, it would now be difficult to skim through the newspapers, read a sermon, lecture, or new novel, or to witness a play, in which Spiritualistic ideas or narratives did not form some part.

Still, it is with regret, no less than in the tone of positive assertion, that I claim this spirit of earnest inquiry into the realms of Spiritual being and Soul powers marks an era of progress more rife amongst the outside world than in the ranks of professed Spiritualists themselves.

The devotion and untiring effort which testified to the faith of the early Spiritualists, and placed the movement on the basis of numerical strength and undeniable proof, seem to be sadly lacking at present amongst the leaders of the movement—or, rather, I should say, amongst those who *should be* leaders, but who, through apathy, indifference, or from other personal motives, fail to identify themselves with what might be, under proper direction, the noblest and most powerful move-

ment in the world's history. In Spiritualism we have a religion, every element of which is proved by science—a science vitalized by all the beliefs which constitute the reality of religion. Thus, “the mystery of God” is solved in the existence of Spirit as the Alpha and Omega of Being. The fact of the Soul's immortality is proved by the presence and communion of the immortals with men; and a perfect standard of life practice is enforced by the consensus of world-wide revelations from the Spirit world concerning the good and evil done on earth, in their results in the life hereafter.

The phenomena which prove the existence of Soul powers within man, and form the basis of communications from the Spirits of the life beyond, constitute the SCIENCE of Spiritism—the belief in God, immortality, and good and evil, as demonstrated by Spirit communications, form the ALL of this or any other RELIGION. Thus the long and ruinous divorce between science and religion—the works and “the word”—is ended. The one element proves and supplements the other, and all that Spiritualism needs is—*Spiritualists*.

I know the charges I now make may seem unkind; but when I remember that Spiritualism, if placed fairly and advantageously before the world, might and would be the greatest of reforms both in the church and the schools, and then contrast the noble Pentecostal religious meetings of a quarter of a century ago, with the obscure places, inefficient teaching, supplemented by indifferent attempts to exhibit vague phenomena, practised at the present time, I cannot but feel like Paul of old, when his Gospel was rejected by the Jews, and he was fain to preach it to the Gentiles, that the believers in Spiritualism of the present day are suffering their grand and heaven-sent faith to wane and fade, out of the hands that should have been mighty to sustain it, and pass away from a genera-

tion unworthy of its divine revealments. Judging chiefly from the glowing reports which fill the American spiritual papers, we may *hope* that a better and more worthy system of management prevails there than amongst the effete ranks of Spiritualism in this country.

We cannot attach any blame for this decadence to the worthy people who have in charge the public services devoted to Spiritualism. They are for the most part working men and women; persons who give to the cause time and means at much personal sacrifice, and are obliged to content themselves too often with such obscure places of meeting as repel rather than attract "the world at large," and avail themselves of the services of those, who, with a few exceptions only, are not worth listening to, and who can only supplement poor talk with phenomena, which degrade religious meetings into paltry exhibitions.

The causes which operate to sink our great and divine movement thus, are, to my apprehension, two-fold. With a few fortunate exceptions, the public meetings of the Spiritualists lack that material element of support which can only proceed from wealth and influence.

In this respect the law of *caste* seems to underlie the difficulty complained of, and the prevalence of better conditions must await the time which the present drift of modern thought prophesies of, namely, the results of "Psychical" investigations, and the perception on the part of the educated and intelligent classes who are now pursuing these all-absorbing themes; that the phenomena, however wonderful, scientific, and interesting, are but the pages of the book in which the laws of nature are written, whilst the religion and its influence upon human life and conduct is the object for which the book is written.

In this country at least, if not in any other, there is a second cause for the low level to which our spiritual public services have fallen.

There is a common but illogical idea that the *Church*, as an institution, is the cause of all the crime, evil, and delusion concerning the hereafter that prevails in this age. To remedy this, people possessed with the anarchical spirit of ignorance talk of making Spiritualism "democratic, and every man and woman their own priest." Such talkers may as well prate of children being their own teachers, of working men and women not requiring to hear lectures on arts and sciences, because *it is democratic* not to have teachers or leaders. The errors of the Church are—bad churchmen, bad theology, false principles, the impure and immoral doctrine which ignores personal responsibility and offers a complete incentive to sin in a vicarious atonement for its consequences; in a word, the fault and criminality of the nineteenth century Church is not with the institution, but with the men who pervert its purposes and uses. To inspire the masses with good, true, and practical doctrine, the most inspired and best educated teachers are needed, and the grandest examples of good and true life are demanded. Give us these, and the Church may be the schoolhouse of religion, reform, and science; whilst one bad man in any community may work more evil, whatever be his creed or profession, than all the angels of heaven can affect good without human instruments. The second cause of Spiritualistic decadence in this country, then, springs from the continuous abuse and insult levelled against those mediums who have demanded fair compensation for the exercise of their medial powers, whether in the direction of phenomenal gifts, trance, healing, or inspirational speaking.

Whilst we find all such denouncers living by the exercise of *their* powers—whatever these may be—they raise the Pharisaical cry that spiritual gifts are too *sacred* to admit of payment, leaving open, of course, the inference that the exercise of every *other* gift is profane.

What is the result of this policy? Whilst test mediums, healers, and trance speakers of the highest capacity abound in every village, town, and district of the United States, the mediums for tests here, though sought out by the most earnest inquirers, are not to be found. The healers are obliged to sell medicines simply to make a living, and thereby mask their God-given powers of clairvoyance; and the speakers worth listening to and attractive to the refined and educated classes, may be numbered on the fingers of the hand. In this state of things there is every impulse to prevent, instead of to attract, young mediums from cultivating their gifts. There are few to take the conduct of public meetings, but humble workers; and fewer still to fill the rostrums, but such as can supplement inefficient talk with objectionable attempts at phenomenal exhibitions. Spiritualism, as a means of enlightenment to inquirers, is thus sinking lower and lower in the scale of the *Spiritualistic ranks* of this country.

Foreign mediums, although numerous enough, have no interest in visiting a country where they must needs exchange abundant home patronage for abuse, insult, and poverty; and a cause which is the only one upon earth that can bring undeniable proofs of the religion it teaches, is being done to death, and crucified between the two thieves of selfishness and ignorance.

I do not know whether the Columbian Psychical Congress are prepared to push forward the wider and more universal teachings of the grand philosophy of Spiritualism, or whether they purpose to limit their discussions to the sciences, mental, psychical, and physical, growing out of the phenomena. I am inclined to take the last-named view of their efforts; but as these are being made by good and true men and women—persons of sufficient mark to command a hearing, and sufficient mental power to ensure the best and most practical results of their

deliberations—I unhesitatingly affirm their work to be heaven-inspired, and dare to prophesy that the basis of “Psychical Science” upon which their Congress will be founded, now, and hereafter, will prove the corner-stone upon which the Church of the Divine humanity will be upreared. Spiritual phenomena and the knowledge of soul powers are the steps, gates, and entrances to the Temple. Vital practical religion *must* follow. With all my heart and soul, therefore, I bid this Congress God speed.

Had I the purse of Fortunatus, or the lamp of Aladdin, I would be there to play my humble part in its councils, and to offer testimony of the life-long good that Psychic communion and Psychic powers have brought to me, and hundreds of others, and I would urge the formation and conduct of such a Congress in this and every country where thought prevails, and education, wisdom, and experience can be gathered together, so as to mould that thought into practical uses, and discipline soul powers into exercise for good.

In the fervent hope that this Congress may be the means of awakening those that can help, and therefore ought to help, to renovate our noble cause, to rescue it from the too-well merited fate which apathy and indifference may bring upon it, until now, as in the days of early Christianity, when the Church of the humble Nazarene became polluted by the pride and luxury of ecclesiasticism,—when the rush of departing angel hosts were heard, and the voice of mighty multitudes echoed through the deserted Temples, crying, “Let us go hence,” I conclude by praying that such a fate may be averted by the wise counsels and determined action of capable men and women, and inspire this and many another nation to “go and do likewise.”

# HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

## CHAPTER VI.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

MORE OF WITCHCRAFT PRACTICES AND PERSECUTIONS,  
SPIRITUALISM UNDER CHRISTIAN DOMINATION UP TO THE  
PRESENT CENTURY.

OUR notices of Spiritualism during the Middle Ages would be indeed incomplete if we omitted to call attention to the wonderful and still unaccountable scenes which took place at the tomb of the Abbé Paris from 1727—the date of his death—to the year 1731, some writers asserting that the “miracles” occurring at this famous tomb continued for over twenty years later. The brief sketch I am about to give of these miracles is taken in part from “Middleton’s Free Inquiry,” “Hume’s Philosophical Essays,” and Montegre’s “*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*.” I may add, however, that no page of our history has been more universally reported than that of the St. Médard miraculous cures, and no events have had a wider or more authoritative verification. Probably a narrative so constantly made use of in the chronicles of the time may be already familiar to most of our readers; but those who only care to peruse “something new” may skip the record, whilst others who desire to connect in one consecutive chain the links of the grand revelation of humanity’s occult experiences may find food for thought and curious speculation in the succeeding pages.

At or about the time of the good Abbé Paris’ decease there was a furious war of antagonism raging between the Jansenists, to which sect the Abbé Paris belonged, and the Jesuits; and though this feud bears no relation to the events to be noticed, it must be borne in mind that its existence caused an unusual amount of publicity to be

given to the scenes that occurred, as reported severally by rival sects, bitterly opposed to each other.

One of the remarkable facts attending the St. Médard "miracles" was the conversion of a wealthy and very learned man, holding important offices in the State, but a once confirmed *roué* and infidel. This gentleman—M. Montgeron—having heard the report of the wonders that were to be witnessed in the Cemetery of St. Médard, determined to go and "amuse" himself, as well furnish food for his scoffing spirit, by the sights and sounds of *imposture* and folly he expected to see exhibited. Instead of realising this expectation, the great man, for such he was, beheld with astonishment the blind restored to sight, the sick cured, the lame walking, and vast multitudes crowding upon each other, praying, shouting, and burning with an enthusiasm so contagious that the *infidel*, making his way through the throng to the edge of the tomb, fell on his knees praying aloud fervently for "light and faith to illumine his darkened soul."

According to the history of this wonderful movement, *written by M. Montgeron himself*, and giving an account of his own marvellous conversion, he remained on his knees at the tomb for *four hours*, and, as he alleges, not even the crowds that pressed upon him could disturb his reflections or interfere with his long and penitent review of a wild and dissipated life, and his blank denial of all religious teachings. From those four hours of sudden and truly miraculous inspiration, he arose a changed, deeply religious, and noble-minded man. It is largely from his history, as an eye-witness day by day of the scenes enacted at that cemetery, that most later writers have drawn their accounts. Meantime all Paris was in an uproar. The cases of cures mounted up to hundreds. People of all ranks were compelled to admit the truth of these things. The most renowned doctors testified to the

complete cure of patients long pronounced incurable, and in many cases to the restoration of injured or decayed limbs and organs.

Montgeron selected from hundreds of other scarcely less remarkable cases *nine* special cures of so incredible a nature that it is only when in the history of the time we find Louis XIV., the then reigning King, Archbishops, Bishops, State Councillors, and learned scientists confirming the truth of Montgeron's statements, that we are justified in saying DENIAL IS IMPOSSIBLE. The cures (some of which I am about to quote) were published in a thick quarto volume, entitled "*La verité des miracles par l'intercession de M. de Paris: Ouvrage dedie au Roi, par M. de Montgeron, Conseiller de Parlement.*"

The book contains a vast number of personal testimonies to the truth of the cases, besides virulent attacks upon the Jesuits, for which crime, it is supposed, the unfortunate author was subsequently thrown into the Bastile. Amongst the most notable of the celebrated nine cases was that of a Don Alphonse, who had lost the use of his right eye in consequence of a blow received, whilst the optic nerve of the left was fast withering away. This patient recovered the use of both eyes, as testified to by his physician, M. Gendron, of Auteuil.

The sixth case was also one of blindness, in the person of Pierre Gualtier, a saddler, of Languedoc. This man had lost the use of one eye by accident, and the other by nerve sympathy. Hearing of the miracles of the Abbé Paris' tomb, his doctors, though pronouncing him incurable, advised him to visit the cemetery, from which he returned with sight PERFECTLY RESTORED.

No. 5 was the case of Philippe Sergent, a wool carder, who became so paralyzed in all his limbs that he could no longer work at his trade. He was pronounced incurable, and could only move about when strapped on crutches.

His friends managed to send him to the cemetery, and when brought by a carter to the tomb he was INSTANTLY cured, and, springing upon his feet, began shouting out a loud *Te Deum*. He went about showing himself everywhere; recommenced his trade, and though, like all the rest of the cured, subject to the most bitter persecutions from the Archbishop of Paris and the Jesuit party, and threatened with ruin by these powerful enemies, he persisted to the last of his life in declaring the truth of his cure, and publishing abroad the testimony of his witnesses. The second and third cases were those of Mademoiselles Thibaut and Couraneau, the one a hopeless and incurable case of paralysis, the other equally incurable for a condition of dropsy. The next two most terrible cases were those of Mlles. Marie Carteri, suffering from a disease of the lachrymal gland, by which the nose had been nearly eaten away; while Mlle. Coirin was afflicted with a hopeless cancer. The whole of these four ladies were cured so completely that the destroyed bone of Mlle. Cartari was replaced, and the excised breast of Mlle. Coirin grew again, leaving no scar. In each case, and others too numerous by far to crowd into this article, the parties were thoroughly well known, and attestations of the doctors, physicians, and eminent public personages were given to M. Montgeron, the chief historian of the movement. And all this, and hundreds of other marvels, were effected without any visible cause, human aid, and in the face of all the known laws by which medical science has heretofore operated!! Those who desire to learn still further details of these marvels, especially to trace out the shameful persecutions with which the Jesuits and Catholic Church party, opposed to the Jansenists, visited their anger on the subjects of these cures, should read Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," or the French works named in the early part of this

article, from either of which full information of the twenty years of marvel following upon the Abbé Paris' death can be obtained. I cannot forbear from quoting one significant passage from Howitt's "History of the St. Médard Convulsionnaires." Writing of Mlle. Carteri's cure, the author says:—

"The attestation to the facts by medical men and public officers at Nanterre, her place of abode, and in Paris, are perfect. This is precisely a similar case to that of Mlle. Perrier, the niece of the celebrated Pascal, as already stated; and what is most extraordinary, that cure was effected simply by her wiping her eyes with a napkin, which had been laid on the tomb, as she was too ill to be carried there. *Those who laugh at this* may as well at the same time laugh at St. Paul, who sent napkins and handkerchiefs from his own body for the same purpose."

Howitt further says, at page 167, "History of the Supernatural":—

"The *Convulsionnaires*, who in the progress of the miracles fell into convulsions, resemble in some points the recent cases of the revivalists, though they exceed them in the marvellous. Bishop Douglas admits that many of them were invulnerable to fire. Many weak women received blows on the chest, which in a normal state would have killed them, and expressed delight in them.

"One man, as attested by great numbers, lay upon a stout peg fixed in the ground ten inches high, sharply pointed, and then made half-a-dozen persons stand on his chest without hurting him.

"Montgeron says: Jane Mouler, a girl of twenty-three, standing with her back against the wall, received upon her stomach two hundred violent blows from a hammer weighing thirty pounds, the girl declaring she could only be relieved by violent blows, and exhorting the operators again and again 'to strike harder.' . . . La Yaste, Boyer, and many other authors added that they heard the *Convulsionnaires* speak in languages they had never learned, and some of them understood perfectly words addressed to them in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin."

On account of the vast number of historical notices that have appeared from time to time concerning the famous St. Médard *Convulsionnaires*, I may once more say I am prepared to hear the familiar comment passed on the foregoing article of, "Oh! I know all about this history already. Why does not the editor give us something new?" Anticipating such a question, the editor proposes to answer by asking a few additional questions. Assuming

that the multiplicity of the accounts which have been given of these marvels, and that from the most authoritative sources, is sufficient guarantee for their general reliability, we may ask *a priori*, What can we think of the medical profession when, with all their boasted learning and experience, they have failed either to discover or apply the same means of cure by which every ill that flesh is heir to, even to the decay and destruction of flesh, glands, and tissues, was, at St. Médard, instantaneously cured and renovated? Secondly: What can we think of the scientific world, the professed interpreters of all the laws of matter and force, when we can record events that defy all the known laws of said matter—such, for example, as blows given with a heavy hammer, a single stroke of which would smash any crushable object into atoms, reduplicated over a hundred times on the body of a frail girl without producing any other effect than that of pleasure and benefit? And thirdly: What can we think of the clergy, the professed interpreters of all spiritual matters, when they can see all the known laws of matter, mind, and force transcended, all theories, experiences, and the known order of nature reversed, and that through the influence of a dead man's grave?

I, the mere transcriber of scenes established as indubitably as any other records of history in any time or clime, do not, in this place, pretend to answer these questions; but I ask them of those whose professions and life-long business *it is* to answer them, and until they do, the facts I have noted remain as marks of contempt and reproach, alike on their lack of capacity, and the apathy as well as ignorance with which they pass them by, or attempt to stamp them out by weak and inadmissible denials of their truth.

And yet this movement, with all its seemingly inexplicable marvels, is but a part of the providential scheme of

revelations, by which alone man's relation to "God the Spirit" can be known.

In the days of antiquity religion was derived from spiritual sources, and proved the nature and dominance of spirit over matter. Priestcraft was instituted, and soon overlaid the truths of spiritual religion by solemn mysteries, external rites, and the farce of ceremonial observances, all designed to play into the hands of the priests, and establish *their* wealth and power. "God the Spirit," who never leaves himself without a witness, inspired Jesus of Nazareth to arise and restore religion to the ministry of angels, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Again, a selfish, proud, and luxurious priesthood crushed out the truth and simplicity of this pure religion by masses of incomprehensible creeds, mystic rites, and the absorption of all power and boundless wealth in their own hands, and this rule of mystery, "the mother of all abominations," the clergy enforced upon the ignorant masses by awful threats of eternal perdition and vain promises of eternal rewards. Again and again, and all through the ages, inspired men and inspired bands of men arose in rebellion against the hideous incubus of an autocratic and self-created priesthood. Such were the Lollards, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Camisards, and hosts of others, peasants and nobles alike, who, stirred up by the Divine Spirit under the influence of a high, mighty, and powerful spiritual afflatus, each in their day and time, waged "war in heaven" against the earthly "dragon" of selfishness and lust of wealth and power. Such leaders arose as Huss, Luther, Savonarola, Bruno, Swedenborg, Henri Arnaud, Joan of Arc, the French prophets, and many another noble and inspired being, and each did their work for the day and hour in which they lived.

Were this life all, as that work almost invariably ended

in martyrdom, this life would have indeed been, God's failure in humanity; but, when it is remembered that Calvary is the footstool of Paradise, and that the hour of martyrdom bears fruitage in the eternal joy and glory of heaven, which of the world's reformers, heroes, and martyrs, living their lives over again, would withhold one blow they ever struck for God and the truth, or shrink back from rack, dungeon, or fiery death as the pathway to God and glory?

Meantime, the spirits of the departed, opening their eyes to the realities of the life hereafter, have striven indomitably and ceaselessly to pour out upon blind deluded humanity the actual facts of the life to which they have ascended, and awaken the powers of the spirit in man, to do battle against the lusts and temptations of the flesh. Let it ever be remembered that the great Rosicrucian theories are true. GOD UNDERSTANDS, and, AS IT IS ABOVE, SO IT IS BELOW.

Those who know aught of the realities of the mid-region spirit spheres, know, too, that *much of what ascends from below shapes and determines that which is above.*

Man, uninformed during the dark ages, of the power and application of electricity, magnetism, psychology, and other mental and imponderable forces, could not send to the life beyond, spirits, whom death all at once informed of these potencies; hence, the real powers through which spirits controlled their subjects depended partly on atmospheric—solar and astral—conditions, and partly on the enthusiasm awakened in the minds of special individuals by great and startling phenomena.

Here, then, is the secret of the seemingly spasmodic and erratic development of spiritual outpourings, such as those denominated witchcraft, the St. Médard convulsions, the various preaching epidemics, the marvels stimulated

by high religious enthusiasm amongst the Early Christian martyrs, the peasants of the Vaudois, the devotees amongst the noble French prophets of Avignon, and countless numbers both of individuals and masses, who, stimulated by high religious fervour in their own natures, furnished vast spiritual armies with the mental afflatus that enabled them to work wonders on earth—wonders now to be explained only on the hypothesis of favouring magnetic conditions in the atmosphere, conditions of enthusiastic exaltation induced by suffering in humanity, and the constant watch and ward of angelic ministry over God's children on earth.

When these conditions failed, became changed, or faded out, the power of the angels ceased to be available.

And so it has ever been, until Mesmer and his devoted followers passed from earth with an experimental knowledge of how to *produce and induce conditions* in good subjects. So it has ever been, until Ben Franklin carried with him to the courts of spiritual life above, the experimental knowledge that electricity, magnetism, attraction, repulsion, chemical affinity in the metals, throbbing motion in the vegetable kingdom, and life in animated beings were one and all, parts of the same ONE FORCE, AND THAT FORCE THE SOUL OF THINGS! We stand now on the verge of these stupendous discoveries. We live in the age when the spirits of earth, acting and re-acting with the exalted souls that have passed beyond, can respond surely and practically to the cry of suffering humanity for "Light more light," with the response, echoing through the corridors of infinity, "And there shall be light." *As it is above, so it is below*, and the spirits enfranchised from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition are pleading with men to break asunder the chains which priestcraft have forged around them, rise in the truth, purity, and dignity of a Spiritual religion, and commence

the life of eternal progress on earth, so that it may be well with them to move upward and onward, instead of downward and backward, when they become enfranchised spirits. I know not, even whilst I write, surrounded by the noble masters whose servant and scribe I am, whether this generation is worthy to found the Church of the Spirit; whether the working of the spiritual telegraph above does or does not fall on cold hearts, sluggish hands, and unworthy recipients below.

I know not; and when in my deep and heartfelt thankfulness that Spiritualism has at length come, founded on a basis of indestructible facts and scientific principles, I have ventured to hope that all men should rejoice in it and honour it, as I do, I look with surprise, and yet more sorrow, to find my deep and reverent acceptance of Spiritualism, as the religion of the world, is endorsed only by the few, whilst its signs and wonders alone are regarded, but not interiorly applied, by the many.

For this cause I should bow my head in grief, even in shame, and deem my life-long work of the past thirty years thrown away, did I not hear the voices of many spirits chorusing, in tones of divinest harmony, that same life-long charge with which they have guided and directed my work—"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME."

*(To be continued.)*

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A DISPATCH from Anderson, just after the disastrous fire and flood in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, says that William Stover, a negro preacher of that place, a month before went into a trance and foretold the destruction of cities in the Pennsylvania oil regions. He was locked up and is still confined on account of alleged insanity. Nothing more was thought of the matter until the terrible disaster, when the prophetic words of the old negro were recalled.

## THE BEGGAR AT CHURCH.

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

AN old man sits by a Gothic way,  
 His hair as grey as the stones ;  
 Who would stare if the lichen grey  
 Had crept o'er his ancient bones ?  
 He poises his ear to the cracks in the door,  
 He grips at his greasy crutch,  
 A sound of church-music floats to the moor  
 From a lady's gentle touch.

The soul of great Handel enriches the air,  
 The old man hums in his rags,  
 He grips his crutch, and, still sitting there,  
 Beats time to the tune on the flags.  
 The tune dies under the lady's touch,  
 Now a grave voice beats the air,  
 Its words are of hope and faith for such  
 As live on terms with despair.

The old man's soul gives birth to a smile,  
 Not of joy—but one like a sneer—  
 The clergyman's syllables floating the while,  
 Through the chinks to the beggar's ear.  
 He presses his ear-drum close to the jamb,  
 And says—"He may tell his school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 With his hand deep down in its wool."

The clergyman talks of the mercy Divine,  
 Of the common heart of us all !  
 He stands the serf and king in a line,  
 And glibly whines o'er the Fall.  
 And the beggar laughs, and thinks it's a sham,  
 And says—"He may tell his school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 With his hand deep down in its wool."

The clergyman says to his folded flock—  
 "All are one in the sight of God—  
 The beggared hermit who sulks on a rock,  
 And the monarch with his rod !"  
 And the old man laughs, and feels it a sham,  
 And says—"He may tell his school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 With his hand deep down in its wool."

The clergyman bids all be humble in woe,  
 And tells how sinful is pride,  
 Then his jewelled fingers darken his brow,  
 And his book is set aside.

Still the beggar laughs and declares it a sham,  
 And says—"He may tell his school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 With his hand deep down in its wool."

The Gothic doorway creaks on its hinge,  
 The clergyman comes from the porch,  
 Nor pauses to comfort the beggar's twinge,  
 As he aches in the yard of the church.  
 But the beggar laughs, and thinks all a sham,  
 And says—"He may tell his school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 With his hand deep down in its wool."

Slowly the old man creeps from his nook,  
 And limps on his weary way,  
 And smiles as he hears men preach from the Book,  
 But turn all the ragged away.  
 Then the old fellow laughs, and swears it's a sham,  
 And says—"Priests preach in their school  
 Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb,  
 While they warm themselves in the wool."

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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 VI.

(A NEW DEPARTURE.)

To those who have ever visited Koons's spirit house, in Dover village, Athens Co., Ohio—and I am authoritatively assured the number who have done so exceeds ten thousand—it will seem no stretch of the imagination, nor yet an attempt to draw on the credulity of uninformed readers, to say that I received on the night of the circle, described in the last chapter of these memoirs, a roll of papers addressed to me *by my real name*. The papers were placed in my hands, by what purported to be a

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\* By permission of the author.

spirit hand, gigantic in size, cold as ice, illuminated by phosphorescent light, and presenting a visible appearance only half way up a bare white arm. At the same time a voice, speaking through the trumpet, addressed me as "Louis," assured me the contents of the roll were written by "Oress," a most ancient angel, described in Mrs. Hardinge's history of Modern American Spiritualism, and well known to me as "the veiled angel."

Messrs. Partridge, Brittan, and many others whom I had the privilege of conversing with during my visits to America, assured me they had personally received messages on papers placed in their hands, and claimed to be of spirit authorship; whilst a volume of similarly-written papers, collected by a frequent visitor to Koons' circles (Dr. Everett), was published and freely circulated amongst the earlier literature of Spiritualism. The reason why I have not given to the world the literary contribution I myself received, was the fact that the papers were chiefly addressed to me alone, and contained personal matter, which I am now only able to give in brief and general intimations to my readers. One portion of the document in question advised me that I had received sufficient evidence of the existence of the *mid-region or Hades* succeeding the life on earth, to which the spirits of its inhabitants, from the lowest to the highest grades of being, gravitated after death, such state being determined, it was alleged, by the spirit's own moral and intellectual unfoldments. Progress throughout eternity also, was one of the teachings conveyed in these papers, although the means of advancement were affirmed to be entirely due to the spirit's own efforts "to achieve good and truth."

But this was but a part, and an inconsiderable one, of the teachings received, as above stated. I was charged to quit the scene in which I was then occupied, and

rebuked for observing only what the inhabitants of the above-named "mid-region" could do, instead of employing my brief span of earthly life in giving to the world an account of those steps in the ladder of human progression, which preceded and succeeded the first and second stages of the life of man on earth and in the spheres. Promises of future aid and wider perceptions of the plan of creation were laid out before me, all of which have been amply redeemed; and, in fine, the directions for future action were so firmly and wisely indicated, that neither I nor my companions, when the matter was laid before them, hesitated to accord compliance thereto. It was in conformity with these directions that I at once took leave of my little party, and accompanied only by Ali, the esteemed Hindoo mentioned in the first volume of these papers, I set out for California, the land of gold, and the extreme Western section of the North American Continent.

In pursuance of the strange but unconquerable desire that possessed me to know and practically realize various phases of human nature, and that under various conditions of trial and temptation, I determined to make my journey to the far west a pilgrimage of observation rather than a passage from one land to another, favoured by the latest developments of science. Instead of taking the ocean passage to California, therefore, I joined a party of emigrants whom I accidentally met at Rock Island, and who were *en route* to Omaha, intending to journey by mule and cattle teams "across the plains." At Rock Island I visited one of those scenes which spoke in clear yet voiceless tones of man's abiding faith in the existence and constant presence of a world of Spirits, wise to counsel and strong to protect humanity through all entanglements of the mysterious woofs of earth life. This scene was none other than a cavern in the rocks which overhung the Mississippi river, in which, as

was alleged by those who had known and loved him, the celebrated Indian chief, "Black Hawk," was wont to resort to consult his guardian Spirit, a being who only appeared to him, and had been seen by others in the form of a large snow-white bird. The very practical inhabitants of the island assured me the belief in Black Hawk's *Spirit bird* only arose from the fact that the caves piercing these ancient rocks were still the haunts of large white birds such as were described as the good Indian's *familiar*. Still others related to me wonderful tales of Black Hawk's insight, wisdom, and prophetic powers, guided, as he himself asserted, by this Spirit bird. The good people also showed me a high mountain peak named "Black Hawk's Tower," from the fact that thither the noble Indian was accustomed to go climbing that giddy height alone—"by night, to watch and talk with the spirits of the stars," by day to commune with his own soul, beneath the blue arch of God's cathedral in nature. One of these pleasing narratives, in which all might unite in admiration of the good and noble in man, was this: In the last struggle between the English and those that had once been their colonists, some time in 1812, I believe, Black Hawk, as the leader of a brave and successful Indian reserve, performed such good service for his white allies, that they rewarded him with the pay, uniform, and title of "a British general." At the close of the struggle, and when the red-skinned officer had retired to his mountain tower of observation, he perceived coming up the river a barge laden with casks of those intoxicating liquors, the use of which the good Indian had strictly forbidden to his people, and the importation of which he had covenanted against with his English allies.

The general report of the incident, was that Black Hawk having retired to the cavern of his familiar spirit,

the smugglers agreed with some of the drink-loving Indians to land their illicit cargo on the beach at a point completely remote from the chief's retreat or observation. They were then to conceal the forbidden cargo in another convenient cave, and receive their stipulated reward. Whichever account was the true one, certain it is that the noble chief, in his general's uniform, appeared suddenly on the scene, carrying in his hand his white wand of authority. Under his direction the casks were opened, the jars broken, and all their deadly contents poured remorselessly into the river. Throwing off his hat, sword, and uniform, the grand savage then set up his well-known war whoop, inciting on his Indians to drive off the intruders, who, hastily collecting such of their spoil as they could rescue, beat a rapid retreat.

From that hour Black Hawk renounced all allegiance to his treacherous former allies, and, resuming his Indian attire and warlike habits, for the rest of his life kept that part of the island which had been assigned to him, wholly free from the intrusion of that form of *civilization*, more ruinous to the integrity of manhood than all the innate and natural proclivities of savage life. As I may not again have the opportunity of referring to the scenes and characteristics I witnessed amongst these North American aborigines, or so-called "savages," I will note at this time some of the specialties in connection with their spiritual beliefs and practices, to which all too little attention has been given. Whilst these "red-skin" tribes have been shamefully used, not to say abused, cheated, and persecuted by the civilized robbers who have stolen their lands and driven them away—away even into the last strip of earth that catches the parting beams of the setting sun—their enfranchised spirits have been amongst the most numerous of the visitants from the land of the hereafter that have aided in establishing the new

Spiritual movement, and their influence has evermore been exerted amongst the white races *for good and helpful purposes*. Amongst the vast throngs of American mediums there is scarcely one who has not at some time or other been controlled, and that most beneficially, by Indian Spirits. They have been noted for their curative powers, both in respect to mesmeric passes, and directions for the preparation of excellent herbal remedies. On one occasion, when visiting some courteous friends in Wisconsin, I was invited to witness a remarkable evidence of occult power exhibited by the Jossakid or "medicine man" of a north-western tribe. These men erected on a private lawn, lent for the purpose, a huge, high tent, the thick canvas of which completely shaded the three upright poles, 18 feet high, which formed the temporary erection. This done, the Jossakid was divested of all clothing but a small loin cloth, and then, bound hand and foot and tied up with many yards of heavy rope, he was thrown upon the grass beneath the tent canvas, which was then closely drawn around him. Several musical instruments, including two military drums, had been tied up to the top of the triangular tent poles, and these were rudely and discordantly played upon within two minutes of the Jossakid's being laid beneath the canvas. In about five minutes after the clamour of the instruments had ceased, the poles at the top were separated, and forth from the opening, swarmed out a dozen or more large white birds resembling Solan geese; then followed a flock of black birds like crows, all of whom flew rapidly away or disappeared out of sight immediately. Whilst the assemblage of some twenty or more visitors were looking in all directions for the vanished birds, the musical instruments one after another were flung out, and lastly came flying up *through the tent top opening* the Jossakid himself, bound and tied

hand and foot just in the same condition as when two of the visitors had tied him. The tent curtains, instantly thrown apart by the aghast spectators, revealed nothing but the grass slightly pressed down where the Jossakid had lain. It is of no use for my readers to fancy they solve the problem of this performance by crying, "Oh! that is nothing but what I have seen performed many and many a time in the presence of this medium, that, and the other." The repetition of these supermundane powers proves nothing. The main question still remains unsolved—Who and what are the operators, and by what possible laws can they work?

Conversing on one occasion with a very intelligent Indian Chief, thoroughly familiar with these marvels, he insisted *that there were many beings intermediate between animals, birds, and men who were waiting to be born as men, and that these were the operators, and, when seen, in all cases appeared as animals or birds, with some distortion of form.* To the skilled occultist I need hardly say this theory, repulsive as it may sound to the Spiritist, corresponds too closely with the doctrine of "elementary existences," as taught by the leading minds of Occultism, to escape attention. Granted that the phenomena briefly noted above were neither rare nor attractive, they surely merit the consideration of such scientists as profess to explain all the motions of the universe on the principles and motor powers of "matter and force." As to the parrot cry of *imposture*, so often levelled against the persons called "Mediums," in whose presence alone such phenomena seem to occur, I beg to say that *imposture*, as an attempt at solution of these mysteries, cannot apply to *uninstructed*, ignorant, and almost nude Red Indians; and as for the particular case I have been describing, I am also enabled to affirm, upon the testimony of numerous and authentic travellers in the north-western sections of

America, that such manifestations are no rarity amongst the Indian tribes, but have been witnessed under precisely similar conditions to those narrated above repeatedly.

On my own behalf I have no explanations to offer. When I find the microscope revealing to me the existence of a nation in a dewdrop—a nation invisible to the unaided eye of man; and the telescope disclosing the existence of millions of suns, stars, and systems equally hidden from the limited perception of the external sense of sight, I conclude that life—ceaseless waves, seas, and oceans of life may be, aye, and are, throbbing and thronging beyond, above, and between the infinitely little and the infinitely large, that our as yet only rudimental instruments of science reveal; and when I discover intelligent powers and motions performed by invisible operators, I am fain to conclude there are other existences beyond, above, or beneath those that either the microscope or telescope have as yet brought to light, and I am not ashamed to confess that I should deem myself more disgraced by veiling my ignorance concerning the causes and operators of those invisible though intelligent motions by a careless "Pshaw!" or a contemptuous "*I take no interest in such stuff,*" than if I stood, as I did on the occasion I have recorded in Wisconsin, and mentally cried to my soul—"What do these things mean? I will never rest until I know, and can answer this question for myself, if not for others."

*(To be continued.)*

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Centuries of the Christian era passed away before the Sunday was observed by the Christian Church as a Sabbath. History does not furnish us with a single proof or indication that it was at any time so observed previous to the Sabbatical edict of Constantine, in A.D. 321.—*Sir William Domville in Examination of Six Texts, page 291.*

# THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

*By Emma Hardinge Britten.*

## CHAPTER VI.

WE left Richard Stanhope in the dark passage of the same house in the front portion of which he had entered into the so-called billiard school of Signor Jacopo Morani. This personage, whom Madame Baillie—the mother of Stanhope's adored model, Adina—had described to Mr. Stanhope as her son by a former husband, was also said to be the brother of Richard Balfour's wife, Maddalena Morani, to whose history Stanhope had listened from the lips of his friend Balfour.

On the occasion of Stanhope's visit to the billiard room, his own purposes were scarcely defined even to himself. The sight of the brilliant young player, however, changed all his thoughts. The curly, black wig, drawn over the marked and bushy eyebrows, could not conceal from the piercing glance of love the fact that the boy who was the champion player of that hateful room, was Stanhope's Adina—his model, his dream of life, love, and hope. He must, he would rescue her. He was rich now; perhaps destined to be much richer. At any rate, fame was his. Success opened up for him the gates of inconceivable good fortune, but what would it all be without his idol?

To rescue her, if need be at once or even by force, was his first thought, and for that he was there; for that he called again and yet again—

“Adina Baillie, come here to me!”

With his second adjuration, a hand was laid upon his arm, and a trembling voice whispered—

“Oh, hush, hush! if you do not wish to ruin me.”

"I wish to ruin you, poor child!" replied Stanhope, as he caught the hands of the *girl-boy*, who now stood dimly discernible in the dark passage, trembling before him. "I have come to save, not to ruin you, Adina. I do not ask the meaning of this terrible masquerade. I see it all. Your remorseless brother, Morani, has taught and lessoned you, and your skill is his success. Nay, you must not interrupt me. I love you, Adina. I know nothing, think of nothing, and live for nothing but you. I am rich now, my child, and shall soon be richer. I am famous, and the path both to wealth and glory is open to me. But all is nothing without you. Say, love, say you will be my wife, and all I am or have shall be your own."

"Kindly step in here, if you please, sir," said the harsh, grating voice of Madame Baillie, gently pushing open the door of a little kitchen, which, already ajar, had afforded the dame an opportunity to hear every word that had passed.

Frowning heavily, and with a silent curse on the ubiquitous horror of a woman who seemed like the evil genius of his beloved, Stanhope cried indignantly, "Must I ever be thus dogged? Can I not have at least one five minutes' conversation with the woman I wish to make my wife?"

"Not at present, my good sir," replied Madame, with cool courtesy. "Adina's brother is very jealous of her honour. Her beauty as a model, and skill as a billiard player have kept us all from starving in this great wilderness of London, and I have pledged myself to *him* never to let her out of my sight until she is better provided for."

"Well! and so she will be now, my good woman; you and your son, too, shall share my fortune, only I must—I will insist, that now, and at once, she shall give up this disgraceful life, and live as becomes the lady I propose to make my wife."

"Perhaps, sir," replied the mother, with a cold, keen sarcasm which completely abashed poor Stanhope; "perhaps the lady might not be so well disposed to be your wife as you are to be her husband."

"Good heavens, madame!" cried Richard, impulsively seizing the woman's hand, "you are right; I'm a fool—a worse—a presumptuous blockhead—and in my conceit and eagerness to save your angel daughter"—

"You have forgotten to ask her if she wants to be saved," rejoined the shrewd mother very placidly; then with a cold, treacherous smile on her repulsive face, she added—"Well, young people, I will leave you for just a few moments; but you will have to be brief, for I hear Jacopo ringing for his sister, and I must have her return to him immediately."

"Adina, speak, love. Will you be my wife?" cried Richard.

"I will, Richard," replied the girl with a strength and solemnity of manner Stanhope had never seen in her before; "but upon one condition, and one only. You must wait for me one twelve months. I am a Catholic, and have made a vow to the *Mater Dolorosa* that I will never marry until I am twenty-one. In one year I shall complete that age, and then, if you still love me, I will be your wife"—

"But I must go at once and without delay to Italy, and perhaps I may be detained there. Oh, Adina! why not accompany me as my beloved and honoured wife?"

"I have made a vow, Richard; and more—more than this; there is a prophecy connected with this vow that binds me. I cannot marry before."

"Hasten away, child," cried the mother, now bustling back to the scene of the interview. "Now, go, Mr. Stanhope—go out the back way—through this gate—no words—it must be so. I promise to bring Adina for a

sitting—a ‘sitting,’ mind, *professionally*—to-morrow at twelve.’

“To-morrow, then. You will not fail?”

“At twelve precisely. Adieu.”

And at twelve precisely on the following morning the fair model and the ubiquitous mother did present themselves at the anxious artist’s studio—not for a sitting, though, as the painter insisted, though he quieted the elder visitor’s alarm at their sacrifice of time and trouble by putting the ordinary fee in her hands as she entered, and then, bidding them both to devote the time engaged to talking over their plans. It might have seemed strange to any disinterested observer to note the singular change which had come over each of the three personages now assembled in the artist’s studio within the last few hours.

“That everlasting mother” seemed to be there only as a matter of course. Sitting at the window and apparently absorbed in watching the passers by, she could hear without seeming to take the slightest part in the interview conducted by the lovers in a not very distant part of the room.

For the first time in their brief acquaintance Adina seemed to awaken from the stony immobility of the silent model to be a pleased and charming participant in the conversation with Stanhope. He not only explained to her his position and prospects, but even read out as much of Balfour’s letter as related to the picture and his own future chances of high fortune. At the close of his explanations Adina, in a sweet, and even tender manner, declared she was glad—pleased—and hoped in a few months they should all see better days than at present.

“They were very far from happy,” she said, “in London. Jacopo did not like it. He had relatives in Carlisle and wished to go there, and settle as a billiard saloon-keeper.”

As if quickly divining her lover's thoughts, she added—

“His relatives are not mine. They are his father's, my mother's first husband's, not my father's, and so—though we—that is mother and I—propose to go with him just to see him settled down in a home, we don't want to live with him, nor shall I ever again assume the boy for his sake, believe me.”

“That is well, dearest,” replied Stanhope; “but in Heaven's name, Adina, tell me how you came to *assume the boy*, and above all to be so skilful in that game you were playing.”

“Oh, that is soon told, Richard,” she rejoined. “Jacopo had hurt his arm and could not play. He asked me to learn. I was quick at acquiring the art, such as it is, but Jacopo, fearing lest I might be insulted as a girl player, made me”—

“Yes, yes, I see it all,” cried the impetuous lover, “and I thank—nay, I will thank him personally for his care.”

As Stanhope spoke, the mother rose hastily from her seat by the window—although unobserved by Stanhope, whose back was towards her. Before she could cross the floor, however, Adina said :

“Not so, Richard; not so. Do not, I beseech you, speak to or attempt to see Jacopo until you return from Italy. He has a project of his own for my disposal when I reach the marriageable age I have told you of, and without any consent on my part has, as I too well know, pledged my hand to one of his billiard saloon friends in Italy. Nay, do not look so fierce, dear. They both know of my vow, and know, too, that I cannot break it. You will return before the time is up, and then”—

“And then, my Adina, neither brother nor man of any clime or profession can claim *MY* betrothed. Is it not so?”

And so the time sped on. The artist, more and more enchanted with every word sounded by the sweet voice

which up to that time he had scarcely heard, would have forgotten fleeting hours or mortal conditions altogether, had not a low knock at the studio door introduced Mrs. Marsh with the announcement that lunch was ready.

Descending to the housekeeper's sanctum, the happy lover and his guests sat down to a splendid collation, ordered and sent in from a neighbouring hotel, and though the elderly visitor was the only one that did justice to the repast, it served to Richard at least as an excuse for prolonging the precious but farewell interview. Before they parted, Richard had arranged that all letters between the betrothed couple were to pass through Mrs. Marsh's hands at No. 9, unless ordered to the contrary. The business-like mother affirmed that as they should be off to Carlisle in a few days, and uncertain of their address, they had better send to No. 9 to get Richard's letters, at any rate for the present. This settled, the first instalment of the famous five thousand pound prize was placed in the hands of the fair Adina, in the shape of a pile of crisp new banknotes. Then the parting words were said :

"For ever," cried Richard.

"On this earth," said the dame, in a sanctified snuffle.

"Till we meet again," murmured the angelic model.

Then, snatching up a guitar that stood as a "property," not unfrequently in request in the artist's studio, she sang in an exquisitely sweet voice the now antique canzonet of Haydn's "My mother bids me bind my hair." The delightful voice, exquisite grace, and tender, sympathetic intonation of the fair vocalist completed the spell of irresistible fascination which bound him to the enchantress, and it was with the sense that the whole world was left behind him with his beloved Adina that Richard Stanhope that night embarked for the Continent.

*(To be continued.)*

## LIFE, DEATH, AND MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

*To one of the most remarkable Spiritual Celebrities  
of Modern Times,*

KATE FOX-JENCKEN.

WHILST the history, biography, Scriptures, and traditions of all nations and all ages testify to the fact that the dwellers in Spiritual realms of being have unceasingly manifested their presence on earth, and in various ways proved that they held watch and ward over humanity, it has remained for a special series of events occurring in this, the nineteenth century of our era, to record the establishment of a systematic and world-wide method of producing telegraphic communications between the realms of matter and Spirit, or what has been termed mortal and immortal existences.

Notwithstanding the fact that this Spiritual telegraphy is as yet crude and imperfect, its working constantly broken by human ignorance, and its practices still under the ban of priestcraft and superstition, the fact that such a telegraph works at all; that its signals have been given all over the world; that the mystery of death and the problem of a life beyond the grave is for ever settled; but above all, that the actual conditions of the life to which every soul, past, present, and future, has, and must attain, is definitely shown, and that by the very beings who are in the experience of that life; all this has opened up such a stupendous new field of knowledge for mankind, and such illimitable vistas of possibility for the increase of that knowledge, that it seems as if the first workings of this mighty telegraph, stamp the age as one of the most momentous of human existence upon earth.

If this be so—and without any exaggeration a review of the workings, revelations, and future possibilities of Spiritualism will amply justify such assertions—then

surely the entire age in all countries, owe an inestimable debt of gratitude to the first telegraphists; and when their work on earth is accomplished, and they are called hence to join the hosts of Spirits for whom they have given themselves as wires on which the life lighting messages could run, surely all nations should unite in grateful memory, and bid them a hearty Godspeed to their homes in the higher life.

I have been led into these reflections by observing the slight, scant, and indifferent notices called forth from the various journals devoted to Spiritualism by the demise of poor Kate Fox-Jencken. With the exception of the *Banner of Light*, there is not a single record worthy of the place one of the first Spiritual telegraphists of history should hold in the memory of men. Besides the *Banner's* account of the funeral address, the following extract from that paper of July 9th is the only detailed notice given of the poor medium's last moments. The article runs thus:—

#### SUDDEN DEMISE OF KATE FOX-JENCKEN.

Following almost immediately the announcement of the demise of Mrs. N. C. Maynard came that of the sudden passing to the higher life of Kate Fox-Jencken, the youngest of the three known the world over as "the Fox Sisters," through whom Modern Spiritualism made its advent in 1848. The event occurred at her residence, 609, Columbus Avenue, New York City, Saturday, July 2nd.

She had for a week previous complained of not being in her usual health, suffering from pains in the region of the heart. These increased daily, until on the afternoon of Saturday they became so intense that the elder of her sons, Ferdinand, ran for the doctor, but on his return with Dr. R. A. Moore, his mother had passed beyond human aid. Dr. Moore stated she had undoubtedly died of a complication of heart and kidney troubles.

The transition was so sudden that but few New York Spiritualists were aware she was even ill, she having given convincing proof of the verity of her mediumship at public meetings only a few weeks previous.

Last Sunday a large number of visitors called at her late home. Her two sons, Ferdinand and Henry, were there to receive the mourners and others as they filed through the parlour to take a farewell look at the remains.

Kate Fox, as our readers are aware, was the youngest of the Fox

Sisters, in whose presence what are known as "the Rochester Rappings" took place at their father's home in Hydesville, N.Y., the latter part of March, 1848. She was born in Bath, Canada, near Lake Ontario, and was married to Mr. H. D. Jencken, an English lawyer, in 1873, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Mr. Jencken died in Spain about eight years ago. Mrs. Jencken's brother, David Fox, is a farmer in Wayne County, New York. She left two sons, Ferdinand and Henry, eighteen and sixteen years of age respectively, and a sister, Margaret Fox Kane, the only surviving one of the three. And so the curtain falls, and the tragedy of a strange mortal life ends.

Kate Fox-Jencken's faults were human, and the result of her strange wandering life; the result in part of an unhappy law of heredity, and still more, of the fearful tax upon a frail system, which the functions of her marvellous gift entailed upon her.

Whatever those faults might have been, they all fade into insignificance beside the fact that her little form as a mere child was the first human battery through which the first sounds of the Spiritual telegraph worked systematically.

This magazine may not command the extended patronage accorded to the very high-toned, or, still more, to the very low-toned, sheets that claim to represent Spiritualism; but were my words read by but one alone in this generation, so long as they are sent down to some at least of the generations of the future, in the name of the angels of the new revelation, and in grateful memory of her whom there are so few to praise, I will again briefly reiterate the historical facts I have before published as a testimony of where Kate Fox-Jencken will stand in the history of Spiritualism in all future ages.

Quoting from my own Boston magazine, the *Western Star*, I wrote thus:—

The history of the disturbances at Hydesville, and the incidents characterized as the "Rochester knockings," are now so familiarly known, and have so universally found their place in all modern records of the supramundane, that we need only limit our remarks to the *personnel* and influence of this singularly endowed family.

Hydesville, the scene of the first haunting disturbances, is a quiet

village, sparsely settled, and distant from Rochester about twenty-five miles. The house formerly occupied by the Fox family is now much changed, but when they resided there it was a simple, unpretending frame cottage, consisting of three rooms on the ground floor, a cellar beneath, and a half storey above.

Those who, like the writer, have visited the place since become so memorable, could by no flight of fancy connect aught that was weird or occult with such plain and unassuming surroundings. There were, it is true, reports that the family of the former tenant, Michael Weekman, had both seen and heard unaccountable things in that dwelling; but all the ordinary features of gloom and traditionary horror, which are supposed to be the concomitants of spectral hauntings, were lacking in this place.

In the tenement itself lived Mr. and Mrs. Fox and their two youngest children—girls—whose ages the affidavits of the mother, father, and neighbours present at the first investigations represent as having been nine and eleven years, ages certainly which forbid the possibility of supposing that they could have been party to, much less have originated, a system of imposture shrewd enough to baffle thousands of the keenest minds of the age and defy the scrutiny of investigating committees, selected from amongst the profoundest scientists and jurists of the country.

The two little children, Margaretta and Catherine, were evidently organized with the peculiar force necessary to form the required spiritual battery, and the sounds during their residence in the house were loud, incessant, and varied, with signs and tokens of a terrible presence recalling an act of secret murder. The 31st day of March, now held sacred as the most memorable of anniversaries by the Spiritualists of America, saw the first spirit circle on earth gathered together round the bed of the children; and subsequently, when they were removed on that same night from the house, the circle increased from the first few neighbours called in to an assemblage of all the near residents, attracted to the place by the report that the hauntings which had for some months previous become notorious, were at last discovered to have been produced by the spirit of a murdered peddler.

We here call attention to two circumstances which should have exempted the Foxes from the slanderous suspicions of imposture so often launched against them. The first of these was that on the night of the 31st of March, when the inhabitants of the village had full possession of Mr. Fox's house, and the sounds were proceeding with great force, and rendering intelligent answers to all querists, the Fox family were absent, having quitted the distracting scene, and taken refuge with one of their neighbours. And the next point in evidence of their complete exculpation is the exhaustive researches that were made in every nook and corner, and beneath every plank, stone, or scrap of mortar that constituted the dwelling; and all this time the raps were sounding vigorously, and all this search ended without the discovery of a single earthly cause which could account for them. The Fox family continued some months at Hydesville, enduring a perfect storm of insult,

persecution, and slander, from the multitudes who flocked to their house as much from curiosity to hear the strange sounds, as from a malicious desire to annoy the unfortunate subjects of them.

At length they removed to Rochester, where a married daughter soon afterwards became, like her young sisters, a powerful medium for the sounds. It is enough here to add that the poor children, Margaretta and Kate, were made the subjects of the most rigid scrutiny to which any persons in a civilized community were ever subjected. Besides three nights of public exhibition at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, at which three several committees, chosen by the citizens from amongst themselves, reported in favour of the spiritual hypothesis, and emphatically repudiated the possibility of imposture, the sisters were often examined by committees of ladies to ascertain that no detonating instruments were concealed in their clothing. They travelled for several years from city to city, submitting patiently to all sorts of so-called "scientific" experiments—standing on glass tumblers, tied up in silk bags, placed on feathers, and more than once half immersed in tanks of water—for the purpose of ascertaining how far electrical conditions could affect the sounds.

In the prosecution of their mediumistic labours, during a period of over twenty-four years, the Fox sisters witnessed experiences unparalleled in history, and only equalled by the martyrdoms of the dark ages for the amount of persecution, slander, and even danger that they endured.

Their custom was to go to some of the principal cities of the Union, hire rooms at one of the chief hotels, advertise their presence, and sit at stated hours for séances, at which the public were admitted on payment of a small fee.

Mrs. Underhill, one of the most generous and noble-hearted of women, now a blessed spirit herself, was the eldest of the three sisters who became so famed as mediums, and at one time was the subject of the most powerful manifestations produced amongst them.

For several years she resided in New York, and it has been estimated that she must have sat during her public mediumship, for over twenty thousand inquirers.

Besides the methods of communicating with spirits through the raps, spelling out names, and long communications, this lady, like her younger sisters, was favoured with a great variety of manifestations generally called "physical force." Illuminated figures have been seen to come and go in her presence. Lights of various sizes, forms, and colours, have filled her circle rooms. Every description of object, large and small, have been carried hither and thither. Every variety of sound, from the sawing of planks to the terrible phenomena of a storm at sea, or the horrors of the battlefield, have been faithfully delineated through her mediumship, often in the writer's presence.

Katy Fox's powers have been more widely called forth than those of either of her sisters, her position having been that of a medium for the world at large. Some of her most remarkable experiences occurred during the time that she was engaged by Horace H. Day, Esq., of New York, to give free public sittings at a circle-room, which the liberality of that gentleman sustained entirely at his own expense for some years.

Here Miss Fox was visited by thousands of eagerly inquiring minds, and though the phenomena produced in these sittings were chiefly confined to tests of personal identity, and messages spelt out by loving spirits to their earthly friends, it may be calculated that through these means thousands of minds, hitherto blind to the light of immortality, have been gladdened by its realization, and multitudes of bereaved mourners have entered that young girl's presence, to leave it rejoicing in reunion with their beloved dead.

Legislators, magistrates, judges, doctors, lawyers, editors, poets, novelists, scholars of every degree, and men and women whose celebrated names are warranty for their vast spheres of influence, have crowded the séances of the Fox family, and if all have not rendered in their public acknowledgment of allegiance to Spiritualism, quite a sufficient number have done so to confound the slanderer and astonish the sceptical.

To transcribe a record of their circles, describe their travels, or give accounts of the noteworthy communications, tests, and phenomena procured, by celebrated personages no less than undistinguished multitudes, would occupy the pages of several volumes.

What a history is theirs to hand down to posterity! what a way-mark will their names become on the annals of the recording angel of eternity! They are no saints or subjects for idolatrous worship in their private lives. Selected as mere children for the special uses their physical organisms could supply, they have been for years past dragged before an unsympathetic and often antagonistic public as targets for ribaldry, insolence, scorn, and denunciation. Fêted, petted, and exalted beyond all power of self-control by their admirers, pelted with moral mud and libellous filth by their enemies, what evenly balanced qualities of mind or heart ought to be demanded from persons thus trained, and with impressible natures thus oscillating between the wildest extremes of good and evil influences?

That a kind heavenly Father will receive them at last into his rest, that their guardian angels will plead for them with far more justice, mercy, and truth than a harshly judging world, those who are in the understanding of spiritual things, full well know. The patience, candour, and purity of conduct which marked their days of extreme youth, and extreme trial, might have been measurably due to the angelic guardianship of a most exemplary mother; but had they failed in a thousand of the demands which an ignorant world makes upon the spirit medium, the truly spiritual student might have found all-sufficient excuses in their stormy lives, and the fact that the spirit medium's extreme susceptibility and liability to succumb to every surrounding influence, good and bad, is the very element which constitutes the subject a good wire for the spiritual telegraph.

One thing is very certain, as I close this humble, but grateful, tribute to one as deeply pitied as personally beloved by me, I may truthfully say of her in the words of the brief and simple old hymn:—

Light after darkness, gain after loss ;  
 Strength after weakness, crown after cross ;  
 Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,  
 Home after wandering, praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,  
 Sight after mystery, peace after pain ;  
 Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,  
 Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,  
 Love after loneliness, life after tomb ;  
 After long agony, rapture of bliss,  
 Right was the pathway leading to this.

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### ANOTHER MEMORABLE LIFE AND DEATH.

MRS. NETTIE MAYNARD, of White Plains, N.Y., who for many years has been a helpless invalid, passed to spirit-life at 7-45 p.m., Monday, June 27th, 1892. The last days of the sufferer were filled with physical agony, which was borne with the same serene patience and fortitude that had characterised her through all the years of her illness ; but as the end approached there came a cessation of pain, and at three o'clock the patient sank into a peaceful sleep, in which she quietly passed out of the mortal into the glory of the immortal world. . . .

In the early years of girlhood the subject of the sketch—then Miss Nettie Colburn—was chosen by the angel world to go forth into the battle for *Truth*, and for many years this fragile young life, unaided by the learning of earthly colleges, but made strong by the presence and eloquence of invincible spirit-guides, confounded the doctors and law-makers with the wisdom displayed in her public utterances, and gave wise suggestions and counsel upon weighty matters to statesmen and other great minds, which they were glad to appropriate.

In her recently published work, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" the readers will find a most interesting

autobiography of the mediumship and work of Mrs. Maynard, and they will gather from its pages a correct idea of the influence brought to bear upon the Chief Magistrate of the Nation and his closest friends during the trying period of the rebellion, by such lofty souls in spirit-life as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and others, through the mediumship of Nettie Colburn.

Mrs. Maynard, through a long life of usefulness and fealty to truth, made hosts of friends who remained warmly knit to her through all the years of her helpless invalidism. Her home at White Plains, N.Y., has been the Mecca to which hosts of seekers after truth have turned; and there, in the genial atmosphere made sweet by the spiritual harmony of the invalid and her devoted husband, many hearts have been made glad, and received the lessons of patience and fortitude learned in that quiet home.

No more faithful and tender care-taker has a human life ever known than Nettie Maynard always found in her loving husband, and this devotion has been beautifully expressed by the wife in the inscription of the volume referred to above, which reads as follows:—

To My Dearly Beloved Husband,  
William Porter Maynard,  
Whose Unceasing Devotion and Tenderness  
Have given Me the Needed Courage  
In my Helplessness, to Complete the  
Contents of This Volume.

The prospect of death had no terrors for Mrs. Maynard, for she knew it only meant her release from pain, and freedom for the enfranchised spirit.

For many years a compact had rested between Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and the now deceased, that when the occasion came, the former would officiate at her funeral; and, in response to a telegram, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond arrived at White Plains from Chicago, Thursday, June 30th—the date selected for the funeral.

Many friends and co-workers of Mrs. Maynard were present at the funeral service. From Massachusetts, Baltimore, and other places south and west, and from several parts of the State of New York, loving hearts gathered to pay tender respect to one who had endeared herself to them in countless ways.

On the occasion referred to the home presented a scene of indescribable beauty. Streamers of pearl-white depending from the outer door proclaimed the presence of the *Deliverer* within, while garlands of vines and flowers, choice bouquets and floral pieces, brightened the apartments and scented the air with fragrance. The frail little body, clothed in dainty garments and wreathed in flowers, reposed in a casket of white velvet, which stood in the embrasure of the bay window that had been literally converted into a floral bower.

At 2-30 o'clock the exercises opened with the singing of "Only a Thin Veil between Us," by its author, Mr. C. P. Longley, and his wife, of Boston. An intimate lady friend sang, at the request of Mrs. Maynard before she passed away, "Sometime," and was followed by Mrs. Clara Banks, who made a brief but eloquent address concerning the life and example of the departed. Mr. and Mrs. Longley then sang "In Heaven We'll Know Our Own," when Mrs. Cora V. L. Richmond delivered an address of great power and beauty, replete with the truths and consolations which Modern Spiritualism reveals through its chosen instruments, closing with an impromptu poem. The assembly then sang "Nearer, My God, To Thee;" also a song well loved by Mrs. Maynard, the service closing with a Benediction from Mrs. Richmond.

After the friends had taken a farewell look at the body, it was removed to a quiet cemetery at White Plains for interment.

The many friends who attended the funeral service

expressed themselves as having received a baptism of Spiritual blessing from the associations and experiences of the sacred hour.

—*Banner of Light.*

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QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

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A FRIEND FROM LUTON (Bedfordshire) asks : How is it that when we ask a question of what we deem to be a Spirit friend, we get bad language in reply ? We lately asked advice from a Spirit whom we thought was our friend, and were deeply grieved and perplexed only to receive bad language in return. Pray, madam, explain this.

*Answer.*—Our questioner must bear in mind that the gate that is open to one class of spirits is open to all, and the grossest and most mischievous spirits are those who from crime or ignorance are the nearest to earth, or *earth bound*, who delight in working evil and frequenting circles where they can intrude on and annoy those assembled round the medium. We cannot explain why idle boys love to throw stones, break windows, or torture dumb animals ; why bad men and women take pleasure in insulting a higher class than themselves, or why bullies, mockers, slanderers, and liars rejoice in injuring those superior to themselves. All such nuisances in the community die, and the more they are confirmed in their bad practices the more do they delight to repeat them as spirits, until they are reformed and taught better. Of course there must be some allowance made for interferences from ill-disposed spirits, errors, and difficulties, both on the part of mortals and spirits in conducting a communion the conditions of which are so new and so little understood. The best remedies we can suggest are patience, practice, and experience, and a spirit of reverence and earnest desire for good and truth only, pervading the sitters and mediums of every spirit circle. Meantime, we would say to our inquiring friend : Never sit too long nor too often—one or two circles a week, never extending beyond two hours at a time, are sufficient to obtain practice and give that experience by which good mediums and well-developed sitters can readily sense the presence and interference of mischievous and ill-disposed spirits. Your own spirit friends are surely, nay, invariably present. The earth bound spirits may be stronger to control than the purer and higher ones, who look on, more in sorrow even than mortals can imagine, but as both mortals and spirits gain experience they will learn better methods of discernment and control, and a true and practical science of spirit telegraphy will eventually supersede our present crude and imperfect methods.

J. H. ARNOLD writes : Do you believe that mortals have any power to reform evil-disposed spirits ; and, if so, how can such a reform be effected ?

*Answer.*—In the early days of Spiritualism in America, innumerable circles were held for the reform of undeveloped spirits, and that at the special desire of good and noble spirits themselves. We were told that earth-bound spirits could be far more readily reached from the remonstrances and good advice of mortals than even by spirits of higher grades, seeing that undeveloped spirits were unhappily still in the earth sphere, and that the earth was actually the true scene where all reforms should commence. We have witnessed hundreds of cases in which evil-disposed, profane, and obsessing spirits have been reformed by the advice received from wise human counsellors, and the psychological powers for good exercised at circles. As for the modes to be employed, what mode would our questioner employ in dealing with bad men and women? Spirits are still human, and human beings are all spirits. Employ precisely the same methods of reforming spirits as you would in dealing with mortals—to wit, kindness and sympathy above all, persuasion, remonstrance, and encouragement, and now, as heretofore, the spirit circle may become what the Church long since should have been, *i.e.*, the most potential influence upon earth for guiding the erring soul on the pathway to Heaven.

MONITOR (Kensington, W.)—In your high-toned and most excellent magazine, can you not persuade the refined and educated members of the Spiritual community—amongst whom, I am assured, your writings must always be acceptable—to come more prominently to the front, and redeem our great and holy cause from the charge of “slang, vulgarity, vituperation,” and all that is opposed to Spiritualism, as was recently charged upon the conduct of Spiritualism in its public exposition, by one of the leading London journals, a copy of which I sent you, marked, the other day, and containing, as you must have seen, *quotations* which amply justified the charges made. Can you not, as an experienced and honoured leader in our cause, do something to stop this, or help to call around our standards better elements?

*Answer.*—Spiritualism comes to all classes of mind, all shades of character, and all grades of society. If “the highest toned” and “most refined” amongst the believers object to the ascendancy of those they deem inferior in those respects, let them come forward and take the place which they deem themselves better qualified to fill. I regret as much as “Monitor” can the language quoted in the journal he sent, and cannot defend it against the charges the editor of the said journal makes, except by pointing to the fact that Spiritualism is a divine revelation poured out from a HIGHER world, whilst Spiritualists are a community gathered up, as above stated, from all grades and classes, from the lowest to the highest. In the midst of such heterogeneous conditions as those which form the representatives of the new faith, the best friends of the cause must remember that ignorant and presumptuous people can just as readily accept the FACTS of the phenomena and become *Spiritists* as if they were refined and high toned. Let them remember also that “THE WORKERS WIN;” and those are the best and truest of *Spiritualists* who contribute what they have, after their best fashion, to advance the great

cause, whether that contribution be money or means, influence or personal service. Let all bring their best gifts and lay upon the altar of the glorious revelation, and the great Disposer of events will just as surely be satisfied with the tiny grains that constitute the mass of the mortar, as with the huge blocks of stone which that mortar must bind together before the Temple can be formed in which all humanity shall worship.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask our opinion concerning certain portions of the life and conduct of A. J. Davis, and that of the late Mrs. Anna Kingsford. As this magazine, like all the editor's other published works, deals only with principles, and with *personalities only* where principles of public interest are involved, we must decline to pass any opinions upon the questions mooted.

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### “SAINT” TERESA SHOT.

OUR readers will not have forgotten that in the August number of this magazine we published an account of the wonderful healing powers of a young Mexican girl named Teresa Urrea, whose beneficent gifts had impelled the multitude of poor and afflicted ones whom she had cured “without money and without price” to designate her as *their saint*; in other words, as “Saint Teresa.” For a full *resumé* of this noble girl's history, no less than as a specimen of the dealings of the clerical and political influences prevailing in this, the nineteenth century, in a land claiming Christianity as its religion and Christ as its God, we cannot do better than quote the leading article of the San Francisco monthly magazine entitled the *Carrier Dove*, dated July, 1892. The article is as follows:—

“About two years ago we published an authentic account of the development of mediumship, and noble work being performed by ‘Teresa Urrea, the healing medium of Cabora.’ Dr. Schellhaus, in company with five others, ladies and gentlemen, hearing reports of the remarkable cures being performed by the young girl, visited her at her home in Sonora, Mexico. They found her to be a girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of handsome features, delicate physique, and the personification of candour and innocence. The writer says:—

“On arriving at the residence of her father, we saw what was at first the usual dwelling houses of a Mexican hacienda converted into a

temporary town, consisting of numerous buildings hastily constructed for the convenience of the sick seeking relief through the healing power of this young girl. Every effort was made to accommodate us with shelter from the heat of the sun and convenience for our comfort.

"Our party obtained an interview with her on the day after our arrival, and learning that the writer was a physician she eagerly enquired of him if she were sick, adding that the doctors all said that she was suffering from some ailment that disturbed her mental faculties. Upon examination she exhibited all the indications of vigorous health. *She added that the doctors and priests wanted to get her into an asylum or convent, as she was curing the most obstinate cases of disease and exposing the hypocrisy and fraud of the priests.*

"There were three or four hundred people, patients and their friends, on the ground, and the "saint" was almost constantly moving about among them in her benevolent efforts to heal them. Wherever she went she was attended by a throng who sought every opportunity to express their adoration by kneeling before her and kissing her hand.

"There were patients enough to furnish a hospital, and cases that would try the skill and ingenuity of the most noted practitioners in the healing art. The deformed, the blind, the paralytic, and the consumptive were the most common. It was estimated that since last November a thousand patients had been treated.

"In an interview with her father, we learned that last October Teresa was suddenly affected with strange and unaccountable symptoms. She stood rigid in one position for two days, with eyes fixed and motionless. She was entirely unconscious, and on being removed to her bed she would immediately resume her former position. The doctors pronounced it catalepsy, and could do nothing for her. These spells were repeated at intervals, the last occurring in March. For some time the father looked upon these phenomena with disfavour, but seeing the cures she had been instrumental in effecting, he has changed his feelings, and now regards her as endowed with healing power from highly advanced Spirits.

"Teresa told us that she often hears the voice of guidance and warning. She manifests a spirit of meekness and earnestness, and receives the veneration paid to her with the utmost indifference. She does not wish to be called a saint. Her only desire seems to be to perform the work which she believes has been assigned to her by Divine power.

"Such is a brief outline of the character and history of this girl, whose fame has spread for hundreds of miles around her.

"Educated a Catholic, in the light of these new revelations she declares that she will never again go into a church to engage in the usual worship. *She sees with spiritual eyes the crafty pretensions of the priesthood, and looks upon them with disgust. Amidst these enemies, however, she feels safe, believing that He who chose her for this work, will protect and sustain her in it.*"

"Numerous well authenticated cases are given of marvellous cures performed by this wonderful medium. Now comes the painful, terrible sequel to this chapter of personal history. From recent dispatches to

the daily press of San Francisco we are informed that on the 25th of May Saint Teresa was arrested at her humble home by a detachment of soldiers, and herself and father conveyed, heavily ironed, to Guaymas, and confined in prison until placed on trial. They were each found guilty of the *crime of witchcraft* by the judge, who sentenced Saint Teresa to be shot and her father to imprisonment for life.

"This sentence was, however, commuted upon condition that she leave the country never to return. The governor, in his instructions to the maiden and her aged father, even went so far as to say that they must not stop until they reached the far interior of the United States.

"The exiles were escorted to the Mexican boundary by a detachment of Mexican soldiers. They reached Nogales, Arizona Territory, and there they stopped and were cared for by the citizens, who told them that the Mexican officials had no authority to order them to the interior of the United States.

"They rented a little house in the outskirts of Nogales, and soon the news of their location spread among the girl's former friends and worshippers. They flocked to Nogales by hundreds, and the excitement rapidly spread among the Mexicans in Arizona. The afflicted were brought to Nogales in all manner of conveyances, and Saint Teresa performed many miraculous cures. In a few days she began to pine for her mountain home and the scenes of her childhood. Her father also longed to be back with his herds of goats and lead his quiet life again. They resolved to brave the wrath of the Mexican authorities and return home, and quietly left Nogales, avoiding the large numbers of people awaiting to see them, at an early hour of the morning. They then crossed into Sonora on foot, and struck across the desert toward their mountain home.

"The news of their disappearance was telegraphed to the governor of Sonora, who notified the authorities to keep a look out for the fugitives, and show them no mercy if captured. Late in the evening of the day they started, they were discovered by the frontier guards, arrested, and taken to Cibuta, and on the public plaza of the place Saint Teresa was shot to death. Her aged father was taken to Guaymas under a heavy guard.

"Such is the substance of the dispatches up to date of this writing, and if bloodshed should follow in the wake of this awful crime, justice would say Amen to it. There is no doubt that this unfortunate girl's sad fate was the outcome of the hatred and revenge of the Catholic priests whom she had exposed and denounced. It was not on account of any offence against the government or wrong doing that she was so cruelly murdered.

"If this crime had been committed a century or two ago we would have read of it with feelings of gratitude that we did not live in such a barbarous age. We would have wondered how it could be possible that men and women would look calmly on while the helpless and innocent victim of superstition and priestcraft was put to death, and not rise up as one body, and rescue the martyr saint, even though blood was shed in so doing. The same spirit of persecution that reared the Inquisition

in Spain and lighted the fires of martyrdom, still lives in the hearts of superstitious bigots, and slumbers only because of lack of opportunity to exercise its power, except when some weak defenceless creature is made its victim."

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## HOWLING DERVISHES AND THE LATEST ENGLISH FASHION IN POPULAR MUSIC!!!

As religionists the howling Dervishes are of great interest. It appears from the *New York World* that they sing "*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.*" *It was a most surprising experience for the reporter to come up out of the interior of Turkey, where "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" had been heard each week at the Dervish worship, and find it the rage of all London, and then to hear it whistled, groaned, and hummed at every turn in New York.* A meaningless combination of syllables in English, originally it is the hymn which the most devout sect on earth used to put their bodies and souls into harmony with their crude idea of worship.

The song as sung by the Dervishes is a prolonged wail lasting from one to two hours, with a continued repetition of the syllables "*Ta, ra, ra, boom, de, ay.*" There is not a better or safer place to see the worshippers than at Scutari, the ramshackle old town across the Bosphorus from Constantinople. They usually gather Thursday afternoon in a deserted house or harem in some byway or hidden street. The walls of the old place are covered with tambourines, and at the back of the man who for convenience is here called "priest," hangs a collection of relics, trophies given by the warrior members of the band, and religious devices and trappings. Around the top of the low room is a gallery so near the floor that a man can barely pass beneath it. The front of the gallery is covered with grill, through the

minute interstices of which gaze the women from the harem upon their masters worshipping below. Around the sides of the room sits a row of howlers, each upon a rug as fine as his means will allow. Apart from these sit one or two more prosperous Dervishes. These have given up the hard work of the sect. They howl mildly, and do the "Ta ra ra" movement sitting upon luxurious tapestries and dressed in the finest Oriental fabrics.

The howling begins at a word from the priest, or chief Dervish. The swarthy howlers, some yellow, some black, all wild-eyed, arise. Mildly they begin to beat their bodies with their hands, chanting an unintelligible murmur of Turkish words, where the proportion of consonants to vowels is one to twelve. Gradually the men get wrought up, until their entire bodies are brought into action. The movements are all in unison, the column swaying, plunging, bowing as a single man. With the "Ta, ra, ra" they bow their heads almost to the ground, quickly bringing themselves erect again. With a tremendous accent on the "boom" they turn their heads to the right and bend their bodies as much as possible, the motion only lasting during the "de, ay." Again they howl "Ta, ra, ra," bowing to the front, and on the "boom" this time turning the head to the left and bending their bodies in the opposite direction. Back and forth, up and down they move, as swiftly as is possible. Gradually the outer garments are removed, and when the meeting is over it is not an uncommon thing to see them entirely nude, save their girdles. After these two movements they begin others, until one by one they become temporarily insane from mere fatigue. The priest from his pulpit watches the worship with cool indifference, and rewards the prostrate men by stepping twice upon their bodies as they lie before him. This exercise having been

gone through, little children come in, lie flat on the floor in front of the pulpit, while the leader walks down the line, stepping squarely on each one. He returns to his pedestal in the same way, turns about, blows his breath upon the prostrate worshippers, and then the exercises are over. Christians or Europeans, which to them are one, are not welcome guests, and are only admitted because their liberal fees help to pay the rent. Twice the writer was the only unbeliever within miles, and to be penned up with sixty or seventy fanatics was a sensation not at all pleasing, especially as the spilling of Christian blood is a sure guarantee to the Dervish or any Mohammedan of a high place in Heaven.

The religion of the howling Dervishes being one of six hundred, is worthy of that consideration and respect which is given to any orthodox church in this country. Their sincerity is worthy of great respect. They will evolve from this crude condition some time.—EVA LUTON in the *Progressive Thinker*.

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### Book Review.

#### "THE PSYCHICAL REVIEW."

A Quarterly Journal of Psychical Science and Organ of the American Psychical Society, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

We have received the first number of this new publication, and must congratulate the compilers and publishers for contributing to the cause of "Psychical," "Occult," or "Spiritual" science—call it by what name we will—one of the best, most interesting, and most promising of records that has yet appeared under the auspices of American "Psychical" societies. We—the Spiritualists—may differ from the members of the above-named

societies in regard to the terms under which our investigations are conducted, but we know that as long as the phenomena necessary to demonstrate a spiritual agency are based on LAWS, whether we understand those laws or not, all such phenomena belong to the realm of science; and whether we call soul powers, or possibilities, by a term derived from the Greek, as *psychical*, or from the plain English, as *Spiritual*, the results and deductions are measurably the same, the phenomena upon which the results are obtained are the same, and the only difference observable in our literature is in the tone of the writing, and the authenticity of the statements put forth. In both these respects the American quarterly *Psychical Review* stands pre-eminently prominent. The philosophical articles are brief, pointed, and highly instructive. The reports on psychography, and phenomena of every description, are for the most part original, admirably written, and show research and caution in deciding upon their authenticity worthy alike of all praise and imitation. The following is the list of contents:—

- Some Assured Results in Psychical Science.—Rev. M. J. SAVAGE.  
 Implications of Physical Phenomena.—Prof. A. E. DOLBEAR.  
 Psychography (an admirable paper).—Prof. A. M. WALLACE.  
 Psychography: Remarkable Cases (an equally noteworthy article).—  
 B. C. FLOWER, S.C.  
 Proceedings of the American Psychical Society.  
 Psychical Research and Science.—Rev. T. E. ALLEN, S.C.  
 Psychical Research.—Prof. LODGE, S.C.  
 Psychical Cases and Reflections from Periodical Literature (all  
 deeply interesting).  
 Excellent Editorial Remarks and Lists of the Officers and Members  
 of the Society.

The entire work, as will be seen from the eminent names attached to the various articles, is as authoritative as learning, unimpeachable testimony, and character can make it. I take exception only to two points in Prof.

Dolbear's paper. He makes a long series of calculations on the results of the flight of a material body through space, based on the assumption that on a certain occasion, Mrs. Guppy was transported from *Edinboro' to London, 400 miles, in less than an hour. The account, rendered some years ago, was that Mrs. Guppy was transported from Highgate, London, to a table in the midst of a circle of witnesses, in Lamb's Conduit Street, London, a distance not exceeding four miles, in a few minutes.*

The learned Professor was scarcely more happy in citing the experiences of Madame Blavatsky in receiving and sending letters through the air from distant parts of the earth, statements wholly unproved—so long as the existence of the *Mahatma postmasters* remains undemonstrated, and the abundant charges of fraud against Madame B. herself are being continually reiterated. As to the calculations contained in the same paper concerning *the air pressure per square foot which would accompany the velocity of alleged transports, and the certainty that packages, unless protected, would be burned up during the first mile of their transport, &c., &c.*, all these calculations must be at once ignored at the point where material science ends, and psychical science begins.

Mr. John Wetherbee, and Luther Colby, of Boston, besides some thousands of other American Spiritualists; Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, of London, and hundreds of other reliable English Spiritualists—in which category I venture to place myself—to say nothing of the veteran Spiritual investigators of many other lands, can bear irrefutable testimony to the passages of matter through matter, and all the materialistic calculations upon the face of the earth can neither blot out the facts, nor account for them on any basis of material science; in fact, the attempt to explain or guage spiritual or psychical science by the known laws of Nature, is precisely the rock on which materialistic

investigators have hitherto split. With the exceptions above alluded to, however, this admirable quarterly steers gallantly clear of this material science *Scylla and Charybdis*. I shall venture to make some quotations in future numbers, both from the philosophical articles and the records of phenomena; meantime not forgetting to mention that a fine engraving of the Rev. J. M. Savage forms the frontispiece of the number now under consideration, I have only to add that the price of this excellent publication is one dollar per copy, three dollars per annum, and that it can be procured from the American Psychical Research Society's secretary and treasurer, Rev. T. E. ALLEN GRAFTON, Mass., U.S.A.

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### SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

BLESSED be ye poor! From the personal estates proved within the last year or so the *Freethinker* selects the following:—Archbishop Thompson, £44,570; Archbishop Magee, £20,000; Bishop Goodwin, £18,977; Dean Plumtre, £46,947; Dean Elliot, £3,810; Dean Church, £32,021. During the last thirty years forty bishops and archbishops of the Established Church in England have died, leaving behind them personal property amounting in one case to £140,000, in three cases to £120,000, in twelve cases to between £70,000 and £90,000; the remainder averaging between £30,000 and £40,000! Blessed be ye *poor* or *rich*!—Which?

\* \* \*

THERE is no eternal death; the soul is the life of God in man, and cannot die, but will some time though, in the far off ages of eternity, turn to God and fulfil its destiny of eternal progress.

THE London Anti-Vivisection Society has issued its sixteenth annual report. In it the committee making the report says the work of the past year, though accomplished in the face of enormous opposition and apparently insurmountable difficulties, has gone far to prove that by its consistent action it has materially advanced the prospects of the ultimate accomplishment of its aims—the prohibition of vivisection. There has been a notable increase in the number of members, subscriptions, and donations. The offices of the society are at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W. [All friends of humanity and opponents of selfishness and bigotry must say Heaven prosper their work.—ED. *U. U.*]

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SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DAY.—“The superstitious gossip,” says the *Boston Journal*, “concerning the red house in Washington, that was occupied by Mr. Blaine and the sinister influence of its walls and floors on the inmates, is an apparent contradiction of the sceptical and scientific spirit of the last decade of the country. It is hard for man to rid himself of inherited fantastical thoughts and beliefs. The opal is still shunned. Astrologers ply their trade here in Boston, and shrewd men of business consult them. A physician of repute in this town bows to the opinion of Paracelsus that a doctor ‘without the knowledge of stars can neither understand the cause or cure of any disease, not so much as toothache except he see the particular geniture of the party affected.’ Within the last twelve months a well-known citizen, who dreaded Friday and thought the number thirteen peculiar to ill-luck, died on the thirteenth day that happened to be Friday, and the conjunction excited comment. Ladders, umbrellas, the new moon, salt, mirrors are still associated with the mysterious powers of darkness.”

The *Revista de Estudios Psicologicos* (Barcelona) takes a retrospective survey of the progress of Spiritualism in Spain during the year 1891, and finds sufficient cause for congratulation in the increased number of circles which have been formed, and in the new literary organs which have been established; while the good cause has been helped forward by public lectures and by congresses.

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SUPERSTITIONS IN HUNGARY.—A strange story of superstition is reported from Homolicz, in Hungary. Several bodies of men have recently been found there with their heads cut off. An investigation was made by the police, and it turned out that these mutilations had in every instance been committed by young men who were betrothed to the widows of the decapitated persons. The husbands had died a natural death, and their widows believed that in case they married a second time their first husbands would reappear and destroy their wedded happiness. Hence they had persuaded their new bridegrooms to decapitate their deceased partners.—*The People*.

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“The soul is immortal.”—*Pythagoras*.

“Then a spirit passed before my face.”—*Job*.

“Dare I say no spirit ever brake the band that stays him from the native land?”—*Tennyson*.

“The doctrine of departed spirits revisiting the scenes and beings that were dear to them during their life in the flesh is awfully solemn and sublime.”—*Washington Irving*.

“I do not admit for one single moment the right of those who have never examined the subject of Spiritualism to intrude their ridiculous opinions upon the public, much less to disturb the privacy of those who are sedulously engaged in its investigations.”—*Colonel Olcott*.

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