

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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*Second Volume of "GHOST LAND," in serial parts.*

By the Author of "Art Magic" (by permission), revised, translated, and prepared  
FOR THIS JOURNAL ONLY, by EMMA H. BRITTEN.

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# THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

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VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 7.

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## THE GREAT NEW REFORMATION.

*Synopsis of a lecture delivered in the Portman Rooms,  
Baker Street, London, on Tuesday evening, July 5,  
1892.*

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

(Printed by Special Desire.)

The speaker, after a warm reception by the audience, delivered a short but touching invocation to the "Great Spirit," and spoke *in substance* as follows:—

THIS is essentially the age of reform. The need of reform is recognised in every department of life; in trade, commerce, labour, law, and legislation. The cry for reform is heard from the rank and file of society everywhere, and extends even to the settlement of national rights between the various lands of civilisation; and all the time, whilst reformers are striving to meet the universal demand by temporary expedients and modifications of the existing order of things they entirely overlook the most potent of all impulses to reform, and fail to apply that mightiest of all motive powers that has ever stimulated the human mind to action, namely, RELIGION. We are aware that the very utterance of such a word, treating as it is supposed to do, only of seventh day observance, and entrusted to the administration of a set of highly salaried and exclusive officials, may seem to be an anachronism, and out of place in an address purporting to deal with world-wide elements of popular reform;



but, as we propose to show that true religion is THE REFORM OF REFORMS, and that false religion underlies a vast amount of the wrongs under which society now labours, so we desire to define accurately what we mean by "true religion," and point to the perversions of those terms in present day acceptance. Religion *a priori* consists of a logical and philosophical definition of a "First Great Cause"—an "Alpha and Omega of Being," vaguely called "God," whose laws, rule, government, and purposes are stamped upon all His works in every portion of the universe, from the mightiest galaxy of suns and systems to the smallest atom of inanimate matter. The second element of religion is the discovery and application of God's laws, not only in good or evil between man and man, nation and nation, but also to man's rule of life in relation to every creature and every thing which the Creator has made and entrusted to human observation and government.

The third and last purpose of true religion is to define the destiny of man in the hereafter—if, indeed, there be one, beyond the irrevocable and silent mystery of death—and to discover, if possible, the relations between continued existence beyond the grave and the life actions which have preceded it. For aught more than this, religion is nothing but man-made forms, idolatrous ceremonies, priestcraft, ritualism, bell, book, candle, and human invention to extort money from busy work-a-day people, stimulated by fear and mystery, to pay priests to do their thinking for them. And let it ever be remembered that the true religion, as we have briefly defined it, is not the teaching of books, churches, or priests. Religion is an original primordial writing of the Creator on the reason and mentality of the creature. It is the spontaneous thought of man arising in his mind with the very dawn of reflection, and urging him to ordain

priests to study out and teach it; to build churches wherein to proclaim it to the people; and to write books to stereotype the best thoughts that can be formulated into the definitions of religion.

Thus the earliest forms of religious worship on earth were the adoration of a wise and beneficent Creator through His works—or, in other words, the worship of the powers of God in nature; the formation of national laws to promote the exercise of good and the restraint of evil, and an untaught but immovable faith in life beyond the grave, wherein the good or evil deeds of each should ensure the happiness or misery of the soul hereafter.

[Here the lecturer illustrated her position by reference to early religious systems, such as the worship of the powers of nature amongst the Egyptians, Hindoos, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, etc., contrasting in stern and unanswerable terms the fundamental principles of natural, primal, and practical religion with the unwarrantable and arrogant assumption of priestcraft, the introduction of ritualism, awe, mystery, vicarious penalties for sin, sacrifices, and burnt offerings—systems equally degrading, cruel, and blasphemous when attributed to the Creator of the innocent creatures He was supposed to command to be sacrificed, but profitable enough to the corrupt priesthood whose greed and avarice were fed by such barbarous rites. She recited with rapid and energetic utterance the commandments claimed to have been given by the Creator of the universe *in person* on Sinai, and the direct contradiction to those commandments impiously attributed to that same Creator when He is represented as instructing Moses how to *steal* from and “*spoil the Egyptians*”; when he is claimed to have commanded Joshua to *kill* men, women, children, and even harmless cattle, and to legislate for slavery and adultery, provided the victims were to be the enemies of the cruel and remorseless “*chosen people*.”

Claiming that the God who was A SPIRIT never left himself without a witness on earth, the lecturer pointed to the totally opposite teachings of the inspired prophets and the greedy and rapacious priests, citing in evidence the Levitical institutes for rapine, plunder, and murder, and the prophetic utterances of the prophets in which burnt offerings, sacrifices, fasts, feasts, and every form of priestly ritualism is sternly denounced and practical good, simple truth, and pure life are equally sternly enjoined.

After quoting the multiplicity of contradictions and other all too human edicts even to this day put forth by the priests of civilized lands as *the infallible word of God*, the lecturer went on to say in details which can only be rendered now in brief:]

The first great reformation effected in this terrible and tragic record of a petty nation, audaciously handed down to posterity as *the chosen people of God*, was, when an obscure and humble man of the people was inspired to arise and teach all who would listen to him a purer and a better way. To those accustomed to think of the Creator as an angry despot, whose "fierce wrath" against his erring creatures was only to be placated by the prayers and intercession of priests, or by burnt-offerings and sacrificial rites, Jesus taught of the Creator as the FATHER of men, showing in the sweet and gracious parable of the Prodigal Son, that man was the child of a loving and merciful Father, but that pardon for wrong was only to be obtained by the penitent retracing his steps in the path of right, and that not through another, but through his own personal efforts. To a people accustomed to worship only in specially "consecrated" places, and on Sabbaths and at special seasons, Jesus made of every place a church, and every day and season a fitting time for good thoughts and holy exercises.

The long prayers, loud amens, and ritualism of Jewish

worship, he superseded by a brief, simple prayer to the heavenly Father, and all the cumbrous exercises, forms, and ceremonials, instituted by priestcraft, he swept away in exchange for one, and only one, commandment, that "Ye love one another."

Of the life hereafter, Jesus taught in many a parable that its rewards and punishments were to be wholly determined by the good or evil deeds done on earth; by the mercy, charity, pity, and forgiveness, exercised between man and man; the great Teacher declaring that all good done to the least of God's creatures was done unto him, and the failure to do such good was equally a rejection of God's own appeal to man through his creatures. Without any learned disquisitions concerning the Messianic claims set up for Jesus of Nazareth, independent even of all considerations of historical time, place, or personality, we affirm that THE TEACHINGS recorded in the four books of the New Testament, present Deity only as man's loving Father; life as a probation for the good that can be done; worship as acceptable to God when rendered in deeds of love and helpfulness to man; Heaven as a place of happiness and love, typified by the purity and innocence of a little unconfirmed and unbaptized stranger child, and finally, and above all, belief in Jesus, his teachings, and his doctrines, to be shown only in keeping his commandments, and doing THE SAME WORKS OF THE SPIRIT THAT HE DID—opening the eyes of the blind, straightening the crippled limbs, healing the sick, reading men's thoughts, and performing signs and wonders impossible to mere mortality, unless performed by those IN THE SPIRIT, through whom spiritual powers could be manifested. As to demanding worship for himself, he again, and yet again, refused all attempts to render it, and the last words recorded of him, when one of his disciples would have had him believe in his affection, plainly proved how

he would have that affection rendered, in the touching words—"Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." . . .

[Once more the limitations of space necessitate condensation of the subjects dealt with. The speaker affirmed that whilst the Church of Christendom for nearly two thousand years had set up, on most questionable authority, the life and death of Jesus as a vicarious atonement for all the guilt and infamy of those who in every age, and all degrees of crime, worshipped him as God, and for those who *could* believe in such a doctrine, Jesus himself died simply for a political offence, that is, for suffering himself to be hailed as "King of the Jews," contrary to the edicts of the then prevailing rule of the land, while his very death on the cross at all, actually lacks historical proof, and is the subject of doubt and denial from many earnest students of Bible records and Oriental traditions. After reviewing the irreconcilable departures which the Church of Christendom had made from their alleged founder—after analyzing the Athanasian creed, the foundation of hundreds of different sects, all slaying and persecuting each other in the name of him who gave but one short spoken commandment, and never wrote a line for sect, creed, or dogma to be founded upon—the speaker pointed to the horrible persecutions for witchcraft, when millions were done to death in fire and torture only for giving "the signs" their Master had commanded in evidence of faith in him. She described the history of the Protestant Reformation, the horrors which followed it, the countless millions of lives that had been sacrificed in the warfare of sects—Christians against Christians—and closed her terrible summary of Historical Christianity by a no less stern arraignment of the present attitude of the Christian Church. Inviting her hearers to accompany her in the Spirit to the bench of so-called human justice, where assembled crowds of dark felon faces bore the all

too prevalent stamp of crime and guilt, and whilst the presiding judge, assuming the cap of death, prepared to pass a sentence on the murderer by imitating his crime and *murdering him*, the speaker asked, "Which of you would take by the hand your purest, most innocent, and well beloved child, and say, 'Take him! kill him! and let all these go free'?" And yet that is God's plan, according to the Christian's creed. Are the laws of earth better than the laws of God, that you dare not imitate them? Are the people of earth better than their God, when they would tear to pieces any magistrate in the world that would dare to follow the example which *the Church* alleges to be God's plan, and destroy the innocent that the guilty may go free?" After these and many more analyses of the dominant creedal faith, and a comparison of the wealth and luxury of the Church, with the self-sacrifice of its founder, "a man of sorrows," that "had not where to lay his head," the speaker turned to the other side of the picture, and entered upon the wonderful history of THE NEW REFORMATION and the Church of "God the Spirit" and His Ministering Angels.

Tracing up the preparatory steps for the inauguration of this Church, let down from heaven on the basis of God's word in his works, preceded by revelations from the realms of immortality, and the unanswerable logic of facts, the speaker traced up the visions of Swedenborg, the stupendous discovery of the "soul of things" by Mesmer; the clairvoyant flights to the life beyond, and the glorious proofs that *the dead were all alive again* as demonstrated through clairvoyance by Mesmer's followers, culminating in the working of the sublime Spiritual telegraph between the realms of life here and hereafter, closing with a thrilling description of the night of the first Spirit circle of the age; of the high and the low, the illustrious and the obscure Spirits who filled the humble cottage at

Hydesville on the 31st of March, 1848, who formed part of the councils of the immortal beings who had planned and inaugurated that Spiritual telegraph, and who came to earth to establish the Church of the Divine Humanity in which all nations should worship and acknowledge the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.] They went forth from that place [continued the speaker] in the dim grey dawn of a March morning, all changed men and women, and when some ten years later your speaker commenced her investigations in that and many other lands, visiting the burning South, the frozen North, the ancient East, and the far West—everywhere she found Spiritualism there before her, the cry echoing through every land “The Spirits have come, and we shall all live for ever,” whilst the beacon fires arose blazing on every hilltop, lighted by no human hands, and the white standards of immortality were waving, planted by the power of the immortals themselves. . . . Once more the doctrines of good and truth as spoken and taught by every good and true man of all ages and climes were reiterated as the sole end and aim of earth-life. Once more the first and the last natural religion of humanity was summed up as the belief in “God the Spirit,” a practical vital everyday life of good and use on earth, and eternal life and progress beyond the grave.

If it be asked how can we venture to cite doctrines acknowledged to have been taught by the good and true of all ages as “a new reformation,” aye—even though it may be owned that the Christ of eighteen centuries ago is not in the creeds or churches of to-day, still the doctrines now advocated as Spiritualism are only his original teachings revived—we answer, the strength and power of these doctrines *revived* are in the fact that they are now declared as present-day living truths; not the echo of voices hushed for thousands of years; also they

are taught no more by one Reformer whose teachings may be received during his life and perverted after his death, as Christ's have been ; but they are being taught and declared as truth by those who are LIVING NOW in the the experience of what they teach, and they are all based upon such principles of fact, phenomena, and science as will never die, and place religion upon the groundwork of proof, and establish the principles of nature as the only bible in which God and his laws can be read and applied. As for the reformation inevitably destined to grow out of this great Spiritual outpouring, its future may be absolutely foreshadowed, thus : Prove the conditions of life hereafter as growing out of the conduct of life here to Governments, and they will not dare to abuse their powers over the governed, but for their own souls' sake act and stand as God to their people. Prove it to the legislature of the land, and they will no more dare to make unjust laws or strive only for place and pension, whilst those committed to their charge are oppressed and ruined. Prove it to the sweaters, and they will no longer dare to coin the flesh and blood of the labourer into wealth and luxury for themselves. Prove it to the great landowners, and they will no longer absorb forest and plain, field and park, for the mere pleasure of chasing harmless creatures to their death, and calling that *sport*, but they will parcel out God's earth to the homeless and outcast who have not where to lay their heads, and give fresh air, gardens, and flowers to the children of the slums and alleys where crime and disease are now festering. Prove this to the magistrates who imitate the murderer's crime by murdering him, and they will no longer wait to hear the dread question hereafter, "Cain, where is thy brother?" but they will endeavour at least to reform their criminals before sending them to the land from which they will only return as demons to tempt and

incite men to repeat their crimes. Prove it to all nations, and follow up the world wide propagandism commenced by the Spirits, and instead of devoting wealth and talent to the invention of instruments of war and slaughter, the rulers of earth will only strive to fulfil their trust by providing for the peace and prosperity of the people committed to their charge.

“The sword will be beaten into the ploughshare,” “the desert will blossom like the rose,” the long-promised kingdom will indeed come in power and glory to the hungry, the outcast, the over-burdened toiler, and the antagonistic ranks now arrayed against each other in ruinous strikes and vain efforts at mutual conquest. Capital and labour will be the right and left hand of the body politic of every nation. The New Reformation is no mere man-made effort to reform seventh-day systems of worship. It is the inauguration of true, vital, practical religion for every day, every life, and all grades, classes, and nations of men, and though humanity is asked—nay, imperatively required—to be the active agents and instruments of establishing this mighty reform, the reformers themselves are the millions of the higher spheres of being, who can say with the revelating angel of old, “I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore. Work is worship. Be ye as we are if ye ever hope to establish the new earth and the new heaven.”

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Sacrifice being the essential basis of virtue, the most meritorious virtues are those which are acquired with the greatest effort.

'Tis one thing when a person of true merit is drawn as like as we can; and another when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature that 'tis his own likeness.

## THE VAGABONDS.

BY J. TROWBRIDGE.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.  
(Roger's my dog.) Come here, you scamp  
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!  
Over the table—look out for the lamp.

The rogue is growing a little old.  
For years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
Slept out of doors when nights were cold;  
And ate and drank and starved together.

We've learned what comfort 'is, I tell you.  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs. Poor fellow!  
The paw he holds up has been frozen.

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This outdoor work is bad for strings),  
Then a few nice corncakes hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I are set up for kings.

No thank you, sir. I never drink—  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.  
Ar'n't we, Roger?—See him wink?—  
Well!—something hot, then—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too. See him nod his head!  
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!  
He understands every word that's said,  
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog  
I wonder I have not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by me through thick and thin,  
And this old coat with empty pockets  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while there's eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
Would do it and prove through every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving  
To such a miserable scamp of a master.

No, sir! See him wag his tail and grin.  
By George! it makes my old eyes water,  
That is—there's something in this gin—  
That chokes a fellow. But—no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
 And Roger—hem! (what a plague a cough is, sir)  
 Shall march a little. Start, you villain!  
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle.  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold  
 Your cap while the gentleman gives a trifle  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier! March!

Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes  
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
 Now tell us how many drams it takes  
 To honour a jolly new acquaintance?

Five yelps! that's five—he's mighty knowing—  
 The night's before us. Fill the glasses!  
 Quick, sir! I'm ill! My brain is going.  
 Some brandy! I thank you—there! it passes.

"Why not reform?" That's easily said.  
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That now, alas! I'm past reform.  
 And there are times, when mad with thinking,  
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To stop a horrible inward sinking. . . .

Is there a way to forget to think? . . . .  
 I once had fortune, home, and friends;  
 A dear girl's love—but I took to drink.  
 The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features,  
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then  
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures.  
 I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen *her*, so fair and so young!  
 Whose head was happy on this breast;  
 If you could have heard the songs I sung  
 When the wine went round, you'd never have guessed

That the happy man would ever be straying  
 From door to door with fiddle and dog,  
 A ragged and penniless vagabond playing  
 To you to night for a glass of grog! . . . .

She's married now—a parson's wife.  
 'Twas better for her that we should part;  
 Better the prosiest, soberest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her once—I was weak and spent.  
On a dusty road a carriage stopped,  
But little she dreamed as on she went  
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry.  
It makes me wild to think of the change.  
What! you care for a beggar's story?  
Is it "amusing?" You find it "strange?"

I had a mother so proud of me.  
'Twas well she died before. . . . Do you know  
If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below? . . .

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
These thoughts. Then Roger and I will start.  
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
And aching thing in place of a heart!

He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,  
No doubt remembering things that were—  
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now—that glass was warming.  
You rascal! limber your lazy feet.  
We must be fiddling, now, and performing  
For supper and bed—or starve in the street.

Not a very "gay life" to lead, you think,  
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
Where the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—  
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

—*Bell's Standard Elocutionist.*

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A nobleness and elevation of mind, together with firmness of constitution, gives lustre and dignity to the aspect, and makes the soul, as it were, shine through the body.

Life history is not poetry; it consists mainly of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, rarely broken by great danger or demanding great exertions.

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 VII.

ACCORDING to previous arrangement the next step in my American pilgrimage was a journey to Omaha, there to join a band of emigrants about to proceed overland to California, the newly discovered and attractive gold fields of the United States. I believe the company, of which I proposed to form a part, were, like myself, bent rather upon adventure, the pursuit of health, or the desire to explore the wonderful scenes of natural beauty, which were to be found in the vast ranges of the "Rockies" and Sierra Nevada mountains, than impelled to take the overland journey by the desire to seek wealth in the mining regions.

Be this as it may, my own reasons for joining in such an adventure were fully justified by the results obtained. Were I writing a guide or sketch book, I could recall matter of interest enough to fill many pages in descriptions of the marvellous scenery through which we passed, and the constant series of incidents which attended a journey of some three thousand miles, pursued by the primitive methods of horse and mule conveyances, the only means of overland travel from the Eastern States to the land of the setting sun, prior to the construction of the Pacific railroad.

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\* By permission of the author.

As I am writing only of researches into still more distant lands than any hitherto known to earth's inhabitants, I shall dwell no farther on the scenes or events of my pilgrimage than may be necessary to explain their effect upon the special objects which impelled my wanderings.

I may mention that our party, which included some sixty people, was divided into groups or sections, placed severally under the charge of certain experienced persons, fitted for such an office, whose duty it was to act as captain of the various divisions of our little army. I was complimented by the offer of one of these onerous posts, but declined the honour on the ground of inexperience in American pioneer life.

The gentleman who was induced to fill this position in the group with which I was associated was a German, and to my surprise and pleasure I recognized in him one of my former college companions, and an initiate in the same society of Occultists, to which, as a boy, I had been introduced by my beloved friend, Felix Von Marx. My old acquaintance I found was known in the camp as "Marcus Franke," a sobriquet, as I at once inferred, adopted for the occasion, and one which I do not feel at liberty to exchange for his real name, now well known in the United States in a distinguished professional capacity.

Amongst the few experiences which I propose to note in these sketches, and the one which most agreeably varied the externalities of our six months' travel, none were more interesting to me and my college friend than to wander off together from our encampment at midnight when all was still, and in the quiet and loneliness of vast mountain ranges, amidst towering spires of mighty rocks, deep, dark, rugged canyons, gorges and valleys formed by volcanic upheavals, tumbling cascades and mountain floods, to sit beneath the starry roof of the sparkling

heavens, strewed over with glorious galaxies of shining worlds, or repose in the long streams of moonlight that flooded the paths we trod, and there and then exchange memories of boyhood's experiences, speculate on the wonders we as "flying souls," or, in more common parlance, clairvoyants, sent forth into space under control of our magnetic masters, had witnessed, and wonder and wonder still where and what was that Unseen Universe of which we, in our somnambulistic flights, were permitted to enjoy brief and broken glances and glimpses.

Remembering my companion as a boy, and recalling my own boyish impressions as I then deemed of him, I found him now greatly changed.

Frank and genial with his comrades, his fine clairvoyant powers rendered him an especial favourite with the masters under whose control we both acted. Meeting him now after an interval of nearly twenty years I could scarcely have recognised in "Marcus Franke," as I must still call him, the kind, high-spirited, and much-loved associate of my early years.

I found him now gloomy, reserved, and evidently weighed down mentally by some secret sorrow. His face, once so ruddy and bright, was deadly pale, his cheeks fallen and hollow, and in his dark eyes there were restless, furtive glances, continually looking over his shoulder as if he feared to behold some one or something he equally dreaded and expected. Yet his manner to me was warm, even affectionate, and his obvious anxiety to be near me and accompany me in my midnight rambles overweighed the feelings of strangeness and even repulsion with which his presence at times inspired me.

It was on a certain brilliant moonlight night when Marcus and I, after long and silent wandering amidst the stately scenery of the mighty "Rockies" had thrown ourselves to rest on the side of a grassy knoll, and when the

starry hosts above our heads glanced like the eyes of watching angels mounted on their silver thrones, that my companion remarked, in a tone evidently softened from his usual sternness of mood, "Louis, have you, like me, found the mid-region peopled by human souls—that border land between the elementary nature spirits and the planetary angels, the tutelary guardians of this earth of ours?"

Without waiting for a reply, he went on to say hurriedly: "You know we were taught in our occult initiations that the 'Nature Spirits' were elementary men, but, when grown through many gestating processes, and born into human form, that *our* life and death was the last of us, the end of earthly being, and all for which earth was designed. Louis, I have found by sad and most woeful experiences that *something* survives the shock of death, and that mortals *do* live beyond the grave, or leave a something more behind them than that phantasmal aura which our masters declared to be the secret of haunted houses. Do you remember, Louis, they taught us that the forms that were seen as apparitions, ghosts, spectres—nay, the very displacement of objects caused in haunted places, the sounds heard of cries, groans, and even words, too, were all a phantasmal essence left behind the death of the body, and faded out and away when exhausted. Do you believe this still?"

"In part, but in part only," I replied.

"What, then, is the difference—what the true part and what the error of this teaching?"

"The truth is that there is a magnetic aura to everything that is animate or inanimate upon earth, and that this leaving its impress behind is seen and felt at times by clairvoyants and psychometrists, and most properly called *the soul of things*; but this does not account for haunted places or haunted persons."

"What does, then?" murmured my companion, hoarsely.

"Marcus," I rejoined, "the Soul within man is the real man; the body alone dies; the soul cannot die. After death, the Soul goes to its place—each soul to the sphere to which it belongs. In the earth's mid-regions or spirit spheres are many-graded states, the lowest of all being HERE—ABSOLUTELY HERE—WITHIN AND UPON THIS VERY EARTH; but those souls that linger here, earth-bound, are only criminals, or those whose entire loves and passions have been bound up with earth, and it is these who from time to time are heard and seen in the places of earth, where their crimes were committed, or on which the whole passion of their natures was concentrated. Do you understand?"

"Not entirely so. The criminal or the earthly-minded may be thus enchained, but in many a haunted place one sees the form of the innocent victim; nay, even some clairvoyants, as you and I know, have seen the representation of the crime acted out again. How can this be, unless the innocent victim is earth-bound as well as the criminal?"

"It is not so, my friend," I replied. "The victim may be, and is, far away, amongst yon shining orbs or in some Eden of peace and beauty; but, mark me, the mind of every criminal takes objective shapes after death, sometimes even before it. Thus, when the mind cannot forget the crime it has committed, the aura of that deed is at once recalled with all its minutest details. The mind first conjures up the crime in memory, and this strong impression recalls all the psychometric details just as completely as if a spirit were there. The spirit of the victim of earthly wrong, also, often does return to the wrongdoer, sometimes in the nature of an avenger, but more frequently as a pitying angel, striving to reform the

evils done on earth. Whatever the motive may be, the spirits who return to earth—especially in the case of visitation to the criminals who may have wronged them—return through the magnetic aura they left behind them on earth. If death has occurred through violence, that deed forms the ever open gate through which the spirit must return; and thus it is that spirits so often return in the semblance even of the very garments they wore, the magnetic aura of which is still on earth; whilst the spirits of those destroyed by violence *must indeed pass through the gate by which they departed*, and in so doing rehabilitate themselves in all the scenes, circumstances, and appearances which characterized their departure from earth."

"Can you give me any proof of this?" murmured my companion.

"I can and I will, Marcus, though I only do so in kindness. By your side stands the image of a poor girl you once loved and secretly made your wife. When opportunity opened up to you a richer and more brilliant destiny, you destroyed her. Yes, you put her out of life, vainly deeming that death would end all."

Then followed a description needless to insert in this place, but sufficient to convince the wretched and horror-struck listener that the vision was a real one, and only too horribly true to the fatal past.

After a scene too painful and full of agonizing remorse to bear narration, my unhappy companion, amidst choking sobs and tears, questioned whether the apparition I had described was what I had spoken of as the projection of his own bitter thoughts, ever, ever fixed on the memory of his victim and the crime that had deprived her of life, or whether it was her real living spirit haunting him as it seemed to do—might I say?—in retributive vengeance for her dreadful fate.

"Your belief in a constantly haunting presence, my friend," I replied, "is principally the projection of your own mind; the real living spirit of your hapless Ernestine is not necessarily there. It is your unceasing thought, clothed in the magnetic aura of your dead wife, which haunts you. That which I now see and now describe to you, and have seen around you frequently since we met on this journey, is your actual, living Ernestine. She leaves her home of brightness and beauty to come to you on a mission of peace and mercy. Listen! be still and silent; move not, speak not, and you shall hear her very message."

At that moment a passing cloud intercepted the flood of light poured out through that bright, clear atmosphere by the moon. For a few minutes the very stars seemed cold and dim, and a low wailing breeze swept like the sighs from a breaking heart through the echoing rocks and giant redwood trees. The occult powers that I had held suspended during my American researches I recalled to my aid by a mighty effort of will. The fair, white spirit at once emerged from the cloudy envelope of the dim, murky earth, and shone for a moment in the resplendent light of her own bright home in the land of the hereafter, as if a door had suddenly been opened into the realms of Paradise. The lovely vision, surrounded by a landscape of dazzling beauty, flashed on the eyes of us two mortals for a moment—a moment in which was crowded up a lifetime of ecstasy. Like the chiming of a distant bell, a voice, too, close to our ears, but yet so very far away, rung out the words: "LOVE! I PITY, I FORGIVE. GO AND SIN NO MORE."

When the last pale star of the night waned, and the first faint blush of the rising sun had streaked the grey horizon with a thin pencil line of crimson, heralding in the coming day, Marcus Franke and I, walking arm in

arm, were nearing the tents in which we were severally to have been quartered during that memorable night. Long and earnest had been the converse which we held together after the angel of our midnight watch had departed. What its nature had been may be gathered from my companion's last words at parting. "Had you scorned me, Louis, reproached me, even denounced and haled me on to the world's cruel justice, I should never have blamed you or rebelled against either your words or acts, but what you have said has not only lifted every sense of burden from my soul, but made of me a new man. You are right when you tell me the spirit can be incarnate in mortal form but once, and yet live many lives in one incarnation. I died last night—died truly to the dreadful past, and am now born again to live a new life, and become, as you bid me—a new man. Henceforth I will redeem the wrongs done to one angel by doing good to many others. For her sake, if not for my own, my whole life shall be a psalm of good to all and every being around me, and instead of idly lamenting over a past I can never recall, I will live out my span of mortal life in such deeds and thoughts as shall make me worthy to rejoin my angel in Heaven." . . . Nobly, grandly, bravely, has Marcus Franke kept his word. A better man, a more divine nature enshrined in mortal form, does not walk the earth. Already he has gone through all that the re-incarnationists fable as many lives, in one, and that one, including the worst impulses of crime and the highest achievements of virtue, in less than half a century of earthly reckoning. Magistrates, legislators, and rulers in church and state, learn to reform your criminals instead of killing them, and you will fill the after life with angels instead of demons.

*(To be continued.)*

## IR-RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.\*

### THE LAST ACT IN THE GRAND DRAMA OF THE CHRISTIAN CONFESSION OF FAITH.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF *U. U.*—We have been requested by several of our correspondents to give a clear and succinct account of the above subject, but, like too many other persons absorbed in special ideas, deeming that what we know ourselves must be equally well known to every one else, we have hitherto omitted to give the full details of this remarkable document. In clearing up the rubbish of past months' accumulations, however, we stumble upon a page of the *London Times* of last December (17th), and are thus enabled to give "Anxious Enquirer," "Arkwright," and one or two other correspondents, the information they seek. The "manifesto" says:—

"It must be evident to thoughtful persons that there are now current certain impressions that Holy Scripture has been discovered not to be worthy of unquestioning belief, and the faith of many Christian people is thereby unsettled. These impressions are manifestly a dishonour to God, as discrediting His faithfulness and truth, and are full of peril to the eternal life of those affected by them, seeing that they undermine all faith in the mystery of Christ, and, indeed, in the supernatural itself; and, although such impressions might appear to originate in various learned speculations in theological and physical science, yet they are in great measure derived immediately from the popular literature of the day, and, therefore, no sustained argument can reach the mass of those affected by them, even if it were true (which it is not) that the tribunal of human reason to which such argument must be submitted had jurisdiction and competency to deliver judgment on the authority of the Holy Bible. It is, moreover, evident that the effects of these speculations survive and accumulate to the general lowering of the popular estimation of the Holy Bible, though individual speculations may have but a transitory influence, or even be utterly refuted on their own ground. The Synods of the Church have not yet spoken with authority to guide us in matters of such grave importance; but it cannot be right in the sight of God that, where *His honour* is so directly assailed, and the *salvation* of His people *so seriously hindered*, the whole matter should be allowed to drift, and that only isolated voices should be raised here and there in the Church in defence of the truth of God's Word.

"Under these circumstances, we, the undersigned messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord, *who have received the Holy Ghost* to be faithful dispensers of *the Word of God*, being sorely distressed at these things, and deeply feeling the burden and shame of sitting still, can no longer forbear to deliver our joint testimony herein before God, and to attempt, by the only united action in our power, to settle the minds of those to whom our testimony may seem to be of value in a good and *comfortable* reliance on the absolute truth of the Holy Scripture. We therefore solemnly profess and declare our unfeigned belief

\* Italics are the Editor's.

in all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as handed down to us by the undivided Church in the original languages. We believe that they are *inspired by the Holy Ghost*, that they are what they profess to be, that they mean what they say, and that they declare incontrovertibly the actual historical truth in all records, both of past events and of the delivery of predictions to be thereafter fulfilled."

Edward Meyrick Goulborn, D.D., some time Dean of Norwich.

George Anthony Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton.

Berdmore Compton, formerly Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street.

M. F. Sadler, Prebendary of Wells.

T. T. Carter, Hon. Canon of Christchurch.

J. L. Reading, Bishop-suffragan.

Hinds Howell, Rector of Drayton, and Hon. Canon of Norwich.

Robert Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's.

R. W. Randall, Vicar of All Saints, Clifton, Hon. Canon of Bristol.

T. L. Claughton, late Bishop of St. Albans.

R. Paynesmith, Dean of Canterbury.

F. H. Leicester, Suffragan of Peterborough.

William Ralph Churton, Canon of St. Albans.

H. W. Webb Peploe, Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London.

William Butler, Dean of Lincoln.

W. Spence, Dean of Gloucester.

Thomas E. Espin, D.D., Chancellor of the Dioceses of Chester and Liverpool.

B. M. Cowie, Dean of Exeter.

Henry R. Neville, Archdeacon of Norfolk, Canon of Norwich.

Frederick Meyrick, Non-Residentiary Canon of Lincoln.

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To those persons who take their religious beliefs and hopes of eternal salvation at second-hand from the authority of men whose verdict might have passed muster some 200 years ago, but who are now all that period behind the present age, these pronouncements must be infinitely "*comforting*," and well calculated to settle the whole history of the universe, time and eternity included. For the reverend grandmotherly theologians themselves, no less than for those who trust their souls to such keepings, we can only pray that the spirits of truth, reason, and knowledge on earth, and in Heaven, will grant them all "LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

#### TO ANTI-ATHEIST.

Under the above caption we have a very sharp, not to say discourteous, letter demanding to know from whence

we derived our information that any Bishop of the Christian Church would dare to confirm Idiots. We would advise our *Anti-Atheist* correspondent to keep himself sufficiently informed of what is going on around him, and he will soon learn what a Christian Bishop *dares* to do.

In the absence of such necessary knowledge, I herewith give the article entire from which I quoted the paragraph *Anti-Atheist* rails against.—

THE BISHOP AND THE IDIOTS.

“Thirty-eight inmates (not keepers) of the Western Counties Idiot Asylum, at Starcross, have been confirmed by the Bishop of Exeter. This is the first time the establishment has been thus favored, and the proceeding has excited a good deal of comment. The confirmation was conducted in the presence of the Earl of Devon, who ‘took a great interest in the proceedings’—for what reason was not stated. The bishop had only condescended ‘to the weakness of those who are weak in intellect,’ which we dare say he had little difficulty in doing. ‘I have no doubt in my own mind,’ he added, ‘that these imbeciles had sufficient intellect to know what they were doing, and it is known that those who are weak in intellect lean very much more strongly to religion than others. This is one of those outward signs with which it has pleased God to bless those whom he has afflicted.’”

“What on earth induced the Bishop of Exeter to let the cat out of the bag in this fashion? *Those who are weak in intellect lean much more strongly to religion than others!* We always thought so, and our suspicions are confirmed by Episcopal authority. Religion is particularly adapted to the weak-minded—imbeciles are the best devotees, and the thirty-eight confirmed idiots in Starcross Asylum are the most natural Christians in the West of England.

“We thank the Bishop of Exeter for this candid confession. His lordship’s words should be painted up conspicuously in every place of worship and printed on the title-page of every volume of sermons. We always doubted the utility of bishops, but his lordship of Exeter has earned his salary; and the best of it is, the church pays him, while free-thought profits by his investigations and discoveries.”—*The Freethinker.*

Lest our *Freethinking* friends’ words should seem a little too harsh on that class of eminent theologians whose textbooks are the Old and New Testaments, and with a view of aiding the rev. gentlemen who, as aforesaid, *are desirous to settle the minds of those to whom their testi-*

mony may seem to be of value in a good and comfortable reliance on the absolute truth of Holy Scripture (especially as an illustration of the unfeigned belief which all true Christians should, like the reverends aforesaid, hold of the Old and New Testaments) we append the following sample of how necessary belief in these canonical Holy Scriptures is!!!

## A CURIOUS CONTEST.

It appears from the current news that a contest bordering on the dramatic as well as the ridiculous, has lately occurred at Butte, Montana. Wm. Leff, one of the most prominent members of the organisation of sceptics known as the Sons of Liberty, made the public announcement through the *Standard*, a local paper of Butte, that he would give \$100 to any Christian minister in the city who would read before his congregation such a chapter from the Bible as he would designate. Three ministers, Reverend Messrs. Groeneveld, Squires, and Wood accepted the challenge almost before the ink was dry on the paper that contained it, and after a short consultation it was decided that Mr. Groeneveld should be the one to answer it, and the date was set for his reading the chapter. When the time arrived there must have been fully 1,000 persons inside, about 300 or 400 of whom were standing up in the aisles and around the door. Fully 1,000 people were unable to gain admission and were turned away, but some who arrived late and were more determined to hear the sermon than the rest, climbed in at the windows and found standing room along the walls or in the aisles. Many of these were ladies, but their sex did not deter them from showing their devotion to their religion and their interest in the question at issue.

When the time came for the Scripture reading the reverend gentleman asked Mr. Leff what he wished read,

and was informed that it was the fifteenth chapter of Leviticus. As the preacher turned to the place a hush came over the assemblage and every eye was riveted on him. After reading the first four or five words of the opening verse, he paused to give an explanation of the chapter. This did not suit Mr. Leff, and he loudly exclaimed, "Read it intact." "I will read it intact," quietly replied Mr. Groeneveld.

"Well, read it just as it is written there," insisted Leff. "I will read it just as it is written here," replied Mr. Groeneveld, "and if you don't keep still I will have you put out." This silenced Mr. Leff, and with the remark, "I have not a word to say," he leaned back up against the wall. Mr. Groeneveld then read the chapter and gave his explanation of it. Thus ended a scene, with a curious mixture of obscenity and religion. Should not the obscene portion of the Bible be eliminated, thus preventing such a disgraceful contest as occurred at Butte? If Mr. Leff had known the amount of brass in some clergymen's makeup, he would not have made the proposition.

—*The Progressive Thinker.*

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## STILL ANOTHER CURIOUS ITEM OF IR-RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY W. N. EAYRS, BOSTON, MASS.

AT half past ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th of October, 1861, the great bell in the cathedral of Barcelona was tolling, and the crowd that had collected on the Esplanada was waiting expectantly the consummation of the act which had brought them to this place. On that day the ecclesiastical authorities were to perform, with all

the pomp and ceremony of the church, the solemn *auto-da-fè*. The spot chosen for the deed which was to be done, was that in which criminals convicted of capital offences suffered at the hands of the public executioner the penalty of their crimes.

The archbishop of Barcelona had already cursed, with bell, book, and candle, the adherents of the new and dangerous heresy of Spiritualism; and now, to set the seal of the church's condemnation more plainly upon this damnable error, as it was called, he had ordered that the books relating to the subject should be burned in this place of infamy, by the public hangman. So it came about that on that October morning the multitude had gathered to see the sentence executed upon three hundred copies of the writings of Allan Kardec.

The great bell tolled the signal. Around the funeral pile the priestly dignitaries stood with banners flying and crucifix uplifted, and in the midst of anathema maranatha, the torch was applied; the last act of the Spanish Inquisition was done.

But He who sitteth in the heavens maketh the wrath and folly of men to praise Him. He turneth all their counsels to naught. In this moment, neither, did He forsake His own. As the curling flames from the burning books leaped upward toward the heavens their light shone all over Spain, and awoke to new life in every part of the kingdom minds that had long lain dormant under the chilling influence of priestcraft and ecclesiastical tyranny. The demand for the condemned books enormously increased. Societies were formed for the investigation of the phenomena and the study of the philosophy of Spiritualism; and, lastly—here is food for the thinker—just twenty-seven years after the *auto-da-fè*, which was to put an end to this heresy, and on the very spot where the hated volumes had been burned, there was held the first

International Congress of Spiritualists. Can the guiding hand of the Spirit of Truth be seen in any result if not in this? Could retribution be more pointed?

Thirty-one years have passed since that day. From the ashes of that conflagration sprung a phoenix which has since covered, in her triumphant flight, the four quarters of the globe. Over whatever place her wings have been spread, comfort has come to the mourning, strength to the weak, assured convictions to the doubting. Under the fostering care of the invisibles and by the heroic and noble co-operation of those mortals upon whom the light of Truth has shined, the *small one*, has become great, and the official lists of adhesions at the Second International Congress of Spiritualists held in Paris in September, 1889, indicate that there were delegates from societies in all parts of the world, representing more than 15,000,000 of avowed Spiritualists.

The fires at Barcelona in 1861 made the Congress of Barcelona in 1888 possible. They warmed the chilly hearts to vigorous life, and the progress of this inspiring doctrine has since been steady and triumphant. Neither the sneers of the press, the frowns of the law, nor the curses of the church have stayed its march, and to-day, Spiritualism, recognized or unrecognized, is mightily working upon the minds and hearts of men, bringing them to nobler conceptions of God and creation; juster ideas of man and his relations to his Maker and to his fellows, and more rational and inspiring views of life both here and hereafter.

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The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it forever.—*Laurence Sterne.*

# THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By *Emma Hardinge Britten.*

## CHAPTER VII.

“FOR one twelvemonth!” murmured Richard Stanhope, as he held in his hand a letter which he had just completed and addressed to the idol of his heart. “And now only three months of that weary time has passed since I parted with her. How do I know what may befall her? She, so beautiful, so accomplished, and—oh, Heaven!—with such a mother for her one guide, and such surroundings! Fool, fool that I was, not to give up this continental business altogether, and with or without her permission to linger near her, hover around her—even unseen, unknown—until the time she has set in her religious enthusiasm, when I can claim her.”

Such were the reflections of Richard Stanhope as he sat in a lonely chamber in a quiet *pension* in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, whither he had resorted, in part to meet and exchange greetings with some of his artistic friends in the city, but chiefly to while away, any where or any how, the weary time until he could again meet with and claim his beloved Adina.

“Time enough for me to go to Italy some weeks hence,” he thought; “any time will do so long as I reach there before the six months is ended in which Reginald promised that I, as the painter of my picture, should appear.” The fact is, Stanhope had still another motive in visiting Paris. He had heard strange rumours of a famous Parisian sort of a Cagliostro, and being somewhat interested in occultism he hoped to learn from the reputed magian the art by which he himself could behold the

visionary face of his absent idol, and follow her movements *in spirit* if not in actuality. It was thus that, sitting idly speculating on the one absorbing theme of all his thoughts, a knock at the door one day some weeks after his arrival in Paris, announced a visit from an artist friend whom Stanhope had invited to spend the evening with him. M. Pierre Montvall, the visitor with whom Richard at once adjourned to a neighbouring café, where he had secured a private room, was even better versed than Stanhope in the mysteries of Parisian occultism, and it was with a view of learning from his friend some particulars concerning the magician whom he desired to consult, that he had invited M. Montvall to favour him with this interview.

As the two young men sat in a balcony overlooking the street, leisurely sipping their coffee and recalling the scenes and events of old student days, Stanhope turned the conversation to the subject he so longed to inquire about, and asked Montvall if he knew and could tell him aught of one "Lassert, a personage reputed to be able to show distant places and people in a magic mirror."

"Oh, yes; I knew him well," replied Montvall. "And he has left the city, and is now in Florence."

"In Florence? Then I must leave to-morrow; that is, very soon, I mean," rejoined Stanhope, "for, truth to say, it is chiefly to consult him that I am now lingering in Paris."

"I see all about it, Dick, and sympathise with your desire," said Montvall. "Lassert is a wonder and a problem to all who know him, but he is on the wing, and it is doubtful whether or not you may find him should you go to Florence at once. Now, be composed, old fellow; don't tell me anything you want to know; yet, believe me, I can do better for you than in recommending you to Lassert. Go to the 'Sybil of the ages,' Adelaide

Lenormand, she who has ruled the destinies of Europe—aye, you may stare, Dick—but I repeat, and say it deliberately, that woman, by her predictions, mark, *impressing*, as I believe, *mighty but impressible minds to fulfil those predictions through their own fixed will*, has changed the destinies of Europe, and will, I am afraid, even yet, in her old age, do more and more in the same direction; for, either she sees the inevitable, or else she creates it in the minds of those to whom she delivers her predictions. One thing is certain—those predictions never fail.”

“And she lives in Paris, you say. Do you know where?”

“In Paris; and I visit her frequently.”

“Then,” cried Stanhope, rising and speaking impetuously, “take me to her at once, Pierre, if you love me.”

“I do love you, Dick,” replied his friend, gently pushing Stanhope back to his place, “but I cannot take you to the Sybil this evening. She is gone to Court, per private order. I know this, for I only left her this very afternoon.”

Observing the disappointment that clouded Stanhope's face, Montvall added kindly—

“I tell you what I will do. I will call for you at noon to-morrow, and you shall fill my appointment in my place. You see, Dick, the old Seeress is still so much besieged that you may go a hundred times to her house, and unless your good genius goes before you, and impresses Mademoiselle to admit you, there is no certainty as to when, if ever, you can see her.”

“How is it, then, that you are so favoured, Pierre? You say you left her to-day to come here, and are to see her to-morrow. Are you, then, her pupil, and learning the magical art?” asked Stanhope, with a slight sneer in his tone.

“Not so,” Dick, replied Montvall quietly. “I am, by her own desire, and in compliance with the wish of those whom it is not to my interest to disoblige, writing out past incidents in her wonderful career; one that, for many reasons belongs to posterity, and SHOULD not be lost. Would you like to hear the memoranda I have already prepared, Dick?” added the young Frenchman, drawing a small package of paper from his pocket.

“Amazingly, should I,” replied Stanhope, repressing at the same time, in deference to his friend, a strong tendency to laugh. Without further notice Montvall read on as follows:—

Adelaide Lenormand was a native of Alençon, in Normandy, and was born in 1722. From earliest childhood the future seemed to float before her eyes, even more vividly than the scenes of the past with which she had herself become associated. From an aged woman—one Marie Martelli, an Italian—who was her godmother, she received some instructions in laying out the cards and predicting the destiny of those who handled and cut them. She never now heeds the mere indications these cards present, she says, so long as a powerful mental impression comes to direct her in predictions of another character; in fact, she alleges that the cards are more useful in bringing her interior nature into rapport with her investigators than in declaring the events that are to happen. Sometimes, she says, these events are indicated in her investigators' hands, sometimes in the groupings of the cards, but still more frequently by strong and *never-failing* impressions borne in upon her mind; she cannot describe how, nor state correctly from whence. It is enough to say that when such impressions arise, the Sybil, disregarding in her own mind all other intimations, speaks of those mental impressions only, and they have hitherto *never failed*.

As the rest of Mons. Montvall's MS. appeared many years ago in the *Journal des Debats*, and has been translated endlessly into other papers, we give some extracts from an old copy of the “Overland Monthly” in preference to taking the pains of making a new translation:

Mdlle. Lenormand, who never married, nor ever became the subject of scandal or reproach, practised Astrology and Palmistry for more than sixty years, having for patrons the celebrities of Europe, with a success unequalled since the Middle Ages. From the first she rose rapidly into note. Her study of algebra and astronomy, which she believed indispensable to her art, was incessant.

Once, indeed, she became involved in one of the countless plots for the liberation of Marie Antoinette from the Temple Prison, and was incarcerated in the Luxembourg; but she said her life was safe, and Robespierre's fall leaving her unguillotined, showed that she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others.

In the Luxembourg she met Josephine Beauharnais and predicted for her the highest destiny that the nation of France could bestow upon woman, and when, two years afterwards, the Creole widow married the young artillery officer, and told him of her gifted prison companion, and of the dazzling promises of her own horoscope, he himself consulted Lenormand, and received from her lips the augury of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, fall, and death in exile. Whether influenced by the thought that she who had predicted would not fail to endeavour to compass his downfall, or by other motives, from the day Napoleon I. donned the imperial purple it was said he refused to see the Norman prophetess. It was at his suggestion that interrogatories were put to her, December 11, 1809, at the Palais de Justice, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had given, she replied: "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve till March 31, 1814." On that day the allied armies entered Paris.

On the 28th of March, 1814, President Von Malchus, a Prussian diplomatist who played a considerable part in European affairs, was prevailed on to visit Mademoiselle Lenormand. When he arrived in Paris he heard the name of Lenormand everywhere. She had predicted to Murat that he would be a king; to a Spanish officer that one week from that day he would hear of his brother's death in Spain; to the Countess Boeholz that she would marry a prince of the blood; to Dr. Spangenberg, Queen's physician, that he would receive certain important news next day, and that two days after the messenger bringing it would be drowned; these and hundreds of other predictions proved true.

Malchus himself gives the following account of his visit to the Sybil. He says:—

"When my carriage drew up to her door I was told I could not see her then, but a fresh appointment was made which I punctually attended. Ushered in, I took my seat by the side of a little table, Mademoiselle Lenormand being *vis-à-vis*, and laid down four napoleons. She then asked me:

- "1. The initial letter of my Christian name.
- "2. That of my surname.
- "3. Of my country.
- "4. Of the place of my birth.
- "5. My age, and, if possible, day, hour, and minute of my birth.
- "6. Name of my favourite flower.
- "7. Name of my favourite animal.
- "8. Name of animal of greatest repugnance to me.

"She then took fourteen packs of cards—some playing cards, others marked with necromantic figures and signs of celestial bodies—and, shuffling each pack, asked me to cut them. Offering my right hand, she prevented me, saying, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each

pack I drew a number of cards, which she arranged in order. She then surveyed the palm of my left hand attentively, turned to a book of open hands, selecting one, studied the cards before her, and then began to tell me of my past, present, and future. Of the first she certainly told me much that could not be known even by my nearest friends, much that had almost passed from my own memory. Of the second, she told me with the same accuracy. Of the future, at a distance of five years from the time of the interview, I frankly state that not one of her predictions has failed."

Talma, Madame de Stael, Mademoiselle Georges, and Horace Vernet have each at different times given accounts of interviews with Mademoiselle Lenormand, agreeing that her predictions were all verified. As she had told Napoleon of his exile, she foretold Murat the place and time of his death twenty years before it occurred. The Duchess of Courland, a lady well-known in the fashionable world of her day, whose youngest daughter married Talleyrand's nephew, sanctions an account more remarkable than that of President Malchus.

Although Mons. Montvall continued to read all manner of the wonderful public experiences with which this renowned Sybil's name has long been familiarly associated in her past history, our space only allows of one more extract from a MS. published in many a French paper since it was first written. Montvall read thus:—

Her oracular divinations of lucky numbers in a lottery threw other exploits into the shade. She once declared to Potier, the comic actor, that one, two, and even three prizes were assigned by destiny to every man, but that she could not tell any person's fortunate numbers without inspecting his hands. Looking into his left hand, she said: "Mark the numbers 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these in the Imperial Lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quarterne*." Potier staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named. He won 250,000 francs—a sum which made a rich man of him, and when he died, in 1840, his heirs divided a million and a half.

Potier's good luck excited the desires of Tribet, an actor of a few talents, but of many children. He flew to Lenormand; but she declined to answer. He besought her on his knees; but she remained inflexible. Mademoiselle perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence. Tribet represented how poor he was, and urged that he was the father of ten children, whom he could not educate, and about whose future he was in despair. The Sibyl replied: "Do not desire to know your numbers; if fortunate, you will abandon your profession, become a gambler, beggar your family, and commit suicide at last." Tribet bound himself by a solemn oath never to again play. Overcome by the poor man's earnestness, Lenormand at length said: "I will tell you the numbers. More than that, I will tell you that one of them denotes the

year of your death. It is 28. Another is 13, a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number that is full of good luck for you. Choose 7 for your *quarterne*: this number will win also."

Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum; and the propheticess had declared, as she did in all cases, that to stake borrowed money would not answer. The poor actor had only twenty francs. He staked the whole. Each of the four numbers came out, not one failing. Tribet, who, the day before, had not a sou, found himself the possessor of 96,000 francs. He was mad with delight; he rushed through the streets; told every one he met that he had become a capitalist, and took a box at the theatre. What Lenormand had prophesied came to pass. Good luck crazed him. He abandoned his family, left for London, became a constant guest at the hazard table, lost, committed suicide, and his body was recovered from the Thames in the year she had predicted as that of his death.

This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand. She called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and for more than a year after steadily refused to divine numbers for the lottery. . . .

It was a late hour when Richard Stanhope's friend took his leave, and on parting they agreed to meet on the following day. It was exactly twelve at noon when the two friends entered the dark courtyard of the house in the Rue de Tournon, where Mademoiselle Lenormand lived. There was something mysterious in the damp walls, and the loftiness of the buildings which surrounded the court, admitting but a far distant view of the cloudy sky, which reminded one of the ancient astrologers, and of the deep, dark wells of Egypt.

The staircase which led to the apartment occupied by the Sybil was but dimly lighted, and the uneven stairs and slimy walls gave token of the contempt in which the inhabitants of the old mansion were accustomed to view the things of this lower world. Altogether there was a silence and desolation about the place which must have assisted in maintaining the feeling of awe with which in most cases the dwelling was approached.

The summons at the hollow and long-sounding bell was answered by a mysterious, dark-looking personage, who spake not a word, but ushered the two gentlemen

with noiseless steps across the vestibule, and opening an oaken panelled door, pointed them inside and then closed it, leaving them to raise the heavy green curtain drawn before it on the inside.

The saloon into which they were ushered was handsome and lofty, but of sombre and faded aspect, bearing evidences of past grandeur in its carved cornices and gilded panels.

A death-like silence pervaded the place. It was too far from the street for the sounds connected with the labours of the day to be heard within. No sound disturbed the stillness save the ticking of the old timepiece upon the chimney, that heavy, measured sound which seems to increase rather than dispel the silence. The large mirror, dim with age, and dark as ice upon the turbid pool, reflected naught but the portrait of the Sybil herself, which hung on the opposite wall. It was a large painting, representing Mademoiselle Lenormand at the flower of her age, and evidently at the time of her favour at the court of Napoleon, for she had caused herself to be represented sitting on the balcony of the palace of the Tuileries, gazing out upon the royal gardens, and leaning upon a sculptured table, whereon were spread the various insignia of her trade and calling. Among them, towering above all, the famous cup of gold given her by the Empress Josephine.

The portrait was that of a handsome woman.

Her hair, of bright auburn hue, was confined by a circle of gold, the fashion of the day, when the "classics" reigned triumphant, and the fashions of Greece were ransacked to adorn the ladies of France. The dress was of white muslin, disposed in the same classical taste. A serpent of gold encircled the arm, which was bare to the shoulder, and finely formed.

There were curious pictures on the walls—objects of

*vertu*, ancient and modern, everywhere, but the weird silence broken only by the faint reverberation of very distant voices—sounds which might have been the sobs of one in anguish, or the croak of some strange bird—all the sights and sounds, in fact, dimly, faintly revealed in this strange place—whatever effect they might have had on the well-accustomed mind of his companion—produced a feeling of sadness and despondency in that of Stanhope which almost amounted to despair.

Surely that was the voice of one sobbing in deep anguish, he thought, while footsteps, muffled by the thick carpets without, seemed as if passing the door.

Then came a man's voice, in hissing accents, muttering "Be still, fool;" and then with a bitter curse on "the sorceress" the sobs and footsteps died away. The sound of carriage wheels rolling through the courtyard was heard, and then the curtain by which they had entered was drawn aside, showing the form of the silent attendant beckoning to Stanhope to follow him.

"I have sent in a card, asking Mademoiselle to give you an audience in my place," murmured Montvall, in a voice which, in spite of himself, he had lowered, as if in harmony with the strange scene around them, almost to a whisper.

Without another word Stanhope followed his silent conductor, and after crossing a large dimly-lighted vestibule, and a no less obscure ante-room, the attendant raised a thick, heavy curtain, and motioning to Stanhope to pass beneath it, he found himself in the presence of the famous Sybil.

Although it was only a little past noon, the high-studded, dark-painted chamber, in which the sorceress held court, and the deep set windows, shaded by thick, heavy curtains, would have rendered the sombre apartment dark as night, had not the table to which Stanhope

advanced been lighted by four large wax candles, two of which were burning on either side of a cabalistic chart behind the Sybil's chair, whilst two others were in stands on either side of the table. The two lights behind were shaded by green hoods, which threw a strange, almost ghastly lustre on the face of the prophetess, as she sat in a high-backed, leather chair, tall, straight, narrow, and so full of brass nails as almost to resemble an upright coffin. The other lights on either side of the table were unmistakably designed to shed their full radiance on the visitor, placed in a chair between them. This circumstance and the sombre hue of her attire certainly contributed to throw a degree of mystery over the Sybil, and it was some time before the eye, getting accustomed to the dim atmosphere, could succeed in tracing her outline with distinctness.

Stanhope was surprised to find in the powerful and dreaded adept a person of short stature and of immense bulk, doubtless the consequence of her sedentary life; and yet, in spite of this, at the very first glance it was easy to perceive that she was a person of no ordinary mental power and discernment. Her hair was of snowy whiteness, and fell in masses of curls upon the rich silk and lace she wore. She spoke in tones remarkably sweet and clear, without any of the piping or quavering of old age, and her eyes, black and piercing, seemed to retain all the brilliancy of their youth. Fixing her steadfast glance on Stanhope with a quest more piercing than any he had ever before encountered, she said, in a low and almost stern tone: "Why do you come to me when the fates speak so clearly to yourself?"

"Not so, Mademoiselle," replied her visitor, strangely awed by her manner; "I seek your interpretation of what—of what—I—do—not—know."

"I will not, cannot tell you," she cried, rising from her

chair as she spoke, and pointing to a screen which shaded a door at the farther end of the long, narrow apartment. "Better for you, sir, at once to depart."

"At least, Mademoiselle, look at my hand," cried Stanhope imploringly, and holding out, as he had been instructed, his left hand.

Seizing this extended hand, and gazing into it as if from compulsion, the face of the prophetess, already sickly hued by the shade of the green hoods of the lights behind her, became positively livid ere her long, searching inspection was over. Once more she cried, "Go!" and throwing the cold hand from her, she murmured, "I WILL TELL NO MORE."

"You will not even give me a number, then?"

"Yes; three. THREE LIVES, mind! One ended in twelve months; the other in twenty years. After that, all is blank to me. I can see no more. Go! *Le jeu est fini.*"

Covering her face with her white hands, as if to shut out something she could not bear to look upon, she only responded to Stanhope's urgent petitions that she would still further consult her oracle, by deep sighs, and a passionate motion of one hand towards the screen.

Stanhope, at length finding no hope of moving the Sybil from her dumb dismissal, walked towards the screen, behind which a door opened outwards. This he passed through. The attendant in waiting closed the door behind him, and he descended the stairs to find his friend waiting for him in the courtyard below.

(To be continued.)

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He who has a thousand friends  
Hath not a friend to spare;  
But he who has one enemy  
Will meet him everywhere.

## IN MEMORIAM OF COL. JOHN C. BUNDY.

COLONEL JOHN C. BUNDY, equally the friend of humanity, of the ascended Spirits, and their work for, and through, the world, has dropped the burden of incessant earthly labour, which he bore so bravely and well during a life of little more than fifty years, and passed on to the land where he meets with his sure reward, and enters upon even nobler and grander fields of effort than those which earth can afford. Every paper published in the interests of Spiritualism, and some few American secular journals, have chronicled the departure of the brave editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and devoted many paragraphs of well-deserved eulogy to records of his busy and useful career as a man, a soldier, editor, and defender of the noblest, though one of the most unpopular, movements of the day.

Remembering with grateful regard the personal hospitality I had experienced at the house of Colonel Bundy and his dear wife in occasional visits to Chicago, I could only regret that the publication of a monthly, in place of a weekly, journal did not permit me to make honourable mention of my esteemed friend's transition to the higher life at an earlier date than this. Seeing, however, that so many notices of when Colonel Bundy was born, when he passed away, and other details of his life and its close have been so universally recorded, it seems to me that I am acting more in accordance with his present views by presenting a brief history, sketch, and purpose of the paper he has so long and so ably conducted, than by reiterating points of personal history which no longer affect his public work or the services he has rendered to the cause of truth, progress, and the knowledge of life immortal. Like the present writer, John C. Bundy would fain be "remembered only by what he has done."

As the conductor of a Spiritual paper, established for something over a quarter of a century, and second only in date of age and circulation to the grand old Boston *Banner of Light*, John C. Bundy's name will go down the ages, and stand indelibly recorded in the encyclopædias of progress as EDITOR, PUBLISHER, and mainstay of the long established Western paper, *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* was started in the first instance by Colonel Bundy's father-in-law, Mr. S. S. Jones, an eminent lawyer, and ex-Judge of St. Charles, Illinois. In one of my own published works, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," I have given the history of Mr. Jones and his conversion to Spiritualism, and from the same work I make the succeeding *apropos* extracts:—

Mr. Jones was often heard to speak of the assurance given him by communicating spirits that he would, at no remote time, be as deeply engrossed in promulgating the truths of spirit intercourse, as he was then in his professional business. But not until the spring of 1865 did he fully realise the truth of that assurance. Then it was that he found himself fully committed to the work of promulgating the *philosophy of life* through the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Mr. Jones's publishing house was entirely consumed in the great Chicago fire of October 9th, 1871. His loss was very heavy, and he received nothing from insurance companies.

Most vigorously did he go to work to restore his publishing business. His paper was on its way to the subscribers when the great calamity occurred. While the fire was yet raging he wrote the matter for a new issue amidst the ruins of his printing office—smaller in size—and had it printed and mailed in *advance of time*, assuring his subscribers that, although burned out, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* would be continued without delay.

He then went directly to New York and purchased an entire new outfit, and in five weeks had the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, full size, in the United States mails on its way to its subscribers. In the meantime, between the fire and the printing of the paper in its full size, he every week greeted his subscribers with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, small in size, that they might not be in ignorance of the progress being made to re-instate his publishing house. None of the publishers in Chicago on that memorable occasion equalled him in enterprise.

Mr. Jones, although his locks were whitened, was in full vigour of manhood, and devoted his whole time to conducting his business financially and editorially.

The charge of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* was at once assumed on Mr. Jones's decease by his son-in-law and former business manager, Colonel Bundy, who, besides his editorial labours, had gained rank and distinction by brave service in the Union Army during the great Civil War.

In addition to the feeling of human regret for the loss of an esteemed friend, I am happy to have this opportunity of doing justice to Colonel Bundy and the healthful influence which his paper has exerted in another respect.

During my own far and wide wanderings round the world as a Spiritual propagandist, no charge has been more maliciously preferred against the cause of Spiritualism than that of being allied to the odious doctrines of "Free love." All true Spiritualists are aware of the utter falsity of this charge and the concatenation of circumstances which gave the antagonists of Spiritualism an opportunity—which they eagerly embraced—of shouldering the daring licentiousness of the few, upon the entire rank and file of the Spiritualists.

In foreign lands, however, and especially when lacking those literary references which would have enabled me to furnish abundant counter statements, my denial of this abhorrent stain would have found but slight chance of acceptance, had I not been nobly sustained by the uncompromising denunciations of "Free love" and all its propagandists, which filled the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Here was a leading organ of Spiritualism disclaiming all fellowship with the promoters of this doctrine, and protesting against its abominable practices with a trumpet tongue which could neither be mistaken nor denied.

Spiritualists are under a debt of gratitude to Colonel Bundy for the triumphant refutation which his journal has afforded against the groundless charge that there ever was, or could be, the smallest links of connection between

the doctrines of true Spiritualism and "Free love." Allied to the daughter of the late Mr. S. S. Jones, a lady whose brilliant talents well fitted her to be the companion of a leading journalist, and whose eminent virtues, noble character, and sweetness of disposition, are calculated to make her husband's home a paradise, it has been argued that the editor of the *Religio* is not competent to judge of the urgent necessity to reform the wrongs that ensue from unhappy marriages or the miseries of discordant homes.

In answer to this plea it has been abundantly shown that the *Religio* has ever been the champion of true reforms. Its special aim has been to draw the impassable line of demarcation between liberty and licence, moral law and immoral lawlessness, true love and true licentiousness. It is in this sense that its columns have furnished, on countless occasions, a sword which has slain the very arguments that would otherwise have slain any great religious cause.

I close this notice by a brief quotation from a letter addressed by Prof. Elliott Coues to *Light*, in which, speaking of Colonel Bundy's public work, he says:—

I cannot close this inadequate though very sincere tribute to my friend without a word concerning the Psychical Science Congress, now promising such great results.

To Colonel Bundy, and to him alone, is due the credit of originating this Congress, and giving it its initial movement. He first broached the subject to me more than a year ago. I heartily fell in with his intentions, though too ill at the time to take any steps whatever to the end we had in view. He meanwhile moved in the matter, had the committee appointed, and the outlines of our plan of operations were drawn on consultation last September. The matter then laid over till last March and April, when committee meetings were held in Chicago, and the project practically matured. If most of the work, and certainly more credit than I deserve in comparison with Colonel Bundy, has since fallen to my share, that is simply because he was already a stricken man, whom death was quick to claim. In all that this Congress may grow to be, Colonel Bundy's name cannot be too warmly remembered or too highly honoured.

We may truly say, with our honoured contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, "Our deepest sympathy is tendered the bereaved family of our lately ascended brother."

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## SPIRITUAL GIFTS AND POWERS.

RARE AND UNPRECEDENTED PUBLIC TEST MANIFESTATIONS.

At a recent public séance given at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N.Y., by Mrs. Ada Foye, the following is the testimony of an avowed skeptic and opponent of Spiritualism who was present. The statement, as will be observed in my second note, was sent to the *Banner of Light* by Judge Nelson Cross, who is the party addressed by the writer.—ED. *U. U.*

Broadway, N.Y.

Dear Sir,—At your request I write out what to me was a remarkable occurrence, and concerning which there cannot enter the element of uncertainty. To understand the matter thoroughly I will give a short introduction. You know that I am a lawyer in active practice in this city, with all the conservatism of my profession, a disbeliever in all spiritual phenomena, and at an age when one's mental powers are presumed to be in their prime. A number of years ago I formed the acquaintance of a lawyer who occupied an adjoining office, a man much older than me, S—— by name, and between us sprung up a very close friendship. He was a cool, shrewd man, of a daring and philosophic turn of mind, a disbeliever in all systems of religion, the immortality of the soul and the existence of a God. He was truthful, fearless, and lived and died without a blemish on his name. We were accustomed to argue on all subjects of current interest, and frequently would attempt the solution of problems in mental science. On one question, the immortality of the soul, we radically differed, and many an argument we had

thereon, till one day we made the following agreement, known but to him and me, viz. : That the one who should first die should inform the survivor of the fact whether he was living after what we call death. My friend died about a year ago, and, having the agreement in mind, I attended one or two Spiritualist meetings as an experiment, and not with the slightest idea of receiving any communication, for I was a sceptic as to any and all Spiritualistic doctrines, teachings and phenomena. On Tuesday, May 21, I received an invitation from a client to attend a meeting; out of curiosity I accepted, and on my way told the gentleman who invited me the story of myself and friend, and laughingly remarked that I would call up S——. We arrived late; the hall was crowded and brilliantly lighted. We took our seats at the rear, well to one side and almost screened from observation. After the lecture the speaker, whom I never saw or heard of before invited those who wished to communicate with some departed friend to write the name on a slip of paper, fold it securely, so as to hide the name, and put it in the hat which would be passed around. I did so; wrote my friend's name on a slip I tore from a blank check, placed it in the hat, with, I suppose, a hundred others, and saw the hat placed upon the table. At this time the only sentiment that moved me was a kind of scornful pity, and a sort of impression that the audience were about to be humbugged. After perhaps a half an hour had passed, and a dozen communications had been received, the medium took up the slip unopened that I had sent up. Suddenly she stopped, hesitated, and without opening the slip, said: "There is a spirit here, S—— by name, who says that he has come to communicate with one who has long been anxious to see him." I then rose, and said, "Madam, I think that must be for me. Will you ask the gentleman for his Christian name?" She

answered, "Edward." The unopened slip meanwhile was given to a stranger in the audience. I was not in the slightest degree nervous; I was as cool and sceptical as when cross-examining a witness on the stand; and, in fact, for the time being my professional instincts got the better of me, and I framed my questions accordingly. I now take up the questions. I spoke to him by name, as I would to a witness:

Q. What was the middle letter of your name? A. H.

Q. What was your business in life? A. Lawyer.

Q. What city did you practice in? A. New York.

Q. On what street when I first knew you? A. Broadway.

Q. What number? A. 73.

Said I: "You are wrong." The medium hesitated a second, appeared to reflect, then replied: "The spirit says that he is right and you are wrong; you were in 71; he was in 73." This was true, but I had forgotten the fact; it was all one building, and he was on the opposite side of the hall in No. 73, while I was in No. 71.

Q. Where did you die? A. Plainfield, N.J.

Q. Did you have a corporation for a client on Chambers Street? A. Yes.

Q. Name it? A. American News Company.

Q. What kind of a suit did you have for them in which I helped you? A. Libel suit.

Q. What was the result of the trial? A. Appealed.

Q. Where to? A. General term.

Q. What court? A. Superior court.

Q. What result? A. Judgment reversed.

Q. What was then done? A. Appealed to court of appeals.

Q. What was the state of the action at the time of your death? A. Appeal pending.

Q. Give plaintiff's name? A. Maria Prescott.

Q. What was your belief when you died? A. I believed in none of the systems of religion. I went further: I disbelieved in the immortality of the soul.

Q. S——, how did you come to attend here to-night? A. I came to redeem the agreement you and I made at 71, Broadway, that the one who first died should inform the survivor whether or no he lived.

I confess at this point I was startled. I felt that either my mind was an open book to the medium, or else that I had called up "the devil;" and I put but one more question. Said I:

Q. S——, what are you doing now? A. I am studying, learning, teaching, and sometimes I assist you. Good night!

This was all. I knew no one except the gentleman who attended with me, and he was as great a sceptic as myself. He never left my side. I was at a distance of fully forty feet from the medium, and between her and myself must have sat fifteen or twenty persons, and within a less radius fully three hundred. As I said before, I never saw her, and never told any one of my agreement save the gentleman who was with me, and him on that night on our way to meeting. I leave to wiser heads than mine the solution of this incident, and I write this out at your request upon the express agreement that my name is not in any way to be used nor published, nor am I to be bothered with the queries of any one concerning the transaction.—I remain, as ever, yours very sincerely,

"DUMBFOUNDED."

It is only proper to state that Judge Nelson Cross, the eminent and well-known legal gentleman and Spiritualist, of New York, the person for whom this statement was written, and who sent it to the *Banner of Light*, added also his own unqualified endorsement of the truth of the statement, and the high and honourable character of the writer. On my own part, I beg to add, I know of tens of thousands of instances in which Mrs. Ada Foye, during the last thirty-five years, has given similar

test communications, on public platforms and in private circles. If such testimony as this is not quite so authoritative as any rendered in public courts, wherein questions of life and death are decided, we would like to know where to draw the line between truth and falsehood; until thus informed, the above testimony, *rare and unprecedented* as we claim it to be, is sufficient to prove the fact that the death of the body does not affect the REAL SPIRIT MAN.—ED. *Unseen Universe.*

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## TRANSITION OF MR. W. STAINTON MOSES.

IN a monthly magazine the best we can do is to summarize the tidings which have been gathered up from other papers in the search for *something new* during the past four weeks. Thus it is that instead of reporting the fact that a great man and a great worker has passed from our ranks, we can only reiterate the all too-well known fact that William Stainton Moses has passed away from the trials, toil, and turmoil of this sphere of earthly probation, and bid him God speed in his new and most happy advance on the ladder of eternal progress, in the life beyond.

Already in many more places than this magazine can hope to reach, the tidings have been circulated that on September the 5th, in the prime of life, usefulness, and reputation, both as a writer and thinker, Stainton Moses, the editor of *Light*, has left us with none to fill the special place he occupied in the great Spiritual movement.

As a writer Mr. Moses' especial forte was his scholasticism. Educated at Oxford, ordained as an exponent of crude, harsh, man-made, and metaphysical theology, when Mr. Moses, in his devotion to truth, reason, and common sense, became a convert to Spiritualism, he carried with him into his new faith his educational tendencies and his characteristic impulses towards learning, science, and profoundly metaphysical research.

In all these respects, no less than by his toleration for

his contemporaries in scientific knowledge and culture, but especially for the mystic and authoritative *nom-de-plume* letters of "M. A. Oxon," Mr. Moses was even a greater authority abroad than at home. He was too cynical and remote from the common sympathies of humanity to be understood or appreciated by many of his English compeers.

Those with whom and for whom he wrote and published will never again (at least in this generation) find such a representative as he was.

The work he effected will be done again, but not with the power, finish, and peculiar emphasis in which he sent it forth to the world. His career, age, and work have been told again and again in obituary notices from different points of view. In that of the writer of this notice, his loss in the present age is simply irreparable.

The Howitts, Halls, De Morgans, Colemans, Gregories, and many others of this country have gone, and left none behind to fill their honoured places. The pioneers and veterans of the American ranks have also—most of them—disappeared, but the present year's record of loss is sterner and more sorrowful than ever before. The good Quaker, Capron, the first friend of the suffering Fox family; Leah Fox Underhill, the best and most powerful of all the mediums; poor, hapless Kate Fox-Jencken and Nettie Coulburn Maynard, the two best mediums of the age; John C. Bundy, a pillar of defence to the true and an army of offence to the false; and now, Stainton Moses, editor, medium, and scholar—all have left us during the past few months! The armies of Heaven are thus much fuller and grander for their exchange from the cold, thankless earth to the warmer and more grateful realms of the spirit world; but to one early pioneer of the mighty battlefield, left behind—to this one at least, even as she wields the pen that bids them all God speed

to the better land, there comes up with double and treble force, in the midst of a hard, cold, ungrateful world's mighty conflict, an echo of the sorrowing cry of Philip Melancthon over the grave of his heroic friend, Martin Luther—"My Father! My Father! The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" E. H. BRITTEN.

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### QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you inform me if you have good reason to believe birds and animals live after death?

*Answer.*—In several responses I have made to questions on this point I have affirmed, and now reiterate my assertion, that I have myself seen the Spirits both of birds and animals, and they have been seen by others, near, and sometimes caressing me. Spirit is THOUGHT, EMOTION, all that constitutes intelligence, and this element of being is fully as marked in the animal kingdom as in man. In the 11th and 12th numbers of this magazine the author of "Ghost Land" deals exhaustively with the question of the Spirits of animals, as well as of their destiny. I do not desire to anticipate his teachings, as I fully endorse them all, and have as much faith in the continued Spirit life of the animals as I have of my own.

QUESTION.—Do you approve of cremation as a means of disposing of the human body after death?

*Answer.*—Unquestionably, yes. It is far preferable to loading the soil of earth with the fetid remains of mortality, but in advocating this system I beg most earnestly to protest against the indecent, and—as I am led to believe from many Spirit communications—the *murderous* haste with which unconscious forms, wearing the semblance of death, are consigned to the grave. Horrible to relate, when I sat for the public of New York as a test medium, I could refer to at least twenty different returning spirits who, whilst giving unmistakable proofs of their identity to their friends, insisted that they were buried alive, and died in agonies too horrible to contemplate. I would urge that mortuaries should be provided in every parish or district, where those deemed dead should be laid, with signal bells attached to the bodies, until signs of decomposition had set in. Such buildings could readily be provided, and, unless they were, I could hardly be a party to causing hapless sleepers to be *burned* as well as buried alive. I personally know of several cases in which recovery from a trance state ensued after a doctor's certificate of death had been given. These considerations observed, I may add, I believe

many diseases, of an epidemic nature especially, would disappear from the earth, when the atmosphere was no longer loaded with churchyard or cemetery effluvia.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you state, from your own experience, which form of diet you consider to be most conducive to the development of medium powers—flesh-eating, or a vegetarian diet.

*Answer.*—Flesh-eating for *physical* manifestations and *magnetic* operations, vegetable and fruit diet as a promoter of clairvoyancy; in fact, the latter is by far preferable for all humanity, provided the vegetables, fruits, and cereals are pure, fresh, and free from such degeneration from decay as to remove the possibility of generating *flesh* of a still more objectional character than sheep or oxen—namely, worms and the parasites of decaying vegetation.

DEAR MADAM,—Would you kindly oblige, by answering through your valuable work, the following questions:—1. How, and when, does the Spiritual body come into existence? 2. Is individuality the outcome of organism, or organism the outcome of individuality?

*Answer.*—No. 1. The Spiritual body is FORCE; the second of the three triune uncreated and infinite elements of being—SPIRIT, FORCE, AND MATTER. Both the male and female germs of life combine in the maternal matrix, first in the form of a nucleated cell. This is vitalized by Spirit, and redolent of force. It is by the action of force, gathering up vital particles from its living surroundings, that the one cell expands and gives birth to millions of other cells, which in time aggregate and combine into a fibril, and from thence continuing to gather up more and more vital elements from its surroundings, the parent cells become an embryo, and after passing through all its various embryotic states it ultimately becomes, and is born, as a living creature. Growth from the cell to the new-born babe, then, is, in fact, THE WORK of the "Spiritual body." In other words, it is the original principle of the FORCE or Life combined in germs, and developed by accretion, in and from living or vital tissues. When the embryo is born, it continues as a living creature to gather up Force all through earth life, from the elements in which it exists and the food on which it subsists. It remains with the body during sleep, but departs with and *clothes upon* the spirit at death. Its unity with the Spirit completes the dual nature called soul. Man is a trinity of matter—Force and Spirit in earth life—a duality of Spirit and force after death. Force is the soul of things, and is vaguely called electricity, magnetism, attraction, repulsion, cohesion, &c., &c., &c. In animated bodies it is named LIFE; in Spiritual existence, it is the Spiritual body. 2nd *Answer.* Individuality is the outcome of organism. The grain of wheat may lie in the mummy cloth a thousand years, but it has no organic parts. Place it in the earth, and supply it with moisture and heat, it becomes an organism, and hence an individual ear of wheat or wheat sheaf. The germs of life in animated bodies are nothing more than germs. Give them the necessary living surroundings and conditions, they grow organs. These combine, ultimately, in an organism, and this becomes, then, an Individuality.

## WORDS OF MEMORABLE MEN.

The following extract from the *Philadelphia Press* gives a graphic and interesting sketch of the late esteemed and, in truth, *lamented* Poet, *Walt Whitman*. It is seldom that two such memorable men as those named below meet; when they do, their words are too precious to be lost in empty air. The sketch is headed

### WHITMAN AND INGERSOLL.

AROUND the table in the dining-room of the Lafayette Hotel, Walt Whitman, the aged poet, and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll discussed religion and death. It was Tuesday night, after Colonel Ingersoll's address in Horticultural Hall for the benefit of Whitman.

Whitman's right hand fluttered feebly into his pocket, and he drew forth a crumpled, well worn piece of paper.

"This poem is a translation of mine from the French of Henri Murger. I'll read it to you," he said.

The following are the lines he read :—

#### THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"

"Let me come in, the door unlock."

"'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate  
I open to no stranger's knock.

"Who art thou? Speak!" "Men call me Fame;  
To immortality I lead."

"Pass, idle phantom of a name."

"Listen again, and now take heed.

"'Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art.  
My poet, now unbar the door."

"Art's dead, Song cannot touch my heart,  
My once love's name I chant no more."

"Open then now, for, see, I stand,  
Riches my name, with endless gold,  
Gold, and your wish in either hand."

"Too late—my youth you still withhold."

"Then, it must be, since the door  
Stands shut, my last true name to know,  
Men call me Death. Delay no more;  
I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ah, guest so wan,  
Forgive the poor place where I dwell;  
An ice cold hearth, a heart sick man,  
Stand here to welcome thee full well."

When he had finished Whitman looked up at Ingersoll, who had never taken his eyes off the old man, and said in his trembling voice: "Isn't that odd?"

Ingersoll shrugged his shoulders, drew his head down, and said slowly: "I don't think there is anything odd about death. It's so cold, so white."

Whitman nodded his head slowly. There was a pause as if he was trying to make connection between death and what he was about to say. At last he said: "I believe religion has done more good to the world than harm."

This unchained the dialogue that followed. Ingersoll, who addressed the group surrounding him more than the poet, quickly replied: "It might have done so had it stuck to the good. It didn't; it taught what was mean and cruel. It puts me in mind of my visit to a church when I was a boy. It was a Presbyterian church, and the preacher was in a high box above my head. I fell asleep and at last rolled off the seat, which awoke me. I awoke just in time to hear the preacher tell the story of Dives and Lazarus. He dwelt on every detail with vividness. I was filled with an awful fear as I heard him speak."

Ingersoll's facial play here was superb. Expressing his fear his eye gradually widened, and he half rose, peering into the darkness.

"I can remember," he went on, "how I looked up at the pulpit with an ever-growing fear, as the preacher told how Dives suffered the torments of hell, and how he was mocked with the cry that he had his good things in this world and must suffer in the next. I hated that story then, and when I came to be a man and realized that in 2,000 years God had never sent Lazarus out of Abraham's

bosom to put a drop of water on Dives' tongue I could have killed such a Jehovah. If religion had but kept to the good of this life it might have done much less harm."

*Whitman*—"Sometimes it is better to soar."

*Ingersoll*—"My grandfather was the sort of man who believed all the world would be lost except himself. He was sorry for it, but he couldn't help it. My grandmother thought all would be saved except herself, and," here Ingersoll half rose from his chair and extended his hand aloft, "she was as much above the man as stars are above a duck's tracks in the mud."

*Whitman*—"Do you believe in all I have written?"

*Ingersoll*—"No; far from it. Much you have written I do not believe in, but you have made men and women stronger, and I like you for it. There is only one thing I have against you, Walt."

Ingersoll took hold of the old man's sleeve.

"I have only one thing against you, and that is that you didn't marry. You ought to have got a good wife, Walt. The religion I bow to," went on Ingersoll, "is the one that teaches men to love their wives more tenderly, to hold their young ones on their knees a little tighter. As to worship and prayer, if I saw a savage kneel before a stuffed snake, praying that wife or child might be given back to him, I would kneel and pray with him."

---

MISS RUTH KIMBALL, says *Harper's Bazaar*, has the honour of being the first woman who has won entrance to the press gallery of the Senate. There was a little opposition to her admission, but she has gained only good opinions since she took her seat among other reporters. She is the Washington correspondent of the *St. Paul Globe*.



## SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

DR. ADAM CLARK, when speaking of the manifestations in the Wesley Family, says: "First—I believe there is a supernatural world in which human Spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. Second—I believe there is an invisible world in which various orders of Spirits, not human, live and act. Third—I believe that any of these Spirits may, according to the order of God in the law of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals." *The Better Way.*

\* \* \*

THE graduates of the Hartford Female Seminary are planning for the establishment of a woman's college at Hartford, Conn. The seminary, which, if the project is successfully carried out, will have the honour of standing as sponsor to the new college, was founded by Miss Catherine E. Beecher, of the celebrated Beecher family, in 1822. Over 450 graduates attended the recent *alumniæ* reunion, coming from all parts of the United States, from China, India, and Canada.

\* \* \*

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