

THE Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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SPIRITISM, OCCULTISM, Ancient Magic, Modern Mediumship, and every subject that pertains to the WHENCE, WHAT, and WITHERWARD of Humanity,
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AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 8.

THE TRUE ORIGIN AND ESOTERIC MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.*

SUMMARY OF A LECTURE BY HUGH JUNOR BROWNE, ESQ.

*Delivered at the Masonic Hall, Melbourne, Australia,
On Sunday Evening, March 30th.*

It is the height of absurdity to shut our eyes to the fact that all religions—Christianity not excepted—must undergo change and modification as man's higher faculties are developed. The crude thoughts of infancy that satisfied the masses in ignorant and superstitious times, being no longer adapted to meet the spiritual wants of educated and intelligent men and women, must give place to higher and nobler views, for human ideas on all subjects expand and alter with growth. Mankind being subject to the inevitable law of progress, must, whether willingly or otherwise, advance—not only in arts and sciences, but also in views of man's relations to God and to each other; for every fresh discovery gives birth to new thoughts and creates new wants, and these wants must be met with responses as intimately connected with

*The entire of this great lecture is printed in full at page 119 in H. Junor Browne's last work, entitled "A Rational Faith." See last page of this magazine, in which this noble work is advertised. Besides several other articles, lectures, and poems, such as only this great and talented author could give, the "Rational Faith" tract contains matter of the deepest interest to every true Spiritualist. It is only a shilling tract, but is priceless in worth and information.—ED. U. U.

them as every effect with its cause. It is in this that modern thought differs from that of the past in its views of present and future existence and a more rational faith in the great fact of immortality.

It was owing to the progress of philosophy during the first centuries of what is termed the Christian era that the Pagan temples of Rome began to be less and less attended by the intelligent and wealthy classes, and that the necessity arose for the inauguration of a more enlightened religious system, which, while it retained all the good that was embodied in the old religions, would displace their numerous gods and goddesses, and offer in their place a conception of Deity possessing attributes which would commend the new religion to the enlightened as well as to the ignorant.

It was not, however, till the fourth century, during the reign of Constantine the Great, that the old Pagan religions were finally merged into the new. I may here observe that the conversion of this bloodthirsty emperor to Christianity was cunningly ascribed by the priests of his day to a vision which he was said to have seen in the sky; but the real incentive thereto was evidently the promise held out to him by the priests of the new religion of absolution from his sins, of which he had committed many, no such hopes being given by the Pagan religions, which inculcated the truer and more rational doctrine of retributive justice in the world to come.

Constantine, we learn by history, drowned his wife, Fausta, in a bath of boiling water. He murdered his father-in-law, two brothers-in-law, a nephew, and several others. The crowning act of this *Christian* emperor was, however, the beheading of his eldest son, Crispus, in the very year in which he presided at the Council of Nice. Such was the character of the man who changed from Paganism to Christianity on the ground that Jesus

was better than Jupiter and Mary than Venus. Even after his conversion to Christianity Constantine is represented as having retained a certain respect for the old Pagan god, Jupiter, to whom he caused a statue to be erected.

Tracing religion back as far as we possess materials for so doing, Phallic worship, in which the sexual organs formed the leading symbols, appears to be the most ancient. This in the course of time merged into the astronomical religion, of which—strange as it may appear to those who learn it for the first time—Christianity is but an offshoot, and one greatly misunderstood, by the generality of those who uphold it.

The Sun, it must be admitted, is the best emblem that man possesses of divinity,* as it is this great orb that shines upon every nation, savage and civilized, that supplies those fructifying rays that give food to all, and may therefore be truly said to be “no respecter of persons.”

The magi, or wise men of the east—*i.e.*, the ancient sages of India, Persia, and Egypt—were the philosophers of the times and countries in which they lived, and they worshipped the Sun, Moon, and stars simply as visible representatives of ideas. These sages, from their deep insight into the working of the Divine force in nature, possessed a profound knowledge of the universe, consequently they were enabled to sway the minds of the ignorant and credulous masses in any way they desired. Thus, while to the initiated the Sun was merely the symbol of light, intellectual and spiritual, the ignorant and uninitiated worshipped the Sun, Moon, and stars as actual deities. The successors of these most ancient sages—*viz.*, the priests of the various sects founded on

* According to the doctrine of evolution the Sun is the actual creator and parent of the earth, and the entire line of planets.—*Ed. U. U.*

the worship of the heavenly bodies—in like manner, continued to control the minds of the masses by forming the primitive theologies into systems, and creating gods and goddesses to suit their own purposes. These priests were perfectly aware of the underlying truth beneath all these images; but from interested motives they sought to hide the truth from the vulgar, upon whose credulity they relied for the aggrandisement of themselves and their temples, giving their dupes merely the outward symbols, so as to keep them in ignorance and thereby subservient to priestcraft.

It was thus that in the time of Constantine, the numerous pagan gods and goddesses merged into the virgin-born God, the ancient astronomical symbols being perpetuated in the new religion.

The conception of an incarnate God was evidently borrowed from the Egyptian theology, in which Horus is represented as the son of Osiris (the Sun) and Isis (the Earth). Thus the Son of God became the offspring of the Sun and Earth, the union of the Sun and Earth being the apparent source of creative power “by whom all things are made, and without whom was not anything made that was made.”* These subtle priests, therefore, gave to their God incarnate (in whom they comprised the fulness of the Godhead bodily) power over all things in heaven and on earth; at the same time they assumed to themselves, as his deputies, the power of remission of sins. “Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.” This was their great masterstroke, as it held out an inducement which the older forms of paganism did not claim to possess.

* It must not be forgotten that every nation of antiquity has its “Messiahs” or “Sons of God.” India had eight, all antecedent to the Jewish Messiah of the New Testament.—Ed. *U. U.*

The popular religion of our day is, therefore, merely *reformed paganism*, or *civilized heathenism*, as it has been termed, and like all the other established religions, its origin is astronomical.

All ancient religions centre around astronomical worship, and in order to preserve the old ideas, all religions (including Christianity) have been veiled under astronomical signs. Consequently, various nations' scriptures are mostly allegorical representations, the literal meaning of which is not the real one. Indeed, they were thus designed by their authors in order to hide the truths contained therein from the ignorant masses, while conveying to the initiated their esoteric or astrological meaning.

The Old Testament is simply Hebrew mythology, or the Jewish version of an astronomical allegory; for, taken in its exoteric meaning, it is full of the most absurd fables. Take, for example, the stories of a serpent speaking to a woman; of an ass talking to a man; of a whale swallowing another man, etc. In its esoteric meaning, however, these fables explain certain combinations in the heavens, and in this way alone are many Bible statements made intelligible.

It is worthy of remark that there are twelve signs in the zodiac, twelve tribes of Israel, twelve apostles, and that Elisha, (which means "God that saves," or the Sun,) is anciently represented as ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him. Moses represents Neptune, whose dwelling is where the Sun rises at the equinox; he is, therefore, said to be saved from, or drawn out of, the water. Esau represents Hercules with the lion's skin, and therefore is all over like a hairy garment. John the Baptist represents Aquarius, or the water-bearer.

Mr. W. Oxley, a gentleman who has devoted considerable study to the subject, writing in regard to the Bible

history as interpreted by the stars, clearly demonstrates the astro-masonic character of the leading Biblical statements. Mr. Oxley declares them to be "an intellectual and spiritual adaptation of solar, sidereal, and planetary motions and positions, which form the base of an allegory that has supplied all nations with their religious beliefs." He further observes :—" We are now in actual possession of the veritable system on which the whole of the Bible was based." *

The sacred bull of the Brahmins, the Apis of the Egyptians, the baal or bull of the Chaldeans, the bull sacrificed by the Persians in the symbolic mysteries of Mithra, represented both the active or masculine principle in nature and likewise the constellation Taurus, or the bull, in the zodiac, styled in the Jewish Scriptures Jehovah, or the Great I Am, who was jealous of the bulls of Bashan, and of all other bulls or gods. The bull was the emblematical symbol of the Sun at the vernal equinox in the sign of Taurus, the celestial bull.

The worship of the celestial bull was twenty-one hundred years older than that of the celestial lamb ; the bull having preceded the lamb or " ram " at the vernal equinox by that period. In Persia the bull was the leading symbol, contemporary with the " baal or bel " Sun-worship of the Chaldeans ; which at a later period (when the vernal equinox occurred in the sign of the lamb) gave place to the worship of the lamb. So in Egypt the worship of the bull Apis was contemporary with the baal or bull-worship of Chaldea and Persia, but was afterwards substituted by that of the lamb, when the latter took the place of the bull at the vernal equinox. The Sun, whether at the vernal equinox in the bull, lamb, or ram, was the same object of worship. In Revelations

* See Mrs. Britten's celebrated work, "The Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History."

iv., 6 to 9, the second beast referred to is the Anointed One, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world by dissipating the cold of winter. This vision evidently related to the state of the heavens at the vernal equinox some eighteen centuries ago, when the Sun reached that point of its apparent annual course, no longer in the sign of the bull, but in that of the lamb. The "sea of glass" represented the azure dome of heaven, and "the throne" the position of the Sun in the sign of Aries or Agni. The four beasts stood for the four seasons, or Leo, Taurus, Aquarius, and the Eagle (or substitute for Scorpio); there were also four evangelists. The six wings of each of the four beasts represented the six hours which each of these constellations occupied in passing from the horizon to the zenith, making together twenty-four hours, or length of time of the diurnal revolution of the Earth, which, like the beasts and the four and twenty elders, "rests not day nor night," for it revolves unceasingly around the Sun—the king of heaven—which, symbolically, has been the object of veneration and worship for ages, of millions upon millions of earth's inhabitants.

The Sun is the fundamental symbol of every religion, from its being everywhere a visible manifestation of God in "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person." It is upon this kingly orb that man depends for light and life, through which are produced all things needful to existence. To this day the course of the Sun not only controls both the secular and ecclesiastical calendars of the Christian Church, and the character and times of its festivals, but actually coincides with the main circumstances narrated of Christ's life, from his conception and birth to his ascension into heaven; and the same remarks apply equally to Chrishna of the Hindoos, Mithra of the Persians, Osiris of the Egyptians, and other ancient god-men.

Sir Isaac Newton was the layman who first announced that the Christian festivals were determined upon an astronomical basis. The day assigned to the birth of the Sun-God of all the other religions was the same as that assigned, without a particle of historical evidence, by the Church to Christ. The shortest day (*i.e.*, north of the Equator) being the 21st, his birthday is put on to the 25th, the first day that shows any elongation, and which is, therefore, the actual commencement of the year; while the 21st, on which the Sun reaches his lowest point—when his worshippers are supposed to be filled with alarm lest their lord and master fail to rise again—is assigned to the doubting apostle Thomas.

When Christmas comes the Sun is born; but winter has still a long career to run, consequently the Sun, as yet a feeble infant, has to undergo a series of struggles with the powers of darkness. In the case of the Hindoo deity Chrishna—who was also said to have been born on the 25th December, cradled among shepherds, and greeted at his birth by an angelic chorus—a massacre of children was ordered by a jealous king named Cansa, in exact correspondence with the slaughter *afterwards* ascribed to Herod. In every case, however, the Sun-God escapes all dangers and grows in “stature and favour with God and man,” the days gradually gaining on the nights as he rises higher above the horizon until the vernal equinox, when they are equal.

This period of equality constitutes in all the solar religions a crisis in the Sun-God’s history. For a time things seem to go against him. The change to the south-west monsoon brings equinoctial storms which hide the Sun from sight. He has succumbed to his foe. They fast long and mourn him dead (as in Lent). But being a God he shall prove himself conqueror, and his very death shall be a redemption for the nations; for the rains by

which the Sun has been obscured are essential to the life of the world. Thus hope returns and despair is changed to joy, as he shines out with new and greater effulgence. His rising at Easter is followed by his triumph and continued ascent towards his kingdom of heaven, whence, in the heat and fruitfulness of summer, he changes the *waters* of rainy spring into the grape-wine of midsummer.

Now does the orb of day begin to attain his full powers. Thus in the Apocalypse we find the Lamb adored by four living creatures, the cardinal constellations of the heavens, corresponding with the four archangels—Gabriel, Michael, Uriel, and Raphael—and representing the four seasons of the year—and twenty-four elders, who fall down before him crying “Worthy is the Lamb,” representing the twenty-four hours which constitute the solar day, the twelve apostles representing the number of months of the year. The constellation Virgo (the virgin) represents the ideal woman—The Divine mother. Osiris, Mithra, Bacchus, Chrishna, and Christ are all represented as having been born at midnight, between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, in a cave or stable. At this moment the constellation Virgo is cut in half by the eastern horizon, the Sun itself being beneath the Earth, in the sign of Capricorn, or stable of Augeas, the cleansing of which constituted one of the labours of Hercules, who also represented the Sun. Justin Martyr boasts that Christ was born when the Sun takes its birth in the stable of Augeas, coming as a second Hercules to cleanse a foul world.

The Sun in his descent or passage across the equator is always represented as crucified between the two evil months of November and December. It is the constellation of the Serpent, or Scorpion, that ushers in the winter, which afflicts the earth five months, and whose tail draws a third part of the stars of heaven.—(See Revelation xii.)

Not less susceptible of a solar interpretation are the miracles ascribed to Christ, as the conversion of water into wine; the production of food, as in the draught of fishes and the feeding of the five thousand—all due to the Sun's fertilizing influence on land and water. In the stilling of the tempest we have an example of the dependence of the weather on the Sun. It is the Sun that, by affording light, gives sight to the eye. He is the universal healer of disease, able, by darting his rays afar, to impart renewed vitality at a distance, as in the case of the nobleman's son and the centurion's servant. In the blasting of the barren fig tree we see the blighting effect of the Sun's heat on a feeble and rootless vegetation. The learned Spaniard, Alphonso the Great, truly stated that "the adventures of Jesus are all depicted in the constellations."

The Persian magicians—from whose philosophy the Jews in their captivity learned, and after their release collated, their legends—accounted for the introduction of evil into the world by the fable of a serpent tempting the first woman to pluck an apple. This act, as the apple ripens late in autumn, was of course followed by the prevalence of winter, with darkness and cold—the kingdom of the Evil principle. The mischief thus brought about could only be remedied by the agency of the Sun, whom they identified with the principle of Good. Hence they supposed the incarnation of the Sun in the person of Mithra. This Mithra was set forth as born of a virgin in a cave, at the winter solstice, and as accompanied by a retinue of twelve persons or apostles, who represented the twelve months of the year. Having vanquished the prince of darkness, who, under the guise of a serpent, had seduced the woman, and having lost his life in the contest, Mithra descended into hell—or under side of the Earth—and at the spring equinox rose again and ascended into

heaven, opening to man the gates of light, and redeeming him from the oppression of the Evil One, viz., Winter. Mithra was represented as born of a virgin because the constellation Virgo was on the horizon at the time of the Sun's birth. And because the sun was at that time in the sign of Aries—then known as the lamb—at the vernal equinox, which governs the year, Mithra was called the lamb of God, and the lamb that takes away the evils of the world. The serpent that causes all the mischief by bringing in the winter is Scorpio, the constellation of the later Autumn. The religion founded in honour of Mithra was provided with the sacraments of baptism, penance, the eucharist, consecration, and others. Its novices were subjected to a severely ascetic *régime*. Chastity and virginity were accounted sacred; and it contained the doctrines of the Fall, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Resurrection.*

Passing to Egypt we find the Sun-God Osiris, a member of a triune Godhead (evidently borrowed from the older Hindoo conception of the Trimurti), coming upon earth for the benefit of mankind, and gifted with the titles of Manifestor of God and Revealer of Truth.

Born on the 25th of December, of a divine virgin, he was persecuted and put to death by the malevolence of the Evil One—namely, Typhon or Winter. He was buried and rose again, and returning to heaven became the judge of all men. Such was the man-God of the Egyptians, whose worship pervaded the country that gave tone and colour to the Gospels.

The Greek Hercules, Bacchus, Apollo, Adonis, and many others are also represented as deities who descended to earth to redeem mankind from evil. The coincidences in the histories of these numerous Sun-gods with that

*And all this Persian theology existing centuries before Christ, the Jews learned in captivity!!—ED. U. U.

related of Jesus are clear evidence that "the same idea which dominated the Pagan faiths controlled also the Christian."

Chrishna, for instance, is said to have as a child astonished his teachers by his profound wisdom. He had a forerunner called "Rama," and a favourite disciple named "Arjun." He repaired to the river Ganges for baptism, and retired to a desert for meditation. He washed the feet of the Brahmins to show deep humility. He healed lepers, raised the dead, and taught inspirational truths. On one occasion, as he entered the town of Mathura, the people strewed his path with branches, and at another time he had a box of ointment poured over his head by a woman whom he had cured of an ailment, and to whom he is reported to have said—"Woman, I accept your sacrifice; the little which is given by the heart is of more worth than all the riches offered through ostentation."

Chrishna proscribed revenge, inculcated the returning of good for evil, and taught the people the practice of good and faith in the inexhaustible goodness of God. He denounced tyranny, sympathized with the feeble, and consoled the unhappy. He lived poor and loved the poor, declaring that they were the chosen of God. He came, he said, not to found a new religion, but to purify the old, and to preach a higher and truer conception of God and man's destiny. Chrishna's followers believed him to be God, and, according to the testimony of Hadrian, millions worshipped him as such in the time of Alexander the Great, 350 years before the Christian era.

The history of Jesus, between his birth and his death (as recorded in the New Testament) is merely an improved allegorical representation of the Sun in his relative position to the stars and the planets in their annual journey. The case is stated very plainly in the following lines [by the learned Lecturer himself.—ED. *U. U.*]:—

"Remember, then, in olden times, as we have said before,
The Sun was recognised as God in all religious lore ;

Now, let us take the Sun of June, about the twenty-fourth,
When from the brightest point he went descending from the north.
Just one degree then he declines, and thus till Christmas morn
He shortens each succeeding day until the Christ is born.
For then the new-born Christ, the Sun, was risen into view,
And John the Baptist had *decreased*, his mission being through,
But Christ, the new-born Sun, still reigned, and marching on his way,
Did verify the words of John, and *increased* every day.

Good Christian brother, thus your Christ, together with your creed,
Is proved to be a Pagan vine—a growth from Pagan seed ;
And though to you Christ is the God, or God-begotten one,
He is the same old Pagan truth, the bright-eyed God—the Sun."

"GOD UNDERSTANDS."

Written for the "Unseen Universe."

BEAUTIFUL thought ! from an angel mind,
Given to those who strive ;
The deeper truths of His law to find,
Forth to the world to give ;
"God understands" the motive high,
The purpose pure and true,
Of every soul who shall boldly try,
Our Father's work to do.

"God understands ;" let the cold world frown,
While critics scoff or sneer ;
For good shall cast all evil down,
And Truth shall make them hear.
Be strong, and brave, and struggle on,
While angels nearer press ;
To whisper sweetly heaven's "Well done !"
"God understands" thee best.

"JENNY WREN."

Melbourne, Australia.

Interest in Spiritualism has just received additional impetus in Russia—so says the *Harbinger of Light*—by the lectures of M. de Bodisco, Chamberlain to the Emperor.

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 VIII.

OF TRUE OCCULTISM AND THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.

ENOUGH has been written in my previous sketches to show that the grand desideratum of my North American pilgrimages had been attained, and that I not only believed but KNEW that the soul of man, formed and moulded on earth in the image of his creative prototype, lived, and moved on through eternities of being after quitting its temporary casket of a material body.

I knew also the fact, sublime and consoling in its reality, that the Spirits that had once lived and been formed as men on this, and myriads of other earths in space, were the progenitors of those radiant and glorious existences on whose tutelary care the rule and government of worlds devolved, and were, in their occasional visitations to mortals in olden time, worshipped as "gods" and "lords."

It was much to know that amidst the vast and numberless hierarchies of planetary and sun angels, archangels, and beings of whom the dazed mentality of finite existence could only vaguely discern, that the arisen spirits of our best beloved, the angels of our homes, and the dear companions of our rudimental lives on earth, held their place and made their mark, were it even on the lowest round

* By permission of the author.

of the ladder which reached down to the depths, and scaled the heights of eternity. Still better, it was glorious to realize that there was such a ladder; that its name was "progress;" that its every round of existence was open to all; and that the watchwords of that eternity through which its spiral heights were piercing, were upward and onward "for ever."

Thus far the profoundest depths of Occultism, and the most sublime visions of Deific being, were bridged over, to my apprehension, by the *hitherto missing link* of human Spiritual life, and the demonstrated fact of a soul world teeming with the arisen pilgrim spirits of earth marching up the ever ascending path of infinity.

In long, and to me, interesting conversations with my friend Marcus Franke, I expressed the sentiments of deep gratitude, which I now reiterate to the Supreme Soul of Being and His ministering angels, for the mighty boon of direct Spiritual intercourse between the dwellers of earth and the spirit spheres, and I look now upon my own past sentiments of repulsion from the simple, commonplace methods of communion which spirits employ—obviously in consideration of human weakness and materiality—with regret and self-abasement.

I did not at first remember that humanity, trained by priestcraft to regard death, judgment, and life hereafter, even the Father of spirits Himself, with commingled sentiments of horror, awe, and dread—neither knew nor could understand any of those subjects, unless they were enshrouded in veils of mysticism and fear, from which it was the interests of the priesthood to warn away their all too trusting votaries.

And now this veil of mystery was rent in twain.

The spirits spoke to their friends and kindred each through the newly discovered methods of Spiritual telegraphy, just as such friends and kindred would have

conversed together, and as they were accustomed to converse when both inhabited the same spheres, and I had been offended only because the ideal veil of mystery had been so thoroughly swept away. Still I have reason to believe I only shared the sentiment of the moving world around me. Our remembrances concerning our arisen ones are so constantly associated with the last act of the earthly drama, that the deathbed, the deep bitterness of the shroud, the pale and the speechless monumental grave, have obscured to thousands of eyes the living identities, cheerful voices, and pleasant messages of the real men, women, and children that have never slept "the sleep that knows no waking," nor lingered amidst the mouldering ashes of the dead.

For this awakening from death to life I am myself so grateful that I can but marvel why any other solemnities should be observed in the transition, than those of consigning the worn-out and decaying house of clay from which the real man has escaped, to the purifying action of the sacred element of fire—thus freeing the earth of the impurity of corrupting matter, and releasing the spirit from the last relic of magnetic attraction to the old garments it once wore.

Enfranchised alike from doubt, fear, and mystery, I rejoiced in constant converse with my ascended friends, and was enabled by their wise counsels to connect the links of being in one unbroken chain from Deity to protoplasm, and upward and onward again to Deity, until thousands of problems were solved by those simple words "*Modern Spiritualism.*" Thus, whereas at first I had been disposed to regard my Spiritual associates with astonishment at the calm, deliberate, and perfectly human characteristics of their intercourse with "the spirits," I now felt impelled to deepen that astonishment into indignation when I observed how few there were in the

ranks of believers who could rise beyond the personal gratification derived from renewed intercourse with their beloved ones, to any apprehension of the stupendous floods of light which Spiritualism sheds on the mysteries of being—past, present, and future; of the wondrous qualities of the soul, of the eternity of spirit as an element, and the true nature and being of the existence men worship as God.

Before I attempt to place my own views on record concerning these vast and mooted points, I will briefly sum up the results of my wanderings in some of the different countries I visited prior to my return to India. In California I found a wide and far-reaching interest in the communion between spirits and mortals, but a total absence of any philosophy growing out of this communion, except in such glimpses as were awakened by the few inspired lecturers and trance-speakers who from time to time visited the country. In these Pacific Coast regions, as in all mining countries, I traced the presence and influence of the "Elementaries" both by sights and sounds. When I say *the Elementaries* I feel bound to digress somewhat from my narrative of travels in order to reiterate the philosophy I have already placed on record in "Art Magic" and "Ghostland," and re-affirm my certain knowledge that spirit exists in germ in atoms of matter, from the rarest gases to the most solid crystalline rocks. As forms of matter decay and disintegrate, the germ or spiritual principle is liberated, and then for a while takes on a temporary existence as an elemental spirit in the soul world—that is, in a world that permeates all material bodies in space, even as the souls of men permeate their bodies. In this soul world the elemental spirit remains attached to the forms of matter from which it sprang, until it is again attracted on some other earth in space, to the next higher stage of being. Thus, in

seemingly interminable chains of births, lives, deaths, and re-births, the spirit-germ gestates as an embryo until it gravitates to the kingdom of animated being. After the embryotic or gestating processes of life, death, and re-birth through the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, the spiritual germ ceases to be a mere elemental, but becomes a spirit with ascending rudimental functions through the animal kingdom.

Still passing on through myriads of worlds in space, the last grand ultimatum of spiritual being is *man*, the self-conscious apex and end of spiritual growth and soul progress through matter. Do you ask "Where is the proof of these pilgrimages?" I answer you *a priori*, the assurance of the soul's immortality. That which never has an end never can have had a beginning. Spirit, then, *must* be an original primordial element like matter, like force—ever existent, uncreated, eternal. Like matter, it waits in time for the commencement of such gestating processes as will bring it into form, and give it an ultimate and independent existence. For this divine and sublime fulfilment spirit becomes a temporary dweller in ever varying but ever progressive forms of matter, until it obtains its ultimatum *in man*. My next (to me) proof, is the life of all things, each growing with an intelligence peculiar to itself. Thus in the mineral kingdom we have those preferences, attractions, and repulsions called "chemical affinities." In the vegetable kingdom we have yet more subtle manifestations of instinct, such as good and evil natures, beauty and bane, health and poison, sweet perfumes and deadly exhalations, plants love and hate—grow under one hand and perish under another. They are magnetic and æsthetic, and some even carnivorous, laying traps for and devouring insects. They have sex, and reproduce their kind. They live and die, and are the subjects of improvement

and progress. As to the animal kingdom it is too vast a field to enter upon in this chapter, save to say in addition to reason, I demand *justice* for everything that moves, breathes, and at last thinks. I demand a commencement, a cause, and an ultimatum for the destiny of every spark of spirit, as much for the infusoria of the air or the animalculæ of the dew-drop as for the man that rules and governs all, and as the last proof I can give that the philosophy I advance is true, I allege that I, like all my fellow-students in *true* Occulism, and thousands of finely developed clairvoyants, have *seen* these elementals, visited their spheres, and recognized their actual existence in matter.

Few, indeed, are the miners who doubt upon the spirits of the mines. Few are the geologists and chemists who fail to speculate upon, and marvel over, the silent but inevitable processes by which minerals grow, change, crystallize, die, and are taken up again from the ashes of the past into progressed forms. Few are the botanists who do not hold converse, unconsciously at times to themselves, with the spirits of the woods, the trees, the grasses, and the flowers; and none the naturalists who have not caressed the tender bird, the noble steed, or the faithful dog, and thought—if he has not spoken the words—"It won't be Heaven to me unless I meet thee there." Of all this I shall write more anon, for the world waits, and the kingdoms beneath us demand the truth.

The history of life eternal is written, but few read the page aright as yet. The eyes of humanity have been gazing through theological spectacles until the vision has become dimmed, and can only discern the lurid fires of a blasphemous hell, or the fantastic glare of an imaginary, great, white, heavenly throne. Awakening from the nightmare of man-made delusions, the souls of men are standing face to face with the Creator's works, and

shaking off the horrible phantoms of priestly conjuration ; they are beginning to hear the voice of God in the anthem of the waves ; to listen to the Titan factories in which he works in the storm and the bellowing of volcanic fires ; to trace his laws written in the fiery scriptures of the skies ; to read sermons beneath the arches of forest cathedrals ; to wonder at his variousness in the ten thousand forms of nature, and recognize his bounty in the adaptation of every creature to its place, the place and point at which its means of sustenance are found. And all this is closed by the march of the ever-growing, ever-expanding soul up to man—man, the vicegerent of Deity on earth, the prophecy of what he shall yet attain to when the purified spirit becomes as Deity and a part of the central sun of the universe. Again apologizing to my readers for digressing from my promised narrative into the paths of new and perhaps unacceptable philosophy, I ask permission to continue my brief *resumé* of notes of travel in the next chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND ADVENTURES OF A MANUSCRIPT.

A REAL LIFE SKETCH.

*Translated from the French of François Coppée, for the "Unseen Universe,"
by Margaret Wilkinson, Foreign Librarian of Manchester.*

A YOUNG poet had just finished writing a drama in verse. He had shut himself up in his sixth-storey room with pens, ink, tobacco, and the inspiration of a charming waking dream. There, burning with enthusiasm, he lives only for his work, during many long weeks enveloped in a cloud of smoke and inspiration. When he goes out to take refreshment or indulge in an occasional stroll in the

least frequented quarters of the city, he might be taken for a somnambulist, so lost and abstracted is his air and manner, so indifferent does he appear to all external things.

And yet he is supremely happy, and appears to forget all the trials and commonplace realities of life. Nothing more exists for him than the romantic events and imaginings of his drama, no other people than the poetic children of his fancy. His work at length came to life with the slow charm of the dawn. He had thought of it without ceasing, and often fell asleep only to recall an undefined thought, a too commonplace word, an unfinished picture, and on awakening, the idea had become luminous, the expression eloquent, the metaphor sublime. Then he would at once resume his work, and as soon as one page was written he would read it over, cover it with erasures and corrections, and then devote himself to the same review of every succeeding page—on, and on, and on, till the long day closed.

In this solitary and meditative life our poet's mind acquired a marvellous activity. Crowds of words obeyed him and replied to his call like charmed birds. Rhyme responded to rhyme, and at times burning verses rushed through his brain like the seething waters of a mighty cataract. With what resistless magic he evoked the personages of his drama! There was the hero, sparkling with manly power and aspiring youth. Above all loomed up the perfection of the heroine, an ideal maiden, gentle and fair as a lily, beautiful and matchless as a lone star of evening. Oh, the happy hours of intoxicating illusion which he spent with the creations of fervid imagination! the visionary creatures of his fancy!

At last the work is done—the drama is finished; and impatient to have it presented to the theatres, the author hastens to get it copied. It is in a low street, at the top

of a common, foetid staircase that the copyist he determines to employ is to be found. Crowded together in a mean apartment, barely warmed by a shabby stove, four or five still shabbier looking dissolute men ply their work as dramatic copyists. To the one in especial whom he sought, our poet most reluctantly commits his precious manuscript, secretly loathing the coarse hands and half inebriated face of the scribe who is to handle it. In a few days he receives back his manuscript, made into a fairly good copy as far as the writing was concerned, but without punctuation, full of mistakes, words omitted, proper names murdered, and all sorts of other faults.

At first the poet is frantic, but at length he braces up his nerves to the task of revision. Whilst correcting the faults of the manuscript by means of penknives and endless interpolations, as he goes over his work again, he finds his first enthusiasm beginning to fail. He is uneasy; he doubts. It is like the impression of the painter who looks again upon a study which has been hanging upon his wall for some days: it is full of defects before unperceived. However, when the manuscript is at last corrected and neatly enclosed in a fair cover, the poor author is reassured, and the famous drama commences its travels.

One of the most brilliant wits of his time—the poet Theodore Banville—being one day asked the safest means of hiding away a precious manuscript, proposed the following plan:—"Take a tragedy in five acts, slip the manuscript you wish to hide effectually between two pages of the tragedy, bind it all up together, and send it to the Théâtre Français. The hiding place will never be discovered." This, however, though a witty paradox, is not quite just. Manuscripts *are* examined at the Théâtre Français, where there are three readers appointed for this purpose."

Some examples are cited (very rare, it is true) in which plays left at that theatre have been read, and even played, but as we never heard of this phenomenon from authors themselves, we deem it rather a fable than a fact, that is, until we have further information on a subject so incredible.

However, the manuscript with which we are concerned does not pretend to exceptional favours; it is *the manuscript par excellence*; the representative manuscript of the day, and it must be followed to the end; the "*via dolorosa*" of dramas in verse, the way of fate for the feet of authors to tread.

The first station at which the "Wandering Jew" arrived was naturally the Théâtre Français. Having made himself as presentable as possible, and arming himself with his famous roll, the author goes towards the house of fate with beating heart and hasty step. As he enters and ascends the staircase a miniature representation of the great cynic, Voltaire, his hands contracted upon the arms of his chair, watches him, and laughs hideously in his face. On the landing-place of the first floor the tragic head of the "Rachel" by Gérôme seems to dart at him a look so severe as to make him shiver. A little reassured, however, by the polite reception of the secretary of the theatre, the trembling poet hands in his packet and takes his leave, a prey to the opposite sentiments of nervous fear and latent hope.

After days, weeks, and months of anxious silent waiting, during which he dreams he sees the title of his drama shining from many-coloured bills upon the walls, the author receives the fatal letter, stamped with the venerable number, 1680, which announces to him, with extreme politeness, that the drama had not been accepted by the committee, and that the manuscript was now at his (the author's) disposal. Fall the first! The blow is struck,

and is hard to bear, but the poet rises under it, and does not allow himself to be disheartened. After all, why did he go to the "Théâtre Français"? A temptation without real hope, the pilgrimage of every Hadji to Mecca, nothing more. He again took his manuscript, marked and marred by the strokes of the reader's pencil, and made it undergo a second dressing, with a large reinforcement of india-rubber. It is next taken to the theatre in the literary "Nouméa," for which there is no amnesty, that is to say, to the "Odéon."

Oh! the waiting in the first-floor room, to see the Director, or at least the Secretary. Oh! the interminable hours passed in looking at the photographs of authors and artists which adorn the walls of the stairways and halls. How leisurely has he been able to examine them during those long hours of useless expectation, and how well he knows them all. There is "Frederick Lemaître," "Ristori" as the Tragic Muse, the Brothers Lyonnet, and multitudes of others, enough to form a large catalogue. Now he reads over and over again the cordial dedications, such as *To my brave Constant: To my dear Emile*, and he knows by heart the names of actors who were young under the consulate of Bocage; of the actresses who were pretty at the time of crinolines, and whose likenesses, paled by time and spoiled by the sun, seemed effaced and lost in a vague distance, like the glory and the beauty which had vanished.

Some more days, weeks, and months of mingled hope and fear slip slowly away, and the manuscript is again returned to its author. Fall the second—but this time the poet is angry; he wants the managers to tell him their reason for rejection. He demands, and he obtains, correct information of the report, and he then learns that they found his piece interesting and well written, but that it resembles some antique "Hypermnestre" or antediluvian

"Abufar," names of which he has never heard. And once again the manuscript continues its deplorable career.

Like the bottle thrown into the sea by distressed mariners, it became the sport of the waves of the "*Parisian Ocean*." It miscarried first at the house of a "theatrical" man, whose co-operation the author went to solicit. An old *Skeleton* of the "*Boulevard du crime*," who retouches the plot, introduces into it many tricky situations; pitilessly cuts up the psychological unfoldments, the dialogues, the author's pet "words," and his most "beautiful lines," and finally proposes to adorn the work with "a snow scene, a bridge over the torrent, and an idiot child who is lost in the forest, his pocket book full of papers indispensable to the unravelling of the dénouement!"

After that the manuscript strands on a minor theatre, where low drama is played, where they see in it a charming subject for comedy if it were only altered thus and so; next it goes to a theatre where it is proposed to adapt it to burlesque opera. It is taken one day, in great state, to the room of a celebrated star actor, and after having been received with a courteous smile by the "Hero," in course of "making up," it is negligently thrown upon the toilet table, amongst fringes, pots of paint, and hare's feet; whilst the call boy, who passes in the corridor, shouting "The third act," pops his head in at the half-open door, and respectfully asks monsieur, if he wishes them to ring up the orchestra.

Like a tennis ball, the manuscript rebounds from the great man's dressing table to a literary café, where twenty vaudevillists meet to devise subjects for plays, to drink absinthe, and play dominoes. There it is received immediately by the eternal director *in partibus*, a gentleman in a threadbare suit, to whom the State minister promised one fine morning the first vacant post in the Cabinet, and

who is now only waiting till a lease expires, or there is a bankruptcy somewhere, in order to take the "Gaité" or the "Ambigu" and bring forth a renewal of the "grand drama." Next the manuscript is called for by "une grande Dame," who (by means of some hundreds of pounds lent to a theatrical manager at the point of bankruptcy), exhibits every night on the stage of the third rank, the dresses made by "Laferriere," and diamonds worthy of a queen, formerly stolen for her by a runaway cashier. This "grande Dame" has heard the manuscript spoken of, wonders if it would suit *her dresses*, and so the author takes it her without delay. This time it is deposited in a magnificent old china vase, amongst an assortment of cards of tradesmen and members of the Jockey Club, and there it lays forgotten. There it lays soiled and deteriorated, rank with musk and tobacco, reeking with cold cream and white grease, stained with drops of coffee and beer. Its leaves are unsewn, and there it lays until again returned, open like the blades of an old fan.

It passes from the hands of the actress to those of the low journalist; falls from the hotel smoking-room to the low beer-house; goes from the Cluny to the Chateau d'Eau; from the "Ballande" theatre to the young "Matinéés;" and the miserable author who follows it in this mad race walks in the midst of impurity and infamy; takes off his hat to street girls; shakes hands with rascals; becomes dissipated, reckless, idle, and sinks into ruin and obscurity. Such, worthy confrères, is the authentic and lugubrious legend of THE MANUSCRIPT. We dedicate it to that vast army of writers who are too apt to mistake mediocrity for genius, and cannot see themselves as others see them. Whilst we have told the history of many a presumptuous, and, perhaps, not a few really talented aspirants for literary distinction, we might well look on the other side of the shield and see how harassed managers,

publishers, and editors are tormented by swarms of literary mosquitoes and worthless insects who mistake their sting and buzz for wit and genius. Still we shall not have written in vain if our true history of the manuscript appeals to some honest fellow who, instead of mistaking himself for a Corneille or a Shakespeare, turns his attention to selling instead of making books, or shifting scenes instead of writing them—workers are the million, geniuses the tens—and so, advising all young men that mean to take a wife and rear up a family to go to work in the first instance and earn a decent livelihood, I would then add, when they have either made their fortune or have plenty of idle time at their command, they may turn to and write poems, plays, or anything else they please, that few people want and less care to pay for.

BEYOND.

Note and Supplement to the above Narrative by Ed. U. U.

When I was a young girl, engaged in musical and theatrical life in London, I had a much valued friend, well known throughout the dramatic authors' ranks as a clever but wholly unsuccessful candidate for literary fame as a writer of plays, none of which were ever accepted, although tendered to every theatrical manager in the metropolis. I never remember seeing this gentleman without noticing how the pockets of his poor threadbare coat stuck out with the rolls of manuscript which he carried around from place to place in the vain hope of the success which never came. Circumstances often threw me into this poor gentleman's company, and no matter whether the gathering at which we met was large or small, I never recollect his omitting the customary phrase of "I have just written a new tragedy, comedy, or play (as the case might be) in five acts. If you have no objection I would like to read you a few extracts." Objections, always *felt*, were never stated, perhaps in pity to the eager pleading look, the thin, wasted form, yet the indomitable perseverance of the poor impecunious author, and so his farces, tragedies, plays, etc., were too well known to wearied listening friends, ever to encourage his hope that they would be read in "green rooms" or get beyond the stage manager's hamper of *rejected*s. Many long years after I had become an American Spiritualist and was deep in the work of world-wide propagandism, being one day in a large gathering of Spirit mediums, an excellent clairvoyant present described

to me with perfect accuracy my girlhood's friend—the poor author, his pockets filled as of old with rolls of manuscript, and all ending by giving his somewhat remarkable name in full, and his characteristic invitation to be permitted to read *a few extracts from his last five act tragedy*. Whilst I was busy plying the Spirit with all manner of test questions, the answers to which left his identity beyond a shadow of doubt, suddenly the thin face, wasted form, and threadbare apparel first presented, changed, and the face beamed with almost dazzling radiance; the form appeared clothed in a robe shaped like the gown of a doctor of laws, though of a rich purple hue; face, form, and all were transfigured into glorious, lustrous appearance, and another trance medium present spoke an address which was hastily transcribed, accompanied and emphasised by loud rappings, and reads as follows :—

“Mourn not for me, dear Emma, nor think of me with sorrow and compassion. As a happy spirit now, I find all I ever wrote, all I ever thought out and planned, become a part of my nature, and indoctrinated into my life as early scholastic lessons—lessons which had to be learned; lessons in which all that was crude and imperfect is shown to have been so. All which was of use, value or instruction, is preserved in types that will never perish. All this is now matured into my present character and employments, whilst the pangs of hope deferred, bitter disappointments and actual privations, I now rejoice over as means of discipline from which has to blossom out all the good and helpfulness of which my soul is now full. Looking back upon my weary mortal pilgrimage, I find I could not afford to part with one sorrow, or abate one pang endured, without robbing me of some portion of whatever is good within me, or whatever wisdom I may have acquired, or knowledge this life of the spirit has conferred.”

Q. “And your present occupation, my friend?”

A. “I am stage manager of a noble school of dramatic art.”

Q. “How? Are, there, then, plays, dramas, or schools of dramatic art in spirit life?”

A. “Assuredly are there. Kindergartens or object

teaching for the little ones ;—life pictures,—acted parables,—and moving and speaking *tableaux vivants* for adult minds. There is more keen wisdom in parables than in dry essays,—more true religion in moving living pictures of good and evil in their actual results, than in all the sermons that ever were preached."

Q. "Are there operas, too, concerts, and musical festivals?"

A. "All and everything of every art, science, or industry that there is on earth. On earth all that is done, known, or attempted, comes from the inspiration of the spirit world. In mortal life all things are merely rudimental, in the spirit world they are comparatively perfected. Thus, none of my poor rudimental struggles to compose dramatic pictures on earth *are lost*,—all are now object lessons, absolutely necessary to have been learned, as a basis for the work I am now engaged in. Heaven gathers up all that is good and beautiful. There, nothing is eliminated but sin and wrong. Farewell!"

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, then are we of all men most miserable."

THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was late in the night of the same day on which Richard Stanhope had paid his very unsatisfactory visit to Mademoiselle Lenormand, that he was awakened from his usually profound sleep by a strange feeling of oppression as if some unaccountable weight was fastening

him down in his bed. Starting up hastily and changing his position, in the belief that he had been suffering from the curious influence called *nightmare*, he endeavoured once more to compose himself to rest—in this attempt, however, he was entirely unsuccessful. The physical sense of weight was gone, but now that he was fully awake he experienced a feeling of uneasiness equally distressing and unaccountable. So marked became the sensation of some unusual presence near him—some actual individuality of an unwelcome and malignant nature—in his room, that springing from his bed, and hastily drawing up the blinds, he examined every portion of his apartment by the light of the street lamps which shone so clearly into every nook and corner, that he had to return to his couch baffled, and utterly at a loss to account for the sensations that had awakened, and subsequently so painfully affected him. But this was not all—night after night the same sense of an unendurable though unaccountable influence seemed to fill his chamber with a real though invisible presence, as of a hidden foe—tangible to the mind, but not to the physical senses. “I will quit this place,” was Stanhope’s mental resolve after nearly a week’s suffering, and that too of a character for which there seemed no other possibility of accounting, than was to be found either in the old superstitious idea of a haunted spot, or some mental disorganization of the *percipient* himself. The latter idea, and, of course, the most painful of the two alternatives took possession of Richard Stanhope’s mind, when he found that a change of place produced no modification of the terrible unrest that now began to press in upon his midnight hours, depriving him of sleep, and filling his mind, waking or sleeping, with a sense of horror, which made him *afraid of himself*—afraid to be alone, and doubtful whether the source of his misery was not the approaching wreck of his own mental balance.

Paris and its environs at that time presented many attractions to Stanhope's artistic tastes. The grand old palaces of the Louvre, Versailles, and many another scene memorable alike in the annals of art and history, attracted the classical scholar and lover of the beautiful with so much interest that he had lingered in the French capital far beyond the time he had intended to spend there, when he first commenced his continental tour. It was now almost five months since he had parted from Reginald Balfour, and the six months to which he had condemned that warm hearted friend to remain at his house at Rome, until he (Stanhope) should be able to present himself as the artist of the famous picture to Sir Lester Stanhope, would soon expire. What fatal spell was it, then, that seemed to chain him to Paris, to endure restless nights, weary days, and aimless wanderings from place to place? With a view of beguiling his singular and most unhappy frame of mind, Richard Stanhope, on one occasion, accompanied his friend Montvall, and two or three of his fellow artists, to a *séance* given by the then famous magnetist, Monsieur D'Eslon, one of the early followers and successors in Paris of Anton Mesmer. Amongst the experiments performed on this occasion with the "*lucides*" of the great magnetizer were some passages of mental impression (at that time known as *electro-biology*), in which the operator caused one of his subjects—a young lady selected haphazard from the strangers there assembled—to see, hear, taste, and smell precisely as the operator willed her to do, and that merely by what is now called "hypnotic suggestion." It was at the point, however, when D'Eslon bid her beware of an imaginary assassin, who was intending to shoot her, and the poor young girl exhibited a sense of terror equally frightful and pitiful to witness, that Richard Stanhope became most powerfully interested.

In the agonizing fear of an unknown and invisible foe, as exhibited by the poor "lucide," Stanhope at once realized his own nightly sufferings, and mentally determined that he himself was also the subject of some malign mesmeric influence, only that the operator, instead of being a human being was a *Spiritual* one, and instead of substituting, as D'Esion had done, a pleasing for a frightful influence, for purposes unknown to the witness Stanhope's tormentor continued his *magnetic* exercises in the direction of pain and unrest.

"Why," argued he, to himself, "should not some unknown enemy exert over me the same power that D'Esion exercised over that girl? Spirit or mortal, it is all the same. The magnetizer of earth is the magnetizer of the life beyond, and some such influence it is that has been the haunter of my midnight hours. One thing at least, then, I have learned by this exhibition, and that is the *nature* of the influence that has been inflicted upon me, what or whoever it has proceeded from; and now all that remains for me to do is to break the spell, and the best means I can devise is to quit Paris at once, and pass on my way to join Balfour at Rome." Full of this idea Stanhope quitted the *séance* with the determination to resist with all the power of his being the evil and malignant influence, be it what it may, which he now felt confident had been exerted upon him for causes unknown. As he was returning to his lodgings he was overtaken by a sudden shower of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. On entering the gardens of the Palais Royal he encountered a large assemblage of persons, who, like himself, had been startled by the storm. Pushing his way amidst the crowd who were seeking shelter, Stanhope suddenly came upon a woman who stopped his path by her embarrassment in attempting to open her umbrella. He was about to offer to assist her,

when the light of the street lamp, beneath which she stopped, fell full on her face. What he then saw so amazed, and even appalled him, that he lost the power of speech, and the woman had succeeded in her effort and passed rapidly on her way before he had sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to detain and accost her. Evidently she had not noticed him, and it was some minutes before he could actually determine that the stranger who was now lost to sight was Madame Baillie, the mother of his adored betrothed. To speculate upon what possible causes could have brought that woman there, and then to reproach himself bitterly for the fatuity which seemed to have paralyzed him, and held him bound to the spot, instead of rushing after her to enquire into the occasion of her presence, were his first reflections. Then followed a wave, as it were, of mental impressions, sweeping across his mind, and filling it with the same hateful and oppressive sensations of mingled horror and apprehension that had of late so constantly disturbed his night's repose. What was that woman doing there? Why did this rush of midnight horror sweep over his soul at the very moment when she passed near him? And, by what possibility could this woman (ever to him the veritable serpent of his Edenic picture, and the incarnation of the tempter of his Eve) recall, as it did thus vividly, the shadow of evil that hovered around his unresting hours of midnight? That very morning Stanhope had received by post one of the rare and very brief answers to the long and frequent letters that he addressed to his betrothed.

She always excused herself for writing so seldom and so briefly on the ground that she was studying hard to perfect herself in such branches of education as would fit her to be her *Richard's wife*, and, therefore, though she would not break her promise of writing the first of each

month, she could only write enough to say "ALL'S WELL." She casually added that her mother was well, and had been on a visit to a relative near the Carlisle school in which Adina herself was residing. . . . "And yet I see her in Paris," murmured Stanhope, as he sat that night in his chamber reading, again and yet again, the little billet that he had that morning taken from the hands of the postman, with the same veneration as the devout Catholic would have touched a saintly relic. "What can this mean? Who knows?" he added aloud; "perhaps what I saw to-night might have been that creature's wraith! . . . Great heavens! Who spoke?" he cried, starting to his feet, as a low sighing sound, something between a sob and a deep prolonged sigh, swept through the outer hall, and seemed to penetrate even, with a chilling air tangible to the touch, into the room, and with it came the distinct utterance of the words, "No! no! no!" "Who speaks?" again he cried; and now—surely some doors must be open, for the wind sweeps past the candle; the flame is bent—flickers—goes out; Stanhope, appalled but gaining strength with every fresh move of the crisis, gropes his way hastily to the recess where he keeps his tinder-box. He feels his way with his hands,—but, ere he reaches the spot he seeks, a lurid light presents itself before him. It is not the lightning—for the quick flashes of the heavenly fires shoot through the window behind him—and this is a steady, misty, thick glare, in the midst of which appears the head, shoulders, and chest of a very old man. It is but a dim outline, thick, lurid, and misty as the awful light in which it is seen; it resembles an ill-lighted panorama. The old head is covered with dishevelled grey hair; the eyes are starting from the wrinkled old face; a ghastly wound on the throat is seen, which nearly severs the head from the body, and from

the bleeding neck dangles a rosary of beads and a huge crucifix—a black figure on a golden cross. The apparition wears a white night-dress, open at the chest, on which is laid a hand bereft of the two forefingers.

Even in the unspeakable horror of this vision there is a dim sense on the part of the beholder that the marred half-fingerless hand is laid on the blood-stained breast for purposes of identification. It must be so, as the instant the glance of the appalled seer rests upon the hand the vision fades out slowly, but vanishes with the deliberation of a passing show, and, except for the occasional flashes of the lightning, as the distant thunder bespeaks the passing away of the storm, the room is again enveloped in thick darkness. The bench on which the visionary and horrible show seemed to have been placed is reached, the tinder-box is grasped, a light struck, and all the available candles in the chamber are set burning—then the lonely watcher sits down to reflect.

The apparition was that of a stranger, yet it seemed to Stanhope as if in a dream of the past, he could recall something or some one not altogether unfamiliar to him; still, think as he would, and go over in memory every creature he had ever known—at least that he could recollect—none corresponded with the awful presentment of that visionary face and form. Without attempting to undress, and after many long hours of unquiet watching and reflection, the weary artist threw himself upon his bed in the effort to snatch a brief season of repose.

From time to time he slept, but his feverish and broken dreams were full of pictures as terrible as the vision of his waking hours. At one moment his troubled spirit would behold the Paradisaical garden of his prize picture, but ever and anon the peerless Eve would expand into the terrible Greek heroine of the Agamemnon murder, "Clytemnestra." The Satanic-faced Serpent would merge into

the hated lineaments of the woman he so dreaded and feared—the mother of his angel. . . . The morning came at length. With its first dawning the harassed sleeper awoke aroused, and hastened to answer the knock of the *concierge* at his door. “A letter for Monsieur Stanhope,” the man said; “and one,” he added, “which had been delivered by the postman the previous day, but monsieur having been absent till late at night, there had been no chance to give it him till now.”

Before the man had given half his message Stanhope had hastily torn open the letter. The postmark was from Florence, and the direction was in Balfour’s handwriting. The letter contained only these words (written evidently in haste, and with a trembling hand): “For heaven’s sake come on immediately, lose no time; you are wanted.—Ever yours, Balfour.”

“Come on where?” murmured Stanhope, with the accustomed habit of a lonely man, thinking aloud—“He lives at Rome, but the postmark is from Florence—no date, no place is named. Well! I will e’en go on to Rome first, and then—Who speaks?” Once more the sobbing, sighing sough of a cold wind sweeps through the chamber, and once more the strange breeze seems to syllable forth the utterance of the past night—“No! no! no!” But Richard Stanhope, disregarding the ghostly monition, one hour later was speeding on his way to his friend’s house at Rome.

(*To be continued.*)

The despised phenomena of modern Spiritualism have done more to uproot materialism and fill thoughtful and highly educated sceptics with ardent hopes for a future life than have all the teachings of all the pulpits of Christendom during the same period.—*T. P. Barkas, F.G.S.*

THE HEALING WATERS OF LOURDES ; OR, THE VISIONS OF BERNADETTE.

*Compiled from a Paper written by J. M. Peebles, in the
"American Spiritualist."*

I give the following sketch in answer to numerous queries from various correspondents who seek *apropos* information from me on a subject now being popularly enquired about. The information given may be fully relied on.—ED. U. U.

THE town of Lourdes is situated in the department of the Upper Pyrenees, near the entrance to the seven vales of Lavedan. The chief attraction of this village, to travellers on their way to the summer watering places that dot those mountainous regions, was an old and famous castle.

In this usually quiet French town lived Francois Soubirous and his wife. They were poor; and accordingly friends kindly took upon themselves the early care of their puny child—heir to future fame, at least, in the Catholic church. These people, strongly attached to the child, gave her at the age of eleven and twelve, the light employment of tending the sheep. Her patron saint was the illustrious St. Bernard; and following a time-honoured custom in that country, they familiarly called her Bernadette. Awhile after, some poor children going out to gather sticks for fuel, by the banks of the Gave, the little shepherdess gained permission to accompany them. Reaching the stream—the others having just crossed—she sat down to draw off her stockings, when she felt, as it were, the irresistible force of a cold wind passing around and settling upon her. Casting a glance upward, there was not, to her surprise, the slightest motion in the boughs or leaves of the trees. "Strange!" she said. Soon the cold magnetic wind bore down upon her more intensely; raising her eyes again, she gazed, trembled,

and half fainting, she fell upon her knees. A vision of unspeakable splendour was before her—a lady of matchless beauty, vested in garments white as lilies and stainless as mountain snows. Bernadette was speechless with wonder; and yet every look of this immortal seemed to say, “Be not frightened, I am thy ministering angel.” Recovering, the shepherd girl, feeling troubled, told her companions, Marie and Jeanne, that she, “had seen something dressed in white, and oh, so radiant!” Going again with others, she felt a strange influence come over her, and then suddenly her face became transfigured, and she exclaimed, “Look—look, there she is, the heavenly lady!” Whenever Bernadette went out to the Massabielle cliffs by the Gave, she saw the radiant apparition; but as others could not see as she did, scoffers called it imagination. The news, however, spread rapidly through all these hilly regions. The citizens became excited, because in seeing the girl entranced, her face wearing a heavenly aspect, they knew there was a reality underlying the phenomenon. Feeling again the wind; seeing the light mist, the vision, and then the shining lady, she ventured to ask what she “wished.” The reply was, “Come here every day for two weeks!” Bernadette was obedient to the divine voice; and during the two weeks, the heavenly visitant announced herself as the Virgin—declaring that a fountain should be opened in that vicinity for healing the sick, and that many marvellous works should be done in the “name of Mary the Virgin.”

The excitement in all the districts of the department became intense. Thousands flocked to the grotto daily to see the simple-minded shepherdess go into this state of ecstasy. The *savans* said, “hallucination;” the physicians, “catalepsy,” and the clergy a “supernatural work of divine providence.” M. Dufo, an attorney, several members of the bar, M. Pougat, president of the Court of

Justice, and several physicans of the Voltarian School resolved to investigate the matter thoroughly. Doctor Dozous said, "I, for my part, will not fail on this occasion to examine these phenomena carefully. The partisans of the supernatural are too fond of casting them in the face of medical science, to allow me to let pass an opportunity of personally studying this celebrated question." Abbe Peyramale and other clergy in the vicinity had remained, be it said to their honour, reserved and quiet, yet confident. They firmly believed the "vision," from the first, to be a genuine angel ministry; and when fully developed, determined of course, to use the manifestation for furthering the interests of the church.

The work of investigation progressed. The psychological and mesmeric influences of strong men only gave Bernadette a pain in the head. When passing into the ecstatic state, by the grotto on the banks of the Gave, her brow becoming radiant, eyes clear and fixed, lips parting as though breathing the air of heaven; physicians and public functionaries would stand by her side, astonished, puzzled. Upon one occasion, Dr. Dozous taking hold of the young girl's arm and feeling her pulse, said, "There is no unhealthy excitement here, the pulse is perfectly regular—certainly this is neither catalepsy with its stiffness, nor the unconscious ecstasy of hallucination, but an extraordinary *fact*, and of an order entirely unknown to medicine."

During these trying investigations of mesmerizing, cross questioning and experimenting by medical gentlemen and scientists, she remained calm and tranquil. This seems exceedingly reasonable, as invisible intelligences were sustaining her during the ordeal. A cold, exacting opposition to the superhuman failing in this, the cry of insanity was raised. How history repeats itself—"His demon raveth," exclaimed the learned vulgar of Socrates.

"He hath a devil, and is mad," said the Jews. By virtue of an old law, found in musty statutes, Bernadette was actually arrested by the Prefect and taken to Tarbes, with the ulterior purpose of putting her in the madhouse. But the entreaties of the thoughtful, in connection with public opinion, rising to a high pitch against such high-handed procedure, stayed for the time being, the process of further persecution.

During the two weeks previously referred to, the spiritual presence, robed in white, not only declared herself the Virgin, but uttered singular prophecies, such as the future gushing forth of a spring, and wonderful cures that should there be performed—all of which was verified. Near the close of these two weeks, the so-called Virgin commanded Bernadette to leave the Gave, to ascend towards the rock, to penetrate even to the inner corner of the grotto to eat of the herbs—and then to fast, and "drink and wash at a fountain then invisible to all eyes." The medium, obedient like an apostle to the heavenly voice, did the things required. She went far up the steep slope; she ate the bitter herbs, and then, casting her eye eastwards, she dug into the ground and a spring literally gushed out, at first small and muddy, then more abundant and fine. Drawing its waters out it became in a few days a beautiful flowing stream, clear as crystal—the waters of life for the healing of the sick.

The sensuous and incredible smile at this. Very well—a smile, a sneering *grin*, is better than no emotion. To us, however, it is one of a million spiritual manifestations, warped, of course, by strata of psychological influences pertaining to the Catholic Church. All force is spiritual. The spiritual is the real; and, accordingly, under proper conditions, it is quite impossible to set bounds to spirit power in the line of manifestations. Mental organizations differ. Those wholly absorbed in

the life of the senses believe nothing they cannot see, hear, *touch*—nothing they cannot bite.

There is nothing better attested by living witnesses than the remarkable healing qualities of these Lourdes waters. Two or three cases among hundreds may be mentioned. In the cottage home of Jean Bauhohorts nestled a weak, puny, paralytic child, that in spite of the medical skill of the village physician, Dr. M. Peyrus, lay at the verge of death. A kind neighbour, Franconnettee Gozos, was busily engaged preparing the grave clothes. All wept. Seemingly ceasing to breathe, "He is dead," said the father, weeping aloud.

"*He is not dead,*" exclaimed the mother, "the holy grotto will cure him." And with these words she wrapped the now lifeless body of the child in her apron, and hurried towards the healing spring by the Massabielle rocks. As usual, a crowd was there praying. She rushed through, and dropping upon her knees by the crystal fountain, plunged the child into the icy waters. The people, looking on astonished, said, "She's crazy! She'll freeze the poor thing to death! Take the child away from her!"

"Let me alone," exclaimed the mother, in a pitying, entreating voice. "I have faith in God; faith in ministering angels. The promise remains, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' 'These signs shall follow them that believe.' 'Lo, I am with you alway.'"

Lifting it finally from the cold water she hastened homeward. The neighbours were in to see the corpse—but it still breathed. It slept soundly through the night. In the morning what a change—the usual colour of health was on the loved one's face, and he walked—the little paralytic of the previous day was actually walking and dancing with childish joy. Dr. Peyrus acknowledged the utter impossibility of attributing the extraordinary

recovery to the power of medicine. Drs. Verge and Dozous, examining the matter, saw in it only the "miraculous power of God." Spiritualists, wisely denying the supernatural, see in the affair a marked case of healing mediumship, and all transpiring within the realm of natural law.

"These cures," says Lasserre, "did not elude investigation, like the visions of Bernadette. Blaise Maumus, a restaurant keeper, had an enormous ulcer on his wrist disappear before his very eyes on plunging it into the fountain. The widow Crozat, who had been for twenty years stone-deaf, suddenly recovered her hearing on making use of the water. Auguste Bordes, who had for a long time been lame in consequence of an accident, saw his leg restored to its shape and strength. All these live in Lourdes, and any one can satisfy himself by consulting them. We might name Marie Daube, Bernarde Soubie, Fabien Baron, Jeanne Crassus, Auguste Bordes, and a hundred others."

The Catholic Church, as a corporate body, has never denied the ministry of spirits; never denied the gifts of healing, of tongues, and of prophecies. Her devotees under all skies say, "We believe in communion with saints." And, accordingly, on the second of each October they commemorate the "feast of angel guardians." Our complaint of Rome is—she "tries" the spirits by theological doctrines, rather than by intuition and the reasoning faculties.

Roman Catholics are exceedingly suspicious of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. They have no fear of Protestantism. It is a house, say they, divided against itself. But Spiritualism, with its liberalizing tendencies—with its clairvoyant media—with its attending angels and millions of invisible intelligences, causes this old authoritative church to tremble from its very foundations.

Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on, if you want to move the world.

OPEN COURT CORRESPONDENCE AND QUESTIONS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

To the Editor, "Unseen Universe."

DEAR MADAM,—Can you give me, and your numerous readers, any suggestions how to remedy or improve the present low and deplorable condition of Spiritualism in this country? I have been, as you, dear madam, during your long residence in America may know, an earnest believer and something of a working adherent of "the cause" for many years. Having returned to visit my relatives in my native land, and with some expectation of making my home here, my first and greatest desire has been to ascertain how far the cause I so much love, and that which, in my way, I have endeavoured to aid, has progressed in England, and what do I find? Scores, if not even hundreds, of petty meetings held of a Sunday, but secularized into paltry *shows* by *attempts* at describing spirits in a manner that would apply to any and every stranger you meet in the street; an exhibition of *attempts* also to spin yarns that would apply to any one in the audience, by touching handkerchiefs, letters, keys, and all sorts of trash, in a manner calculated for practice amongst curiosity-hunters in a *séance-room*, but really clownish and repulsive in the extreme to spiritually-minded people who wish to devote their Sundays to higher thoughts than those of earth, and go to meetings—not shows—in the hope of feeding their souls with noble and exalting teachings. I said as much to one of the managers of these Sunday Spiritual (?) shows lately, and he replied to my remonstrances by saying, "Oh! Unless we have something of this sort to draw an audience, we can't get the people to come." "Indeed," I said, "then if your only aim is to draw an audience, why on earth don't you black your performers' faces, put them in mountebanks' clothes, and give them bones, tambourines, and banjos to play? You'll draw much better audiences that way, than by caricaturing such a noble cause as Spiritualism with the trash you exhibit now." Alas! alas! Madam, can nothing be done to lift up such a grand *possibility* as we have had in Spiritualism, and so well calculated to be the religion of the age, as well as to be the basis of a science in the *séance-room*, and home circle? I have learned something of *how you stand personally* since my return to England, and have wondered many times why you do not go back to the land where, as Sterne says, there are at least "a few to love you, and so many to admire you." Since you are here, dear madam, can you still do nothing more, or suggest something, to redeem and lift up our noble cause from its present degradation in England?—Yours truly,

WATCHMAN.

Answer.—It cannot be denied that there is as much truth as severity in "Watchman's" arraignment of the present status of Spiritualism in England. Our Sunday services should be purely religious meetings, and for this end we need better music, better and more qualified public teachers, more select and generally appropriate places of gathering, and a higher and nobler sense of the purposes for which Sabbath meetings should be undertaken. Secondly, we need a school or COLLEGE, not only for the training and culture of medium power, but also for the purpose of establishing in our media such a high sense of morality and purity that they may become living examples of the sublime revelations which spirit communion brings, and still more, of the lofty religion and noble science which Spiritualism might have been under better human guidance than it at present enjoys. From what I personally know of the societies in the provinces, I believe they are formed chiefly by good, earnest, honest people, who deem that such meetings as they can get up, under every kind of disadvantage, are better than none at all, and such Spiritualism as they can put before the world is also better than none at all. Contrasting the grand and influential Sunday services which were held in the metropolis some twenty years ago, with the present divided and fragmentary ranks, or, I should say—*no ranks*—of the same great cause to-day, I cannot but feel as if there were an undercurrent somewhere more prompt to destroy that cause than good intentions are potent to build it up. At present this is neither the time nor place in which to review my own efforts to advance the mighty movement in this country. It is enough for me, as a matter of self-respect, to allege that I have never ceased to labour for it in every direction, according to my highest light, and with the means at my disposal, since setting foot again on English soil. I am neither prepared to answer "Watchman" in full (at least just now) as to the causes of the stupendous and ruinous divisions prevailing amongst Spiritualists, nor yet to suggest any other remedies for the subject of his complaints, than such as I have above alluded to. For my own part in this movement, one which, like "Watchman," I consider to be the greatest, most salvatory, and fraught with the mightiest possibilities of any the world has ever known before, I can only say with J. G. Whittier, "I watch, wait, and labour." To sum up, all I can say, not only in answer to one, but to a perfect army of correspondents writing on the same lines as "Watchman," I have proved, and now know, that Spiritualism is divine, Spiritualists are human. The one represents heaven, the other earth, and all the heterogeneous grades of being that inhabit earth. To any strong as well as capable workers that desire to lift those grades and help to organize them into a grand resistless army of heaven, I can only add, they will find a willing coadjutor in the most devoted of spiritual soldiers, and in verification of this promise I call attention to my own Manchester Sunday evening meetings, the notice of which will be found in the cover of this magazine. These meetings were projected and urged upon me by a few earnest and interested persons in and near Manchester, and their cost (excepting the collections) falls upon those

ill enough able to bear the trouble and expense of the undertaking. Yet though we make no *exhibitions* at these meetings, their religious character seems to be sufficiently well appreciated as to draw excellent audiences, attracting even on one Sunday night, when the rain was falling in torrents, over a hundred persons, when scarcely one was expected. I am well convinced the phenomena of Spiritualism is the only present day PROOF EXTANT of the soul's immortality and the conditions of life hereafter, but such proof should be given in circles, and these, when organized upon harmonious and well-ordered conditions, constitute the science of Spiritualism. Meantime the Sunday meetings should be devoted to the religious and philosophic teachings of the spirits, and when these are given in respectable places by educated and qualified teachers, and in reverent and appropriate services, I am well convinced Spiritualism, both as a science and a religion, would be the most exalting, as well as the truest, corrective of all the abuses of the age.—EMMA H. BRITTEN.

RIGHT GOOD MISSIONARY EFFORT IN SPIRITUAL PROPAGANDISM.—

I have received from the president of the Spiritual Evidence Society, of Sunderland, some finely printed booklets, giving programmes, not only of the Society's Sunday meetings, but also of their social gatherings, circles, enquiry meetings, during the week, and missionary efforts generally. These booklets are distributed amongst all those who are desirous to investigate, or are interested in, the cause of Spiritualism. There are also persons connected with the Society who make it *their business* to give out these excellent little publications, call on, see, and answer enquiries, and testify to the worth of the cause they advocate by personal effort. We do not find that the list of speakers and workers in these Sunderland announcements are made up simply from those who *cost nothing*, but rather from such good and capable teachers as are *worth* their pay, as exponents of their noble cause. Finally, the place of meeting is well warmed, well seated, and in all respects attractive, pleasant, and well ordered.

We have little or no room for society notices in this periodical, but we deem it a duty, in the best interests of our cause, to point out what can be done by way of propagandism and public usefulness to the noblest religious science of the age, when the good old motto is put into operation, that, "WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S EVER A WAY."

To what a gulf a single deviation from the track of human duties leads!—*Byron*.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure is truth.—*Cowper*.

THE AGES THAT SHALL BE.

Swing inward, oh, gates of the future,
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving,
And rising from slumber at last.
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And freedom her roll call is sounding,
And gath'ring her sons to the fray.

But woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,
Who have stolen their jewels from labour,
And builded to Mammon a throne.
For the Snow King, asleep by the fountains,
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
And descend in his rage from the mountains,
Bearing terror, destruction, and death.

And the throne of their idols shall crumble,
And the sceptre be swept from their hands,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And the true God shall rule in the land ;
And the truth and the power united,
Shall no more be usurped by the few ;
For the wrongs of the past shall be righted
In the might and the light of the new.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
Whose lips never uttered a lie ;
And His prophets and poets have read it,
In symbols of earth and of sky ;
And to him who hath revelled in plunder,
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder,
In the might of God's anger shall come.

Swing inward, oh, gates of the future,
Swing outward, oh, gates of the past,
For a giant is waking from slumber,
And rending his fetters at last.
In the earth, which God's goodness has given
To the many and not to the few,
The long promised kingdom of Heaven
Shall be found by the good and the true.

A STRANGE DYING PROPHET.

A RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

"The Dying Prophet," says a St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Tribune*, is just now the sensation of Russia. Certainly he is a most extraordinary being, indeed a more wonderful personage does not exist, and the profound effect produced upon all who come in contact with him, has no parallel in modern history. So strong, indeed, is the impression created by his doings that the Procurator of the Holy Synod and other high ecclesiastical officers of the Empire dare not interfere. Appeals have been made to them to stop by force of law the vast pilgrimages that are constantly being made to the "Prophet's" home, since they are in defiance of the Orthodox Church. But these stern defenders of the faith, who do not hesitate to prosecute the Students and Jews, tremble at the name of the "Dying Prophet," and let him work his miracles unmolested.

This strange person is named Tagarilli, and is of Italian extraction. He was, however, born at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, where he now lives. He is yet a young man, of ordinary education. Since childhood he has been bedridden and helpless. For years he lay in his humble cottage, in the outskirts of Tiflis, with nothing to distinguish him from any common invalid. But a few months ago a curious change was observed. In brief, he died, to all appearances. His friends believed him dead. The doctors declared him so, and according to all ordinary tests, he was dead. The family prepared his body for burial, and the corpse lay in its coffin until the funeral was to take place. At the very hour set for the obsequies, however, the young man suddenly returned to life. Ever since, the same event has occurred every week, with the

exception of the preparations for burial, which are now omitted. On Saturday he dies ; on Monday he returns to life.

What of the time between? He declares that his spirit, departing from his body, passes into the other world. What manner of world it is he will not divulge, nor will he tell anything of his doings there, save one thing. That is, he has access to the book kept by the Recording Angel, in which are set down all the sins of humanity. On its fatal pages he finds the names of his acquaintances, and reads, set against them, the catalogue of their misdeeds, even of their evil thoughts. The catalogue is a long one. Men are more wicked than their fellows suppose. So the "Prophet" comes back to life much saddened by the knowledge he has gained. Indeed he would like to look no more upon that dreadful book, but a power greater than his own compels him to do so. Nor is his information confined to the records of his own acquaintances. The book of the whole world is open to him, and he can ascertain exactly what charges are set down against any members of the human race.

Of all his pretensions, of course only one is susceptible of proof, and that is the correctness of his information. People who visit him know perfectly well whether he tells them the truth about their misdeeds. It is said that he has never made a mistake, at any rate, no one has ever charged him with doing so. There is scarcely a person in Tiflis who has not visited him. They all plead guilty to the charges he reports against them, and tearfully beseech him to intercede with the powers of the other world in their behalf. Thousands of people from all parts of the Empire daily throng about his cottage, seeking to know from him the story of their own deeds. Many of them go in curiosity, or a sceptical spirit, but all who are admitted come away convinced of his supernatural know-

ledge. Among some who went from Moscow to see him, recently, was a shrewd newspaper correspondent, whose avowed purpose was to expose what he believed to be a fraud. He came from Tagarelli's room with bristling hair, blanched face, and trembling limbs. "Take me away!" he cried to his friends. "I have lived an hour in the Day of Judgment!"

To say the least, the above narrative is a little curious, bordering so closely, as it does, on modern Spiritualism. Even in Russia there are some bright spots.—*M. Gleanor, in the "New York Tribune."*

SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

SURGERY UNDER HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.—Dr. William Lee Howard, of Baltimore, has been able to demonstrate some good cases to the profession in that city. Hypnotic suggestion, he states in the *New York Medical Journal* of July 23rd, will enable you to have your patients place their bodies or limbs in any position you desire, and they will remain so until, by suggestion, you change their position. In fact you are able to do without a number of assistants. He had one patient who would, while being operated upon, assist in handling instruments, and even sponging the wound, at his suggestion, while, of course, being perfectly unconscious of the fact that he himself was the one being operated upon. The one great advantage hypnotism has over anæsthetics, is the avoidance of the disagreeable after effects, for the patient wakes as from a sound sleep, and there is no danger. In one of the four cases reported by the author, a case of miscarriage, the patient was suffering much pain, and was so sensitive to the touch as to make a thorough examination, without the use of anæsthetics, impossible. Hypnotism was given

three trials, and developed a good subject. In this case the doctor found difficulties which required surgical interference, and he was enabled to work unimpeded and assisted by the patient. This case was shown to a number of leading medical men, who made all possible tests as to her condition of complete anæsthesia. The patient was also suffering greatly from insomnia. For this he would will her into a sound sleep at regular hours, sleep to last from ten to eight hours. Finally he could, from his office some two miles from her residence, will her to sleep.

* * *

From the *Banner of Light* we quote the following:—
 “OFFICIAL CONCERNING TERESA UKREA.—Once more, by request of parties who feel that the Mexican government has been misrepresented in the matter, we refer to the case of this lady—a renowned healer, who has been reported as shot by the authorities, and then the report *contradicted* by us—both our announcements being founded on accounts contained in certain daily papers. Mr. F. W. Holbrook, of Boston, has a son who is in business at Eagle Pass, Tex. The father is an old reader and friend of the *Banner of Light*, and desiring the correct details for our columns, sent the clipping of the first report (the death) to him for inquiry. That gentleman at once referred the matter to the Mexican Consul at Eagle Pass, who wired the Governor of Sonora. The result was the reception of the following, which we give in justice to all parties:—

FEDERAL TELEGRAPH.

From Hermosillo, Sonora, Sept. 7th, 1882.

CONSUL S. F. MAILLEFERT, *Eagle Pass, Tex.* :

News given in your message of yesterday utterly false. Teresa Urrea is quietly living at Nogales. Deny news given by Boston paper as you may think proper.
 R. IZABAL, *Secretary of State, Sonora.*”

We are told by our correspondent that the Governor of the Mexican State of Sonora is a very progressive and highly-educated gentleman, and would in *no* wise authorize an act which, if really effected, would have been a practical declaration "that his powers are much larger than the Constitution of Mexico and the laws of the country."

* * *

MOODY THE EVANGELIST.—*As a specimen of choice elocution and that Christian spirit of love, which thinks evil of no man, we commend the reader's attention to the following report from the notorious interpreter of Christianity, Moody.* The *Illinois Times* says:—Here are two characteristic extracts from an address delivered the other day at Elgin by Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist: "You call Great Britain a Christian country. Put it to the popular vote whether Jesus Christ should come back and reign there—you would let women vote then—and if you think that every man and woman would vote to have Christ come back, you are greatly mistaken. One Scotsman told me Scotland would. I don't believe it," said Mr. Moody. "If he came back you would have to give up your whisky. That's what you don't like to do. You would have to put out all the distillery fires mighty quick if Christ came. All the whisky vote would be given against him. Every man and woman leading an impure life would vote against Him. Every one carrying on a dishonest business, giving short weight and selling cotton goods for linen, would vote against Him. What political party would like him to come? How long would they be in power? You know that if a man would get up in Parliament and say 'Thus saith the Lord,' they would hoot him down."—"The Lots of the Churches: They were paying members, but not praying members. Lot was another specimen of the influential Christian. Perhaps he was mayor of Sodom—fine sounding title; and

Mrs. Lot would turn out in a fine equipage, and if there had been a railway from Sodom to Jerusalem Mr. Lot would have been a railway director. But he did not manage to make one convert in Sodom. Our churches," proceeded Mr. Moody, "are full of Lots, men of great influence, men who would rent their property to sell whisky if they could make a little more money."

* * *

WHERE AND HOW THE PEOPLE'S MONEY GOES.—It has been estimated that the total revenue of the charitable institutions having their headquarters in London amounted during the year 1891 to £6,060,763. This total included £2,658,212 for home and foreign missions, £750,000 for the *Salvation Army*, and £130,000 for the *Darkest England fund*!!

* * *

LET us not delude ourselves. We are living in a century of ignorance and prejudice. Our strongest prejudice is our stubborn resistance to all ideas and things that are not known, accepted, and labelled by the academies. Is it not astounding that in the face of scientific facts, obtained without a shadow of doubt by investigators, especially those relating to "hypnotism" and "suggestion," proven to be verities by Charcot, Crookes, and Gibier, that there should be so few scientists eager to study them? To deny the reality of these phenomena would be childish. They are founded upon a solid basis. Why remain indifferent? Why leave in the hands of quacks the speciality of these studies?—*Translated from "Le Mot d'Ordre," Paris, France.*

* * *

A SCIENTIST'S ESTIMATE OF THE VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM.—The *Scientific American* of a recent date says: "Now many things seem to justify us in recurring to the subject of Spiritualism . . . and to point out some of the points which science has to do with. . . . In the first place, then, we find no words

wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, *if it be true*. Such words, as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted for such an use. *If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the glory of the nineteenth century.* Its discoverer will have no rival in renown. . . . For Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. . . . If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification. A realisation of the *elixir vitæ*, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism."

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Le Messager, of Liège, relates the following well-authenticated historical incident: "The Comte de Prater states that in a church near Warsaw, and in the midst of a national fête, a young man, in the midst of the service, suddenly sprang from his seat near the entrance of the choir, and stood with folded arms and bowed head, fixedly gazing at the pavement, in such way as to attract the attention of the worshippers. It was just one year before the death of the Grand Duke Constantine. When the music ceased, they surrounded the motionless figure and asked what ailed him. He seemed to emerge from a condition of somnambulism, and exclaimed: 'I see at my feet the bier of the Grand Duke Constantine.' A year rolled by; the revolution drove the Russians out of Warsaw, and Constantine died. His funeral obsequies were celebrated in that church, and his bier was placed in the middle of the choir, and on the very spot indicated by the ecstatic visioner."

THE INDIAN "MESSIAH."—The Indian "Messiah" of Nevada, has been interviewed by A. J. Chapman, Indian scout. Quioitz Ow is a peaceful, full-blooded Piute, who says, that one day when hunting he was thrown to the ground by an unknown cause, and taken to heaven, where he saw all the whites and Indians that have ever lived and died upon the earth, and had there been intrusted by God with the mission of reforming the world, in pursuance of which he has since taught the Indians that they should work and avoid fighting, except in self-defence. Chapman thinks Quioitz's doctrine has imbued the Indians with a more independent (hopeful?) spirit. Had all this "Messiah" matter been handled by means of bread instead of bullets, there would have been little or no trouble, and the best remedy now is to let them have all the Messiahs and ghost dances they want, but furnish them with food according to agreement. "An independent spirit" is a very good thing to have both for whites and Indians. If the white people had half as much of it as they should have, they would break the back of the monopolies in short order, and not allow the nation to be dragged into Indian wars to satisfy the insatiable greed of land thieves, or to open more land to settlement, when we already have more than twenty times as much as our present population would need under a land system based upon common justice.—*The Star*.

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A GRANDMOTHER'S ARM.—The superstitiously devout of this country (America) has just received a new sensation. It is nothing less than finding in a gold box—which has been guarded by the Popes of Rome for centuries, even before Popes were elected to dominate over the consciences of their faithful followers—a portion of the corpus of the grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth on the maternal side. This precious relic—the part of the arm

of a Judean grandmother—reached New York on Sunday, the 1st inst., passed the custom-house inspection safely, and not even its custodian, Mgr. Marques, was required to recognise in bonds as a foreign competitor of the successor of P. T. Barnum in the bogus show business, under our late law regulating immigration. The box and the relic were exposed to view on Sunday, in the French Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and the dispatch says that thousands crowded to view the relic. Doubtless! The grandmother's name was Ann; her history is not as well preserved as the parts of one of her arms; for another piece is on its way to New York. There is comfort in the thought that the supply of this kind of merchandise is equal to any credulous demand, and that Rome and the Pope will furnish all that will be necessary to increase the faith of the Catholics in America. This particular portion of the grandmother's arm is destined to repose in a Canadian Cathedral "on the banks of the St. Lawrence!" The piece now *en route* is to be deposited in "the basement" of a French Church in New York. Call the basement a vault, and the entombment would be natural and appropriate. Seriously! Is this the last decade of the nineteenth century, or are we yet in a mummy stage of the fifteenth? Is the Catholic faith to be increased and its communicants multiplied by such monstrous, unnatural, and degrading Munchausenisms as this latest relic story discloses? We have had "holy coats," with their faith-cures for both moral sins and physical diseases, but the miraculous preservation of an old Judean grandmother's arm; its devout guardianship by successive Popes for indefinite centuries, and its transportation to this new world at the time when faith is being supplanted by knowledge, and credulity exists only where ignorance reigns, is certainly a tough morsel for even the faithful to digest.

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