

# THE Unseen Universe.

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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# PROSPECTUS

OF

## THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

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

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MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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# THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

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## ARE THE SPIRITS OF ANIMALS IMMORTAL?

ALTHOUGH the discussion of this question may not seem to be of sufficient interest to *all* our readers to warrant consideration, the endless number of queries which I receive, both orally and by letter, on this subject, assure me a majority at least will appreciate, and gladly enter into its pros and cons.

To the earnest Spiritualist the real issues of life hereafter are now being far more satisfactorily determined by the widely corroborated reports of those travellers who are themselves in the experience of the country of which they speak, than by all the logic or mere opinions of those whose only standard of authority is their peculiar thought or profession. On my own behalf, I may say the immense number of facts which have appealed to my experience as a medium and clairvoyant, to say nothing of a wide array of testimony received from other mediums of various classes and countries, all tend to convince me that every spark of intelligence that animates an earthly form survives the shock of earthly dissolution, passes into elementary spheres of being appropriate to its state of progression, and through countless series of new births and deaths, on this or some other of the billions of earths in space; passes onward and upward—never backward or downward—until the germ spirit even of the humblest creature that is moved by its own intelligence, attains to the final

ultimate of all material forms—MAN, and from thence commences a fresh set of experiences as a self-conscious, individualized Spirit. This doctrine was taught me by the Occult Society, of whom the author of "Art Magic" was an Adept long before I became a Spiritualist. Since attaining to the well-proven knowledge resulting from Spiritual experiences, I no longer cherish my early occult teachings as beliefs, but revere them as indisputable facts; and this position, I again repeat, has been strengthened thousands of times by my own perception of spirit animals seen in the presence of others, of vivid and unmistakable descriptions of my own pets, given me by other mediums, and a collection of narratives sufficient to fill a large volume, now in my possession, and recorded by hundreds of seers, narratives in whose veracity I have perfect confidence.

Before making quotations of representative cases of the kind above alleged, I call my readers' attention to the arguments deducible from reason and justice, as advanced first by Mr. Charles Dawbarn, an English gentleman of high culture and education, and one who has for many years past held the position of one of the best and most popular lecturers in the United States of America. Mr. Dawbarn's article, taken from the *Progressive Thinker*, with some trifling excisions, reads as follows:—

"Theology was founded on the idea that man had special relations to God, and was the one object of creation. Scientific discovery finds no more marked line between man and other animals than it can discover between vegetable and animal life. That which belongs to man belongs also in degree to life in other forms. So when a man claims immortal life as only for humanity, the scientist declines even to discuss the possibility, because for him it has no basis. But if we start with the belief that nature will always be consistent with herself, we

recognise that if immortality exists, it must be a natural process, and cannot be confined to man. Science is the orderly arrangement of facts, so I now propose to enquire *whether man has any faculties not possessed by other animals, which entitle him to immortality?* We will take such powers as are absolutely necessary to manhood, and commence with language. Scientists trace language back to days when it was not much better than the cry of the ape singing his ooturn in the Molucca Isles. We have the Bosjessmen of Africa using so many signs and gestures that we are told that they cannot converse in the dark. Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, describes a sign language with which Indians of different tribes conversed the world over. A shake of the head is 'no' everywhere. You can give a nod of approval. A frown tells one tale; a smile another. With a wave of the hand you can politely refuse a present; or with both hands extended you can tell a stranger you would like to have something you see. Watch a child before he can talk. The moment you warn that child by uplifting your finger he understands you. A man can give another the lie with a shrug of the shoulder. To shake your fist at a man is a threat. If you snap your fingers in a man's face, or turn your back upon him, you insult him. When you see the bowed head, the bended knee, you know it is worship.

"All this is included in language, and animals in their communication with man and each other, use this language of signs and sounds. No one keeps a dog who does not know a great deal of that dog's language. I knew well a dog that took hold of my brother's coat one evening, and would not let go till my brother followed him into the cellar, where a man was hidden for purposes of robbery. Sometimes for fun we would tease that dog; he patiently submitted, but as soon as his master came in, the dog would stand in front of his tormentor and growl till there was pretence of severe punishment.

"I had a dog who was very fond of riding in a carriage, but was a nuisance by barking at every cat he saw. But if any member of the family said 'We will drive down to the village to-day,' the little fellow skipped out at the first opportunity, and hid himself under the seat of the carriage. After you had driven too far to send him back, out he popped, barking a jolly little laugh at his own cuteness. He always understood our language, as many a visitor could testify, and if he waited under the carriage seat all day and lost his dinner, he was ready to try it again on the morrow.

"In such examples we have something more than a knowledge of language; we have a direct exercise of reason, and we cannot claim to be immortal because we have reason and language, and others have not. Even insects talk. Ants converse, and send an order to march or rest almost instantly through a well-disciplined army. Wasps and bees tell one another about a 'good find.' If you make one bee your enemy near a hive, his cry will soon bring a hundred to attack you. Wolves and dogs often invite their fellows and go off hunting, each having his station and taking his turn in the chase when the game is driven his way. Sheep-hunting dogs arrange their plans and work together, and they carefully wash and clean themselves before they return home. I had a dog that seemed incapable of worrying sheep. But one day a neighbour caught him at it, and came home before the collie got back. Presently in he came, very wet, but *without a mark of blood on him*. He had worked with two other dogs belonging to neighbours. All alike showed their dread of being found out by carefully cleaning themselves before returning home.

"My father had a dog who when young destroyed a pair of boots. The experiment was often tried of casually saying in his presence: 'Some dogs are very mis-



chievous.' Don even when he was old would immediately go into a corner and sit up, as if begging for pardon. But if somebody said, 'Dogs who are sorry are forgiven,' he would run to his master and give a cheerful little bark of penitence.

"It is well known that rooks actually form parliaments, and with noisy discussion try offenders, who are usually in the centre of a circle. If the accused are found guilty, they are pecked to death. Sometimes the verdict is 'non-proven,' for all fly away leaving the prisoner untouched. These parliaments are common in India, but are occasionally held in England.

"I had a pet canary that used to hop about on the desk where I was writing, looking for a half hidden hemp seed. One day I teased it by covering it with my finger, and kept on writing. Suddenly I felt a hair pulled quite sharply. I looked round, but the canary was sitting quietly on the back of a chair. In a moment or two he pulled my hair again. And always after that if I teased him he would pay me off in the same way.

"In a recent work on Cambodia the writer tells us that monkeys delight to try who can most tease a crocodile taking a noon nap, by jumping on him and switching him with the bough of a tree. If the crocodile snaps and misses the monkey, there is a roar of applause from his relatives watching the fun. Every now and then the joker gets caught. Then for awhile there is sad silence.

"The *Magazine of Natural History* tells of a horse that used to delight in getting small boys into a corner. He would keep them there, shaking his head and neighing if they attempted to get out, till somebody had to go and take him away.

"There certainly is nothing in the innate honesty of our fathers or their sons to entitle them to continue an active life on the other side of death. Every nation has stolen

its lands from some previous possessor, or cheated him out of them in a shrewd bargain. The Christian nations of Europe are to-day stealing Africa, and threatening each other's throats over the spoils. But since the orthodox heaven rather favours this kind of manliness, I would point out that animals might put in their claim too. There is plenty of such dishonesty in animal and insect life, but certainly no worse than in man. Birds steal materials for nests from one another; ants steal the eggs of other ants in order to hatch out slaves. The intelligent elephant cheats his driver if he gets the opportunity. He will hide part of his food and pretend to look for it and get angry so as to get a double quantity. And all our own lower qualities, such as pride, anger, jealousy, tyranny, and revenge, we find in the nature of animals, certainly as much entitling them to immortality as God's other children, who make of society a hell of poverty and suffering on the one hand, with pride and tyranny on the other. But if any one declares such animals unworthy of immortality, what shall be said about man, who is often so entirely a brute that many a beast is his superior?

"We all have our own conception of what we call true manhood. We don't find it all in any one man, and when there is more than an average we write a book about that saint or hero. But when we discover it in animals, we don't hear mothers say to the child: 'Be as full of affection and love as a horse or a dog, a cat, an elephant, or a little bird.' We count bravery, generosity, magnanimity, sympathy, and true love as most manly. And if, as in some races, you cannot arouse any of those feelings, even the missionary stops work.

"The love that simply exhibits itself in mutual attachment is almost universal amongst the higher animals. We all know that some animals will droop and even die when a loved companion is removed. But we have



little idea how universal is this emotion. The little stickleback, hardly an inch long, builds a nest of little stones or pebbles. His wife is one of the kind of ladies who believes in having a good time. She does not care about housekeeping or tending babies. But Mr. Stickleback is a model father. He watches that nest night and day. He will attack any one, no matter how big, who goes near his nest. If you doubt it, just try him with your finger, and when those eggs hatch, he protects the wee darlings at the risk of his own life, until they are old enough to make their own way in the world. There you have a case of a true father, but a mother who believes in woman's rights every time. It may be a little doubtful about the lady, but surely Mr. Stickleback has a soul large enough to be immortal.

"Now watch the spider, and you see a mother who is ready to die for her young. She carries her children everywhere, and it is woe to the enemy who attacks them. Sir John Lubbock tells us he witnessed a battle where four ants tried to get a spider's sack of eggs from her. The battle raged for two hours. At last three ants were dead, and the fourth badly wounded. I know Mrs. Spider has a weakness amidst her many virtues. She kills and eats her husband if she gets a chance. But every woman knows that there are some husbands who ought to be killed any how. There are plenty of bad husbands who do little for their wives, and never fight for their children.

"There are outreaching sympathies in the animal world that are not limited even to parental love, or to the affection for one's race. We all know how a great dog will accept any amount of insult from a little one, or deal with him gently. I once saw a great St. Bernard take up a little snarling cur and drop him unhurt into a puddle of dirty water. But whilst that is magnanimity which the world of humanity admires, there is a yet nobler trait that we call 'sympathy,' which is often exhibited by animals.

A British general, writing from India, says that a regiment owned a pet goat. She dropped two kids on the morning the troops had to march. The soldiers carried her with them without caring about the kids. A dog belonging to the general had given birth to two puppies that morning, and hearing the plaintive cries of the little kids, carried them to her kennel and brought the young dogs and goats up together in one happy family.

A paper called *Science Gossip* gives many such anecdotes. A cat caught a mother starling. She had probably killed the father before, for the little ones were dying of hunger, when a robin appeared and began to feed them. The little starlings were put in a cage against an open window, where the robin continued to feed them with worms. If magnanimity and sympathy are any title to immortality for man, by what justice can man exclude those dogs and that robin. I am taught that when I die I have a new body, more refined; and continued changes of material bodies mark the advancing growth of spirit humanity. This is continuity, and applying the same conception to all life, we may surely assume the immortality of animals.

I know there are men, and women, too, who hate animals, and will kick them to one side at every chance. My heaven will not contain any such men or women, for I should call that hell. But it will assuredly contain all my friends, whether they be human or in the humble form of life that lives and loves me to-day. If flowers and glad insects brighten the fields of the summer land—if nature there blooms into a fuller, happier life, then I rest assured that all I have loved and that has loved me in earth-life will go on loving and living in the years of immortality.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

*San Leandro, Cal.*

NOTE BY ED. U. U.—I hope to still farther advance my argument in this number by giving a narration of bird life in the Spirit world.

## THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a strong one, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in;  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder, too;  
Up-springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared:  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That where the share is deepest driven  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone :

These wait their doom from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time !  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

And life shall on and upward go ;  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,—  
A charmed life old Goodness hath;  
The tares may perish, but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night;  
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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## ON ANCIENT MYSTERY AND MIRACLE PLAYS.

*Extracts from the works of W. Hone, Rhymer, Froissart, and other eminent writers on the "Miracle Plays" as acted in Europe from the 10th to the 17th centuries.*

"THE MOST CURIOUS AND ALMOST INCREDIBLE PHASE OF CHRISTIAN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY ON RECORD."

*Sir Walter Scott.*

*Note by Editor, Unseen Universe.*

We cannot classify the following *extraordinary* extracts, taken chiefly from Hone's celebrated work on the "Mystery Plays" in the series of papers entitled "Historical Spiritualism." The most appropriate heading we could give them, were they not already engrafted into the history of Christian Ecclesiasticism, would be *Historical Barbarism*. As we quote from works almost inaccessible to our general readers, and yet give matter on which every intelligent thinker should be informed, we offer no apology or further preface for the following quotations than the advice to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

IN the early days of Christianity the plays called "Mysteries" were performed by monks and friars.

Most of these men were profoundly ignorant. Few of them could read or write, and as to the Bible, which was but a collection of fragments in Greek or Latin, its perusal was confined solely to learned ecclesiastics, and its very existence almost unknown to the great body of the

clergy. In performing the "*Passion Plays*," the most popular of the sacred dramas, there were general directions given as to the costume and mode in which the *dramatis personæ* should appear, and grotesque sketches are found on the MSS. evidently designed as the models to be copied. All these directions prescribe that "the Heavenly Father" shall appear as a very old man, attired in a blue gown to signify the skies, with a long white beard, and a tinsel crown on his head. Sometimes this august personage is directed to appear with an instrument in his hand, the *fac-simile* of our modern pitchforks, and a rude inscription on the handle announcing that this represents the *anger of the Lord, or the forked lightning*. Jesus, in all these "Mysteries," is to be invariably represented as a fashionably-dressed young man, sometimes with the hat of the period on his head, and at others with a row of protuberances meant to represent the crown of thorns, but still more resembling small spring carrots. The Virgin Mary (always performed by a young monk) was invariably attired in the richest of costumes, cut in the newest fashion, and sparkling with jewels. The Apostles, all save Judas (who was to be clothed in "the worst of foul rags"), might have been mistaken for the gayest fops of the cities, or as we might call them in our own time, *a party of ecclesiastical "mashers."*

Rhymer says: "The most troublesome of the sacred persons to represent were *The Holy Ghost*, who was generally a small man with a large pasteboard fowl on his head covered with white feathers; and 'the angels,' who, being tricked out in white bedgowns, often lost one of their wings, which were generally taken from a fowl or turkey, but were so loosely fastened on to the shoulders as to be very often one higher than the other, and seldom in pairs."

Amongst the most popular subjects for the early mysteries were the following :—



1st. The birth of Mary, the mother of God.

2nd. The youth of Mary—the many astounding miracles she wrought, and the great reverence paid her by the angels, who were in the habit of visiting her and offering her homage.

3rd. The betrothal of Joseph and Mary—their marriage, and mode of life. One special mystery is headed—*Visit of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, and how the divine incarnation was wrought.*

*The jealousy of Joseph*, and the birth of the divine infant, are all told with a direct plainness too shocking to be endured by modern taste. But when we remember that these dramas, with all their unreadable dialogues, were acted out in the presence of multitudes of all classes, we may form some estimate of *what* was the status of religious belief amongst the populace of the early Christian ages.

In the great antiquary Hone's elaborate work on the early Christian Mysteries, the learned author says :—

In the Royal Library of Paris is the most popular of the *Passion Plays*, exactly as it was acted before Royalty and a great concourse of Princes, Lords, and Ladies, in 1490. . . . To represent Jesus was Lord Nicolle, of Neufchatel, who was Curate of St. Victor of Metz. This nobleman was nigh dead on the cross, and would have died if he had not been assisted down, and out, and another, and a less person, a monk, was put on the cross in his place ; but on the following day, the said Lord of Neufchatel did counterfeit the resurrection, amidst the great applause of the nobles all present. At the same time Messire Jean, Chaplain at Metrange, played Judas, and who also came near being hanged to death, whereupon he was quickly unhung and carried off—besides which another priest was put for him into the mouth of hell, which was very well done. This mouth opened and shut when the devils had to come in or out of it, and eyes of steel, and flames were for ever bursting from the mouth, while all could plainly hear the groans and cries of the lost souls it enclosed, which was a pleasant and delectable device, and received much applause.

Hone goes on to say—

“ During the reign of Francis I. the great mystery of the *Acts of the Apostles* was acted at Paris for several successive days before the king, court, nobility, clergy, and an immense concourse of the people. The *dramatis personæ* were the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*; the

*Virgin and Joseph; the Apostles, and troops of Angels and Archangels. Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Belial, the Attorney-General of Pandemonium; Cerberus, the porter; six Fiends, and a large troupe of Imps and Demons."*

The old French chronicler, Froissart, in a highly elaborate account of this splendid mystery, says—

The high and mighty persons of the Trinity and all the heavenly Host were attired—in compliment to the royal party present—in Court dresses, and full-bottomed wigs, saving only, that the angels all had wings and the archangels trumpets. As to the fiends, Lucifer alone—as belonging to Royalty—wore a wig and snuff-coloured court suit with yellow points, but to distinguish his hellish character he wore no hat, only a plume of feathers with gilded horns; so also was his tail and hoofs gilded.

Many curious directions are written on the margin of the play, such as—*When God the Father speaks make a noise to resemble thunder sounding through Paradise, and when the Holy Ghost comes in, let the ushers quickly light all the candles to show as tongues of fire.* Some of these plays were far more popular with the multitude than others, the preference being always given to those mysteries in which the Devil and his Imps figured the most largely. Rhymer accounted for this by alleging that the devils were always played by some cunning fellows, who were endowed with more than ordinary wit, and who, by their quips and cranks, especially by their diverting ways of butting with their horns, and running round after their tails, kept the people in such good humour that when they disappeared in clouds of smoke and sulphur to the regions below, they were invariably called back, and made to descend again and again as long as the sulphur lasted. *Very often,* adds this chronicler—

Some good natured fellow would offer his favourite fiend a brimming tankard of something to quench his thirst, and thus it was no uncommon sight to see the devils hob-nobbing with the admiring spectators until the grand masters of the revels interfered, and ordered the jolly fiends down to the regions below.

Whittaker, the author of *Mediæval Times and Customs*, gives a curious account of a Portuguese mystery very popular in the 17th century. He says :—

In compliance with the orders of the King's Majesty, *The Creation of the World* was done in the Lisbon Theatre on Sunday night. In the first scene the Father appears coming down on a cloud, when he gives orders to a great company of angels who attend him, dressed as masons, carpenters, gardeners, and such like, all with fair wings, to attend each to these several departments of making the world, promising to make Adam and Eve himself.

The next scene represents the Prince of Darkness wearing a large serpent instead of a tail, tempting Eve (dressed like a country girl) to eat an apple. The moment she consents, Adam, attired as a Lisbon burgher, with a gold-laced hat on his head, rushes out and eats another apple right hastily, upon which the guilty pair are surrounded by all the inhabitants of hell. Satan, their chief, dressed in scarlet hose with gold clocks, then leads out Eve to dance a reel, whilst all the other fiends waltz around them in true carnival fashion. Presently two angels with bludgeons and trumpets rush into the *mêlée*, fight the entire crew, and drive the fiends down into the mouth of hell, which is set up in a corner of Paradise, and after much buffetting and fighting they succeed in putting Adam and Eve off the stage.

To this succeeds another visit from the Father, who comes in in a great rage, calling for Noah. Noah at once appears as a sailor, when the Father announces his intention of drowning the world, seeing that they are but a set of false knaves and scoundrels.

Noah is then ordered to build an ark, and when he humbly asks for directions, he is bidden to go to the king's dockyard in Lisbon, and then he would see John Gonzalas, the master builder, whom he, the Father, preferred to either the French or Italian builders. This line, says Hone, always drew down thunders of applause when spoken in Spain or Portugal.

Revolted as such scenes must appear to be in the light of modern taste and religious feeling, we have selected them out of hundreds of other descriptions as the only ones that are readable to modern students.

The introduction of the "Mysteries" in England took place about the year 1240.

The principal scenes of the performances were in the abbeys, where the ecclesiastics were the actors, but especially were "the mysteries and moralities" acted out with great pomp in the old city of Chester, and at

Coventry. In the latter place the different trades were the performers. Matthew Paris, the celebrated antiquarian and historian, says in a very elaborate account of the mysteries celebrated at York in 1415, that the grand pageant of the creation and the end of the world commenced with the Father creating the heavens and earth; then comes Lucifer and his angels making war, and then tumbled down into pits full of burning brimstone. This part was done by the tanners, the angels and the Creator being represented by the plasterers.

The creation of Adam and Eve, the fall, fight, and being pushed out of Paradise, was done by the card-makers.

Jesus, Mary, the Apostles, four angels with trumpets, four bad spirits, and six well-horned devils in red, and with horse-hoofs, were done by the mercers.

Then follow torch-bearers and other officials, done by the tailors, cobblers, and joiners, the whole being brought up with 24 common councilmen, 12 aldermen, and the right worshipful the mayor.

This formed the famous Corpus Christi fraternity of York, and a similar one existed in Newcastle.

In the Coventry plays actors were of different guilds, each of which, from the humble cordwainers to the rich goldsmiths, were jealous of the privilege of appearing in these famous mysteries.

In London the most celebrated of the acting fraternity were the parish clerks, the scene of their performances being in the vicinity of a well, from which the district now called Clerkenwell takes its name.

It may be asked whether any evidence of better taste or more reverential feeling prevailed amongst the guilds who represented the mysteries in England than in those of the Continent. To this we are bound to answer no, at least until after the Reformation, and especially in the

reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Protestant custom of introducing into the Passion plays scandalous satires on the Catholic clergy at length became too gross to be longer tolerated ; in fact, after the days of Shakespeare the custom of entertaining the people by the revolting caricatures in the mysteries gradually ceased, or became limited to classical representations by the students of schools and colleges, or an occasional performance of Passion plays by the Corpus Christi fraternities of York and Chester.

That the main object of the performances above described was chiefly to amuse the people, and *thus keep them attached to the complaisant authorities of the Church*, there can be no question. No better proof of this can be given than by a reference to two mysteries of so ribald a nature, and affording such scathing opportunities of turning every religious idea into contempt and ridicule, that nothing but the determined purpose of amusing the people *at any cost* could account for the abomination of such exhibitions as "*The Feast of Fools*," and "*The Feast of the Ass*." These plays were practised as early as the 10th century, and continued in vogue in all countries up to the Elizabethan age. Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic description of the *Feast of Fools* in his novel of "*The Abbot*," and Hone's description closely corresponds with Scott's. Hone says :—"The members of cathedral churches first chose a mock bishop and a mock Pope, selecting their men from amongst the lowest ranks of the people. These ribalds had a suite of ecclesiastics and choristers with ridiculous pantomime dresses or clerical robes turned inside out, torn or tucked up in grotesque fashion. During a mock service they sung infamous songs, played dice, eat, drank, shouted, and incited the mobs that followed them to do the same. They filled the church with the incense of burnt leather

and filthy substances, and after concluding service they went through the town in procession, continuing their vile practices until midnight." These revolting orgies were celebrated at Christmas or New Year, and were called "The December Liberties."

The feast of the Ass was originally instituted to celebrate the flight of the Holy family into Egypt, and with this was incorporated a ceremonial in honour of Baalam's Ass. In these rites the chief difference to that of the Feast of Fools was, that the latter was intended as a burlesque, while the feast of the Ass was supposed to be a religious rite, and generally performed by *religious* ministers.

Without wearying the reader with details which would only provoke disgust and indignation—it is enough to say, a living ass was brought into church covered with priestly robes and trappings. At a certain part of the service the poor animal was fed with hay, and psalms were sung in his honour, with a chorus, which Hone renders as "He-haw," sung by the priests and congregation. This scene ended by the priests and people dancing round the animal with the best imitation of braying that their talents afforded. As to the ass of Baalam, it was a decidedly inferior creature, being only a man dressed up in a pasteboard shape. This person, at a set season, delivered a spoken homily, after which the services closed with orgies better imagined than described.

Francis Douce, Fellow of the British Society of Antiquarians, read a paper before that body in 1804, in which he describes these festivals with far more minutiae than any modern audience could listen to. This learned gentleman conceives that these, and not a few other of the middle-age mysteries, were borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia and Feasts of the Bacchantes, and his paper—printed by the Antiquarian Society—concludes with a strong and



indignant protest against "such abominations being practised by Christian Priests in churches dedicated to Christianity." To such a protest every truly spiritual religionist would say "Amen"—were they quite sure that the mystery plays *were the only portions of the beliefs and practices* which Christianity has stolen from those ancient nations, contemptuously denominated "Pagans, Heathens, and Idolators," by their Christian successors and imitators.

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EXTRACTS FROM "GHOSTLAND," VOL. II.;

OR,

RESEARCHES INTO THE REALM OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

*By the Author of "Art Magic."*

*Translated and Collated by Emma H. Britten.\**

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PART X.

When, in 1872, I solicited and obtained permission from the author of "Art Magic" and "Ghostland" to publish the latter work as a serial in my Boston Magazine, "The Western Star," I found it necessary to excise such portions of the MSS. I translated and edited as were exclusively devoted to abstract scientific treatises. In the second volume of Ghostland, now being published in serial form in this periodical, I find a similar excision of scientific propositions still more essential from the fact that they are more extended, and therefore less applicable to the uses of a light magazine of limited proportions, and devoted chiefly to the exposition of one special set of ideas, namely, the destiny of the human spirit, and its powers and possibilities here and hereafter. I deem this explanation due alike to the noble gentleman whose original writings I feel the necessity of excising, and those readers who may deem the really learned author's views concerning the origin of Spirit and its subsequent progress through the different kingdoms of nature, lack that support of scientific demonstration with which the author's original MS. abounds, but which, for the reasons above hinted at, I have not ventured to fill up the pages of this magazine with in extenso.—[ED. U.U.]

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\* By permission of the author.

OF THE EMBRYOTIC ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE  
HUMAN SOUL.

The longer and more persistently I have studied the sublime gospel of Nature through her ever open volume of works, illustrated to a certain extent by the encyclopædic lessons of science, the more I have become convinced that my Spirit Teacher's theories are correct, and that the original elemental condition of all being in the Universe spring from the Triune consensus of MATTER, FORCE, and SPIRIT, as explained in former chapters of this work. The recognition of this grand primordial and eternal Trinity is what alone can solve the sphinx-like and otherwise insoluble problems of life, growth, dissolution, and the soul's immortality. . . . Ever bearing in mind that matter is the formative-mould—the growth and development of Spirit, the object of being—and force, through the dual modes of attraction and repulsion, the source of motion by which worlds, suns, and systems exist, I now propose to outline the progress of the embryo and ultimate unfoldment of Spirit, in the nature of a human soul.

By the union of Hydrogen and Oxygen gases in certain proportions, we produce water. Water, under certain conditions, crystallizes into the hardest known substances, and these again can be reduced back into water, and rarified into the original condition of gas. The magician which can effect these transformations is FORCE—and force with its dual modes of expansion and contraction is so completely outwrought through the galvanic battery—itself the conservation and illustration of force—that I do not exaggerate when I affirm that, given a battery of sufficient size, and the ages in which to effect the process, we have in hydrogen and oxygen gases the electro positive and electro negative elements of matter

that would create or dissolve a world, a sun, or an entire system. . . . As fluids are the intermediate states between gases and crystals, etc., we may assume that the primary rocks were formed by contraction from the fluidic conditions of matter in ancient seas. How early the formation of zoophytes, or ocean plant life, began we may be unable to trace, but from the time when such formations were found to exist, and correspondingly, the disintegration of the hard crystalline rock gave birth to rusty mosses and coarse lichens, and from these, as germs, whether in the plant-animal forms of the sea or the parasitical plant life of the rocks, the growth of SPIRIT in embryo may be traced. It is impossible to investigate closely the wonderful organisms of the ocean zoophytes, and absolutely determine whether they are purely vegetable or animal forms, or rather, to avoid the inference of their being a co-mixture of both kingdoms.

\* Study the characteristics of the lowest forms of vegetable life, from the rudest moss clinging to the ancient rocks to the most fully perfected and highly-trained blossom or fruit, and you shall ever find that the rudimental life and ultimate decay of every form in the vegetable kingdom is accompanied by the appearance of some animated parasite in the nature of the insect or caterpillar species. It may be argued that the existence of invisible infusoria in the atmosphere, or animalculæ in the dew-drop is sufficient to account for these animal appearances, but even were this admitted we should have to question where did the infusoria of the atmosphere come from except in exhalations from the earth, and where did the animalculæ of the waters originate except in the

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\* Here I omit the long and learned descriptions given by the author of Zoophytes, Corals, &c., seeing that they might be found tedious to the general reader, and may be profitably studied in the thousands of popular works on natural history now in print.

inevitable transition of the cosmic matter of the planet itself into fluid-life. Taking then the rude, simple, but unanswerable aphorism that SOMETHING CANNOT HAVE SPRUNG FROM NOTHING, and reversing the proverb again and again, we are compelled to admit that the germs of plant-life MUST have existed and grown out of the original matter from which the planet was composed, and that the germs of animal life, whether coincident with the vegetable kingdom or growing out of it, still MUST have been there, *unless nothing can give birth to something*. Thus, then, the onward march of radiates or five-rayed creatures, articulates or jointed creatures; molluscs or soft-bodied architects of the seas, fashioning their own wonderful habitations; the vertebrate or rudimental nerve and brain-formed creatures, up to the almost infinitely varied and complex orders of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammifers, all, all, without one break or one missing link, stretching away from the lowest to the highest, show the Lord of life in Nature practising, now by stages of function, and now by powers of mind, to reach the apex in the man, who simply transcends all lower forms of being by uniting in himself all the powers, functions, and fragments of mind in the creatures below his own standard. In the mineral kingdom even, we see preferences and determinate results in "chemical affinities." They grow also from first combinations until they arrive at the strength and maturity of their being. Then they begin to decay, grow old, die, or disintegrate, and fulfil the eternal law of progress by being taken up again into other and always higher states of conformation. We find, moreover, that animal forms of all kinds are taken up in rocks and enter into the nature of minerals just as rocks and minerals form the embryotic state of animated life. \* As

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\* See geological treatises on the formation of chalk and other rocks.—  
[Ed. U. U.]

to plant life, mark the various features they have in common with the lower rounds of the animal kingdom! Plants grow from a seed or a root, as the fish, the animal, and the man spring from a germ. Both plant and animal require, like the human germ, to be surrounded by such elements of nutrition as will serve to expand it into its resultant form of life. Plants are nourished by heat, and coloured by light. They have sex; reproduce their kind; sleep by night, expand under the influence of sun and air; are peculiar to different soils, climes, and atmospheres. They have tubes corresponding to veins and arteries for the flow of the nourishing sap. They shed their sap like life blood when cut or torn. Some of them are cruel and harsh, like the stinging nettle or the deadly hemlock; some are kind and curative, others touch and intoxicate the brain and shatter the nerves, and some are *carnivorous and crafty*, forming traps for the capture of insects, which they close upon and devour. Volumes might be, and have been written on the plant kingdom—its varieties and antetypes of humanity. As to the animal kingdom, who that has studied the habits of the geometrical bee, and mathematical ant, does not perceive how the faculties of the masterful man are distributed to the various lower creatures according to the functions of which their forms are capable? At this point a few sentences only must suffice. A lifetime might be spent in studying the habits of both the small creatures I have named; how the bee determines the sex of its queens and its working neuters; the nature of the flowers from which it can gather its food; the wintry weather against which it provides; the exact law of geometry observed in the construction of its cell, and the inimitable methods of manufacture in the products of its labours.

At the city of the ants, I pause to note the construction of roads, the combinations of labour by which burdens are

carried, the disposition of homes, the rearing up of tiny mountains, the breeding and care of the young, the order of life, in a word, that puts men's commonwealths of disorder to shame! What weaver has ever transcended the woof and web of the spinning spider, or the paper homes of the yellow wasp? What architect has ever builded more warm and commodious homes than the bird? What mother or father has ever more fondly cared for and reared its young than the feathered tribes? Can the cave of the troglodyte man, or the wigwam of the savage, equal the clay hut of the beaver? And is it not from this mere "*grovelling* animal" that the miller has learned how to dam up the waters of the flowing stream?

Mark how the tiny nautilus sets sail with the tides, and teaches navigation! how the migratory birds win their way through the pathless wastes of air, and how the blind mole engineers his way in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass! I declare, for I KNOW, that there is not a power, thought, or faculty of man that is not found distributed through the realms of fish, reptile, bird, and animal life somewhere, even to the worship of superior beings, so manifest in the eyes of the loving bird or dog turned in such mute worship on man; in the subjugation of the strong and mighty beasts of the forest, or the noble steed, to the weak form but controlling intellectual powers of man. . . . To sum up: the only lines of demarcation between what is presumptuously called the "reason" of man, and the "instinct" of the lower creatures, is to be found in the assemblage of all powers and possibilities of being in the man, and their distribution in varied but lesser groups of power in the lower kingdoms; in the perfection of form in the man, and its limitations in the animal and plant; the two latter being arrested only on certain rounds of the ladders



of progress from the germ to the apex of creation—MAN.\*

As my next step in this chart of life, or, the "evolution of spirit," may present some allegations still more diverse from the range of ordinarily received opinions concerning the origin—to say nothing of the destiny of the human soul, I reserve what I have to present for a succeeding chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SOME INTERESTING RECORDS OF "PSYCHICAL" (OTHERWISE SPIRITUAL) PHENOMENA.

From the well-written and instructive pages of the lately published Boston magazine, *The Psychical Review*, we select the following noteworthy incidents:—

SUBJECTIVE IMPRESSIONS. GEOMETRICAL DESIGNS APPEAR IN THE MIND OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL WITHOUT EFFORT UPON HIS PART.

*(Taken from a paper read before the American Psychical Society, by the Rev. T. Ernest Allen.)*

Case I.—Dr. W. B. Carpenter says† "Sir John Herschel stated that he was subject to the involuntary occurrence of visual impressions into which geometrical regularity of form enters as the leading character. These were not of the nature of those ocular spectra which may be attributed with probability to retinal changes. 'For what,' quoting the words of Sir John, 'is to determine the incidence of pressure or the arrival

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\* Here our author quotes the testimony of experienced anatomists to show that the human embryo passes through a variety of stages during human gestation, such as the fibril, the fish, tadpole, animal, and man.—*Ed. U. U.*

† "Mental Physiology," p. 114.

of vibrations from without, upon a geometrically devised pattern on the retinal surface, rather than on its general ground? They are evidently not dreams. The mind is not dormant, but active and conscious of the direction of its thoughts; while these things obtrude themselves on notice, and, by calling attention to them, *direct* the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself. Where does the pattern itself, or *its prototype in the intellect*, originate? Certainly not in any action *consciously* exerted by the mind; for both the particular pattern to be formed, and the time of its appearance, are not merely beyond our will or control, but beyond our knowledge. If it be true that the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, it would almost seem that in such cases as those above adduced we have evidence of a *thought*, an intelligence, working within our own organisation distinct from that of our own personality, in a manner we have absolutely no part in, except as spectators of the exhibition of its results.'"

Referring to this case, Dr. Carpenter then says, "We have here *not* a reproduction of sensorial impressions formerly received; but a *construction* of *new* forms, by a process which, if it had been carried on *consciously*, we should have called imagination. And it is difficult to see how it is to be accounted for in any other way, than by an unconscious action of the cerebrum; the products of which impress themselves on the sensorial consciousness, just as, in other cases, they express themselves through the motor apparatus."

#### APPARITIONS SEEN BY A LADY AND A DOG.

(*Related and Testified of by the Rev. M. J. Savage.*)

Case II.—"I have read, of course, a good many stories telling of the apparent seeing of 'spirit' forms on

the part of animals. One such, and a perfectly authentic one, I have in my collection. The friend who gave it me I will call Miss Z. I have known her for seventeen years, and feel as sure of the truth of her narrative as though I had been in her place. Without any further preface, I will tell her brief story.

"In the spring of 1885, on a certain evening, she was alone in the house. All the family, even to the servants, had gone out. It was about eight o'clock, but several gas jets were burning, so that the room was light throughout. It was in the parlor, a long room running the whole length of the house. Near the back of the parlor stood the piano. Miss Z. was sitting at the piano, practising a difficult musical exercise, playing it over and over, and naturally with her mind intent on this alone. She had as her only companion a little Skye terrier, a great pet, and which, never having been whipped, was apparently afraid of nothing in all the world. He was comfortably placed in an easy-chair behind the piano stool.

"Such, then, was the situation when Miss Z. was startled by hearing a sudden growl from the terrier, as if giving an alarm of danger. She looked up suddenly to see what the matter was, when, at the farther end of the room, the front of the parlor, there appeared to be a sort of mist stretching itself from the door half-way across the room. As she watched it, this mist, which was gray, seemed to shape itself into three forms. The heads and shoulders were quite clearly outlined and distinct, though they appeared to have loose wrappings about them. From the height and general slope of the shoulders of one, she thought she recognised the figure of a favorite aunt who had died a few years before. The middle figure of the three was much shorter, and made her think of her grandmother, who had been dead for a good many years. The third she did not recognize at all. The faces she did not

see distinctly enough so as to feel in any way sure about them.

"The dog, always before very brave, now seemed overcome with terror. He growled fiercely several times, and then jumped trembling from his chair, and hid himself under a large sofa, utterly refusing to be coaxed out. His mistress had never known him to show fear before on any occasion whatever.

"Miss Z. now watched the figures, while they grew more and more distinct, and at last seemed to fade through the closed door into the front hall. When they had disappeared she gave her attention to the frightened terrier. He would not leave his hiding-place, and she was obliged to move the sofa, and carefully lift the trembling little creature in her arms,

"Now, the only remarkable thing about this is, of course, the attitude and action of the dog. The 'spirits' did not seem to have come for anything. They said nothing, and did nothing of any importance. But—and this is where the problem comes in—what did the dog see? If his mistress had seen the figures first, and had shown any fear, it might reasonably be said that her fear was contagious, and that the dog was frightened because she was. But the dog was the first discoverer; the discoverer—of what? If there had been nothing there to see, the dog would have seen nothing. Are dogs subject to hallucinations? Even if they are, and though it were a subjective vision on the dog's part, how does it happen that Miss Z. also sees it? Would she mistake a dog's subjective vision for the figure of her aunt?

"Turn it about as you will, it is a curious experience, and one worth the reader's finding an explanation for, if he can."

The following case is also related, and testified by the Rev. M. J. Savage:—

RAPS AND DISTURBANCES. SCEPTICAL PHYSICIAN AND  
WIFE.\*

Let me begin by telling about some rappings. Do these ever occur except in cases where they are purposely produced? Are they always a trick? A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended by those who have thought they could explain these things as the work of toe joints or other anatomical peculiarities. It will be something to find out that genuine raps do occur, whatever theory may be adopted in explanation of them.

I know a regular physician living not a thousand miles from Boston. His wife I should call a psychic, though she does not call herself so. Neither she nor her husband has ever had anything to do with Spiritualism, nor are they believers. Where they formerly lived they were continually troubled by strange and unaccountable happenings; but though they moved to their present residence, the happenings—with one important exception—have not ceased. No attempt has been made to reduce these happenings to order, or to find out whether there is any discoverable intelligence connected with them. The doctor vaguely holds the opinion that they indicate some abnormal nervous condition on the part of his wife. So far the whole matter has been treated from that point of view. But what is it that happens? Sometimes, for two hours on a stretch, the doctor and his wife are kept wide awake at night by loud rappings on the headboard of their bed. In accordance with his nervous theory, the doctor will hold his wife with one arm, while the hand of the other arm is pressed against the headboard, in the attempt thus to put an end to the disturbance. Said the doctor to me one

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\* Concerning all of the cases here given upon the authority of Mr. Savage, he says: "I am in possession of names, dates, facts of every kind, sufficient to make these what would be called legal evidence in a court of justice."

day, "If anybody thinks these rappings are not genuine, I should like to have him go through some of my experiences."

He and his wife will be sitting by the drawing-room table of an evening. They will be conscious of a stream of cold air passing by them,—an accompaniment of psychic facts well known to investigators,—and then the "trouble" will begin. Sometimes it is only raps. At other times they will hear a noise on the floor of the room above, and will think their boy has fallen out of bed, but on going up to see they find him quietly asleep. Sometimes there will be a loud crash in the corner of the room over the furnace register, as though a basket of crockery had been thrown down and broken. They occupy the house alone, and have no other way of explaining these unpleasant facts than the one alluded to above.

I give this case because of the undoubted occurrence of these things in the house of one who is not a believer nor even an investigator. There is no expectancy or invitation of them, or any superstitious attitude of mind towards them. They are, in this case, plain, bold, apparent facts, as real as is breakfast or supper, or the existence of a brick in the sidewalk.

The "one important exception" referred to above is this: In the house they formerly occupied, the doctor's wife sometimes saw the figure of a woman. Others were said to have seen it also. It was never visible to the doctor. There is the story of a tragic death which connects this woman with this particular house. Those who believe in haunted houses would thus be able to explain why this figure is never seen in the house at present occupied by the doctor's family.

Here there are raps not to be explained as the conscious, purposed work of any visible person; nor can they be explained as the result of the shrinking of boards,



as the work of rats or mice, or in any ordinary way. . . .

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*Note by Editor of Unseen Universe.*

We do not quote these cases in the belief that the Rev. Ernest Allen or the Rev. M. J. Savage are more worthy of special credit in their statements than the tens of thousands of other notable witnesses whose testimony for Spiritual facts and phenomena have been before the world during the last forty years. But the gentlemen above-named are not like the great majority of Spiritualistic investigators, searching for themselves or their own satisfaction solely, but for mankind at large, chiefly with a view to establish a profound and unquestionably true psychical science. With such aims in view they *dare not*, for their reputation's sake, commit themselves to a mistake or error, much less a falsehood, even supposing that they had no higher aims in view than public opinion. Their researches, therefore, *must* be critical, their testimony unanswerable. As such, the cases they furnish are two-edged swords, which cannot injure the truths they allege until they have first maimed the hand that wields the weapon.

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THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

*By Emma Hardinge Britten.*

CHAPTER X.

THE tidings being circulated at the coach office where Richard Stanhope had landed were all too true. In the Florence journal placed in his hands before commencing his journey to his late uncle's residence, he read how the unfortunate old gentleman had been murdered by an assassin, of whom no trace could be found. How, at the succeeding inquest, it was shown that in the room where the deceased had been found, amongst other papers on the writing table was a letter from Balfour, announcing to Sir Lester that his nephew, Richard Stanhope, was the artist of his famous prize picture of "Eve and the

Serpent." Beside this letter was an open paper, *marked copy*—and purporting to be an answer from Sir Lester to Signor Balfour expressive of pleasure at the discovery of the artist in his own nephew, and requesting that Balfour would at once make a journey to Florence to talk over the subject of the great picture with him. Most fortunately for Balfour, the date of this copy was on the very day of the assassination; and as the letter despatched by the poor old Baronet could not have reached Rome till after the fatal event, no possibility of any suspicion could have attached to Balfour, *who did not even arrive in Florence until after* Sir Lester's death. By a careful search into the unfortunate victim's effects a will was discovered, quite recently executed, in which—after expressing contrition for the long-continued alienation which had subsisted between him and his brother (Richard Stanhope's father)—he bequeathed to his nephew (now the Baronet, his heir, and only living relative) all his property, effects, and estates, together with all that he possessed, in compensation for the aforesaid alienation which had existed between the two brothers.

It was with sentiments of the deepest sorrow and sympathy that Richard Stanhope read of his uncle's unhappy fate, late remorse, and provident care for his forsaken nephew; and, as he wandered through the now deserted villa, with its stately halls, empty chambers, and magnificent galleries, it was some time ere he could gain composure enough to give orders for a fine monument to be erected to the memory of his beloved father's only brother. It was not long after he had entered upon possession of his newly-acquired splendid legacy that he was joined by his friend, Reginald Balfour, who—at Stanhope's earnest request—consented to be his guest at his splendid villa, until the necessary legal formalities attendant on the bequest had been complied with.

There were lawyers to be consulted—both at home and abroad—all manner of official observances to be gone through—above all (to Sir Richard himself) there were long letters to be written to his affianced bride informing her of the wonderful change in his fortunes, and instructions to be sent to Mrs. Marsh at No. 9, Stanhope Street, London, to engage servants, tradesmen, and workmen to fit up said No. 9 in splendid style for the wedding which was to take place there exactly six months hence.

“I will return to England as soon as the wearisome settlement of present affairs permits me,” thought Stanhope. “I will watch over, protect, and rescue that angel of mine—surrounded, as I can plainly discern, by liars, speculators, and traders on her goodness and beauty. Yes, I will go at the first possible moment I can be spared from the business demands now upon me.” . . .

Reginald Balfour only remained his friend's guest for a few days, urging as his excuse for a rapid departure, not his anxiety to return to his beautiful wife and her large circle of admirers, but the many demands that must be awaiting him for his professional services. Before taking leave of his friend, however, Balfour called Stanhope's attention to a full length portrait of his late uncle hanging in one of the galleries of the villa in which—to Stanhope's amazement and horror, he recognised *a perfect fac simile of the Paris vision that had appeared to him—the face of the grey-headed victim*, and even *the loss of the two forefingers of the one hand*, a circumstance which Balfour explained by stating that Sir Lester accidentally suffered this mutilation when viewing a piece of swiftly revolving machinery, on which he had foolishly placed his hand. Although Richard Stanhope's kindly nature was deeply moved by his old uncle's late remorse and noble act of *post mortem* compensation to himself, his

heart was full of glad anticipation of the effect which his improved fortunes must have upon his adored betrothed, and his brain whirled with the idea of his many projects to adorn and beautify his fine old London home for the reception of his fair bride.

" . . . Sorrowful as I am for my poor old uncle and his terrible fate," wrote Sir Richard to the latest address given him at Carlisle by his betrothed, "I cannot but feel I am the happiest and most fortunate of men. Not a cloud darkens the horizon of my future, on which love, friendship, happiness, wealth, and splendour shine forth as the five-pointed star of a destiny, the glorious promises of which far, far, transcend all that I had ever dared to hope for or speculate upon."

Stanhope had scarcely despatched this glowing missive to England when one of the servants of his new household brought him a letter with the post mark of Rome, and in the handwriting of his beloved friend, Balfour. In a wild rhapsody, breathing nothing but anguish and despair, Sir Richard read the following terrible lines :—"This night is the last I shall ever spend on earth. . . . The pistol lies charged before me which shall end my miserable career, and send me hence—whether to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, or to pass into a land of fresh trial and retribution, I know not—I care not. It is enough that on earth—in loneliness, desolation, and sorrow—I will stay no longer." The suicide's wretched and despairing letter went on to inform Sir Richard that Madeline Balfour (his wife) had eloped during his absence with an English *roué*,—the nobleman whom Stanhope had noticed as so familiar with her on the occasion of his own brief visit to his friend's house at Rome.

The writer added that the bitterest wrong the faithless wife had inflicted on her unhappy husband was the fact that she had carried off the two precious children—the

idols of his heart—in her shameful elopement, and that as the fugitives had been traced as having left Naples in the seducer's yacht, all chance of further discovery or means of arresting their flight, so as to restore his angel children, was lost to the wretched, miserable father. Whatever blame Sir Richard may have been disposed to attach to the careless and all too dissipated husband, nothing but deep grief remained in his heart, when he found by personal inquiry that the flight of Madame Balfour, the abstraction of the two children, and the suicide of the unhappy husband were all realised and irretrievable events.

“Alas! Alas!” murmured Stanhope to himself, in summing up the tragic tidings, “my FIVE-POINTED star of hope is already shorn of one of its brightest beams—that of FRIENDSHIP—but in the four that remain, thou, my Adina, together with the rank, wealth, and prosperity that I shall be happy enough to bestow upon thee, will compensate me for all I have lost.” . . . “Good heavens! how the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls! What storms these Italian climes are subject to! Or, is it the voice of fate which seems almost to syllable in my ears—those fatal words, *never more?*” . . .

OF THE NEW PHASE OF LIFE IN NO. 9 STANHOPE STREET,  
LONDON.

Let the reader consider that five years have passed away since the events noted in the above sections of our narrative transpired. Once more we return to the locality at which our history first commenced, namely No. 9, Stanhope Street, London.

Let us take the privilege of a historian by describing a scene which our own eyes have not witnessed, but one which has been sufficiently well testified of by others to justify our reproducing it as a faithful record of history.

The entrance hall of No. 9 had been enlarged by

throwing into it two or three rooms on the one side, whilst the parlours on the opposite side had been merged into one long, spacious, and splendidly furnished dining-room. The hall was paved with slabs of black and white marble. Statues holding gilded candelabras were ranged along the walls, intersected with large tubs of the finest possible flowering shrubs. The noble dining-room, besides all the appurtenances of rich hangings, exquisite marbles, girandoles, and other luxurious adornments, held in its centre a long dining-table covered with a fine damask cloth, embroidered serviettes, beautiful china plates, dishes, and glasses, china baskets heaped up with the rarest cakes, fruits, pasties, and breadstuffs, cut glass decanters full of sparkling wines—in a word, the centre table and sideboard displayed all the accessories of the richest and most luxuriously prepared banquet, and the numerous chairs grouped around the table, all composed of velvet and gilding, and all in keeping with the rest of the splendid furniture bespoke the expectancy of a large and fashionable gathering.

Passing out of this apartment, and up the old-fashioned but richly carpeted stairway, with its carved balustrades, statues in every niche, and gilded cornices, we enter a suite of drawing-rooms and a library furnished in the highest style of taste and splendour; and ascending a second flight of stairs enter at once a bedroom, the white satin hangings and entire furnishings of which bespeak a bridal chamber of the rarest, fairest beauty—a palatial room which a princess might be proud to call her own on her bridal night. Adjoining this is an exquisite boudoir, all the fittings and adornments of which were of the same pearly hue and richness as those of the bridal chamber. There were several other smaller rooms in this mansion, furnished in an equally luxurious and costly style.

The only exception to this display of wealth and splendour was the top floor, which, for the present, we

are forbidden to enter,—and the kitchen offices, of which we shall presently speak, but that which may be seen and described,—though never perhaps in its complete and terrible reality—is the awful desolation that pervaded the entire scene—the accumulation of dust and network of cobwebs that covered and festooned every article of furniture, walls, ceilings, and curtains ;—the decay of every shrivelled plant, the dead leaves of the long-perished blossoms, the worms that crept over and about the dead fruits,—death, dirt, and desolation everywhere.

The tapestries were faded, the rich curtains gnawed and soiled by rats and mice ; even the white, or rather yellow, faded satins of boudoir, dressing-room, and bridal chambers, all—all—like the pictures and books, were thick with the dust which spoke of the utter neglect and waste of years—their very number unrecorded save in mould, rust, dust, and emblems of death and ruin. One little room, parted off like the rest of the kitchen offices from the entrance hall, seemed alone to be the scene of human habitation and household supervision. This nest of a place was plainly furnished, and the few books and needlework scattered around bespoke the presence of some feminine occupant ; at the same time, the neatness and order that pervaded the place would have suggested its dislocation from any other portion of the weird and silent spot, still known as No. 9, Stanhope Street, had not that little room still sheltered the once well-remembered form of the poor old housekeeper, Mrs. Marsh.

Yes ; there she sits, her grey hair drawn back neatly over her forehead, her tidy white cap, apron, and rusty black dress the same as ever, but the sad, thin pinched face, the leaden eyes dim with weeping, and the thin, trembling, faded hands, all tell of their connection with a place too sad, too woful, to be called a human habitation.

And yet *it is still inhabited*, and that by some other one than Mrs. Marsh, for even as she sits there with



folded hands, fixed eyes, and a countenance on every line of which despair is written, there is a slow and measured step heard crossing the marble hall, as if making for the outer door. Glancing up at the clock, just on the stroke of eight, on an autumn evening already deepening into sombre twilight, she starts as if recognizing the step, and the fitting hour when she was to hear it. Timidly opening the door leading from her room into the hall, she softly murmurs, "Anything I can do for you, master?"

No response came except the waving of a thin, soiled hand, warning her back. She retreats, but not till her tear-dimmed eyes had taken in, in its full proportions, the figure of a tall, thin, bent man's form, clad in a loose coat, hanging in folds around his gaunt body, with a face begrimed and foul as if with the accumulated dirt of long years.

Large, heavy, yet restless dark eyes, a shock of long and unkempt hair which would have been white but for the grime of dust and dirt that turned the tangled curls into an iron grey; these, with the addition of worn-out shoes and a large, dark, flap hat falling over a face of woe and despair, completed the aspect of the artist who was once known as the beau ideal of grace and manly beauty—Sir Richard Stanhope, Baronet. With a large empty basket hanging on his arm, the woeful-looking apparition whom Mrs. Marsh still watches through the half-closed door, with streaming eyes, slowly draws back the bolts of the hall door, opens it, and closes it behind him. As he descends the steps and emerges into the street a young lady passing by, and leaning on the arm of her lover, seeing the woeful apparition in the dim obscurity of the night, draws back, as if in terror, and whispers to her companion, "Don't pass him; they say it's unlucky to meet him. That's the creature that they call in this neighbourhood 'Dirty Dick!'"

*(To be continued.)*

NOTICE OF A NEW PAPER.

"THE PROBLEM OF LIFE,"

EDITED BY W. J. COLVILLE.

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WE have received a copy of this new monthly magazine, a publication which cannot fail to form a valuable contribution to that class of spiritual literature which deals with the metaphysics of being, and analyses those mysteries which would have ever remained a "problem" had not the world of spiritual existences been suddenly opened up to the apprehension of humanity, and the dwellers of that hitherto undiscovered realm been privileged to appear before our very eyes, and communicate with us through our sensuous perceptions. The fact that one of the most eloquent and philosophical lecturers in the spiritual ranks edits this paper is recommendation enough to all who have ever heard W. J. Colville,

In this gentleman we have a spiritually instructed speaker and writer, and this fact alone should render his paper an object of interest and study well worthy of attention.

The advertisement of the "Problem of Life" will be found in the magazine cover, amongst the other publishing announcements.

. . . . .

MR. COLVILLE'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SPIRIT BIRD.

In a letter which I have recently received from Mr. Colville, an experience of his own is touched upon which necessitates a few preliminary words of explanation on my part.

Most of my friends and acquaintances, both in this country and America, will recollect a feathered com-

panion which my husband and I brought with us from Australia, whose talents, whether as a conversationalist, dancer, and actor, no less than his intelligence generally, contributed to make him a celebrated character in every circle in which he was permitted to appear.

His name was "Joe," and he was a bird of the Australian "Corilla" species, large as a pigeon, and snow white, except on his neck, which was encircled by a ring of beautiful scarlet feathers. This creature's love for me, like his singular intelligence, knew no bounds. He would follow me about like a dog wherever I went. His favourite station was on my shoulder, where he would sit for hours crooning soft words to me whilst I wrote. I am not ashamed to say I fully reciprocated his affection, and on more occasions than one incurred the *anathema maranatha* of some of my pious acquaintances by declaring that no place hereafter would be heaven to me unless I could meet "Joe" there. Mr. Colville, in our occasional interviews in America and this country had formed Joe's acquaintance, and more than once had been invited by the said Joe to "have a cup of tea" with him. On Sunday, September the 18th last, my precious pet terminated his earthly career, nestled in the place he loved best—my arms.

I must state that, for reasons of my own, I never mentioned my loss either by word of mouth or writing to any one but my most intimate friends, and none but these have heard of the matter before this writing. For the first time I believe in my acquaintance with him, Mr. Colville wrote to me in November last. He stated that early in October my darling Joey came fluttering around him, and the names of "Emma and Joey" were again and again impressed upon his ear. "He seemed," says Mr. Colville, "as truly with me in my house in Pembroke Street, and again in Baltimore, as when I last saw him with you."

It was not till November last that Mr. Colville went to New York, and there he met Mrs. Wallace, just after her return from England. Mr. Colville mentioned to her the curious and irresistible impression he had of my poor bird's visits, when Mrs. Wallace informed him, *for the first time*, of his departure—as I believe and think *I know, to another and a higher sphere of being than earth*. I should not care to dwell thus long upon a mere personal episode, were it not that I find amongst a large number of educated persons,—and that not Spiritualists alone,—a strong belief gaining ground of the perpetuity of spirit being, even in the humblest forms grown on earth. And besides this, I wish to introduce to my readers notice a little poem which accompanied Mr. Colville's letter. Being written by him from the depths of his sincere convictions, the simple lines I am about to quote may not prove an unapt illustration of his new paper, "The Problem of Life." These are the lines referred to :—

W. J. COLVILLE ON AUSTRALIAN JOE.

Musing in the fading twilight,  
Dreaming of glad days of yore,  
Softly steals across my spirit  
Like a light ray on the floor ;  
Sweetly, gently, comes a whisper,  
All unheard by mortal ear,  
"Emma !" "Joey !" something murmurs,  
And I wonder what is near.

Soon a wing is heard to rustle,  
And a sparkling eye appears,  
All expectant—breathless listening—  
Something present stills my fears.  
'Tis no high and holy angel,  
No dread form from heaven I see,  
But a merry bird who chirps out  
"Joey wants a cup of tea !"

Faithful friend, I now remember  
Who you are, and where I saw  
How a feathered creature honours  
True affection's holy law.

Tho' from home and kindred taken,  
And transported o'er the sea,  
You were happy with your Emma  
And with loving friends to be.

Have you passed beyond the portals  
To the wond'rous "over there?"  
Where the day is never clouded  
With the shades of earthly care ;  
Or, are you unseen, yet present,  
In the atmosphere around,  
Waiting till you are transplanted  
To some yet untraversed ground ?

Joey seems to know my question,  
Or some spirit standing near  
Answers with a deep instruction,  
Making life's strange pathway clear.  
Joey is a bird unfolded,  
Far beyond mere parrot ken,  
And he's now a message-bearer,  
Dealing with the thoughts of men.

Thro' the long eventful travels,  
Over ocean, over land,  
Taken by the faithful teacher,  
Honored upon every strand ;  
Joey, humble and receptive,  
Oft absorbed a ray of light,  
From the inspiration glorious  
Which makes Emma's crown so bright.

In this fluttering form is treasured  
Wisdom, thought, and love most dear ;  
Knowledge of the great hereafter,  
Making earthly states less dear.  
Like a white-winged tender fairy,  
Like a helper kind and brave,  
Hovers Joe o'er William, Emma,  
From his home beyond the grave.

When the mystery of living  
Shall be made more clear and plain,  
'Twill be known that no life endeth  
Tho' on earth it breaks the chain.  
Joey, carry on your mission,  
Carry to your home above,  
Tender links which still shall bind you  
To your earthly home of love.

## Book Review.

### "FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW."

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION,

(*Being the Christmas Number of the "Review of Reviews"*), by W. T. STEAD.

Judging from the signature to the preface of this remarkable work it is written by Mr. Wm. T. Stead himself, and if it is not so, then the literary age is all the richer for being able to boast of two men instead of one, who are qualified to combine such a vast field of instruction as well as amusement in a 123 large page Christmas book. The love story around which the entire narrative is woven, like a skein made up of all the prismatic hues of the rainbow, is in itself quite an original one, and all the characters grouped together during the Transatlantic passage from "the old world to the new," are as distinctly different from each other as if they had been selected as samples of the various human species, and yet in combination, with all their philosophical disquisitions and fantasies, they form an *olla podrida*, which does not admit of a dry line in the entire book. The great feature of this latest of Mr. Stead's capital Christmas issues, however, is the minute and correct descriptions given of the accessories necessary for an ocean passage—even to tickets, chairs, wraps, dresses, the arrangements of berths, tables, amusements, and other employments—varying from love-making to betting on the age and height of the pilot who is to take the steamer into port. All are told as none but an experienced voyager could describe. There is one thrilling episode of a rescue amongst the icebergs, mixed up with a sensational view of occultism, which positively stimulates the reader,—especially if he or she be a dramatic writer, to transfer

the narrative to a spectacular stage scene of the most thrilling and absorbing character. After the landing come vivid descriptions of New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities on the different lines of the nine hundred miles which are to be traversed between New York and Chicago. As to the great emporium of the North West itself, together with graphic accounts of its streets, houses, hotels, and people, to say nothing of the wonderful World's Fair, and all its interior and exterior attractions—Mr. Stead's book no longer leaves it necessary to say it must be seen to be imagined, for in the absence of a direct transit to this Aladdin's palace the accounts rendered of it in the book, are at once so elaborate and minute, that the least imaginative of readers must feel himself literally transported to the World's Fair at Chicago, and enabled to declare, he knows all about it without the trouble and expense of going there.

Mr. Stead's Christmas book is price one shilling, and affords the cheapest shilling's worth of instruction and amusement ever put into circulation. Every man, woman, and child should not only read, but possess it for future use. I would do so, were I even the original subject of the once famous song—"The Last Shilling."

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### A REAL STORY OF A CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

"WHO says that Christmas fairies are an extinct race; or that at this time of the year, especially, Aladdin's lamp and Cinderella's coach and six are only possible upon the pantomime stage? Ask old Charles Martin, pauper and vocalist, what he thinks upon the subject; only ask him after reading the letter from Mr. W. S. Gilbert which was published this morning. A few days ago this poor old gentleman was "run in" for singing at the door of a public-house, and the magistrate consigned him to the



workhouse, with the threat of making it gaol next time. The aged minstrel, however—he is eighty-six next birthday—had been piping forth none but such fine strains as “Tom Bowling,” “The Death of Nelson,” “Wapping Old Stairs,” and “The Old Armchair.” Like the “melodious twang” of an ancient cracked spinet, the music that lingered in him was noble and dignified, not of the “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay” kind. Mr. Gilbert heard of the case, and appealed to public kindness in such sympathetic words that, as he told us in writing, nearly one hundred pounds in good gold and silver have poured into his hands for the venerable musician, besides the promise of more to come from an amateur theatrical performance. Furnished with these funds, Mr. Gilbert has taken Charles Martin from the workhouse—no doubt he came up through the floor with a wand of holly and an electric star in his hat—he has clothed him from top to toe in warm winter attire; and he has been able to promise the delighted and astounded old gentleman a guinea a week—and something more, if it be needed—during the rest of his days. When he was before the magistrates the antique minstrel meekly pleaded that “there were some who appreciated him,” and this faith in “noble music set to perfect words” has not been falsified. There are at least two hundred and one persons, according to our correspondent’s letter, who still love Dibdin and Campbell and the true and beautiful English music better than the trash which passes under that name. As for Charles Martin, he has himself condensed his feelings into an expression which leaves nothing to be desired. He says he “feels like the Duke of Westminster.” You could not persuade him, if you tried, that fairies don’t go about, as usual, at Christmas-time, or that the “sweet little cherub” is not constantly “aloft,” as of old, keeping a general look-out for all hands.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

## EXTRACT FROM COLONEL INGERSOLL'S SPLENDID LECTURE ON VOLTAIRE.

"Voltaire was dead. The foundations of State and Throne had been sapped. The people were becoming acquainted with the real kings and with the actual priests. Unknown men born in misery and want, men whose fathers and mothers had been pavement for the rich, were rising towards the light and their shadowing faces were emerging from darkness. Labour and thought became friends. That is, the gutter and the attic fraternized ;—the monsters of the night and the angels of the dawn—the first thinking of revenge and the others dreaming of equality, liberty, and fraternity. For 400 years the Bastille had been the outward symbol of oppression. Within its walls the noblest had perished. It was a perpetual threat. It was the last and often the first argument of king and priest. Its dungeons, damp and rayless, its massive towers, its secret cells, its instruments of torture, denied the existence of God. In 1789, on the 14th of July, the people, the multitude, frenzied by suffering, stormed and captured the Bastille. The battle-cry was "Vive le Voltaire." . . .

In 1791 permission was given to place in the Pantheon the ashes of Voltaire. He had been buried 110 miles from Paris. Buried by stealth he was to be removed by a nation. A funeral procession of a hundred miles ; every village with its flags and arches in his honour ; all the people anxious to honour the philosopher of France—the saviour of Calas—the destroyer of superstition ! On reaching Paris, the great procession moved along the Rue St. Antoine. Here it paused, and for one night upon the ruins of the Bastille rested the body of Voltaire—rested in triumph, in glory, rested on fallen wall and broken arch, on crumbling stone still damp with tears, on rusting chain,

and bar, and useless bolt—above the dungeons dark and deep, where light had faded from the lives of men and hope had died in breaking hearts. The conqueror resting upon the conquered; throned upon the Bastille, the fallen fortress of night, the body of Voltaire, from whose brain had issued the dawn.

For a moment his ashes must have felt the Promethean fire, and the old smile must have illumined once more the face of the dead.

While the vast multitude were trembling with love and awe, a priest was heard to cry : " God shall be avenged."

#### VOLTAIRE'S GRAVE VIOLATED.

" The grave of Voltaire was violated. The cry of the priest " God shall be avenged ! " had borne its fruit. Skulking in the shadows, with faces sinister as night—ghouls, in the name of the Gospel, desecrated the grave. They carried away the body of Voltaire. The tomb was empty. God was avenged ! The tomb was empty, but the world is filled with Voltaire's fame. Man has conquered !"—*Progressive Thinker*.

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#### NOTICE TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the pressure of " brevier " (small print) matter we must defer our " Open Court " correspondence till next issue.

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THERE lives at Oak Hill Texas, a blind girl who, from a few acres of land, cultivated by herself, has cleared about £40 each season for several years by growing vegetables. She began with no capital on the unfenced piece of uncultivated land. There is now a neat fence about her domain, and a well and pump in the centre. In addition she has paid for a piano and a hack to take her vegetables to market, twenty miles from her home.

## SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

SPIRITUALISM IN SWITZERLAND.—The progress of the spiritual movement in Europe is indicated in an emphatic manner by this piece of news that is communicated by *Le Flambeau*, of Belgium, in its issue of Oct. 23rd, 1892. "The University of Switzerland has incorporated into its programme of exercises for the winter of 1892-3 a series of conferences on Spiritualism. The first was to be held on Nov. 7, subject, "The Beliefs and Negations of the Present Day;" Nov. 10, subject, "Experimental Spiritualism, its Phenomena and their Causes;" Nov. 12, subject, "The Spiritual Philosophy; the Problem of Life and Destiny." These conferences were to be public, and held in the great hall of the university at Lola, under the direction of the Faculty, and the Department of Public Instruction assumed the expense of them." This is a noteworthy fact; unprecedented in the history of the spiritual movement.

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The following noble letter tells its own story, without need of further comment, except to say that if the Church of England had a few more such pastors as the Rev. Chas. Stirling, it would not—as now—carry on the walls of its every edifice the words of doom—"MENE, MENE, Tekel, Upharsin."

A VICAR AND THE "ROMISH PRIESTS" OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Rev. Charles Stirling, writing from New Malden, of which he was the vicar, sent the following letter on the 22nd of the present month to the Bishop of Rochester, who has accepted the rev. gentleman's resignation:—"It is my painful duty to state that I have to-day, with feelings of profound grief, executed the Deed of Resignation of this benefice. In placing my resignation in your lordship's hands, I may be allowed to say that the recent judgment in the Lincoln

case has rendered it impossible for me to retain my connection with the Established Church as she now is, with Popery taught by her clergy on every hand, her Communion tables turned into 'altars,' her ministers into 'sacrificing priests,' her churches into mass houses, and with auricular confession inculcated, practised, and where possible enforced. All this is done under the eyes, with the knowledge, and under the protection, of the Bishops, who first introduce the 'wolves in sheep's clothing' into the fold and then shield them when the flock remonstrates. My lord, I have been for 41 years a plain English clergyman. I must decline now to be any longer associated with Romish priests. That the Church of England will be punished for her apostacy from those Protestant principles and truths of which she was in better days the bulwark is as certain as that to-morrow's sun will rise. Disestablishment and disendowment would appear to be rapidly approaching. I can only pray that it may please Almighty God to 'cleanse and defend His Church,' for unless cleansed from Popish doctrine and Popish practices she will not and cannot be successfully defended." The letter concludes with thanks to the Bishop for his kindness and courtesy to the writer.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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WALKING ON THE WATER.—The following is from the *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter* for October 13th, signed Lucian Pusch, a frequent contributor to that journal: "Yesterday evening I held a séance at the Golden Spring, near Czenstockan, in Russian Poland. The medium, Frau G., soon went into trance. We were informed through raps that a hundred years ago, under Kosciusko, one Xavery Gazer had been drowned by a smith. Hereupon the medium tore herself free from the chair, ran out still entranced, we followed; she led us to a large pond, opposite the summer-houses; surely and swiftly, in spite of closed eyes, pointed

with her hand to the water, and before we were aware of it, she was already on the pond, walking on the surface of the water exactly as though it were smooth ground, to about the middle, where she sank into the water ; soon reappearing on the surface, she came back with a skull in her hand, returned thereupon to the séance-room, seated herself at the table, took a pen in her hand, dipped it into the ink, and wrote: 'This is my head, Xavery Gazer, 1792.' After this the medium remained seventeen minutes longer in the trance, quite still, without moving. The impression was dreadful. There were present two Catholic priests, P. and B., Herr v. L., a landed proprietor, a cousin of the medium's, Frau W., and two professors from St. Petersburg, besides myself."

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#### MR. GEORGE WALROND.

Writing of this devoted and talented advocate of the Spiritual cause in Canada, the *Hamilton Spectator*, a copy of which has been forwarded to us, says: "The third of a series of public services was held on Sunday evening, November 6, at the Maccabees Hall. Subjects were handed up by the audience, viz., 'What about the personality of the devil?' 'The origin of evil,' and 'Has God ever manifested himself personally to man?' The controls of Mr. George Walrond discussed each subject in a masterly manner. Great interest is being manifested at these services, and many who had hitherto kept their light under a bushel are no longer afraid or ashamed to avow their knowledge of spirit-intercourse and the experiences they have had in their own homes. Now that the ice has been broken in Hamilton by the few staunch men and women who have had the courage to launch out into the depths of public work it is to be hoped the good work will continue. Geo. W. Walrond, book-keeper with Robert Evans and Co., was initiated as a

member of the British Army and Navy Veterans. Mr. Walrond joined the Sixth Royal Warwickshire Regiment as a private soldier in 1862, and became a sergeant-major of the army service corps in 1877. In 1879 he was promoted to the rank of an ordinance officer, for service on the field, by Lord Wolseley, when in Zululand. Mr. Walrond has served in Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Alexandria, Cairo, Bombay, Cape of Good Hope, and at various places in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. He was orderly sergeant-major to the Prince of Wales on the return of his Royal Highness from India at Gibraltar. Mr. Walrond has the Zulu war medal and clasp for three years' service in the field, the Egyptian war medal, the Khedive's star for service in the Soudan, and the Queen's medal for long service and good conduct, besides other honours and a pension earned during a service of twenty-two years in the British Army."—*Light of Truth*.

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FROM the "New York Nation" we learn that Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveller, contributes to the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October an account of her journey in Lesser Thibet. It contains some curious reading for those who would like to see the worship of mythical "Mahatmas" prevail in our country. This country, lying in the heart of the Himalayas, is inhabited by Thibetan Buddhists, whose chief characteristic is their extreme devotion to their religion. The Lamas, 11,000 in number, constitute nearly a tenth of the entire population. Their lamaseries are vast irregular piles of fantastic buildings, almost invariably crowning lofty isolated rocks or mountain spurs, and are to be found everywhere. By the roadsides are numerous figures of Sakyamuni and frequent rows of prayer-mills, occasionally as many as 150 in a row, each containing a long roll of paper inscribed from ten to 1,000 times with sacred words, and revolving



easily by being brushed by the hand of a passer-by. One of these cylinders, said to contain 20,000 repetitions of a sacred mantra, is worked by water-power. Should the Chicago Theosophists desire representation at the World's Fair, they could not do better than apply for space to set up one of these machines in the Manufactures' Building. It could be worked either by wind, water, or steam, or perhaps a crank could be found to turn the prayer-mill for a reasonable consideration.

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M. A. AKSAKOF writes in his journal, *Psychiche Studien*, from Milan, under date of October 3rd last, that after several attacks of fever, he finally succeeded in having several séances with the celebrated Eusapia Palladino. He was prevented by sickness attending one with Lombroso and another with Richet, both of whom came expressly to have a séance with this medium. He says: "In spite of these persecutions of fate I have accomplished my object, and we are working very busily. Our experiments have stirred up a fearful storm in the local press. Just think of it: Schiaparelli attending every séance; Professor Lombroso coming over expressly from Turin to be present at some, and Professor Richet, who appeared specially for two séances, all the way from Paris. You know that he has hitherto denied the physical phenomena; however, now he is thrown into the highest amazement. He has gone away, meanwhile sending to the *Secolo* an article the substance of which is "Keep Quiet and Observe!" Science is now busily engaged with this matter. Dr. Du Prel has just come from the Tyrol. We have obtained excellent photographs of the table hovering in the air, a thing that has never before been accomplished." Another correspondent from Rome writes that the Spiritualistic war is raging sharply now in Italy, and especially in Milan, the "City of Intelligence," as it is accustomed to call itself. A

number of learned men, including Lombroso, Schiaparelli, and Brofferio have been having sittings with the medium Eusapia Palladino which, according to the declaration of Lombroso, have attained a quite surprising success, but which by a portion of the press are proclaimed a fraud of the worst kind. It is remarkable that the Republican paper, *Italia del Popolo*, perhaps out of attachment to the mysticism of Mazzini, takes a decided stand for the medium, while the Director of the Conservative *Corriere della Sera* publishes a wager of 3,000 francs that he will expose the "swindling medium;" if this should not be done he is to give the entire sum to some benevolent object. The contest between the medium and journalists is now looked upon with considerable interest, the more because the sitting for exposure is to be attended by six of the foremost men of learning in Milan. Meanwhile Lombroso and Professor Brofferio have weighed the medium several times, when at the expressed wish of the gentlemen, the weight of the medium went up to seventy kilograms to sink later to fifty kilograms. The *Psychische Studien* promises its readers several articles from Aksakof describing his séances with this wonderful medium at the commencement of the next year.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

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"HAPPINESS IN HELL."—A correspondent having called the Archbishop of Westminster's attention to an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, wherein Mr. John St. Mivart enforces the doctrine that according to Catholic theology "there is, and there will for all eternity be, a real and true happiness in hell," his Grace has, through his secretary, replied as follows:—  
 "Archbishop's House, Westminster, December 2.—  
 Dear Sir,—I am instructed by his Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ult., and to say that in the main part of Mr.

Mivart's article the word 'hell' is used in its strictly theological sense, which covers any ultimate future state which is outside of heaven and the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision. It therefore includes the future state of children who died unbaptized, which the accepted teaching of the Church recognises to be one of happiness, as there can be no future punishment awarded to the innocent. As to those mitigations which the article suggests as applicable to the punishments of hell, viz., the hell of those who were baptized but lost on account of sin unrepented of, they must be taken as personal views put forward by Mr. Mivart and other writers on their own responsibility, but to which the authority of the Catholic Church is in no wise committed. For further and fuller statement of the Catholic position may I refer you to an article on the subject which appears in this week's *Tablet*, December 3. I am, sir, yours very truly, I. MOYES."—*Daily Telegraph*.

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NO SABBATH was observed by professing Christians of the first century. Sunday was a pagan day on which the Romans held the festival of the sun. Why should the clergy be opposed to recreation and amusement on this day? Why should they refer to it as the Sabbath when they have no authority whatever for the claim? They know that Sunday was not constituted a Sabbath by divine command. They know that there are no words in the New Testament establishing the Sabbath. They know that Sunday grew into a holy day by Christian usage and custom, and, as Neander says, "The celebration of Sunday, like every festival, was a human institution."—*Better Way*.

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THE FORLORN HOPE.—The author of a great reformation is always unpopular in his own age. He generally passes his life in disquiet and danger. It is therefore for the interest of the human race that the memory of such

men should be held in reverence, and that they should be supported against the scorn and hatred of their contemporaries by the hope of leaving a great and imperishable name. To go on the forlorn hope of truth is a service of peril—who will undertake it? It is easy enough, after the ramparts are carried, to find men to plant the flag on the topmost tower. The difficulty is to find men who are ready to go first into the breach.—*Lord Macaulay.*

\* \* \*

IN 1819 THERE lived at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a doctor named Hartmann, who was able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his own body towards other persons, who usually heard the crackling, and saw the sparks immediately before feeling the shock. He acquired this faculty to so high a degree that it depended solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus it would appear that the will had an influence on the development of the electricity in this man—a thing which had not hitherto been observed except in the electrical eel.—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

MILTON imagined and put into words his belief, that millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth unseen, when we wake and when we sleep. I believe that this world of those we call the dead is close by us and all around us, and there is a difficulty about that to our imaginations only, because we are the fools of our eyes and ears. We fancy that we see all there is; while as a matter of fact, our clear-headed science has taught all those who have cared to find out its truth that it is only the tiniest part of this physical universe that we ever see or hear—just a little fraction that our senses enable us to explore. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible forces, the intangible forces.—*M. F. Savage.*

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