

THE Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

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

"THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

Under the sole charge and conduct of

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1893.

NO. 12.

ORGANIC MEANS OF EXTENDING THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

NOTE BY EDITOR OF "THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE."—I publish, *in part only*, the following article from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, the Spiritually instructed farmer's boy, *now* one of the best, most philosophical, and naturally capable as well as inspired writers of the New Dispensation. Although my space does not permit of my reprinting the entire article, as written for one of the large American papers, in its fullness, I have preserved the sense of all Mr. Tuttle's suggestions, and only ask *capable, candid, and impartial readers* to study what is here presented, and exceed its practical value in the direction it aims to instruct—if they can.—ED. U. U.

SPIRITUALISM is the science of the spiritual relations of man to the universe; and as a Spirit is the moving force of that universe, the domain of that science extends to the farthest coast line of matter. It is a science, a philosophy, and inasmuch as the knowledge of spiritual things, in their moral bearing and devotion thereto, is religion, it is a religion.

Instead, however, of telling man that he is an ignorant worm, and that only one in all the ages was born with a divine nature, it says that every child is an incarnated divinity, the heir of infinite possibilities. Man is not for to-day, but for eternity. He will bloom in immortal youth when the stars of heaven fade and dissolve. Thus, Spiritualism is not a religion descending from a foreign source, to be borne as a cross. It is an outgrowth of human nature, and the complete expression of its highest ideal.



Take the sacred books of all the races of mankind, for all races have their sacred books; add to them the entire circle of the sciences, the terrestrial construction of our globe, and the infinite relation of the stars, and yet all of these combined, form but a part of Spiritualism.

It comprehends man and the universe in all varied relations, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. It reaches to the beginning of creation, into the illimitable future, borne onward by man's immortality.

It says to him that he must be his own high priest, and if he sin confess to himself and bear the penalty. If he is saved he must work out his own salvation. Perfect men and women are as much the ideal type of Spiritualism as perfect angels.

In its most superficial acceptance Spiritualism answers a question than which none other is so full of import, or appeals with greater force to human consciousness: "If a man die shall he live again?" On its demonstration depend our hopes and aspirations; its negation converts creation to a sham, into which man seems thrust for no purpose but to have the brief hour of his existence, fraught with pain and disappointment, blotted out in eternal night.

It is self-evident that in presenting this Philosophy of Life to the world, the material force represented by money is essential. The main question is how money may be employed to yield the most abundant harvest. Thus far in the progress of Spiritualism there has been self-sacrifice and devotion for the cause, and writers, speakers, mediums, and editors have laboured under the most discouraging circumstances, for no other reward than the consciousness of having done their duty. Theirs has been emphatically a labour of love, and too often have they been forced to bear the cross of dishonour for the truth's sake. The journals that have exerted the

most influence have been published at a sacrifice of the time and the money of their managers. Yet such is the vitality of the movement; so dear is it to the hearts of those who have once caught glimpses of its beauty that it has paused not in its course, but constantly broadened and deepened in its influence.

Now this movement demands assistance on our side. Essentially it is of inner growth and not a foreign system to hold us in blind faith that it may lead. It demands of us self-exertion; salvation from ignorance by our endeavours. The question is, How can we best ally ourselves with this great power and work in harmony therewith? It has been said that Spiritualists have given scarcely anything to charities, or the cause they claim to hold of such vast importance; but we think this is not because they are unwilling, or not even anxious to give, but there is no ready organised means at hand to which they may confide their gifts. Were there a strong organisation with guarantee of endurance, of doing the work in which it was engaged, it would be an attractive centre of constantly increasing power. It would not only be self-productive, but would receive a constant stream of gifts.

How can we extend the sphere of Spiritualism? By education of the masses, teaching the great truths which are misunderstood or wholly unknown to them. How and through what means shall this education be conducted? . . .

In the past, the world was ruled by the orator. The speech of the statesman controlled the hour, and the pulpit led the unlettered masses. Demosthenes, by his silver tongue could array Greece against her common enemy, and Peter the Hermit hurl Christendom against the Moslem in vain crusade to wrest the sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. But mark how blends here

another force. The spoken word is caught and stamped on the printed page, and sown by the hand of steam broadcast over the world. A thousand may hear, millions may read, and millions more to all coming time.

The press has taken the place of the orator and preacher. It has become the educator of our time. The newspaper is becoming more and more the instructor of the masses. Hence those who seek the advancement of any cause should found a journal devoted to the same, and a publishing house for the issue of their especial literature.

The first step is the endowment of a publishing house, with sufficient means, not only to publish books, but papers which should engage the best talent of the cause, and be an epitome of THE WORLD'S ADVANCE FROM ISSUE TO ISSUE. It would follow the policy indicated by love and justice, because not dependent on the whim of subscribers for support. Its object should be the promulgation of Spiritualism in ALL its aspects, and instruction in the pure and beautiful system of religion and morality which flows from the highest ideal of the present and the future life. It must necessarily be free from PERSONAL influence, just to all, and the foster mother of writers, speakers, and mediums.

After the paper, the publishing house should be able to issue the best books, pamphlets and tracts on this and kindred subjects, at a price as near cost as possible. If possible a special endowment fund should be set apart, so that those wishing books who are not able to pay for them could be supplied. Instead of the dearest literature in the world, Spiritualism would then have the cheapest.

With the publishing house should be connected a central bureau of information on all subjects pertaining to the Spiritual philosophy and headquarters of its speakers,

writers, and mediums. There should be mutual trust and dependence. The circulation of reading matter opens the way for the lecturer, and the latter creates a new demand for the products of the press. The two go hand in hand, mutually aiding and supporting each other.

Once established, the journal would become a mighty power and command attention to the cause it advocated. THE BEST TALENT would be attracted into its service, and being rewarded, would have leisure to perfect and polish its contents. The new, the profound, the beautiful, the freshness of imagination, the communion of the departed, exalted examples of devotion, of trust, of unselfish love, would fill its columns. As the secular press, in its eagerness for exciting news, reflects the world at its worst, this would reflect the same world at its best, in the exaltation of its spiritual life.

The nucleus of a library of books relating to spiritual, moral, and religious subjects should be formed, and a reading and circle-room would be essential, so that visitors from a distance, and those who desired, might be entertained and assured that the attendant mediums were genuine and true.

In connection with the paper, prizes might be offered for the best articles on subjects announced from time to time, and for original investigations of the phenomena of mind and spirit. These prizes should be sufficiently large to make it an object to give individual attention to the subject investigated or discussed.

In connection with the publishing house another important work might be done, which might be made of itself an incalculable instructive power. The secular press is for the most part free and generous in tone, and however much it may deride and sneer, it is ready to publish well-written articles in favour of Spiritualism. Suppose one or more of the best writers in the ranks of Spiritual-

ism were endowed, so that they might give their whole time to furnishing articles on Spiritualism to the secular press, choosing such papers as they thought most advantageous, how soon even the most conservative would beg for contributions, and reaching a new and hungry audience, how great would be the influence excited! By itself this scheme would be of infinite importance to the growth of Spiritualism. It would do a work which could be done by no other means. In case of the failure of everything else, this would rank of next importance, and take the place of the special journal. It would be an arduous task to weekly and daily survey the field of journalism, decide when an article might be dropped into ground prepared to receive it, and what that article should be.

These details at the proper time would be easy to arrange, and are introduced to show the wide range of capabilities of the proposed enterprise and the great influences which would flow therefrom.

RESUMÉ.

First—The endowments of a publishing house.

Second—The publication of a weekly journal which shall rank with the best, and reflect the world at its best, seen by the light of Spiritualism.

Third—The publication of books, pamphlets, and tracts devoted to the cause at cost.

Fourth—The organization of a central bureau of information to unite writers, speakers, mediums, and all interested into a harmonious brotherhood, working for one common object, the promulgation of truth, and its right living.

Fifth—In connection, the foundation of a library, reading and circle-rooms.

Sixth—By prizes and other means seeking to stimulate

investigation, and develop the best thoughts on subjects relating or connected with the spiritual philosophy.

Seventh—The use of the secular press to advance Spiritualism.

The foundation of such a great attractive centre would at once dignify the cause by giving it power; and the money employed in the enterprise would be like the purse of Fortunatus, or the widow's bag of meal; it would replenish itself, and by every good accomplished, be constantly increased.—HUDSON TUTTLE.

VALEDICTORY; OR, FAREWELL WORDS OF "THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE" TO ITS KIND SUPPORTERS.

WITH this, the twelfth number of my magazine, its brief term of one year's life ends, and in connection with this publication, at least, I must take leave of the good and true friends whose support has been so warmly extended to me, and whose highly eulogistic words have cheered and strengthened me in the course of my editorial duties. Whilst private and personal motives must of necessity actuate every individual in the conduct of life-work, such incentives do not belong to the public, hence I shall reserve them only for friendly consideration, and assign simply two causes for the suspension of my present undertaking. The first of these may readily be understood by a careful perusal of Hudson Tuttle's excellent article, and the comparison between what he has so justly laid down as the absolute necessity for success in Spiritual propagandism, and the TOTAL ABSENCE of any such means as Spiritualism displays in this country.

Whilst Spiritualism, as a cause, exhibits to the world the spectacle of vast numbers of people all uniting in the

acceptance of the one common belief of IMMORTALITY DEMONSTRATED, and that, by the agency of Immortal beings themselves, it also displays those vast numbers not only disunited in every other conceivable direction, but too often, to the shame and sorrow of its best friends and well wishers, torn with internal dissension and virulent opposition to each other.

Again, those who are able to thoroughly gauge and measure the present aspect of this cause in England, and dare to speak of what they know, will and *do* acknowledge that the chief tendency of the public work in the Spiritualism of to-day is to drag down the cause to the level of the "rank and file" of the people, rather than to aim at lifting it up, and elevating the popular mind to the appreciation of a movement so noble that it at once solves one of the greatest problems of the ages—namely, the unity of Science and Religion.

When I first returned as an ardent Spiritualist to this country, I found THE CAUSE supported by many of the noblest amongst the ranks of authors, statesmen, scientists, and a class of people whose writings, teachings, and example could not fail to command respect and attention, even from their opponents, whilst their influence upon those less gifted by fortune and education than themselves, was ELEVATING, INSPIRING, and SUPPORTING.

Where are these classes of capable thinkers, teachers, and writers now? Either amongst those who have felt impelled to disown association with Spiritualism under the veiled name of *psychical researchers*, or, like myself, driven from the position of useful effort, which for thirty previous years I successfully occupied, by ignorance, presumption, and such charges as *that I am not in touch with the people, and am too fond of introducing "Yankee stuff" into my articles*. Driven, then, from the post I had founded in the hope of LEVELLING UP the broken ranks of

a cause which sadly enough needed such an effort, I undertook what I had never before in all my editorial work seen attempted—namely, to conduct a publication on my own lines of thought and purpose, alone. The attempt has been—as it ever should be—too much for the one unaided worker. Thus, the first months of effort to awaken interest and expend the time and means most generously afforded me of calling attention to my new venture have been recognised all too late, and at a time when I can no longer continue to find time or means.

In all my former American editorial experiences I was assisted by my different associates, each undertaking the special work belonging to their several departments of use. As Hudson Tuttle justly says, in his article before quoted, the literature of our movement, like all other means of propagandism, should be under the charge of representative and competent associations, such, too, as would not limit their reports to one section or country, but include the Spiritualism of all nations and classes in their wide and cosmopolitan reviews. As to our public meetings, they should be on a level with the best thought of the age, so that they might become thereby representative of the most elevated and influential grades of the listeners, as well as instructive and inspiring to the rank and file, who at present are the only persons who are willing to crowd into wholly unattractive places, and listen too often to incompetent or uneducated people—those, too, who are put forward as teachers rather than as learners.

Again, and yet again, I commend Hudson Tuttle's excellent article as regards every department of public Spiritual propagandism, to the careful consideration of any and all thinkers who wish to see the noble cause of Spiritualism a means of elevating the world, correcting abuses, and taking its place as the religion of science—a

scientific religion and the true preparation of man for the life of the angel hereafter.

My second reason for suspending the monthly record of what I hoped to make an aid in this great work of spiritual progress is because I have been constantly solicited, by those who know in fragments something of my past wonderful life, to give its fuller details, in such an autobiography as will show what wise, strong, and loving spirits can do, and have done, for a young, unfriended foreigner in a strange land conducting missionary work in the face and defiance of popular opinion. When the good spirits, who have thus led and supported me, combine with the good friends who have still found me out, even in the midnight obscurity of Manchester Spiritualism, and urge me to the writing of this autobiography, I cannot refuse their plea; in fact, compliance is inevitable. The determination to write with my own life-sketches, however, an encyclopædic notice of the many other toiling ones who also have played their parts in this mighty drama of the ages, has induced me to put aside all other literary work, and determine to devote myself to this one aim alone. For the present, then, I take my grateful leave through these pages of the dear and honoured friends who have rendered its publication a pleasing task, smoothed my path of effort with words of good cheer, and such generous aid as has made my little venture possible.

As regards the above-noted encyclopædic work, that which I have only dared to undertake under the charge and influence of wise and kind spirit friends, I refer my readers to the circular enclosed with this magazine for present particulars and information. Whilst tendering my heartfelt thanks to the friends who have thus far supported me so kindly and well, let me also add that my present leave-taking is but a temporary one, for

we shall all meet and know each other better in that higher world to which every foot is drifting onward, even if no vista of future effort opens up before me in this mundane sphere. Should this be the case, however, as surely as I conclude the great and onerous work I am now undertaking, shall I be found labouring still in the path of Spiritual progress until the great Arbiter of our destinies calls me hence.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

SWING inward, oh, gates of the future !
Swing outward, ye doors of the past !
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last.
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
And men poured their life-tide in vain.
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending,
To sleep in dishonour and gloom.

Swing inward, oh gates ! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kiss of the day ;

While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

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

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant reign chief in the land,
And the Truth and the Power united.
Shall rise from the grave of the True,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the light of the New.

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

Swing inward, O gates of the future !
Swing outward, ye doors of the past !
A giant is waking from slumber,
And rending his fetters at last.
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonoured, and scorned, and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters,
him that is too much intent upon them ; they vex and
stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in refer-
ence to great affairs.—*Plutarch.*

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 XII.

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.—*Conclusion.*

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.

THAT THOUGHTS ARE THINGS—tangible, real, and the source alike of all the pain or pleasure man can ever know—must now be an accepted axiom to every reflective mind. Thoughts may be the results of antecedent circumstances or sources of knowledge, but from whatever causes they arise, they not only determine the mental, and even the physical, conditions of the thinker, but by certain signs and tokens lately discovered amongst the revelations, called by the generic title of "Spiritualism," it is demonstrable that thought is contagious, traverses the air, and even without the projection of will, or intention, can influence susceptible individuals, captivate the fancy of whole nations, and determine the nature of public opinion. I say thus much to justify my assertion that the quotation from the Book of Revelation, with which this chapter is headed, has at length come to pass, and the new heaven disclosed by spirits during the past half century, and, by its immediate connection with the objects and aims of human life, the new earth also is now

* By permission of the author.

with us, and shapes the entire thought and ideality of mankind.

Of course there are some conservatives, some bigots, and some uninstructed minds that cling desperately to their stereotyped beliefs in the old heaven and the old earth of the Fathers; but, besides the uncounted millions of Spiritualists in this age, the mysterious and subtle forces of public opinion are sweeping in tides of contagious progress through the regions of thought, and once more I allege they are sounding the trumpet-call of the new heaven and the new earth, which have been revealed to humanity as the objects of present life and future destiny.

Briefly summed up, then, modern thought affirms that the purpose of earth life, whether upon this or other planets in the universe, is to complete the last stage of material progress for the spirit of man, and prepare the fully-formed soul for a fresh set of spiritual experiences in the realms of spheral being, onward and upward through eternity.

In concluding the views which I have set down, under the authority of truth, as the evolution of spirit, it only remains for me to define, as best I may, something of the nature of the change from matter to spirit which the soul undergoes through the process of mortal death, and something of the nature of that spiritual life upon which the soul enters through that same process of change.

In the human organism there are two sets of nerves, namely, the cerebro-spinal, or agents of *will*, and the ganglionic, or agents of the involuntary processes of life. The condition of sleep is induced by the fatigue imposed upon the cerebro-spinal nerves and the consequent subsidence of will and action of the brain, resulting in unconscious quiescence of the body. As long as the ganglionic nerves continue to act, the processes of life, such as respiration, digestion, etc., etc., proceed. Death, on the con-

trary, is the suspension of action in both sets of nerves. The life functions of the ganglionic nerves cease to act, consequently the will and brain powers are at once also stopped. In sleep, trance, or temporary suspension of the *voluntary* nerve-powers only, the clairvoyant eye can discern the silver cord of life binding the soul to the still sleeping form. In death this cord is snapped asunder, and the soul is loosed from contact with the dead form of matter. As there are almost innumerable causes for the separation of the body and soul in the irrevocable change called death, so there are innumerable varieties of state in the awakening of the soul from its tenancy of the body.

Even after the life cord is severed, it is sometimes impossible for the soul to attract to itself all the magnetism lingering in the dead form for longer or shorter periods of time; and, as this magnetism is the life principle that forms the actual spiritual body, and by clothing on the spirit, become the duality called soul; so at this point I emphatically denounce the practice of hasty burials or any disposition of the tenement which the spirit has quitted, but which may for many hours, or even days, retain portions of the life principle necessary for the full development of the soul. As to the locality and nature of the Spirit spheres, I have written in former chapters of the SOUL WORLD, which I know to exist with this material world. This soul world is constituted of a spiritual essence, or æther, finer and more sublimated than any form of matter known to man. It is susceptible of being seen by the clairvoyant eye of the spirit, or traversed by the spirit still connected with the material body, but it is totally impervious to any sensuous perceptions, except in the case of certain individuals called "psychometrists," when the spiritual and imperishable soul of things still attached to matter can be sensed by touch,

Material bodies could not live in the spiritual atmo-

sphere, though spirits can at times master the conditions which, through certain magnetic processes, enable them to demonstrate their presence in an earthly atmosphere for a brief period of time. The spirit world of being is graded into many spheres, the denser and grosser permeating every portion of the globe, from the centre to the circumference, and the finer permeating, in part, the grosser and denser; but also in its most rarified states, stretching away in space, impinging upon the spheres of other planets, and filling up the entire solar system, until the spiritual atmosphere in its infinite sublimation reaches the divine and archangelic realms of the solar system—sun spheres.

The object and purposes of earth life are dual. First, they represent the gradations of material being from elemental life up through the kingdoms of the mineral, vegetable, and animal, closing and perfecting in the human. Next, they give to humanity the first rudiments of mental, intellectual, emotional, and self-conscious nature, thus preparing the soul for the everlasting series of growths, unfoldments, powers, and possibilities which await it as a Spirit—an angel, archangel, ruler of powers, thrones, dominions, deity. All planets, satellites, and earths known to teaching angels or traversed by "flying souls" (human spirits) have the same gradations of mineral, vegetable, and animal being on them as this earth, although many are infinitely lower, furnishing germs of life to be, incarnated on this earth; many infinitely higher, receiving and growing spirits of the *lower* kingdoms which gravitate from this to higher earths. Another speciality of all spirit spheres is that sphere life never retrogresses; it is formed, furnished, and grown out of the earths of which the spiritual part is the soul world, just as the shoot, stem, tendril, blossom, and fruit spring from the tiny seed or unlovely root—

though once grown, they never return to be root or seed again ; also, just as much finer, fairer, and more perfect as is the fruit and the blossom than the seed or the root, so is the spirit world more gracious, lovely, and perfect than the root world through which it became unfolded.

And still another speciality of these spheral relations is, that while on earth all things are outside of the man, and must be acquired from without, all possessions, sense, knowledge, and power results from the state of the spirit within. It is thus that some spirits are in darkness, they having no light within, whilst others reflect their own goodness and lustre of heart and mind on all objects around them, and appear in light of indescribable radiance. Some spirits in the lower sphere of earth, at death, know no difference between the earth they have left and the new state they have reached. They walk, speak, and act as in dream life, and are only aroused to consciousness of their change by spiritual teachers. Embryotic life passing from earth before birth, even if it is but imperfectly formed, is received by good and loving spirits who become their spiritual fathers and mothers, and quicken the unformed germ into due proportion. Let it be remembered that the ALL of kindred, affection, goodness, knowledge, use, and power that constitutes the heavenly ideal MUST be acquired here or hereafter, by every ascending soul, or such souls as would ascend to the perfection of being. Nothing is eliminated hereafter, therefore, but sin and evil. Nothing is lost of goodness or knowledge, and all the good done or knowledge acquired is NECESSARY CAPITAL FOR THE SOUL in eternity. Even the tender and unselfish love of parents for offspring is unfolded by the ties of love which attract hearts starved of such sweet emotions on earth to the embryos they receive and train as their own in the realms of spiritual paternity and kindness. Conjugal love, too, here finds its true and natural ex-

pansion in far higher unions than those of earth, though the propagation of species is entirely limited to material conditions. In my wanderings in spirit through the spheres of earth, especially in the sun sphere, I have realized those mystic words of old, that I have seen things unspeakable, and heard words which it is not lawful to utter even if it were possible to do so.

The disabilities attending these flights of soul are, alas! alas! that on return to earth, the flowers and trees look so coarse, the air so thick, the fairest of forms so unlovely, and all things so marked in rudimental grossness, even to repulsion and ugliness, that I feel it to be in the provident care of the All Father that poor humanity, whilst lingering on its first form in the school-house of eternity, should see and know the earth through sensuous perceptions only, whilst spirit perceptions are mercifully veiled beneath the shadows of matter. When my friend, Emma Hardinge, was asked whether the united choir of many thousands of voices and instruments performing the inspiring strains of Handel were not approved of and chorused by the spirits on high, she replied, entranced by teaching spirits, "It is shadow music, made by shadows, and choiring to shadows."

When in special and high conditions of inspiration this fine Seeress was privileged to look upon the actual form and face of a dweller of the glorious realms of the higher spheres, she lamented that she had ever done so, so coarse, dull, and unlovely appeared the faces and forms of earth around her, for many days of partial remembrance.

In my first volume of "Ghostland" I have endeavoured (but, oh! how imperfectly) to give some faint idea of the country and inhabitants of the Sun world. I make that attempt no more. It is enough to repeat the words of

the old but ever true song, "There is no night there."
Let the wildest flights of man's imaginings soar away into infinity, and he shall only sink down baffled, and so dazed, unable to endure the brightness, and unfitted for the rudimentary existence necessary to prepare him for that brightness.

"The evolution of spirit" are the only words in which I feel able to convey any just ideas of the aim, end, and purpose of earthly existence. Educate the soul in the purest emotions, the noblest aspirations, and the deeds and thoughts of universal kindness. Train the mind to research into the depths of nature, the schools of art, and the laws of science. Fit the body by temperance and use in every available direction, and earth life work is done. The preparatory steps are all taken; all that earth can give or heaven demand. Let the end come in any form, or at any time, and whether it be in the early morning, at noon, eventide, or the wise dispensers of events see fit for the soul to wait till the last chimes of the midnight hour have struck, man knows enough now, through the new day of spiritual revelation, to trust himself fearlessly to the tides which will bear him to the immortal shores of the beyond, and in the certainty that the new earth is but the stepping-stone to the new heaven, he may respond to the call of the Lord of life eternal, "Master! I am ready, aye, ready!"

THE "SPIRITUS MUNDI."

A WONDERFUL SEANCE WITH POWERS UNKNOWN.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

A CURIOUS paraphrase of the Holy Ghost legend obtained currency amongst certain classes of European mystics during the great outpouring of Modern Spiritualism. During the early days of this movement I met with a

large number of intelligent persons in Europe who attributed very remarkable spiritualistic endowments, not, as the majority of Spiritualists claim, to the influence of their deceased friends, but to a mysterious, incomprehensible, impersonal sort of a personage, a somebody, yet a nobody, to whom has been given the comprehensive title of the *Spiritus Mundi*. Vague and various are the theories afloat concerning this last-named mystic agent. One class of believers infer that there is in the world an element aggregated of all the intelligence dispensed by humanity. Its operation on the mind is assumed to be something analogous to the influence of oxygen on the body, but in addition to its universal influence upon mentality, it is represented as susceptible of being collected and focalised by any concrete gathering of persons to such an extent that it can and does respond to questions, move tables, and, under the influence of WILL, *effect all the marvels* attributed to the spirits of the so-called dead. . . . The second class of believers in the action of the universal *Spiritus Mundi* simply substitute that term for the apostolic "Holy Ghost." Unlike the unreasoning Christian, they do not pretend to impersonate their idea, but claim that it is the direct procedure from the Divine Spirit—the influence of God, the action of the Supreme Being manifest to those who in faith and aspiration seek the gift.

As an example of this class of believers, I shall here cite my own experience with a very interesting family to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction during a hurried visit to the north some years ago. The family in question is one of rank, and occupy too exclusive a position to permit of my naming them, although the peculiarities of their phenomenal experiences have become the subject of widespread rumour. The family consists of the father, mother, and three children. The eldest, at the time of which I write, was a lad of fourteen, with a

brother two years younger, and a little fairy sister of six summers.

It was the custom of this family, once in each week, to assemble together in what they called their hours of pentecost, during which they were visited by the manifestations of the spirit in every conceivable form of intellectual development. Their exercises consisted of invocations, the singing of hymns by the circle, trance speaking, drawing, writing, visions, and improvisations. Their sessions were limited to two hours, and during that time they received prophetic addresses, medical prescriptions, business directions, and instructions for the younger members of the circle in reading, writing, elocution, languages, mathematics, astronomy, history, and every branch of knowledge necessary to perfect an accomplished scholar.

The father of this wonderfully-trained band of mystics, a man whose unimpeachable character would seem to forbid the possibility of deception or falsehood, himself assured me no teacher of any kind had ever given his children a lesson. In the trance condition these little ones had themselves mastered every branch of knowledge with the most perfect facility. It was their custom to employ themselves in useful and intellectual pursuits during the day, but whatever problems arose among them that their quick intuitions did not immediately solve, were reserved as matters of inquiry from the *Spiritus Mundi* at the next séance. Having the privilege of an introduction to this singular and accomplished family, I was courteously invited to be present at one of their séances. Joyfully availing myself of this opportunity, I repaired to the house at the time appointed, in company with an intimate friend of the family, by whom I had been introduced. Before entering the oratory, which had been fitted up for and was kept exclusively devoted to that

purpose, I was gravely, though courteously, warned not to indulge in feelings of idle curiosity, or advance to that spot as a mere spectator of some remarkable phenomenon. "If," said my host, "you are sincerely desirous of partaking of the high spiritual afflatus to which this sacred place is dedicated, I doubt not you will realise the presence and influx of the *Spiritus Mundi*; to no lesser motive will the divine power we invoke deign to respond." Somewhat daunted by this preliminary demand upon conditions of mind I did not dare to analyse, and certainly could not command, I nevertheless advanced with all possible desire for truth, and this was the result. The oratory was built in a secluded grove, fitted up with vases of flowers, rare pictures, noble sculptures, gems of natural beauty and artistic skill everywhere greeting the senses. Soft music from invisible performers stole on the ear; a remote chime of exquisitely-toned bells occasionally rung a sweet peal, and the distant chant of a beautifully-intoned litany was answered by responses from the family, standing around the altar-shaped table within. That altar was simply adorned with a pure white cloth, supporting seven delicately-perfumed lamps, and clusters of fragrant flowers. The family took their seats in a semicircle close by the altar; on the further side were seats for invited guests, occupied on the present occasion by myself and the friend who had introduced me.

After the opening invocation by the master of the house, and the performance of the musical service before mentioned, each member of the family, according to custom, proceeded to lay the special petition which filled their hearts before the invisible presence they invoked. The little girl lisped out a prayer that the great spirit would be pleased to inspire her with an understanding of how the flowers grew which she held in her hand. The youngest boy wished for inspiration to continue the Roman

history, in the study of which he was at present engaged, and the eldest offered a brief prayer for light upon the mathematical problems to which he was devoting his attention. These singular requests seemed to be presented in the most perfect confidence that they would be complied with, and addressed with as much good faith to the invisible presence as if spoken to their attentive father. As the children concluded their brief petitions, the mother arose, speaking evidently in a deep and unmistakable somnambulic condition. She reminded her children that there were strangers there who had honoured them with their presence, and who, therefore, in Christian kindness should be preferred before themselves, and she called upon her husband and children to unite in desiring that such tokens of spiritual light and guidance should be vouchsafed to the visitors as should be best suited to their frame of mind and requirements. Instantly, as with a flash of mental lightning, the eldest boy, addressing me, said: "Lady, you are anxious to be informed of the fate of Sir John Franklin. Learn it now." The boy had echoed my inmost thought—nay, revealed one of the secret purposes that were leading me to visit every available source of spiritual light and knowledge. The moment the child had ceased to speak and silence followed, a vision full of deep meaning and significance was presented to me. Like everything that transpired in that strange scene, it was given rapidly, clearly, without pause or halting. It came as the children spoke, upon the instant, and passed away almost as rapidly, and I have since had reason to know that, brief as that vision was, it represented graphically the special points of the great navigator's life and death, upon which I sought to be informed. Directly it closed, each of the party described it, and though I had not had time to breath a syllable of what I had seen, their words agreed in every iota with one another, and with my own visual experience.

"Dear lady," said the little girl, turning coaxingly to me, "I see you are wishing two things, and they cross each other in your mind just so [crossing her little hands as she spoke]. "You wish that I should have my question answered about how the flowers grow, and yet you want still more to hear about your double, that was said to have appeared to a circle of people somewhere in the North of England. Now, don't you, lady?"

This was strictly true, every word of it. I had felt a wish running through my mind that the little fairy who had brought her flowers to show to "dear God," and ask him how they grew, should be satisfied, and yet I could not keep from thinking all the time about a tale I had heard of my double having appeared and communicated to a circle in Yorkshire.

Before I could respond to my little querist she arose, and with a beautiful mixture of childish simplicity and spiritual dignity, recited some incidents known only to myself—on earth at least—went on to describe the circle where I had appeared, mentioned correctly several attendant circumstances, and wound up with a brief but deeply philosophical explanation of what the "double" or apparition of the human spirit really is. My own future destiny was my next fixed, though involuntary thought, and before it was fully framed into shape the matron arose and poured out in thrilling accents a prophecy, the details of which will never pass from my mind. Many of its predictions have been already fulfilled—some have failed—still I believe in them, for the memory of that inspired woman cannot connect itself with aught but truth and purity. "Stonehenge," cried the deep voice of our host, speaking seemingly in his normal condition; but with the same breathless rapidity in which each communication followed on the heels of the other. My companion was addressed this time, and our host fixed his piercing eyes

upon him as he waited for an answer. "Yes, I was thinking of Stonehenge," replied my friend, "and wishing I could have some special information concerning the rites once practised there." Instantly our host explained grandly, authoritatively and philosophically, problems connected with that mysterious Druidical temple which must have been the echo of divine truth.

At length the closing moments of this wonderfully fascinating and instructive séance drew nigh. I had not been in that presence above fifteen minutes before I felt that I was partaking in the illumination of the scene, and realizing the wonderful mental lucidity of those who surrounded me. I was beginning to read them as they read me, when to my regret, I perceived mentally—for I was all perception now—that the hour of parting was at hand. I wished for music, and they knew my wish, and obeyed it. I longed for further intercourse, yet felt the hedge of impossibility crowding upon me. They spoke my thoughts, expressing their deep regret that we should so soon be estranged. I knew they were sincere in those regrets; knew, as they said, we should never meet again.

I knew the points of difference between their belief and mine when we soared away to heavenly knowledge, but perceived our perfect agreement on points that concerned our mortal existence. We all enjoyed in those two brief wonderful hours, perfect clairvoyance of mortal things. Each of the family responded to my unspoken wish by improvising a verse of song, then all joined in a choral of benediction. The sweet bells pealed out, and the invisible musicians gave us a parting pæan, and so closed the séance with this strangely-gifted family. I subsequently learned from the friend who had introduced me—himself the most intimate associate of these persons—that they regarded with abhorrence the idea of communication with spirits of the dead; indeed they strenuously denied even

its possibility. I have some reason to think they wished to convert me from my heretical belief in this respect. The nobleman whom we visited had in early youth, it seems, received his illumination through visions and the visitation of what he deemed to be "an angelic messenger" from the Most High. He had selected his wife and reared his children entirely under this heavenly guidance, sometimes conversing face to face with the same angel who had at first conferred his mission upon him, but still oftener conducting his whole scheme of life by the influence of the *Spiritus Mundi*, which he regarded as the Holy Ghost of apostolic times, not as the material God of the Christians, but as a direct procedure from the Most High, or the spirit of God poured by influx into the minds of those who in humble faith and high aspiration put themselves into the pentecostal attitude of waiting for his coming. At times the walls of their oratory were shaken, the floors quivered, exquisite perfumes were wafted through the chamber, and deeply-occult meanings were revealed to them in the philosophy of colour, tones and perfumes. I could write a volume on the significant and instructive ideas derived from these persons, did space permit.

At present I can but add that though there was a speciality in the sublimity and exaltation of these persons' spiritual views, I have met many other highly-endowed persons in Europe, who attributed, as they did, their great gifts not to individualized spirits, but to the *Spiritus Mundi*, or Soul of the World, communicating to mortals through influx. Such were the opinions cherished, I believe, by the interesting family of Bertolacci, the friends of William and Mary Howitt. Like the French nobleman above referred to, Mr. Bertolacci claimed that much of his children's education was obtained at their séances, and in a little pamphlet put forth on the subject of their

experiences, more marvels are related of them than I should care to repeat, yet all the phenomena which fell in such abundant profusion on this family were attributed, as in the former case, to direct influx from God, and not in any way to the agency of spirits. Numerous other instances have been presented to me of the same kind; indeed, I can recall the experiences of some of the most remarkably-endowed families and individuals of my acquaintances in Europe as being believers in the direct agency of the *Spiritus Mundi*; and utter disbelievers in the influence of spirit friends, or the souls of humanity.

. . . Whilst admitting the constant ministry of our angel friends, are we so very sure there is no higher power than them, capable of reaching us? No higher being, controlling them and influencing us through these nameless intuitions? Are we so sure there is no collective soul-element in the world, operating upon and through matter, as the soul acts through the body, infilling men and spirits both, with more than finite perception, and gleams of more than finite wisdom? . . . Whilst I gratefully, lovingly attribute to my precious angel friends all care, guidance, and watchful ministry that they are capable of rendering, I am, day by day, hour by hour, more and more startled by gleams of the wonderful powers of the human spirit itself, and I have yet to learn that the singular realms of intelligence we so vaguely attempt to define, as intuition, instinct, presentiment, or even spiritual impressions alone, are not due in a great measure to our contact with the ocean of spiritual life, over which our barques are drifting, from the shores of time to eternity.

There are a good many men in this world who know all about what a wife should be, but who have very hazy ideas about the component parts of a model husband.

THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

IT was a sad and pitiful revelation disclosed by the official inquiry concerning the events of the night recorded in our last chapter. As the reader may have already divined by the names and brief history given in the cellar by the children whose mother lay dead in the corner of that woeful place, those children were the orphans of Stanhope's friend and fellow student in art, Reginald Balfour. The fate of the unhappy Maddalena, the neglected and ill-educated wife of Balfour, was precisely that which has befallen many another hapless wife, unfaithful to her marriage vows, adored one hour by the seducer, deserted the next. In London, whither she had been brought by her destroyer, she had insisted on keeping under her own charge her two little children, whom she passionately loved, while her temporary *protector*, weary of them and jealous of her divided affections, was equally determined that they should be sent away somewhere—anywhere—removed from intrusion on his selfish gratification in the society of the object of his fleeting fancy. All this was learned by a letter partly written by the wretched woman and found in the pocket of her ragged gown. It was addressed to her foster mother, Madame Baillie, to whom she seemed to be in the course of appealing, but as that letter was neither finished nor directed, no one save Sir Richard Stanhope could have known the party for whom it was really designed. This fragment of writing and the testi-

mony of the poor little children being the sum of the information procurable at the inquest, a verdict of "found dead from natural causes" was returned.

To place the poor wanderer's remains, at the end of her miserable career, in a nameless grave, and open up the tender mercies of the workhouse to the forsaken orphans, was all that now remained to be done for the once beautiful but ill-fated wife of Reginald Balfour.

Both these duties were at once quietly undertaken by a strange gentleman, who appeared in court on behalf of Sir Richard Stanhope, and for some time was addressed as his man of business, but who, without giving any clue as to his identity, at the close of the proceedings led away the two little pale and trembling orphans, with the assurance that a home had been offered to them, and a provision found by which they would be well cared for.

O wonderful, glorious, and divine spirit of pure, merciful, and unselfish love! The anguish, suffering—nay, the insanity that had eaten into the mind and brain of poor Richard Stanhope, under the pressure of a grief beyond mortal power to endure, was medicined into a real heart cure by the all-omnipotent power of love.

The gentleman who appeared at the inquest on the body of poor Maddalena Balfour, with trimmed short, white, curled hair, a very pale but noble and classic face, white hands, fine linen, and a suit of plain but modern fashion, declined to give any other name but Stanhope—"a relative of the baronet of that name." And who that conversed with this refined and attractive gentleman could have identified him with the wild, weird, unwashed spectre of No. 9, Stanhope Street? the historical "Dirty Dick," whose real and most terrible history is, to this day, the mystery of the place he inhabited. And yet the identities are one and the same, though the metempsychosis which transformed the doleful apparition of

slums and alleys, the pitiful bread-thrower of the hungry and wretched, into the modern gentleman, was the angel of love for a dead friend and his miserable wife and children. Meantime, the instruments which effected the change were good Mother Marsh, who, with silent unostentatiousness, prepared hot baths, neat clothes, laid out for acceptance, and a taciturn lackey, who, without orders, by cutting, trimming, and rehabilitating his poor master, transformed the still historical though mystical "Dirty Dick," without one word said, but all under the saving and redeeming influence of LOVE, into Sir Richard Stanhope, Baronet.

It was on the evening of the day after the inquest that Sir Richard Stanhope, having returned home in a hired cab, accompanied by a stranger whom he himself showed into a hall parlour, summoned Mrs. Marsh to attend him in the drawing-room.

"Dear friend," he said, tenderly seating her in a chair opposite his own, "since we have undertaken the care of these little orphans, and they are quite too young to be sent out to the cold mercies of schools or strangers, I have resolved to train and educate them myself to the best advantage I can, and so for this purpose I intended to hire an accomplished governess for them. Not knowing myself where to find the *rara avis* I desired to procure, I have taken the liberty of calling on your brother, Professor Marsh, at the Ladies' College, in L—— Street. He was kind enough to direct my choice to one of the most accomplished teachers of the day, and by way of saving you all trouble, dear Mother Marsh, I have brought her along with me this evening. And, now, all I hope is that you may approve of my choice; and so, to put the matter beyond doubt, I'll just introduce her to you at once."

So saying, and without waiting for a word of reply

from the pale and trembling housekeeper, Sir Richard abruptly left the room. Returning again in a few minutes, he was accompanied by a young lady who, throwing back her veil and disclosing the sweet and gracious features of Ethel Marsh, was instantly clasped in the arms and pressed to the heart of her deeply moved mother.

From that hour every scene, room, and object in No. 9, Stanhope Street, was changed.

The banqueting hall, with its hideous freight of dead fruit, flowers, and plants, was cleared, and filled with books, musical instruments, and all the appliances of a library study and schoolroom. Charming apartments were fitted up for the little adopted ones, and their radiantly happy and accomplished governess. "Dear Mother Marsh's" premises were enlarged and improved, although used now no longer as a retreat for sorrow and heart-break, but simply as the house of call for servants, children, and friends, until the meal times and delightful evening ceremonies assembled together the entire family party. On these occasions, Carlo and Eva, both gifted with lovely voices, joined their accomplished governess in such exquisite musical selections, as served to give the entranced listeners a foretaste of the harmonies of higher realms than those of earth. But whilst "Dear Mother Marsh" sat in their midst, and listened and knitted, until she kept dropping her stitches as fast as her tears of unspeakable happiness, where all this while was the once too famous but woeful object, known as "Dirty Dick?"

Gone! lost from the public gaze for ever! but not so his work; for in his place, almoners and missionaries brought to slums and alleys, orders for work, entrance tickets to the sick for hospitals, and many a gratuity from an unknown friend to the poor and comfortless. As to the children of poor Reginald Balfour—the careless husband, the atheist, all unconscious of, and indifferent to, the

chances of a possible life of compensation or retribution hereafter—they grew up in intellectual power and spiritually religious aspirations. Eva was a splendid musician, a sweet singer, and a highly intuitional spirit. Carlo was by choice a student in the grand science of engineering, and both so loved, almost worshipped, their “father,” as they had learned to call Sir Richard, that the ties between them of mutual affection were deeper far than those of blood or kindred. No. 9 was completely metamorphosed in every part. It had become a sweet, pleasant, and refined home; “Dear Mother Marsh,” ever in their midst, with her kind, tender voice, directing and giving orders, which Eva sprang to obey, was the guardian spirit of the family; but there was still one more, who played her gentle but deeply influential part, in that household.

This was Ethel Marsh, once the governess, now the assistant housekeeper, friend, and second mother of the entire family.

“Where is Ethel?” “What does Ethel say?” “What does she desire?” were words on every lip.

One more, and that the last scene that we can now dwell upon in this weird but o'ertrue history we will introduce, and then bid farewell to No. 9, Stanhope Street.

“Ethel! my own dear and beloved Ethel! my saviour, my physician, alike of mind and body, oh, say—tell me that you will be my wife!”

Such were the words of Richard Stanhope on the eve of the entire family's departure for Sir Richard's Italian palazzo at Florence one summer evening some three years after his adopted children had found a home in his heart and house.

“Come with me, Richard, up into your studio,” replied the lady, with deep earnestness.

Entered once more into the old familiar scene of our narrative's first commencement, the fourth floor studio of the quondam artist, Sir Richard seated his fair companion opposite the stand on which still stood unframed, but covered with the dust and grime of past years, the full length picture of the terrible "Clytemnestra," the raised dagger in her beautiful hand, the classic head and form of the royal murderess matching strangely with the fixed resolute glance of her who dared to do a deed unequalled alike for cruelty and treachery.

"Ethel, my beloved," said Sir Richard, calmly, "you have heard from our mother, I know, the story of my insane adoration for the original of that picture—a woman's form with a devil's heart. You have heard of my betrothment to her, and my intended marriage on the day when this, my house, was fitted up to receive her as my bride. But that which no mortal ear has yet heard, was this: Three months prior to the expiration of the year, when I was, according to compact, to claim her as my betrothed, I went secretly to Carlisle to watch over and, as I thought, to protect her against the wiles of an artful, designing brother. As I was an entire stranger in the city, to avoid the necessity of going to an hotel, where I might become known, I had written to a fellow artist I had become intimate with in Paris—Jean Montvall. This young and rising artist had been engaged by a rich amateur residing in the vicinity of Carlisle to paint a number of pictures for him, on subjects designed by his eccentric patron. As I was informed that Montvall occupied lodgings in the city, I had written to him and received an answer, inviting me to hire a very quiet and private apartment in the same building with himself. It was immediately after my arrival that my Parisian friend invited me to accompany him to a strange scene in which he expected to find a subject for his art. 'My patron,'

he said, 'is a singular character, and has a remarkable passion for the horrible. For some time he has been waiting to have me sketch him a scene from the French guillotine, and a decapitated head newly severed. Most happily for Paris, but unfortunately, as he deems, for himself, no execution has taken place during his stay in the French capital. Just as he was planning with me how to *rig up* a dummy head, guillotine, and appurtenances, he came to inform me a few days ago that an execution was to take place this morning, when a woman was to be hanged for the murder of her husband. "I have bargained with the students of the St. M—— Medical College," my patron added, "for a fine, tragic scene, which I will pay you any fancy sum you may demand to sketch.* They have fixed me up an ideal guillotine; I have succeeded in getting the surgeons to secure me the body of the wretched woman executed this morning; the decapitated head will be your subject, and, placed on a pole, will be ready to tax your skill to-night." Now,' continued Montvall, 'though the sum is very tempting to a poor fellow like me for sketching this ghastly scene, to be got up and enacted to-night, I must confess I am coward enough to shrink from facing it alone. Will you, my friend, accompany me to the anatomical lecture-room? That is all I ask of you.'

"Ethel, my dearest," added Richard Stanhope huskily, "I hate to repeat with my lips a secret that has never before passed them, and to pour into ears as pure as yours the remainder of my hideous story. Enough, that I was taken by my artist friend to the Anatomical School, where I saw the model of the imaginary guillotine, a decapitated female form stretched out beneath a white sheet on an adjoining bench, a student, dressed as a

* A veritable fact in a veritable history. —Ed. U.U.

masked executioner, axe in hand, holding up a real decapitated woman's head by its long fair waving tresses of gold, whilst the mock executioner cried out in bombastic French, 'Behold the head of the murderess, ADINA MORANI, put to death this day for the murder of her lawful husband, Jacopo Morani, of ——.' At this point I saw no more, heard no more. I KNOW beyond a peradventure that heart, mind, brain, all, all, gave way. I *died* to the Richard Stanhope I had been, and after many long weeks of raving lunacy I became a new spirit in the old body, but a worn out wreck, a miserable, woeful, sham of a man, with no thought but to live, because I must, and to do something in the shape of feeding those more hungry and miserable than myself. Whether this state was, as I now think, the obsession of some spirit even more miserable than myself, or a mania of my own soul, induced by agony and horror, I can never quite determine. I think, myself, we may live many lives in one body, and yet, by the force of circumstances and outward impressions, our minds may become so changed that the former individuality of our soul may be lost, though our body remains the same. Be this as it may, I believe that I had but one ray of reason during many weeks of madness, and this was when the doctor in attendance upon me informed me that the ghostly tragedy (the representation and memory of which had so fearfully affected me) had been enacted by a woman, wife of a billiard player who had passed himself off as her brother in order to attract custom by her beauty. That the wretched woman having in prospect a much more wealthy marriage with a rich dupe, had, with the aid of her equally wicked mother, put her husband to death. The mother had escaped to the Continent, added the doctor, the daughter confessed her crime on the night before her execution.

"What more need be said, my Ethel, to explain the

nature of the life I led? Can you wonder that all that makes up the sane man had died within me, or rather was crushed beneath the weight of a horrible memory—a nightmare, under the spell of which I lived like an automaton, moved by the springs of vital motion into walking, talking, and actions with which will and reason played no part. From this condition still another shock revived me, woke me, and brought me back to life, or, as it now seems to me, I was born again as a man—born on the night when I saw my unhappy friend, Reginald Balfour's widow, lying still and cold, her life and sufferings ended, and took away from that piteous scene the children, the two blessed little ones whom I have now, with your help, made my joy, my pride, my very own. Oh, Ethel! will you not be their loving mother, even as you have been their guardian angel?"

"I will, Richard, dearest and long-suffering one, I will; but on one condition only," replied Ethel. "We must leave this house—we, our children and mother—and this city of evil and deception behind us."

"Even so, my love. In my beautiful Italian home we will all begin a new and blessed life, never more embittered by one painful memory. Great Heaven! with wife, mother, and children, all true, good, and sinless, loved and loving, what more can I ask of Heaven except pity and forgiveness for all who have wronged their own souls in wronging others?"

No. 9, Stanhope Street, became a deserted house within a few weeks after the period of the above interview, and was finally dismantled and sold. But though the legendary and unsolved mystery of "Dirty Dick's" existence is still connected with that place and street, who that ever saw good Sir Richard Stanhope in his beautiful Italian palace, surrounded by his sweet wife, tender mother, his grateful adopted children, and two or three

other younger and smaller loved ones, would have ever connected that noble and beneficent friend of humanity with the weird and terrible MYSTERY OF 9, STANHOPE STREET.

AN AMPUTATED HEAD.

WHAT A MAN THINKS AFTER HE HAS BEEN DECAPITATED.

Hypnotic experiments of Wiertz, the Belgian Painter, under the Guillotine, in order to ascertain how it felt to be beheaded.

THE double execution by decapitation, which took place Saturday, April 23, at Goerlitz, Germany, of the two murderers, Knoll and Heydrich, caused serious discussion of the anachronism of inflicting death by beheading. This brings to mind that only one experience was left to be added to the glories of hypnotism. It had never been thought to transmit a suggestion to an individual about to be beheaded, and then to accurately observe the sensations felt at the moment of torture.

The celebrated Belgian painter, Wiertz, whose works are collected in the Musée Wiertz, Bruxelles, might be considered a precursor of such a test.

Wiertz was not an adept in occult sciences. His investigation was impelled by generosity of sentiment rather than vague curiosity. What occupied his mind was the legitimate question of the death penalty, and he was ceaselessly haunted by the desire to penetrate into the mysteries of death through the torture of the guillotine.

Is it true this anguish endures but a second? What does the culprit think? What does he feel at the fatal moment when the deadly knife falls heavily upon his neck?

All such questions harassed the mind of the artist. Wiertz was a close acquaintance of M. M——, the

physician in attendance at the prison in Bruxelles, and was likewise an intimate friend of Dr. D——, a scientist, who had for more than thirty years devoted himself to the study of hypnotism. The latter had often hypnotized the painter, who had already proved to be a wonderfully susceptible subject.

NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENT.

Wiertz, favoured with the permission of M. M——, the prison official, and the consent of Dr. D——, determined upon the following experiment: He would place himself under the guillotine, where the severed head rolls into the basket, and there be allowed to be put to sleep through hypnotism, and ordered to penetrate the mental and bodily sensations of the executed.

Preparatory to this test, a few days before the decapitation occurred, he submitted to be put to sleep by Dr. D——, who influenced him to identify himself with different people in order to read their thoughts—to penetrate their very souls and consciences—so as to experience all the sentiments which agitated them. Wiertz proved a most fitting person for so delicate a mission.

About ten minutes previous to the arrival of the condemned on the day of execution, Wiertz, accompanied by his friend, Dr. D——, and two witnesses, proceeded to the guillotine, and there placed themselves close to the fatal basket beneath the scaffold, but unsuspected by the public. Wiertz was hypnotized by the doctor. While in this condition Dr. D——, obliged him to identify himself with the victim, to follow mutely all his thoughts, and to feel and express aloud the sensations affecting the criminal just at the moment when the knife entered the neck. He ordered him finally, just as the head fell into the basket, to make an effort to enter that brain and analyze the last thought there impressed.

The three friends who accompanied the painter stood there in breathless silence, anxiously awaiting developments. The tread of feet overhead warns them that the condemned is being led by the executioner to the death-dealing machine.

The culprit ascends the scaffold; another instant and the guillotine will have accomplished its bloody work.

The doctor watches Wiertz and notices that he is extremely perturbed. He supplicates piteously to be awakened. The anguish oppressing him is intolerable. But—it is too late—the knife has fallen!

“What do you feel? What do you see?” questions the doctor.

SENSATIONS OF A SEVERED HEAD.

The painter, struggling with convulsions, answers, moaning: “A lightning! The thunderbolt has fallen! Oh, horror! The head thinks, the head sees!

“It suffers horribly! It hears, it feels, it thinks, but cannot comprehend what has happened.

“It looks for its body. It seems as if the body must come and join it. It expects the final blow, It awaits the final blow. It awaits death, but death will not come!”

While Wiertz was giving utterance to these shocking sentences, the other witnesses, who had noticed the head falling through the bag to the bottom of the basket, crown downward and bleeding neck upward, observed that it was looking at them with mouth widely distended and teeth tightly clinched. The arteries still pulsated palpably where the knife had severed them, and the warm blood spurted out, spattering the eyes, the face, the hair.

The painter continued his woeful lamentations—

“Ah! what hand is this strangling me? An enormous,

merciless hand. Oh ! this pressure crushes me. Nothing but a large, red cloud do I see. Shall I ever liberate myself from this accursed hand ? Let loose, you monster ! Vainly do I struggle with both my hands. What is this I feel ? An open wound, and my blood flowing. I'm nothing but a head rent from the body !”

It was only after long suffering that must have seemed endless in its endurance that the decapitated head realises its separation from the body.

HIS PITIFUL PLEADINGS.

Wiertz had again subsided into somnolence, and Dr. D—— continued his interrogatories : “ What do you see now ? Where are you ? ”

The painter answered : “ I fly into open space, like a wheel hurled through a fire. But—am I dead ? Is all over with me ? Oh ! if they would only join my body with my head again ! Oh ! men, have mercy ; restore my body to me, and I shall live again. I still think ; I still see ; I yet remember everything. There are my judges clad in dark robes. They utter my sentence ! Oh ! my poor bereaved wife ! My wretched, unfortunate child ! You love me no longer. You abandon me. If only you would unite me with my body, I should be with you again. No ! you are insensible to my entreaties. But I love you still, my poor darlings. Let me but embrace you once again. Come, my little child. No ? You shudder with fear. Oh ! unfortunate, you are stained with my blood ! When will this ghastly racking end ? End ? Is not the criminal doomed to eternal punishment ? ”

While the sleeping artist described these frightful sensations the bystanders noticed that the orbs in the severed head were immensely dilated, and expressed a look of indescribable agony and intense pleading. The bewailing continued :

"No, no ; such torture cannot last for ever ! God is merciful ! Now all belonging to earth fades from sight. I see far in the remote distance a star glistening and scintillating. Oh, how restful it must be there ! How relieved I feel. My entire being is soothed by the gentle balm of peace and calmness. What a tranquil slumber I shall have. Oh, what ecstasy."

These were the last words uttered by the hypnotic subject. Although still in this sleep he failed to answer any further questions. Dr. D——, at this point, examined the head in the basket, touching its forehead, its temples, its teeth—all was icy.

THE HEAD DEAD.

This gruesome experience of the painter, Wiertz, has been reported in all the scientific centres of Germany. Mr. Larelez, Wiertz's biographer, gives his version of it therein, and a collaborator of a St. Petersburg paper called *Novosti* published an accurate study of it.

Will ever again an emotional subject so peculiarly endowed as Wiertz be found to repeat such an experiment ?

It is not at all likely that there will be imitators, as it is more painful to suffer with the subject of the guillotine than to look at "Monsieur de Paris" when he separates a head from the body with the greatest skill.

G. MANTELLINI.

—*Progressive Thinker.*

OPEN COURT CORRESPONDENCE AND QUESTIONS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

To the Editor, "Unseen Universe."

DEAR MADAM,—Being so placed as to be unable to attend Spiritual lectures or meetings, and remembering the magnificent impromptu answers you gave to questions from the audience on the only occasion I heard you lecture at Nottingham, I venture to ask—Can you, and will you, answer me, what is the difference, if any, between spirit, soul, and mind?—RODERICK DHU.

Answer.—The more we search into the marvels of being, and especially into the nature of man and animated creatures, as we know them on earth, and they are reported of in spirit life, the more we are assured there are in the universe three elements only, *i.e.*, matter, force (or life), and spirit. Man is the Trinity of these elements whilst on earth, being incarnated in a MATERIAL body, vitalized throughout that body by FORCE, or the life principle, and guided, directed, and inspired by SPIRIT, which is INTELLIGENCE—the real man. Soul is the union of spirit and life, the latter being the spiritual body, and this dual man—the soul—departs in the action of death, leaving the material body to disintegrate, and be taken up again in new forms of matter. MIND is the character of the man, the measure of what he knows and thinks, and is simply a result of the mental, moral, and intellectual force, the sum and shape of which is MIND.

QUESTION.—Will Mrs. Britten give to an invalid who cannot attend her lectures, her reasons for rejecting the doctrine of re-incarnation and its relation to Spiritualism?—A. E. N.

Answer.—I reject the doctrine of re-incarnation, first and last, because it is totally unproved. Much as I loathe the thought or bare possibility of living again as a mortal on this cold, hard, sorrowful world, I would willingly bend my mind to acceptance of the idea, were it capable of proof or demonstration. What do we really know of spirit life except from the communications of those who live in its actual experiences? Then, what do the inhabitants of the spirit realms say on this point?—that is, always allowing we can get such communications through reliable and unbiassed mediumistic sources. First, then, Swedenborg, the greatest of modern seers, during long years of intercourse with teaching angels, and travels through sphere life, never taught any such doctrine, and his revelations totally deny any assumption of a return to earth. Next, the followers of Mesmer, and especially the French clairvoyants, not only failed to reveal such a doctrine, but when questioned concerning it, emphatically denied even its possibility.* Next, we have the vast mass of the American communications, which, for at the least forty years, were uninfluenced by foreign ideas—such communications being equally unexpected, and contrary to all the preconceived opinions of the recipients, must be regarded as essentially free from bias. Throughout these years in American Spiritualism, re-incarnation was not only *not* taught, but, to questioners on the subject, emphatically denied.

I have myself given hundreds of communications when practising as a test medium to the above effect, and received through other media thousands of similar denials of the re-incarnation doctrine.† Besides the facts above stated—the strongest combined testimony in existence—the doctrine of a return to earth for the sake of progress is unnecessary,

* See the "Celestial Telegraph," by Alphonse Cahagnet, of Paris; translated and sold by Baillière, of London.

† For the origin of the re-incarnation doctrine in modern times, consult "Nineteenth Century Miracles" on Spiritualism in France, pages 41 and *et seq.*

every returning spirit speaking of and affirming progress to be eternal in spirit life. Next, the doctrine is contrary to all the known laws of nature, which never returns upon its footsteps. All its circles are spirals; all its cycles upwards and onwards, never backwards or downwards. The oak never returns to be the acorn, the eagle never returns to be the egg.

DEAR MADAM,—Do you think there are none other than human spirits in the world? I believe there are, but would like your opinion.

H. L. K.

Answer.—As an Occultist, I was taught what, as a Spiritualist, I have since had additional reason to believe, namely, that spirit is the Alpha and Omega of existence and saturates every atom of matter from the rock to the human being. I was taught, and still believe, that spirit grows through and in matter as a mould, that it takes on intelligence and animation after passing through countless embryotic states. That it lives in material forms until these perish and disintegrate, when the spiritual part is taken up in the realms of spiritual existence as elementary spirit until, on this or some of the other myriads of earths and planets in space, and through myriads of births, deaths, and elementary states of being, it ultimately becomes man, from which point all corporeal births, deaths, and carnal progress end, and the soul commences a fresh series of progressive steps "onward and upwards" as a spirit. This I believe, and in some future writings shall show that the universe teems as surely with spiritual life both beneath and above man as the matter of earth and atmosphere teems with visible and invisible material beings.

QUESTION.—Do you think wise and good spirits manifest their presence through such contemptible means as table moving and raps? When I am a spirit I hope I may be better employed, don't you, Madame?—Y. E. S.

Answer.—When the messages of kings and potentates, parliaments and congresses can be sent most expediently, quickly, and surely by means of the *rappings* or *tickings* produced in a little humble wooden box, charged with *common* copper, zinc, or other mean and insignificant chemicals, I don't see anything very contemptible in spirits using a *human box* charged with chemicals, in the form of flesh and blood, to produce such signals as will prove the fact of the soul's immortality. The magnetic battery which has produced the rappings or tickings corresponding to words—such words as often decide the fate of nations as well as individuals—have to be sent through the agency of common iron wires. These wires, mean and common as they are, are not found too contemptible to carry aforesaid messages. Why is it more contemptible for spiritual telegraphists to use medium power and a table battery than for one Imperial land-grabber to declare war and death to another Imperial land-grabber through a wooden box, a few chemicals, and a string of iron wire? Mediums are the batteries only to the spiritual telegraph, and a table or any object that can be used to signal the message given is neither mean nor contemptible. After two thousand years of Christian Church preaching, after the sacrifice of millions

of lives, after long centuries of war, torture, cruelty, and crime to uphold that Christian Church's preaching, the FIRST DIRECT PROOF this age has had that the soul lives after the body's death, was given only forty-four years ago, and that through "a mean and contemptible rap!" If our questioner, when he becomes a spirit, wishes to inform wife, children, or friend that he still lives, and warn those he has left behind of the real conditions to which they, as ignorant, priest-ridden mortals, are drifting, will he go to some parson amongst the hundreds of sects growing out of the one founder's teachings to convey the information he wishes to give? Hardly so, if he is a spirit of any common sense! No! And if he did, how, or by what means, would the parson *prove* the spirit's existence and condition, unless, indeed, he happened to be a rapping medium? and if not, to some rapping medium a spirit of any mind and knowledge would assuredly go, and whether the words were spelled out by sounds or movements, the signals that would declare, and PROVE beyond a peradventure, that the spirit still lived and loved and remembered those he had left behind, would be less mean and less contemptible than any of the sermons that are preached concerning what happened two thousand years ago, whether they come from the palace of an archbishop or the cottage of a humble curate.

QUESTION.—Is there any marriage in spirit land, and, if so, on what basis or order?

Answer.—As far as we are informed by hundreds of communications from the inhabitants of the spirit land, there are dual relations there which correspond to earthly marriages; in other words, every human being has their counterpart, or "affinity," in spirit life, whether they have been married, or remained single on earth. The basis of these relations is a unity of soul principles, impossible to conceive of by comparison with earthly unions, as the bonds between the male and female counterparts of spirit life are purely of the mind, the affections, and the recognition of mutual attraction, in which physical relations have no share. Loving and special ties of companionship are the only definitions we can render of marriage relations in spirit life; whilst one of the basic principles of earthly unions is the production of offspring, a purpose solely confined to physical and corporeal existence. Children, even embryos and infants, are adopted and reared most tenderly in spirit life, but not produced there, and earthly marriages are not always continued in the spirit world, as the law of affinity there supersedes every other basis of conjugal associations.

QUESTION.—If Spiritualism is true, why is there so much inharmony in its ranks?—2nd. Why are not the Sunday meetings better attended, especially in Manchester? 3rd. Why don't Spiritualists give us something new?—AVERNUS.

Answer No. 1.—Honesty, charity, justice, and goodness generally are acknowledged to be the *elements of true religion*; but are *all* mankind honest, charitable, just, and good? Why, then, expect from Spiritualists that mighty and perfect agreement which no other grades of society

on earth display? It requires no honesty to *believe* in the phenomena of Spiritualism; no special characteristics of mind, except common sense, to accept of undeniable proofs of Spirit communion; hence the grades and shades of character—morally and intellectually speaking—may remain untouched by mere belief in the facts and phenomena of the movement. Such persons as *believe merely*, without applying the doctrines and teachings of the spirits by improved lives I have again and again defined as Spiritists. It is only when believers attending to and realising the teachings of the spirits devote their lives to such works of good and use as will build up a real kingdom of heaven within the soul that they are worthy of the name, or should be called Spiritualists.

Answer No. 2.—In some respects, and in all too many places, the public Sunday meetings do not *deserve* to be well attended. The popular idea of the Seventh Day throughout the whole civilised world is, that the day in question is not only designed to give rest to the over-burdened labouring classes, but that it is also a day in which we should throw aside, to some extent at least, the crowd of busy work-a-day secular thoughts and employments that engage us during six days of the week, and devote some portion at least of our time and minds to the subjects which come under the popular term of religion. Now, as a too general thing, the demands for religious services which the observance of seventh-day customs have engendered in the minds of civilised people are not met by our so-called spiritual Sunday meetings. In too many instances our meetings are not conducted in such a way as to inspire religious sentiments. We need teachers better educated and more highly cultured than the listeners, though the reverse is too often the case. We need good and inspiring music, and, above all, we do *not* need exhibitions of indifferent phenomena, or attempts at phenomena, pandering to the taste of mere curiosity hunters, but disgusting the truly thoughtful and religiously-minded persons present. As long as mere half-way attempts at religion and spiritual science are served up together under the name of spiritual meetings on the Sunday, we can no more wonder that such meetings are poorly attended than we can marvel at the constant decline of Church attendance on the part of a population whose eyes are opened to the “true inwardness” of church teachings.

Answer No. 3.—We presume Spiritualists give our *particular* questioner “nothing new,” for the same reason that the sun of our solar system shows him nothing new. The sun is the light of earth; and Spiritualism is the light of the life beyond the earth. If our questioner knows everything, neither the sun nor Spiritualism can show him anything new. If it should so happen that he has yet something to learn, and he will take a telescope in hand, and look through it at the sun, he will find far more and more wonders growing upon his mind with every moment of research. Precisely the same advice applies to a research into Spiritualism. With the mind of religion, and the eyes of science, he will find ever-growing wonders in the movement, worthy of the command to “Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.”

SPIRITUALISM IN MANY LANDS.

IN a late number of *La Revue Spirite* we find an article of an interesting character from the pen of the Abbé Almignana, in which the genuineness of various spiritual manifestations is vindicated as against the doubts endeavoured to be thrown upon them by the Comte de Gasparin. Forty years ago, a book entitled "The Arcana of the Future Life Revealed," fell in the way of the Abbé. He read it attentively, and then consulted the Bible to see if it sanctioned the doctrine that the so-called dead are capable of communicating with, and showing themselves to, the living. He found the Bible full of Spiritualism, and then he asked himself why these apparitions should not present themselves in our days as in the old times. Moreover, he was determined to ascertain if the phenomena referred to in the "Arcana" were delusions or otherwise. Placing himself in communication with a trustworthy medium, and wishing earnestly for some token from a dear brother who had departed this life, the Abbé obtained certain proofs of the presence of that brother. But still there was the possibility of the medium reading the mind of the sitter, and seeing there the image of the person he longed to communicate with. All doubts were however soon afterwards dispelled by the application of some crucial tests. The medium described as present the spirits of certain persons unknown except by name to himself and to every person at the séance. The appearance of these spirits was minutely depicted, and subsequent inquiries established their perfect accuracy. Not only so, but the Abbé was enabled to obtain from his late brother some information with respect to a sum of money for which an unjust claim had been preferred against their sister.

IN a still later number of *La Revue* is an account of a séance held by Dr. Gaston de Missémy, and several of his friends at Roquesteron, Alpes-Maritimes, on the 19th of January. Two days previously he had heard of the death of a physician, his intimate friend, at Montpellier, with whom the survivor wished to communicate for the sake of a patient who was suffering from a chronic malady, and was present at the sitting. The table soon became violently agitated, and Dr. Messimy, feeling that his departed friend was present, mentally asked him to prescribe for the invalid in Latin. No sooner said than done, and this was the prescription given through the table ; "*Sæpe bibe lactem, Matutine ambulando et cibum leve manducando*" (Drink milk often. Take a walk in the morning. Eat light food, and masticate it thoroughly).

* * *

The *Lux*, of Rome, states—on the authority of Dante's earliest and latest biographers—that after the poet's death he appeared to his son in a dream, and that when asked if he had finished his great work, his father answered "Yes," and taking his son by the hand, led him into a room, and touching a spot in one of the walls, said "there you will find the missing cantos." The dream made such a strong impression upon the son, that he asked a friend of his late father's, one Pietro Giardino, to accompany him to the place indicated—a room in the house in which Dante had died—and there, on removing a piece of matting nailed over the identical spot pointed out in the dream, they found a niche containing the missing manuscripts, which were so mouldy from the damp that they must have perished if they had remained there much longer. On examining the documents they were overjoyed to perceive that they comprised the thirteen cantos which had been missing till then. We happen to possess a copy of the *Vita di Dante*, by Cesare Balbo, and we

find the incident quoted from Boccaccio, as having happened eight months after the death of the poet, coupled with an expression of belief in the accuracy of the statement.

* * *

THE second number of *O Psychismo*, published in Lisbon, quotes from a sermon delivered in a Protestant church in Vienna, by the Rev. A. Farmey, the following passage:—"The late Archduke Rudolph had for some time past believed in spirits from the other world. A month ago, while seated at dinner, a door of the room opened of itself, and the prince springing to his feet exclaimed, 'It is the ghost that haunts the place. I see him plainly; he has come many times, four at least, and he does not cease to trouble me. There are ghosts in all these old palaces.' The inference sought to be drawn by the preacher was that the Archduke, who was evidently a clairvoyant, was out of his mind. But this assumption has been disproved by Professor Zaboraski, who states that the autopsy shows the unfortunate prince to have been perfectly sane when he destroyed himself—if, indeed, his death was the work of his own hand. As to the Archduke's remark about haunted palaces, it is perfectly well known that in the old Tuileries, the "red spectre" was always seen by many persons just before the demise of the sovereign; and that the "white spectre" is also visible in the royal palace at Berlin shortly before the death of the king or queen.

* * *

La Nueva Alianza, of Cienfuegos, in Cuba, is an eight-page monthly periodical, issued gratuitously as the organ of the circle known as the "Lazo de Union" (Bond of Union). The more important of the articles it contains relates some wonderful experiments made with a patient

of his, by Professor Ercole Chiaya, in the presence of Dr. Lombroso and four other witnesses, at the close of the late International Congress of Spiritualists, at Barcelona. The patient is the wife of a person in humble life, and is the victim to an extraordinary form of hysteria. Seated in a chair, and bound to it hard and fast, she can attract to herself by the mere exercise of her will, the chairs, tables, and other movable objects in the room. At other times she rises in the air, and thus acquires a gravity less than that of the atmosphere.—*Harbinger of Light*.

* * *

SPIRITUALISM IN ATHENS.—R. de Guistiniani gives in *La Revue Spirite* an interesting account of the spread of Spiritualism in Athens owing to the exertions of M. Lefakis. Strange phenomena, physical as well as mental, have awakened public interest and convinced more than one stubborn sceptic. Some séances with Mr. Polenu, a young poet who possesses remarkable physical power, at the house of M. Souri, proprietor and sole editor of the Greek journal *Romios*, were attended by physicians, journalists, lawyers, professors, and by M. Ragave, the dean of the Greek savants and litterateurs, formerly minister plenipotentiary for Greece to Paris and Berlin. The spirits evoked were able to divine the most secret thoughts of the attendants, read entire phrases which were unknown to the medium, to guess meanings from their orthography and pronunciation, and without mistake the exact contents of pocketbooks, etc. Ascension of tables without contact and phosphorescent lights were also shown. Says the correspondent: We shall perhaps again see polytheism reappearing, not of the ancient mythology, but of science. The imaginary gods will disappear to give place to the spirits, the only real beings who live in the beyond.

IN SPAIN.

ACCORDING to *Annali del Spiritismo*, the Spanish spiritual periodical *El Criterio Espiritista*, published at Madrid, having heard of the wonderful powers of a medium, Dona Dolores Mas y Mas, a native of Crevillente, caused an investigation to be made by a reputable person who reported that she was the daughter of a physician and surgeon, married, and the mother of five sons. That at the age of thirty-seven she had been a student of the spiritist doctrine for fourteen years, and soon gave proof of her writing mediumship, and afterwards developed clair-audience and mediumship for physical effects and trance speaking. Ten years later was developed the phase of healing, and so powerful was it that the fame of the wonderful cures effected through her gift spread throughout the province. In accordance with the advice of her spiritual guides last June she transferred her residence with all her family to Yecla, where a thorough propaganda is going on. Many are the cures which have been effected of diseased persons whose cases had been despaired of by the regular physician, and recovery deemed impossible. She never refuses her aid to any applicant, simply making passes and furnishing magnetised water, all her services being gratuitous and done from pure charity.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

IN ITALY.

REPORT OF A SÉANCE.

HORACE PELLETIER has translated from *Lux* for *Le Messenger* the following report of a séance at Rome held last March in the presence of G. Hoffmann, editor of *Lux*, Mesdames the Countess Brenda, Bergamini, Mazzi, and Messrs. Lombardi, Arbib, Figa, Ercolani, Balena, Francosis, Centulicci. The medium was the Chevalier

R——. The séance began at 9-15 in the evening, and closed at 10-30. The table rose in full light. Intelligent answers were made through raps. We begged the spirit to make us hear the roll of the drum and the sound of a saw in active operation. Our wish had full gratification. There was at first heard a very light roll of the drum, which gradually grew louder, then weaker, and finally ceased altogether. To the roll of the drum succeeded the sound of the saw tearing through the fibres of wood. The lamp was then extinguished, and numerous "apports," consisting of bon-bons and flowers, were obtained, and we thanked the spirit, which answered us by patting us on the palms of our hands in token of our satisfaction. Psychic lights were very intense; one of these lights descended from the ceiling to the table and again ascended dragging with it a bell which had been purposely placed there. The bell violently shaken in space fell into a corner of the room whence it was carried back by the table. Exposito (the name of the spirit) being invited to leave traces of its presence on the table produced the noise of the scratching of the table with finger nails, while phosphorescent lights visible to all appeared at the place where the noise was heard and gradually faded away. The mysterious hand, after having rapidly made the tour of the room, leaving behind a sort of luminous trail, seized a chair and placed it on the table, then returned it to its place. Signor Francosis expressed the desire to feel Exposito press a hand, and his hand was immediately pressed by the spirit.

It is added that all the scientists present at these marvellous séances are fast becoming converts to the spiritual theory.—*Harbinger of Light.*

Even reckoning makes lasting friends, and the way to make reckonings even is to make them often —*South.*

THE ANGEL OF IMMORTALITY COMING.

At even or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.

It may be in the evening,
When the work of day is done,
And you've time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea.

And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me ;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet ;
Therefore, I tell you—Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar.
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the fire burns low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed ;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wait and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be at midnight
I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun,
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valley, shading
The river's chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill ;

Behold ! I say to you—Watch !
Let the door be on the latch
In your home.
Ifi the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.
It may be in the morning,
When then the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn ;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the birds are singing sweetly
About the door ;
With a long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done ;
But remember that I may be next
To come in at the door,
For evermore ;
As you work, your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room.
And it may be in the morning
I will come.

—*Harbinger of Light.*

Book Review.

"THE EDUCATION OF MAN AND OTHER ESSAYS."

BY JOHN GEORGE SPEED.

*Published by the Authors' Co-operative Publishing
Company, Bride Street, London.*

JUST as we are going to press, and too late to enable me to do more than *skim* through the many grand subjects crowded up into 192 small pages, I receive the above-named book, which—even from what I have read—I would gladly see placed in the hands of every man, woman, and young person ambitious to attain to a noble

manhood or womanhood. Whilst entirely free from pedantry, the author—himself an experienced journalist and a philosophic thinker—has dealt with all those subjects which tend to polish the intellect, guide the imagination, and enlarge the warmest sympathies of the heart.

This book cannot fail to do good into whatsoever hand it falls—and although not in any direct way connected with Spiritualism, its teachings and philosophy are so truly *spirituelle* that we may confidently commend it to the attention of all readers.—ED. U. U.



ENCOURAGEMENT FOR WORKERS.

THE following article from the excellent San Francisco paper, *The Carrier Dove*, will commend itself with more than common force to the hearts of the many poor toiling workers who have spent the best years of their lives in labouring for a world which leaves them in the period of their age and helplessness—neglected and uncared for. Let us hope, also, that it may awaken chords of sympathy in the hearts of those who CAN, and therefore who OUGHT to come forward to aid and comfort those *discharged soldiers*, who, in the mighty battlefields of Spiritualism—ever warring against public opinion—have brought life, light, hope, and the consolations of a noble religion to thousands, whilst they themselves are forsaken and neglected by those they have benefited, when their day of work is ended.—[ED. U. U.]

SPEAKING with a friend recently concerning the rewards of the faithful workers in Spiritualism, the lady, who was a veteran in the cause, said: "I have given the last twenty-five years of my life to this work. I have given up home, friends, everything for it, and now in my declining years I find other younger and more attractive faces on the platform and in positions of trust and honour. I have not accumulated earthly possessions through the exercise of my mediumship, and now find myself broken down in health, with no home, no place, no recognition

anywhere, and I know not what to do. I have given of my spiritual gifts freely, without money and without price, but the 'bread' I thought I was 'casting upon the waters' comes not to me again."

I listened to the plaint of this faithful and true medium, and I could but question, What reward does Spiritualism offer its faithful workers? Are they no more than the ox that treads the corn, that they are turned adrift in the helplessness of age or infirmity to fare as best they can? Then I read that Henry Slade, one of the best test mediums living, no doubt, had been sent to a lunatic asylum in Iowa, destitute, friendless, and alone. True, it was stated that his deplorable condition was the result of dissipation, but even were such the case, does that excuse Spiritualists for their criminal neglect of one whom the spirit world has used to voice their messages for many years past? Then many other instances came to mind of how the workers have been rewarded, and in no single instance could I think of any who had reaped what they had sown; but on the contrary they had reaped neglect, indifference, and many times even cruel wrongs. What incentive, then, does Spiritualism offer for noble endeavour, self-sacrifice, and fidelity to honest convictions and truth? On this plane of life we can see none—absolutely none in a material way. Whatever reward or appreciation the worthy worker gets on this side of life must come from the invisibles who see and know the motives that govern each and all, and whisper their love and appreciation of true merit.

Spiritualists as a rule are more easily turned against their own than any other class of people. In this city to-day lives an honest, faithful, conscientious woman who has been publicly identified with the workers in the cause here for the past thirty years. She has been honoured and respected, and never has the breath of scandal

touched her name. She has taught in the children's Lyceums in the early days. She has been an able and efficient officer in one of the oldest societies in the city, and never in a single instance has she betrayed her trust or violated the confidence reposed in her integrity; yet recently the enemy came into our midst and sowed the seeds of dissension and distrust. Old friends turned against one another. Insinuations have been made publicly and privately reflecting against the honesty of this lady until many old friends who had known her for the last thirty-four years greet her coldly, or turn away, and with looks that speak louder than words express their belief in her unworthiness. When such a state of things is even possible among Spiritualists, it only shows how far from spiritual perfection we are, and how poorly the lessons of the angels have been learned by those who claim to walk in the light of their divine teachings.

In view of all these sad results is there any encouragement for workers? Is there any hope of reward for those who toil unselfishly for the promulgation of the truth as it appeals to their higher intuitions? Yes, dear heart, there is reward; there is appreciation; there is justification even here and now. It may not come your way; it may seem long delayed, and the heart grow sick with hope deferred; yet come it must and will as sure as stars shine and suns blaze in glory. In the hour of deepest gloom, when all seems disappointment and regret for what may seem wasted years, there comes a sweet conviction of having done your best, of having lived up to your highest light and followed the voice of truth in all your wanderings. Such consciousness of work well done, of duties faithfully performed, will bring to the weary soul a peace that passeth understanding, a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. There is encouragement for honest workers.—*Carrier Dove, San Francisco.*



TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

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OF THE

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As the first number of this Magazine was designed principally to be an introductory one to those which were to follow, the Editor, with grateful thanks for past favours, begs to announce her intention of

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