

THE
Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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PROSPECTUS

OF THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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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.

JULY, 1892.

No. 4.

THE DESTROYER AND SAVIOUR OF MANKIND.

IN the early part of the present century there lived a nobleman whose real name I am not privileged to mention. He had but one son, and one unhappily who could neither bear his father's illustrious name nor inherit his property, having been born out of wedlock.

Notwithstanding this blot on the boy's escutcheon, the otherwise childless father loved him dearly, and treated his slightest wish as law. The youth, being designed for the Church, was educated in school and college under the most careful tuition. On quitting each fresh seat of learning the father paid the extravagant debts contracted by the careless student without a murmur. Being sent abroad to study life in travel, the son felt no hesitancy in exceeding his liberal allowance to any extent his fancy dictated, confident that he could draw *ad libitum* on his father for means of payment.

Returned home, the turf, the gaming table, and scenes of the wildest dissipation produced their inevitable results in enormous liabilities, all of which the father of the prodigal paid according to expectation. It was the invariable custom of the young spendthrift when presenting himself before his indulgent parent always to preface his demands with some scriptural phrases, the most frequently quoted of which were the highly appropriate words: "*I have sinned before Heaven and against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*" This touch of piety was

quite sufficient to ensure forgiveness, and not uncommonly to draw forth from the parental exchequer "*the feast of the fatted calf, the ring, and the fine raiment*" of the scripture narrative, in the shape of a large addition to the amount required for the liquidation of the youth's ever accumulating debts. At length a crisis of a totally unforeseen nature arose. An unwedded mother bore an infant whose sudden decease called for legal inquiry. The young man, who had but followed his father's example in respect to the parentage of this dead babe, was now in desperate alarm for the girl whom he had betrayed. She must be defended, and as the prodigal had seen instances enough in which the law could be bought and sold, all he needed was a large sum by which to command such legal assistance as he deemed would ensure favourable results. Being on the Continent at the time of these occurrences, he wrote to his father, stating the predicament in which he was placed, and calling for an unlimited supply of funds to meet the emergency. A long time having elapsed without any reply, our prodigal wrote again, for though in the interim the mother of his child had been acquitted, her support, added to his other extravagant expenses, rendered an immediate supply indispensable.

This time the answer came, but it was in the handwriting of his father's man of business, and briefly informed him that the said father was weary of ministering to his son's shameful extravagances; hence that he utterly disowned him, and having given him such an education as would enable him to earn his own bread, he now left him to do so. The letter concluded with the assurance that the applicant never more should receive one farthing from his offended parent. Following upon the receipt of this missive, the young man, presenting himself to a stage driver, tendered his services as an

experienced coachman, and being, in those ante-railroad days, temporarily engaged, he was thus enabled to make his way to the sea. There he obtained, by persistent effort, an opportunity of returning to his own country in the capacity of a steward on board a passenger ship. On landing, with only a few shillings in his pocket, he worked his way, by doing all sorts of odd jobs on the road, until he reached the metropolis. Here, sustained by a strange new-born resolve, courage, and ingenuity, although he endured untold privations and trials, he managed to pick up a living. At length he met by chance a legal acquaintance whom he had known in his more prosperous days, and from him he humbly solicited and finally obtained regular work as a clerk. Although he was reduced to the necessity of living on a mere pittance, he saved up his small salary to take evening lessons in shorthand. He soon became an expert reporter, and this enabled him to earn a good income, first in the law courts, and subsequently in Parliament.

Taking to wife the young girl he had betrayed, he began indeed to realize the satisfaction of building up his own fortune, home, and family. Being endowed with a fertile brain and vivid imagination, the subject of my story turned his attention to authorship, and in this capacity the name he had assumed when he renounced that which his father had given him, soon became widely celebrated.

I met with this gentleman in his old age, and in connection with certain literary work. At that time his name was no less renowned as an author than honoured for his moral worth and nobility of character. For reasons unnecessary to state, he communicated to me his history as given above, adding abundant evidences of the truth of what he narrated.

Referring on one occasion to some of the most

remarkable points in his eventful career, he said, in respect to the moral effect which his early life had produced on his character: "And now, my child, let me tell you in a few words wherein consisted the difference between the idle spendthrift and the industrious architect of his own fortunes. As a youth I had some one to pay all my debts for me—in a word, to live for me and be responsible for me. As a man I had to pay my own debts, live for myself, and be responsible for myself. The cause of my early failures was IGNORANCE of my real life's duties. The source of my manhood's success has been KNOWLEDGE of my real life's duties. . . ."

And now, if I have led my readers into the consideration of a page of TRUE life history—whether they may happen to realize who was its subject or not, let me apply it earnestly and practically to the present attitude of our nineteenth century religious faith.

Nine millions of pounds are spent annually on upholding the persons, property, literature, and missions of a system of religion, the pivotal doctrine of which is a vicarious atonement for sin, or, in other words, that the life and death of one innocent being pays all the debts incurred by those who worship and believe in him, as God.

To believe in him as God means, of course, to affirm that the sacrifice of his pure life removes the penalty due, even for the worst of sins, from the shoulders of the sinner to those of the vicarious Saviour.

It need hardly be necessary to point out that such a belief not only gives excuse for sin and guarantees all immunity from its consequences, but it absolutely tends to incite the believer to sin, and realizes the famous aphorism of Martin Luther, that "if you want the substance of a Saviour you must give him the substance of a sinner." "There is one ready to pay all our debts, and shoulder all our iniquities," and this is the sum and

substance of this terrible faith! A faith, too, that is preached from the pulpit as "man's only salvation" and mocked in the law courts, where every offence is sternly visited on the head of the offender.* Are, then, the judges and juries who thus remorselessly punish every sin, and in so doing directly contradict the very basic doctrine of modern Christianity—can they themselves be Christians? If they are, how dare they interfere with sin at all in a Christian land, and that under the domination of a State Church, the fundamental basis of which is, *that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"*? "Aye," but says the civil law, "that is in the hereafter, with the conditions of which none but Churchmen have any authority to deal." Admitting this plea, and passing over the monstrous fallacy of making civil laws in total contradiction to what are called "religious laws," the great and tremendous question arises—is this doctrine of a vicarious atonement true? and does the murderer "go straight from the gallows to the arms of Jesus," as many an one has been, even during the past few years assured by Christian teachers?

Can the gambler, drunkard, cheat, sensualist, and every class of sinners who "trust for salvation in the blood of the Lamb" go straight to heaven because they profess to believe the penalty due to their crimes has been paid for them by that same blood of the Lamb? Again, and yet again I say, is this true?

If it be, then, of course, "the greater the sinner the greater the saint,"—but *if it is not true?* Great heavens! Why IGNORANCE on such a subject is the destroyer of mankind, and KNOWLEDGE on such a subject is, or ought to be, its Saviour.

* This statement must be taken with some modification, seeing that the present system of dealing in the law courts is to visit the sins of the rich and well educated with very light penalties. It is only the poor and ignorant that are visited with the extreme and unqualified penalties of British law courts.

It is in this stupendous "fight of faith" that the race is now engaged, and it is in such a crisis as this that the assertions of the religious or civil law become matters of mere belief, but bring with their dicta nothing more than the ever-variable opinions of men.

Surely, then, it is superfluous for us to point to the priceless boon which the God of the Spirits has conferred upon humanity when He opens the gates of the life hereafter, and sends messengers from every grade of that life to bring us absolute knowledge of what its conditions truly are. These messengers affirm that there are assembled in those Spiritual realms, the evil and the good, the false and the true, the sinner and the saint; the buds of infancy, untimely nipped, blossoming out into "tall and splendid angels"; the aged grandsire grown back into manhood's prime; the ancient lady, a fair, young, shining ministering spirit.

As to the questions of theology and law, every returning spirit gives the same answer—"There is no remission of sins except through personal penitence and personal atonement. In that land of true and impartial justice, every soul must be its own saviour; and though progress unending is open to all, it is attainable only by the pilgrim soul who climbs its supreme heights for himself, abandoning the evil, and treading by his own untiring efforts the path of good and truth. And who are the vouchers for the actuality of these revelations? We answer, emphatically, THE PEOPLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Those who have seen, heard, and tested the inhabitants of the Unseen Universe for themselves, the people high and low, rich and poor, from the monarch on his throne to the pitman and the digger, the very highest and the very lowest of every country of civilisation, with every intermediate grade and class; and, let it be remembered, these revelations come in our own time, not two or three

thousand years ago. That, also, which was known by the researches of yesterday, is open to every faithful and earnest investigator in the researches of to-morrow.

The bigot may anathematize, the sceptic may scoff, the Nicodemuses of life may choose caste and public opinion sooner than risk the loss of the world's favour by espousing an—as yet—unpopular faith. Meantime, the great revelation “goes marching on,” planting its standards of faith unaided by human hands in every land, rending in twain the veil of mystery which has so long hidden the realities of life beyond the grave, and shouting in trumpet tones, that resound from pole to pole—“Man, arise and save thyself!”

Our next opening essay will be on “Spiritualism as the World's Reformer.”

HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER IV.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

WITCHCRAFT; OR, THE DARKEST DAYS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

In giving a passing glance at the dire and lamentable subject of this article, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I do not propose to offer any detailed history of the dreadful superstition that disgraced the nations of Europe from the eleventh to the close of the eighteenth centuries, beyond such brief notices of the reign of diabolism called “witchcraft” as will serve to connect the Spiritualism of the Saints and Ecstatics of the Catholic Church, as mentioned in the last number, with the Spiritualists of our own time.

In the writings of Horst, Ennemoser, the Howitts, Glanvill, Upham, and other historians, who have dealt with this subject, full accounts are to be found of scenes, personages, and doings, which will amply justify my assertion that in the records of witchcraft we have the darkest periods of human history—that is, considering the boasted civilization of the time, and the fact that all its horrors were perpetrated chiefly at the instigation of the leaders and members of the Christian Church.

Perhaps one of the most succinct and unprejudiced summaries of the witch mania that we can quote from, is given by that eminent writer, the late Charles Mackay, who, in his "*History of Popular Delusions*," thus describes the weird and wild superstitious beliefs prevailing on the subject under consideration. Mackay says:—

"Europe for a period of two centuries and a half brooded upon the idea not only that departed spirits walked the earth to meddle in the affairs of men, but that mortals had power to summon evil spirits to aid them in working evil upon their fellow creatures, or those whom they wished to injure. An epidemic of terror seized upon the nations. No man thought himself secure either in person or possessions from the machinations of the devil and his agents.

"Every calamity that happened was attributed to a 'witch.' If a storm arose and blew down a barn, it was witchcraft did it. If a man's cattle died, or disease fastened upon him, even in cases of early death, sickness, or misfortune, these things were not visitations of Providence, but the work of some neighbouring hag, whose poverty, wretchedness, or imbecility, caused her to become branded as a witch. The word was in every mouth. France, Germany, Italy, England, Scotland, and the far North, ran mad upon this subject, and for centuries furnished their tribunals with so many trials for witchcraft that other crimes were seldom or ever spoken of. Thousands and tens of thousands fell victims to this cruel and absurd delusion.

"In many cities of Germany the average number of executions for this pretended crime was six hundred annually, or two every day except Sundays. . . ."

It must be observed also that it was not the aged, helpless, and, for the most part, uncomely old women who were the victims of this horrible superstition. Young and old, high and low, whoever became obnoxious either by

learning or ignorance to the Church, or antagonistic to some enemy, had but to receive the awful brand of witchcraft, and their fate was sealed.

In the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon was charged with witchcraft on account of his discoveries in optics, chemistry, and astronomy, and although he did what he could to circulate and explain his own acquirements, he could not escape a Papal denunciation, and two long and painful imprisonments. In 1305, Arnold de Villa Nova, a learned physician and philosopher, was burned at Padua, by order of inquisitors, on the charge of witchcraft. He was *eighty years* of age at the time. Ten years afterwards, Peter D'Apon, also of Padua, who had made extraordinary progress in knowledge, was accused of the same crime and condemned to death, but happily expired previous to the time appointed for his execution.

Authoritative writers compute that thirty thousand persons were executed for this supposed crime within one hundred years.

In 1484, Pope Innocent the Eighth issued a bull encouraging and requiring the arrest and punishment of persons suspected of witchcraft. From this time the prosecutions became frequent and the victims numerous in every country. The same year, forty-one aged females were consigned to the flames in one nation; and, not long after, a hundred were burned by one inquisition in the valleys of Piedmont; forty-eight were burnt in Ravensburg in five years; and, in the year 1515, five hundred were burned at Geneva in three months! One writer declares that an almost infinite number were burned for witchcraft in France.

Professor Upham says in his *History of Witchcraft* :—

“In 1534, Elizabeth Barton, ‘the Maid of Kent,’ was executed for witchcraft in England, together with seven men who had been confederate with her. In 1541 the Earl of Hungerford was beheaded for inquiring of a witch how long Henry VIII. would live. In 1549 it was

made the duty of bishops, by Archbishop Cranmer's articles of visitation, to inquire of their clergy whether 'they knew of any that use charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft invented by the Devil.' In 1563 the King of Sweden carried four witches with him, as a part of his armament, to aid him in his wars with the Danes. In 1576, eighteen persons were condemned in Essex, in England. A single judge or inquisitor, Remigius, condemned and burned nine hundred within fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, in the district of Lorraine; and as many more fled out of the country; whole villages were depopulated, and fifteen persons destroyed themselves rather than submit to the torture which, under the administration of this successor of Draco and rival of Jeffries, was the first step taken in the trial of an accused person. The application of the rack and other instruments of torture, in the examination of prisoners, was recommended by him in a work on witchcraft. He observes that 'scarcely any one was known to be brought to repentance and confession *but by these means*'!

"In 1634, Urbain Grandier, a very learned and eminent French minister, rendered himself odious to the bigoted nuns of Loudun by his moderation towards heretics. Secretly instigated by Cardinal Richelieu, against whom he had written a satire, they pretended to be bewitched by him, and procured his prosecution: he was tortured upon the rack until he swooned, and then was burned at the stake. In 1640, Dr. Lamb, of London, was murdered in the streets of that city by the mob, on suspicion of witchcraft. Hundreds were hanged or burned in England, only a few years before the witchcraft proceedings commenced in Salem. Some were tried by water ordeal, and drowned in the process, in Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Northamptonshire; and a considerable number of capital punishments took place in various parts of Great Britain, some years after the prosecution had ceased in America.

"The trials and executions in England and Scotland were attended by circumstances as painful, as barbarous, and in all respects as disgraceful, as those occurring in Salem. Every species of torture seems to have been resorted to; the principles of reason, justice, and humanity were set at defiance, and the whole body of the people kept in a state of the most fierce excitement against the sufferers. Indeed, there is nothing more distressing in the contemplation of these sanguinary proceedings than the spirit of deliberate and unmitigated cruelty with which they were conducted. No symptoms of pity, compassion, or sympathy appear to have been manifested by the judges or the community."

Early in the seventeenth century Sir George Mackenzie says that he went to examine some women who had confessed, and that one of them, who was a "silly creature," told him, "under secresie," "that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but, being a poor creature, who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she would starve, for no person thereafter would

either give her meat or lodging, and that all men would beat her, and hound dogs at her, and that therefore she desired to be out of the world." Whereupon she wept most bitterly, and, upon her knees, called God to witness to what she said.

A wretch, named Matthew Hopkins, rendered himself infamously conspicuous in the prosecutions for witchcraft that took place in the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, in England, in the seventeenth century. The title he assumed indicates the part he acted, it was "Witch-finder-general." He travelled from place to place; his expenses were paid; and he required, in addition, regular fees for the discovery of a witch. Besides pricking the body to find the witch-mark, he compelled the wretched and decrepit victims of his cruel practices to sit in a painful posture, on an elevated stool, with their limbs crossed; and, if they persevered in refusing to confess, he would prolong their torture, in some cases, to more than twenty-four hours. He would prevent their going to sleep, and drag them about bare-foot over the rough ground, thus overcoming them with extreme weariness and pain; but his favourite method was to tie the thumb of the right hand close to the great toe of the left foot, and draw them through a river or pond; if they floated, as they would be likely to do, while their heavier limbs were thus sustained and upborne by the rope, it was considered as conclusive proof of their guilt. This monster was encouraged and sanctioned by the Government; and he procured the death, in one year and in one county, of more than three times as many as suffered in Salem during the whole period of the delusion. But it was not against individuals alone that the insane charges of witchcraft were directed, whole communities were, under the same abominable pretence, put to death by the orders of the Popes, and under the exterminating force of the bulls issued by Papal authority.

Mackay says on these points :—

"After the time of Charlemagne prosecutions for witchcraft were continually carried on in France.

"It was a crime imputed so easily and repelled with so much difficulty that the powerful, whenever they wanted to ruin the weak, had only to accuse them of witchcraft to ensure their destruction. . . . The extermination of the brave 'Stedinger' and 'Frieslanders' in 1234; of the Knights Templars in 1307; the execution of the noble Joan of Arc, and the unhappy scenes of Arras in 1459 are all evidences of religious and political craft acting under the pretence of witchcraft. . . . The invincible courage of the 'Stedinger'—a race of poor people inhabiting the district from the Weser to the Zuyderzee, and devotedly attached to the principles of freedom—impelled Pope Gregory IX. to launch forth his anathema against them as heretics and witches.

"A large body of fanatics broke into their country, killing and burning wherever they went, and not sparing either the women or children, the sick or the aged."

After a noble defence made on the part of the gallant Stedinger, Mackay describes the vast assemblages that the Papal Bulls and the exhortations of the Churches called together, and these murderous and superstitious ravagers ultimately succeeded in slaughtering eight thousand of the Stedinger on the field of battle, literally exterminating the race by the merciless destruction of the women, children, old men, and cattle, and the firing of the woods and dwellings. As this infamous deed is all too seldom noticed in the history of the saintly Christian Church, it may not be out of place to give Mackay's account of the Pope's version of the *crimes* for which this noble race of freemen were exterminated. Our historian writes :—

"The Pope wrote to all the bishops and leaders *of the faithful* to arm, and root out from the land those abominable witches and wizards.

"'The Stedinger,' said his Holiness, 'seduced by the devil, have abjured the laws of God, slandered the Church, consulted witches to raise evil spirits, and concocted an infernal scheme to propagate the worship of the devil, whom they adore under the name of Asmodi. The devil appears to them sometimes as a goose or a duck, and at others as a pale black-eyed youth. . . . This devil presides at their Sabbaths, when they all dance round him and give themselves up to the most abominable debauchery.'"

Just of the same absurd and revolting character were the charges brought against the Waldenses, as a pretence for their extermination, also against the Knights Templars, of whom many historians concur in alleging that their wealth, power, and pride incensed the Church, and raised up enemies both in the Church and State. Still, they held their own against every assailant until the terrible cry of witchcraft was raised against them. This was sufficient to ensure the united forces of all Europe to set upon them.

We cannot soil our pages by reciting the shameful and *impossible* accusations that were brought against these unhappy soldier priests, founded upon the preliminary charge that they had sold their souls to the devil and were in the habit of celebrating all the infernal and horrible rites of the witches' sabbath. . . . It was on charges such as these that Philip IV. of France, who is generally charged with *inventing* every accusation against them, issued orders for the arrest of all the Templars in his dominions, and *the confiscation of all their estates and wealth to the crown.*

The Pope immediately issued the same orders concerning the Templars in every other part of Europe. They were arrested, put to the most horrible tortures to extort prepared confessions, and though, when removed from the racks and frightful scenes of suffering, they invariably recanted their enforced confessions, this was only regarded as an additional crime. Mackay, in describing these atrocities in details that make humanity blush for its alliance with the monster persecutors, concludes his dreadful account thus:—

"Fifty-nine of these unfortunate victims were all burned together by a slow fire in the suburbs of Paris, protesting to the very last their innocence of the crimes imputed to them; and for four years hardly a month passed without witnessing the execution of one or more of these unhappy men. Finally, in 1314, the last scene of the tragedy closed with the burning of

the Grand Master, Jaques de Molay and his companion Guy, Commander of Normandy.

LET THE WORLD KNOW THESE THINGS, revolting as they are to every sense of feeling, humanity, and, still more so, to every human being who has any sense of religion in his nature, we shall never arrive at any true appreciation of what society has to guard against and what duties the knowledge of our personal responsibility, both here and hereafter, imposes upon us, until we trace out the CAUSES which have darkened history with the records of crime and man's inhumanity to man.

Having shown, in a very brief summary, records of this terrible history—one that has filled the pages of scores of volumes with its heart-rending details—in fulfilment of my purpose of giving sketches of the progress of Spiritism in many lands, I shall, in my next article on Historical Spiritism, point to the actualities of real Spiritual powers and purposes gleaming through the dreadful middle age nightmare of "Witchcraft," like *the light shining in the darkness, though the darkness comprehendeth it not.*

(To be continued.)

POEMS.

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

SUCH is the unassuming title of a little book full of short gems—short, indeed, but so rich and rare that out of the 140 poetic fragments there is not a solitary reader that glances through them but will find some echo to his or her thought, grave or gay, aspiring or earthly, in life here, or in visions of life hereafter. The fair authoress, whose portrait at the commencement of the volume is in itself a poem, is the daughter of an accomplished and highly mediumistic lady, Mrs. Love Willis, and her inspired husband, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, the celebrated American medium student, who, in the early days of Spiritualism, was expelled from Harvard College for his marvellous powers of communing with the angels.

Without pausing at present upon the history of the renowned father, or in praise of the sweet young poetess, we give the following examples of her literary powers, promising to add many another pleasing sketch from the same *répertoire*.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

GOD is in summer flowers that rise,
In birds that carol to the skies ;
But is he less in noxious weed,
In poison root and deadly seed,
In slimy things that creep and crawl,
Since he is ever All in All ?

God of self-sacrifice and prayer ;
God of the hearts that nobly dare ;
Of childhood's innocence and glee :
Of love and truth and loyalty ;
But what of those who sin and fall,—
Accursed while God is All in All ?

Love's lips are warm, life's wine is red
And God is smiling overhead ;
But love proves false, the wine is spilled,
The ecstasy and joy are stilled ;
We sit in shadow of the pall,
Yet here, our God is All in All.

Oh, blessed words ! Oh, thought divine !
To cheer us when we would repine ;
To lift our hearts above earth's blight,
To his eternal, fadeless Light.
Earth has no ill that can appall
The soul that owns God All in All.

BABY'S EYES.

My baby's eyes ! What light they hold :
What wonderful hints of wealth untold :
Of lands where the flowers never die,
Of tropic lands where the sunbeams lie,
On diamond fields and hills of gold.

My baby's eyes ! There are hints in these
Of wonder-land's glory, of sunny seas ;
Of ice-capped mountains and fields of snow ;
Of twilight shadows and moonlight glow,
And the hidden springs of mysteries.

There are hope and faith and glad surprise,
And depths where latent passion lies ;
Sky-touching heights of peace and light,
And rushing rivers of wild affright ;
And gleams of heaven in baby's eyes.

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 IV.

As my official duties in India only permitted me to remain a few months in the land of the West, I resolved to devote the entire of my time to such researches in Spiritism (or, as my American friends universally designated their cult—"Spiritualism") as my then present opportunities permitted.

These were most abundant, especially on the occasion of my first visit to America. Like my friend Mrs. Hardinge, and very frequently—in her company—I pursued my investigations in high and low places alike. Undistinguished media, amongst the rank and file of society, were to be found in attics and "shanties." Circles were held in the palatial residences of millionaires, in the tents of miners, and in the humble lodgings of workpeople. One eccentric old gentleman, a veritable incarnation of Shakespeare's apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," had fitted up an underground kitchen beneath his botanical herb shop, and here he invited in, aspirants to the unfoldment of medial power to attend his afternoon circles, and receive the benefit of his magnetic passes as a means of developing latent spiritual gifts. In any number of streets, frequented only by humble working men and women, we climbed uncarpeted stairs to the top floors, to witness the working of the telegraph between Heaven

* By permission of the author.

and earth, through knockings, table tiltings, and trance utterances. Evening after evening we spent in a certain splendid drawing-room, wherein a lady, who was an enthusiastic devotee of the faith, assembled around her, celebrated actors and actresses, journalists and reporters, musicians and artistes, all of whom had some phases of phenomena to exhibit, and claims to urge of how the power of good spirit friends aided them in their several professional pursuits. Scarcely an evening passed in which we did not either visit some wealthy merchant's splendid dwelling, listening to the marvellous inspirations of highly-cultured private mediums, or their professional compeers, or else we formed parts of the heterogeneous groups that thronged the barely furnished upper rooms of far humbler workers. Sometimes, too, we visited the public circles, where all classes commingled in curious and anything but exalting association. In many of the scenes Mr. Dudley and I thus visited, the sceptic or scoffer might have found ample food for ridicule or contempt, whilst the one-ideal scientist might have discovered plenty of available material to strengthen his theories concerning "thought transference," "hysteria, delusion, illusion," or the thousand and one vague phantasies concerning the sources of intelligence, which calm and dispassionate observation might have recognized as being of spiritual origin. As it would be superogatory at this late day to point to the individual instances we received of this intelligence, I will proceed to sum up the results of many weeks of untiring investigation in our New York wanderings, in search of spiritual light. By the keenest exercise of my own clairvoyant powers I never discovered one single instance in which fraud or deception was attempted to be practised upon us. Comparing this state of the case with the repeated charges of imposture brought against professional mediums in subsequent periods

of the movement, I am inclined to believe that in the first few years of the great spiritual outpouring there was far more real devotion to the cause than at present ; also, that frauds and tricksters were at that time too much afraid of the unknown power they might encounter to venture upon such dangerous ground. Allowing also, for some share of " hysteria, self-deception, or thought transference," there were, as I insist, and all the early investigators of the movement will bear out my assertion, most wonderful evidences in every direction of the agency, presence, and power of the spirits who had once lived on earth. When in the course of conversation some member of the circles would talk of "*departed* spirits," loud rappings or table movements would call for the alphabet, and spell out remarks to the effect that the spirits were *not departed*, but lived there in a world within the material world, and were as much alive, active, and busy as ever they had been. Some of the spirit communicants were as gay and full of "quips and cranks" as if they were a part of the mortal company. Some would rally those present on their "sad grave faces," whilst others would insist upon prayers for the opening of the circles, and the performance of spiritual songs or hymns. Every phase of what poor humanity was, I saw thus represented, and with it all, invariably were given tests of identity that could have only proceeded from those the world calls "dead." Very often tidings from afar and prophecies of future events were rendered, together with intelligence unknown to, and undreamed of by those present, in short, numberless evidences that an intelligent power beyond and above that which was in mortal form, was then working the mysterious telegraph between the seen and unseen universes. I must state also that we were not satisfied to pursue our investigations in one place alone. For thousands of miles over the long lines of iron road that

intersect the mighty land of the setting sun, we sped on and on, now and then stopping at some of the great centres of its various states, and then on and on again, over mountain ranges and through primeval forest roads, as much filled with admiration of this wonderful new world, and counting with as much astonishment the fastly throbbing pulse-beats of its thronged towns and cities, as we were amazed at the speed and force with which the spiritual telegraphic lines had everywhere been planted by the invisible inhabitants of a hitherto unknown world.

Where can I pause in this giddy rush of travel to tell of aught that other wide explorers have not seen before, and other equally eager researchers will not declare they have already known?

I will e'en make a halt at the noble capital with its marble palaces and gilded domes—its splendid legislative halls—and its legislative bands of men gathered in from thousands of miles of distance; and—yes, actually scores of them re-echoing the cry, "The Spirits have come! the Spirits have come!" At Washington I found more private mediums amongst bold, daring, thinking men, and fair cultured women, than in any one other great centre of America. Drawn together as we deemed, under high official though very reserved patronage, and in circles where Spiritism was rather the fashion than the subject of scorn or abuse, we had the pleasure of witnessing all manner of astounding evidences of force, exercised in such modes as baffled every attempt at explanation except that which the force gave of itself, namely, as the work of ministering Spirits. One curious phase of what I might almost call involuntary mediumship I may mention, first, because it was especially pleasing to me as a student of occultism, and next because it seemed to be out of the ordinary lines of method employed by spirits. In a highly respectable position in one of the Government

offices I was introduced to a Mr. Laurie. It seems that both the wife and daughter of this gentleman were mediums, the young lady being the instrument of the most stupendous movements of ponderable bodies ever witnessed in this generation, the elder lady being a trance and musical medium of such extraordinary capacity that I have heard her, in a single evening, improvise the words and music of five or six songs, rendered in as many different voices, and those ranging from a deep baritone to a shrill bird-like soprano.

But it is of the Government official's mediumship principally that I am about to speak.

Mr. Laurie was what was called a drawing medium—that is to say, he drew involuntarily and so constantly, that when not actually engaged in writing official documents he felt impelled to draw on every piece of paper, card, or plain surface that came within his reach. He himself, assured me, in the social gathering at which I first met him, that he had executed thousands of drawings, and that, by an impulse he could not resist, and what was still more grievous to the executant, his drawings—as he himself declared—were without sense, meaning, beauty, or interest. On my request to be favoured with a sight of these remarkable productions, paper and pencils were readily furnished. These being laid on a table before the artist medium, he suddenly grasped the pencils, and using one after another with incredible speed, he drew a cup, a plate, a knife, and at last covered a large sheet of paper with what at first seemed to be a shapeless mass of scratches, but all representing in different parts, at all sorts of angles and kinds of order, vestiges of animal limbs, heads, horns, or hoofs; parts of insects; scraps of plants; a leaf here, a piece of fruit there; a horn sticking out of a blossom, and here and there half-formed human heads, hands, or limbs, large and small, but all massed

together in inextricable and seemingly meaningless confusion. "There, Mr. Gray," said the poor artist, in a perplexed tone and hopeless manner, "that is my precious mediumship, and that is the stuff I have for years past been obliged to scribble out under some spell—Heaven alone knows what! for on earth no being has yet been found who could explain why I do it, and what it all means."

"Here is one that can do so, I think," put in my friend Dudley, pointing to me, at the same time giving such an imploring glance towards the poor artist that I had not the heart to decline the invitation now pressed upon me from all quarters, firmly as I had determined not to speak of my occult perceptions during my American investigations of Spiritism.

Unable to retreat, however, I spoke as follows :—

"Dear sir, I must remind you that we mortals live in an external world, composed of the same kind of material as that which in other combinations we call our bodies. Our souls grow within these bodies, as in a mould, and death, which releases, does not kill our souls, though it returns our bodies back to the earth, to be taken up in new forms.

"Just as our souls use matter as a mould to grow and form in, so does the earth contain a soul world, invisible to material eyes, but just as real and deathless as are the souls which escape from our bodies. This soul world is composed of realms of atmosphere, graded from the thick gross air breathed by mortals, to realms of ether, finer and more sublimated than mortals have ever dreamed of. These graded atmospheres permeate one another, the finer interpenetrating the more dense, but the most rarified stretch away into spaces only limited by the sublimated soul spheres of other planets. Thus is the universe, as far as finite mind can explore it, filled with

suns, planets, and systems of material worlds, interpenetrated and encircled with graded spheres of soul worlds. Then, again, just as there is a soul in these our carnal bodies, and a soul world within and around this material earth, so there is a soul part to every object on this earth; and just as the soul part of man never dies, so those of minerals, plants, and animals never die, but move onwards and upwards through a long succession of births, lives, and deaths, to the apex and completion of this planet's highest form—man. In the disintegration of material forms, also, the magnetic or life principle of every form is taken up by the soul world, and goes to fashion the scenes, substance, objects, and uses of the soul world. Thus, the spheres to which the spirits of animated beings gravitate after death have been forming, furnishing, and growing progressively with the material world. The soul, or Spiritual part of things, being as much fairer and finer than the material objects in which they grew, as the blossom is fairer than the root from which it sprang, so are the realms of soul life infinitely more beautiful than the transitory realms of matter. And thus, too, all that ever has been on earth is not only preserved in the Spiritual realms, but the Spiritual principle of all things leaves its impress behind upon the earth. This is in part proved by that singular power called psychometry, showing that there is a soul of things which can be *felt* as well as being discerned by clairvoyance. Now, dear sir, as I have told you that the soul of the world in different stages of sublimation stretches away to the soul worlds of other planets, suns, and stars, and is called thence 'astral light,' so this 'astral light,' filling up every portion of the soul world from the highest to the lowest depths of being, receives and retains for ever the impression of every thing, form, object, and being that has ever existed.

"The astral light or rarified ether filling all space corres-

ponds in its nature and functions to the Spiritual body of animated beings, and as their spiritual bodies and innermost spirits, in duality, constitute soul, so the Spiritual part of all material things, clothed and enveloped in astral light, constitutes, in duality with the innermost spiritual part, the soul-principle of worlds and all material bodies in space. Material forms in time grow old, decay, and break up, but what they *have been* remains engraved in the astral light, which receives the impress of all the vestiges, wrecks, and ruins of forms that have been broken up and massed together, age after age, and it is the pictures of these vestiges, wrecks, and ruins, fixed in the astral light and inhering in and about the earth, that you, good sir, have drawn.

"In these sketches you see the mausoleums of the ages, still retaining portions of the undying elements of soul—the soul of the world—yet massed together in fragments and vestiges only. 'See this cup I hold?' I added (taking up a china cup from the table), 'who can tell the history of the clay of which it was formed? Go back through the ages and the colours that paint its surface, the coal mines of the fire in which it was burned; the trees that hardened into that coal, the creatures that sheltered under or lived on the fruit or leaves of that tree; in a word, a million years of births, deaths, growths, and transformations, are all locked up in the history of this cup.' . . . All around me were silent, save the artist, who, in a low voice broken by emotion, queried softly, "But why am I selected to draw these broken mausoleum forms of the long, long ago?"

"Because you are fitted to do so," I replied. "These are the days of the unveiling, the seals are all broken, the veil of mystery is rent in twain, and the foundations of the religion of Nature are being laid. You are one of the builders, though you know it not; and Spirit revelators,

who have seen in you the capacity to do this work for them, have not hitherto found an opportunity to explain to you the nature of the part they have impelled you to perform.

"Be not discouraged, you are helping to write the Bible of the future. . . ."

With the keen spirit of enquiry which so strongly and happily marks the American character, many questions were courteously but anxiously pressed in upon me, which I, perhaps, startled my listeners by answering rather from the basis of Occultism than from that of the Spiritualism by which they had been accustomed to judge of Spiritual entities. . . . "John," I said to my good friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Dudley, the next morning, "do not call upon me again to make speeches to people who can teach me more than I have ever forgotten;" so saying, we entered the cars that were to bear us away to scenes of still greater wonder than any we had yet witnessed.

(To be continued.)

THE MATERFAMILIAS.—Cloud and sunshine are her lot. She rejoiceth in her offspring, and her husband is pleasant in her sight. She darneth their socks and mendeth their linen, and spreadeth the board with wholesomeness before them, ruling them with an iron hand in a velvet glove of gentleness. She is a law unto her servants; the page trembleth before her, and the cook admitteth her to terms of equality. She fashioneth dainty food for her husband, such as his soul loveth, and arrangeth his armchair for him, and filleth his pipe—and anon he giveth her a cheque. And she arrayeth her daughters in fine raiment, and leadeth them forth to conquest, manœuvring with wiliness, and keeping the eye of sharpness on the young men; and presently she marryeth them off, one by one, and her life work is accomplished.—*Mark Twain.*

REDUCED SKETCH OF ONE OF MR. LAURIE'S DRAWINGS (PRESENTED BY HIM TO MRS. EMMA H. BRITTEN, AND ENGRAVED FOR THIS NUMBER OF THE "UNSEEN UNIVERSE").



[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Having become intimately acquainted with the gentleman and his family mentioned in the preceding article during my many professional visits to Washington as a lecturer, I think I shall add to the interest which may be awakened on reading an account of Mr. Laurie's remarkable drawings by presenting the above reduced copy of one of those singular productions. This engraving is taken from a very large sheet of drawing paper, in which the "vestiges," especially those representing tiny human faces, are much more clearly defined than in the present reduced form; a close inspection of the picture, however, will show sufficient indications of their appearance. I had, some years ago, quite a large assortment of Mr. Laurie's curious drawings, nearly all of

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which I have given away to friends interested in the subject of Spirit art. The one above shown being fortunately still in my possession, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of illustrating my friend's narrative.—E. H. B.]

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

PSYCHOMETRY.

SINCE the advent of Modern Spiritualism and the establishment of the fact that the spirit of man survives the shock of death, and, under certain conditions, can communicate with earth, no revelation of an occult character has tended to throw such a flood of light upon the existence and nature of the unseen universe through which spirits, both in and out of the trammels of flesh, are passing, as "Psychometry." The name itself, as well as the discovery of the force—if we may so call it—is attributed to Dr. Jas. Rodes Buchanan, an eminent and scientific gentleman, who either founded or held charge of a medical eclectic college at Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Buchanan being in attendance on Bishop Simpson, one of his patients, was informed by him that whenever he—the Bishop—happened to come in contact with any substance, such as a piece of mineral, spices, drugs, metals, etc., though it might be pitch dark, and the object he touched was entirely unseen by him, he had an immediate and never failing sense of what its real nature was. This peculiar sensitiveness was much more elaborately described than in the words given above. Suffice it to say, it opened up a wide field of suggestion to the learned and analytical mind of the Cincinnati professor, who, determining to test the possibility of obtaining further light on this curious phase of sensitiveness, summoned a meeting of the college students and professors, to the number of some 160 persons. In the hands of each one present, Dr. Buchanan placed a small paper package, containing

some substance which the holder could not possibly see. He then asked of each person what impression the said package produced in respect to its contents. To his surprise and satisfaction, it was found that ninety of the experimenters out of the hundred and sixty succeeded in describing correctly, and that purely through the sense of touch, what the package contained. To those who know the learned professor as well as I or any of his American cotemporaries do, it would be needless to say that his experiments in this newly-discovered realm of sensuous perception were continuous and persevering.

Finding that the power of sensing objects by the touch was more universal than he had at first deemed it, also that there was a much wider range of perception developed by these experiments than he had at first realized, Dr. Buchanan felt justified in giving wide-spread publicity to his discoveries, ranging the peculiar form of sensitiveness they revealed under the title of "Psychometry," or *soul-metre*, a term now identical with the power of discerning character, whether through animate or inanimate objects, by the sense of touch. Following on the lines of experiment produced by Dr. Buchanan, a large number of persons were found to be endowed with the psychometric gift, and numerous successful experiments added their testimony to the new field of discovery. Amongst these, one of the most prominent workers, and the one who has done the most to illustrate and popularize Dr. Buchanan's discovery was the eminent geologist and spiritual lecturer, William Denton. This gentleman having found in his gifted wife, sister, and one of his own sons the most striking evidences of psychometrical power, pursued his experiments for some years under the most favourable conditions.

Continuing his researches in his far and wide travels, and finding amongst several hundreds of persons with

whom he came in contact more or less evidences of the psychometric gift, Professor Denton at length collected together the results of his various experiments, and published them in a series of three deeply interesting and most instructive volumes, entitled "The Soul of Things." In these records our readers must not judge either of the value or vast importance of this mighty revelation by the silly, and too often worthless exhibitions that are put forth as psychometry on the public Spiritual rostrums of the day. There, a bunch of keys, a pocket-handkerchief, or some object taken from the person of some one in the audience is sent up for *examination*.

Assuming that the owner of the article so submitted is a vicious person, would the public psychometrist dare to say so, or, if describing any particular vice of the said owner, would the latter be candid enough or fool enough to own the impeachment? *Scarcely* so, we presume, even if so rash a truth were uttered.

What follows, then? Just a few such generalities as would apply to any dozen persons in any company, together with a few items of fortune-telling, equally applicable to all or any one of the audience present. Whilst deeply regretting that the Spiritual Rostrum should descend from the exposition of noble and salvatory principles to the exhibition of mountebank tricks fit only for a fair booth, I do most heartily, most reverently, commend the experiments of genuine psychometry to the attention of every student of occult science.

Take the methods pursued by Dr. Buchanan or Professor Denton, and place the object examined in wrappers carefully concealed from the eyes of the psychometrist—letters, hair, or photographs in envelopes—and subject these veiled objects, not to one but to many examinants, and the most marvellous revealments of "the soul" of things will be the result. Some ten years ago a farewell

party was given in the house of Colonel Kase, a well-known resident of Philadelphia, to a lady and gentleman returning to the old country. The lady had been a well-recognised worker in the spiritual vineyard, and the party, combining some fifty or sixty persons, was given in her honour.

One of the visitors, who was known to Colonel and Mrs. Kase, had, as he said, taken the liberty of introducing a friend of his, a gentleman who was a stranger to all the party present, and not in the least acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism. Late in the evening, when the sociality of the pleasant gathering had deepened into warm cordiality, the stranger announced that he had induced his friend to bring him to that gathering chiefly with a view of asking whether there was any one amongst that crowd of gifted persons who could give him a test—the one he particularly sought being a psychometric account of a very small package he held in his hand. Notwithstanding the fact that there were several well-known mediums—some professional ones—assembled in that gathering, a dead silence followed on the gentleman's challenge, and no one stirred until the lady in whose honour the party was given stepped forward, and, without a word, took the little well-papered package from the gentleman's hand.

This lady was not known as a Psychometrist, nor had she practised the gift for some years. Moved by an impulse she could not resist, she spoke under influence, going back in time thousands of years ago to the banks of the Nile. She described vast bands of Egyptian worshippers, of different periods of time, bowing before "*a tall, tapering, high stone thing pointing up to the skies.*" In a speech occupying over three-quarters of an hour she described long centuries of time *up to the past year*, when parties of other nations joined with the native Egyptians

in pulling down with ropes and machines the tall stone thing, beneath the base of which were many pieces of coin, of *which this medal* was one. Then came a description of a shipment—a voyage—of the tall thing, lying on a wooden bed, ninety-three miles away, in a dock (New York), and the owner of that medal bargaining for and possessing the treasure she then held in her hand. The gentleman, then addressing the company, informed them that the paper contained a medal, which he then exhibited, and was found, among other pieces of the same kind, under the Egyptian “Cleopatra’s Needle” which the United States Government had just purchased, and which was at that time lying, as the Psychometrist had described, in a barge in a New York Dock. The gentleman was a devoted antiquarian and naturalist, and had purchased the medal at a high cost from the authorities who had the relics in charge.

But it was not so much the accuracy of the descriptions given that delighted the owner, as well as all present; it was the amazing fact that the history of the country, the people, the ages, and the disinterment of the little revelator—the voyage and all its circumstances, and the people surrounding it—were all engraved in hidden occult characters on that dumb but most eloquent piece of metal!!

Well, indeed, may Professors Buchanan and Denton call the discovery of Psychometry “a new era in modern civilization.” But this is not the all—not a tithe of the revelations Psychometry has to make.

For the present, all we have to say in closing this article is, that Colonel and Mrs. Kase are old and esteemed residents of North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia. Both are living, and they and their many friends who were present at the above-named scene will, I am confident, cheerfully testify to the truth of this state-

ment. As it is more than probable that this number of the magazine may fall into their hands, I may yet be able to add their testimony to my own narrative.

In view, however, of the immense importance of the subject under consideration, I shall make farther illustrations of the marvels of genuine Psychometry in the next issue of this magazine.

THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

CHAPTER IV.

LONG and far into the night sat the two friends, conversing on their several experiences, after the master of the house had carefully veiled and shut away from sight the wonderful picture of Eve and the Serpent, which we attempted, though most imperfectly, to describe in the last chapter. The substance of the mutual revelations interchanged in many hours' converse between the friends we shall endeavour to condense into the following dialogue.

Reginald Balfour: "You told me, Dick, that on your father's death you wrote to your uncle, Sir Lester Stanhope, asking his help in settling up your father's affairs. At what place did you address him, may I ask?"

Richard Stanhope: "At his castle of St. David's, in Wales."

R. B.: "Did you know that for some years past he has lived abroad?"

R. S.: "I cannot say I know this. I have heard as much, but only casually, and by report. I do not even know where he has now taken up his abode."

R. B.: "Well, Dick, I do; and as that knowledge has had a considerable deal of influence on my life and fortunes, and—at least I am in hope, if not in certainty—may have the same on yours, I commence what I have to tell by speaking first of him. The fact is, Dick, this crusty old relative of yours was, as perhaps you know, an enthusiastic devotee of art, and at one time president of the London Art Gallery, or some such association (I forget its name, I having lived so many years abroad). Do you know this? [Stanhope nodded.] Well, I only learned all about it when he came to live in Florence, just after he had succeeded, it seems, to a baronetcy and a fortune by the death of some intervening heirs, and ascended from plain Mr. Stanhope to be Sir Lester."

R. S.: "Just so, Reginald; what then?"

R. B.: "Why, this—that, leaving the field of professional art for that of amateur, and being, as you know, a devout Catholic, Sir Lester took to art of what he called a sacred character, and presuming that the old vagrants and adventuresses that the Catholic Church made into saints and saintesses were all sacred, and far better because they lived a few hundred years ago than the good men and women of our own time, so he—the said Sir Lester—under the influence of that priestly discernment which has such a wonderful eye for rich men, was induced to fill his beautiful Florentine Palazzo with all sorts of daubs brought to him under the name of sacred art. I haven't time now to tell you of the horrid things this devotee of monkish trickery has stuck upon his walls—fried saints, grilled saints, drowned saints, and saints crucified head downwards cover every inch of space in your devout uncle's dwelling, and he himself, as I am credibly informed, wears out at the knees no less than one pair of trousers a week crawling from one horrible image to another on his marrow bones."

R. S. : "Spare your jokes on the poor old man, dear boy. He, as I have heard, is a fierce Catholic ; you, as I know, are a no less fierce infidel. Why censure so harshly what you do not understand ?"

R. B. : "Stop a bit, my dear fellow, and just hear me a moment. If I am an infidel to the religion of Priestcraft and baseless humbug, the devotees of such Munchausen fables are infidels to me. I profess the religion of Reason. I don't know who or what created me, except my mother and father, and being endowed with reason, I presume that endowment means use, and as long as I use my reason and it is convicted of any truth, that is my religion. Outside of my said reason all that claim to teach what they cannot prove are 'infidels' to me, just as much as I am to them."

R. S. : "Still, Reginald, your reason should tell you that there are mysteries of mind, thought, special genius and inspiration that mere reason cannot touch, cannot explain or account for. There are other worlds than this, my friend—a life beyond this life, the realities of which we sometimes see or feel or hear of in glances and glimpses, and of which some favoured ones know more than others, who boast of measuring everything in the vast, vast, unknown universe by their poor sensuous perceptions, called by them 'reason.' Reason ! Good Heaven ! I have had an inner life—aye, and will have more—in which the *reason* that seems to grow out of the infinitesimally small modicum of life that the senses can inform us of, can tell me nothing. But forgive me, my friend. I interrupt your narrative with my waking dreams."

R. B. : "Well, dear boy, let us proceed on ground we can tread in common. Your uncle, '*Milor Stanhope*,' as the Italians call your rich uncle, having made a visit to Rome, the tidings went abroad in our artistic circles that

he wanted 'to begin from the beginning,' and e'en desired to have the picture of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the talking serpent; and, moreover, that to any artist who should paint a picture of these illustrious parties on a canvas just so wide and so broad, with a vivid delineation of the Garden of Eden just as it was when the world began—or, at any rate, just as the artist fancied that it was—whoever, in a word, should be successful in the production of such a picture as ten of the best Italian artists out of twenty-five should give their verdict for, should receive for said Garden of Eden and its inhabitants, five thousand pounds. Now, Dick, you have been reading me a kind of diatribe lesson against making mere human reason the only standard of guidance in this battle of earthly life of ours. I am quite sure you are right, for if ever there was a true disciple of *unreason*, that fellow now sits before you in my particular shape. As a proof of this, what must possess my foolish brain but the determination to enter into competition for this very prize of *Milor Stanhope's*.

"I had been and am, fairly succesful both in figure and landscape painting, but somehow it was no sense of my own abilities or even a bare suspicion that I could win the prize, but it was an impulse that never left me day or night, waking or sleeping, I might almost say; that I *must* compete for it—nay, more, idiot that I was! it came to me, like a voice telling me so, that Sir Lester would pay out into my very hands the banknotes that amounted to five thousand pounds. Laugh at me if you will, Richard, but positively I could any day during the last three years have sat down and painted that Sir Lester, whom at that time I had never seen, counting out into my hands the banknotes, all in hundred pounds, which I was to carry off, for this prize. Well, you smile, of course, but never mind. Let me get on with my

story. Now, the first thing wanted was a model. Living close to me, in the garret of a most miserably poor tenement house, was an old blind priest, to whom I was first attracted by seeing him walking out, led by one of the loveliest young creatures I had ever set eyes on. Well, this lovely young creature (a girl, of course) I saw one day coming down the steps of a fellow-artist's studio, and on inquiry I found that she was in the habit of going out as an artist's model, and that what she thus earned enabled her to support her old blind uncle, the whilom priest. It was not long before I made the acquaintance of this poor couple, and contributed something to their humble ménage by painting the old priest as 'Belisarius.' Growing more and more fascinated with his fair niece, I proposed to put her lovely form and face into one or more of my historical pictures, when on this point I received a stern denial from her guardian, the old blind priest. He had pledged his faith, he said, to four artists who desired her services, that she should sit for them and for no one else; more than that, they should never make any sketches of her *form*, and confine their portraitures wholly to her face and throat.

"Now the very fact that this magnificent creature was as forbidden fruit to me, and wholly unattainable, was precisely the reason which stimulated me to the fixed purpose of procuring the sole patent right for her supreme beauty as my future model. I never thought about how the thing was to be achieved. I simply resolved IT SHOULD BE SO. It was whilst with this fixed resolve I employed myself in sketching the old priest in every conceivable historical character in which I could thrust his closed eyes and venerable white beard, that I caught the Eve and the Serpent fever, and I determined I must compete for the Lester Stanhope prize. Now, dear fellow, if you could just have read my mind some five or six years ago, and perceived

the fixed and seemingly unattainable purposes that possessed me—first of securing that girl as my sole model property, and next of carrying off the Lester Stanhope prize from all competitors, I don't think you would have thought as much of my boasted standard of 'reason' as I would have wished you to do just now. However, to hasten the catastrophe of my tale, on a certain day, after two or three weeks' absence from home, I called at the poor old priest's lodging, and found he had moved away, e'en to the last lodging he would ever inhabit—to wit, the rest of a pauper's grave.

“In the little empty garret he had slept in, I found his poor forsaken niece packing up for sale their last remnants of furniture, now her only earthly possessions, by the sale of which piecemeal she had maintained herself since her uncle's sudden death. Her wan cheeks and sunken eyes rendered her unfit to pursue her ordinary occupation as a model, and—Heaven (if there is such a place) forgive me! but all at once, as it seemed to me, the dual purposes of my life then seemed to be almost flung at my very feet. The girl had no home, no money, no friends in that country, and knew nothing of her relations in England, from whom she had not heard for years. She felt an unconquerable aversion to calling upon her ordinary employers, either for the purpose of asking assistance or offering service in her present pitiable condition, and now, Dick, what think you was the result of this visit? Nay, don't fire up in eyes and cheeks as if you were a judge going to condemn me to transportation for life as the worst of felons. Sit down, old fellow, and hear me out. That evening Maddalena Morani came to my house, but she did not come until I had taken her, draped as she was in her poor peasant's attire, to the Church of the Sistines, with two of my best known friends and my housekeeper for witnesses. And then and there, by aid of

another good priest I knew, a grand young fellow with whom I have played many a game of billiards, and two of his subordinate assistants, Maddalena Morani became Maddalena Balfour, and my honourable wife."

"God bless and prosper you, good true-hearted brother of mine," cried Richard Stanhope, starting from his chair, grasping and heartily shaking his friend's hand, and then speaking with an emotion that almost choked his utterance, he queried, still holding his friend's hand, "You are happy with her? She must have made you a good wife; of that I need scarcely ask."

"Better not," replied Balfour, dryly. "However, to cut the story short, I soon succeeded in persuading Maddalena to become her husband's model for the great picture I was to compete for. She stood splendidly, looked like an angel, and I painted the thing like a Raphael, but it didn't win the prize. Of course, I knew nothing about the Bible, or Bible worthies, and so when my picture went in for competition, Sir Lester, they say, nearly swooned away at the sight of an Eve with black waving hair and large brown eyes."

"Oh, Reginald!" cried Stanhope, "how could you be such a fool?"

"Simply because there are far greater fools than I in the world, Dick," replied Balfour. "Of course, you and such as you—believers in the old-wives' fables of antiquity—set down the first woman of creation as golden-haired and blue-eyed. Well, you know the lady, and I don't. I don't question but that the same reverend gentlemen, who exhibit the holy, seamless coat that was worn by the Saviour of bad men and the destroyer of good ditto, will some fine day exhibit (*for a consideration*) the coats of skin and garments of fig leaves that 'the Lord' sewed for Adam and Eve. Until these appear, I have as much right to represent my ideas of Eve as a lovely Italian

woman, with dark, waving hair and lustrous, brown eyes, as Max Müller has to suggest that the original Adam and Eve be painted with india rubber skins, black wool on their heads, and mouths considerably more prominent than their flat nasal organs. Be this as it may, I didn't know any better—thought of Mrs. Adam as of Mrs. Balfour in prospective, and married the girl I wished to paint but objected to degrade. The result—thus far, old fellow, was unfortunate—showed I was neither well informed concerning original, *at least Biblical, creative lore*, or woman's nature. My picture was rejected, and—I must say as much—every other sent in was the same. But something in my picture must have struck the rich prize-giver, for—would you believe it—he sent for me, told me I had got the wrong kind of Eve, being (I suppose) personally acquainted with the lady, and knowing her to be a blonde, not a brunette, he complimented me on my artistic skill, and assured me that if, within three years from that time, I could find a blonde Eve, all the rest was assured, and the five thousand should be mine unconditionally.”

“Now, Dick, fine and complimentary as all this seemed to be, it was just like water poured on a duck's back. My Eve fever had burnt out. Marriage cares came upon me. Time went on, and I having some talent, I suppose, and much industry, have just gone on working up daily bread and household supplies pretty successfully. I manage to win the supplies, and Madame Balfour knows how to spend them. A warm and cordial invitation from some relatives of mine at Twickenham—only a few miles from hence, you know—induced me to come to my native land on a holiday trip, a recuperative rest I much need, and now, being here, my *un-reason* of reason induces me to think there is an *under*, or it may be an *upper*, current of influence, that moves us poor mortals very much as if

we were but pieces on the chessboard of some invisible but mighty and potential realm of chess-playing being. This idea—a favourite one of mine, Dick—is strengthened into certainty by the sight of *your* wonderful portraiture of my abortive subject. Dick, your Eden, the flowers, trees, landscape, serpent, and all the details of your picture, save and except the peerless Eve, is so nearly a prototype of mine, that if I could but believe in a higher directing and governing world than this, I should come to the conclusion it was occupied with us both, and—for reasons only to be outwrought in the scheme of destiny—had presented to us the same idea, to be incarnated in an art creation—mine to be coloured as the devil of beauty, yours as the angel. No comments, Dick; the thing is clear. Now for the result. Pack up that picture of yours. It is framed and ready, of course, for the Academy. Trust it to me, will you?"

"It is yours, Reginald, to do as you choose with it."

"Good! May the powers that be do so unto me, and more, also, if I do wrong to thee, my friend! To-morrow, then, I start for Rome. Arrived there, hey for Florence, and with that picture of yours for Sir Lester Stanhope's inspection, if you are not the recipient of that five thousand pounds prize within one month from this, sue me for damages, and brand me as the serpent of the legend that led on the father and mother of the race to destruction."

(To be continued.)

"And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining garments. * * * And when they found not his body they came saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive."—Luke, c. 24.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

By W. D. McCracken.

(From the "Arena" for April, 1892.)

A RUMOUR had gone abroad that the Pope was to officiate in St. Peter's on All Saints' Day. The spectacle was sufficiently rare to send all Rome pouring over the Bridge of St. Angelo to see Leo XIII. break through that thin crust of fiction which makes him a prisoner in the Vatican.

There was unwonted animation in the piazza. The two fountains were playing, and with every puff of wind sprinkled an eager crowd that filed in lines towards the steps. Cabs rattled across the paved court to leave their occupants under the façade. The ugly accumulation of buildings which constitute the Vatican loomed into a sky of tender blue, but the monster dome dominated everything, like a gilded idol sitting serenely upon its massive substructure.

As the faithful mounted the steps in the light of the sun and entered within, they seemed to disappear into a dark, insatiable maw, from which there could be no return. Behind the leather curtains of St. Peter's there is a climate which knows neither winter nor summer. Its day is toned to twilight and its night holy with unquenched candles.

As I entered, the place was full of echoes that came from the moving of chairs, the footfalls of men in cassocks, the murmurs of distant prayers, amens, and chants in monotone. Sibilant whispers, always heard in churches, struck upon the ear, and the hum of many subdued sounds seemed caught up by the dome and faintly re-echoed all around. Ah! the immensity which was

suggested by this strange musical quality. It was more convincing than all the statistics of measurement.

Cherubs sported on the pillars or grouped themselves into medallions—delicious creations, who served to mitigate the essential vulgarity of the prevailing decoration. Heroic prophets standing in theatrical attitudes, their garments hanging in unnatural folds, or on the tombs the figures of women, grinning skulls, and popes, knowing-looking and worldly wise. Bernini's baldachino rose in costly vandalism above the main altar, and at the extremity of the chancel there was a grotesque glory of gilded plaster. But even the motley, tasteless mosaic detail could not rob St. Peter's of its magnificent lines, which in the aggregate produce an impression of vastness, at first unsuspected, but gradually creeping into the soul.

While I waited the Vatican was swarming like a hive. All grades of the Roman hierarchy had sent representatives; all the orders, in their multi-coloured cowls, emissaries from the ends of the earth, to wait upon the Holy Father; country clergymen, coming like Luther, all reverence, into the realms of intrigue; monks sworn to poverty, bronzed and bearded; priests, secret spies, money lenders, and political advisers; missionaries and chaplains; men fresh from their parishes, or debauched by crimes begun at the confessional or in the drawing-room; pages, clad in scarlet, in the service of the cardinals. In the cells of that mighty hive there were feasting and praying, fasting and blaspheming; for aspirations and infamies, which were to affect the world, were being concocted, and the representative of the Nazarene Carpenter was crying aloud for kingly power.

And all the time the Swiss Guard watched by the portals. They looked theatrical and just a little foolish in the costume of red, black, and yellow designed by Michael Angelo. The deliberate guttural of their speech

contrasted strangely with the soft Italian of their environment; and, indeed, they stood there somewhat shame-faced as the only survivors of that mercenary system which in the middle ages sapped the national life of Switzerland, and made her the prey of bribing ambassadors.

But the time had come. An impatient crowd awaited the entry of the Pontiff into St. Peter's with apprehension growing, lest they be cheated of the promised spectacle.

There was heard a loud clanging as the iron gate of a chapel was thrown open, and a train of ecclesiastics entered the church and moved towards the main altar. Suddenly there came a hoarse command, and the Papal Guard presented arms to the divinity of the place. He came, borne upon the shoulders of the faithful, in his sedia, covered with a silken canopy. Hail, Pontifex Maximus! The triple mitre was on his head, from which the greatest jewels of the ages sparkled; his vestments glittered beside his pallid old man's skin. He raised his jewelled hand in blessing, bending now to one side, now to the other, over the serried ranks; and his face—it was keen and intellectual, even to shrewdness, ever watchful and nervous, yet restrained, a face fit for a scholar, a diplomat, and a fox; at once self-contained, full of resources, cast in a conservative mould; and, yet, poor old god! he was carried aloft in a false position, a pathetic figure, like a shrivelled old woman at a ball.

The magnificent blasphemy of this ceremony appalled. Its audacity made one afraid, and yet it fascinated with the savage splendour of its fanaticism. It was all so purely pagan, sensuous, un-Christlike. An Anglican clergyman at my side watched with rapt countenance, and then fell on his knees, for the mark of his future apostacy was upon him.

Then the sombre music of the mass for the dead stole through the church from where the incense and the candles burned, and after a while I heard the thin, small voice of an old man in faint recitation. It sounded, attenuated by the immensity of the church, as though it had passed through many atmospheres or pierced the walls of a tomb. The quavering monotone ceased amid a profound hush. God rest their souls! Yes, there was pathos in the scene for him who was attuned to the true meaning of life.

When the procession returned from the altar to the chapel door along the marble pavement, I could see the Pope far down the cheering throng, swaying slightly upon his lofty sedia, blessing as he passed, smiling with polite serenity, gratified by the enthusiasm, but weary with old age.

As he came nearer, the brilliancy of the whole spectacle flashed upon me, and again its blasphemy insulted my manhood. For a moment it seemed impossible to repress a cry of horror. The wrath of outraged humanity surged within me at sight of this crude *show*. I longed for the "*Carpenter*" to come with his punishing scourge of cords.

Thus I staggered into the piazza. The sun beat joyously upon it from a luminous sky; the fountains prattled to the bathing pigeons; there was the rumble of Roman streets in the distance, and the joys of daily life came back again.

After all, if we can suffer the vileness of the slums to endure, we must also bear with Pontifex Maximus and his train. . . .

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF *U. U.*—The above is a genuine picture of the present day following and head of the Church founded in the name and for the honour of

Jesus of Nazareth. To show yet more clearly the character, standing, and teaching of him whom the imbecile old man representative of an "*infallible Church*" professes to follow and *imitate*, take the founder's own words, if the only record remaining of him upon earth be true :—

And Jesus saith unto him : The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.—*Matt.*, viii, v. 20.

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.—*Matt.*, ix, v. 35.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples : If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.—*Matt.*, xvi, v. 24.

"Look upon this picture, and look upon that."—*(Hamlet.)*

TRANSITION OF E. W. CAPRON, THE FIRST HISTORIAN OF THE GREAT MODERN MOVEMENT CALLED SPIRITUALISM.

IN a recent number of the *Banner of Light* appears the following notice :—

A SPIRITUAL VETERAN GONE HOME.

"A note from Nathaniel R. Mills, dated 'Chapin Home,' No. 151, East 66th Street, New York City, April 21st, informs us that Mr. Eliab W. Capron passed to the higher life from that place on Monday, at 10 a.m. The interment was to be at Chester, Pa., on Wednesday p.m.

"Mr. Capron will be remembered as having been identified with the earliest phenomena of Modern Spiritualism at Hydesville, and the author of a book of 438 pages, entitled, 'Modern Spiritualism ; Its Facts and Fanaticisms ; Its Consistencies and Contradictions,' published in this city [Boston] by Bela Marsh.

"When the excitement caused by the phenomena was at its height, and the crisis came whether the unseen workers should be recognized and encouraged as friends, or discarded and forced to retire as enemies of mankind, the youngest of the children, Kate Fox, was removed to the home of Mr. Capron, who was then residing in Auburn. The first

public investigation of the claims of Spiritualism was held in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N.Y., on the evening of November 14th, 1849. Mr. Capron was selected to deliver the opening address, which he did in a manner, says Mrs. Britten in her 'History of Modern Spiritualism,' so truthful and interesting that it commanded the respectful attention of a numerous audience. 'The profound silence maintained during its delivery was broken only by the clear tones of the speaker, and the distinctly audible, though muffled sounds of the raps, which constantly emphasized the striking passages of the address.' The result of the investigation was such that in the office of a Rochester daily an article that had been put in type announcing 'the entire explosion of the rapping humbug' was cancelled, and one of a diametrically opposite character published in its place.

"In 1850 Mr. Capron formed at his home in Auburn what was known as 'The Auburn Circle,' of which the youngest of the Fox children (Kate) was the medium. A large number of the best known people attended. Says Mrs. Britten :—

"'Spirit music was produced, hands were seen, felt, and even examined, forming and melting in the clasp that held them ; messages of affection, timely warning, and prescient intelligence were constantly spelled out through the raps ; the furniture moved, and almost every conceivable phase of intelligent spiritual phenomena exhibited to all who chose to come and witness it.'"

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Capron was one of the most active supporters of the Fox children at the most critical and eventful periods in the history of Modern Spiritualism. Because of this fact Spiritualists throughout the world should "keep his memory green" in pure gratitude, realizing that it is largely through his unintermittent efforts that they are given palpable proof that their "dead" live ; and because of that, they are in possession of a knowledge of inestimable value through life, consolation as they stand at the graves of their friends, and a wealth of content that no one can deprive them of . . .

When it is remembered that the famous Rochester knockings occurred in the year 1848, and Mr. Capron's excellent and fearless work mentioned above came out in 1854, the courage and consistency, no less than the devotion, of this noble Quaker (for such he was) to the cause of his adopted faith, can never be too gratefully estimated or too highly lauded. On page 376 of his excellent his-

tory he gives the following brief sketch of what it was in those early days to be labelled "a Spiritualist." He says :

"In the first struggle to introduce it (Spiritualism) in all the cities and towns of the United States, a mere glance at the facts and occurrences would make of itself a library of respectable size. But in the first struggle to introduce it, when it was not only a novelty but a thing everywhere spoken against, there were occurrences and trials which should be given to the world to be read by future generations.

"The opposition has been as bitter as any new theory or facts ever encountered. . . . There are various ways in which persecution may be carried on without fire and faggot, whilst its effects are almost as severe. I have seen men's business prospects blighted, and their families made to suffer, because they would not deny the facts they had witnessed. I have seen men of the highest moral worth, vigorous minds, capable, honest, and trustworthy, refused employment and driven to desperation, because they were known to believe in Spiritualism.

"I have heard the characters of noble men and women traduced in the pulpit, the lecture-room, and the drawing-room, for the same cause. Men were seized, kidnapped, conveyed to distant states, and incarcerated in lunatic asylums, and their property as nearly confiscated as their accusers could make it, for no other reason than believing in Spiritualism.

"Women were declared to be insane, and treated as such for the same cause. Friends were alienated, neighbours tabooed, and customers forsook the Spiritualists, and these were but some of the wrongs inflicted on some of the early believers."

Mr. Capron's account of the first public investigation, which took place in three nights sessions in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, his vivid description of the sufferings and persecutions of the early mediums, and the subsequent reign of folly, fanaticism, and ignorance which ensued amongst the early believers in the movement, are all most instructive, and sufficiently prove how shamefully and injuriously the clergy for centuries have disregarded the charge of their great Biblical authority, Paul the Apostle, *i.e.*, "*Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.*" Whatever wrongs, follies, or mistakes the early Spiritualists have committed may be fairly laid to the charge of the dominant clergy, who not only kept the people as well as themselves in ignorance of spiritual gifts, but when at last the power

fell upon mankind, and "the spirit was poured out upon all flesh," the most bitter antagonists to the power, and the most unrelenting *fighters against the living God*, were the clergy, whose duty it was to be the first to herald in and explain the divine outpouring.

I have frequently met and gone over the ground of the first days of mighty warfare with good Mr. Capron, but it is now some six or seven years since I saw him, and now I learn that the grand old veteran—the man to whose courage, fidelity to truth, and the best interests of humanity, we owe much of our successes in Spiritism—died in a *public* institution—in other words, a refuge for the aged and homeless. Well may we all rejoice in grateful memory of this good man's incalculable services to humanity, to be assured that he has at last reached that "Home, sweet home" in which he is no more indebted to the cold charities of the world, but which he has nobly earned as the good and faithful servant of both God and man.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ENQUIRERS.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

WE have received a large number of questions respecting clairvoyance, and especially in reference to the means of evolving it when it does not become manifest normally, and of cultivating the power in those who have already given evidence of its existence. One querist asks what is meant by *objective* and *subjective* clairvoyance, and which ought he to *desire*? Answering the last part first, we may say we should look in vain to find any thinking person who did not *desire* to be clairvoyant; but we should look equally in vain to find a way to produce—or, in other words, to *acquire*—clairvoyance in any organism not naturally gifted with the power. Clairvoyance is Spiritual sight, or that form of sight peculiar to the eyes of the soul, enabling the seer to behold the Spiritual part of things, and those independent of space, distance, or material obstacles. It is to the sense of sight what psychometry is to the sense of touch, revealing, as above stated, the spiritual part or soul

of things. There are two modes alone in which clairvoyance operates. One is by the direct power of the soul in the occasional opening of the spiritual sight; and the other is when a spirit finds a subject, or "medium," upon whom that spirit can impress ideas, which take the form of spiritual sight. In neither case can clairvoyance be exercised or impressions received unless the subject is originally and normally endowed either with clairvoyance or mediumistic power.

As to the term "objective," it does not apply to any sight, sound, or sense of feeling of a purely spiritual character. When a spirit can exhibit a materialised form, visible to the external eye, or produce a sound or touch palpable to the external senses, such manifestations are objective. In all cases where the demonstrations are realised only by the perceptions of the soul, they are subjective. As to the means of *unfolding* these soul-powers, a hundred or more individuals may desire them, and one alone out of the number may manifest their possession; but whether exhibited by the one or the many, the experience of the best seers, ancient and modern, no less than the teachings of thousands of wise spirits, tends to the belief that unless there is an original normal faculty in the individual to be called forth, all the practices in the world will never put the power in where it does not exist. Every human being not actually dumb can speak with a voice, but it is the few only that can use that voice in the art of singing. There are many persons who, having eyes, cannot distinguish one colour from another; many having ears to whom the faculty of distinguishing one tune from another does not exist. Can education or training supply these deficiencies? Absolutely not. Even in the still more subtle realm of the moral and intellectual qualities, one brother may be a saint, another of the same family and under the same training may be a sinner. In the school, and also under the same training, one scholar may be the brightest of geniuses—another the dullest of dunces. In the same category of *original organizations*, we repeat, thousands upon thousands of the wisest spirits of the new dispensation have ranged SOUL POWERS, alleging even that which so few Spiritualists seem to comprehend, that in the spirit world there are *medium spirits*, and that it is through these alone that the chief of the manifestations through circles and professional mediums are given. In reference to crystals, water, discs, ink, or shining objects, their chief use in developing powers of clairvoyance *where it does exist*, is to fix the attention of the seer, and divert all the senses from other external objects. Animal magnetism, indeed, goes beyond this, as it infuses a fresh magnetic element into the subject, and this becomes a controlling power in precisely the same way as a powerful SPIRIT can control a trance medium.

A WOULD-BE FAKEER.—To answer this now we should only anticipate, and in this respect detract from the interest of the "Ghostland" papers, in some of which our readers will find—in future numbers—the training of Eastern ascetics fully described.

A SIMPLE ONE writes: What is the method, or what, and how can I perform good deeds by "*White Magic*?" I should much like to

know *how* to perform *White Magic*. I should ever be ready to act the good Samaritan. I have myself suffered and felt the *pains* caused by enemies, and could feelingly think of others. I would *much* like to know how to work *White Magic*. *Black Magic* is out of the question with me.

Answer.—White and black magic are only terms used in days of ignorance and superstition, to signify the same powers now exerted by magnetizers and mediums. Psychology, or strong will, is perhaps a more potent factor in the world's economy than the world's rank and file knows or dreams of; and when strong psychological power is projected in any direction from a strongly magnetic person, it touches the object or person aimed at for good or evil, and according to the intent for good or evil of the psychologist has it been named "white or black magic." As to spells, charms, incantations, etc., all these were only used as means of *concentrating* will-power, the real power being in the WILL, especially as above stated, when that will is projected upon its object by powerful magnetism. Psychological and magnetic endowments like medium powers, however, can only be cultivated when and where they exist originally in the organism. Such powers are best cultivated by practice, séances, asceticism, and simple diet. If our questioners will take the trouble to read with a student's attention the article in the April number of this magazine, entitled "Seers, Prophets, and Mediums," some at least of these problems will find a true and spiritually originated solution. As for persons desirous of doing good by aid of white magic, we can assure them the magical part is only the practical part, and for this object we beg to offer the following simple recipe:—

Do good—do good—there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day;
And to-day when to-morrow comes still.

THE WORLD'S PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AUXILIARY OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

World's Psychical Science Congress Headquarters,

Chicago, May 12th, 1892.

My dear Mrs. Britten,—We have not corresponded for some time, but I trust you have not quite forgotten me. I now write to extend to you a cordial invitation to membership in the *Advisory Council* of this Congress, the announcement of which is enclosed. I am sure you will accept this membership, and be greatly interested in the success of this new and very important movement to place before all the world, in a proper light, those truths to the establishment of which your life has been so nobly devoted. The committee hopes and expects to make it an entire success, and the responses to the announcement already received give them every assurance that such will prove to be the case. The formation of the Council is the matter in immediate hand, and I am specially

charged by the committee with the necessary correspondence to this end. Kindly send me your acceptance at the earliest moment, and let it include the expression of some quotable sentiment, to be afterwards used in print in Bundy's paper or elsewhere. I should also be glad if you would cause the insertion of the announcement in *The Two Worlds*, as we wish to give it the widest possible publicity in order to draw out the state of public opinion. You might like also to express your own views of the situation in this periodical, and give us the benefit of your friendly suggestions and recommendations respecting the best means of conducting the Congress to a successful issue. I need not say how highly we should appreciate your cordial co-operation.—Believe me to be, with great respect, very sincerely yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

The Lindens, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England,
May 30th, 1892.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your kind and courteous invitation to become a member of the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress, and in response to your letter beg to assure you of my high appreciation of your request, especially for two reasons.

In the first place I am glad to find that my American fellow-workers in the noble cause to which the best years of my life have been devoted have not forgotten their absent friend, and through their esteemed representatives offer to do me the highest honour they can confer upon me by placing my name amongst those whom they deem most worthy to be honoured.

Next I hail, with the deepest thankfulness, the formation of this Psychical Congress.

From the facts of my own mediumship—born with me and operating always for good throughout my busy life, but still more from my world-wide observations of Spiritualism and its vast importance as the interpreter and essential life of all religions, and the impelling motor power of all reforms, I rejoice in this Congress as the evidence that the mighty battle between Spiritual facts and priestly bigotry, divine truth and human ignorance, has been fought and won.

The times, too, are in all respects propitious. Many of our veteran workers, amongst those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, have passed on to their well-earned reward, and though my own powers for spiritual labour remain undimmed, and my zeal and deep reverence for our noble cause increases day by day, I see the shadows of life's closing day lengthening around me, and I know the signal for my departure from my earthly field of labour will not be long delayed. But I shall go hence with a far deeper sense of thankfulness than any words can express, to find that the seed sown by good angels and their human allies has taken root at last in the minds of the best thinkers of the age. No better proof of this fact can be given than the formation of the Psychical Science Congress which you honour me by your invitation to join.

In accepting this invitation, however, I am confronted with the perplexing question,—How, or in what possible way, can I contribute to the success of your undertaking? Although, as I have before stated, neither such powers as I have heretofore exerted, nor my warmest heart interest in your work, will be lacking, I must have you remember that in this, as in every land, there are Spiritists and Spiritualists, and here the only field of effort open to me is the conduct of my magazine—"The Unseen Universe"—the pages of which, though devoted to every good work in Spiritualism and reform, are too limited to be of much value to the publications of the Congress. Were I again in the land of my spiritual birth—America—you would not find me second to the most ardent and untiring workers amongst you. At present, however, my dear husband's health is so feeble as to demand the rest and quiet of home, hence my possible visit to your Congress is a doubtful matter. All I can do, therefore, is, in the words of your own immortal poet Whittier, to "watch, wait, and labour," and for the various hindrances impeding my present efforts to serve our beloved cause I can only rest on one of my life's mottoes—"God understands."

Send me any papers or notices you wish printed, and tell me aught that I can do in my present fettered condition, and it shall be done. Meantime I cheerfully add my name for registration in your Council, and with my fervent prayers for the success of your undertaking, I am, very sincerely yours,

EMMA H. BRITTEN.

SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

CONCERNING A BENARES MAGNETIC PHENOMENON.—One day when inspecting some of the temples which are in such numbers all over Benares—writes a correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*—I happened by a mere chance to ask my Indian servant, as we passed a small but very showy temple in a narrow, crowded street, "Is there anything worth seeing here?" He immediately replied, "Oh, yes; devil woman." Naturally this reply roused my curiosity, and I inquired whether the lady was a difficult person to visit, and whether she was dangerous to approach. Hyder said, "Oh, no, very quiet; no hurt, but very much devil." He further volunteered the fact that two rupees was the fee for a séance.

The chamber was a very small one, with at the end, a sort of raised dais, on which was crouched a most hideous old woman. She was a mere skeleton, and her face was wizened and shrivelled up as small as an infant's, but a pair of dark eyes seemed to blaze with light. A small lamp was in the room, but even with it I could see that her hair, which was in tangled grey masses about her shoulders, showed a distinct phosphorescent light. Noticing that I was looking at her hair, she raised her shrivelled hands, and passing them through and through the long locks, she made sparks fly out and bright gleams of light show all over it. I saw that the little platform was made of coarse, dull, greenish glass. The woman stood up, and at that moment the old priest brought to the doorway a small goat. It looked in and seemed very frightened. No sooner did the woman raise her hand than it became still, slowly advanced sideways towards her, and, as it reached the platform, fell down, and was quickly drawn towards her, lying perfectly passive on its side. She then went through the same sort of thing with a cat, which was brought in a basket, two pigeons, and a snake, making them do all sorts of curious antics, making the snake stand perfectly perpendicular, like a stick or young sapling. The birds she brought to her by a curious drawing process through the air; they did not fly, and they seemed averse to going, but were invisibly compelled to advance to her.

She then asked, through my servant, whether I would care to be operated on myself, or should they get in a native. I despatched my servant for a coolie. He brought in an exceedingly tall, handsome lad, who had a devil-may-care expression on his fine face. The woman ordered him to throw off his loose gown, so he had nothing on but a loin-cloth. She then motioned him on the edge of the platform, and almost immediately after a

few passes she placed her hand under his, and slowly raised him off the ground to the height of about two feet, the chamber being so low that he could not get up much higher. She then made a few hypnotic passes, and he became quite stiff, and by a deft turn of her hand she somehow turned his body sideways, and raised him in that position as high as her own breast. She did several other things, and then placing his arms out straight, signed to me to come and put them down. This I attempted to do, but they were as rigid as iron, his fingers and his hips the same, and his eyes, though evidently seeing, did not have the slightest motion. Thoroughly convinced of her power, I then allowed her to practise on myself, and the sensation caused by her even pointing her hand was like an intense discharge from an electric battery, into my body, but by no means an unpleasant sensation. She raised me up in the same way as she had done the coolie, and my power was entirely gone and I was under her control completely, but again with rather agreeable results than otherwise. On her removing her hands and making evidently one or two back passes, a shivery feeling came over me, and I was able to step down from the rough platform.—*Madras Herald*.

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Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden (the Hague) publishes a striking communication from a Spirit, entitled, "The Awakening of an Unprepared Soul," describing the emotions experienced, the knowledge gained, and the work which had to be performed, as the indispensable preliminary and the sole means of progress. The latter was summed up in three words: "To do good," and the methods of doing it were also explained. In concluding his narrative, the Spirit exclaims: "Blessed is he who on earth purifies himself of the dark stains of sins that

have defiled his terrestrial garments, so that he shall not be ashamed to meet the eyes of the heavenly pure."

* * *

William Short, who was in the employ of the Long Island Railroad Company at Jamaica, L.I., disappeared a year ago, leaving a wife and seven children, the oldest only fourteen years old. Some time after his death the widow saw him in a vision, and he told her his body was in the railroad well. The railroad officials refused to examine the well. Mrs. Short was compelled to work in the fields for farmers, to get food for her children, being unable to find other work, and sometimes not even that. Often, after spending the day in seeking vainly for work, she and her children went supperless to bed. Recently she died of sorrow and starvation in a community of plenty. Then one of her children went to the coroner and said that just before his mother died she again saw the spirit of his father, and he wanted the well examined. The coroner concluded to have it done, but he was so fearful of ridicule that he waited till midnight. The well is fifteen feet in diameter and sixty feet in depth, a circular stairway running down the side. At its bottom, under a piece of timber, was the body of the missing man.

* * *

GHASTLY HAND AT THE WINDOW: STARTLING APPEARANCE AS SEEN BY MANY AT OTTAWA, KAN.—Ottawa, Kan., March 1.—This city has a mystery which is causing much comment, and which has so developed that until now it is believed by many there is a genuine ghost here. About Feb. 1st there appeared on a window pane in the house of Isaac O. Johnson, on Cypress Street, what was called the shadow of a hand. The appearance could be seen from both sides of the window, but only at certain hours of the day, unless a dark substance was placed on the outside of the window, and then the hand was visible at all hours. The mystery was supposed to be the result

of lightning's freak, and the pane of glass was cut from the window and sent to Chicago by an enterprising correspondent. It now appears that this did not stop the mystery, for when the glass went to Chicago the shadow of the ghostly hand disappeared from that individual pane and made its appearance on another portion of the window of the same house. The hand is large, and has the appearance of being a man's hand encased in a gauntleted glove. The hand is undoubtedly in the glass, for no amount of washing or rubbing changes it in the least, and, in fact, it fades away and reappears now and then without regard to the time of day. It can now be seen more frequently at night, and is rarely visible during the day while the sun is shining. When it is cloudy or raining the shadow is plain, and as it gets dark in the evening the appearance becomes slightly luminous. The family of Mr. Johnson believe it to be a warning sent by some departed member of the family, or that it is a sign that some one is in need of a helping hand. Whatever it is, there is no doubt about its being on the window, for it has been seen by nearly every person in town.

* * *

The Leader, Cleveland, O., of August 3rd, publishes a telegram from Richmond, Ind., stating that some months ago Samuel Nutting of that city was run down by a switch engine and instantly killed. He had no relatives in Richmond, but a sister in the West, of whom nothing had been heard for years. The first of this month the postmaster of Richmond received a letter from the sister, living near Davenport, Ia., asking for information as to her brother, and stating she had dreamed that her brother had been killed in an accident. She had felt worried over the matter, so determined to write and learn if something had happened to him. Particulars were sent to her.

In the Western Carolinas, the sun and moon and planets are all believed to be inhabited by a higher order of beings. Nothing can be more beautiful than many of their ideas concerning the Creator and His works. They think that all have been made by a wise and powerful Being, who directs and governs all, and whose abode is above the stars; that He watches over all His children, and over the whole of animated nature with a paternal care and affection; that He provides for the subsistence of man and the whole animal kingdom.

* * *

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN GERMANY.—Spirit photographs have now for the first time been obtained in Germany through the mediumship of Frau Minna Demmler. The first successful attempt was made when, under spirit direction, no artificial light was used, and the medium was entranced on a given day by daylight, while the others formed a circle round the table on which the photographic apparatus stood. By the first attempt on January 11th a sort of cloud was seen on the first plate at the right hand of the medium, and nothing on the second plate. On the second on January 16th an intense light on the left of the medium on the first plate, and the misty form of a figure on the second. On the third January 21st an outstretched arm on the first plate, and on the second a clearly defined female form which the Demmler family recognised as their cousin. The spirits said that they worked upon the plates before the photograph was actually taken, and so Mr. Hotz, as an experiment, developed two of the plates, intended for the next attempt, without having previously exposed them to the light, and obtained on both a curiously formed light. This light must have been produced in a transcendental way, as no daylight acted on the plates, and is therefore of great scientific interest.—*Light.*



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