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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

Zoistic Science and Intelligence,

EMBODYING

PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, SPIRITUALISM,
PHILOSOPHY, THE LAWS OF HEALTH,
AND SOCIOLOGY.

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PREFACE.

It is now eight years since we commenced our task, and with the flight of time have come great changes in public opinion. It was our clearly stated purpose to recognise man's spiritual nature as a scientific fact, and dependent thereon give such strict and respectful attention to the spiritual phenomena and other evidences of immortality and communion with the spirit-world as is usually accorded in scientific journals to the ordinary facts of physical existence. In a word, our intention in establishing *Human Nature* was to assist in the cultivation of a New Anthropology, in which the spiritual attributes of man would play the most important part, underlying, as they do, the more external developments of his nature.

The commencement of such an enterprise was attended with great difficulties. There were no writers capable of teaching such a subject, which had not then even taken shape, except mentally, as a project. However, we had the whole field of human nature before us; and as our object was not to burden the world with another repository of spiritualistic anecdotes, we drew largely upon the many streams in which the fulness of Humanity is contained, and only alluded to Spiritualism when we could do so in a somewhat distinctive manner. At that time there was no means of intercommunication between liberal investigators of spiritual phenomena in this country, so that our early volumes assume somewhat the character of a newspaper. This want has long since been met in a better manner than a monthly could supply, and now valuable space is available for more particular uses.

Though marred by many crudities, our effort has been a success.

Notwithstanding the numerical strength of several so-called Anthropological bodies, this Magazine is the oldest Anthropological organ in this country. Our continued existence is due to the fact that we eagerly introduce all new phenomena calculated to extend a knowledge of the Nature of Man, and the other periodicals as anxiously shut such new facts out. The present volume exhibits with what gratifying effect this policy has been attended. The articles by M. A. (Oxon) on the phenomena of Spiritualism have been quoted in all quarters of the world, and are doing a work for Anthropological science which it would be impossible to estimate. The illustrations by means of spirit-photographs is quite a novel feature, and has added much to the influence of the letterpress. Other names besides that just alluded to show that there is not now the same dearth of writers as there was eight years ago, to all of whom our heartfelt thanks are due for generous assistance. We close the present volume with the hope that it may be found of real service in the important works of scientific research, philosophical thought, and practical experience respecting the Nature of Man.

PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, LONDON,
Dec. 1, 1874.

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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JANUARY, 1874.

BUDDHIST THEOLOGY IN CONNECTION WITH SPIRITISM.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BOOK OF GOD," "BOOK OF ENOCH," ETC.

THE Buddha Talapoins, or Rahans, by the rule of their order, are enjoined to go to the temples and perform their devotions twice a-day, in the morning and evening; to confess their faults to each other; to be watchful not to encourage any wicked thought, or ever to admit into the mind any doubt with respect to their religion; never to speak to any of the other sex alone, nor look steadfastly upon any one they may accidentally meet; not to prepare their own food, but to eat what may be given or set before them, ready dressed; not to enter into a house to ask alms, nor to wait for them longer at the door than the time that an ox may take to drink when he is thirsty; not to affect friendship or kindness with a view to obtain anything; to be sincere in all their dealings, and, when it may be necessary, to affirm or deny anything—to say simply *it is*, or *it is not;* never to be angry or strike any one, but to be gentle in their manners, and compassionate to all; not to keep any weapons of war; not to judge any one by saying he is good, or he is bad; not to look at any one with contempt; not to laugh at any one, nor make him the subject of ridicule; not to say any one is well made, or ill made, or handsome, or ugly; not to frighten or alarm any one; not to excite people to quarrel, but endeavour to accommodate their disputes; to love all mankind equally; not to boast either of birth or learning; not to meddle in any matters of government that do not immediately respect religion; not to be dejected at the death of any one; not to kill any one; not to drink spirituous liquors of any kind; not to disturb the earth by labouring

* The term "Spiritism" is here used in the same sense as that usually designated by the word "Spiritualism" in this magazine.—ED. *H. N.*

in it; not to cut down any plant or tree; not to cover the head, or to have more than one dress; not to sleep out of their monastery, or to turn and go to sleep again when once awake; not to sleep after eating, until the duties of religion are performed; not to eat out of any vessel of silver or gold; not to play at any game; not to accept of money but by the hand of the person in the monastery, who may be appointed for that purpose, and then to apply it to charitable and pious works; not to envy any one what he may enjoy; not to be in anger with any one, and, retaining that anger, come with him to any religious ceremony or act of devotion; not to sleep on the same bed with any one; not to move the eye while speaking, nor make a noise with the mouth in eating, nor speak with victuals in the mouth, nor pick the teeth before company. Besides these, they have many other rules respecting their morals and behaviour—rules not one whit more ascetic or self-subduing than those which Jesus taught on the Mount, but which few of his disciples think it necessary to follow. Indeed, a careful comparison of the teachings of the Third and Fourth Messengers with that of the Ninth establishes so singular an identity between them, that either the Essenes, to whom Jesus is said to have belonged, were a community of Talapoin or Sin-To priests, or Jesus himself must have travelled in Tibet or China, and have brought to Syria the flower and essence of the Buddhist creed. His singular disappearance from his twelfth to his forty-ninth year lead to the conclusion that he travelled far.* (John viii. 57.)

Rahan, says Bigandet, is used to designate in general the religions belonging either to the Buddhistic or Brahminical sects. When Buddhists happen to mention their brethren of the opposite creed, who have renounced the world, and devoted themselves to the practice of religious duties, they invariably call them Rahans. When they speak of Pouhnas or Brahmins, who are living in the world, leading an ordinary secular mode of life, they never style them Rahans. Hence we may safely infer that the individuals to whom this denomination was applied formed a class of devotees quite distinct from the laymen. The Rahans comprised all the individuals who lived either in community under the superintendence and guidance of a spiritual superior, or privately in forests under the lonely

* This suggestion is very curiously supported by the results of modern mediumship. In an early number of *Human Nature* for 1872, appeared a communication, through Mr. Duguid, of Glasgow, purporting to emanate from a Persian, who was the companion of Jesus in his travels in the far East. Accompanying the narrative was published a *fac-simile* of a direct spirit-drawing, produced in a very short space of time, representing Jesus restoring a dead man to life, who was left in the Ganges to be devoured. That number of *Human Nature* is out of print, but the article in a separate form and the drawing may yet be obtained.—Ed. *H.N.*

shade of trees, and in lonely and solitary places. The latter religions are, however, generally designated under the appellation of Ascetics and Rathees. They were the forefathers of those who, up to our own days, have appeared throughout the length and breadth of the Indian peninsula, practising penitential deeds. These communities appear to have been the centres in which principles were established, opinions discussed, and theories elaborated. The chiefs enjoyed high reputation for learning. Persons desirous to obtain proficiency in science resorted to their abode, and, under their tuition, strove to acquire wisdom.

The ten great virtues or duties of Buddhism are—liberality, observance of the precepts of the law, withdrawal into lonely places, wisdom, diligence, benevolence, patience, veracity, fortitude, and indifference. The five renouncements are—renouncing children, wife, goods, life, and self. All these mortifications, however, are but means to a grand end.

It is related of Chaudama, the First Messenger, that during seven cycles he felt within himself a thought for Buddhaship awakening within his soul. This thought was succeeded by a wish—a desire and a longing for that extraordinary calling. He began to understand that the practice of virtues of the highest order was requisite to enable him to obtain the glorious object of his ardent wishes. When the above period had at last come to an end, the inward workings of his soul prompted him to ask openly for the Buddhaship. This is the exact doctrine taught in the Book of God; it is founded on the ante-natal archangelic condition of the Messenger who descends.

Buddhism, says the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, rose in one respect superior to all other heathen systems—in the loftier tone of its morality. It was a *practical*, and not a speculative philosophy, concerning itself with the charities and duties of life. Here, indeed, we find the secret of its mightiness; the key to its majestic progress in the whole of Eastern Asia. The grand picture of a royal youth [an Archangel] abandoning his home and honours [coming down from heaven] to become the gentle, apt, and sympathetic teacher of the people, was alone sufficient to evoke a class of sentiments forgotten by the old religions. (*Christ and other Martyrs*, i. 235.) This grand doctrine did not belong, however, exclusively to either Tibet or China.

It cannot be doubted that from the earliest ages there existed in the valley of the Ganges, and in the Panjab, a great number of philosophers, who led a retired life, devoting their time to study and the practice of virtue. Some of them occasionally left their hermitages to go and deliver moral instruction to the people; many became missionaries to foreign lands. The fame

that attended these sages attracted around their lonely abodes crowds of hearers, eager to listen to their lectures, and anxious to place themselves under their direction for learning the practice of virtue. Thence arose those multifarious schools where were elaborated those many systems, opinions, &c., for which India has been celebrated from the remotest antiquity. Bishop Bigandet says that he had read two works full of disputations between Buddhists and Brahmins, as well as some of the books of ethics of the former; and that he was astonished at finding in those days the art of arguing, disputing, defining, &c., had been carried to such a point of nicety as almost to leave far behind the disciples of Aristotle. This high order of intellect is attained by Dzan. Dzan means thought, reflection, meditation. It is often designed by the Burmese Buddhists to mean a peculiar state of the soul that has already made great progress in the way of perfection. I have found the science of Dzan, says Bishop Bigandet, divided into five parts, or rather five steps, which the mind has to ascend successively ere it can enjoy a state of perfect quiescence—the highest point a perfected being can attain before reaching the state of Nibân. The first step is when the soul searches after what is good and perfect, and having discovered it, turns its attention and the energy of all its faculties towards it. The second, when the soul begins to contemplate steadily what it has first discovered, and rivets upon it its attention. In the third stage the soul fondly relishes, and is, as it were, entirely taken with it. In the fourth the soul calmly enjoys and quietly feasts on the pure truths it has loved in the former state. In the fifth the soul, perfectly satiated with the knowledge of truth, remains in a state of complete quietude, perfect fixity, unmoved stability, which nothing can any longer alter or disturb.

One of the Buddha legends, by which we learn how the father of the First Messenger, Chaudama, sought to allure him away from his intention to become an ascetic, is as follows: Having retired into his own apartment to enjoy some rest, a crowd of young damsels whose beauty exceeded that of the daughters of Celestials, were sent by his father, and executed all sorts of dances to the sound of the most ravishing symphony, and displayed in all their movements the graceful forms of their elegant and well shaped persons, in order to make some impression upon his heart. But all was in vain, they were foiled in their repeated attempts. Chaudama fell into a deep sleep. The damsels perceiving their disappointment ceased their dances, laid aside their musical instruments, and soon following the example of the young prince yielded to the soporific influence caused by their useless and harassing exertions. The lamps lighted with frag-

rant oil continued to pour a flood of bright light throughout the apartments. Chaudama awoke a little before midnight, and sat in a cross-legged position on his couch looking all around him, he saw the various attitudes and uninviting appearance of the sleeping damsels. Some were snoring, others gnashing their teeth, others with open mouths; some tossed heavily from the right to the left side, others stretched one arm upwards and the other downwards, some seized as it were with a frantic pang, suddenly coiled up their legs for a while, and with the same violent motion again pushed them down. This unexpected exhibition made a strong impression on Phralaong or the Sun-child; his heart was set if possible, freer from the ties of concupiscence, or rather was confirmed in his contempt for worldly pleasure. It appeared to him that his magnificent apartments were filled with the most loathsome and putrid carcases. The seats of passion, those of Rupa and those of Arupa, that is to say the whole world, seemed to his eyes, like a house that is a prey to the devouring flames. All that, said he to himself, is most disgusting and despicable. At the same time his ardent desires for the profession of Rahan were increasing with an uncontrollable energy. On this day at this very moment said he with an unshaken firmness, I will retire into a solitary place.

Upon this incident or myth, Bigandet remarks:—The means resorted to for retaining his son in the world of passions, and thereby thwarting his vocation, could not be approved of by any moralist of even the greatest elasticity of conscience and principles, but they were eminently fitted to try the soundness of the Buddha's calling, and the strong and tenacious disposition of his energetic mind. They set out in vivid colours the firmness of purpose and irresistible determination of his soul in following up his vocation to a holier mode of life; and what is yet more wonderful, the very objects that were designed to enslave him became the instruments which helped him in gaining his liberty, Magnificent indeed is the spectacle offered by a young prince remaining unmoved

in the midst of the most captivating, soul-stirring, and heart-melting attractions, sitting coolly with indifference, nay with disgust on the crowd of sleeping beauties.

In what manner the myths of Buddha, the son of a king, abandoning the world and all its luxuries and allurements to take upon himself the wandering mendicant life, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, arose, is this:— Every archangelic son of God is the son of a king; and when he descends from heaven to preach truth, he abandons a royal and a splendid home, to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth. The framers of the original myths knew that this would refer truly to Fo-hi; but moderns have applied it exclusively to the modern Sakya, which is, in fact, not a name at all, but a title for the Messenger.

Bishop Bigandet gives the following traditionary sermon of the founder of Buddhism, Fo-hi :—

These are the most excellent things which men and spirits ought to attend to, in order to attain Nibân: to shun the company of the foolish; to be always with the wise; to proffer homage to those who deserve it; to remain in a place becoming one's condition; to have always with one's self the recollection of former good works, steadily to maintain a perfect behaviour; to be delighted to hear and see much in order to increase knowledge; to study all that is not sinful. Let every one's conversation be regulated by righteous principles; let every one minister to the wants of his father and mother; provide all the necessaries for wife and children; bestow alms; perform no action under evil influence; observe the precepts of the law; assist one's relatives and friends; be ever diligent in avoiding intoxicating drink. Let every one bear respect to all men; be ever humble; be easily satisfied and content; gratefully acknowledge favours; listen to the preaching of the law in proper season; be prudent; delight in good conversation; visit the religious from time to time, and converse on religious subjects; cultivate the virtue of mortification; practice works of virtue; keep the eyes fixed on Nibân. Whoever observes these perfect laws shall never be overcome by the enemies of the good. Within a narrow compass, adds the Bishop, the Buddha has condensed an abridgment of almost all moral virtue. The first portion of these precepts contains injunctions to shun all that may prove an impediment to the practice of good works. The second part inculcates the necessity of regulating one's mind and intention towards a regular discharge of the duties incumbent on any man in his respective station. Then follows a recommendation to bestow assistance on parents, relatives, and all men in general. Next to that we find recommended the virtues of humility, resignation, gratitude and

patience. After this the preacher insists on the necessity of studying the law. Like the one mentioned by the Latin poet, that would remain firm, fearless and unmoved even in the middle of the ruins of the crumbling universe, the Buddhist sage must ever remain calm, composed and unshaken among all the vicissitudes of life.*

And he said: Hear the parable of Kisogotami. It came to pass that Kisogotami gave birth to a son, and when he was able to walk he died. And the young mother, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went about from house to house asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. When the neighbours saw this, they said: Is the young girl mad, that she carries about on her heart the dead body of her son? But a wise man, thinking to himself thus—Alas! this Kisogotami does not understand the law of death; I must comfort her—said to her: My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who may. And he sent her to a doctor. Kisogotami said to the doctor: Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy? The doctor said: If you bring me some mustard seed, taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has ever died, peradventure it may avail the child. The mother said: Good; and she went from house to house, carrying the dead body astride on her hip. The people said: Here is mustard seed. Then she asked; O, friend, has any died in your house—a son, a husband, a parent, or slave? They made answer: What is this you say? The living are few, but the dead are many. Then she inquired at other houses. One said, I have lost a son; another, I have lost my parents; another, I have lost my slave. But wherever she went, she was not able to find a single house where no one had died. So she said: This is a heavy task; I am not the only one whose son is dead. Everywhere children die, parents die. So she left the dead in the forest, and went and told to the doctor as it had happened. He said: You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death governs all the living. There is no permanence for mortals.

His Sermon on the Mountain is thus given by Bishop Bigandet:—He ascended the mountain with his disciples, and having reached its summit, he sat down. Summoning all his disciples, he said to them: Beloved poor, all that is to be met with in the Three Abodes is like a burning flame. But why is it so? Because the eyes are a burning flame; the objects per-

* A. J. Davis, in his autobiography, relates an interview with his spiritual guides, at which they presented him with "the magic staff." The literal significance of this staff was—Keep an even state of mind. Upon this "staff," Mr. Davis says, he has had occasion to "lean" in times of trial.—Ed. *H. N.*

ceived by the eyes, the view of those objects, the feeling created by that view, are all like a burning flame. The sensations produced by the eyes cause a succession of pleasure and pain, but that pleasure and pain are likewise a burning flame. What are the causes productive of such a burning? It is the fire of concupiscence, of anger, of ignorance, of birth and death, of old age, and of anxiety. Again, the ear is a burning flame; the sounds, the perception of the sounds, the sensations caused by the sounds, are all a burning flame; the pleasure or pain produced by the sounds, are too a burning flame, which is fed by the fire of concupiscence, anger, ignorance, birth, old age, death, anxiety, tears, affliction, and trouble. Again, the sense of smelling is a burning flame; the odours, the perception of odours, the sensations produced by odours, are all a burning flame; the pleasure and pain resulting therefrom are but a burning flame, fed by concupiscence, anger, ignorance, birth, old age, death, disquietude, tears, affliction, and sorrow. Again, the taste is a burning flame; the objects tasted, the perception of these objects, the sensations produced by them, are all a burning flame, kept up by the fire of concupiscence, anger, ignorance, birth, old age, death, anxiety, tears, affliction, and sorrow. Again, the sense of feeling, the objects felt, the perception of those objects, sensation produced by them, are a burning flame; the pleasure and pain resulting therefrom are but a burning flame, fostered by concupiscence, anger, ignorance, birth, old age, death, anxiety, tears, affliction, and sorrow. Again, the heart is a burning flame, as well as all the objects perceived by it, and the sensations produced in it; the pleasure and pain caused by the heart are too a burning flame, kept up by the fire of concupiscence, anger, ignorance, birth, death, old age, disquietude, tears, affliction, and sorrow. Beloved Bickus, they who understand the doctrine I have preached, and see through it, are full of wisdom, and deserve to be called my disciples. They are displeased with the senses, the object of senses, matter, pleasure, and pain, as well as with all the affections of the heart. They become free from concupiscence, and therefore exempt from passions. They have acquired the true wisdom that leads to perfection; they are delivered at once from the miseries of another birth. Having practised the most excellent works, nothing more remains to be performed by them. They want no more the guidance of the sixteen laws, for they have reached far beyond them.

On this Bishop Bigandet makes the following remarks:—The philosophical discourses of Buddha on the mountain may be considered as his summary of his theory of morals. It is confessedly very obscure, and much above the ordinary level of human understanding. The hearers whom he addressed were

persons already trained up to his teaching, and therefore prepared for understanding such doctrines. Had he spoken in that abstruse style to common people, it is certain he would have missed his aim, and exposed himself to the chance of being misunderstood. But he addressed a select audience, whose minds were fully capable of comprehending his most elevated doctrines. He calls his disciples Bickus, or mendicants, to remind them of the state of voluntary poverty they had embraced when they became his followers, and to impress their minds with contempt for the riches and pleasures of this world.

He lays down, as a great and general principle, that all that exists resembles a flame, that dazzles the eyes by its brilliancy, and torments by its burning effects. Hence appears the favourite notion of Buddhism, that there is nothing substantial and real in this world, and that the continual changes and vicissitudes we are exposed to are the cause of painful sensations. Buddha reviews the six senses (the heart, according to his theory, is the seat of a sixth sense) in succession; and as they are the channels through which affections are produced on the soul, he compares to a burning flame the organs of senses, the various objects of the action of senses, the results, painful or agreeable, produced by them. Hence he fulminates a general and sweeping condemnation against all that exists without man. The senses being the means through which matter influences the soul, share in the universal doom. Buddha sets forth the causes productive of that burning flame. They are, first, the three great and general principles of demerits—viz., concupiscence, anger, and ignorance. In the book of Ethics these three principles are explained at great length; they are represented as the springs from which flow all other passions. In a lengthened digression the author aims at simplifying the question, and endeavours to show, by a logical process, that ignorance is the head source from which concupiscence and passion take their rise. It is, therefore, according to Buddhists, in the dark recess of ignorance that metaphysicians must penetrate in order to discover the first cause of all moral disorders. Every being has his mind more or less encompassed by a thick mist, that prevents him from seeing truth. He mistakes good for evil, right from wrong; he erroneously clings to material objects that have no reality, no substance, no consistence; his passions are kept alive by his love or his hatred for vain illusions. The flame is, moreover, fed by birth, old age, death, afflictions, &c., &c., which are as many foci wherefrom radiate out on all surrounding objects, fires which keep up the general conflagration. But they play only a secondary action, dependent from the three great causes of all evils just alluded to. What causes birth, old age, and death, inquires

the Buddhist? The law of merits and demerits, is the immediate answer to the question; it might be added thereto, the necessity of acquiring merits and gravitating towards perfection. A man is born to innumerable succeeding existences by virtue of his imperfections, and that he might acquire fresh merits by the practice of virtue. By birth a being is ushered into a new existence, or into a new state, when the burning flame which is supposed to spread over all that exists exercises its teasing and tormenting influences over him. Old age and death are two periods when a radical change operates over a being and places him in a different situation, where he experiences the baneful effects of the conflagration. Blessed are they, says Buddha, who understand this; they are full of wisdom; they become displeased with all passions, and with all the things they act upon. The causes of existences being done away with, they have reached the terminus of all possible existences; one step more, and they find themselves placed beyond the influence of the power of attraction that retains forcibly all beings in the vortex of existences, and brings them towards the centre of perfection; they are de facto, entering into the state of Niban. (*Life of Gaudama*, p. 139.)

One of the great Seers of the East, to whom, as to our own Swedenborg, visions of the spirit-sphere were recorded, thus describes the world of existence into which pure men from this earth first pass. In many things it accords with the same world which Swedenborg describes, as in my Book of Enoch, vol. ii. 136. Its name is Tavateinsa; its Prince has thirty-two great subordinate princes in his Court. He resides in a vast city of a square form, like the new city of the Apocalypse, every street and public square and place in which is paved with gold and silver, and marbles of the rarest beauty. Its walls, also, are a perfect square; they are covered with towers, and are plated with golden and other metals, in which are precious stones of immense size and dazzling lustre. Seven wide ditches surround these superb walls, and beyond the last ditch are colonnades and piazzas of marble columns, wonderfully enamelled with gold and jewels. Then follow, at the same distance, seven rows of palm trees, shining in every part with satin, gold, and rubies; and in the space between the columns and the palm trees lakes of the clearest water are scattered up and down, in which are boats of solid pearl; and the inhabitants of both sexes, with musical instruments, float or dance about, singing heavenly songs. Some times they stop to contemplate the beautiful birds that fly among the trees on the banks of the lakes; sometimes to gather delicious fruits, or beautiful and fragrant flowers. Beyond the seven rows of palm trees, padesa trees grow on every side; they pro-

duce whatever beautiful thing may be demanded of them. There is an orchard there, called Nanda; in the centre is a lake of the same name. It takes its appellation from the vast multitude of blessed spirits or Nants who flock to it, to gather the celebrated flower with which they adorn their heads. It grows in this place alone, and is large as the wheel of a chariot. Twenty juzena to the east of the city is situated another orchard of the same size and beauty as the first, in which grows that celebrated species of ivy which every thousand years yields fruit of such an exquisite flavour that to eat of it, for years before, multitudes flock towards the garden, and there, amid music, singing, and dancing, await the ripening of the wished-for fruit, the taste of which confers bliss for whole entire months. Two other orchards of a similar size are situated to the south and west of the city. To the north-west is a most superb terrace, of vast extent and magnitude. The pavement is of pure crystal, and a row of 100 pillars adorns each range of the building. Gold and silver bells hang from every part of the roof; and the staircases, the walls, and every part of the building, shine with a profusion of gold and precious stones. The streets that lead to it are twenty juzena long, and one wide; they are shaded on both sides by delightful trees, always covered with fruit and flowers of every kind. When the prince visits this magnificent palace, a spirit that presides on the winds showers down from the trees such a quantity of flowers as to reach the knees of those who pass, the trees all the time putting forth new flowers to supply the place of what has fallen. In the centre of the portico is the prince's throne, which far excels all other things in the richness of its jewellery. Around this throne the other princes, like the ancients* in the Apocalypse, are seated also on thrones, but of a smaller size. Here the day is passed in festivity, all the inhabitants of the city rejoicing in the sight of their prince. In the centre of the city is the palace, which is 500 juzena in height. No description can do justice to its beauty and magnificence, or tell of the abundance of gold and silver, or the inestimable treasures of jewels and precious stones contained therein. The chariot upon which the prince is drawn is of immense magnitude, and from its centre the great throne rises; it is covered by a white umbrella, and it is drawn by 2000 horses. The spirits in this place, like those of the superior regions, need not the light of the sun, as they themselves shine like so many suns.†

In another vision we have a view of the kingdom of Tran-

* The Tain Buddhists call these the twenty-four Tinas.

† Modern clairvoyants declare that physical light is of no use in aiding them in their perceptions, but that every object, person, and spirit has a light peculiar to itself, by which it can be perceived, and its qualities determined.—Ed. *H. N.*

quility. It consists of five paradises. One is a sphere of diamond, another of ruby, the third topaz, the fourth sapphire, the fifth emerald. The trees are of satin, the branches of pure gold, the blossoms of gems and flowers. Badma or Tetus gardens of roseate colour, blossoming between leaves of emerald, are the retreats of the blessed. Gold-coloured arches, blended with stars and rainbows, bend over the trees, the roots of which are moistened by fountains of life—the waters called Arshan. There are thrones supported by lions and peacocks. Besides these, there are other spheres of beatitude. In one there is a city with 500 gates, and at each gate a thousand guards. Edifices of pure gold spring out of the earth at the mere will.* There is a tree, under whose shade of leaves and odoriferous blossoms all the people of the earth might rest, even if they numbered a million millions; and yet there would still be ample room. Each one of these leaves is a lute, which plays or sings deliciously; but the harmony is so fine and delicate, that to the listener it seems only like a soft and lulling symphony—such as a mother sings for her baby.

One of the messengers was seen in his paradise. It was a mountain, thick with birds of the most lovely plumage and song; the variety was indescribable. Fifty thousand lamas accompanied the messenger. They had subdued their passions on earth; their souls were illuminated, and their wisdom complete; they had attained a height of felicity, beyond which human wishes cannot extend. The Messenger himself was seen: calm, perfect, passionless; occupied in prayer and meditation; abounding with compassion, and full of truth; he has the breath of zephyr or the jasmin, and his figure shines like the resplendant full moon. He is exalted upon a throne supported by lions. When he descends from the throne, his divine glances illuminate the sphere, diffusing lustre through all its parts. Millions of rays of light issue from his hands and feet; his name is the Divine Teacher. Sometimes he appeared with a golden sword in his hand as a sceptre, at others with a book placed upon a holy flower. Sometimes his hands were seen folded on his heart, sometimes as giving benediction. Millions of spirits, whose forms seemed to emanate light, filled this happy mountain-sphere; but the soil is elastic, producing all that the inhabitants desire in the way of beauty.

(To be continued.)

* See communications through Mr. Morse, reported in the *Medium*, and Mrs. Tappan's recent orations as to the power of Mind in modifying the surroundings of the spirit.

GERALD MASSEY IN AMERICA.

FREQUENT indications come across the Atlantic of Mr. Massey's activity in the United States. We see in the *Medium* an article compiled from leading American papers, speaking in the highest terms of his lectures. The *Banner of Light* has printed his portrait from a block supplied by the Editor of the *Medium* as a fraternal compliment. As might be expected, Mr. Massey has been in some respects misunderstood, to clear away which he has penned the following letter:—

GERALD MASSEY EXPLAINS HIMSELF.

(To the Editor of the Golden Age.)

SIR,—Some are born to have honours thrust upon them. And in the kindest possible manner you have sought to confer an undeserved honour upon me in announcing me as a representative of the English Spiritualists. I no more represent that body here in America than I shall represent on my return *home* the latest uterine manifestations of spiritualism—or shall I say, phalliculture?—which are the peculiar products of your country.

In proof that I am not a representative Spiritualist, I may cite the fact that, in a recent attempt to form a national organization, my name was not even mentioned. This accords perfectly with my own wishes. I prefer remaining an outsider, representing nothing in this matter but the facts of my own long experience; willing to testify to actuality of the phenomena, and wishing to shed what little light I can on a subject, in the darkness of which so many of my fellow-idiots are groping.

My treatment of the matter is simply that of a literary man who includes this among his lecture subjects. Other claims I find have been made for me in this country, which I never made for myself.

For example: In the *Galaxy Magazine* for October, 1866, an honour is thrust upon me; a claim made for me on false grounds. I read there the following statement:

"Gerald Massey, who came before the world a few years ago as a poet, and made a far deeper and more favourable impression than Alfred Tennyson did with his first book, and even with his second—has, it is said, become a confirmed 'Spiritualist,' and even a *Meejum*. He has published no poetry for a long time; but he has recently published an enormous volume of six hundred pages, in which he pretends to have solved the hitherto sealed mystery of Shakespeare's sonnets. He declares, and even perhaps believes, that every notion in this ponderous and wearisome volume was directly revealed to him by the spirit of Shakespeare! All those who have read it, including the Shakesperian scholars,

seem to think that it must have had some such origin; for it leaves the question just where Shakespeare left it when he was upon the earth. Gerald Massey's origin was very humble, and his success seems to have turned his head. 'Tis a sad pity. We could have better spared a better man."

As to my origin, I presume that I was begotten and born in the same way as other people are; which an old English writer (was it Fuller?) did consider both humble and humiliating.

For the rest of the statement, I have never claimed to be a medium; (I suppose that is what is coarsely intended by *Meejum);* and I never declared "that every notion in this ponderous and wearisome volume was directly revealed to him (me) by the spirit of Shakespeare."

We are not going to get our work so easily done for us as that would imply!

My book on "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets," cost me three years' brain-sweat and *conscious* cerebration of thought. I have always said that I did derive great assistance in my work through the mediumship of a very near relative of mine. and there are persons both in England and in Germany, *(vide* Herr Krauss' adoption of my theory, and his translation of the sonnets into German solely on account of that theory,) who do *not* think that my work leaves the question just where Shakespeare left it. Here is one illustration in proof:

"I have read it with very great interest, and feel that you have solved a most intricate problem in a very satisfactory manner, and at the same time given us a most admirable and worthy picture of the character of Shakespeare.

"I was once present at a meeting of the Committee of the Dialectical Society when you gave an account of how, through the mediumship of your wife, you had obtained valuable hints and information in the prosecution of this work. I hope you will leave on record to be published some day, an exact statement of the points on which you were so guided and assisted. When the reputation of your work is fully established (as I am sure it must some day be), and your views generally accepted, it will be most interesting and important to know the kind and degree of assistance you received from the source I have alluded to."

I quote this from a letter written by Alfred Russell Wallace, who is not merely a "Shakespeare scholar," but, as is well known, an eminent scientific thinker, and as good a judge of evidence as any living man.

I really quote this, however—not on account of my book, which has ceased to interest me, as I am too much engaged in another domain—but because of your assertion that "the scientific

authorities of our age disdain even to consider the subject,"—(*i.e.*, of the "alleged" spiritual manifestations.)

What! Have we no scientific authorities except Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall? Mr. Darwin considers Alfred Wallace an excellent scientific authority, to whom he is indefinitely indebted. And Alfred Wallace is a Spiritualist.

Mr. Crookes was held of some scientific account as a chemist and the discoverer of a new metal. No voice was raised against him in England to question his authority as a scientific man when he undertook to apply crucial tests to our "so-called" spiritual phenomena.

But so soon as ever he published his conclusions and affirmed the phenomena to be scientific facts, his authority was at once questioned and he was virulently assailed.

Prof. Huxley knows well enough that if he were to vouch for the same things that Mr. Crookes proclaimed to be true, he would no longer be an authority with a vast majority; therefore he wisely says, "The phenomena, if true do not interest me," and wisely does—as the world goes—to keep his distance from the pillory, stick to the physical, and preserve his reputation as a scientific authority.

Time was when, according to the Galaxy, I myself, wrote with "charming freshness," and "genuine feeling, some very pretty verses—four feet by three—devoted to the joys of wedded love." But that was before I was called a Spiritualist. Since then, my Shakespeare work, my "In Memoriam," and "Tale of Eternity," only serve to show that my head is *turned*. In fact, I am a blockhead for having anything to do with Spiritualism! So you see I shall have enough to bear on my own hook, without being made abroad the representative of, and responsible for, the acts or the utterances of a multitude of my fellow-lunatics at home!

GERALD MASSEY.

CHRIST JESUS.

Two thousand years ago, the sun arose,
And filled the æthereal dome with gorgeous shows,
Even as now; the earth was clad in green
And gold, full fair as since hath ever been;
And great trees swayed, and brimming rivers flowed,
And brooklets wandered where the flowers abode,
Sweet music making to the thrilling lays
That lifted up to God instinctive praise,—
Just as to-day; and winds swept land and sea,
And lightnings tore night's dismal canopy,
While thunder rolled along from sky to sky,

And woke, in withered woods, the prey-bird's cry,—
As now, so then: this very earth we tread,
And all its modes, they knew, the myriad dead.

Man also, in the far-off misty times,—
Dim through our own short-sightedness,—in climes
As varied dwelt, yet felt himself the same;
Lived from a self-same heart, for a like aim;
So, imaged, outwardly, his inner life
In forms with which the modern world is rife:—
Cities were built—of many-pillared fanes,
(Whose view oft cleansed the soul from grovelling stains,
Seeming to breathe a tranquil majesty,
Of chance and time, by own perfection free;)
Of splendid palaces, proud haunts of kings
And queens, and all their motley followings;
Of judgment-halls, and dreary citadels;
Of spacious marts, and precious water-wells;
Of lowly hovels where the poor folk dwelt,
Thrust far apart in scorn, who, natheless, felt,
At times, strange strugglings in the toil-bowed breast,
And pondered thoughts not ripe to be confessed:
Dark questionings of all that round them lay,
Of duty, high and low, of work,—and play.
Men had their trades, and laboured in the field,
Or sought, in distant lands, a richer yield;
Armies were massed for conquest and defence;
Religion was revered, or its pretence:
For also then, they looked back to a past,
As we towards their day timid glances cast;
Ruins were in their midst, that told of might
In men whose very names were lost in night;
And faded scrolls, and broken memories,
Gave gleamings hidden from the worldly-wise,
Of fuller glories, in a former time,
When some on earth, with angels walked sublime.
And most were worldly-wise, feeding the brain,
Themselves prescribing what it might contain;
Meanwhile, the heart did eat into itself,
Or spent with luxury or greed of pelf;
The strong oppressed the weak, the weak despaired
And cowered in silence, or supremely dared
And headlong dashed to pieces on his foe,
Preferring unknown death to changeless woe.

Assuredly, the world was growing old;
Those who reclined at ease in luxury's fold,
And those who wearily saw night draw near,
Had touched their height of joy, or depth of fear;

And if one here and there, beneath the stars,
With mighty longings burst the sensual bars,
And soared to fan himself in heavenly gales,
The rest smiled at his words as idle tales;
They pointed to the conflict ceasing not,
And said, if God loved once, He had forgot.
But God and Love are one, the Living soul
In Whom the countless universes roll;
In every atom shown, yet All in All;
Existent in Himself; pre-temporal;
The same in those who know His yearning Love,
And in the hearts of those who self-ward move;
Omnipotent to hold man free between
Desires that upward and that downward lean;
Yet, ever-present for the feeblest prayer
That throbs in darkness of the world's despair.
The natural strife is of necessity;
All acts, and re-acts, by Divine decree;
So all in all doth work, for evermore,
Drawing one life from one eternal core;
And nought is ever lost, or ever gained,
The goal, alway in view, is ne'er attained.
And man is dual, too; each in-born thought,
With its reverse to consciousness is brought;
He knows himself by both, yet neither is,
But stands in poise betwixt extremities;
So stands when so he wills, yet, hath the power
To clothe himself, for life or for an hour,
In all the thoughts that upward lift to God,
Or in the thoughts that sink him to the clod;
Choose which he may, the other still remains,
Even when to Heaven itself the soul attains.—
And so men lived, in those days, as they chose;
Each had his right and wrong, his joys and woes;
According to his motive and the means,
Each passed in judgment, and to fitting scenes:
Even though, from age to age, they had declined;
Had, more and more, the light of Truth resigned,
Till most denied that God's light ever shone,
In darkness bound that was not all their own.
And, yet, the lustre of their world in youth,
Was owed to no unnatural flash of Truth:
The spark that grew into a radiant sun,
In being was, when time had first begun:
It needed but a God-ward turned desire,
A pure unselfish effort to aspire,
And human souls were filled with Love Divine,
Till earth was scarce divided from God's shrine.
So also, with the dwindling of the light:

The generation passed that gleamed so bright;
The next, instead of kindling for themselves,
Took down their fathers' parchments from the shelves,
And, awed by what they failed to understand,
Left tokens of their awe, in many a land;
The next and next found only emptiness,
Nought that betrayed a curse, or power to bless.

So, step by step, men rise, and so decline;
The effort is man's own, the means Divine;
The falling-off is not for lack of means,
But easy choice of what more earth-ward leans.
Yet, God fulfils His purpose through it all;
However base the idols that enthral,
Though every knee seems bent to foolishness,
Yea, though in dust the very faces press,—
Still, somewhere in the world, the Truth is known;
Some heart, from day to day, hath stronger grown;
And in the hour when worldly sages cry,
That, God is not and man lives but to die,
A low and tender sound comes stealing near,
Awakening some to hope and some to fear,
And swells, reverberant, from land to land,
Till tottering ruins mingle with the sand,
Till all earth's voices emulate the strain,
And Heaven-ward riseth harmony again.
Men rise and men decline, but, still, the van
Of all the human host works out God's plan;
The fore-most neither pause nor look behind,
But, marching firmly onward, seek and find;
Sometimes with serried thousands to their back,
Who little of their own calm courage lack;
Sometimes but just in sight of all the rest,
Of whom a few hold memory of the quest,
While most set up their tents, and gorge on spoils,
And dream away remembrance of past toils,—
Then rot in plagues, and drink each other's blood,
In death blaspheming even the name of good.
Yet not all die; up, from the gory ground,
Come whisperings to the whole though sore astound;
They start, and peer about, with blinking eyes;
Some strain to catch the murmurs as they rise;
They feel new glow to gather at the heart;
A lofty ire the muffled tones impart;
Once more, God-blessed, the snow-white banner waves;
And though, for leagues, the march wind over graves,
Each foot is swift and strong, and, in due time,
Wide realms are won of yet more bounteous clime
Than former hosts victorious attained,—
To waste when love of high endeavour waned.

That world grew old, and died; but death is change
From low to higher state; the tokens strange
Of nearing dissolution, are the signs
Of birth to be, beyond all gross confines.
So death and birth go ever hand in hand,
And flowers spring up from seeming barren sand.

Truly, the world's new birth was like a flower
In desert hid; for, the celestial power
That vivified dry bones, and gave them voice
To peal so full a chorus of "Rejoice,"
That some faint echoes linger at this day—
Though mingled with a grander roundelay—
Was centred in the pureness of a child,
Who 'mid earth's ancient night had slept and smiled.
Thousands of babes were pressed to loving hearts,
In innocence that ignorance imparts,
(For perfect innocence is of the will,)
Yet this, God's choice His purpose to fulfil;
God's choice, from given possibilities,
Not pre-resolve to warp life's tendencies.
Son of a lowly, loving, simple pair,
Who won, by cheerful toil, the daily fare,
And took it, still, as from a Higher Hand,
Jesus—so named by men in every land—
To boyhood throve, through treasured infancy,
In Nazareth, of Syrian Galilee.
Body and soul one of the human race,
Though looking forth as from a higher place;
A man—no more—yet, man when at his best,
Whom every purest influence hath caressed;
Man even in childhood's years; for, mental sight
To him came earlier, with a fuller light,
Than haps with most; yet, free to stand, or fall,
To yield himself to God, or be sin's thrall,
As any who turned God-ward in his day,
As any, now, who flings His gifts away.
He chose the good: the fair blue sky above,
The flowery vales, told him of Heavenly Love.
He climbed the verdant hills, and sat, alone;
Sometimes, to see the first bright sunbeams thrown
Upon the scattered homesteads peering white,
Through leafy groves, that could not hide them quite;
Sometimes, with musings almost sad, to view
Day's dying glory all the scene imbue.
He thought upon the stories of the past,—
Of wond'rous deeds, of dire upheavings vast;
He gazed at Carmel, where the prophet stood,
Terrific, near the blazing altar-wood;
And shuddered over holy slaughterings,

Hypocrisies of famed, self-seeking kings;
He loathed the men that were the nation's boast,
And, once, with eyes filled from his innermost,
He wrestled with the mystery of the stars,
That smiled so sweetly down on creeds and wars,
And poured forth, as from dreaming memory,
Words vibrant to seraphic minstrelsy,
Toned with assurance of a coming time,
When all should live to love, in one blest clime.
He felt the truth, and his great heart arose;
He, too, breathed music over mortal woes,—
Alone, in silence of the summer night,
Alone with God, and yearnings infinite.
And, lo! he, too, was freed from veiling sense;
He saw the everlasting recompense
Of loving, pitying labour, here below:
The radiant realms where flowers that fade not grow;
Where crystal streams flow on, for evermore;
And trees yield richer fruit, in larger store;—
For all is linked, by symbol, to the soul,
That finds, through bliss, a yet more blissful goal.
And thought welled up in him, purely Divine;
His spirit drank the perfecting design:
He knew the world as threshold of true life;
That Love tires not though freedom chooses strife;
That pain and sorrow were, when man began;—
Close bound with bliss, by the Almighty's plan;
And, most, he knew that every human deed,
In ever fertile soil falls, as a seed
That cannot die, but, thrives for good or ill,
For pleasant fruit, or undergrowths that kill;
And, with a cry that thrilled the Throne of God,
His days and years on earth yet to be trod,
For loving sacrifice of self he vowed,
In aid of stumbling brothers burden-bowed.

Next day, he stood up in the market-place,
A light celestial shining from his face,
And spoke, unfalteringly, the words of love,
That came unbidden to him from above.
Some were amazed, and listened; some passed by
And shortly laughed; more people drew anigh:
Official men, and, here and there, a priest,
And toilers lately from hard tasks released;
What could it mean?—"Love ye your enemies,
Bless them that curse,"—Might then a child despise
The Law and Moses? Darkly scowled each priest,
And counselled violence, as the crowd increased;
But, quickly shaming at his tender years,
Jeered him as idiot, and calmed their fears.—

And he went far away, chilled to the heart;
Wandering he cared not where, till, with vague start,
He paused where he had stood, the night before,
He paused, and wept, and prayed to live no more.
So evening gloomed to darkness; stars looked down
Again on vale, and hill, and sleeping town,
He heeding not, as though 'twere all a dream
And he alone awake to woe did seem.
For he had thought, that, if he did but speak
Of certain bliss to find where all might seek—
Easy to find by rich and poor alike—
Of what could stay the hand in act to strike,
And raise the lowly stricken from the dust;
The austere visage soften of the just,
And flood with gratitude the eye of guilt,
Snapping the sword of vengeance, at the hilt:—
That all would seize upon the Truth, with joy,
And live aloof from stings of self-annoy;
That the glad tidings, as a flash of light,
Would leap from land to land, cleaving the night
Then at its darkest hour, till all mankind,
Aglow with dawn, and linking mind to mind,
Each in his place and happy to be there,
Should labour only to make earth more fair,
Content to battle with the elements,
Unsoiled by deeds true manliness repents:
—And they had called him fool, who would have died
In pain, to make their vision purified;
"Oh, was it folly to behold the stars
As signs of healing yet for earthly jars?
So eloquent in peaceful loveliness,
Oh, not set there for scorning, but to bless!"
He stilled the beatings of his anguished brain,
And lifted up meek eyes of faith again.
And, lo! a blessed one was at his side,
He seeing not, a presence glorified,
Celestial, watching through the hours of moan,
The bitter hours that he deemed all his own;
Watching till he should turn to God again,
Faithful to good, when goodness seemed in vain.
He turned; and, then, he knew an angel there,
A soul like to himself, save for the care:
The same sweet, earnest glance flowed forth, from each,
Full love to learn, and equal love to teach;
The one, ages before, had quitted earth,
And thriven to wisdom, from a purer birth;
The other felt so vast a tenderness,
That every living thing he fain would press
Close to his heart; and, his Divine desire

To point the goal to which men should aspire,
Glowed brighter in him for the mocking taunts
That, late, had driven him from their busy haunts,
That, late, had made him to himself estranged,
And hoped-for paradise to desert changed.
So, hand in hand, they stood; and he of old
Earth-born, spake on, till consolation rolled
O'er Jesus' spirit, soothing, as with balm,
The fevered eagerness to blissful calm.

The time had come; Jesus, while yet a child,
Endowed with freedom and all undefiled,
Felt that God's Love had missioned him to men,
To teach them goodness never known till then;
Felt that in all the world he stood alone,—
So good, so pure, that God and he were one
In all that ever finite man could be,
In all that made Divine humanity;
With God harmonious in every thought,
A perfect innocence in freedom wrought,—
Truly, the Son of God let him be called,
Earth's only living soul not sin-enthralled.
Day followed day, and not a day he lost;
Tireless he went where people gathered most,
And flashed out words winged with celestial fire,
That scathed, unfailingly, self-turned desire.
Some felt the sear and stirred themselves to hate,
But others found new life to penetrate;
Those who had muttered "fool," began to fear,
But, gladly came the poor and suffering near:
"Come all ye weary unto me for rest;
Ye mourners, come, with comfort to be blessed;"—
Surely, the Love of God lived in his breath,
Who seeds of life could sow in midst of death!
Year followed year; the outward stature full
He reached of manhood; strong, and beautiful,
He passed from town to town, the earth his home,
His friends and kindred there where grief had come;
His hopes in Heaven above, through good below,
His only joy to lessen human woe;
His sorrows for the blind and hard of heart;
His constant task to bid disease depart.
No longer scorned; his name rang loud and clear,—
Heard by the captive deep in dungeon drear,
Shaking the gilded portals of the great,
Piercing the thickest mail of worldly state;
'Twas murmured by the lowly, suffering ones,
As meaning all that could mean loving tones.
Where'er he went, the people pressed to see,
To hear, and such a mighty company

Clove to him, casting off the former things,
That he, the chosen of the King of Kings,
Whose majesty was meekness, and whose power
Was lodged the fairest, not in marble tower,
But 'neath the cowering roofs of wretchedness,
Abodes of anguish man should, God must, bless;
Became a terror unto royalties,
Of pomp, and pride, and strife, dull votaries.
Oh, had they made him their ensample then,
And been in very deed, the kings of men!

Withal a man; let us forget not that:
'Twas human pity moved him, as he sat
Beside the sick one's bed, to frame the prayer
That God would aid the trembling watchers there;
The pity was his own, but God's the power
To add more minutes to the earthly hour;
And when he rose, resplendent all his face,
When Heavenly glory filled the lowly place,
The splendour was Divine, Divine the will
That bade the mourners be of comfort still.
The sick were healed, the blind were made to see,
The dumb did sing, the lame sprang joyfully,—
But Christ came not to meet the body's need,
A sign was every wondrous loving deed;
The Father's laws were still full operant,
Obeyed, could still an earthly blessing grant;
Christ came to teach the world of higher things
Than merely health, or wealth, or culture brings:
The mighty works tore off the masks of men,
Revealed the inner nakedness again;
Then came the Voice of God; hear it they must;
Even though they shrank, appalled, back to their lust;
Even though they sought to slay the messenger,
And clamoured curses for the bliss he bare.

By priest-craft slain at last; by men who felt
A purer presence than to whom they knelt;
Who in a man saw shamed the God they taught;
Sweet words made mighty through new bounties wrought,
Instead of terrors built on olden woes;
Realities of Love for hateful shows;
And selfish influence waning, day by day;—
Preferring darkness to Truth's Heavenly ray.
He feared not to die; full well he knew
The bitter end, that ever nearer drew,—
So bitter for the good yet left undone,
His saving mission seeming scarce begun.
He prayed our Father, for a little space
To tend the shoots, and sow the seeds of grace;

To point the goal to which men should aspire,
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So bitter for the good yet left undone,
His saving mission seeming scarce begun.
He prayed our Father, for a little space
To tend the shoots, and sow the seeds of grace;

Bowed with the agonies of all mankind,
As man he pleaded, ere in faith resigned;
He yearned for length of days to bear our pain,
When bliss celestial showed as present gain.

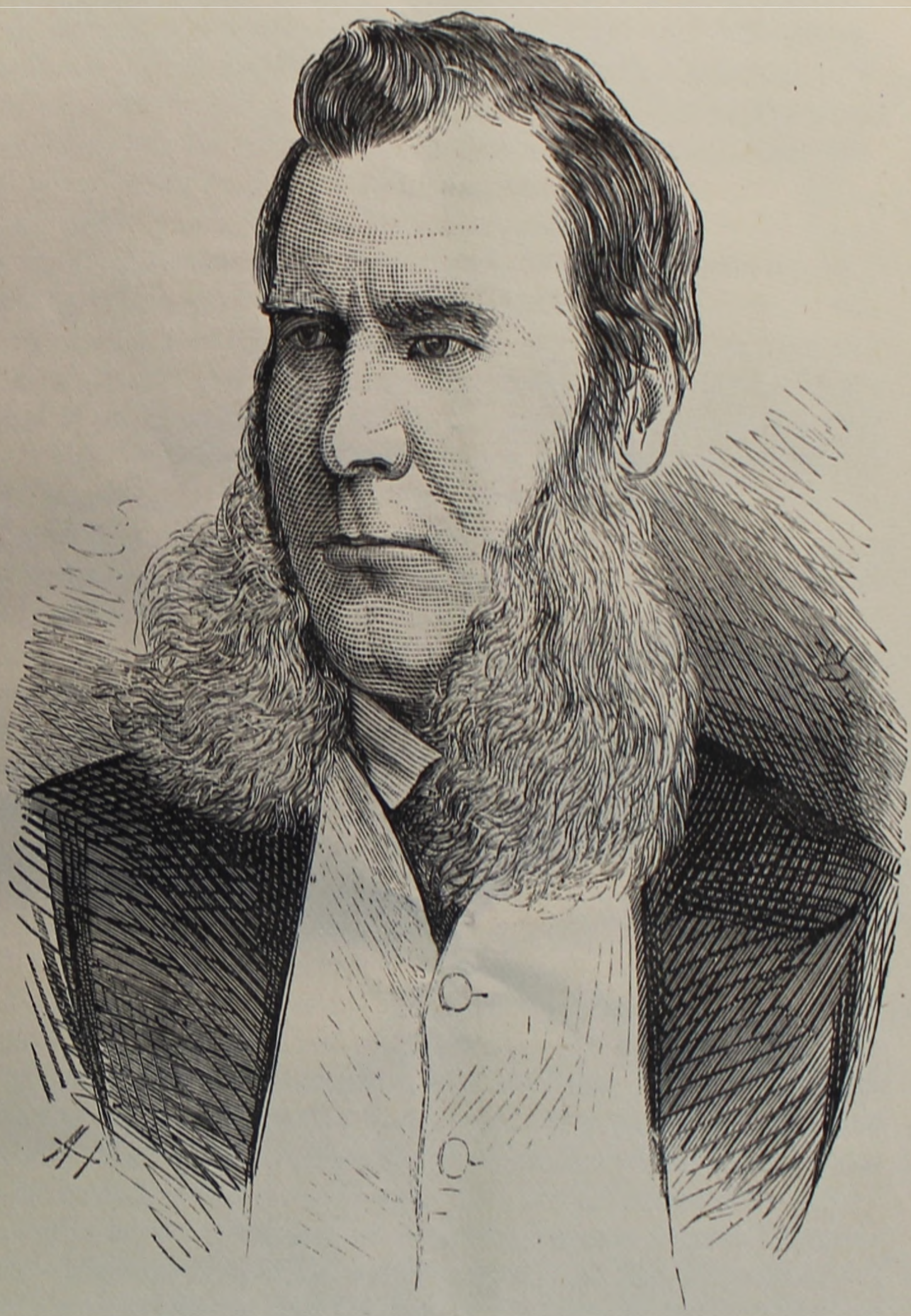
God took him to Himself; but, gentle hearts
Had stored the sweetest words that Love imparts;
Patient, and pure, and free, a chosen few,
Unwearying, taught the life Divinely true;
And, as they, one by one, went Heaven-ward,
Still left they others for the sacred guard.
Ages have passed, empires have risen to fall,
Manners oft changed, all things material,—
Yet, through it all, the memory of the man
Who loved his fellows more than other can,
Is potent 'mid the mockeries of to-day,
As to the child-like ones he taught to pray;
Potent for blessing in the men who tread
The path he trod, and own him for their head.
Oh, what avail our sciences and arts,
When loving-kindness from the soul departs?
What boots it, that the wonders and the signs
Of old, are come again, if faith declines?—
May we, whose lot is with a dying world,
Fail not to note the spotless flag unfurled!
May we be swift of foot, and strong, to reach
The fairer realms that God provides for each!
May we so rule, that earthly life shall be
Fit prelude to a blest eternity!

November, 1873. HENRY PRIDE.

GEORGE SEXTON.

THE accession of this gentleman to the ranks of Spiritualism, and the peculiar phase of anthropological study which its facts underly has by many been regarded as an era in the history of the movement in this country, and there has been a loud demand for some information respecting Dr. Sexton's personal antecedents, which we on the present occasion proceed to supply. The notoriety which he had gained as a leader in the ranks of Secularism, and his fame as a man of intellect, and as a powerful lecturer, tend to increase the interest which is everywhere felt in the steps which have led such a man to acknowledge the facts of Spiritualism.

George Sexton was born on the 24th of March, 1825, at a small cottage in Norfolk, where his parents still reside. His father is a small tenant farmer, and greatly respected in the



George Sexton

neighbourhood as an upright, conscientious man, whose word may be always taken as his bond. Nearly all the members of the family, including the father and mother of the subject of our sketch, were at the time—and most of them are still—Wesleyan Methodists. At the early age of four, George was taken charge of and adopted by his maternal grandparents, and with them remained through his entire juvenile years. Their residence was some thirty miles from that of his father and mother, and therefore, for many years, he only saw his parents once a-year, generally at Whitsuntide. In those days, it must be remembered, travelling was a very slow affair, railways being then quite unknown in that part of the country. He was placed in some of the best schools at Fakenham, and made most rapid progress in his education, so much so that his health became seriously affected, and, at the age of nine, it was hardly expected that he would reach manhood. He could read Latin and Greek moderately well, and had made considerable progress in mathematics before he was ten years of age, and from that time he made rapid headway in all subjects that came under his notice. For three years successively did he carry off nearly all the prizes given in the school, and this created a good deal of jealousy, as is usual in such cases, with the other scholars. It was the one desire of his parents and grandparents that he should become a minister of religion; the point upon which they differed, and that violently, was as to the denomination that he should enter, the parents being, as has been stated, Wesleyans, and the grandparents very strict defenders of the Church of England. A sort of compromise was ultimately effected in this matter—although not with that object—by his entering the ministry of the Free Church of England, a Church that adhered strictly to the ritual and doctrines of the Establishment, but declined to be either supported or controlled by the State. His first public work in this capacity was in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, when he was about twenty-one years of age, and his sermons were highly spoken of at the time, and he speedily became a great favourite with a large portion of the congregation. At this time he edited a religious magazine, and frequently lectured in various parts of the country against what was called "Infidelity." He had not been in the ministry long when he began to investigate the grounds upon which his faith had been built, and in order to do this effectually he read carefully through the whole of the leading controversial works issued by all the different religious denominations. Being well acquainted with Hebrew and Chaldee, which languages he had acquired in early life under great difficulties, and having also some knowledge of Arabic and Syriac, acquired solely with a view to the better understanding

of the Scriptures, he was able to read the Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan. Day after day was he to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum, from the time it opened in the morning until it closed in the evening, with the ponderous tomes of Walton's Polyglot before him. The result of this reading and thinking was that he soon became heterodox upon many points of faith. He gave up the doctrine of the Trinity and adopted a kind of Arianism, relinquished the atonement, eternal torments, natural depravity, and some other orthodox tenets. As a matter of course he was compelled to cease his ministerial duties, which he did without the slightest hesitation. He now resolved to adopt the medical profession, and to that end entered first at University College, London, afterwards at the Hunterian School of Medicine (since defunct), and then at Charing Cross Hospital Medical College, and Westminster Hospital. His studies extended over much longer than the usual period, in consequence of his not being able, through want of means, to attend the whole of the classes each year. He however, at these Institutions, completed the full curriculum of study required for membership of the Royal College of Physicians, and the Royal College of Surgeons. During the time that he was engaged in studying medicine, he earned his livelihood by literature and by giving lessons in the various subjects of study that he was acquainted with. At one time we find him engaged at various Institutions in teaching subjects as various as Latin and Greek, Chemistry, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, and English Literature. In 1851 he was offered a professorship in Germany, and the East London Literary Institution, where he had given a great number of lectures, presented him with a beautiful testimonial on vellum. Owing to illness in his family, however, he was compelled to decline the appointment after everything had been arranged for his going. Soon after this he commenced lecturing at the John Street Institution, then in the possession of the Socialists. Here he made the acquaintance of Thomas Cooper, Robert Owen, G. J. Holyoake and other leaders in the free-thought movement. His lectures at first were mostly on scientific subjects such as Geology, Chemistry, Optics, Acoustics, &c. Then he commenced dealing with literary and political subjects, and afterwards drifted into theology—the theology of negation so conspicuous in the party, and still more so in the Secularism of to-day. For many years it is well known the Doctor occupied a leading position amongst the Secularists. In 1858 we find him at Giessen in Germany (the university rendered so famous by the labours of the celebrated Liebig), where he graduated, first class (with honours), in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, having some time previously taken in the same

university the degrees of Doctor in Philosophy, and Master of Arts. He returned to London and settled down in medical practice, but the excitement of public lecturing and the charms of literature soon attracted him away from his profession, as they have done again and again since that time. Several times he has recommenced practice, but always with the same result.

His labours as a journalist have been both great and varied. He has been a contributor to a large number of the leading periodicals of the day, and editor of not a few. In 1860 he edited *The Players*, a well known dramatic and literary journal, and over its pages are distributed some of the most brilliant articles that have come from his pen; essays, that some day or other will undoubtedly be reproduced in separate volumes. At this time he was considered one of the best authorities living on matters connected with the drama, and was always applied to to settle any point of difficulty about which a dispute might have arisen. About the same period he became editor of *The Paddington News*, a journal which at the time had a large local circulation. Shortly afterwards we find him editing the *Bethnal Green Times*, a paper which under his management speedily reached a large circulation; and *Health* a popular medical journal. At the present time, as is pretty well known, he is the editor, as he has been for two years past, of *The New Era*, a journal of Eclectic Medicine and Anthropology.

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occasions a series of orations were given, three of which have been printed, viz., "The Claims of Spiritualism on Public Attention," "How I became a Spiritualist," and "Spirit Mediums and Conjurers." The Crystal Palace lectures were also re-delivered. and their publication has been announced for some time, and, indeed, the whole series would be gladly welcomed by the public if put into print.

For the particular means which led Dr. Sexton to Spiritualism and the discovery that he is a medium, the reader is referred to his lecture, "How I became a Spiritualist." The lectures above enumerated and others have been delivered in various parts of the country with good effect. The one on "Mediums and Conjurers" is frequently illustrated by conjuring apparatus. The tricks are exhibited and afterwards explained, and the phenomena shown to be quite different therefrom.

The Doctor has received innumerable honours from universities and learned societies. In 1854 he was elected F.R.G.S., and soon after, in the same year, F.E.S. In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society of London and a Member of the Society of Arts. More recently he has been elected an Ordinary Fellow of L'Accademia dei Qurite at Rome, an honour which, we learn, has only been conferred on three Englishmen; an Honorary Fellow of the Workmanship Association at Arpino, with the illustrious Garibaldi at its head; an Honorary Fellow of the American Anthropological Association, the National Eclectic Association of America. The Liverpool Anthropological Society also elected him an Honorary Fellow last year. He has, moreover, honorary degrees of M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., &c., from various foreign universities. We have heard that he has as many as seven doctor's degrees.

His public labours for many years past have been unusually heavy, he having travelled thousands of miles through the country discoursing upon almost every conceivable topic. His capacity for work is very great. His discourses have been highly praised by all the leading newspapers, and his eloquence greatly extolled. As we are in the habit of looking at men organically, we conclude by remarking, that the subject of this article is an instructive study for the phrenologist. The organisation indicates great power of endurance and unlimited capacity for work. The vital apparatus is capacious, supplying a continuous flow of nourishment to the brain, which is well developed at the base, giving great force and executiveness to the character. The work which the Doctor has done would have killed a dozen ordinary men; but the secret of his success is, in a great extent, due to this rich endowment of vital power and the close sympathy which exists between the brain and the body. Unlike many

other heavy men, Dr. Sexton is remarkably susceptible to mental influences, and the brain manifests great activity. The central line of organs from the root of the nose to the nape of the neck are greatest in development, giving an intuitive directness to his mental operations which renders every word telling, and his most profound expositions clear and intelligible.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

BARON KIRKUP'S EXPERIMENTS.

A RECENT letter from Baron Kirkup, Leghorn, contains a photograph representing the profile of Dante on the inside of the case of watch. The Baron explains:—

"I send you another experiment made by a friend of mine, an English Colonel, with his watch, in which he wished to have a portrait of Dante engraved by Dante himself like that on my watch, of which I sent you a photograph (See Baron Kirkup's letter in *Human Nature* for November, 1873, vol. vii. p. 562). The Colonel is in great favour with the spirits, who took his watch off the table at which we were sitting and carried it to Caprera, where Dante *lives*. [The Baron italicises the word "lives," we should be glad to be favoured with his views on the location of spirits.] The watch was brought back in about a fortnight, and the owner was told to look for it in his coat on a chair at the further end of the room, where it was found. I have likewise had a demonstration of letter-carrying more perfect than any of the former ones, of which there have been four or five. I myself wrote the letter alone in my room to a lady at Bologna, distance 110½ miles by railroad. The spirits Annina and Regina promised to take it and wait for an answer. It was a long one, very punctual, and on large paper. That and the two journeys—221 miles by railroad—were all accomplished in two hours and 25 minutes! The distance by straight line is less, of course; how much I do not know. The answer was thrown into my lap. I saw it in the air coming. The lady herself has since arrived from Bologna and confirmed what she wrote, and I knew her hand-writing. She is the mother of Annina."

The photographs alluded to in the above correspondence are in the albums for public exhibition at the Spiritual Institution, and attract the attention of a great number of visitors.

AN ADDRESS IN THE AUDIBLE SPIRIT VOICE.

A FEW weeks ago there arrived in London, from Paris, a lady, Mrs. Hollis by name, of Memphis, Tennessee, United States, who is one of the most remarkable mediums of this age. We speak from experience, for we have had several sittings with her. At some of

these, direct-writing has been given in the trance state in broad daylight; in some instances in the hand-writing of the spirits when inhabiting the physical body, and referring to matters to which they alone could give intelligent reference. The dark seances are even more astonishing. Then, departed friends come and handle the sitters, and talk to them in an audible voice, as when on earth. We have in this way conversed with our deceased relations, and have been thoroughly satisfied, not only of the genuine nature of the phenomena, but of the identity of the spirits. Mrs. Hollis lives with Mrs. Jackson, 3 Torrington Street, W.C. Mrs. Jackson is the widow of our late contributor, J. W. Jackson, and, as might be expected, his visits to the circle are quite frequent. We were present when he first addressed his widow in the spirit voice. We have had frequent communications with Mr. Jackson by direct vocal communion, and perhaps in an early number we may have some message from him for his old friends, the readers of *Human Nature*. The spirit who takes control of these seances is "James Nolan," a soldier who fell in the late American War. His voice is much more powerful than that of spirits who are not used to that form of manifestation. An address from him will be found in the following letter from Mrs. Jackson, describing

A SEANCE WITH MRS. HOLLIS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—I think it my duty to my brothers and sisters in Spiritualism to relate for their instruction and benefit one of the many wonderful seances given by Mrs. Hollis at my house during the last few weeks. The manifestations are quite unique in England, and certainly there is nothing like them in the metropolis. The circle was a select one, consisting of three ladies and one gentleman, besides the medium, Mrs. Holmes, and myself. We sat in a horse-shoe circle, Mrs. Hollis sitting apart in the centre of this crescent, a tin trumpet being placed in front of us, some distance from Mrs. Hollis. When the light was put out, some very beautiful spirit lights were seen, the outline of a hand being distinctly visible. Those of us who were clairvoyante saw the room filled with spirits, whose faces were clear and distinctly discernible. After some bright lights appeared, and while yet the last coruscation of luminous light was still floating through the room, Mrs. Hollis's spirit guide, "James Nolan," came and spoke through the trumpet in clear, ringing, earnest tones, carrying conviction to the minds of his hearers. Addressing himself to me, James spoke long and energetically upon modern Spiritualism, and on the revolution about to be effected by its agency, for the elevation and enlightenment of mankind; how this unseen and much-scoffed-at power was steadily working out the overthrow of old creeds and dogmas, laying bare the rotten hollowness of many of our time-honoured institutions; how this influence was silently yet surely sapping the foundations of the old faiths and freeing men's minds from the thrall of the priest and pastor, opening wide the doors for truth to enter and disperse the mists of error and ignorance, so that each

man and woman may dare to think for themselves. James went on to say how rapidly Spiritualism had spread in the last few years, but more especially within the last twelve months. I use the spirit's own words in the following lines:—"It is ringing through the celestial halls, and the time hurries on apace when the spirits will pour out their power and gifts upon all grades and conditions of mind, making them the befitting mouth-pieces and instruments in carrying out the great work. Men and women of highest culture will become the willing co-workers in proclaiming the new truth, as well as those of less intellectual attributes and attainments. I speak strongly on these subjects, for I feel strongly. All deep natures use strong and forcible language when they are in earnest, and *I* am in earnest. This is my work in spirit life, to come and talk to you mortals; and you cannot realise how much it implies for a spirit to leave a happy home and congenial influences to come down to this dark, cold earth and talk to you, surrounded as many are by such chilling and repellent atmospheres of scepticism and frivolity. What can any spirit teach you of the highest truth of Spiritualism, when some one of the circle asks me 'how much money have I got in my pockets, or where was my coat made, and what was the tailor's name'? Do you suppose for a moment, that if you were to thus suddenly interrupt a lecturer or actor in the midst of some of his grandest expressions of thought, he could answer your inane question, and immediately resume his discourse with all his original fire and inspiration? Do you not think how much more difficult it must be for a disembodied spirit to come and give utterance to high and sublime truths when you wantonly destroy every chance of the spirit doing so? Why don't people ask their questions as if they addressed men and women like themselves, who had suffered all the life experiences common to mortals; it grieves the spirits to listen to the silly aimless questions, propounded by the generality of people in a circle. Ask for knowledge and it will be given unto you; seek for light to help you to live up to the highest expression of your ideal; ask for strength to bear the burdens of life bravely, and to apply for guidance and instruction, in order that you may be able to show your children how to live and progress towards harmony and perfection. Try by your individual and collective efforts to raise your fellow-men nearer the light. Such a course of action on your part would be advantageous to yourselves, inasmuch as it would educate and elevate your character and fit you better for that higher state of existence beyond the confines of this earth." James spoke much more but I cannot remember his exact words. To those who are anxious to find out "What is Truth," let them take an early opportunity of hearing this earnest, clear-headed, and thoroughly sincere spirit speak.

Mrs. Hollis does not expect to remain many months in London, and I would venture to advise every investigator and every spiritualist to come and hear James Nolan's admirable discourses

on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, as well as upon other subjects in relation to the arts and sciences, the cause and effect of revolution, and to what the spirit of the age tends.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, E. B. Jackson.

MELANCHOLY RESULT OF THE REALISATION OF A DREAM.

It may be remembered that, towards the end of 1871, it came to light that a person named Moir, then grieve at the farm of Upper Dellachy, in the parish of Boyndie, had, about the Whitsunday previous, dreamed a dream of seeing a dead body besmeared with blood, lying on a raised mound by the sea-shore at a point opposite the farm and about a mile to the west of the village of Whitehills. The dream haunted him so much that, after resisting the impulse for a long time, he went to the spot indicated with a spade, and, on turning over the turf, he came upon a human skull. Continuing the search, he uncovered the complete skeleton of a man lying at full length. The matter was fully investigated at the time, and no clue could be found leading to the discovery of who the person was, but the matter seems to have since preyed very much upon Moir so that he could not find peace about it, nor forget thinking of it, till at last he succumbed to the effects and died on Wednesday last, and has since been buried in his native parish (we believe of Insch). The investigation at the time went clearly to show that Moir could not possibly have had anything whatever to do with the mysterious affair, as he was comparatively a young man at the time, and could not have been in the district, if in existence at all, and for a period of 50 years the place where the body was found had not been used. Moir has left a young wife, for whom much sympathy is felt under the melancholy circumstances.—*Aberdeen Free Press*, Oct. 1873.

[A correspondent remarks, "The poor fellow knew nothing of psychological laws, and the ignorant boors in the locality fancied he had something to do with the murder, indirectly through antecedent relations, so his nervous energy gave way to it." This unfortunate man must have been a sensitive, hence his dream and the impression which followed it, and also the fatal results which attended the force of public opinion on him.—Ed. *H. N.*]

SLEEPING WOMAN.

Apropos of the account of the sleeping woman we are reminded of a remarkable case of the same kind, recorded in 1757 by Dr. Brady, Physician to the Prince of Lorraine. The woman in this instance was of a healthy, robust constitution, and lived for many years in the service of her parish priest, near Mons. Early in 1738, when she was about thirty-six, "she suddenly became uneasy, sullen, and surly," and in the month of August fell into a deep sleep, which

lasted our days, notwithstanding all efforts to awaken her. She awoke at length of her own accord, and in a very bad humour, but went about her business as usual for the next six or seven days, when she again fell asleep and slept eighteen hours. From that time for nearly fifteen years, she continued to sleep every day from about 3 in the morning till 8 or 9 at night, except about four months in the year 1745, when she had a natural sleep, and about twenty-one days in the year 1748, when she was kept awake by a tertian ague.

On the 20th of February, 1755, Dr. Brady, whose curiosity had, unfortunately for the poor woman, been aroused at what he heard of her case went to see her in company with the Surgeon-Major of an Austrian regiment.

Dr. Brady felt her pulse and found it natural, raised her arm and found it heavy and rigid so that he could not bend it without difficulty. He then raised her head, and her neck, "being as stiff as a board," naturally rose with it. Her legs were in the same condition. He put his mouth to her ear and called as loud as he could, and to be sure that there was no cheat he stuck a pin through her flesh to the bone, and further held the flame of burning paper to her cheek until the skin was chafed; and, not content with this—for those were brutal times, and this investigating Esculapius seems to have been well worthy of them—thrust a piece of linen saturated with spirit of wine up her nostrils, and set it on fire for a moment. But still she slept. These operations had commenced at 5. At 6.30 her neck, arms and legs became more supple. About 8 she turned in her bed, got up abruptly, and came to the fire. She soon after ate with an appetite and then sat down to spin. Her peculiarity seems to have caused her to be regarded by the enlightened surgical world of the district as a proper subject for continual *experimenta* on what they no doubt were pleased to regard as her *corpus vile*. Previous to the manipulations of the gentle Brady a brother in the healing art had forced down her throat eighteen grains of tartar emetic, "which if they had awakened her would probably have caused her death, four grains being a dose." She had been whipped till the blood ran down her shoulders; her back had been rubbed with honey, and then exposed on a hot day before a hive of bees, when she was stung in a most frightful manner! Pins had been thrust under her nails, and she had suffered many other injuries which Brady euphemistically terms "odd experiments," and delicately says, he "must pass them over in silence on account of their indecency."—*American Paper.*

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CATECHISM.

What is life?—Active force.
What is organic life?—Centralised force.
What is animal life?—Sentient force.
What is mind?—Capability of perception.

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lasted our days, notwithstanding all efforts to awaken her. She awoke at length of her own accord, and in a very bad humour, but went about her business as usual for the next six or seven days, when she again fell asleep and slept eighteen hours. From that time for nearly fifteen years, she continued to sleep every day from about 3 in the morning till 8 or 9 at night, except about four months in the year 1745, when she had a natural sleep, and about twenty-one days in the year 1748, when she was kept awake by a tertian ague.

On the 20th of February, 1755, Dr. Brady, whose curiosity had, unfortunately for the poor woman, been aroused at what he heard of her case went to see her in company with the Surgeon-Major of an Austrian regiment.

Dr. Brady felt her pulse and found it natural, raised her arm and found it heavy and rigid so that he could not bend it without difficulty. He then raised her head, and her neck, "being as stiff as a board," naturally rose with it. Her legs were in the same condition. He put his mouth to her ear and called as loud as he could, and to be sure that there was no cheat he stuck a pin through her flesh to the bone, and further held the flame of burning paper to her cheek until the skin was chafed; and, not content with this—for those were brutal times, and this investigating Esculapius seems to have been well worthy of them—thrust a piece of linen saturated with spirit of wine up her nostrils, and set it on fire for a moment. But still she slept. These operations had commenced at 5. At 6.30 her neck, arms and legs became more supple. About 8 she turned in her bed, got up abruptly, and came to the fire. She soon after ate with an appetite and then sat down to spin. Her peculiarity seems to have caused her to be regarded by the enlightened surgical world of the district as a proper subject for continual *experimenta* on what they no doubt were pleased to regard as her *corpus vile*. Previous to the manipulations of the gentle Brady a brother in the healing art had forced down her throat eighteen grains of tartar emetic, "which if they had awakened her would probably have caused her death, four grains being a dose." She had been whipped till the blood ran down her shoulders; her back had been rubbed with honey, and then exposed on a hot day before a hive of bees, when she was stung in a most frightful manner! Pins had been thrust under her nails, and she had suffered many other injuries which Brady euphemistically terms "odd experiments," and delicately says, he "must pass them over in silence on account of their indecency."—*American Paper.*

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CATECHISM.

What is life?—Active force.
What is organic life?—Centralised force.
What is animal life?—Sentient force.
What is mind?—Capability of perception.

What is thought?—A form of perception.

What is truth?—The right relation between thoughts, or between thoughts and their expression.

What is spirit?—Living and loving intelligence.

What is the difference between a merely intelligent man and a spiritual man?—The one is only a recipient and appropriator of forms of thought, the other re-acts upon and transmits the intellectual influences which affect him. No man is wholly intellectual or wholly spiritual; the pure pedant is the nearest approach to the former; the creative artist, the truly original thinker, and the single-minded philanthropist are wont to combine the attributes of both active and passive intelligence.

Why is not the immortality of the soul susceptible of scientific proofs?—Because scientific and logical processes are concerned only with forms of thought; and immortality—or the continuance of individual existence after the dissolution of the body—is realised only by formal and self-conscious experience. Spiritualistic phenomena afford the *strongest probability* that the spirit of man does in all cases survive the process called death, but that is all that they can do.

What is the will?—The disposition to act in one way rather than another.

What is character?—The mental and physical constitution and habits which determine the quality of the will.

What are a man's principles?—The predominant motives of his conduct of life.

FRANCES WRIGHT, LAFAYETTE, AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Robert Dale Owen.

(Continued.)

I was one of ten persons to whom Frances Wright, in December of 1826, conveyed the lands of Nashoba, consisting of eighteen hundred and sixty acres, "in perpetual trust for the benefit of the negro race," my co-trustees being (besides Miss Wright's sister) General Lafayette, William McClure, Robert Owen, Cadwallader Colden, Richeson Whitby, Robert Jennings, George Flower, and James Richardson; three of the said trustees, if resident on the lands, to constitute a quorum competent to transact business.

Cadwallader Colden was well-known in those days, as an eminent New York lawyer and statesman, who had been Mayor of the city. Richeson Whitby and Robert Jennings were both members of the New Harmony Community, Whitby having formerly been a Shaker with a good knowledge of farming, and Jennings an experienced teacher. George Flower was the son of Richard Flower, already

spoken of; and James Richardson was a Scotch physician, upright, impracticable, and an acute metaphysician of the Thomas Brown school.

Miss Wright also conveyed to us all her personal property then on these lands,—farming utensils, waggons, horses, and the like, together with five male and three female slaves; consigning also to our care a family of female slaves (four in number, I think), entrusted to her by a certain Robert Wilson of South Carolina. The conveyance of the slaves was "on condition that, when their labour shall have paid to the institution of Nashoba" (not to Miss Wright) "a clear capital of six thousand dollars, with six per cent. interest thereon from January 1, 1827, and also a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of colonisation, all these slaves shall be emancipated, and colonised out of the limits of the United States by the trustees." . . . .

Assenting to these views I accepted the trusteeship; and when, in the spring of 1827, New Harmony had ceased to be a Community, I agreed to accompany Miss Wright on a visit to Nashoba, hoping there to find more cultivated and congenial associates than those among whom, for eighteen months past, I had been living. A week later my father left Harmony for Europe, expressing his regret that, because of his recent large expenditures, he could not prudently undertake, as he wished, to educate the village children free of cost; but adding that he had paid up the debts of the Community, and had left in the hands of Mr. James Dorsey, then a resident of New Harmony but late treasurer of the Miami University, three thousand dollars, as a contribution toward defraying school expenses for the coming year.

At Nashoba, where I remained ten days, I found but three trustees, Richeson Whitby, James Richardson, and the younger Miss Wright. We consulted daily, but though sanguine I had to admit that the outlook was unpromising.

The land, all second-rate only, and scarcely a hundred acres of it cleared; three or four squared log houses, and a few small cabins for the slaves, the only buildings; slaves released from fear of the lash working indolently under the management of Whitby, whose education in an easy-going Shaker village had not at all fitted him for the post of plantation overseer: these were the main facts to which it was to be added that Miss Wright's health, which had been feeble at New Harmony, became so much worse ere we reached Memphis that she had to be conveyed from that town to Nashoba in a hammock swung in a covered waggon. Richardson informed me that during the preceding year, intent on organising her institution, she had rashly exposed herself on horseback during the midday suns of July and August, sometimes even sleeping in the forest at night; had barely escaped a sunstroke, and had *not* escaped a brain-fever, which prostrated her for weeks, and almost baffled his skill and her sister's unremitting care. Fearing its return, he earnestly recommended a sea-voyage and a residence during the ensuing summer

in Europe. Thereupon Whitby declared that if both the sisters left Nashoba, he despaired of being able to manage the slaves; they would obey either, as their owner and mistress, and himself only when he had their authority to back his orders.

Discouraging enough, certainly! But I was then much in the state of mind in which, more than thirty years before Southey and Coleridge may have been when they resolved to found, amid the wilds of the Susquehanna, a pantisocracy free from worldly evils and turmoils and cares, from which individual property and selfishness were to be excluded; so I adhered to my resolution, Frances Wright encouraging me to hope that in Paris and London we might find congenial associates.

Finally, a loadstar beckoning me to Braxfield, I proposed to accompany Miss Wright across the Atlantic. She found an elderly Scotchwoman as attendant. We took a Havre packet at New Orleans, and after a tedious voyage reached France in July. I had fears even for her life, till we got fairly out to sea; but after that she gradually gathered strength, and when I left her in Paris with intimate friends, her health was, in a measure, restored.

I spent several weeks in the French metropolis. Politically, it was a period of much interest. Twelve years before, the prestige with which overshadowing talent and military glory had long invested arbitrary power in France had died out on the field of Waterloo. Louis, the corpulent and the gastronomic,—

> "That Louis whom, as king and eater,
> Some called *Dix-Huit* and some *Des Huitres*,"—

had presented such a humiliating contrast to the great Corsican that all classes instinctively felt it. The reign of Charles X. the last of the dynasty which "forgot nothing and learned nothing," commencing three years before I reached Paris, had been but a succession of plots against human liberty. In 1824 the nation had been loaded down with a debt of a thousand millions as indemnity to emigrants; in 1826 futile attempts had been made to restore the feudal laws of primogeniture and to muzzle the press; finally, the Jesuits had been re-established in France under the title of Fathers of the Faith,—all this during the premiership of the ultra-royalist Villèle. At a review, held three months before my arrival, by the king in person, the public discontent had broken loose, as the royal cortege approached, in loud cries of "Down with the ministers! Down with Villèle!"

The contempt with which the common people regarded Charles was expressed without reserve. "What sort of king have you got?" said I to the driver of a fiacre, which I had hired to take me to Versailles; "do you like him?"

"If I like him?" answered the man, in a tone of disgust. "Sacre! what is there to like? He does nothing but hunt and pray to the good God all day."

It was a terse description of the royal occupations. The chase and the mass made up the business of Charles's life.

Ridicule, in France the most powerful of all political weapons, was brought to bear against the imbecile monarch. At every corner one could buy weekly journals filled with pasquinades and caricatures. A trifling incident, of recent occurrence, had stirred up all Paris just then, and furnished fresh material for fun and jest. The Pasha of Egypt had presented to the King of France a cameleopard. This animal, the first of its kind, I believe, that had ever reached Paris, seemed to be the universal theme of conversation, from the most fashionable circle down to the meanest beggar. Its picture was exhibited in every print-shop window, was painted on every stage-coach. Every new invention, every fashionable article of dress was *à la giraffe*. Its long neck and sloping body were to be seen all over the papered walls, on the ladies' sashes, on the gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs, nay, the pettiest retailer of gingerbread had given his cakes the same all-fashionable form.

I went to see this most popular of quadrupeds at the Jardin des Plantes. The crowd was immense, and their exclamations of delight at every movement of the creature resembled the cries of children at sight of a new toy:—"Mais, voyez-vous elle se couche! Elle se couche toute seule! Elle est couchée! Elle resta là! Quelle drôle de bête!" and so on, in every varied tone of gratification and surprise.

The satirists of the press were, of course, not slow to avail themselves of the passing excitement. Before the animal arrived, they had circulated a news-item, stating that the king had issued an ordinance forbidding the entrance of the cameleopard into his dominions, "parcequ'il ne voulait pas avoir une plus grande bête que lui dans son royaume." Soon after appeared a caricature representing the triumphal entry of the animal into Paris, escorted by the royal body-guards and the officers of the Cabinet; and as it was still in every one's memory that Charles, entering Paris in triumph at the time of the restoration, had sought to win favour by publicly declaring, "Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Francais de plus,"—the artist had projected from the cameleopard's mouth a croll with the words "Rien n'est changé il n'y a qu'une bête de plus." All this probably hit harder then even the quasi-seditious cries of the malcontent multitude at the review. When Charles, three years later, issued decrees destroying the liberty of a press which thus assailed him, and dissolving a Chamber of Deputies who stood out against these and similiar acts of tyranny, it cost him his crown.

But *the* event of this visit of mine to Paris was my introduction, by Frances Wright, to General Lafayette. Of all men living he was the one I most enthusiastically admired, and the one I had the most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervour in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York Lafayette had returned home in the Brandy-wine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation, till then, had welcomed a man.

I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart. Then, too, Frances Wright, familiar with his history, had made me acquainted with many incidents in his life not then generally known; his nice sense of honour in abstaining, during a visit to London in 1777 (just before he embarked as volunteer in the American struggle), from getting any information that might be used against England,—even declining to visit her naval station at Portsmouth; then his noble conduct to Napoleon, first refusing all honours and office at his hands; then voting against him as Consul for life, and telling him that he had done so; later, when Bonaparte returned from Waterloo, urging in the Assembly his abdication; yet finally, with a sympathy for the fallen soldier in adversity which he had never felt for the Emperor while in his pride of power, offering to procure him the means of escape to America,—an offer which Napoleon, unable to forgive old grudges, unfortunately for himself, declined.

These and a hundred other chivalrous traits of self-sacrifice and a delicate generosity had made Lafayette a hero of heroes in my eyes. And when he gave me a cordial invitation to spend a week at La Grange, adding that he would call for me with his carriage next day, I was at the summit of human felicity. The opportunity of intimacy with a man who, while yet a mere stripling, had relinquished in freedom's cause all that youth commonly most clings to and prizes! The privilege of a talk in uninterrupted quiet, during a four or five hours' drive, with a leading spirit in two revolutions! A chance of questioning one of the chief actors in the greatest struggles for social and political liberty which all history records! I scarcely slept that night; and well did the morrow—a bright day in mid-August—fulfil more than all I had expected!

My admiration and sympathy were no doubt transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good-nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day. . . . .

In the course of conversation, another incident from Lafayette's early life came up,—that outrage alike against international law and a decent regard for humanity,—his seizure in 1792 by Austria and his confinement in the citadel of Olmütz for five years in a dark and noisome dungeon. Though his prison was shared, for the twenty-two last months, by his devoted wife, yet for more than three years previously he had been condemned to utter solitude, cut off from the world, and from all outside news, whether of events or of persons. In alluding to these terrible days, and expressing to me the opinion that a few months more of such stagnant isolation would have deprived him of reason, his characteristic thought for others rather than himself shone out. "My young friend," he said, "you will probably some day be one of the law-makers in your adopted country—"

"What, I, General? A foreigner?"

Was not I a foreigner, and how have I been treated? If you ever become a member of a legislative body, bear this in mind: that utter seclusion from one's fellow-creatures for years is a refinement of cuelty which no human being has a right to inflict upon another, no matter what the provocation. Vote against all attempts to introduce into the criminal code of your State, as penalty for any offence, solitary confinement, at all events for more than a few months. Prolonged beyond that term it is torture, not reformatory punishment."

I told him I should surely conform to his advice; and when, seven or eight years later, I served in the Indiana legislature, I kept my promise.

Of course we spoke of the French Revolution and the causes of its failure.

"Our people had not the same chance as the Americans," said Lafayette, "because the feudal wrongs under which they had suffered for ages were far more dreadful than anything that is complained of in your Declaration of Independence; and these involved a lack of education and a political ignorance which never existed in the United States. The recollection of such wrongs maddened them, and so led to tolerable excesses. Yet, even at such disadvantage, I believe we might have succeeded if other nations had let us alone."

"Do you think that England interfered to encourage the revolutionary excesses?"

"I am certain that was William Pitt's policy; and when we reach La Grange I will give you proof of this."

"But was there not lack of harmony between those who, in the first years of your Revolution, honestly sought the public good?"

"Yes; lack of harmony and of a correct appreciation of each other's views and motives. I have often thought, since, that if, in those early days, I had justly judged the noble character and enlightened views which, afterwards, when it was too late, I learned to ascribe to Madame Roland; that if we two and the friends who trusted us had acted in cordial unison, it is possible that our desperate struggle for liberty might have had a happier end. Even as it is, it has left inestimable gains behind it. The king, you see, has failed to re-establish primogeniture. Villèle has been defeated in his attempts to procure a censorship of the press. Our people despise the weak sovereign who misrules them, and our Chamber of Deputies holds out against him. A very few years will see another revolution; and our past experience will doubtless tend to give it a wiser and more peaceful character than the last."

I may add here that, in the autumn of 1830 when these predictions had been fulfilled, I received from the General a letter giving me his reasons for acceding to the measures of the party which placed an Orleans Bourbon on the throne. A monarchy limited by the surroundings of republican institutions was all that Lafayette then thought his countrymen able to sustain. The son of one whose

republican preferences had won for him the title of Egalité, himself educated from infancy in the humanitarian principles of Rousseau; an adherent, at the age of seventeen, and under solemn pledges, to the revolutionary doctrines of 1790 a faithful soldier of the Republic up to 1793; finally, trained from that time forth for twenty years in the stern school of adversity, it seemed as if Louis Philippe, direct descendant of Louis XIV. though he was, might here be the right man in the right place. Yet Lafayette (so he wrote to me) accepted him with reluctance, as a stepping-stone, which even then he did not fully trust, to something better in the future. "On the thirty-first of July," he added, "when I presented him to the people from a balcony of the Hotel de Ville, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, I never said, as the newspapers made me say, 'Voila la meilleure des republiques!'" He did but surrender his own political preferences to what he regarded as the necessity of the hour; and it is well known that a programme of government, agreed upon between Lafayette and Louis Philippe before the latter was elected king, embodied provisions far more liberal than any which were ever carried into practice during his reign. Little wonder that the miscalled "citizen king" rejoiced, as he notoriously did, when the man to whom he virtually owed his throne resigned in disgust his commission as commander of the National Guards.

The day after we arrived, the General fulfilled his promise by showing me various letters, intercepted during the Reign of Terror, which afforded conclusive evidence that the British government had, throughout France, secret emissaries, paid to originate, or encourage, the very atrocities which brought reproach on the republican cause. He kindly gave me one of these letters, which I kept for many years, but finally lost through the carelessness of a friend to whom I had lent it. It was addressed to the president of the revolutionary committee at St. Omer, stating that Mr. Pitt had been well pleased with his action so far, and he should soon have an additional remittance for his services. Among other recommendations, it contained, I remember, this, "Women and priests are the safest persons to work upon and take into your pay."

Lafayette's beautiful country-seat is too well known to justify any elaborate description here. The château struck me as a fine specimen of the old French castle, built on three sides of a quadrangle, and surrounded by a moat which modern convenience had converted into a fish-pond. The park had evidently been laid out by an English landscape gardener, and with much taste; a beautiful lawn around the castle was dotted with clumps of trees of every variety of foliage some of which had been planted by the General's own hand. Beyond was a farm of some four hundred acres under excellent culture. The offices, which were extensive and neatly kept, contained folds for a flock of a thousand merinoes; and in the cow-houses we found a numerous collection of the best breeds, French, Swiss, and English, the latter from the farm of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. Among [illegible]

Mississippi, a flock of wild turkeys, and a variety of other curiosities.

At La Grange I found various members of the Lafayette family, including a married daughter, and a grand-daughter seventeen or eighteen years old, Natalie de Lafayette, next whom at table her grandfather, much to my satisfaction, did me the honour to assign me a seat. She conversed with a knowledge of general subjects and with a freedom rarely to be met with among unmarried French girls, who are wont to reply in monosyllables if a casual acquaintance touches on any topic beyond the commonplaces of the hour. She was strikingly handsome, too; and when I was first introduced to her, her beauty seemed to me strangely familiar. After puzzling over this for some time, it occurred to me that this young lady's features recalled the female faces in some of Ary Scheffer's best paintings, especially, if I remember aright, his "Mignon aspirant au Ciel." When I mentioned this casually to an English gentleman, then a visitor at La Grange, he smiled. "Have you remarked it also?" I asked.

"I, and almost every one who is acquainted with Mademoiselle de Lafayette. Common rumour has it that Scheffer is hopelessly in love with her; at all events, his ideal faces of female loveliness almost all partake, more or less of her style of beauty."

I had a glimpse, during my visit, of a singular phase of French life. Among General Lafayette's guests was a distinguished-looking, middle-aged lady of rank and fashion; and, after a few days, I began to observe that a young French noble, also a visitor, paid her assiduous attention; in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner, however, and an air of marked respect. "Is Monsieur le Marquis a relative of Madame de——?" I asked Monsieur Levasseur, the General's private secretary, with whom I had become well acquainted.

"A relative? O no. He is,—you do not know it, then?—her *friend*." The emphasis marked the meaning, and Levasseur added; "He is usually invited where she happens to be."

"Did he come to La Grange with her?"

"Ah!" (smilingly), "one sees that you are not acquainted with our usages. It would have been a great impropriety to accompany Madame. He arrived a day or two after her."

Next day the lady left for Paris; and the next day after I took my departure, leaving the "friend" still at La Grange.

If we are disposed to regard such a relation as an anomaly in refined society, we may, at least, readily detect its cause. An English lady, whose acquaintance I had made soon after I arrived in Paris, told me that a few weeks before, during an afternoon visit, she was conversing in a fashionable drawing-room with the eldest daughter of the house, when the mother, who was standing at a front window, called out, "Tiens, ma fille; voilà ton futur! Don't you want to see your intended?"

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"But without doubt, dear mamma. Which is he?"

"You see these three gentlemen who are coming up arm in arm?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, it is the middle one of the three; he who wears the blue coat."

As a general rule marriage is a negotiation between two families; and, "if there be no repugnance" (that is deemed the sole necessary inquiry), the young people ratify the bargain and the ceremony follows. Position in society, but still more frequently the relative wealth of the parties, stamps the suitability of the match. Quarter of a million livres ought to win and marry quarter of a million livres; and, if there be birth and beauty, ought to attract and subdue *half* a million. Purses are mated. What wonder that poor hearts, thus cheated, take their after revenge?

Young men are somewhat more at liberty than their marriageable sisters; but even they seldom choose for themselves. It is not said of a young gentleman, "He is about to marry," but "His father is about to marry him." My experience, then and later, of French life in the upper classes is, that if a young bachelor, by a rare chance, should even happen to originate an attachment, it is, as a general rule, lightly felt and soon passed over. Ere I left Paris I met at a small evening party a young Frenchman, who, having just returned from a visit to the United States, sought my acquaintance, and confided to me in the first half hour what he seemed to consider a love adventure. "It was in Philadelphia. Two months ago I loved her much, for she was, indeed, very well, one might say, quite charming. It was what is called there a good family; rich too; and the parents allowed me to see her alone several times. I think she did not regard me with indifference, and sometimes she looked quite pretty. But what would you have? My father was not there, and who can tell in what light he might have regarded it? He had always warned me against a mésalliance. Then, after a time, I drifted into another circle and did not see her for several weeks,—de manière que la chose se passit. But I think of her still sometimes. She was très gentille, and really carried herself with a grace which one does not expect out of Paris."

All said in the easiest tone, just as he might have related to me a visit to the theatre, and made a confession that he was struck with a pretty little actress whom he met there; to a stranger, too, whom he saw then for the first time and never expected to see again! It amazed me.

Although at that time half a century had passed since America had declared her independence, and made good her declaration, some of the inhabitants of Paris had evidently not yet awakened to the fact. Soon after reaching the city I went to have my hair cut. When I sat down, the barber, stepping back a pace or two, seemed to take a survey of his visitor.

"Apparently," he said at last, "Monsieur's hair was not cut the last time in Paris."

I confessed that it was not.

"May I ask," he then added, "where Monsieur's hair was last cut?"

"It was at some distance from here,—in the United States."

"Pardon! Where did Monsieur say that his hair was cut?"

"In the United States,—in America."

"Ah! In the colonies? Are there, then, already hairdressers in the colonies?"

I assured him that in the United States of America many of his profession were to be found; and I hope that thenceforth he regarded us, if not as an independent, at least as a civilised nation.

I had heard, as every one has, of the politeness for which the French of all classes are famous; and I resolved strictly to test it.

On one of the crowded boulevards I saw, one day, a woman who might be of any age from sixty to eighty, sitting bowed as with infirmity, over a stall loaded with apples and oranges; her wrinkled face the colour of time-stained parchment, her eyes half closed, and her whole expression betokening stolid sadness and habitual suffering. I made no offer to buy, but doffed my hat to her, as one instinctively does in France when addressing any woman, told her I was a stranger, that I desired to reach such a street, naming it, and begged that she would have the goodness to direct me thither.

I shall never forget the transformation that took place while I was speaking. The crouched figure erected itself; the face awoke, its stolid look and half its wrinkles, as it seemed, gone; the apparent sullenness replaced by a gentle and kindly air; while the voice was pitched in a pleasant and courteous tone. It said, "Monsieur will be so good as to cross the boulevard just here, then to pass on, leaving two cross-streets behind him; at the third cross-street he will please turn to the right, and then he will be so kind as to descend that street until he shall have passed a cathedral on the left; Monsieur will be careful not to leave this street until he shall have passed the cathedral and another cross-street; then he will turn to the left and continue until he reaches a fountain, after which—" and so on through sundry other turnings and windings.

I thanked the good woman, but begged that she would have the kindness to repeat her directions, as I feared to forget them. This she did, word for word, with the utmost patience and *bonhomie*, accompanying her speech, as she had done before, with little, appropriate gestures. I was sorely tempted to offer a piece of money. But something restrained me, and I am satisfied that she did not expect it. So I merely took off my hat a second time, bowed, and bade her farewell. She dismissed me as gracefully as a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain might some visitor to her gorgeous boudoir.

From France I crossed over to Scotland. My readers already know how I fared there. I took leave of the family at Braxfield, and of Jessie, in the middle of October, and proceeded directly to London.

The most interesting person I met there was Mrs. Shelley daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and widow since Percy Bysshe Shelley's death in 1822 of that poet:—interesting, not only because of the celebrity of her parents and of her husband, but far more for her own sake; interesting, too, because of the remarkable discrepancy which I discovered that there was between her actual character and all her antecedents and surroundings.

I expected to find Mrs. Shelley a radical reformer, probably self-asserting, somewhat aggressive, and at war with the world; more decidedly heterodox in religion or morals than I myself was; endorsing and enforcing the extreme opinions of father and mother, and (as I then understood them) of her husband. I found her very different from my preconceptions.

Gentle, genial, sympathetic, thoughtful and matured in opinion beyond her years, for she was then but twenty-nine; essentially liberal in politics, ethics, and theology, indeed, yet devoid alike of stiff prejudice against the old or ill-considered prepossession in favour of the new; and, above all, womanly, in the best sense, in every sentiment and instinct; she impressed me also as a person with warm social feelings, dependent for happiness on loving encouragement; needing a guiding and sustaining hand.

I felt all this, rather than reasoned it out, during our too brief acquaintance; and few women have ever attracted me so much in so short a time. Had I remained in London I am sure we should have been dear friends. She wrote me several charming letters to America.

In person, she was of middle height and graceful figure. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, was comely and spiritual, of winning expression, and with a look of inborn refinement as well as culture. It had a touch of sadness when at rest; yet when it woke up in animated conversation, one could see that underneath there was a bright, cheerful, even playful nature, at variance, I thought, with depressing circumstances and isolated position.

Looking back on those days, I feel assured that, if fate had thrown Mary Shelley and myself together at that period of my life, instead of bringing me in contact with Frances Wright, the influence would have been much more salutary. I required to be restrained, not urged; needed not the spur, but the guiding-rein. Mrs. Shelley shared many of my opinions and respected them all; and as well on that account as because I liked her and sympathised with her from the first, I should have taken kindly, and, weighed favourably, advice or remonstrance from her lips, which when it came later in aggressive form, from the pens of religious or political opponents, carried little weight and no conviction. I am confirmed in these opinions by having read, only a few years since, an extract from this excellent lady's private journal, written eleven years after I made her acquaintance, and which vividly recalls the pleasant and profitable hours I spent with her.

It is dated October 21st, 1838. She writes, "I have often been

abused for my lukewarmness in 'the good cause,' and shall put down here a few thoughts on the subject. . . . . Some have a passion for reforming the world, others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class makes me respect it. For myself I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures; I see all, in the present course, tending to this, and I rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring injurious re-action. I have never written a word in disfavour of liberalism, but neither have I openly supported it: first, because I have not argumentative power; I see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate them: next, because I feel the counter arguments too strongly. On some topics (especially with regard to my own sex), I am far from having made up my own mind."

Then, farther on, she adds, "I like society; I believe all persons in sound health, and who have any talent, do. Books do much; but the living intercourse is the vital heat. Debarred from that, how have I pined and died! Yet I never crouched to society,—never sought it unworthily. If I have never written to vindicate the rights of women, I have, at every risk, befriended women, when oppressed. God grant a happier and better day is near!"

She did not live to see it. Ere the clouds of detraction which then obscured Shelley's fame had fully cleared away, and the world had learned to recognise, despite extravagance of sentiment and immaturity of opinion, the upright, unselfish man, and the true poet, and his widow, weary of heart solitude, had passed away, to join in a better world the husband whose early loss had darkened her life in this. She died in about twelve years after the above extracts were written.

Mrs. Shelley told me that her husband, toward the close of his too short life, saw cause to modify the religious opinions which, in his earlier works, he had expressed, especially his estimate of the character of Christ, and of the ethical and spiritual system which Jesus gave to the world. With this strikingly accords the tenor of a document first printed in the volume from which I have extracted the above. Lady Shelley entitles it "An Essay on Christianity"; yet it is, in fact, but notes, fragmentary and suddenly interrupted by death, toward such an essay,—very interesting and significant notes, however. . . . .

Shelley admired and hoped, rather than asserted. But the spiritual tendencies of that delicate nature cannot be mistaken. We have seen that he did not deny the "signs and wonders" of the first century; that he declared the power of communing with the invisible world to be an interesting theme, and conceived the same idea that was expressed a few years later by Isaac Taylor, namely, that "within the field occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving another element fraught with another species of life." What he needed—what so many strong and earnest souls have needed—was experi-

mental proofs (if, as I believe, it is to be had) of man's continued existence, and of the reality of a better life to come.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

ORIGINAL HEALTH MAXIMS AND ADVICE.

By Dr. Newton.

True knowledge of healing will do away with drugs altogether.

Never take any medicine. The stomach revolts at it; nature teaches that it never should be used. It never cures disease of body or mind.

Avoid all patent medicines; they answer the purpose only for which they are made, viz., to make money and deceive, but they never cure any one.

Never put cold water on weak or diseased eyes.

Cold water should never be used on the head; but hot for all diseases of the head or brain.

Wearing garters makes crippled limbs.

Never sleep or sit with the hands up to the head; it will cause heart disease and consumption.

Magnetism—the life principle—may be imparted from one to another; and is the only power to heal the sick.

Never tamper with your eyes or ears.

Nitrate of silver, or any other drug, cannot be used on the eyes without injury.

Never use or take opiates or other anodynes.

Sorrow, grief, fear, or any extraordinary emotion, will cause disease. So to be well, be cheerful, and wear a pleasant countenance.

Never suffer tortures from professed physicians, bleeding, cauterising, cupping, plasters, or the use of liniments, calomel, nux vomica, arsenic, or any other drugs or poisons, that a well person could not take without serious injury. All such practice and pretended science is empiricism, quackery and deception, and an insult to reason and common sense.

"THE TRIAL OF SIR JASPER."*

Temperance has been regarded as a "Fruit of the Spirit" against which "there is no law." Temperance is the harmonious representation of a spiritual being through a physical instrument. The organism is composed of parts, each of which is the exponent of a spiritual principle, and in its

*The Trial of Sir Jasper: a Temperance Tale in verse, by S. C. Hall. Price 1s. London: Virtue.

action each organ fulfils an eternal purpose. The commonest acts of our physical structure are not for the time merely, but for all time, for the necessary upbuilding of an everlasting temple, constituted of memory and action, mind and its manifestation. Intemperance is the excessive activity of any part of the organic machine, which accordingly throws out of harmony the reservoir of spiritual principles, of which that machine is the exponent.

The term temperance is conventionally applied to the necessary use of food and drink, and intemperance to the excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages. Some years ago "temperance" recognised the frequent habitual use of alcoholics, if not taken in such quantity as to produce inebriety. The progress of physiological knowledge indicated long ago that alcohol fulfils no useful purpose in the economy of human life—that it is in all respects a foreign substance, which is not capable of assimilation into structure, mind, or force, and that, therefore, a temperate use of it si an absurdity. Hence "temperance" has come to be regarded as the necessary use of things wholesome and adapted to human requirements, and entire abstinence from things which the system is not adapted to receive, and are, therefore, more or less hurtful. The dietetic use of alcohol and all chemicals is, therefore, unscientific, and indicative of physiological ignorance or appetital perversion. Animal organisms are destined to replenish their waste from the assimilation of organic products; but plants can live on matter a grade beneath the organic scale, even on chemicals and minerals; indeed they are the primary organisms. The process by which alcohol is formed being one of disorganisation, by which matter is returned back to its primary chemical state, the elements of which alcohol consists, before they can be of use to the animal economy, have to pass through the laboratory of nature and again become portions of an organic structure.

There are various modes of promoting temperance, each of which appeals to some special phase of human character. With some, physiological considerations are all-powerful; with others, the economical aspect of the question reigns supreme. Others again are naturally temperate because of the purity and spirituality of their natures. Various forms of association, the platform, the pulpit, the printing press, poetry, music, and fine art, have all been pressed into the service of temperance. Recently a very striking and original combination has entered upon this field of useful effort, in a form in which poetry and pictures mutually assist each other to help weak and erring man to a more powerful command over himself and the destinies of his fellows. The "Trial of Sir Jasper" is a poem by Mr. S. C. Hall, which has just appeared, illustrated with twenty-five superb engravings on wood, from drawings made expressly for the work by E. M. Ward, R.A., Mrs. E. M. Ward, Alfred Elmore, R.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., George Cruikshank, John Tennier, F. D. Hardy, H. Anelay, Birket Foster, W. Cave Thomas, G. H. Boughton, Charles Mercier, P. R. Morris, N. Chevalier, Walter J. Allen, H. R. Robertson, E. Sherard Kennedy, John Morgan, E. M. Wimperis, Gustave Doré.

These drawings are engraved by the leading men in the profession; and being very carefully printed, and strikingly illustrative of the text, this temperance tale is wholly unique in its character and purpose. The author is widely known as the editor of the *Art Journal*, and hence the good taste in which the work is conceived, and the faultless perfection with which it is presented to the public. As a picture book it is remarkably cheap; but as an exponent of temperance principles, composed of incidents, reflections, illustrations, stanzas, and rhymes, which cannot fail to impress themselves indelibly upon the memory, it is truly invaluable. As a publishing venture

it has been a great success, 20,000 copies having been demanded on the day it appeared, and which has been steadily followed up by continuous application for the same. Of course the friends of Temperance have adopted it as their own, and so may the friends of Spiritualism; for Mr. S. C. Hall, besides being one of the first champions of the Temperance movement, is, at the same time, as intimately related to the great work of Spiritualism. Out of compliment to him in that respect, and apart from the merits of the work, his friends the spiritualists have desired to be recognised as helpers in the task of circulating this useful little book. The plan has been conceived of forming clubs amongst working people, that the book may be placed in every cottage home by payment of a small weekly subscription. This is best achieved by progressive men of the humbler classes, as it would be more graceful on the part of the opulent to present a copy to their poorer neighbours. As it is, both forms of distribution are receiving active support; and to do our part in the matter, we offer it as a premium volume with the present number of *Human Nature* at 9d., post free 9½d. Those who desire to circulate it in quantities may obtain it from our office at 9s. per dozen, carriage extra.

The Fasting Girl near Bridge of Allan.—The Bridge of Allan correspondent of the *N. B. Mail* writes:—An article by a special correspondent of the *Mail*, which appeared about a year ago, contained an interesting account of a young woman named Mary Weston, residing in the village of Causewayhead, who had then for nearly five years subsisted without partaking of any solid nourishment. From a visit paid to her two days ago, in the company of her medical attendant, it appears that this young woman still remains precisely in the same condition as that in which she was seen by the *Mail's* special correspondent. She has been suffering from a rheumatic attack, in consequence of which her limbs are somewhat swollen, but her physician states that he sees no signs of further decay in her constitution. Mary Weston has, therefore, for six years existed without other nourishment (with the trivial exception of an occasional morsel of apple) than a teacupful of milk taken morning and evening.—*Dumfriesshire Herald*, Dec. 20, 1873.

It is important to notice how much depends on what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice—I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let the one go on carelessly and idly indulging his appetites, and generally leading a life of what is called pleasure, and let the other train himself by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as wide apart in their capacity for exertion as if they had been born with wholly different constitutions. Where an opportunity of choice is given, morning work is generally better than night work; and a matter which I should not stoop to allude to but that I know the dangers of an overdriven existence in a crowded town, that if a man can't get through his day's labour, of whatever kind it may be, without artificial support, it should be a serious consideration for him whether that kind of labour is fit for him at all.—*Lord Derby.*