

# HUMAN NATURE:

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## THE BOOK OF GOD.

### PART I.

THIS is the first part of the most wonderful work that has been published since ANACALYSIS. Higgins, the author of this last-named splendid fragment, will take his place in future ages with Socrates, with Plato—with Proclus we were going to add; but when we have named the first two, we have awarded to our English sage the very highest and grandest diadem of learning and wisdom. We are ourselves about to re-publish the ANACALYSIS in parts, and we anticipate for it an extensive sale; it is the one great and glorious work of the present century; it is the grand repertory of ancient wisdom and modern speculation, illuminated by the highest learning, illustrated by the most honest purpose. Higgins was a country gentleman like Hampden, and it is by our country gentlemen that many of the sublimest things of England have been achieved. His life was innocent; he had one august idea, and that was to be the John the Baptist of the grand reformation of all religion, which he foresaw was approaching; and this sublime part he filled with a magnanimity, a nobleness, a heroism which has never been surpassed. Of course his work was not reviewed. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, which commented on Madame D'Arblay and Horace Walpole, and Wordsworth and Keats, and such "small deer," never once thought of directing the attention of their readers to a work which throws all other compositions of the century into the shade; and thus it happens that perhaps there are not a thousand of our people outside of London who knew or appreciated Godfrey Higgins. There is, however, one curious criterion of the judgment which we should pass on books, and that criterion is their condition in the British Museum. We may be perfectly well assured that no book is read there which does not deserve the approba-

tion of those who frequent that noble library. We remember it for the last fifty years. When we went there first, there was hardly anything like true thought in England. Years rolled on and day by day, as hour passed into hour, we could see the once detested or neglected volumes of the past gradually emerge from dust and from oblivion, and become handbooks with the thoughtful and the high-browed. The glorious volumes of ANACALYPSIS in this way gradually stole into light; and now, if one contemplates them, he finds in their well-worn pages that they have passed through thousands and thousands of hands, that they have been thoroughly thumbed, and read and studied, and, indeed, they exhibit already so many symptoms of decay, that the Principal Librarian will soon find it necessary to order a fresh copy—if, indeed, he can get one, which we doubt. For it cannot be denied that there has been a demand for this noble essay which has almost absorbed all existing copies, and we half think it would be now almost impossible to buy one.

The Author of the BOOK OF GOD has followed out the grand path which Higgins delineated, but he has gone further, as it was necessary that he should. Higgins, who was a high Freemason, and knew some of the most arcane of their mysteries, though of course he could not reveal them, hinted of the grand secret of the Naronic Cycle, which is the basis of the whole of ancient theology; but Higgins did not know, and consequently could not carry out this mighty mystery to its perfect end. The author of the BOOK OF GOD has done so; and every Spiritist or Spiritualist ought to possess a copy of the work, for without it he never can thoroughly understand the whole mystery of man's religion which is contained therein, nor can he appreciate the purposes of God in dealing with man.

For years and years, for centuries and centuries, there has prevailed an opinion among the greatest scholars and theologians that the APOCALYPSE ascribed to John of Patmos, was in reality the first and oldest volume of revelation ever given to man. The very name of Oannes, or I-Oannes given to it, carries us back to the days of ancient S-anconiathan, who relates that the first teachings from God to man, were delivered by a Man-Fish called O-an, or O-annes, who emerged from an Ocean of Fire, and taught the alphabet of religion and morality to the primeval dwellers of the globe. The image of this Man-Fish appears in the oldest monuments in the world; and can be seen in the British Museum, among the Nemroud Marbles, where it appears in the form given in the following page.\* This is the Grand

\* By a blunder this cut was inserted in our January number, p. 5; but it must be read in connection with this review, and not with that essay, with which, indeed, it has nothing to do.



Teacher of Truth, whom the Jews, following Hindu Theology, called Adam, Adama, Chaudam, Chaudama and Gaudama; titles founded on the Shanscrit word Adim, or The First; meaning the First Messenger of God to Man. The author of the BOOK OF GOD has demonstrated that the Indians were Aoudyans from Oude; that they fled from the Orient, having been defeated in a religious war or crusade; that they carried with them their Indian traditions into Egypt, where they were accepted hospitably as fugitives, until at length they arose under a great Teacher called Amosis, and having demanded a participation in civil rights, which was haughtily refused, resolved to go forth like gypsies into the wilderness, rather than live as slaves among a free people. — Wandering in the desert for many years, and acquiring there wild and predatory habits, they at length found themselves in Palis-tan, or the Land of Pallas the Ancient; and there, by the strong hand, they finally succeeded in establishing a religion to which Jesus eventually became the heir; and which, strange to say, eventually has become the predominant faith of Europe and America: neither of which dreams that so-called Christianity has for its basis Adamism, Enochism, Fo-ism, and eventually Brahminism—the four cardinal points on which the creed of nearly all the earth is eventually based. Yet that this is so, is very clearly proved by the marvellous volume which we are now reviewing; and which we present at a very moderate price to our readers. These outcasts carried with them, but perhaps in fragments, the APOCALYPSE of OANNES. This volume belonged only to the hierarchy. For reasons, which the author of the BOOK OF GOD has fully explained, it was impossible to communicate to the public the sealed contents of this holy work. A knowledge of its mysteries was confined to the priests of the highest order: to reveal what it contained was death; in other word exclusion, like the mythic Eve, from Paradise, or excommunication. Hence the *secrecy* which is so marked a characteristic of Jewish Theology; hence the fear and trembling with



which the Rabbis always alluded to the arcane subtleties of their religion; hence the allusion of Jesus himself, when he spoke of "throwing pearls before swine;" in one word, also, hence is *faith*; hence are *mysteries*; hence belief without investigation.

The design of the BOOK of GOD is to demonstrate, not by mere argument or speculation, but by hard facts, that from the beginning, and from the days of the Twenty-four Ancients or Pre-Adamite Sultans, there has been but One Religion revealed by God and professed by man; that that religion is Monotheism, or the Veneration of One God, who energizes by the Holy Spirit, or Virgin Power of the Universe; and who conveys tidings of himself to the innumerable spheres in space, which are inhabited by material or by immaterial beings, all of whom require this constant communication from Heaven, it being the pabulum of souls, as bread is that of bodies. Our author has shown for the first time, in an intelligible form, how creation began, and how the Triadic theory, originally founded on truth, was perverted by superstition into one of the pagan mysteries which is still preserved among ourselves. This is followed by a dissertation on the Naros, or Sibylline Year—a secret of Phre-Masonry, or Great-God-Sun-Worship, known perhaps only to the Grand Master of Masonry himself; and if known, certainly not divulged by him to any but his expectant and immediate successor on the Mazonic Throne. It is surmised indeed that to the late Duke of Sussex was known more on this subject than was ever before or since communicated to any English Grand Master, but this arcane knowledge has probably died with him.

That the secret of the Naros should be wrapped up in deepest mystery and silence, was absolutely essential to the welfare of the world in those early ages; nor would it now be revealed by our author, had not all motive for its concealment been removed. He explains this fully, and proves, by a vast array of evidence, that the APOCALYPSE, which is commonly assigned to Ioan (whoever he was), is not a recent but a primal work, published by the Jews in fragments, as it suited their purpose; finally, put together in a mutilated and almost absurd form by some Paulite fanatic, who had either stolen it from some hallowed crypt, or boldly violated his oath in making public its contents, but who probably salved it over in his conscience by publishing only a fragment—an act which he perhaps thought he might do with impunity, for he did not publish all. As all trace of him has been lost—for it is clear from the authorities cited in this volume that John, the disciple of Jesus, was not its editor—he probably came to an untimely end, for having betrayed the secret mystic volume of the holy brotherhood. And as the APOCALYPSE is, in grandeur of conception, far superior to Homer



or Eschylus, it is clear that such a person as John could not have written it; it is also clear, that being probably the grandest epic in the world, the author would have given it his name if he were a modern—the inference therefore is, that it is the genuine work of ancient Oannes, who is also called Adim and Chadam, or Adam.

The way in which our author works out these points and many others, is as interesting as a romance or a fairy tale. We seem to ourselves to be admitted, as it were, by some hoary master of the past within secret gates, and into some hallowed moss-grown and primeval sanctuary which had been closed for years, and which contains the most venerable treasures of ancient lore. In language of the plainest and clearest kind, our guide reveals, as it were, things that had never before been known or even suspected in ancient theology. Everything that is asserted is proved; we listen with wonder, with astonishment, with delight. Views of the supreme polity in the administration of this our earth, and analogically in the government of the universe, and its various myriad-formed, many-natured developments flash out from every page, and fill us with a new sense of delighted awe, at the providence of the Universal Father, the wise and loving Mother of the universe, the mighty and mysterious Bi-Une, the AO, the First and Last of Eternity. Now, for the first time we begin to understand why Fo-ism and Lao-Tseuism prevail throughout the vast empire of the Chinese; why Buddhism and Brigoism (falsely called Brahminism) govern the consciences of our millions of fellow-subjects in Hindostan; why there is a glorious and abiding life in the religion of Zaratusht; why Thoth and his teachings still influence millions of the wise and thoughtful; why Amosis lived and taught; why Mohammed was blessed by God; and why the grand monotheistic faith of Chenghiz Khan and his conquering sword was bathed in heaven. But we shall continue our review of this grand essay in our next number. Meanwhile we close with our author's prologue to the volume:—

In the name of the God of Truth,  
 The Lord of Light, the Lord of the Universe!  
 Who framed the Kosmos of innumerable spheres;  
 From whom cometh all that is beautiful:  
 The Creator and the Sovereign Ruler,  
 The Father and the Judge;  
 The Eternal Fire who is alone in the Orb of Circles;—  
 Who first gave form to the elements—  
 The stars, the firmament, the shining planets,  
 The sun and comets, rapid in their wandering flight;  
 The lightnings, which are his quick sceptre;

The whirlwinds, the luminous expanse;—  
Who fabricated the earths and choirs innumerable,  
And made them to be the habitation of life:  
And from the essential energy of the material and immaterial,  
Made spirits manifest in soul and body.  
In His name—the name of the Most High God,  
I deliver unto the earth this Book;  
That it may be an everlasting Testament through Time everlasting  
Of the whole duty of man.

This is the Book of Light;  
This is the Book of the Children of Heaven;  
Which God hath graven in fire,  
On the stupendous pillars of the Universe.  
Let no man approach unto it  
Whose soul is not pure;  
Let no man touch it with his hand  
Who hath a thought of sin within his heart.  
Let no man gainsay its words—  
They are the Words of Truth, the most ancient.  
There is but one only God—  
This is His Book;  
There is but one only Heaven—  
This is its Law.  
The Heavens and the Earth inhabited by spirits,  
The myriad-folded hearts of men;—  
Behold, they shall bear witness unto its verity,  
In the face of death and desolation.  
O Sons of Men! know this—  
That in this Book which now I hold  
The Law of Truth is opened,  
The Light of Heaven is unveiled;  
Like the Everlasting Universe of the Lord of Beauty,  
It comprehendeth all—  
It is the First and the Last  
Of things recorded.

O God! give unto thy sons  
The brightness of thy Spirit,  
That they may read, know, and understand.  
O God! give unto thy sons  
The illumination of thy Wisdom,  
That they may believe thine heavenly precepts.  
From all evil guard us, O God!  
That our intellects may be calm and holy,  
While meditating on this Holy Word.









CORA L. V. TAPPAN.



## THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

## HESPERIA.\*

IN anthropological studies too little attention has been bestowed upon the more remarkable productions of mind, and the manner of their unfoldment. The student of man too frequently wearies you with dissertations on the manners, habits, and beliefs of savage tribes; an aimless effort, unless it be to show that civilisation and enlightenment are a mistake, and that the true picture of humanity is to be found in the abject creatures who constitute the lower stratum of the great human family. Indeed, it might be shown that between savans and savages, there is, in some degree, a fellow relationship; for, as regards mental science and spiritual knowledge, the scientific lights of the day are in a state of the most savage ignorance. The simple phenomena of human infancy, then, has a charm for their incipient intellects, and they look wise over the notions and antics of the most degraded and superstitious tribes, foolishly imagining that thereby they may be able to penetrate to the obscure origin of ideas.

Common sense would admonish them that, to form a true judgment of a *genus*, a well developed specimen should be examined. Why not make Shakspeare the subject of anthropological investigation? But if the divine poet is supposed to be beyond the possibilities of personal inspection, the world is not without extraordinary men and women at this present day. In fact, each man and woman is a legitimate theme for study, and an illustration of the scheme of human existence equal with the genius or the barbarian.

The first step to be taken in the study of man, as a mental being, is to acquire a knowledge of the peculiarities of organism which characterise each individual, and compare these with the actions produced by that individual. This may not discover the source of thought, the origin of ideas, the fountain of inspiration, yet it will do much to point out modifying conditions and capabilities for receiving and expressing thoughts of certain kinds.

The work before us, and its author, furnish valuable evidence in this inquiry. There we have the matter of the poem, and the method of its production; the author's organic peculiarities, and the conditions or opportunities which have been afforded her to prepare her to accomplish the work before us. Alluding to "Hesperia," Mrs. Tappan's guides in an inspirational discourse given through her at St. George's Hall, London, on December 29, 1873, thus spoke:—

"An epic was given under the inspiration of poets, that was published

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\* An Epic of the Past and Future of America. By Cora L. V. Tappan. London: Burns. 6s.

two years or more ago in America without any explanation of the manner of its production. It received from the literary critics the usual complement of praise or blame; but its history was, that, in the trance, every word was dictated, every page was folded as dictated and laid away, and when the whole was given, it was arranged under direction, and then published to the world. It was an epic poem concerning the history of America, but many have pronounced it equal to the best literary productions of this age; while she, in her normal state, has no knowledge of epic composition, has not studied its methods, and knows nothing of its rhythmical and other regulations. These are simply facts; still, at the close of a discourse, in private, and at the suggestion—oftentimes on the spur of the moment—of friends, a poem or song is given, some specimens of which you may have heard."

That this statement is true, ample evidence may be adduced from the every day habits of the author, and from her early experiences while a child. The first occasion on which she wrote that which her own mind did not produce, is thus described by her guides in the address before alluded to:—

"Some twenty-one years ago, a little child or young girl, of some eleven summers was seated in an arbour in her father's garden, in one of the middle counties of Wisconsin, preparing to write a composition for school. As school-girls do not trust their first writings, she was preparing hers upon a slate previous to transcribing it for the inspection of the school-mistress. While in this arbour she was thrown into a trance, and the slate was written over in an unfamiliar handwriting, and when she came out of this state, she found her slate covered with a letter from some one she knew not, but addressed to 'My dear Sister.' Taking her slate to her mother, she said, 'Some one has written my slate all over while I was asleep.' Her mother, reading it, found that it purported to be a communication or message from her deceased sister, who had passed away into spirit-life when both of them were children, and who now addressed her in a familiar manner, recording the scenes of childhood, and signing her name. This, as you may be aware, produced a profound sensation in her mind. The mother carefully laid away the slate, and said nothing to the child, who soon passed away to her playmates and forgot the whole occurrence."

She soon became entranced and had her spiritual vision developed, after which she was controlled to heal the sick.

"In the second year of her mediumship she returned on a visit to her native place in New York State, where her teaching and healing went on. It is a rural district, quite thickly populated, and for many months she rode from town to town, from village to village, and from farmhouse to farmhouse, accompanied by her friends and relatives, teaching the spiritual gospel—telling them of the new revelation that had come to man. In her thirteenth year she did this. At this time crowds would gather at her places of meetings, and there listen to these wonderful teachings. The whole people of the neighbourhood would assemble—farmers, and even doctors, and lawyers, and clergymen—to listen to this new wonder that had come into the world. But it was not all new to them: in various families mediums had already appeared, and many were prepared to welcome, with almost perfect vision, this new ray of light from the spiritual world. Many had anticipated it, and had seen, with clairvoyant vision, when spirits would hold converse with mortals."



The lectures and poems delivered by her in the trance, before she was sixteen years of age, have all the merit of her later productions. Without any academical preparation—for she acquired the merest rudiments in school before her twelfth year—this young girl went before the world as a public lecturer, and the success with which this has been accomplished may be judged from the manner in which her present labours in London have been received. The extracts from her early utterances, published in the first issue of the *Medium* for this year, furnish proof that the same degree of mental vigour and beauty of diction have characterised her efforts from the beginning.

At times there has been, as with all minds, a peculiar intensity in the intellectual operations of Mrs. Tappan. The mention of one particular incident of this superior exaltation of mind must deeply interest all readers, and kindle the most lively anticipations of the time when the matter referred to will be given to the world. In the lecture at St. George's Hall, Mrs. Tappan's spirits said:—

"Some four years ago, after this repeated lecturing, with very slight interruption, for many years her spirit-guides gave a private series of discourses upon spiritual ethics. These have not as yet been published, but they were given in the presence of five persons, when she was prostrated with illness, and unable to raise her hand. But from that time her spiritual vision was opened more deeply and profoundly than ever before; and though the laws of spiritual life had previously been talked of, they had not been revealed fully and wholly, and in a complete system, until then. This series of discourses will be given in due time; and meanwhile we refer—and we do it with hushed voice, and with hearts, we trust, that will meet with the fullest response—to one influence. We found, from her childhood, at times there came upon her an illumining of her face, an uplifting of the heart, an exalting of the whole being, and a hushing of all who were present. Seldom did she speak but her spirit-guides fell back when that influence came, and looked up also to that higher source whence life and power of love come upon us. In this presence, and under this influence, the few words that she would sometimes speak would strike home to every heart, and whenever those present suffered with illness, they would seem to be healed.

"Upon this bed of sickness, above referred to, where she lay four years ago, these things came to her vision, and the light of a matchless countenance, the glory of a surpassing Power, a face that alone can express the Divine Humanity, beamed upon her sight. She was promised restoration; she was promised also that the powers should be augmented that her spirit-guides had given. That promise had been fulfilled; that voice has not been silent; that presence has kept most sacredly the words given to our medium."

This influence was described by a medium as controlling Mrs. Tappan, on the evening on which she delivered the oration on the "Realm of Spirit," in the Royal Music Hall, this winter. Many of the audience can testify that the words did "strike home" to their hearts, and cause the descent of "the glistening

tear from the eye. Read this remarkable lecture (printed in the *Medium*, No. 184), and it will be seen that an oration purporting to be given under the influence of Jesus is not at all tainted with the gospel phrases and ecclesiastical goody talk which constitute the bulk of so-called religious addresses, but is full of truth—self-evident, universal truth—which reaches the intuitive part of man's nature, irrespective of his creedal education. If so, then Jesus was not—at least, is not now—a Christian, but a member of universal spiritual humanity.

That Mrs. Tappan's poems and lectures are the product of a variety of minds, may be decided by a careful examination of them. This will be made to appear as we proceed with "*Hesperia*."

The most striking evidence is, however, to be obtained by becoming acquainted with the private habits of the medium in addition to her extraordinary performances before the public. Since her appearance in London her inspirational power has been well tested. At Stratford she was announced to lecture on Spiritualism, with the additional provision that a committee, chosen from the audience, should choose the particular subject. The committee of five gentlemen, who, with the exception of one spiritualist, were decided sceptics, did not choose a spiritual subject at all, but elected that the lecturer should discourse upon the parallel between the lives of Napoleon the Third and Abraham Lincoln. Without the slightest hesitation, and exactly nine seconds after the subject was announced, Mrs. Tappan rose under control, and for more than an hour discoursed upon her theme without faltering for one single moment. She commenced by observing that there was no parallel whatever between the two men named, but that their lives presented a most striking contrast. She began by tracing the early personal history of Napoleon, then his political career; illustrating the subject as she went on by apt allusions to European history and the science of Government. She then, in like manner reviewed the life of Lincoln, and concluded her oration by profound observations upon social and political philosophy.

The effort was a grand triumph, as the subject required treatment other than by the mere enunciation of a series of sentimental comments or thoughts. Facts required to be stated—or, in other words, the speaker had to appear conversant with the actions of the men alluded to—a feat, which a person well read up in the subjects would not like to attempt off-hand. As the selection was a very extraordinary one, it is not at all likely that she had given it any more than a passing attention. On numerous occasions Mrs. Tappan has desired her chairman or audience to furnish her with a theme for a poem, when an appropriate



poetical treatment of the subject thus chosen has been given without a moment's pause.

These productions, collected for a series of years, are about to be published in a volume, to be entitled, "Songs from the Summer Land." Mrs. Tappan has a power of writing her inspirations as well as speaking them. Many of the poems given at the close of lectures, which have been imperfectly reported, are afterwards written by the spirits through her hand. Even on a bed of sickness, when she was alike incapable of thought and action, have these compositions been communicated through her. We have seen some of these original MSS., and have recognised with astonishment some of England's choicest poets who have passed away from the arena of physical existence. These signatures appended to the poems are indeed remarkable fac-similes of the autographs of these poets when in the flesh—written, not with the affected and cramped style of an imitator, but with all the freedom and clearness of the original writer. Indeed, Mrs. Tappan's usual hand-writing is highly characteristic of an English poetess, whose style of composition and form of thought the reader is frequently reminded of when perusing Mrs. Tappan's inspirational poems.

These facts, then, which may be very much strengthened by a more intimate knowledge of Mrs. Tappan's habits, imply that thought in this case is a process of receptivity from minds in a spiritual state of existence. In conversation the other day with a celebrated philosopher, the remark was made that all around us is an ocean of truth if we only had the power to perceive it. The process of discerning such truth is called by Mrs. Tappan intuition, or spiritual perception, and is no doubt the highest form of genius. Mrs. Tappan has this power in a remarkable degree, being highly clairvoyant and impressional; but, no doubt, in all cases the process of receiving truth intuitively is largely seconded by the personal action of spirits who are in sympathy with the objects of the thinker. We find this to be the case in mortal life. Men of intelligence can aid each other by the mutual exchange of thoughts and statement of difficulties; and why should this service not be continued, though one of the two should pass into the world of spirits?

So much for the method by which thought may be introduced into the mind of the philosopher, poet, or ordinary *literateur*, and now for the organic adaptations which favour the accomplishment of such a process. In the present instance we can devote but little space to this department of the subject. Mrs. Tappan's general appearance may be estimated from the portrait which accompanies this article. She is of middle stature, slender but well formed, and though she wears the characteristics of the

arterial temperament, yet there is not great positiveness of blood, but, on the contrary, the vital fluid seems deficient and not over rich in quality. The organism has, therefore, all the power of recuperation, activity, and endurance of the arterial type, and the susceptibility, delicacy, and fragility of the opposite quality of temperament. These endowments enable much work to be done without the presence of that harshness which would incapacitate the mind for the higher range of genius. The brain is also well developed in the literary and philosophical faculties, so that Mrs. Tappan has all the qualifications of the poet represented in her own organism. This is, indeed, a necessary condition of mediumship. The poet, the reformer, the inventor in spirit life, must have a medium to work through who presents the characteristics required. The action of the spirit, moreover, is modified by the peculiarities of the medium. At the close of one of her London orations, Mrs. Tappan was controlled by Robert Burns to deliver a poem. The thought, the principles enunciated are those of Burns, but the expression of them is very much compromised by the mental attributes of the medium through whom they were given. This is a necessary concomitant of all mediumship. The communicating spirit is enabled to express itself characteristically just so far as the organism of the medium will permit.

Having discussed the authorship of "*Hesperia*" so far, we shall now give our attention to the poem itself. Though it is an "*Epic of the Past and Future of America*," it is by no means an American poem in the sense of aggrandising one country or nation at the expense of the other members of the family of mankind. America is the subject of the poem, and its history furnishes the events which constitute the basis of the story, but the theme has far more than a mere local significance. Like all truly progressive poetry, "*Hesperia*" is a work illustrating universal principles rather than a passing parade of fleeting temporalities. The dedication, "*To the Future Republic*," as applied to America, may be taken in an ironical as well as an adulatory sense, indicating what America should be rather than what she is, pointing out her faults rather than loading her with fulsome praises. In this respect the treatment is strictly candid and impartial. Faults are not hidden nor extenuated, and fair credit is given for that which is admirable and praiseworthy. The book is instructive to the private reader as well as to the politician.

The style of the poem is highly symbolical, or, in other words, it is what all poems should be but are not, it is poetical. The matter-of-fact reader will be puzzled to follow the chain of ideas through all the characters in which they are embodied. To help



the prosaical minded, the volume is prefixed by the following statement of the theme:—

“Astræa, the Genius of Liberty and Justice, seeks a dwelling-place upon the earth. Persecuted, and driven from land to land, she follows the evening star, and finds at last a beautiful kingdom in the Western World; this becomes her home and the birth-place of her beloved daughter Hesperia.

“Eroton, the Genius of Love and Fidelity, the husband of Astræa, and father to Hesperia, after many wanderings in search, at last joins the objects of his love and care. Re-united, they preside over this new land and seek to preserve it for their child's inheritance. They are recognised and cherished by a small band of devoted followers, who summon them to their councils in the city of Fraternia.

“At first Liberty and Love prevail, but Astræa discovers the presence of a serpent who breathes on her a subtle poison, and she (with Eroton) is slain.

“Llania, the Serpent of Policy, then controls and takes in charge the beautiful child Hesperia; seeking to unite her in marriage to her foul son Slavery—who must be nameless evermore; but Hesperia is warned by the Genius of Nature, Calios, who in the guise of a poet and magician, holds sway even over Llania. When Hesperia beholds him, she recognises her soul's counterpart, and is prepared, by his words and love to resist all the evil machinations of Llania and her son.

“Llania, however, holds temporary power over the form of Hesperia, and succeeds in throwing a spell around the maiden which she vainly imagines will prove fatal; the love of her parents and of Calios rouses her spirit, and with them she withdraws into the world of souls, where, for a time, she beholds the scenes enacted under the influence of Llania. She witnessed in Athenia and Crescentia deeds of horror, and the tortures inflicted upon the oppressed. Calios sings to her in plaintive songs of these down-trodden ones, lures her by the voices of nature, and in interludes of Love and Truth, seeks to win her back to her earthly kingdom.

“Long years does Llania hold sway, and at last awakens the voice of war, when Astræa, not dead, but only withdrawn for a space, turns the sword of Llania upon her son.

“Through long suffering is Hesperia made strong and pure. She listens to the voice of Nature's children, and their tortures cease; slavery and war are known no more. Astræa and Eroton are again the attendant and abiding souls of this fair land; they witness with rapture and benedictions the union of Calios and Hesperia, who rule with undivided sway over the most lovely Empire of the Earth.”

The first poem, called the “Induction,” describes the opening scene, reminding the reader of the landing of the Puritan Fathers—the arrival of Astræa, Genius of Liberty and Justice, on the Western Continent:—

“On a high rock, o'erhanging the sad sea,  
Round which the wild waves dash unceasingly,  
Tossing their tempest arms tumultuously,

I saw a wondrous woman fearless stand,  
Turning her weary face from the drear strand,  
Stretching toward the sea her snowy hand.”

She laments that the Old World is no longer a fit abiding-place for her:

“For me the Orient no charms can hold.”

But having surveyed her labours with mankind in the past, she looks to the future with the words:—

“ Let Crown and Crescent bar the doors of pearl,  
Let em’rald waters all their wild waves hurl,  
Hope doth her banner brightly now unfurl.”

A beautiful example of the rich figurative style with which the volume abounds we select from this poem. It is a description of the clothing of the unborn Hesperia (America), selected by the expectant mother from the natural features of the country:—

She touched an ocean with each loving hand,  
And deftly wrought, with her own wondrous wand,  
Rich robes, for the new princess of the land:

White robes from clouds, and mountain mists, and sheen  
Of silver waters; vestments of bright green  
Brodered with flowers, from hills and vales between;

Rich em’rald robes reaching to either sea,  
Fold after fold flowing wonderfully,  
Beaded with spray and foam-like tracery;

Slippers, fitted for smallest, fairest feet,  
Enwrought with island gems, more fair and sweet  
Than all the isles where eastern waters meet,

Bracelets and bands of silver mountain streams,  
Whose diamond sources flashed the many beams  
Of day, brighter than opalescent gleams;

Broad river girdles, bodices of flame,  
Widening to lakes, each one a living name  
Of wonder, which no other land can claim;

All fragrant with perfumes of starry flowers,  
Distilled by Flora and her maids, the Hours,  
Making sweet music with their winged powers;

A crown, from shining shafts of mountain heights,  
Whose diamond sword-points cleave the darkest nights,  
And mock the starry hosts with their clear lights.

Astræa having made these preparations:—

“ As sprang Minerva from the brow of Jove,  
Most potent among mighty minds that move,  
Hesperia was born, the Child of Love.”

We must defer further notice of this work till next month.

WE have received the first number of “ *Psychische Studien*,” a periodical just commenced by Alexander Aksakow, of St. Petersburg. When that gentleman was in London, a few weeks ago, he was in active preparation for the literary campaign upon which he has now entered. We must defer further notice of this work till next month.



## THE NEW PHRENOLOGY.

(From the Scotsman, 8th Dec., 1873.)

THE whirligig of time brings about many a strange turn, and among the most strange is the new *furor* for establishing "centres" in the brain for the manifestation of voluntary motor action, which has cropped up among medical men. The time is not far gone when teachers of anatomy and physiology maintained that the hemispheres of the brain performed their functions, whatever these might be, as simple organs, and when, as a rule, the medical mind scouted the idea proclaimed by Gall and Spurzheim, that the brain is not a single but a compound organ, the different portions of which subserve different functions. Slowly, however, the belief has established itself that the doctrines of the phrenologists have this foundation in fact, that the brain is not a homogeneous organ, but that the different mental powers are linked with different portions of the cerebral substance. With this admission, the main doctrine of phrenology takes its place as a recognised truth, and when Dr. Carpenter still takes credit to himself for having given the *coup de grâce* to the doctrines of Gall, Spurzheim, and the Combes, he merely shows that he totally misapprehends his own position and influence, and the importance and vitality of the views which he imagines he has extinguished.

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Bradford, Professor Rutherford, of King's College, London, when alluding to the recent physiological researches of Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Messrs. Fritsch and Hilzig, and Professor Ferrier, also of King's College, declared there could be few so important studies as the mapping out of the brain to show the various centres of cerebral functions. Upon these studies, he maintained, will be founded a new and true system of phrenology. "The various mental faculties will be assigned to definite territories of the brain, as Gall and Spurzheim long ago maintained, although their geography of the brain was absurdly erroneous, and their notions regarding the indications afforded by the configuration of the skull ridiculous." Dr. Rutherford does not tell us how he has come to the conclusion that Gall and Spurzheim's geography of the brain was absurdly erroneous, nor why the indications afforded by the configuration of the skull are ridiculous. Many able observers have come to the conclusion that a well-developed forehead is a sign of high mental power, and it is not easy to see anything ridiculous in this assumption. That Gall and Spurzheim's cerebral geography was in various ways defective is highly probable, but still it may be doubted whether it will, in the long run, be found

more absurdly erroneous or even as absurdly erroneous, as the new and true phrenology which Dr. Rutherford advocates. What is this new phrenology? It is founded on experiments on living animals, and its most recent and also its chief exponent is Professor Ferrier. The animal is narcotised by chloroform or ether, and a portion of the skull-cap is removed, and the brain exposed. The functions of the different parts are then determined by stimulating the surface by electricity, and in this way an action, supposed to be analogous to the natural spontaneous action of the brain, is produced. According to this doctrine, therefore, whatever phenomena may be observed will indicate the function of the part that has been stimulated. Professor Ferrier imagines he has succeeded in proving that "the anterior portions of the cerebral hemispheres are the chief centres of voluntary motion and the active outward manifestation of intelligence, and that the individual convolutions are separate and distinct centres." But the experiments on which these conclusions are founded appear to us to be open to a thousand different sources of error; while the conclusions themselves are in many respects far more open to ridicule than the views of Gall and Spurzheim. The old phrenologists drew their deductions from the mental manifestations of uninjured and healthy brains. They sought to connect function with development, and if they failed, which we are far from admitting they did, we still could not agree with Dr. Rutherford in seeing anything ridiculous in the failure. But how is it that Dr. Rutherford, with his aptitude to discover the ridiculous, sees nothing to excite his wonder in the doctrines of the new and true school of phrenology, which undertakes to show that there is a special convolution for wagging the tail, another for cocking the ears, another for closing the eyes, another for extending the paws, and so on? In fact, if we accept their experiments as indicating the true functions of the brain, we must admit that by far the greater portion of the cerebral hemispheres is used up in constituting centres of motion, and that scarcely any portion is left over for the manifestation of the intellectual and moral faculties. Dr. Ferrier's idea is, that the stimulation of the brain by electricity excites the capillary circulation, and thus rouses the portion of the cerebral substance which is stimulated to its natural action. Accordingly, when the electrodes are placed upon this portion of the brain and the eye is closed, or upon that portion and the tail is wagged, we are supposed to have discovered the functions of these portions of the brain. It seems to us that this conclusion is eminently unsatisfactory, if not eminently ridiculous. In the first place how can we tell that the phenomena consequent on the condition which the electrical stimulation produces are really analogous to the natural function of the



cerebral substance? Again, how would other stimulants act? Would the application of heat, for instance, be followed by similar results? If not, why not? Again, what would be the result if the stimulus were applied, not to the surface, but to deeper portions of the cerebral substance? Surely, cerebral action is not merely skin deep. And lastly, what modification in the configuration of the brain should we expect in Manx cats, which are without tails to respond to the tail-moving convolution? We are far from calling in question the accuracy of Professor Ferrier's observations, but the more the whole subject is considered, the more unsatisfactory and doubtful will his conclusions, it seems to us, appear. Man's pre-eminence in the scale of creation does not depend upon the pre-eminent development of his muscular aptitudes, but upon his high moral and intellectual attributes. Living things so small that the naked eye fails to recognise their existence are endowed with the faculty of motion in a wonderful degree, and the complicated movements of the dragon-fly and other insects are associated with various centres which are comprised in a bit of matter less than a pin's head. What need, then, to have in the higher animals distinct centres for every paltry motion they have to perform? When Dr. Ferrier finds that by stimulating a certain convolution of the brain the dog wags its tail, is the conclusion at once to be adopted that he has thus discovered the motor and intellectual centre of the tail? Is it not just as possible that the movement of the tail which follows the stimulus is the result of a moral feeling which has thus been excited? The wagging of the tail indicates pleasure in the dog. You speak to him and pat him, and he responds by wagging his tail. The old phrenologists would have said that you addressed his love of approbation, and that the stimulus of this organ in its turn stimulated the motor centres of the tail to action. Again, when you scold him, he puts his tail between his legs, and sneaks away. The old phrenologists would have referred this different manifestation to the action of cautiousness upon the motor centres; but Dr. Ferrier will, we fancy, have to look out for a special tail-retracting convolution. It does seem to us that these modern views of mental action rests on a narrow mechanical basis, which will assuredly break down under investigations conducted in a broader and more philosophical spirit. At the same time, we thoroughly recognise their value as confirming the doctrines that the brain is a congeries of distinct nervous centres, and we give Professor Ferrier all due credit for the new path of investigation to which he has directed our attention.

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GREAT names give splendour to error, but cannot transform it to truth.

## BUDDHIST THEOLOGY IN CONNECTION WITH SPIRITISM.\*

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

(Continued.)

ORTHODOX writers, when they talk of the founder of Buddhism, call him by three names, Gaudama, Buddha, and Sakya Muni.† That the true Gaudama was Chaudama, or Adama, the First Messenger, and the revealer of the Apocalypse, is as certain as that the sun shines. The Brahmans preserve his name as Aut-tami, one of the Menus; and I have already demonstrated that traces of it exist almost over all the earth. As to Buddha, it was the Tibetan, or Bot-Td, name of the Third Messenger, altered into Fo, and Fo-hi in China. But Sakya Muni is wholly modern: I mean by this that he was some centuries before Lao. His admirers do not know well when he lived. They do not deny that Buddha, Budda, Bud, Bot, Baoth, Buti, Butsdo, Bdho, Pout, Pote, Fo, Fod, Fohi, Fuh, Fuh-ti, Pet, Pta, Poot, Pthi, Phut, Pht, &c., &c., are all one and the same, as Pococke in his "India in Greece," has shown; but they give us no reason whatever to satisfy us why, to all these variations of the names, they should add that of Sakya. They say that he is the First Buddha; and tell us that he appeared 1200 years, 1000 years, 600 years, 500 years B.C., and sometimes also that he was contemporary with the Ninth Messenger; but these various dates ought to awaken suspicion in their minds, and to induce them to ask themselves whether they are not wrong in confounding with the Third Buddha, Fo, the priest Sakya, who renewed and brought back his doctrines many centuries after, and who probably took his name as being his disciple, and whom they therefore mistake for the real messenger, who civilised the celestial empire, and is called its king—as Jesus also was designated. Let the reader consider only for a moment the chronological contradictions.‡

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

† The origin of Sakya Muni is this: The Sacques, also called Hyperboreans, inhabited Sakai, or that vast tract which we now call Tibetan Tartary. The Sacques were masters of India and Asia. The Mongols now have the country, occupying part of the chain of the Altai Mountains, and the banks of the Sir; others dwell between Caucasus and Imaus; others inhabit Serica, washed by the Kerlen and Selinga, Selingiskoi, to the frontier of China, Tibet, India, and the Dent of Chamo. Muni means a Sage, a Menu. Fo was a native of this district; hence, he was called the Sakaian Menu, which was changed into Sakya Muni, and finally into the imaginary founder of Buddhism, some centuries before Jesus.

‡ It is a common saying that "Fo is one, but he has three forms," the occult meaning of which is, he has three times, as they think, appeared on earth—first as Fo, the Third Messenger; second as Sakya, and third as Lao, between whom



In all authentic histories, as in the Kangmoo, says Nieuman, passages of the 23 immense historical collections in the original works of the Chinese Buddhists, as well as their translations out of the Shanskrit, the accounts of the birth of Buddha perfectly correspond, and are given nearly in the same words. Shakia was born at Kapilapur (Oude), the 8th day of the 4th moon in the 24th year of Chao Wang, whose reign began in the year 1052, before Christ—that is the month of April or May of the year 1029: he died at 74 years of age, 950 B.C., and was a contemporary of Solomon, Sesostris, and Theseus.—*Catechism of the Shamans.*

The Tibetan sacred books Kan-Gyur or Translation of Commandments, are said by A. C. Korosi to contain the doctrine of Shakya, a Buddha who is supposed to have lived about a thousand years before the Christian era (*As. Res.* xx. 41). Yet in another place the same writer says—The extent and contents of the Buddhist Scriptures show evidently that they are the works of several successive ages, although they are all referred to Shakya (*As. Res.* xx. 297). Recent discoveries, says Hodgson, make it more and more certain that the cave temples of the western coast and its vicinity are exclusively Buddha. Every part of India is illustrated by splendid remains of Buddhism. Hodgson writes this to prove that Buddhism is subsequent in date to Brahmanism, and is of Indian growth. On the contrary, the cave temples, which are prehistoric, prove that Buddhism is of the higher antiquity, and that it passed, soon after the days of Fo, through Tibet into Hindustan, from which it was long afterwards forcibly expelled.

Fa-Hian declares that in the whole of India, including Afghanistan and Bokhara, he found in the fourth century a Buddhist people and dynasty, with traditions of its endurance for the preceding thousand years. As to Hindustan itself, he says, from the time of leaving the deserts of Jesulmeer and Bikaneer, and the river Jumna to the west, *all the kings of the different kingdoms in India are firmly attached to the law of*

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and Sakya a period of six hundred years elapsed. But this is one of the recondite secrets buried deep amid the sacred crypts of H'lassa. But when the Buddhists invoke Fo in his Messianic or Archangelic character, they address him thus:—O Fo! existing in forms as numerous as the sands of the Heng-Ho, or Yellow River, by which they indicate their belief in the almost innumerable forms through innumerable worlds and existences, which the Messenger assumes before his descent to mortals. The nine storied Pagodas sacred to Fo represent nine spheres or zones of life, which are the zones of worlds mentioned in the Book of Enoch as those through which the Messenger of God descends. In the Book of Enoch that great Prophet sees the Messiah descending through sun spheres until he rests on the sphere of man. This is the eighth, while the super-celestial sphere from which he originally came is the ninth. Thus the seven and nine storeys of the Pagoda represent the same mythos.

*Buddha*, and when they do honour to the ecclesiastics, they take off their diadems. The same writer states that Sacya was born near Lucknow, but he had as many birth-places as Homer himself. M. Klaproth says that Buddhism was not introduced into China before the first century of the Christian era (*As. J. N. S.* vii. 31). The opinions of Fo, says Du Halde, who in many respects is worth any hundred of modern writers on China, were translated from the Indies into this empire about thirty-two years after the crucifixion of our Saviour (vol. iii. 14, 8vo.) Sakya Muni died, says Schlagintweit, after having attained an age of 80 years. The data contained in the sacred books as the year of this event differ considerably, the most distant periods mentioned being the years 2422 and 544 B.C.—*Buddhism in Tibet*. It is evident from the discrepancy in these dates that nothing is really known chronologically about the person who is called Sakya, or Shakia Muni. He may have been Fo; he may have been a reformer who sprang up in later years. Westergaard calculates his death about 370 years B.C., Lassen at 544 B.C. The whole is enveloped in mystery—it is as bad as Jewish chronology.

In Hamilton's *Nepal* it is asserted on the authority of local tradition, that Sacya Sinha, the well-known apostle of the nations, still attached to the Buddha faith, existed *about the beginning of the Christian era*, he being considered the fifth Buddha legislator, and distinct from Gaudama, who lived in the sixth century before it. Thus the same absurdities in chronology which render doubtful so many of the facts of the Old Testament,\* meet us in Hindostan and Tartary, and with the same sceptical result on our minds. Hodgson says that there were six Buddhas, or Messengers, who preceded Sakya (*As. Res.* xvi. 445). If he had said seven, he might have been chronologically more correct.

The author of the *Cambridge Key* says that Couplet places the birth of Buddha 1036 years B.C. And they call him, says he, Fo, the son of Maya. But Mr. De Guines, on the authority of four Chinese historians, asserts that Fo was born about the

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\* According to the Vulgate, only 427 years elapsed between the deluge and the call of Abraham. The Samaritan text extends the interval to 1017 years, and in the Septuagint this interval is further extended to 1207 years (Drummond *Oxigenes* i. 100). Considerable difficulty has arisen in settling the exact period of Boaz, in consequence of its being mentioned by Matthew (i. 5, 6) that Salmon, the father of Boaz, was married to Rahab the harlot, who protected the spies when Joshua invaded the land of Canaan, and yet that Boaz was the grandfather of David, who, according to Bible chronology, was born about 360 years after the siege of Jericho, a length of time during which it is difficult to conceive that only three persons, Boaz, Obed, and Jesse, should have intervened between Rahab and David. Usher solves the question by a miraculous longevity bestowed on these three! 1



year 1027 B.C., in the kingdom of Cashmir. Giorgi, or rather Cassiano, from whose papers his work is compiled, assures us by the calculations of the Tibetians, that he appeared only 959 years B.C.; and M. Bailli, with some hesitation, places him 1031 years B.C., *but inclines to think him far more ancient* (i. 95). Amid all these wild guesses, Bailli, as might be expected from his great oriental investigations, and his profound and keen intellect, is alone correct in the guess as to the remote antiquity of the founder of Chinese Buddhism. The learned writer of the work cited, says the first Buddha was Adam, *the second Buddha could have been no other than Enoch*. Those, he adds, who have any knowledge of the worship enjoined at the Pagoda in Travancore, or of the annual festival held there in honour of the Trimourti, cannot hesitate to pronounce that the adoration of the Deity, which is traced back for more than five thousand years, originated with Enoch (i. 120). The third Buddha is said by this learned author to be Nuh, which we know is but the Chinese name Fuh, or Fo. The Hindus in their secret theology call him Mah-Nu, or the Great Nu; a derivative of Menu, the Mind, the Spirit of the Universe.

In Hardy's Eastern Monachism, Buddha is said to have been born in Nepal, B.C. 624. The Buddha of Ceylon, who is the same person, dates from 540 B.C. The Japanese assign his birth to 1000 years B.C. There is hardly an end to discrepancies of date as to the true era of Sacya. I am content to admit that a Sacya, a great reformer, under the name of Gaudama and Buddha, appeared several centuries B.C., but I say that he was not the founder, but the renewer of that ancient faith.

The dates of the death of Buddha, according to the Chinese and the Japanese, differ as much as that of his birth. Hiuan-thsang says, respecting the date of Buddha's death, that the accounts differ; some fixing it at 1500, others at 1200, 900, and 1000 years before his time. Now, as he is supposed to have written A.D. 640, these dates place the death of Buddha at 860, 560, and as late as 360 B.C. (*Journal, R. A. S.*, vi. 300).

It may be said that Brahmanism is mentioned in Buddhist books, and this proves the superior antiquity of the former. It only proves that the books are modern; the works of the disciples of Sakya. Remusat alludes to this, but not for the same object as myself. Mention, he says, is sometimes made of Brahmans in the traditions connected with the early ages of Buddhism; this is because, at first, the votaries of Shakia Muni were augmented from the ranks of the partisans of the caste system. But castes were abandoned upon conversion to Samanœanism; for the perfect equality of all men, including even the saints, is a fundamental dogma amongst the Buddhists, who allow of no

particular observance founded upon the birth or origin of each individual. This is a distinguishing feature of Buddhism.

Two gospels exist which claim the high honour of being the composition of the founder of Buddhism, but which are figments like the greater part of the Old Testament. These are the Dhammapada and the Lotus of the Good Law. The first has been translated into English, the second into very diffuse and tiresome French by M. Eugene Burnouf. Neither is an inspired production, consequently, neither is the work of the Third Messenger. If they are the compositions of Sakya Muni, no further proof is required that he was only an ordinary individual. By their fruits and by their sentiments they may be known.

It is laid down in the Dhammapada thus :—A true Brahmana, though he has killed father and mother and two valiant kings ; though he has destroyed a kingdom with all its subjects, *is free from guilt* (p. 294). Perhaps no other proof may be required that this is not a book of God. Yet it undoubtedly possesses a great many of the veritable sayings of the founder and preacher of Buddhism, and of these I have not hesitated to make use. These existed either in tradition or in books that are now irretrievably beyond our reach.

The Lotus of the Good Law, although in part it contains many of the holy truths of Buddhism, is interpolated with a great deal of false and foreign matter. It sanctions idolatry and the worship of relics—things that we know were odious in the eyes of the Third Messenger, and which many of those who came after him rebuked, denounced, and condemned by precept and example. So much for those two productions.

I may mention a third, however, which is not destitute of believers in its sacredness. I mean the Mahawanso. This, which is one of the most ancient of Singalese books, is nothing but a collection of mythical legends ; it makes no pretence even in its own pages to be a revelation of Divine law. It is as wild as the Puranas, a monstrosity of myths.

I lay it down, therefore, as an absolute proposition and truth, that Fo was the true founder of that which is now called Buddhism, and that Sakya revived it ; the latter being to Fo what Fo himself was to the First and Second Hermes, but with this distinction, that Fo was an inspired Messenger of Heaven, while Sakya was only a priest or laio who preached what Fo had taught.

(To be continued.)

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EVERY time a man takes a step upward in life, he is dragged back three-quarters of a step by envy and malice.—*Elm Orlu.*



## THE BIBLES OF THE WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF GOD.

Fo.

In the name of God, the Lord of Life,  
 Whom no thought can fathom—  
 Who rules the Universe,  
 On whose bounty all existences depend;  
 The Protector of the Sun-Spheres;  
 The King of the Universe,  
 Who impels the stars and planets  
 And the lovely wanderer of night,  
 Supreme in beauty and grandeur;  
 The Infinite, All-powerful One,  
 On whom can no eye look,  
 How shall we approach Him?  
 We cannot—we cannot:  
 His glory dazzles, His majesty astounds;  
 Man cannot portray his Maker.  
 He can only view Him in His works,  
 He can only know Him in His laws,  
 In the contemplation of His love so boundless.  
 O Man! hearken and bow down  
 Reverently to the Word of God.

The bright grows out of the dark;  
 The orderly is produced by the unseen;  
 Visible form originates in invisible essence;  
 They generate mutually by means of form.

Man may attain to knowledge,  
 But he cannot reach the summits of knowledge;  
 However wise and learned he may be,  
 There will be always something that he knows not.

The wise watches with respect  
 Over that which he does not see,  
 And thinks with fear and reverence  
 On the thing which he hath not learned.

The blade of wheat contains the ear;  
 The mulberry tree produces fruit;  
 The germ produces mortals:  
 This transformation is a great marvel.

In this way may the Law of Heaven and Earth  
 Be expressed to all in one sentence:  
 Its agency in the production of things is One,  
 But its manner of production is unknown.

OM!

When a base man reviled the Holy Book,  
The venerable priest made answer:  
Slave of passion! servant of the Earth,  
Who hath set thee up to judge?  
Who hath made thee pure from vice  
That thou shouldst censure the Word of Heaven?  
Who hath filled thy soul with light  
To enable thee to see and confess Truth?

There are men who do not study, or who make no progress in study; yet let them not despair.

There are men who question not, or who question unwisely; yet let them not despair.

There are men who see not, or who see obscurely; yet let them not despair.

There are men who practice not, or who practice heedlessly; yet let them not despair.

What another may do by one effort, some do by a hundred; what another might do in ten times, those do in a thousand.

Thou shalt not recklessly destroy life;  
Thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not steal;  
Thou shalt not commit adultery;  
Thou shalt not use an intoxicating thing.  
These are the Five Precepts  
Of Him whose heart is benevolence and purity,  
Whose house is the Asylum of Virtue,  
Who wears the Diadem of Splendour.  
O men! I have not invented these precepts;  
I have learned them from the Supreme Wisdom,  
As one who sees in darkness,  
By means of a beautiful lamp.

AO, the Intelligent, the All-powerful,  
Generated the Universe through Wisdom:  
He is Incorporeal;  
Yet did He form the All out of nothingness,  
As a spring fills up a void space,  
As light goes into the place of darkness.  
This mighty Being is omnipresent,  
He hath neither beginning nor end;  
He hath no morning nor night,  
But is eternally the Same, and One.  
He extends through the Heavens;  
He permeates the myriad Earths;  
He is diffused throughout all Space,  
Yet is He impalpable as the essence of Light.  
He comprehends the two Principles,



The small and the great:  
 Light and Darkness are in Him,  
 The weak and the all-powerful;  
 From Him the stars derive their brightness,  
 The mountains owe to Him their height,  
 The abyss findeth its depths in Him,  
 He is the source of motion and vitality;  
 He maketh the bird to fly and the beast to walk,  
 The ocean to move and the stars to revolve.  
 He is His own foundation;  
 His own root and essence;  
 He is the Grand Principle;  
 The Lord, the Mover, the Creator.  
 The action of the Universe is regulated by Him,  
 The Celestial and the sub-celestial Spheres:  
 He was One before the creation;  
 Now is He three essences in One.  
 His name is the Great Unity,  
 The Wise, the Divine, the All-containing;  
 He illuminates all things:  
 He sees all things:  
 He can do all things:  
 He thinks and knows all things.  
 He existed before Chaos,  
 Before the birth of the Heavens and the Earths.  
 Immense, Silent, Immoveable,  
 Yet always active, without any change.  
 He is the Father,  
 He is the Mother of all.  
 His awful Name—verily I know it not,  
 But I designate Him by the word Wisdom.  
 I call Him Great;  
 I call Him the All-powerful,  
 The Inmost Essence of all things,  
 Who hath neither beginning nor ending.  
 The Universe tends to dissolution,  
 But in Him there is no change:  
 He is the Immutable:  
 The One prior to all births.  
 He hath no name;  
 He is the Eternally-Existing-Spirit.  
 There is no place where He is,  
 Yet there is no place where he is not.  
 He is Truth, because in Him is nothing false:  
 He is the First, because He is second to none.  
 He only is veritably The One,  
 The earth-sustainer, the heaven-sustainer.  
 He is Light in respect to His substance;  
 He is Reason in respect to His creation;

He is Nature in respect to His renovation ;  
 He is Spirit in respect to his vitality.  
 He hath no limit and He hath no end ;  
 He is the Sole and Self-existent.  
 He is the substance of the celestial ;  
 We cannot hear Him ; we cannot see Him ;  
 We cannot describe Him in words ;  
 We cannot represent Him by images.  
 Whatsoever we hear, or see, or describe, or image,  
 That verily is not God.  
 There is no way by which to reach Him ;  
 He hath no substance which can be represented ;  
 He hath no form which can be taken hold of ;  
 Thought cannot attain Him ;  
 Words cannot penetrate to Him.  
 The production of the All diminished Him not ;  
 The re-absorption of the All increases Him not.  
 Everything is double :  
 Everything hath its image in Heaven or Earth ;  
 But the Eternal Lord of Light and Wisdom  
 Alone, hath not an equal or an image.  
 A potter makes a thousand vessels,  
 But what vessel could make the potter ?  
 Even so Wisdom created all,  
 But all cannot create Wisdom.

A light cloud passes under the Moon,  
 And the Star who follows her in splendour ;  
 I sit beneath the tree of rustling leaves,  
 In the sea of the dark mountains.  
 But the thin, wandering mist of dews  
 Hides not either Moon or Star :  
 So the visible hides not God :  
 He shines beautifully even in darkness.  
 He is One : He comprehendeth all things,  
 But is himself comprehended by none :  
 The Head of Days, the First Father ;  
 The Spirit of whose Spirit is the Fabricator of the Fiery.  
 I will address my prayers to Him,  
 Whose lotus is the shining Moon :  
 A Messenger of Flame cometh over the hills :  
 I kneel upon the green sod.  
 Lord of Heaven and Earth !  
 I see Thee in my soul like the Sun :  
 Thy light is round me like a veil of incense ;  
 I am all Thine, be Thou all mine.

As an eagle soaring from his rock,  
 So did my winged soul ascend on high ;  
 It pierced the dark and flickering obscure :



Through cloud, through sleet, through lightnings.  
 As the mountain of Meru, with golden head,  
 Radiant with surpassing brightness,  
 Crowned with nine precious stones—  
 Even so shone on me the vision.  
 A land as beautiful as the Heaven;  
 Temples brighter than the diamond gem,  
 And the Calpa Vrixa Tree:  
 Whoso gazes upon it gains every wish.

Fair to see are the Host of Heaven,  
 With fiery belts of gold and flame;  
 They move like spirits in emerald circles;  
 Yet will not my soul offer up a vow before them.  
 Their pale or ruby light is not their own,  
 It is but the reflex of the Throne of God.  
 And they are but His lowly servants,  
 Who have no force or power in themselves.  
 The clouds of night cover them:  
 The sun obscures their brightness;  
 And the thunder-storm veils their heads of fire;  
 Therefore will my soul not bow before them.

Om!

I make salutation to Adi-Buddha, the One, the Alone in the Universe. He is known only by those who have attained the wisdom of Truth.

As in a mirror, mortals see their forms reflected, so Adi-Buddha is known and seen throughout the Universe of Worlds, and their varied existences.

Adi-Buddha delights in the happiness of every sentient being. He tenderly loves those who serve Him. His majesty fills all with reverence and awe.

He is the Lord of the Ten Heavenly Worlds; the Sender of the Ten; the Master of the Universe, present at all times throughout its mighty Spheres; omnipresent also in the Ten.

Om!

Bright and clear within my soul,  
 I heard a silver voice;  
 As the bamboo rustles sweetly  
 In the waving wind of moonlight.  
 It was the Voice of Prajna Paramita,  
 The Voice of the Holy Spirit of Heaven;  
 Like the soft whispers of the bamboo  
 In the silent moonlight hour.

Who is there among the children of men  
 That can hear the voice of the Holy One without emotion?

Who is there that can fathom His thoughts ?  
 Who can contemplate His workmanship in Heaven ?  
 Who can comprehend the mighty things of the Most High ?  
 He may behold their life, but not their spirit ;  
 He may discourse in wisdom thereon,  
 But he cannot rise to that august theme.  
 He may see the boundaries of all things ;  
 He may meditate upon them all his days,  
 Yet he cannot comprehend their hidden depths ;  
 He cannot enter into their secret history.  
 Who, of all the men that be,  
 Can understand the length and breadth of the Earth ?  
 Or the vast dimensions of the Heavens ?  
 What is its height ? and how is it sustained ?  
 Who can tell the number of the stars ?  
 And where the luminaries do hide themselves ?  
 Is there any man who can know these things ?  
 Nay, there is not one living.

And a Mighty Voice made answer :  
 What dweller on the earth is he  
 Who hath followed after God always ?  
 Who hath not wandered from His commandments,  
 But kept His ordinances like gold ?  
 Who hath shown patience in calamity ?  
 Mercy in greatness, fortitude in adversity ?  
 Wise counsel among multitudes ?  
 And in his riches calm temperance ?  
 In his fame resolution to preserve it ?  
 In his sorrows no blasphemy ?  
 He indeed is a man of men ;  
 His soul is great with self-attained beauty.  
 Unto such may the knowledge which thou seekest  
 Perchance be given under holy auspice :  
 Unto such the intellect that passes  
 Beyond the region of the Sun.  
 He may rest upon the Chintya Mani,  
 In whose touch the soul is purified ;  
 That shining Stone amid a crown of jewels,  
 Whose fragrance the Heavens inhale.  
 O Son ! read well the Book of God :  
 Devote thyself to sacred knowledge ;  
 Be eminent for bodily purity,  
 And command over the organs of sense.  
 Perform well thy daily duties ;  
 To thy home, thy neighbours, and thy country ;  
 And contemplate the Divine Nature,  
 Whose light thy spirit shall thus reflect.  
 He is everywhere : He is always :



There is no moment when thou canst not feel Him:  
The One, the King, the Holy,  
Who was, and is, and is to come.

In the beginning, when all was formless, and the five elements were not, then Adi-Buddha, the stainless, revealed himself in a flame of light.

He who is the Great Father and the Great Mother became manifest; the self-existent, the Most Ancient God, the mighty AO.

He is the Cause of all existence: He formed the Universe and preserves it; Infinite without passion: all things are types of Him, and yet He has no type; the form of all things, yet Himself a Formless Glory.

He is without parts: Eternal, and yet not Eternal. Salute Him, the perfect, the pure, the Essence of Wisdom and absolute Truth; Knower of the Past, whose word is ever the same—Adi-Buddha.

He being Infinite, can produce only the unbounded; He being Eternal, can produce only the everlasting: all, therefore, that thou beholdest is everlasting—the flower, the worm, the man, the spirit. Their visible manifestation may pass: they may die, and change, and vanish from the view, but the life that is within them, being of God, can never be destroyed, can never perish.

For inasmuch as God cannot perish, and God cannot be destroyed, so neither can these, His visible representatives, be destroyed by all the powers that be. They pass into a myriad shapes; they assume and re-assume new appearances; they shift from sphere to sphere, but each is an immortal thing.

The flower diffuses its seed for ever: the worm is a spirit also that transmits life; even so doth man give form to man.

God can make the smallest atom beautifully, everlastingly, with new splendours; unlimited in manifold variety; infinite in its capacity for change.

Nothing that is unhappy can proceed from God: He is the Giver of Life and Beauty and Love: like the Sun, He rejoices in diffusing joy; the firmament of His Heaven smiles in light.

Yet is Man in all his days unhappy; he looks back with sorrow to the hour of his birth; he is restless and wretched; the son of many griefs. Wherefore, it is clear that he comes not straight from God. His human state is not his natural condition; but having first existed in a state of Paradise, he is now a fallen, miserable creature, who can be happy only when he is restored to his first place.

What toil, therefore, can be too great, or what exertion too onerous to endure, that will uplift him from his earthly prostration into the glorious beauty of his primal home? His life on earth is like the snow which soon melteth; his body is but a frail reed, but his spirit is an everlasting energy, bright and quick as lightning, strong as flame.

Shall he not use his great powers which God hath given to the

end that he may grow pure? Shall he not put forth his will of vast majesty, that he may guard, restrain, and guide his spirit?

O Son! thou art responsible for all thine acts; yet there is not one of evil tendency which thou canst not control by will. Habit is a mighty thing; its sway is great: habituate thyself to virtue, and thou art safe.

God will not hear thee when thou sayest, Lord, I am not able; for God knows that thou art able to restrain thyself. But God will turn to thee when thou sayest, Lord, I will endeavour; for God knows that he who strives succeeds.

Virtue is a constant, changeless habit of doing good and avoiding evil, which man, a voluntary agent, giveth to himself. Yea, even man can attain unto angelic virtue if he stedfastly withholds himself from mere material pictures.

Pleasure, so called, seduces away a man from God; he seeks good yet knoweth not how to find it. But all pleasures are of two kinds; the pleasures of the body and the pleasures of the spirit. The first, unreal and contemptible they are, they pass and leave no remnant of delight; the latter, active and true, are alone worthy of a perfect man; on these he looks with joy even to his latest days.

Learn thou, then, the true philosophy of life, forsaking for ever all other forms of religion, abandoning the dreams of the idol-worshippers and star-watchers; for this creed alone leadeth to God.

### THE LOST DAY.

Since sailing upon the Pacific westward, the question has been sprung, "Where does day begin?" The general answer was, "Here—there—or at that place where the sunbeams first strike the earth during the twenty-four hours." The geographical and nautical answer is, "Day begins at the degree of longitude 180 east or west." Every schoolboy knows that travelling round the world from east to west a day is literally lost, and for the reason that there is a difference of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude in each day. Accordingly, journeying westward, a certain length of time is added to each day; and making the world's circuit—as many are doing at present—would amount to an entire day. This is a puzzler to strict observers of "Sabbath-days." When crossing the meridian 180, before reaching Auckland, New Zealand, our captain dropped from his reckonings the day we had lost—and Sunday was this *very* lost day! . . . Considering the revolutions of our earth upon its axis, it is absolutely impossible for all its inhabitants to keep the "Christian Sabbath" at the same time. . . . To a Spiritualist all lands are equally holy, and all days are equally sacred! The observance, however, of one in the seven for rest, recreation and spiritual improvement is eminently profitable.—*J. M. Peebles.*



## CURIOUS REALISATION OF A DREAM.

The following letter appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Star*, of the 13th January 1874:—

Sir,—I was at a wedding many years ago, and there were the usual festivities consequent on such an occasion; but I noticed that the bridegroom's face wore a scared, restless expression, and that he looked now and again over his shoulder like one who expected some one, and that one not an unwelcome guest. His name was George Cleugh—a fine, manly, strapping fellow, not long out of his teens. The bride was a winsome country wench, and she strove by light-hearted gaiety to dispel the gloom from her husband-elect's brow. I discovered the cause of the bridegroom's gloom from one of the guests present. It seemed that he had for three nights successively dreamed a fearful dream. In his vision a brother who for many years had been lost to sight—having wandered to foreign parts—suddenly appeared on his wedding night, and that he in a solemn tone had warned the lover-husband of his death at twelve o'clock that evening. We waited, some of us with superstitious dread, and others with marked unbelief, the advent of the hour of twelve. It struck, and at that moment a fearful change became apparent in the bridegroom. His face became deadly pale, and he shivered as with ague. He took a few steps forward, and cried aloud, as if to some invisible person, "I come, I come," and then fell dead on the floor. Can men of science and philosophers explain this occurrence of which I was an eye-witness? Is there a subtle chain binding the finite and infinite so closely as to amount to fore-knowledge through the medium of dreams? I heard afterwards that his brother had died years before in Chili, though none were aware of it before the hapless bridegroom's decease. Surely there are things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy.—

I am, &c.,

ANDW. N. AITKEN,  
22 Campbell Street, City.

The following letter on the same subject, we clip from the *Star* of the 19th January:—

Sir,—The "Curious realisation of a Dream," narrated in the columns of the *Star* by Mr. Aitken, has been very summarily disposed of by correspondent "C." The latter gentleman appears to have no faith in the *spirituel* of dreams, visions, &c., and argues that all such so called supernatural revelations "are to be accounted for by the laws of nature." "C." may be right or he may be wrong. Be that as it may, the following incidents which I am about to relate are facts for the truth of which I can vouch, and after "C." has perused them I hope that, with or without the aid of the article in this month's number of *St Paul's Magazine* to which he alludes, he will show me how they can be accounted for by the "laws of nature." A lady with whom I chanced to become acquainted while on a visit to the Highlands on one occasion, and in whose veracity I

have the greatest confidence, told me the following:—When a young woman she was residing with a servant of her father's in a shieling which had been erected on a hill-side at a considerable distance from her father's farm-house. The reason for their being in the shieling was that it was harvest time, and the shieling had been erected in order to place them near to the fields from which the crops were being gathered. One clear moonlight night the girls were aroused from slumber by the whining of a faithful collie that they kept beside them. Both girls got up, and going to the door of the shieling looked away down the strath. The dog ran out of the shieling, but presently returned, cowering and creeping behind them in evident terror, and emitting the most mournful and "eerie" sounds. While they were standing endeavouring to ascertain if there was anything unusual about the place, my acquaintance's neighbour suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! there's my father. What is he doing sae far awa' frae hame at this untimous hour o' nicht?" "I don't see him," said my acquaintance. "Ye dinna see him!" cried the girl; "there he is wi' his kilt on, his grey plaid rappit round his shouthers, an' his blue bannet on his head. He's comin' straught to us." "I see nothing," again returned my informant. "Oh! he's gane," cried the young woman, clasping her hands and retreating into the interior of the shieling, where she threw herself upon her cot, and wept and sobbed until it was broad daylight. A couple of days afterwards a messenger arrived at the farm and informed the young woman that her father was dead—the hour of his death agreeing with the time of night at which his daughter had seen his form advancing up the strath towards the shieling.

There are thousands in Glasgow who must still remember what was at the time and for long afterwards known as the "Tontine Close murder." One evening some 16 or 17 years ago, if I recollect aright, Mr. J. Macpherson, for many years a teacher of elocution in this city, a little after eleven o'clock, was passing the mouth of the Tontine Close—a notoriously wicked locality, which, along with many other nests of crime and vice was swept away by the city improvements—when he was set upon by several roughs, who rushed out upon him from the close, and threw him down upon the pavement with such violence that he sustained a fracture of the skull, and died shortly afterwards. As I have indicated, Mr. Macpherson was killed, or rather murdered, between the hours of eleven and twelve in the evening. On the same night, at the same hour, a valued friend of Mr. Macpherson, who was at the time travelling in Switzerland, was standing on the summit of Mont Blanc. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the little party of travellers who had toiled to the top of the mighty mountain were gazing with rapture on the magnificent panorama of scenery spread out beneath them, when suddenly Mr. Macpherson's friend, turning to a gentleman who had accompanied him from Glasgow, said, "Just now I am experiencing a feeling of the deepest sadness, and curiously enough that feeling is associated with Mr. Macpherson. I fear something



serious has befallen him." He next day despatched a communication to Glasgow inquiring after Mr. Macpherson's health, and received an answer intimating the fact of his untimely death. The foregoing incident was related to me by a brother of the murdered gentleman, and is thoroughly reliable.

Not to prolong illustrations, let me give you a circumstance which happened in my own experience. A young man with whom I was on the most intimate terms parted with me one Saturday morning in a town in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire. I was going to visit some friends who resided in Dumbartonshire, and as I intended staying over the Sunday with them, he made me promise that I would meet him at his own residence on the Monday evening following. I reached my destination in safety, visited my friends, enjoyed a delightful ramble among the hills and glens in the neighbourhood with one of the members of the family, and returned home at tea time. The repast, over we all gathered around the fire, and, as friends who have been separated for some length of time usually do, sat talking of old times and indulging in lively gossip. While chatting away after this fashion, a clock which stood immediately behind my chair struck the hour of eight, and with the fading sound of the last stroke of the hammer there stole over me a feeling of deep dreary melancholy for which I could not account, as previous to the striking of the clock I had been as light-hearted and merry as any of the happy circle that surrounded the fire. My friends noticing my altered mood, questioned me as to what was wrong with me, but I was only able to tell them that a strange sadness had fallen upon me, the cause or reason of which, however, I was unable to explain. I could keep company no longer, so I retired to rest, and lay gazing out of the window of my bedroom on the starry heavens and the weird-looking, dreamy far-away hills till I fell sound asleep. On Sunday my fit of melancholy had entirely disappeared, and I spent a very pleasant day, although occasionally twitted by my friends on what they called my "queer cantrip" of the previous evening. By 7-30 p.m. on Monday I was back to my residence in the town in Lanarkshire which I had left on Saturday morning, and, merely waiting to wash the travel stains from my hands and face, I, according to previous arrangement, repaired to the house of my friend. Mark the sequel. My friend was dead. Exactly at eight o'clock on Saturday night—the very time the peculiar feeling of sadness I have alluded to fell upon me, when I was thirty-five miles distant from him—my dear friend was thrown out of a machine in which he was driving from a neighbouring village, and falling upon his head was killed instantaneously. I cannot say that I agree with the poet in what he calls the "beautiful belief"—

"That ever round our head  
Are hovering, on viewless wings,  
The spirits of the dead."

At the same time curious things do happen occasionally for which we cannot satisfactorily account by the action of natural laws.—CAM.

## TEST MEDIUMSHIP.—LOTTIE FOWLER.

We take the following excellent description of Miss Lottie Fowler's mediumship from a recent number of the *Darlington Times*:—

The advent of Miss Lottie Fowler at Darlington has been quite an event in the local annals of Spiritualism. The Spiritualists of Darlington have been rather bare, if not entirely so, of test mediums, hence the cause there has had to struggle against difficulties. The value of a medium like Miss Fowler, under these circumstances, cannot therefore be overrated. Miss Fowler has been in Darlington about three weeks, during the whole of which time her services have been in great request. She can scarcely be said to have had a day to herself when she has not been called on to give *seances* either public or private.

The writer of this was invited, along with local members of the press, ministers, and public educators, to a free *seance* with Miss Fowler, through the courtesy of the Messrs. Hinde. He attended, and, as it happened, was the only representative of the press present, two other gentlemen of the same profession, who had promised to attend, being prevented at the last moment. No clergymen or ministers had deigned to accept this opportunity of verifying the existence of that Spiritual world of which they are amongst the Churches the recognised exponents. As the parties invited had not accepted the invitation, a few ladies and gentlemen, who had been anxious to attend, were admitted, three or four of whom did not live in the town, and were quite strangers to all present.

During a preliminary conversation, in which some of those unacquainted with the science of Spiritualism were endeavouring to elicit information, Miss Fowler passed into the "trance" condition. Taking the writer's hand, who sat next to her, she commenced—or rather the Spirit "Annie," who is stated to be her controlling guide—to speak of matters connected with the writer's affairs which could not possibly have been known to any person present—indeed, to no one but himself. She also described spirit friends deceased, and gave their names, making remarks connected with matters of health peculiarly apt and valuable, and also otherwise affording evidence of the remarkable powers of the medium. Passing on to the next person, who was a lady, she was told of matters connected with her own affairs equally as convincing as in the writer's case, as, both at the time and subsequently, she admitted. In the case of the next individual—also a lady—she was told, to her amazement, the particulars of a dream she had had within a few days regarding some very near relative deceased, whose name and other matters equally satisfactory to the person concerned were given. The same lady wished to get a reply from a deceased friend to a mental question she would propound. The answer came shortly afterwards, through the medium, who said that a spirit (which she described) was present and held up a certain flower. The lady who propounded the test declared that that was the correct answer.



The medium then spoke to a lady sitting in another part of the room—a sister of the last mentioned—to whom some very good “tests” were also given. The most striking instance probably during the whole evening, however, was that of the case of a middle-aged gentleman, who lived outside Darlington a few miles, but who was not known apparently to any one present. The medium commenced by describing the appearance of the mother of the gentleman, who she further said had passed away a few months since. The sufferings of the deceased were described, and the nature of the disease, which were both admitted to be true. “Who is that lady?” said the medium, “who was standing by the side of you at the time of the death? I see some one. Was it a relative?” “No,” was the reply, “it was a neighbour.” “Well,” said the medium, “I see only one there.” The period of the illness was also mentioned, and the fact that the deceased was insensible for two days before she died. “Then,” said the medium, “I see a will. Your mother shows me it.” Some curious particulars were given about this will which the party concerned acknowledged to be correct. Then a “scapegrace” nephew, as the medium called him, was described. His habits of life and disposition, and the fact of his being far away were mentioned. He had been across the sea the medium said, but had returned. All this was also admitted to be true. Then a sister who had passed away many years was spoken of, how she had left two children, one being still living, and the other dead. A brother was also described, and an account given of his family. He lived at a good distance. Many more intricate matters were given, which the astonished gentleman also admitted to be correct. Then a peculiar complaint, from which the gentleman himself had suffered for some years, though only known to himself, was stated, and a recipe given for its alleviation. Many more matters quite as apt and convincing were told to this individual; indeed, for a whole hour a perfect string of “tests” were given. The medium then passed to another gentleman who seemed to be of a somewhat more self-assertive character. At any rate the medium, as was asserted, had a difficulty in getting *en rapport* with him on this account. Most of the description given he failed to recognise except one or two. One very remarkable test was, however, afforded him. The medium was engaged for several minutes in giving a most minute description of a spirit of commanding mein and appearance, which it was stated was at the back of this gentleman’s chair. The peculiarities of the said spirit were described, his gait was mimicked, &c. Such was the completeness of the description that no one could have failed to recognise it, had it applied to a person with whom they had been familiar. The identity was thoroughly established in the gentleman’s mind as that of his father, who had been for some years deceased. He was also given the name of a sister. The medium by this time had been nearly three hours under “control,” and it was said that the power was getting exhausted. Nevertheless two ladies present

—as much strangers to the medium as the before-mentioned individuals—were given some singular information regarding the peculiar connection which subsisted between them. The house—"a large white one," where one of them lived, was described—the appearance of the lady's mother, &c.

The *seance* soon after terminated, the whole of those present without exception expressing their gratification, although most were sceptics at the outset, to the remarkable psychological phenomena they had witnessed. Whilst it may be said that in some of the instances narrated, there was a possibility of collusion, the circumstances almost entirely preclude such a solution. The gathering, it must be remembered, was a promiscuous one of parties who had never met before, and who previous to assembling were unaware who was to be present. They were also nearly all strangers to each other and to the medium. Still more conclusive evidence is afforded of the genuineness of the proceedings by the fact that in nearly every case some of the most striking information given could by no possibility have been known to Miss Fowler.

The writer has only depicted what came within his own range of observation, though he has heard of many equally reliable and successful instances of the exhibition of Miss Fowler's powers since her arrival in Darlington.

## THE LATE JOHN SUTHERLAND, POSTMASTER OF BURNLEY—A REQUIEM.

BY DR. SPENCER T. HALL.

[The name of Dr. Spencer T. Hall was so well known to mesmeric experimenters of an age now closing, that the latest contribution from his pen will be read with interest. The theme may be considered by some of an interest too local to merit a place in a magazine whose readers are world-wide. We think, however, that such a judgment would be a sad mistake. Honest worth, and a conscientious discharge of the simplest and most detailed duties, is the highest form of human nature, and one which is unfortunately too often overlooked by those who regard eccentricities, and what is miscalled genius, as of greater value to the world than harmonious manhood. Mr. Sutherland was an earnest student of the science of man in its spiritual aspects, and the noble characteristics which are so truthfully told of him in the following verses are of importance, even in an anthropological point of view. They are inseparable features of the mind which truly looks to investigate that higher realm of knowledge known as spiritual science. Would that such laudatory utterances could be heard respecting the most distinguished lights in the world of general science. We may add that Dr. Hall has just published a volume, entitled "Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People, chiefly from Personal Recollection." This latest work of the "Sherwood Forester" is of such a varied character, that it cannot fail to interest every class of mind.—ED. H. N.]

THERE is a blank in Burnley town to-day  
Which ev'n the landscape round it seems to know;  
And as his manly corpse is borne away  
Our hearts feel fuller for the general woe.



A warrior brave was he on duty's field,  
 Where, hero of a bloodless fight, he fell;  
 Not in the harshest weather would he yield—  
 True to the onerous post he fill'd so well.

The early thrush's note from Spring-hill went  
 With him, to cheer him in thy morning, May!  
 And down the far-off lark from Healey sent,  
 To catch his wistful ear, its kindred lay.

And much he loved the notes of each glad singer,  
 For Nature's harmonies to him were sweet,  
 Yet not another moment would he linger  
 When work required him down the unawaken'd street.

Still, though in spring or summer he denied  
 Himself communion with her in her beauty,  
 He shunn'd her not when, with fierce storms allied,  
 She smote his bosom on the path of duty.

For oft in winter's morning—rain, or sleet,  
 Ere yet his chill from yesterday was o'er—  
 Ere yet the mill-clogs clattered through the street—  
 His solitary step came by our door.

And then a storm of letters on his ken  
 Broke in from north and south, and east and west,  
 With order due to be despatch'd again.  
 Yet even that achieved gain'd him small rest.

Dear Sutherland! oh, nevermore shall we  
 Have one thy functions better to perform;  
 Oh, nevermore in any office see  
 A man more firm, yet patient, kind, and warm!

With grace for grace thou could'st the loftiest meet,  
 With kindest smile the lowliest comer serve,  
 The sad and sore with consolation greet,  
 Yet ne'er from discipline or order swerve.

Oh, who can tell what Burnley owes to thee,  
 Thy manful yet unostentatious life,  
 Thy love for individual liberty;  
 Thy hatred strong of all malignant strife?

Oh, who can tell how many a far-off land  
 Has knowledge of thy bright, benignant eye,—  
 Thy cheering words discreet, and generous hand,—  
 For every wanderer had thy sympathy!

Ah me, how many a man of worth may feel  
 That he a faithful counsellor has lost,  
 When cruelty strikes deep with pitiless steel,  
 And his best purposes are roughly cross'd?

But cease this strain; for thy reward is great;  
 In a still nobler life thy faith was strong;  
 Thy intellect, while here if bright and great,  
 Will brighter be amid the angel-throng!

We lay thy body in its grave to-day,  
 Thy oft-climbed uplands grandly looking down,  
 And pensively return upon our way,  
 No more to meet thee in the pulsing town.

But when the thrush to Spring-hill comes again,  
 And sings the lark o'er Healey in its glee,  
 Or winter's blast drives harsh the chilling rain,  
 We'll often think, dear John, of thine—and thee.

December 27th, 1873.

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## REVIEWS.

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SPIRIT, FORCE, AND MATTER—through the Mediumship of “ADELMA.”  
 Vienna. 1870.

THIS is a superior work professing to have been dictated by a number of elevated spirits, whose names, however, are not given. They develope therein a system of cosmogony illustrated by arithmetical and geometrical diagrams of an abstruse character. The following are some of the leading ideas, somewhat simplified.

God contains within His essence, “Spirit,” “Force,” and “Matter.” By means of Force—which is another name for the purest magnetism—God projects matter out of Himself by a mere act of volition. The nearer that this magnetism approaches matter, the more dense and impure it becomes, until it attains the density of “Electricity,” when its original *attractive* becomes a *repulsive* power. Hence, the force which unites spirits with men, in spirit communion, is a blending of both principles, and ought properly be denominated “Electro-Magnetism.” These forces are, of course, not to be confounded with the coarse earthly substances called by the same name by scientists.

*Arithmetically*, Spirit is here represented by the number “1” (one), Force by “2,” and Matter by “3.” Two and three are evolved from one, and two, again, forms the connecting link between one and three, *i.e.*, between Spirit and Matter.

*Geometrically*, Spirit is represented by the line /, Force by \ and Matter by the base —; the three forming the triangle Δ, or the Trinity which constitutes one Being. The same is applicable to man; the spirit forms for itself a body by means of the soul or magnetism, the link which unites matter to spirit. This, however, is an abstruse part of the subject and would require a nomenclature of its own.

Of more practical import is the subject-matter of the book on *Cosmogony*. It distinctly states that the Mosaic account of the



creation, in the book of Genesis, is neither scientifically nor theologically correct, when taken in its literal sense; that it only becomes comprehensible when applied to the *first origin of all things*, and not to that of our puny little planet called earth.

God, the Spirit, by a mere act of His will, caused to emanate out of Himself the first-born of all created beings, called by us "Angels." They were necessarily "in His own image" in essential characteristics and attributes, but not in *extent or power*, since the part cannot be equal to the whole, nor the offspring equal to the parent.

The majority of these angels were satisfied with their state and condition; but, being possessed of free-will, some (at the head of whom was "Lucifer") became ambitious of equalling God in the power of creating beings like unto themselves, and in the presumptuous attempt they alienated themselves from their fellows, and produced a chaotic state of things, which resulted in a settled repulsive or electric action, incompatible with the magnetic or attractive action of the angelic spheres. Thus arose the "Fall" of the Book of Genesis.

Finding the central sphere around the Deity no longer congenial, these fallen angels naturally gravitated more and more away from it, when God prepared for their reception more material abodes, according with the demands of their perverted natures, as a plane whereon they might—by penitence and persistent efforts—work out their gradual return to their first estate. Having strayed from Spirit into Matter, they had the opportunity offered to them to return from Matter to Spirit.

Hence, the various solar systems were called in to existence, and the many graduated planets on which these fallen angels were permitted to incarnate themselves, each according to the degree of guilt incurred or of materiality attained.

The first-born of creation, or unfallen angels, were appointed to preside at the *formation*, and to *superintend* the development of these numberless planets; and in due time some of them were appointed to incarnate themselves as "saviours," the more effectually to assist their inhabitants to a return to their former happy condition. Hence, the appearance or appearances of Jesus Christ on our earth.

This is a very meagre outline of a system as grand and comprehensive, as a whole, as it appears consistent in its details. It must be remembered that these angels become the saviours of a planet during the whole period of its existence; that they incarnate themselves under different names, titles, and offices, in order to adapt themselves the more completely to the various wants, conditions, countries, and ages in which their services are required.

This system includes the Christian as well as all other religions that have ever existed in the world, and will throw light on many obscurities connected with them all. It still stamps mankind as the degenerate descendants of a degenerate race (*of angels*), but it also proclaims the universal provision which God has mercifully established for the recovery of all men.—*London, October, 1871.*

PHILOSOPHICO-SPIRITUALISTIC REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN SPIRIT, with Special Reference to the Theories of Materialism and those of Dogmatic Christianity. By JUL. MEURER. Leipzig. 1871.

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From this point of view "spirit" is the real permanent existence or essence, whilst material man is a mere phenomenal, temporary inhabitant or visitant on earth. "Matter" in itself is dead and motionless, and can only be moved or called into life by an (superior) active force *from without*. "Spirit" is the only substance or agent which has existed in God from all eternity, and must, of necessity, live throughout eternity as an emanation from God. But spirit—whether as God, as the parent, or as inferior spirit, as a child—possesses a "Force" which it exerts both centrifugally and centripetally: centrifugally, by projecting itself through infinite gradations downwards upon substances of more or less density; and centripetally, by attracting to itself the needful matter to form a sensuous, tangible body—*i.e.*, to incarnate itself and become, for a short period, a man. This force is conventionally called "spiritual magnetism" by some, "perisprit" by others, and "soul" or "spiritual body" by others more.

The author thinks that as the spirit incarnates itself once, so he can, and in fact *does*, incarnate itself a second, third, &c., time; that his progressive development requires that he should re-incarnate itself *many times* either on this or on the superior planets of this and of higher solar systems. This view is said to be alone



capable to solve the mystery of the differences in the races of men, and of the differences in character, disposition, and intellect in the children of the same parents.

These views, likewise, explain the appearance on our earth, in different ages and countries, of men who have exerted extraordinary intellectual and moral influences on their fellow-men, such as patriarchs, prophets, apostles, &c.—such as Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, &c., &c. They were, according to this theory, superior spirits, who incarnated themselves, *for the benefit of mankind*, as their messiahs, saviours, &c.

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October, 1871.

### A DIRGE.

THE flowers are dead or dying  
The leaves are falling fast,  
And mournful winds are sighing  
That summer joys are past.

The birds have left the cover  
Where late they sang so sweet;  
They've cross'd the wide seas over,  
To hie from frost and sleet.

The brooks, not half so gladsome,  
Rush on their random way;  
For th' flowers are dead, the bees dumb  
That on their banks did play.

Last night a flock of wild ducks  
Flew through this welkin gloom,  
To seek the southern reed brooks,  
Where ice and snow ne'er come.

And soon the silent snow-pall  
Will cover hill and dale,  
And wierdly through the old hall  
The wintry wind will wail.

And the heart it beateth sadly,  
And the mind it broodeth sore  
O'er the joys that all so madly  
Tuned the life of days of yore.

But cease this strain; for thy reward is great;  
 In a still nobler life thy faith was strong;  
 Thy intellect, while here if bright and great,  
 Will brighter be amid the angel-throng!

We lay thy body in its grave to-day,  
 Thy oft-climbed uplands grandly looking down,  
 And pensively return upon our way,  
 No more to meet thee in the pulsing town.

But when the thrush to Spring-hill comes again,  
 And sings the lark o'er Healey in its glee,  
 Or winter's blast drives harsh the chilling rain,  
 We'll often think, dear John, of thine—and thee.

December 27th, 1873.

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## REVIEWS.

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SPIRIT, FORCE, AND MATTER—through the Mediumship of “ADELMA.”  
 Vienna. 1870.

THIS is a superior work professing to have been dictated by a number of elevated spirits, whose names, however, are not given. They develop therein a system of cosmogony illustrated by arithmetical and geometrical diagrams of an abstruse character. The following are some of the leading ideas, somewhat simplified.

God contains within His essence, “Spirit,” “Force,” and “Matter.” By means of Force—which is another name for the purest magnetism—God projects matter out of Himself by a mere act of volition. The nearer that this magnetism approaches matter, the more dense and impure it becomes, until it attains the density of “Electricity,” when its original *attractive* becomes a *repulsive* power. Hence, the force which unites spirits with men, in spirit communion, is a blending of both principles, and ought properly be denominated “Electro-Magnetism.” These forces are, of course, not to be confounded with the coarse earthly substances called by the same name by scientists.

*Arithmetically*, Spirit is here represented by the number “1” (one), Force by “2,” and Matter by “3.” Two and three are evolved from one, and two, again, forms the connecting link between one and three, *i.e.*, between Spirit and Matter.

*Geometrically*, Spirit is represented by the line /, Force by \ and Matter by the base —; the three forming the triangle  $\Delta$ , or the Trinity which constitutes one Being. The same is applicable to man; the spirit forms for itself a body by means of the soul or magnetism, the link which unites matter to spirit. This, however, is an abstruse part of the subject and would require a nomenclature of its own.

Of more practical import is the subject-matter of the book on *Cosmogony*. It distinctly states that the Mosaic account of the



creation, in the book of Genesis, is neither scientifically nor theologically correct, when taken in its literal sense; that it only becomes comprehensible when applied to the *first origin of all things*, and not to that of our puny little planet called earth.

God, the Spirit, by a mere act of His will, caused to emanate out of Himself the first-born of all created beings, called by us "Angels." They were necessarily "in His own image" in essential characteristics and attributes, but not in *extent or power*, since the part cannot be equal to the whole, nor the offspring equal to the parent.

The majority of these angels were satisfied with their state and condition; but, being possessed of free-will, some (at the head of whom was "Lucifer") became ambitious of equalling God in the power of creating beings like unto themselves, and in the presumptuous attempt they alienated themselves from their fellows, and produced a chaotic state of things, which resulted in a settled repulsive or electric action, incompatible with the magnetic or attractive action of the angelic spheres. Thus arose the "Fall" of the Book of Genesis.

Finding the central sphere around the Deity no longer congenial, these fallen angels naturally gravitated more and more away from it, when God prepared for their reception more material abodes, according with the demands of their perverted natures, as a plane whereon they might—by penitence and persistent efforts—work out their gradual return to their first estate. Having strayed from Spirit into Matter, they had the opportunity offered to them to return from Matter to Spirit.

Hence, the various solar systems were called in to existence, and the many graduated planets on which these fallen angels were permitted to incarnate themselves, each according to the degree of guilt incurred or of materiality attained.

The first-born of creation, or unfallen angels, were appointed to preside at the *formation*, and to *superintend* the development of these numberless planets; and in due time some of them were appointed to incarnate themselves as "saviours," the more effectually to assist their inhabitants to a return to their former happy condition. Hence, the appearance or appearances of Jesus Christ on our earth.

This is a very meagre outline of a system as grand and comprehensive, as a whole, as it appears consistent in its details. It must be remembered that these angels become the saviours of a planet during the whole period of its existence; that they incarnate themselves under different names, titles, and offices, in order to adapt themselves the more completely to the various wants, conditions, countries, and ages in which their services are required.

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And wierdly through the old hall  
The wintry wind will wail.

And the heart it beateth sadly,  
And the mind it broodeth sore  
O'er the joys that all so madly  
Tuned the life of days of yore.

Yet hope, like th' lichen lowly,  
That grows 'neath matted leaves;  
'Mid care and melancholy  
Its brightest vision weaves.

### A CHAT UPON HEALTH.

*By the author of "Illness, its Cause and Cure," "Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts," &c.*

IN speculating upon the more occult departments of human existence, it is a poor philosophy which overlooks the physical needs of the masses. To this beneficent department of applied science it is our delight to give prominence. The following dialogue gives much useful information in a familiar form:—

PAT. DENNEHY VISITS MRS. MAGRATH.

PAT. Good morrow, Mrs. Magrath. I have heard so much about the way you manage yourself and the children, and even your good man when he is sick, that I would like to know what are those wet bandages of which people talk. I think they must be very nasty.

Mrs. M. Indeed, then, Pat, you are greatly mistaken. You never wore anything which would do you so much good. After five minutes you would not know you had a bandage on at all. And even if you did not like our cure at first, you must allow you never knew any one who liked a dose of medicine first or last.

PAT. True for you, neighbour; but how do you put on these bandages, and when do you wear them?

Mrs. M. I never wear them except when I want them; that is, suppose I had a sick stomach, a sore chest or throat, a headache, a cough, &c., &c.

PAT. Wisha, then, how could you put them on for a cough! why, long ago it was a stiff tumbler of punch one took, after wrapping himself well up in the blankets; now, you want me to shiver in wet rags all night! Well, glory! yours is a queer cure no doubt!

Mrs. M. Don't be a goose, Pat. If you want to learn something useful, I will try and teach you; but you must not take up my time for nothing.

PAT. Indeed, ma'am, I won't say another word. The truth is, you put a cold shiver down my back at the thought of your wet bandages; but it is better now.

Mrs. M. If it be, then, listen like a man who has some brains in his head. In the first place, as I told you before, the wet bandage does not remain cold, but warms at once; because it is covered with another dry bandage, so as to keep out the air. It is heated by the heat of the body; so much so, that you will find when you try it, that it will smoke like the tea-kettle when you take it off. Indeed, when much is the matter, it becomes so hot and dry, that you must take it off again and again to wet it.

PAT. Oh! glory, there is more of it. So it is not once, but a dozen times I'll have to put it on, I'll be a corpse before morning.

Mrs. M. I thought you were going to have a little sense. You must wear the bandage as long as it is necessary. I will now try and describe what is called a stomach bandage. Say a piece of coarse diaper doubled, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fingers long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  deep, covered with a doubled piece of cotton sheeting, made a little larger. This outside bandage is tied on with four strings, placed at each corner, and keeps the inside wet one quite close and warm.



PAT. I am afraid I won't remember all this.

Mrs. M. If you can't the best thing you can do is to buy the bandage ready-made at the People's Bath, Maylor Street. You will buy it there cheaper than you can make it, and will besides get all the directions you require from the Bath attendants.

PAT. That is very civil of them to be sure. But you know Nelly is not very tidy, and there is nothing likelier than that she will take a fine new piece of diaper like that, to mend a hole in the table cloth; if she does not do worse, and make a dish cloth of it.

Mrs. M. Indeed, Pat, I am sorry to say it has often happened before; but it won't now, if you tell your wife what a deal of good the bandage will do for you and her, if you use it properly. Remember, there is nothing done without trouble. This is a new cure, of which people don't know much, so we must be patient, and try to teach them.

PAT. Well, if I am to go to school again, the sooner I begin the better. Suppose I get a pain in my stomach, what ought I do? My old remedy was a drop of whiskey; now that I'm a teetotaller, I must give that up.

Mrs. D. Do, and God bless you; whiskey is the worst remedy you could take for anything. In case you get the pain bad, the first thing your wife should do is to prepare the hot stupe.

PAT. But first stop and tell me what the hot stupe means? There is some comfort in that. I like the sound of it.

Mrs. M. The hot stupe is made of a half-yard of flannel, sewed up as a bag, in which a couple of handfuls of bran have been first put. When wanted for use, the bag is put in a pan with a towel under it, to squeeze out the hot water, which is next poured over it. It should be squeezed very dry in the towel, and then put up hot to the stomach. Take it off before it cools, and then put on all round wet bandage, covered with flannel. If the pain is not severe, the front bandage, which I described before, will answer.

PAT. How is the all-round bandage made?

Mrs. M. Any strip off an old sheet will do, if it be long enough to come round the waist and cross twice in front. A small double blanket will do to cover it. But what I should like would be that every housekeeper had her bandages ready-made, and tidily put away in a drawer, where she would know where to put her hand upon them when required. About a couple of yards of flannel would answer for covering the bandage I describe, which is called the heating bandage.

PAT. I wonder when I will know as much as you?

Mrs. M. When you take the same pains. I was going to describe the chest bandage, but find I have not time. It is sold at the People's Bath, and it is safest for you to get it there. It is made on the same plan as the stomach bandage which I described first, only there is a kind of half-moon taken out for the neck. Rely on it, it will not "Kill you with the cold;" it will soften a cough and take away the feelings of pain from a delicate chest. When there is much soreness, we use a linseed meal poultice covered with a dry warm cloth.

PAT. Is it safe for an ignorant person to use these things?

Mrs. M. It is perfectly safe, if the instructions are properly attended to. But you must remember it is only of the *beginning* of illness I am talking. When a cold is let run on to a pleurisy, then, indeed, you can do nothing but send for a doctor. In the same way you can cure a sore throat almost in a night, if you take it at once.

PAT. Tell me what I ought to do.

Mrs. M. Put a wet strip of diaper round your neck, and cover it with a pocket handkerchief, put on like a cravat. But there is one thing besides

which I must particularly recommend to all who use any form of wet bandage, and that is to splash themselves well over with a wet towel in the morning when taking off their bandages, otherwise they are liable to take cold.

PAT. Won't this take up too much time from a working man?

Mrs. M. Not at all, if properly managed. Get a 4d. pan with some water in it by your bedside at night, and have a couple of towels close by, so that the morning bath won't take five minutes. But short as it is, it closes the pores which were opened by the heat of the bed, and defends a delicate person from cold. It is necessary for all, but particularly for those who have any chest delicacy.

PAT. Do you recommend flannel next the skin?

Mrs. M. Certainly not. What I recommend is a far better precaution against cold. I would also advise those whose chest or throat is delicate to give themselves the habit of keeping their mouths shut when walking, so as to breathe through their nostrils, and thus warm the air before it reaches the lungs. But all throat mufflers are objectionable.

PAT. All you say, ma'am, may be very true, but it is hard to believe it. One may as well be a fish and live in the sea as to have all this water about him.

Mrs. M. No, for then you would lose your beautiful Hot Air Bath, in which a fish would die. Remember we have hot as well as cold treatment. And you are to understand that all whom I advise take The Bath regularly, and oftener in illness than in health.

PAT. I am afraid few will take up with *your* cure. People are afraid The Bath will kill them.

Mrs. M. So much the worse for them; for my cure, as you call it, would save us not only a great deal of illness, but also a great deal of money. Our illnesses would not last half the time, neither would they be half so expensive. Instead of being obliged to provide wine and chicken broth for our patients, those who follow my plan will only give them a little gruel, boiled rice, roast apple, and bread, or something equally simple, because we know that giving what is called "nourishment," such as meat, soup, eggs, wine, &c., is only feeding and prolonging the sickness, and not serving the patient.

PAT. Ah, this is going too far. Sure it is bad enough to be sick, and not to be starved too.

Mrs. M. But we don't starve any one. I can tell you, you would be surprised to see how much a water patient can eat; because, as his poor stomach is not sickened by drugs, he has some appetite left. Besides, as his strength is not taken away by blisters, leeches, and bolusses, which would make the strongest man sick, he does not mind a few days low diet; and I entreat of you never to force food on the sick.

PAT. Do you know I am beginning to believe in what you say. I see so many poor creatures recovering from illness, who are hardly able to draw their legs after them, that it would be a grand thing if we knew more of this new mode of cure.

Mrs. M. Ah! you little know the good it would do. But what those who taught me, most dwelt on, was *how to prevent disease*, and they said, if we lived as we ought, by degrees half the illness of the world would disappear.

PAT. Is the bath good for rheumatic pains?

Mrs. M. There is nothing equal to it for curing rheumatism or neuralgia—you will get all necessary instructions from the attendants, or in "Illness." Now I can talk no more to-day, so good-bye—But you may come again to-morrow.



## PAT. DENNEHY PAYS MRS. MAGRATH A SECOND VISIT.

PAT. The top of the morning to you, Mrs. Magrath. I told Nelly all you said yesterday, and she was so pleased that she would have come with me to-day, only she had to stay at home to wash the children's clothes.

Mrs. M. Her washing would have been done long ago if she managed her time better. Was not I looking at her gossiping with her neighbours all the morning.

PAT. Ah! then, Mrs. Magrath, I wish you took the women in hands. Some of them are dreadful idle, and seldom have the house comfortable for a poor man when he comes home.

Mrs. M. Indeed I wish every girl was taught to make a shirt, and cook a pudding before she left school. I'd advise the young men who are looking for wives to avoid the fine ladies, who can do neither; and, Pat, it will be a happy day for Ireland when the mothers know how to put a wet bandage on a sick child.

PAT. I was going to ask you yesterday what we should do when the stomach is sick, and inclined to throw off?

Mrs. M. Drink freely of warm water, until it remains on the stomach; and put on the wet bandage. In short, you are to understand the hot stupe and cold bandage will put you right.

PAT. Could you give me some cure for confined bowels? Many suffer cruelly by this complaint.

Mrs. M. None suffer half so much as the rich, who eat more than they want, and exercise too little. There is no cure for this suffering in medicine. Doctors will even tell you the more medicine you take the worse you will get. But, Pat, when you walk by the sea-side, ask yourself what it is which has worn the solid rocks which you see so jagged and rent. And if the answer you give is water, is it not reasonable to suppose that the same power will soften the infinitely less solid contents of your stomach sufficiently to enable them to pass away? I never take medicine, but trust entirely to water drinking, particularly before breakfast; to the wet bandage, and occasionally to the sitz bath. I also eat gruel for breakfast, brown bread, and ripe fruit when I can get it, and never eat meat more than once a-day.

PAT. You just now mentioned something new. What is the sitz bath?

Mrs. M. It is one of the best baths you can use, and one that you can take at home in your wife's washing tub if it be only large enough for you to sit in, with about three or four inches of water in it, either warm or cold. It should never be taken for two or three hours after eating. This bath is good almost for everything. A sick stomach, a bad back, a bowel complaint, confined bowels, &c., &c.

PAT. You are now blowing hot and cold. How can the same thing be good for two opposite complaints?

Mrs. M. You will understand when you learn more; and as I have not time to tell you everything, I refer you for particulars to "Illness, its Cause and Cure," which you will get at the People's Bath for 6d. I must mention one incident with regard to the sitz bath. A servant, who was hiring with a lady, stipulated that she should get a bottle of porter at eleven o'clock every day, according to the Doctor's orders, as her back was weak, and her appetite was delicate.

PAT. Well, I suppose she got it.

Mrs. M. Nothing of the kind. The lady said she would be very sorry to give her any such thing at such an hour; and what do you think she ordered her in place of it? A cold sitz bath, and a wet bandage every night.

PAT. Oh, glory, what a dose!

Mrs. M. So the servant thought too. However she was surprised soon to find her back getting strong, and her appetite coming back.

PAT. None of us ought to despise so cheap a remedy, without at all events trying it. How do *you* manage to be so well? All the neighbours envy you.

Mrs. M. The first thing we all try to have is fresh air. Therefore I will not say we open our windows in the morning, because we leave part of one open all night long; but we give more air to get rid of the poison our lungs give out during the night.

PAT. Now I know you are making game of me. What harm could your breath or mine do to anyone?

Mrs. M. Only just to poison them, Pat, if they were obliged to breathe it. And what is more, each of us destroys about fifty hogsheads of air during the day.

PAT. Well that beats all you said yet! And to think of the ignorance of every one in our lane never once to open a window during the day, let alone at night, when we think it would be murder to let in the cold air.

Mrs. M. If the good nuns and monks knew the good they would only do by teaching our children these truths, we would soon have a new Ireland.

PAT. God send it, for we want it greatly. I suppose as you are so particular about clean air, you are not satisfied without clean skins. Do you all take an all over wash every morning?

Mrs. M. Yes, but our morning wash is soon over, for it is not on that we depend for cleanliness. For a real wash we go to the Turkish Bath.

PAT. So you take the Turkish Bath. People tell me I would be roasted there. What is the use of all this heat?

Mrs. M. What is the use of the sun? One of the plainest marks of good health is a feeling of comfortable warmth, as cold is always a characteristic of death. Ask the poor rheumatic cripple what good heat does *him*? Or the man who was comforted in The Bath in the first chill of illness. If the poor creatures we see on a winter's day shuddering with cold, at the doors of our Dispensaries, were put into The Bath, they would think themselves transported into heaven.

PAT. If The Bath be so good, why isn't it in all the hospitals?

Mrs. M. I leave that to others to answer. All I can tell you, Pat, is, that there is no Institution in the City so valuable to you and me as The Bath. It not only washes the skin, but it also washes the blood. It fortifies against cold. It brings the blood to the surface of the whole body, as the hot stupe does to a particular part. Its general use would change the whole condition of society, lessen the Poor Rate, and prevent cholera, small-pox, and similar evils, which all spring from dirt. You asked me how I keep myself and my family well, and I tell you that, with God's blessing, it is by water drinking, The Bath, and the bandage.

PAT. I wish I was like you, Mrs. McGrath; but a poor ignorant man like me, knows nothing.

Mrs. M. I won't take that as an excuse, for you can now teach yourself. When you are at work with your comrades, can't you ask them questions on these things. I never saw a set of workmen together, that their time was not wasted in jibing each other. Begin to *think*, and then you will be anxious to learn. Such books as "Illness," and "Simple Questions," would teach you all that I have now said. Help yourself, and do not throw everything on others. I'm tired of hearing how clever the Irish are. It is true that our climate seems to develop talent, for many Irishmen of English blood distinguish themselves. But when I see the O's and the Mac's taking a prominent position, I will be prouder of the Old Country.

PAT. Well, Mrs. Magrath, I'll try and make better use of my time in future; but I'd like to know from you if the rash which The Bath and wet bandage bring out sometimes is dangerous?



Mrs. M. Not at all. It is the silliest thing in the world to be frightened at such things. I had a stomach rash for months, which I am sure saved my life. But my last advice, what I particularly wish to impress on you, is not to neglect small things, such as a sore throat, &c., &c., for you know the old proverb about "A stitch in time."

PAT. And true it is, as I often think at home, when I see all our clothes in tatters about us. It reminds me too of a little child near us, who fell off a three-legged chair, and is now a cripple for life. But the neighbours say, *that* was the will of God.

Mrs. M. What a dreadful falsehood. It was *not* God's will, but the parent's carelessness. A broken chair *must* fall when a weight is put on it; as a dirty house *must* create bad gases.

PAT. What are gases, Mrs. Magrath?

Mrs. M. Indeed, Pat, I'm not going to tell you. You can find it out for yourself in the books I spoke of. All I will now say is, that only for those bad gases, of which you know nothing, you would not have the sore eyes, fevers, and whitlows of which you hear so much.

PAT. Hadn't I a whitlow myself, which Nelly picked until it became shocking bad.

Mrs. M. You and Nelly together would put Job in a passion. You should never touch a whitlow, but help it to ripen as fast as you can, by often holding it over the steam of hot water, and then covering the whole finger, or hand if necessary, with a hot linseed meal poultice, which you must be sure to cover well with flannel. Do the same for a bad leg, which you can steam, by putting a small wooden stool at the bottom of a firkin, or bucket, whichever is convenient, into which hot water has been poured, to within an inch or two of the top stool. All these things are better explained in "Illness, its Cause and Cure," where you will see that The Bath is directed to be taken, not only when you are well, but when you have a sore finger, or when anything else is the matter.

PAT. Nelly says that women are afraid to take The Bath when they are nursing, or when they are in the family way.

Mrs. M. They never made a greater mistake. Not only would it serve the future mother, but the unborn child; and common sense will show that whatever purifies and benefits the nurse will also be useful to the child, who depends on her for nourishment. I often saw babies in the mother's arms in The Bath, or sleeping quietly in a cool corner, and you can't think how bright and lovely little children look when they come out. I know a lady whose children were cured of ring worm at The Bath, and she says, though this is a most troublesome and tedious disease, she is glad the children took it, as it taught her and them the benefits which The Bath confers.

PAT. Our children at home are shocking troublesome.

Mrs. M. It is all bad management. The secret of a quiet home is to teach a child obedience in the mother's arms, instead of waiting, as you say, "until it has sense," which, in other words, means, until it becomes habitually self-willed. A sick child is always cross, and half children's trouble arises from their being always eating, which injures their stomachs, and takes away appetite for the regular meal.

PAT. What a deal girls would want to be taught at school.

Mrs. M. They ought at least get some idea of the structure of their own bodies. For example, if an ignorant mother, or a careless servant allows a baby's head always to fall on one side, the brain will grow unequally, and will be therefore permanently injured.

PAT. Ah! Mrs. Magrath, if there were more people to tell us these things we would be better off.

Mrs. M. There are a good many now willing to teach you; but they say

when they have taken ever so much trouble to explain The Bath, or the Wet Bandage, the first old woman that comes in your way upsets it all, and you just do the contrary of what you are told. *I believe it is our curse always to believe a lie.* All I can say is, if you wish to try any of our new remedies, be guided by those who understand them, and hold no conversation with those who don't. Experience will soon show you who was right. The truth is, between our apathy and our obstinacy, I am always in a fright lest we should lose The Bath.

PAT. Ah! sure there are plenty of good ladies and gentlemen who are rich enough to keep it up for us.

Mrs. M. Pat, never say anything like that to me again. Keep it in your mind, and write it on your heart, that it is the very depth of meanness to require from others what we can do for ourselves. Don't you know the story of the countryman, who, when his cart got into a rut, sat down on a bank, and began bawling to Jupiter for help.

PAT. No. What happened?

Mrs. M. At first Jupiter took no notice; but at last he got so bothered by the noise, that he put his head out of a cloud, and called out, "GET UP, YOU LAZY RASCAL, AND PUT YOUR OWN SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL." That, Pat, is what the working classes must do for themselves if they wish to become a respectable body. And now get along with you, you never got so much for a penny in your life before.

A remarkable movement, headed by a native, has set in among the people of Eastern Bengal. The leader has a number of followers who read the Scriptures and endeavour to live after the example of the Apostles and early Christians. They are vegetarians, and discard the use of medicine, seeking the cure of sickness by prayer to Christ.—*Delhi Gazette.*

CURIOUS MALADY.—A curious phenomenon is now existing in Paris. Dr. Teuting received on Monday the visit of a singular client, being a young girl of 18, named Marie Verdun, living with her mother in the Rue du Colombier, and afflicted with the infirmity of *nyctalope*, that is to say, she loses the faculty of sight in daylight, and recovers it in darkness. Although her eyes do not present any special morbid character, she is forced to keep her eyelids closed during the day, and to cover her head with a thick veil. On the other hand, when the shutters of a room are hermetically fastened, she reads and writes perfectly in the deepest darkness. She feels no pain beyond a slight lassitude when the solar light strikes her visual organs. The cure of affections of this kind is said to be extremely difficult, as the cause can hardly ever be discovered.