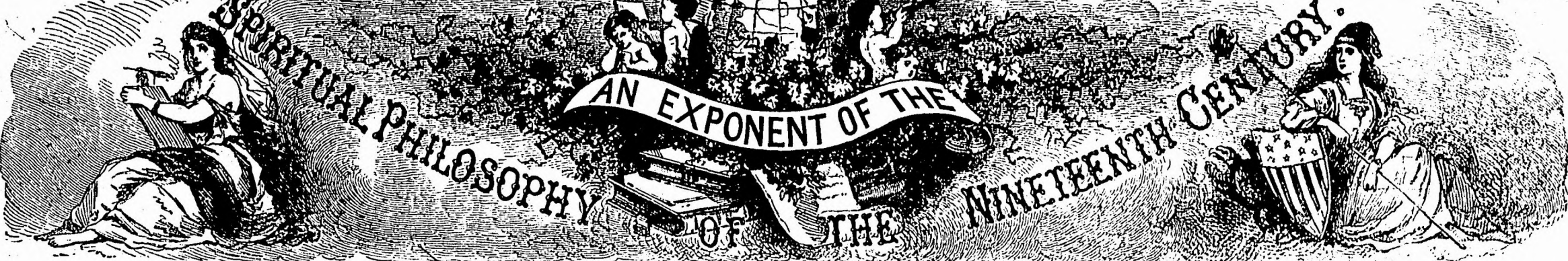


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVI.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 5.

Banner Contents.

First Page: Poem—"The White-Dog Sacrifice," by John W. Day; "What Seven Women Have Done," Story—by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second: "Physical Manifestations in Missouri," by G. G. Brown; "The Lost Chances," "How I Came to Study Spiritual Phenomena," by Robert Dale Owen; Banner Correspondence. Third: "Select Circles at the Parlor of J. V. Mansfield," by Hon. A. G. W. Carter; Poem—"Autumn in the South of France," by Theodore Albano; "The Battery as a Means of Development," "A Spiritualist's Death-Defiance," by Jas. A. M. Fraser; "List of Liberal Leagues," Prospect, etc. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "The Ritualism Question," etc. Fifth: Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department; "Connecticut State Convention," "Obituaries," "Book and other advertisements," Eighth: "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," by Epes Sargent; "Spiritualists' Union," etc.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE WHITE-DOG SACRIFICE.*

Respectfully dedicated to Father John Beeson, the
Indian's Friend.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Every land and every nation
Owens "Our Father" sphered in heaven—
Heaven His brain, and earth His body,
We are linked unto Him always.
His wondrous scale chromatic
Shading on from sand to sunbeam,
Shading past the shallow atoms—
Bidding science stop and falter—
To the mystic realm called spirit;
Deepening thence to hues and forces
Which the seraph may not fathom!

We are of His blood the molecules
While we wander here in matter,
Drawn from Him, in spores magnetic,
At the body's primal birth-hour,
Lo, our souls like sparks emitted
Quilt His eye mid thunder flashes
When the air is big with travail!
Mid the rain of fate descending,
Zig-zag'd through the cloud of sorrow,
Lo! we strike the earth—the circuit
Formed, we join the broadening system,
And to wider range develop.

Present hearts have felt His life-throbs;
Present ears have caught the music
Of His voice in hours ecstatic;
Present eyes have seen the glory
Of His thronging troops of angels;
But the mighty mass of mortals—
Spirits for a time in prison—
Hear no music, catch no glory,
May but gaze from out life's loopholes,
Speculate on fragments only,
Powerless to behold the landscape.

They who see and dare to utter
Witness of the sights bestowed them
Man has martyred through the ages;
Seeking on his bed Procrustean
Every form of truth to measure.
But the cloudless Sun of Being
Hath through all the circling eras
Shed a boundless tidal radiance
On the castle-roof of error;
And one day its close-tiled armor
Shall be downward fused in ruin
And the daylight flood its dungeons.

When the traveler, worn and weary,
Treads some mighty Andean valley,
Round him swoon the airs mephitic,
Round him blooms the tropic verdure,
Round him lurk the wild *carnivora*,
Near him trails the slimy serpent;
But above him towers the mountain,
Grand and glorious, zenith-piercing,
And as further from the valley
Mounts the pilgrim's tolling footfall,
Lo! the forms of death and carnage
Fade—the tropic verdure lessens;
Now the storm-cloud's muttered thunder
Far below doth speak its story,
While the thin clear air of heaven
Seems to beck the spirit onward,
Forth from matter's crumbling prison
To a realm of power unending.

So with us; we walk earth's valley
Close beside the soaring mountain

Of the wondrous world of spirit;
Here in dread we trace our footsteps,
Here the chafing stream of sorrow
Wears the hope and joy of living;
Here we front the wild *carnivora*—
Passion's hosts and man inhuman—
Here the slithering serpent twined,
Here the air of wrath mephitic,
Like the fire-damp of the coal mine,
Flashes off in grisly warfare.
But this lower realm inferior
Is but as the Father's greave plates,
And the honest soul of Knighthood
Gleams within the keen-eyed lustre
Streaming from His visor'd helmet.
Therefore as we grow through progress,
In the life toward which we hasten,
Higher mount we o'er his body,
See His heart beat in the Soul-World,
But His reason—who may climb it?

Still that reason holds ascendance—
Throned within his brow supernal,
Tempered by his heart warm-loving—
O'er the shifting forms of matter,
O'er the humblest shapes and atoms,
O'er the worlds in highest ether;
And th' involuntary functions
Of the universe wide arbing—
Nature's automatic action—
Coupled are with power and wisdom
From the Absolute—the Spirit!
Man may cleanse the rubbish'd workshop,
But 'tis God who builds the chariot!

Therefore 'tis that every nation
Gains a knowledge of His presence,
Such as it may grasp and fathom—
Only such. The thought and worship
Of the barbarous state and order
May be rude, uncouth, repulsive,
To the child of lands enlighten'd,
But 'tis fitted to its orbit;
And the thrill of true devotion
Regnant in th' aspiring bosom
Is the same though raised to honor
Christina, Jesus, Jove, Manito!

Marvel not, then, child of knowledge,
If I tell in fleeting cadence
How th' untutor'd savage wanders
Up to God, through smoke ascending!
Up the sky—progression's symbol—
Steals the white wreath of his offering,
Seeks Manito, the Good Giver—
That Great Spirit nomenclatured
Variously by ev'ry nation—
Bringing answer from the Father
(Of all tongues and forms the fountain)
Fitted to his spirit's uses!

Through earth's grim crust a giant's foot hath
Stamped a cañon trail;
Like white-stol'd angels through the sky the
curling cirri sail;
Like chieftains grand on either hand the dome-
brow'd hills arise,
And silence down the vaulted blue leans with
expectant eyes.

The bear rests in his craggy den—the yelping
wolf is dumb;
None save the human echo stirs—the slow-voiced
Indian drum
That beats a cadence weird and faint, like lead-
ed brain-throbs, known.

When fever-toss'd the sick man leans on death
with quivering moan!
The council-fires—the sacred three—flame 'neath
the Lodge of State;

There sits each warrior, crouched beside his red-
brow'd child and mate;
"Bring forth the dog for sacrifice!" the chief-
tain speaks the word,
And lo! the dusky ranks divide, and anxious
sighs are heard.

They lead him down the murmur'ing ranks, a
whisking, fleecy cloud
Of joyous life, that wraps a germ in matter's
confines bow'd.

Bright-eyed, clean-limb'd, and strong to dare
his master's cause to win,
He shines, where looms the grisly priest
swathed in his bison-skin!

Come, beat the drum! and raise the shout! and
wheel the victim round!
'Tis not the scalp-dance now ye join, no death-
ful chant ye sound;

Save that ye pour on Western air your tribe's
sepulchral song
As wave before and whites behind, ye linger late
and long!

So rolled the Jewish timbrel-cheer along the
covenant sea!
From Rome's arena, God-like grown, the hymns
of Gallies!

From Scotland glen in echo stern "the Cov'nant's"
voice upsprang
When "Dundee" smote the mountain path and
hoofs careering rang!

* * * * *
The song is hushed, the dog is slain. Swift to
the sacred flame
The priests and chieftains offerings cast in high
Manito's name:

"As mounts this smoke of sacrifice up to the
bending sky,
Great Spirit, hear our lonely call, and in our aid
draw nigh:

Thou slilt the bison's stately march, Thou
nerv'st the eagle's wing,
Thou bend'st the storm-bow's shining arch, and
riv'st the buds of spring;

* See Chapter XIV, "Proof Palpable of Immortality,"
by Epes Sargent, Esq.

Thou glow'st in fire, thou roll'st in flood the
mountain gorge along,
Thy sunshine warms the freezing earth, thy life
the warrior's song!

Great Spirit, hear our trembling prayer; we
wander faint and few—
Strangers and exiles from the land our Eastward
fathers knew.

Accept our offering poor and frail, and may we
faithful be—
Keep fearless foot on duty's trail, and honest
faith in thee!

The mighty wave of human life up to thy pres-
ence rolls;
We seek, through gloom and closing night, the
brighter land of souls.

Be right th' inspirer of our speech, as fade the
moons away;
Keep us 'true Indians' till we meet our next as-
sembling day!"

* * * * *
The white dog took the shining trail beyond
the smoke fire's glow,
Up from the earthquake-splintered vale that
crouched the hills below!

The sun sat in his wigwam door—where twilight
shadows lie—
When, reached Manito's fateful shore, he sought
His presence high!

While many a zealot's stilted prayer limped slow
through darkening skies,
Our Father marked with welcome rare the Red
Man's sacrifice!

What Seven Women Have Done.

A recent English book, "*Faeta, non Verba*," contains the history of the philanthropic labors of seven Englishwomen. The *Athenaeum* says: "If the volume does nothing else, it at any rate gives us a new notion of how much there is for women to do, and how much a woman can do if she is in earnest about her work."

Miss Rye began her efforts a few years ago. She had a capital of £750. Its last vestige has been as successful as that of the "Widow's curse of oil." She has helped one hundred and seventy-eight governesses to emigrate to the British colonies, where they have all, mainly through her efforts, found employment. She has put fifteen hundred Englishwomen into good places as domestics in Australia and New Zealand. She has personally taken to Canada and placed in respectable families twelve hundred children of the London streets. Ninety-three of them are girls, "who but for their benefactress's efforts, were condemned inevitably to a life of the lowest degradation." Miss Macpherson has done the same good work for eighteen hundred children.

Miss Chandler decided, some years since, to found a charity for the paralyzed. There was no such thing in London. She began by taking care of a poor paralyzed carpenter. As fast as she could, she assumed charge of more paralytics one by one. She has now opened a hospital for paralytics and epileptics, in Queen's square, London. It is not excelled by any of the same sort in the world. She has also established a convalescent hospital, which is doing great good. She has, moreover, secured the endowment of forty-eight permanent annuities for incurable paralytics and epileptics. She is now collecting a large amount of money to be applied in this same way.

Miss Gilbert, a blind lady, opened a blind-school in a Holborn cellar, for which she paid eighteen pence a week. She has now a thousand pupils, whom she has taught to support themselves. They maintain the institution that gives them a home, an education, and an occupation. Its maintenance costs £2,000 a year. This work of a poor blind woman may fairly be compared with any of the marvelous records as wrought by blind men. We admire the slightest king of Borneo, with his blazoned motto, "Ich Dien," for his dauntless ride to death on the battle-field of Crecy; but here is a blind woman who puts that motto into practice, and saves life instead of destroying it.

Mrs. Hilton has built up a day-nursery at Ratcliff. It is one of the best of its kind, and has served as a model for many.

Miss Cooper has opened and managed a combined club, reading-room and lecture-course for coster-mongers.

Miss Whately has organized great schools for Mahometan children at Cairo.

The author ends his account of the work these seven women have done in these words: "It may be said that there are many others who would have furnished me with good types of the philanthropic Englishwoman, quite equal to those I have mentioned, but those whom I wish to take as my types are those who have had to fight their way up through difficulties, frequently themselves in restricted circumstances, and not those whose position and wealth render philanthropic efforts less onerous."

These great works are the fruit of purely feminine effort. They have been planned by women and wrought by women. The author of "*Faeta, non Verba*" considers them as a proof that women can do better by themselves, unfettered by conventional rule, than when organized in masses. It is, he says, a simple rule-of-three sum. If Miss Rye and Miss Macpherson have cared for three thousand children, fifty women ought to care for seventy-five thousand. What sisterhood, fifty strong, has done so? The economy of the good work is another strong point. If the London charities which are supported by taxation were managed as well, the tax-payers of the city would save £500,000 yearly. The fact is of moment here in view of the damaging disclosures James Gordon Bennett has made in regard to the charitable organizations of the East. Some of them pay three dollars in salaries for every dollar spent in their nominal work. There is a Bible Society in Virginia which is said to spend nine dollars in order to induce its self-denying agents to buy and distribute one dollar's worth of Bibles. *Chicago Tribune*.

Legal marriage alone does not confer purity and chastity upon the sexual relation. For these we must look deeper than law. We must look into those chivalrous instincts of manly character that make a man bow before the shrine of womanhood wedded or unwedded, and hold him back from the least headstrong thought or wish or gesture which might impair woman's self-respect, or trench upon her sacred prerogative.

True virtue cannot exist when pomp and parade are the ruling passion. —Gen. A. Adcox Jackson.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," "The Two Orphans," "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times," "Bertha Lee," "My Husband's Secret," "Jas. Gray," "Pictures of Real Life in New York," "The Two Cousins," or, "Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

The Artist.

Dr. Adams was a happy man. Happiness was flung in his way and he caught it. If more men would practice this grace there would be less misery in the world. The sea voyage was full of pleasure to him. More than half of the passengers were sick, and lay like mourners round the ship. But the Doctor was toughened and hardened by familiarity with sickness and the atmosphere of hospitals, and able to keep his sea legs with the best of the sailors, and actually welcomed a storm in mid ocean.

To the young men under his care he was a guardian-angel in the disguise of a great, strong, genial man, full of life, and ready to meet trouble when it came with a challenge to stand and have fair play. Young Brightwood was a botanist, and thinking more of the rare plants and flowers of Europe than of her historic glory. Morton, of Morton Hall, was a very dear friend of his father, and thus it happened that the whole party received an invitation to spend a few weeks at his home in Berkshire. This was in the days of the elder Morton. Henry was in college at that time, John Ramsey a boy, under-gardener to his father, but with such a knowledge and love of flowers that Brightwood often took him as a companion in his rambles, and would gladly have brought him to the United States. This would have been fatal to Patsie's happiness, for not even her lover could have persuaded her to leave her young mistress and foster-sister, Mary Melton. After Brightwood's return he wrote some letters to young John, which were carefully preserved in a curious little box which Uncle Joe Melton had sent home from China as a gift to Patsie. Dr. Adams left his wife in Kent with her sister, and proceeded to the continent, where he gave himself to the study of certain branches of his profession with the energy which he always threw into his work. He then held the students, by the force of his example, to regular, hard study, bidding them remember that they were gathering capital for use at home.

Leaving him here we will return to Roso and her father. Two or three neighboring planters united in furnishing scholars, and were liberal in their compensation when they learned the worth of Allissio. He made his home with one of his patrons, named Le Mark, and here Roso was petted to her heart's content. A young slave girl was her constant attendant. Save that her father was a strict disciplinarian, as far as her studies were concerned, never allowing her to abridge her hours for music and the more solid studies, she was left as free to enjoy life as the birds that sung amid the flowers and trees of her new home. Her father was a faithful, patient teacher, never shrinking from the drudgery of his daily toil, but his leisure hours were given to his favorite pursuit of painting. This was his rest and amusement.

In the days before the war there was rich enjoyment of life in those Southern plantations. There were open houses, hospitable hearts and frequent social intercourse between families. The Christmas holidays were a jubilee to old and young, free and enslaved. Every cabin was dressed in evergreens, and redolent with gifts from the pantry of the big house, while bits of new finery adorned all the females.

Roso entered into all this with delight. She loved the bright and beautiful things of this life, and was, herself, one of the brightest and gayest. They received one letter from the Doctor, which she preserved with great care and read often. No answer came to the letter which they wrote in reply, and after waiting again, they were left only to conjecture and regret as to their old friend. They never forgot him, but kept his memory green by frequent allusion to his kindness, and by Roso's daily prayer to her patron saint in his behalf.

Mr. Le Mark had two sons, who were Allissio's pupils. The only daughter of the house was married to a Mr. Jacobs, of Vicksburg, but came every year to spend the Christmas holidays on her father's plantation.

Mr. Jacobs was a cotton merchant and absorbed in business; but he had received a liberal education, and was a man of taste and culture, spoke French fluently, and knew enough of Italian to understand Allissio. Thus the two became friends. Jacobs surprised the teacher one day while he was painting. He had chosen for his work-room a small apartment near the top of the house, where there was a favorable light, but which had been used as a lumber-room. Into this room Jacobs strolled, in search of a powder-horn, during one of the Christmas holidays. To his surprise he found Allissio, in paper cap and blouse, putting the finishing touches to a picture.

"Per Baccho!" he exclaimed; for he liked to air his limited amount of Italian, and begged leave to look at the picture.

It was the landing of an exile—scene, a wharf in New York, and a foreigner, with a little girl by his side, standing near a quaint old chest—a simple thing in itself, but the coloring, the pose, and the expression interested Mr. Jacobs, at once; and he stood silent for some minutes before the easel; then, laying his hand gently on the shoulder of the painter, he said:

"My friend, why are you teaching stupid boys here, when you might be gaining fame and fortune?"

"You are partial, sir," was the reply—"If I could only attain my ideal, I should be happy without the fame and fortune."

"I am somewhat of a critic, sir, and I tell you the coloring of that picture is exquisite, and we read the story in the expression you have thrown into the faces. I tell you that picture has a value—a money value," said this man of business. "I will dispose of it for you, if you wish?"

"Not this, not this!" said Allissio, quickly. "This has been painted for my child. I will try another—a different subject."

"I see," said Jacobs. "Pardon me, they are portraits; but beautiful as our Birdie is in the picture, she is not the bright, joyous child that sings about this house."

"No, no, thank God," said the father; "It is Doloroso here, in the picture, but Isabella who is so happy in this house."

"Then, please, sir, paint me Lady Bird, in her bright garments, and with those eyes of changing light."

"I wish I could, I wish I could, signor," said Allissio, shaking his head. "My bird of beauty! God alone knows how much she consoles me for the sorrows of the past."

"Come, over to Vicksburg, my friend—not a very attractive place, but better for you than this retirement. Quit this plodding life. My wife's brothers will never repay your care and patience. Bob is a good fellow, but loves the fields and the river and his dog better than his books. As for Richard, who should have been named first, being the eldest and the heir, his great beauty will prove a curse to him."

"He has one of those regularly handsome faces that artists delight in," said Allissio, as he drew forth a sketch of Richard's head.

"Yes, yes," said Jacobs, glancing at the picture with an air of indifference. "Dick is good in a picture, but he is already a spoiled boy. His mother is so proud of the boy that she pets him with more than the usual folly of mothers with handsome boys. He is the autocrat of the place, and the servants fear him as if he was already their master; as for that matter he is, for any disobedience of his orders is summarily punished. Your labor is thrown away on these boys while they remain on the plantation. Dick should be sent to school, where he should be taught submission to rules, and Bob should be made to part from gun and dog till he becomes a more thorough student."

"You are right," said Allissio, "and yet my life is so pleasant here, that I would not hastily change it. If you knew what persecution and torture I endured for ten years of my life, you could understand my gratitude for this seclusion and peace. I was a fettered captive in a dungeon for many months, during which time my young wife died with sorrow; afterwards, I became a wanderer, with a price set upon my head. I gained my child after a long separation, as a midnight robber gains his plunder; then I stole from my native land as if I were a condemned felon, and all because I loved that land too well, and would have died in giving her liberty. That dream over, can you understand what it is to breathe freedom in the same home with my darling, to gather her to my arms daily, to see her young, strong, and growing more beautiful daily? Oh, God, I thank thee!" exclaimed the man as he turned his eyes heavenward.

No one had heard so much of Allissio's history before. Won by the sympathy of Jacobs, he had opened his heart to him. It was well for his proud, ardent nature that he had fallen in with such a friend. The two became mutually attached. This friendship only led Jacobs to desire more earnestly a change for Allissio. "No place here," he said, "for this beautiful flower, with no playmates but Dick and Bob, or the little negroes, her father being busy most of the time. As for Dick, he is the image of his grandfather, one of the sternest masters that ever owned a plantation, and so arbitrary as a father that he drove his sons into bad ways by his cruelty, and yet he was always called 'The Handsome Major.'"

Meanwhile, Allissio was faithful to his duty, and thorough as was possible to be with the boys. Roso was obedient and studious. She did not learn embroidery nor crocheting, but she was a good Latin scholar, excelled in the use of her pencil, and spoke three languages with fluency.

She was often with her father when he painted, and was never weary sitting by his side, watching every motion of his brush. The boys were delighted to get her for a playmate. Dick claimed her oftenest, and she soon learned that his will was imperative. If she were invited to fish with Bob, Dick claimed her to come and play checkers with him; if Bob complained, he told him to "stop that nonsense and not bother Rosa." If Rosa rebelled, one glance of that hand-some face brought her to terms, for Dick was irresistible when he chose to exert his powers. At last, it came to pass that nobody had any rights which Dick was bound to respect. If Mrs. Le Mark doubted her elder son for a moment, one glance of his beautiful eyes and a few words convinced her that she was in the wrong.

Bob often resented this injustice, but, thanks to a happy temperament, he never sulked long over trouble. He turned to his dog and gun, and came to the conclusion that girls liked only handsome boys. He never ceased to admire Rosa, and brought her gifts from the woods—of pretty birds' eggs, rare flowers, sassafras bark, wild plums and ferns. She received them in such a sweet, gracious way, that he used to go upstairs and say very hard things about his homely freckled face, stamp about the door, and declare that Dick was a humbug, till he worked himself into a passion which was only soothed by his dog, who would lick his hand and look up into his face with such confidence and love, that Dick forgot his trouble in the dog's love.

Rosa's waiting-maid, was a handsome young mulatto girl, who liked prettythings as well as her young mistress, and the latter furnished her with gay ribbons and bits of jewelry, so that in her way she was as much of a picture as her mistress. Alissio more than once put her on canvas. Nature gave her a fine, graceful form, a skin smooth as satin, and eyes of wonderful brightness. She was lissome as a young tiger, and her tiny feet as light in the dance and as fleet in the meadow as those of a deer. Though the laws forbade teaching a slave to read, this girl not only learned to read her own language, but to speak and write Italian. She was apt and ambitious, and gathered knowledge as she did wild flowers and berries. She was only one year older than Rosa.

[Continued in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN MISSOURI.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have been of late highly entertained by the phenomena occurring through the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Miller, of Memphis, Tenn. Of the séances given here, the following is but a brief description, in which, of necessity, only the most important points are indicated: Mrs. M.'s hands being strongly tied, and the knots covered by sealing wax by a committee of two selected by the audience, rings were removed and put on in various ways, at the same time the accordion being played, and spirit hands, both white and dark, being made visible to all. These manifestations lasted nearly two hours, and the committee pronounced the hands of Mrs. M. to be secured as firmly at the close as at the beginning. Here was a great triumph for our cause given in a public place.

At another séance, held at my house, there were present some friends from Shelbyville and Clarence, who, extremely desirous of seeing the materializations as manifested through Mrs. M., were unusually interested, and felt well repaid for coming such a distance. The writing tests were delightful, although many came with a message who were unexpected. During the day "Red Face," Mrs. M.'s Indian control, promised "Squaw Agnes," (my daughter, who was away at the time,) the privilege of hearing him eat a stick of candy; and on her return we all heard the operation distinctly. In the evening there were about forty persons present, and so large a number desired an opportunity of attending that we were compelled to turn many away for want of room. The chair and ring tests were given, as quick as the curtain of the cabinet was raised, with the addition of the vest being placed in a variety of ways, quicker than a man could do it untied. Mrs. M. being entranced by her guide, and the preparations seeming longer than usual to Mr. M., he asked, "Red Face, what are you doing; are you ready?" Whereupon "Red Face" replied, in broken English, "Me get squaw medium all right," so distinctly spoken that there could possibly be no doubt in the minds of those present that it was an Indian's voice. As soon as Mrs. M. was completely entranced, not only were hands visible, but a face was seen three different times, said to be that of Eliza Fair, a relative of our highly esteemed friend, W. W. Fair, of Shelbyville, which appearance was truly astonishing to him. This closed the last of three séances held here for those good and truly loved mediums. May God bless them and all true instruments of the world of spirits.

Yours faithfully, C. G. BROWN.

Shelbina, Mo., Oct. 16th, 1874.

THE LOST CHECK.

SECOND-SIGHT, CLAIRVOYANCE, SPIRITUALISM—WHICH?

A few days since a gentleman in this city sold his patent right on an invention for fifteen hundred dollars, and received a check for that amount upon the Bank of California. He started for the bank to have the check cashed, but on arriving there he was horrified on discovering that it had been lost from his pocket. He immediately gave notice of the loss to the paying tellers, and sorrowfully went off in a cab. On reaching his home he was met at the door by his wife, who said she had been asleep, and knew of his trouble through her dreams. She then stated that he had dropped the check at a certain place, and that it was picked up by a man who lived in a certain locality. She gave a description of the man, and the number of the house in which he lived. Her husband went to the house described and knocked at the door. A gentleman answered the summons, and was informed that the visitor had called for the check which had been picked up by him. He was invited inside, and in a few moments the owner of the house handed him the check which had been lost in the morning. The finder of the check was naturally curious to know how the fact of his having found the check became known. His visitor then explained that, on returning home, his wife had told him of the loss even before he mentioned it, and that she had described the person who found it, and the place where he went to afterward. The owner of the check drew his fifteen hundred dollars on the following day, and although neither himself nor his wife are believers in Spiritualism, they feel grateful for the discovery of the lost check. The lady does not pretend that she went into a trance or anything of the kind. She was simply asleep on the lounge, and in her dreams saw the check drop, and saw the man who picked it up.

This statement has been made by a well-known citizen, who is acquainted with the facts and vouches for them as correct.—The Alta Californian.

From the Atlantic Monthly for November.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

It was a quarter of a century after the time when I had shocked the Orthodox of New York by preaching Secularism, and had dreamed dreams, and published them, of national industrial schools that were to dissipate poverty and to regenerate a superstitious world. I had been representative in the State legislature, member of Congress, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Indiana; and had finally been appointed to represent my adopted country at a foreign court.

During all that period, though my thoughts had been chiefly engrossed by public affairs, they had turned from time to time to religion; and the theoretical opinions of earlier years had insensibly undergone some change. I had gradually reached the conclusion that our consciousness enables us to conceive of a great Originating Mind; that such a Supreme Intelligence must be benevolent, and that it would be well for man if he could obtain certain proof of a life to come. Then I began to hope that there might be such proof; though, so far, I had failed to find it in historical documents, sacred or profane.

I had been two years and a half resident in picturesque and stand-still Naples, where, except to the privileged foreigner, all spiritual studies were forbidden. I had heard of the "Rochester Knockings," wondering what supreme folly would come up next, and thought, in passing through London on the way to Italy, my good father, recently convinced that spiritual manifestations were a reality, had taken me to two or three sittings, I saw nothing there to change my opinion that it was all imposture or self-deception.

Then it was—in my fifty-fifth year, at about the same age when Swedenborg turned from science to Spiritualism—that there came to me, by what men are wont to call chance, one of those experiences, trivial at first sight, which sometimes suffice to change the whole tenor of a life.

I was spending a quiet evening at the house of the Russian minister, M. Kakoschikine. Some one spoke of automatic writing, whereby one could obtain answers to questions, to which the reply was unknown to the writer. It was proposed to test this; and, as the wife of the Russian minister, a bright and cultivated English lady, who happened to be present, expressed incredulity, she was asked to put some question, the answer to which she was certain that no one present knew. Having consulted in the ante-room with her husband, she asked, referring to three large gold-headed pins that fastened her dress in front, "Who gave me these three gold pins?"

After a time the hand of one of the ladies present, one who had barely heard of Spiritualism and was much prejudiced against it, wrote, in a strange, cramped hand, the words: "The one that gives you a maid and cook"—the last two words being written backwards.

Every one thought the answer quite irrelevant, till the lady, whose question had called forth this strange reply, after carefully examining the paper, turned pale, and confessed that it was not only relevant, but strictly true. The pins had been given to her by her cousin Elizabeth, then living in Florence; and that lady, at her request, had recently sent to her, from that city, two servants, namely, a lady's maid, who had been in her service ten days, and a cook, who had arrived two days before.

It is a strange, soul-stirring emotion—and one which, till of late years, few persons have ever known—the feeling which, like a lightning-flash, comes over an earnest and hopeful mind when it has the first glimpse of the possibility that there may be experimental evidence of another world. I sat for hours that evening in silent reflection; and, ere I slept, I had registered in my heart a vow, since religiously kept, that I would not rest or falter till I had proved this possibility to be a probability, or a certainty, or a delusion. At last—at last (that was my exultant thought) I may be approaching a phenomenon solution of the world's most momentous, most mysterious problem!

Feeling thus, it amazed me to observe with what light indifference the other assistants at this astonishing experience looked upon the matter. They went away wondering, perplexed indeed; but wonder and perplexity appeared to fade out without practical result, in a week or two. I doubt whether, after the lapse of a month, any of them adverted to the incident at all, except, perhaps, in the way of relating to incredulous listeners of a winter evening that very odd coincidence about three gold-headed pins and a maid and cook. A numerous class of men, illogical or indifferent, seem incapable of realizing the relative importance of new and unexpected things as they come to light.

Was it chance coincidence? As soon as I had satisfied myself, I could not doubt, that everything had occurred in good faith, that inquiry suggested itself. If the written answer had been "Elizabeth," such a solution might have been accepted; since, among a dozen of the most common female names, that of Elizabeth would probably be included; and if so, the chances against a correct answer were only twelve to one. But who or what was it that went out of its way to give such a roundabout answer to a simple question? How incredible, how difficult even to imagine that any agency other than a thinking entity could have selected so unexpected a form of reply! And if there was an external intelligence involved, how intensely interesting the field of inquiry thus disclosed!

Excited but unconvinced, I went to work in good earnest, devoting my entire leisure to the study that had opened before me. We had, of course, no professional mediums; nor, though I found among our acquaintances three ladies and two gentlemen who had more or less of the mediumistic gift—the lady who had written at the Russian minister's having the most—were any of them of much force; not approaching, in power, others whom I have met since. And, all inexperienced, we had to grope our way.

However, in sixteen months I had held two hundred sittings, of which I kept a minute and scrupulous record, extending over more than a thousand foolscap pages. These I had bound up in three volumes, labeled Personal Observations; and at the close of each I entered a careful digest of the evidence obtained, and a summary of apparent results.

The first volume was devoted chiefly to experiments in automatic writing, in reply to mental questions. The result, satisfactory in some respects, was a puzzle to me in others.

I verified the reality of the phenomena so far as this, that, out of seventy-three mental questions, one-half of the answers (37) were strictly relevant; while of the remainder, one-third (12) were doubtful, and two-thirds (24) were irrelevant; irrelevant answers being most frequent in dull, wet weather.

The questions put usually referred to the phenomena themselves, and their character. The replies, many of them ingenious, and some philosophical, were adverse to the spiritual hypothesis, as witness these extracts: "The phenomena of table-moving, rapping, and the like, are not supernatural, nor spiritual; they are electrical and magnetic. Favorable untary writing is a phenomenon growing out of magnetic affinity, and similar in character to somnambulism; it exhibits the electrical action of mind on mind. There is in certain individuals such a wonderful electric and magnetic force, and so peculiar a combination of elements, that, in their presence, inexplicable results occur. But we must not therefore suppose that we can hold communion with the spirits of the departed; for such power does not belong to man."

Soon after getting this reply I learned, through

Mr. Kinney, formerly our minister to Turin, and through Powers, the sculptor, that they had verified the phenomena of unmistakable spirit-hands, musical instruments when suspended in the air played on without visible agency, communications from deceased relatives, and the like. Recalling these allegations in one of my (mental) questions, and asking an explanation, I got nothing more satisfactory than this:

"It is not possible now to know whence come these phenomena. But we cannot communicate with the spirit-world. To push inquiries in that direction is unavailing, and productive of confusion without utility."

The question called up by this phenomenon was: "What Intelligence gave these replies?" All the more important answers were obtained through a lady of an ordinary, practical turn of mind, to whose exact of thought philosophical inquiry was absolutely foreign. Yet, through her, there came to me such allegations as these:

Question (mental).—Is it of any consequence in what language I write out my questions, even if it be in a language which the person who answers does not understand?

Answer.—Coming to a knowledge of the distinction between the positive state and that which is partial only, in the one it is probable that the language is not material; in the other, unless the magnetizer's thought be in a language known, there may be only confused results.

Question (mental).—What is the difference between the positive state and that which is partial only?

Answer.—It is not the same influence. The concentration of magnetic force which is used for the one is not requisite for the other. The ordinary individuality is lost in one, while in the other both powers act at once.

When I conversed with this writer on such subjects as these, in her normal condition, I found that they were not only without interest, but quite unintelligible to her. But I knew it was claimed by writers on vital magnetism that, under magnetic influence, the patient obtains clearer perceptions and higher knowledge. I had read what one of the most modest and cautious of these writers has said, namely: "The somnambulist acquires new perceptions, furnished by interior organs; and the succession of these perceptions constitutes a new life, differing from that which we habitually enjoy; in that new life come to light phases of knowledge other than those which our ordinary sensations convey to us."

I concluded that this might be the true explanation; and that the answers I received might be due to the action of the writer's mind in what Andrew Jackson Davis calls its "superior condition." Whether the writer's own ideas were occasionally mixed in I sought to ascertain, asking:

Question (mental).—Are the opinions which you have expressed in writing in part the opinions of your ordinary individuality?

Answer.—It is so to a certain extent. As the lady who wrote was an utter skeptic in the spiritual theory, I set down the opinion expressed that communion with the spirits of the departed was impossible, as due to that state of unbelief.

Thus, after sixty sittings, running through three months and a half, I had made but little progress toward the solution of the great problem. I was the rather disposed to set down what I had witnessed so far as merely a mesmerist's phenomenon, because an intimate and valued friend and colleague, the Viscount de S. Amato, then Brazilian minister at the Neapolitan court, had brought to my notice many of the wonders of what has been called animal magnetism, together with cognate subjects of study.

As these opened on me I found it expedient to enlarge my sphere of research and to consult the best professional works on physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena; on psychology in general, on sleep, on hallucination, on insanity, on the mental epidemics of Europe and America; together with treatises on the imponderables, including Reichenbach's curious observations, and the records of interesting researches then recently made in Prussia, in Italy, in England, and elsewhere, in connection with the influence of human electricity on the nervous system and muscular tissues.

I collected, too, from London and Paris, the most noted works containing narratives of apparitions, hauntings, second sight, presentiments, and the like, and toiled through formidable piles of chaff to reach a few gleanings of sound grain. Gradually I reached the conclusion that what had been regarded by many as new and unexplained phenomena are but modern phases of what has always existed. And I finally became convinced that for a proper understanding of much that had perplexed the public mind under the name of spiritual manifestations, historical research should precede every other inquiry; that we ought to look throughout the past for classes of phenomena, and seek to arrange these, each in its proper niche.

Nor meanwhile did I neglect my Personal Observations. In the second volume of these I find recorded the results of fifty sittings, running through five months. These were chiefly devoted to the obtaining of communications through table-tipping, and occasionally by means of raps. And here I came upon certain manifestations, often (as at the Russian minister's) incidental and at first blush unimportant; yet, when more closely scrutinized, of startling and suggestive character.

"Take this one, for example. August 23, 1856, we had a sitting at the house of an English physician resident in Naples; all present being English or American, yet familiar with the Italian language. The table was boisterous and unmanageable, tilting violently from side to side. At the word of command it waited, beat time to the polka, went into the next room, returned, and would hardly remain still. Unable to get any communication, we asked: 'Is there any one in the circle who ought to go out?'"

Answer.—Sophia Iggulien.

She left the table accordingly, and as soon as she did so the manifestations were quiet.

Question.—Why did you object to Miss Iggulien?

Answer.—She is antipathic his sister!

Here I remarked that it was spelling nonsense. Soon after, we suspended our sitting. Later in the evening a lady who was present for the first time at a spiritual séance, looking over my minutes, said: "I understand that sentence; it means: 'She is antipathicissima to—' and the last probably the beginning of another word."

When the table was then asked to complete the sentence, it did so, thus: "She is antipathicissima to-night."

It was quite accidentally that we discovered the meaning here; but, once discovered, it was unmistakable. The Italian word *antipathico*, of which the above is the superlative, feminine gender, is much in use, corresponding to "not sympathetic;" so that the meaning was: "She is very unsympathetic to-night."

It was evident that such an answer, thus obtained, could not be explained on the theory of the reflection of ideas, or that of expectant attention; to us all it was utterly unexpected.

Again, October 19, 1856, at a sitting in my own parlor, present the medium, Mrs. Owen, and myself. The evening before an alleged spirit, purporting to be a deceased sister of the medium, named Maria, had announced herself, and had promised to return this evening. Her sister (the medium), beginning to have faith in the spiritual theory, asked, when the table began to move: "What spirit is here to-night?"

Myself (skeptical).—Oh, don't put it in that way. Ask what force moves the table.

Medium (persisting).—Please tell us your name.

Of course we all expected the name Maria; instead of which we got *Do fo*; and when weakened if that was right, it answered, "Yes."

The medium was much disappointed, and I said: "That can't be right. There's no name beginning *Do fo*; but let us see what it will say."

It went on to spell *r e c s* and then the word *speak*. It had spelt as far as *s p e* before any of us had the least idea what was coming. Then suddenly it flashed on me: I had said, "Ask

what force moves the table." And the table replied by another question: "Do forces speak?" I stood self-convinced; forces do not speak; I had been properly rebuked for asking an absurd question. But who, thus tersely, thus logically, was showing up its absurdity? What intelligence had undertaken this to reason the matter with me? I was so ridiculous to ask a question of the table, it was ridiculous to ask a question of it to expect an answer. I gave it up, for there was not a word to say in reply.

Yet again, November 1, 1856, place and assistants the same as before; spelling steady and regular.

The name Maria announced. The medium, taking it for granted that it was her sister, asked several questions, but got no reply. Then Mrs. Owen spoke, and obtained several answers. The medium was surprised and hurt at this apparent preference. Conjecturing that she might be misled, I asked: "Is it Maria N—?" (the sister's name.)

Answer.—No.

Myself.—What name, then?

Answer.—W—

Myself.—Was that your married name?

Answer.—No; it was F—

A lady intimately known to us, more than thirty years ago, at New Harmony, but since deceased. As a test I asked her (mentally) what was her favorite song; thinking of Fairy-like Music, which I had often heard her sing. But the reply was Long, Long Ago; and then Mrs. Owen and I both recalled the fact that that was her chief favorite. Then I put this mental question: "But was there not another song that you used often to sing at our house?"

No reply for a time. In the interval occurred the following conversation:

Mrs. Owen.—Poor Maria! How much she suffered in life!

Medium.—Was she unhappily married?

Mrs. Owen.—Very unhappily. She was of a warm, frank, impulsive disposition; while he was cold and bitter. He treated her with great and persistent cruelty.

Medium.—How did she happen to marry such a man?

Mrs. Owen.—They had only known each other about a month, but Maria was to blame in that affair.

Shortly after came five raps (the conventional call for the alphabet), and there was spelled out: "Feelings drive you away."

Mrs. Owen asked whether that was a reply to my mental question or to her remark, and got for answer: "Remark."

The reply itself (very unexpected, since I was looking for the name of a song) puzzled me, till Mrs. Owen recalled, what I had partially forgotten, the circumstances of Maria's marriage, as follows:

When Mr. F— first came to New Harmony, he lodged at the house of Maria's father, seemed much pleased with the daughter, asked her in marriage, and was accepted. A day or two, however, before that set for the nuptials, he wished to break off the match, alleging that he did not love Maria as much as he ought, to make her his wife. But she, doubtless much attached to him (as she proved afterwards by a life's devotion), held him to his engagement, saying she was sure John would love her when she came to be his wife. So the marriage took place on the day appointed.

It was with reference to all this that Mrs. Owen had remarked: "Maria was to blame in that affair." Then, how touching, at once, and appropriate the apology:

Feelings drive you away."

It would be difficult, in the same number of words, to reply more pertinently, or probably more truly, to the imputation in question.

I think that brief sentence converted Mrs. Owen—a woman of strong logical mind—to the spiritual theory. It staggered my life-long skepticism. I could not but think of poor Maria as actually making to us, from her home in another world, this excuse for a natural weakness; and I recalled those tender words, spoken of a far greater sinner than she: "To her shall much be forgiven, because she loved much."

I think I should have surrendered my unbelief, as my wife did, seeing that I was wholly unable, on the atheistic theory, to explain the sudden and startling presentation of these four words, but for the fact that, shortly before, we had received, through the table and purporting to come from three several spirits, detailed information touching the death of two friends of the medium, every word of which proved false. And in that case we had tried the (alleged) communicating spirits by asking sundry test questions, which were correctly answered; the true answers, however, all being known to us. It had not then occurred to me that spirits from the other world might deceive, as so many men and women do here; and that while some communications, truly spiritual, might be a mere giving back to us of what had been read in our own minds, others might be strictly truthful and wholly independent of our thoughts or knowledge.

But there was something more to come, appealing to the heart as well as to the reason.

I have already, at the close of my last paper, spoken of Violet, and of my grief at her early death. When I first began to receive, through the table, communications purporting to come from the spirits of the deceased, the thought did cross my mind that if those who once took an interest in us were able still to commune with us from another world, Violet's spirit, of all others, might announce itself to me; but when month after month passed without sign, I had quite ceased to expect it, or even to dwell on such a possibility. Great was my surprise and my emotion when, at last, the silence was broken.

The place and persons were the same as in the last two examples. The name of Violet was suddenly spelt out. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I asked mentally with what intent a name so well remembered had been announced.

Answer.—Gave pro—

There the spelling stopped. Invitations to proceed were unavailing. At last it occurred to me to ask: "Are the letters *p r o* correct?"

Answer.—No.

Question.—Is the word "gave" correct?

Answer.—Yes.

"Then," said I, "please begin the word after 'gave' over again;" whereupon it spelled out:

"Gave a written promise to remember you even after death."

Few will be able to realize the feeling which came over me as these words slowly connected themselves. If there was one memento of my youth valued above all others, it was a letter written by Violet in the prospect of death, and containing, to the very words, the promise which now, after half a lifetime, came back to me from beyond the bourne. I have the letter still, but it has never been seen by any one else.

Though many results similar to this have been obtained by others, few reach the public. It needs, as prompting motive to overcome a natural reluctance, the earnest wish by such disclosure to serve truth and benefit mankind.

The circumstances were peculiar. What came was utterly unforeseen. When long-slumbering associations were called up by the sudden appearance of a name, it was in response to no thought or will or hope of mine. And if not traceable to me, it was still less so to either of the others. The new nothing of my question, for it was mentally propounded; nor of the letter; not even that it existed.

Let us take note of this also. When, at the first attempt to reply to my question, the unlooked-for sentence had been partly spelled out—"Gave *p r o*"—it did not occur to me that the unfinished word might be "promise," and it did suggest itself that the reference might be to the pledge made to me, long years before, by Violet. Observe what happened. The letters *p r o* were declared to be incorrect; and I remember well my surprise and disappointment as I erased them. But how was that surprise increased when I found that the correction had been insisted on only to make way for a fuller and more definite wording. It is certain that my mind could have had nothing to do in working out this result. If a spirit had had visibly appeared, had erased the three letters, had inserted the word "written," and had then completed the sentence, it would have been more wonderful, certainly; but

would the evidence have been more perfect than some occult will was at work to bring about all this?

The above incident impressed me deeply, yet it needed strong additional evidence, cumulative throughout after years and elsewhere recorded, thoroughly to assure me that it was Violet who had given me this proof of her identity. At the close of the minutes of the sitting, part of which I have here given, I find recorded the scruple: "There is, however, in such results as the above, no proof of an occult intelligence which can distinguish and repeat to us things not in our minds; but further experiments may disclose a greater power than has yet shown itself." It was some years, however, before this occurred.

* In The Debatable Land, pp. 437-450.

[Continued in our next.]

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

WAKEFIELD.—A correspondent writes: The eighty-seventh birthday of Mrs. Clarissa, widow of Mr. Benjamin Cox of Lynnfield, was celebrated at the house of her son-in-law, Sumner Pratt, Esq., of Wakefield, Mass., on the 6th day of October, 1874. About seventy-five of her descendants with their families were present, including seven children, fourteen grandchildren, ten great grandchildren—one child, two grandchildren, and two great grandchildren being absent.

Mr. Cox passed on March 5th, 1873, aged ninety years, six months and five days, the couple having lived together sixty-eight years, during which time eleven children were born to them.

At 5:30 p. m. the party assembled around a sumptuously furnished table, Mrs. Cox being assigned the post of honor, and directly before her was placed a mammoth cake, bearing this inscription: "1787, Grandmother, Oct. 6, 1874."

An invocation was offered by Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, and at the conclusion of the feast, the party adjourned to the spacious parlors, where, after singing by the family, Dr. Currier gave an address appropriate to the occasion.

At 8 p. m. a serenade was tendered her by Ripley's Band, which also furnished music for the younger portion to engage in the "merry dance," and at a late hour the company separated, with the feelings that the occasion had more firmly cemented the golden chain of love and affection, that had previously bound their family circle.

New York.

ALBANY.—Dr. G. L. Ditson writes, under a recent date: Aware that it is the desire of the Banner to acquaint its readers with any and all of the wonderful phenomena that are now invading our hemisphere through spirit power or otherwise, I do not hesitate to ask you to particularly notice the following, that have come under my own observation:

A Miss Emily York, who for seven years had lost the use of her lower limbs and all sense of feeling in her feet, and was only able to get along the floor by creeping like a child, has, under eleven weeks' treatment by Dr. Cornell Smith of this city, so far regained her strength as to be able to stand erect, walk across the room by the aid of a chair, and ascend the stairs alone. She told me that she had also regained, perfectly, the lost sensibility in her feet.

A Mr. O. Curtis, Jr., at the same time, stated to me that he had for years suffered from paralysis, was unable to take a step, or even move his feet up or down, and stumbled forward on his face if he attempted to walk. I saw him at Dr. Smith's house come up the stairs alone, and cross the parlor without the assistance of any one, or of even a cane. All this had been accomplished by three weeks' treatment by Dr. S.

Still another gentleman present, who had been greatly benefited by Dr. S.—almost wholly cured, in fact, of a long-endured lameness—was earnest in his commendation of the methods by which so much good was produced.

Dr. Smith is assisted by the spirit of an old doctor, who often takes full possession of him and makes his efficiency so potent one hardly knows which most to bless. I have experienced, in my own family, the benefits of this controlling influence.

New Hampshire.

NASHUA.—J. W. Fletcher writes as follows: On Tuesday evening, Oct. 13th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood of this place, were invited to a "house-warming" and general good time at their new and elegant home. At an early hour the guests began to arrive, until by nine p. m. nearly a hundred and fifty had assembled. They were of all denominations and beliefs, but that, for the time at least, did not prevent them from having a happy time. Mrs. Harwood has for many years been before the public as a clairvoyant and practicing physician, and has made a large number of friends in the exercise of this most wonderful gift. And every one expressed the best wishes to their hostess for her future prosperity and the enjoyment of her new home, which her industry had provided. There being many sitters present, they contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. About eleven o'clock an elegant supper was served, consisting of a large array of good things, which evidently met the approbation of the company. After more music, games, etc., we bade the host and hostess good-night, with the best wishes that their pathway may be made bright and smooth by the love of their earthly friends, and that in coming time they may be yet more abundantly blessed than in the past.

Connecticut.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874 by Colby & Rich,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

[Continued from our last issue.]

A writer* who accepts Pantheism in its spiritual sense, attempts to show that faith in the Divine personality is not necessarily lost in the Pantheistic idea. He says: "God is neither personal nor impersonal: He is both. He is personal because our highest conception of being is a person. Only to the personal can we ascribe reason, consciousness, freedom of action. And here our idea of God emerges as that of the highest personality. But He is more than personal, and in this sense impersonal (super-personal). Spiritual existence is spiritual, individual personality. He who has grasped this great truth of the impersonality of God, and yet recognizes the Divine personality, has risen to that transcendental region where truth has its origin, and yet he has a footing on the terre where truth is known only under the limitations of things finite, conceived through the medium of human analogies and spoken of in the language of the sensuous."

"We may deny him will, and yet he wills. He is not intelligent; he is intelligence itself. He has no designs, for the idea of infinite wisdom excludes that of design; and yet to us He is the vast Designer. He is not hoary with time, for eternity is ever young, and yet He is the Ancient of Days."

The secret things of God are just finding out, because, revise our conceptions of Him as we may, there still remains in his nature the infinite and the unfathomable. Without irreverence and with perfect humility, therefore, may the speculative faculty exercise itself in attaining to a conception in which reason and the heart's religious aspirations may draw nearer to a union.

Nature is an organism through which the Divine life is forever streaming, and imparting itself to all organic forms; but this organism is only a temporary objective manifestation of God, and other universes may have preceded the present. Nature is subject to change, to the limitations of space and time, and to consequent imperfection. For in his manifestations on this material plane of being, God is limited by his own "self-denying energy" just as a spirit is limited by divine laws on coming within the earth-sphere. Therefore the divine life, with which the whole universe throbs, is, in a manner, automatic in its developments; and Nature, though full of signs of intelligence, seems often to be acting blindly, and as if good and evil were indifferent to her; an appearance which results from the self-imposed limitations by which the divine action is subjected to unyielding law in expressing itself through matter in these its ultimate evolutions. Thus God in Nature becomes relative to God the Absolute, as existing in the highest of his three states.

"To ask," says the late J. W. Jackson, "why God did not make a perfect creation is equivalent to asking that God in ultimates, on the plane of time and space, where he is to our perceptions necessarily conditioned by the sequences of duration and the limitations of extension, shall be identical with God in first principles as the eternal and infinite."

To attempt to authenticate this conception of God by any reference to human analogies may seem contrary to that tendency of science which would discredit as presumptuous all such comparisons. But it is not to limit Omnipotence by any human standard, to confess to that amount of anthropomorphism which is inseparable from the conviction that man, in a certain sense, bears the image of God. "Man," says St. Martin, "is a type which must have a prototype, and that prototype is God. The body of man has a necessary relation to everything visible, and his spirit is the type of everything invisible." One may believe this without irreverence, just as he may believe that the same law which moves the universe may move an atom.

In man we find unmistakably the phenomenon of double consciousness. Even Professor Huxley, in his Address, Aug. 25th, 1874, before the British Association at Belfast, describes a case in which two separate lives, a normal and abnormal one, seemed to be lived at intervals by the same individual; and Dr. Carpenter, though his experience does not take in many important facts now known to be true, admits the separate states of consciousness manifested so wonderfully in Somnambulism. He instances, in the case of Mozart, the proofs of the automatic action of the brain, as shown in the composition of the overture to the opera of "Don Giovanni." Mozart was probably a musical medium. His aptitude is inexplicable except on the spiritual hypothesis. He himself has said of his musical ideas, "Whence and how they come, I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in my memory."

We have seen that man is described by the principal seers as a trinity of earth-body, spirit-body, and spiritual principle. The facts of somnambulism all tend to confirm this view, and exhibit man in three states or degrees of consciousness: first, in his normal waking state; secondly, in the state represented in lucid somnambulism, where the mind is active and elevated, and the faculty of sight is vividly exercised without the aid of the physical eyes; thirdly, in the high state of ecstasy when the subject seems to be surrounded by spiritual realities and is anxious to quit the body. These three states of consciousness are often entirely distinct, as experienced mesmerizers are well aware. I have frequently witnessed the two higher states, and satisfied myself of their reality.

Swedenborg also teaches that there are three natures, or degrees of life, in man: the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial; and that in the celestial man does not reason about the truth; they see it, because it is a possession.

A corresponding truth may bear the basis of the conception of God as a trinity in his manifestations or modes of existence; a conception of which Schelling says: "The philosophy of mythology proves that a Trinity of Divine Potentialities is the root from which have grown the religious ideas of all nations of any importance that are known to us."

We may conceive of the Supreme Being, first, as God in first principles, the Absolute, the incomprehensible Unity, supremely personal and conscious, because possessing all conceivable perfections in their potency and all life in its essence; the impulse of whose developments and self-limitations is an act of will; secondly, as God in his relations to the universe of derived spirit and mind, and self-limited according to the measure of those relations; thirdly, as God in ultimates, immanent or intra-mundane, and still further limited by his descent into the environments of matter and his identification with the soul of universal Nature.

Thus God, in his highest hypostasis, is the Absolute One, having within himself, in idea and in essence, all the potencies of being, whether ultimating in what we call spirit or in matter; in his intermediate hypostasis he becomes limited by relations to the world of derived spirit and mind; in his third or lowest hypostasis he is the soul, the life, and the essence of physical Nature with all her material limitations, her seeming inconsistencies, immoralities and cruelties; all which, however, are in harmony with his beneficent purposes, one of which is that of educating intelligent beings to comprehend and enjoy what he has in store for them; in harmony, too, with his own absolute independence of all evil, that being simply privation, negation and imperfection, without which, however, man could not be a progressive being.

In his "True Christian Religion" (33 and 47, VI.), Sweden-

borg says: "The common idea is, that, because what is finite does not comprehend what is infinite, finite things cannot be receptacles of the infinite. But, from those things which are said in my works concerning the creation, it is evident that God first made his infinity finite by substances emitted from himself, from which exists his proximate encompassing sphere, which makes the sun of the spiritual world; and that afterwards, by means of that sun, he perfected other encompassing spheres, even to the last, which consists of things quiescent; and that thus, by means of degrees, he made the world finite more and more." The universe is a work of God, a work of divine love, divine wisdom and uses, and thus altogether a work coherent from first to last."

If it be said that a tri-unity of being is inconceivable in God, I might reply that it is equally inconceivable in man, and yet facts and phenomena make us realize that it exists. "The three fundamental colors, red, yellow and blue," says Christlieb, "dissolve into the unity of white light—so that this may well be called a tri-unity in unity. But they coalesce in such a manner that each of the three rays preserves its distinctive attribute. Red is the color, yellow the luminous, blue the chemical (active) ray. God is light; and, verily, natural light, the first of his creatures, bears the immediate impress of his trine being."

Hegel calls the idea of the trinity "the pivot of the world." According to Schelling, God is the perfect spirit in three forms, and the true idea of God is a union of naturalism and theism. "Naturalism," he says, "seeks to conceive of God as ground of the world (immanent), while Theism would view him as the world's cause (transcendent); the true course is to unite both determinations. God is at the same time ground and cause."

"It no way contradicts the conception of God to affirm that, so far as he reveals himself, he develops himself from himself, advancing from the imperfect to the perfect; the imperfect is in fact the perfect itself, only in a state of becoming. It is necessary that this becoming should be by stages, in order that the fullness of the perfect may appear on all sides. If there were no obscure ground, no nature, no negative principle in God, we could not speak of a consciousness of God. "So long as the God of modern theism remains the simple essence which ought to be purely essential, but which in fact is without essence, so long as an actual twofoldness is not recognized in God, and a limiting and denying energy (a nature, a negative principle) is not placed in opposition to the extending and affirming energy in God, so long will science be entitled to make its denial of a personal God. It is universally and essentially impossible to conceive of a being with consciousness, which has not been brought into limit by some denying energy within himself—as universally and essentially impossible as to conceive of a circle without a centre. "The fullness of God's being cannot be contained in an abstract unity, and yet his absolute personality must have unity for its fundamental attribute. The conception of the trinity God furnishes us with the sole bridge that can fill up the breach between God and the world."

"If we separate," says Vera, "substantially and absolutely, God and the world, we do not only impair and curtail the being of the world but that of God also. We curtail the being of the world by separating it from its principle; we curtail the being of God by admitting that the substance of the world is independent of God, and consequently by admitting two absolute substances. And the *creatio ex nihilo* could not fill up the gap, as the *creatio ex nihilo* could not affect the principles and essences of things which, under any supposition, must be coeternal with God."

"God is all things in their idea, and as a whole, and in the unity of their existence; but he is not all things individually, or in their particular and fragmentary existence. He is not what the thing is, of which he is the principle. God is the thought, the idea, the essence of the universe. The thought of God, for the very reason that it is the essence, is the Providence of each being particularly. The Providence of the plant is its idea, according to which it is born, it grows and dies. And so it is with everything."

The conception of God as brought into relativity by an objective universe, but at the same time existing in higher and discrete degrees of being, in the highest of which he is the absolute and perfect God, is, as I have attempted to show, not inconsistent with what we know of the nature of man. It would be no irrational speculation to hold that the divine relativity to the finite may, in its expression, vary with the character of the different earths or planets fitted for intelligent beings while passing through the discipline of a material environment; that every planet with its climates and products is adapted to the state of its rational inhabitants; that what we regard as the defects or evils of Nature as manifesting herself through our planet, are merely the emblematic reflection of our own defects or evils; and so that, as the race of man improves, the earth itself will improve.

The idea that God, as the life and intelligence of Nature, is self-circumscribed and reduced to relativity by his own "self-denying energy," leads to a view of the cosmos, in which all the objections of atheism are swallowed up.—God is seen no longer as the provisional or constitutional monarch whose laws can rule the universe without his aid, his functions being merely honorary. At once ground and cause, his life becomes the fountain of our life, and all Nature is transfigured with divine possibilities; man, derived and dependent as he is, becomes a free co-worker with God; evil becomes a merely negative thing, having no real being or life; all imperfections become transitional, a necessary phase of good in the making; Humanity, with all its selfishness, its meanness, and its arrogance, becomes ennobled when looked at from the side of its possibilities rather than its limitations and perversities, and takes on more and more the Divine Expression. We are helped to judge of mankind by its martyrs and saints rather than by its tyrants and criminals. We feel that God is not aloof from us but working in us, the very soul of this divine Nature by which we live, and without the light and life of whose sun we could not exist a moment.

Nor let it be said that God's circumscription as the life and soul of Nature removes God in the Highest from sympathy with our weaknesses and our wants. To sympathize with us fully, to be Love and Providence, as well as Law and Wisdom, he must be implicitly the Nature he subordinates, besides a Power independent of it. It may be objected: God cannot be perfection, if, in his self-limitation as the substance of Nature, he is also imperfection; but to this it may be replied that the experience of imperfection may be essential to the very fullness of the Divine perfection; that in order to be the perfect he must exist in a self-subordinated state as the imperfect also.

Remember, moreover, that if God is a trinity, he is in that but the prototype of man, who, in each grade of his nature, is related to God in a corresponding hypostasis. The trinity of earth-body, spirit-body, and spiritual principle, is paralleled in the three-fold nature of God; and man, in each degree, and in all together, has God as his Providence, his spiritual Ideal, and his Infinite Father. The God of his childhood's trust and wonder is restored to him; the God of his prayers is an ever-present listener; if God is unyielding law, he is also maternal tenderness and love; if he is the life of our life, he is also the moral order of the universe; and faith is thus unchecked by science, while reason is reconciled with faith.

To many profound and to many superficial thinkers, all theistic speculation is repulsive. They would say with Hooker: "Our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence;" or with Sir William Hamilton, "The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance." But the heart and the intellect continue, nevertheless, to cry: "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!"

As on the nature of man new and important light continues to be shed by the facts of somnambulism, thought-reading and Modern Spiritualism, may we not hope that human thought will be helped to conceptions of Deity less at variance with science, and that the atheistic objections which now oppress many sincere minds and devout hearts, will be gradually but surely lost in the dawning light?

The elements of this attempt to combine the Theistic with the Pantheistic conception may be found in all the great philosophies and theologies, not omitting those of Oriental origin. Plato distinctly teaches that the Soul of the World is a third subordinate nature, compounded of intelligence and matter. The eminent French eclectic, Cousin, in summing up his views of the Divine nature, includes much that is in harmony with the outline I have feebly sketched. He says: "The universe itself is so far from exhausting God, that many of the attributes of God are there covered with an obscurity almost impenetrable, and are discovered only in the soul of man. God is at once substance and cause, at the summit of being, and at its humblest degree, infinite and finite together, triple, in fine; that is, at once God, Nature, and humanity. To say that the world is God, is to admit only the world, and to deny God. However immense it may be, this world is finite, compared to God, who is infinite; and from his inexhaustible infinitude He is able to draw, without limit, new worlds, new beings, new manifestations. Invisible and present, revealed and withdrawn in himself, in the world and out of the world, communicating himself without cessation, and remaining incommunicable, He is at once the living God and the God concealed."

CHAPTER XVII.
What relation has Spiritualism to natural morality? The mere knowledge of a future life may have no moral efficacy in a mind that does not see the grandeur of the possibilities involved in the fact. The knowledge must be spiritualized by meditation and by emotion before it can assume its rightful authority in shaping the moral life and constitution. Being a demonstration of the continuous life of man through the association of a spirit-body, perfect in all its parts, with the material body, Spiritualism has manifestly as intimate a relation as any fact of our mortal existence can have, to natural morality; for it is as much related to the present as manhood is related to youth, or old age to manhood. It illustrates the laws that govern the relations of human life, because it explains innumerable occult facts in human history, throws a flood of light on psychological questions, and has a most direct practical bearing on our habits of thought, our affections, and our hopes. A moral science, in no wise based on spiritual facts, would be as imperfect as a science of physiology that did not recognize the brain and the nervous system.

"The essential teaching of Spiritualism," says Mr. A. B. Wallace, "is, that we are, all of us, in every act and thought, helping to build up a mental fabric which will be and constitute ourselves, more completely after the death of the body than it does now. Just as this fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded."

Every mental affection we experience, as it helps to mold the spirit-body, thus leaves its impress on our immortal character; every thought we think, and every desire we feel is indelibly registered in the very constituents of our being, and becomes an integral part of our individuality: what is once in the memory is there forever; it may be concealed from consciousness for a while, but annihilated never. Thus well-ordered thoughts and a well-ordered life issue in corresponding endowments of the spirit-body.

These facts have a most direct and unequivocal bearing on natural morality. They make us severally the authors and shapers of our own characters and destinies. They teach us that our thoughts and our deeds, good or bad, have an imperishable element which incorporates itself with our very organisms, and these become the expression of our actual interior states. We gravitate where our affections carry us.

"What'er thou lovest, man, that too become thou must, God if thou lovest God, dust if thou lovest dust."

Spiritualism must exercise an unfailing influence for good through the affections. Let a man or a child be thoroughly convinced that the deceased mother or father he reverently loves is living a more intense life than ever, and can read his every thought and scan his every act, and such a conviction must have a restraining influence upon him, when tempted to evil; an encouragement for him, when incited to some act of self-sacrifice or generous daring. The knowledge that we think and act in the presence of a cloud of witnesses, to whom our very thoughts are as legible as our deeds, must have an influence upon us for good.

"We should live," says Seneca, "as if we were living in the sight of all men; we should think as though some one could and can gaze into our inmost breast." Spiritualism makes us realize these as conditions literally existing.

With the eclecticism which must accompany all genuine science, Spiritualism accepts and assimilates, from all codes, creeds and systems, whatever they may have of moral and religious truth. It reduces all morality to its scientific valuation, and asks for no other authority than the fact itself; regarding a revelation as in no wise true because authoritative, but authoritative only in so far as it is true; because, as Milton bravely says, "If a man believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without having other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

And this shows why the dictation of all seers and all spirits must be resented as an insult to the understanding. Every thought leaves its trace, every sowing has its proper harvest, and every act its fitting reward. If we look for other salvation than that whose fruit is goodness, purity, love, and spiritual growth, we are groping unprofitably. He who has these is saved already. Belief in salvation through another's merits or sufferings is merely hope in a magical impossibility.

"Here heaven is not," you say, "but yonder it shall be." To this, Spiritualism replies in the words of the elder Fichte: "Nay, what then is that which can be different yonder from what it is here? Obviously, only the objective constitution of the world as the environment of our existence."

But, by a law of our being, our objective environments in the spirit-world are the reflex of our spiritual states; and this shows how grossly those persons misrepresent Spiritualism, who object to it that it promises every one a good time in the "Summer-Land," with charming habitations and delightful scenery; as if such things could constitute a heaven, independent of the dominant affections and the ruling passions!

Morality is action according to the laws of science and of enlightened reason; and only those laws have an absolute interior authority which are in accordance with our sense of what is true, and right, and of divine validity.

Religion is faith in the moral order of the universe; it is particularly the reverent assumption, in thought and feeling, of the existence of an Intelligent Power beyond and above us, that can influence us for good, avert evil, and listen to prayer. But religion, in the high sense, is not superstition; it is not a cowardly dread of a mysterious Being who can harm or help us; it is not a greed for the satisfying things of our external life, having no correlation with the pure and generous affections; it is not a craving for any selfish and exclusive salvation; it seeks a salvation from spiritual error, impurity, and blindness. Everything which we feel and know aright is religious.

Religion, having in it an emotional element, may be lacking in a person otherwise richly endowed; just as a sense of the beautiful in art may be lacking. And so there may be morality without religion, though there can be no rational religion without morality.

We find in spiritual science the elements of all morality and all religion; and the task which the thinkers and moral pioneers of the race have before them is to place on a scientific basis the great deductions of an absolute morality, that shall strike with axiomatic force every healthy, unprejudiced mind, and illumine all the intricate questions in social philosophy. And as these deductions cannot have their full sanction till we believe in a divine Moral Order and an invisible world, there must be a religion broad enough to gather all humanity within its fold, and having for its simple evangel the proclamation of a heavenly Father, an immortal life, and a consequent morality.

Morality being thus based on the facts of science, the laws of the human soul, and the proofs of a divine moral order, it follows that much in conventional and social morality, that may seem authoritative to the unthinking many, becomes immoral in the sight of those who are resolved, by all means, to be loyal to what they esteem the laws of divine order inscribed in their very nature, and to be superseded by no human code.

[Concluded in our next.]

The Rostrum.

Spiritualists' Union.

ROCHESTER HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 25TH.

Dr. H. B. Storer, medium. The first question presented was the following, relating to one of the latent faculties of the spirit referred to at the last meeting:

"Could Faith be defined a confidence in or reliance upon something—a person, principle or truth—in consequence of a correct apprehension and realization of the truth to us?"

In reply the spirit repeated that Faith is a distinct faculty of the mind, not belief. These terms are not synonymous or convertible. They are distinct. Reason is said to be the flower of the mind. Faith may be called the fruit—the culmination of the mind. The manifestation of this faculty is not common. It cannot be exercised while in the body as are the functions of the body, the senses. It is a development. In the spirit-world the methods of the schools are superseded. Scholars are often in no better condition as to a knowledge of the nature of things, a perception of the truth, than those who are ignorant.

The pride of intellect, arrogance and contempt toward inferiors, have no warrant based on the intrinsic nature of man. Now what appears is the basis of judgment. What is to appear will afford a sounder basis.

The second question propounded was: "Is it possible that any condition of mind or body in the earth-life, can in any degree determine the status of the spirit in spirit-life?"

When the spirit discovers itself, it is necessarily dignified by the discovery of its intrinsic nature. There are many who have never discovered themselves. Attention has not been called to that intrinsic nature which dignifies them.

You are influenced not merely by temptation, the conditions of the atmosphere and of earthly electricity, but more by the spheres of spiritual beings contiguous to the earth. Persons in peculiar conditions of mind or body are most sensitive to these influences. The proximity of the spirit to the earth is determined by its loves. Those who have not lived the higher life of thought, are by necessity led into immediate and direct contact with the sphere of material things.

One whose habit of mind is determined by relations with those in that business. This explains the augmentation of mechanical or other powers realized by many. It is the added power of those interested with them. The passage into the spirit-world of any person in love with any pursuit, is a gain to some one in that pursuit. This is not only true in the higher spheres, but even more so as to the lower.

Those who live in the realm of sensation, cannot rise at once out of it. Hence those who are intemperate, for example, do afford a condition of mediumship for those who in earth-life were not able to overcome their appetites. Hence it is never safe to give free indulgence to the appetites and passions.

The time will come when it will be seen that the only way to reform is to surround by new influences—not control, but love. Love is the omnipotent power. If you can call out the love of one you wish to lead heavenward, you have gained him, but he may not be driven.

As to spheres of development, we have no criticism upon the evils which exist involved in the system of the universe. We believe in the inevitable, and accept it, but recognizing the law of evolution, we would make the best of it. We must state the great truth that the life in the body, the character, does determine the moral status of the spirit in the spirit-world. And remember you may not decide the moral status of any person till you have estimated all the qualities of the person.

You speak of those who are forgiven most. By whom forgiven? If in the spirit-world, a new light breaks into the mind and the causes of the conduct are seen, and the spirit perceives that what were felt to be evil conditions were the result of causes the spirit could not control, then there comes to the soul a sense of justification—of self-forgiveness.

A glowing picture was drawn of the scene when the woman who had broken the law was brought before Jesus. He, clearly perceiving her spiritual state, and knowing the causes that contributed to the act, uttered the memorable words at which her accusers shrank away self-convicted. She needed not their forgiveness. Neither did he assume to forgive her. Offended majesty found no representative in that Son of God. There can be no forgiveness in the sense men speak of it, which can bring relief to the soul.

An interesting discussion followed, participated in by Messrs. Rhodes, Atkinson, Carpenter, Wetherbee, Brown and others.

Miss Doten said she wished to simply give a little of her own experience during the evening. After Dr. Storer concluded, a spirit came to her and desired to speak. She expressed her willingness. The spirit said he could not speak through her unless she would remove her false hair. This for some time she declined to do, but at length had withdrawn to the ante-room, and returned with her head free, and resolved to humble herself by the confession of her long resistance in consequence of her pride, and to pledge herself to submit to the desired spirit control on Sunday evening next. She said the name of the spirit was Emanuel Swedenborg.

Miss Doten was immediately entranced, and the spirit said, in brief:

In my earth-life, at the age of fifty years, I received that clearer perception of spiritual things which I had long sought. As an infant, I could see the beautiful forms of spirits about me.

Young man (turning to Dr. Storer), I perceive this one truth: that faith, or intuition, is like a manifestation of genius. Some are born with it; I was; spiritual conditions acted upon the minds of my parents; I was born of the spirit, and early experienced an opening of the spiritual faculties.

I wrote that I saw the hells of the other life, and they seemed exceedingly deep; and he who went out of this life in love of the false, deep in the evils, sank lower and lower, and there was no salvation for him.

I am here to-night to affirm to the contrary. A man is, in the other world, what his highest desire is. If a man could be what he would like to be, he would be a saint upon earth. The lowest have a perception of something higher. The divine life is always pointing them to something higher, and none are so low as not to have somewhat of the divine within them. Each man desires to be better, to be wiser. If any one desires to be more beautiful, it is a prophecy of what is to be the spirit.

When you go out of this life, you go into more harmonious surroundings. The lowest hell of that life is higher than the highest heaven of this. The spirit goes out of this mortal body, away from this poor sense, to a clearer condition, inhaling the clearer, purer atmosphere of the spirit-world. You go to those who look into the soul.

When one who has sinned goes out of the body, he goes to those who deeply comprehend his state as a sinner. He who expiates his sins in the gallows, or who dies friendless and alone on the arms of a celestial love, and all are in paradise the day that they pass away. "Of all given men, not one shall be lost, but I will raise him up at his last day." The place of the highest saviour is in the lowest hell; the work of infinite saving, to take all the sufferers and lift them up.

I have spoken imperfectly; but give this instrument to me often enough, and if there is any harmony in my soul, I will convey it to you. Brothers and sisters all, we wait to teach you many things. We want all of you; we can't spare one of you, man, woman, or child, rich or poor—we want all. Now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation from ignorance; so you may rise up in the dignity of your spirits to go forth to do your work in this life and the life to come, with rejoicing!

Bible Spiritualism.

The new Society in New York promises to be a marked success. Only six weeks ago a few persons invited Dr. Wellington to explain the relation of Spiritualism to Christianity, and last evening (25th) nearly one hundred persons met, and there was an unquestionable interest expressed in the movement, and mostly by persons not now identified with Spiritualists. One gentleman spoke in private of his perplexity, because his wife was a medium, and they had manifested, and yet he could not give up the Bible, though quite willing to modify his former views; but he said, "Till now I have only heard such views of the Bible I could not accept." Another gentleman of culture had been developed for some years as a writing medium, but habitually attended an Orthodox Church, but would enter heartily into this movement. A third came forward and agreed to be one of ten to secure the hall; and others might be named. The meetings will be continued at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. each Sunday, at Harvard Rooms, 6th Avenue, corner 42d street; and a conference at Mrs. Taylor's, 329 West 43d street. ***

John C. Blair of Troy, N. Y., "clips" and sends us the following from a local secular paper:

Rev. H. Woodruff has industriously canvassed Onondaga County on a curious errand, that of finding out how many families have the Bible, and is happy to report that only twelve are destitute of that old-fashioned but very necessary piece of furniture. Mr. Woodruff does not tell us how many are destitute of food, fuel, clothing, shelter, and other little matters necessary to temporal existence. But if he should hear of a few starving ones, possibly he will go around again and distribute a few tracts. They are cheaper than bread and meat, and appear to better advantage in a missionary report.

* The Rev. John Hunt. See his "Essay on Pantheism," London: 1866. An experienced mesmerist and physiologist, and an eloquent writer. Shortly before his death in London in 1872, he became fully convinced of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

† I once kept a sensitive patient in a state of mesmeric or induced somnambulism for a whole fortnight, during which she did not once return to the state of normal consciousness. When she was at last restored to it, the recurrences of the hypnotic state, an entire blank to her. Not the least consciousness did she have of the interval that had elapsed. She supposed she might have been asleep an hour. The ground was heavily covered with snow, when she passed into the abnormal state; when she awoke there was no snow to be seen. What was a rose-bud on one of the bushes in her room had become a full-blown rose. These apparently sudden transitions manifested in her, as that, by a strenuous effort of will, I had thrown her back into the somnambulic state in order to prevent her mind gradually from the changes she was destined to see when awake. This somnambulic state was always a higher, brighter, more rational state than her ordinary one, and when somnambulic she would speak with a sort of pity of some of the errors and misconceptions by which she was influenced when awake.