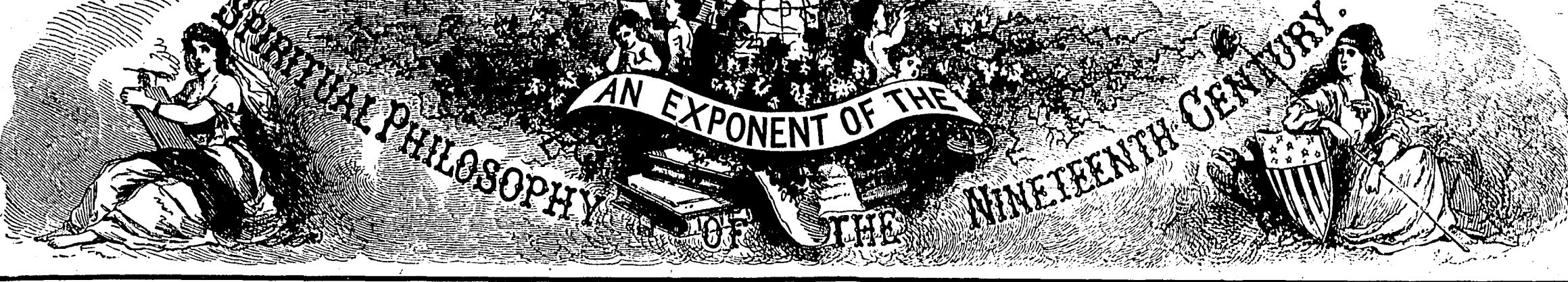


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Banner Contents.

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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE ABROAD, AND NOTICES OF SOME PHENOMENA AT HOME.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

MR. EDITOR—The *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, comes with its usual amount of interesting matter and its promised spirit-photograph. Of the latter I will give the account nearly literally as it appears in the *Revue*: "Monsieur Dessenon, a picture merchant, No. 15 Quai Malaquais, tried with M. Buguet to obtain a portrait of his wife, deceased about two and a half years. His first two efforts gave only imperfect images, and he was discouraged; but after a visit to 7 Rue de Lille (our office), he decided to return to the photographer. The medium had an ardent desire that he should be satisfied, and was evoking aid with all his soul when M. Scipion, a dramatic artist and good medium, arrived. M. Buguet requested him to place himself by the side of M. Dessenon to lend him his aid, and the picture which we offer to-day shows the result. Here is the physiognomy well characterized of Madame Dessenon; the joy experienced by the husband could not be expressed. He thanked God and his guides for the good fortune so much desired. When, however, he presented this remarkable photograph to artists and seers with whom he had intercourse, they asked if he were crazy. M. Dessenon submitted calmly to these rude assaults, convinced of the value and reality of the spirit manifestation."

This is certainly one of the best photographs I have seen. M. Dessenon is seated, and M. Scipion stands just behind his right arm. The spirit, whose physiognomy could not, I think, be mistaken by any one who had known her in earth-life, stands behind her husband, throwing over him a long, beautifully transparent veil, through which his form and features are distinctly seen, lifting with her right hand a portion of the veil near to and as high as M. Scipion's head. The group is impressive as a work of art, and very beautiful in its spiritualistic aspect.

That M. Buguet is successful in this department of his labors is evidenced by other testimony, such as the following:

"Thanks, M. Leymarie, and you, M. Buguet; but the joy I experience I cannot define. The spirits that I have so long waited for with so much impatience, have come to give me one and the other their dear faces. The resemblance is indeed so striking I can hardly believe my eyes. May God bless and protect those who serve to impart such repose, such hope to suffering hearts."

MADAME F. GOUAR, of Lyons.

Respecting the aspect of the French press toward these phenomena, M. Bazot, *propriétaire* of *Angers*, makes some very appropriate and cutting remarks. "When we," he says, "with a photographer who understands all the secrets of the art, have followed all the manipulations, and are certain of the good faith of the medium, yet find upon the plate those familiar faces from the spirit-world recognized by all who knew them in the form, we deplore the perversity of the journalists whose articles are thrown out at random, recklessly assailing a sacred subject which they will not study. They presume to impose their opinions upon the public, and forbid any trespassing beyond those limits."

Having power we lose the sense of justice, might be written over the door of almost every editorial sanctum. The people drive by degrees, however, these would-be masters, as they do the clergy, from their strongholds of conceit and bigotry.

As psychography is the subject in hand, I will here say that I have recently received from Professor William Crookes, of London, one of those exquisite photographs of Katie, taken by himself. Though no photograph can do justice to the beauty of that fair spirit, it is a great treasure for any one to possess, and I am very grateful to Mr. Crookes for his kindness in forwarding it to me. I may say that it strikingly resembles the one on sale at the Banner of Light office, but does not seem to represent the same person as those taken in Philadelphia. Those which Dr. H. T. Child had the goodness to favor me with are larger, darker, and less ethereal, and seem to have taken on, to a great degree, the characteristic expression of the medium, as he looks seated beside her. And, indeed, I should think such a result unavoidable, so largely are they dependent on the medium for the physical elements composing for the time their material expression.

How charming, how almost bewildering the idea that we can now have hanging upon our walls, and adorning our albums veritable likenesses of our dear friends in spirit-life! I have twenty-eight of those taken by Mr. Mumler, and two of the London Katie, handsomely framed; and I feel their influence daily, hourly, as they look down upon me with their ever-welcome placidity and instructive beauty and benevolence.

Here is a brief account of a woman in Chautau, known to the writer, who was, as it were, instantly cured after fifteen years of intense suffering and being confined to her bed, but devoting much time to prayer. "My daughter," she says, "brought me some medicine which I refused to take. Suddenly I fell into a state neither sleeping nor waking. Everything was strange to me,

but I was perfectly conscious. Then there came floating toward me a woman dressed in white, and when we were face to face, she said, distinctly: 'My daughter, you are healed.' From that moment I felt a change through my whole system, and I exclaimed to my daughter," (who thought her trembling on the verge of the grave,) "I am cured! I am cured!" And she was.

Another case, not less remarkable, is recorded by the same writer; but both had taken of the waters of Lourdes brought by the sisters of charity; and much faith in each and much devotion seemed to open the way to these grand results. The first of the above mentioned said, however: "The water of Lourdes is nothing, but the grace of God is everything."

In the next number of the *Revue* we are promised an account of a séance held in the daytime at the Crystal Palace, England, where Mrs. Jencken, formerly Miss Fox, was the medium, and where the instruments placed before her went floating through space, and a spirit figure, representing a boy some fifteen years of age, was seen standing behind her.

El *Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, has a very complimentary notice of the writer, Eugenio Polanco—of his works, his style, his good influence, "Some words respecting a photograph," and a continuation of the discourse (heretofore noticed) of Don A. G. Lopez, before the Spanish Spiritualistic Society of Madrid. Each article is full of that admirable force, that zeal and elevated sentiment that ever characterize the higher developments of Spanish intellect; but they are too long to be given entire, and no credit could be obtained by dismembering them. Of the phenomena it has nothing new; relating, however, some of the psychographic wonders of which the readers of the Banner have already been apprized.

You may remember that when Mr. Kossuth came to this country he was accompanied by a Mr. Martin Coster. When the former returned to Europe the latter went to New Orleans and married a wealthy widow lady, who owned a sugar estate on Red River, and had one daughter. The latter disliked the new father and would not speak to him; and when some jealousy sprang up in Mr. C.'s heart, (probably in this case without justifiable cause), a new element of discord was engendered, and he departed with the filibuster expedition for Nicaragua. Sometime afterward the daughter went one day up to her mother's room and announced that Mr. Coster was down stairs. The mother went down, but saw no one; but on again being informed that Mr. C. was positively there, she went again and saw him standing in the parlor. "I was shot to-day in Nicaragua," he said, and then, after a moment's delay, vanished. Some months later, Madame Coster received confirmation of the statement. Colonel Coster was not only shot in Nicaragua, but was shot and killed at the very time he appeared in New Orleans before the one to whom he was doubtless deeply attached. Madame Coster related this fact to an acquaintance of mine, when they were in a steamboat together on their way from New Orleans to the Red River; and she added: "Mr. C.'s counsels to me now are more valuable than when he was living. I consult him at all times about my affairs, and my congratulations myself on having such an able assistant." When on the boat, some question arose regarding a date: "I will ask my husband," said Madame C., and retiring to her state-room saw and talked with him, and ascertained the correct date, as was afterwards known.

The above, as well as the following, occurred when little was known of Spiritualism. In the house of a Mr. Small, in Cherryfield, Me., manifestations took place of a very extraordinary kind. Dishes would dance about as if invaded by some hostile spirit, and the kitchen utensils would follow some of the members of the family, pell-mell, from one room to another; and when an old lady—the aunt of my narrator—was seated in a chair, on some loose boards, in the kitchen, they would slide backward and forward with such force, her position was anything but tranquil and satisfactory. The exact date of the above I could not ascertain, my friend being only a child when it was told to her.

Early and late, at all seasons and in all ages, good and evil spirits have made their presence manifest to mankind. The shadow or the sunshine of their being hath fallen athwart the pathway of mortals, and the music made by angels hath greeted many a weary ear, and soothed many an aching heart. "But," said the world, "these are the mad ones;" and thus, often, the gentle and the lovely have won crowns of thorns. With chains clanking about her tender feet, I have seen one of these wend her way to the grave.

THEODORE PARKER married in April, 1837, Miss Lydia D. Cabot, only daughter of John Cabot, of Newton, with whom he had plighted troth five years previously. The following resolutions are entered in his journal on his wedding day:

1. Never, except for the best of causes, to oppose my wife's will.
2. To discharge all services for her sake freely.
3. Never to scold.
4. Never to look cross at her.
5. Never to weary her with commands.
6. To promote her piety.
7. To bear her burdens.
8. To overlook her foibles.
9. To love, cherish, and ever defend her.
10. To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers; thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

A celebrated writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I dreamed that same old dream again last night; You know I told you of it once, and more; The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea, And turned his head and looked upon the shore, As if he never saw the world before.

What mystic, my this season could it be? It was October, with the heart of May; How could they find time to win love's gladder? Dreaming or waking, I can only say, It was the morning of our wedding-day.

I only know I heard my happy step, As I sat working on my wedding-day; Within my usual place, my usual task: You came and took the pen, and laughing, "Nay!" You said, "no more this morning! Come away!"

And I, who had been doing dreamily, Within my dream some thing before My pen and I were both too tired to stop, Drew breath—dropped all my work upon the floor, And let you lead me merrily to the door.

And out into a place I never saw, Where little waves came shyly up and curled themselves about our feet, or to me, Or to you, said, "alone into the world."

But yet we did not go, but sat and talked Of usual things, and in our usual way; And now and then I stopped myself to think—So hard it is for work-worn souls to play—Why, after all, is it so wedding-day?

The fisher folk came passing up and down, Hither and thither, and the ships sailed by; And busy women nodded cheerily: "And one more wedding-day, and you are married, With quiet porches, where the vines hang high, And wished us joy; and when you're retired," she said, "I bid you welcome; come and rest with me."

And still the fishermen bustled, "Fished by, and still the ships sailed to the sea. Its only out of all the world to be Idle and happy by the idle sea."

And there were colors cast upon the sea Whose names I know not, and upon the land The hues of flowers that I never saw; And faintly far I felt a strange mood stand—Yet still we sat there, hand in clinging hand.

And talked, and talked, and talked, as if it were Our last long glimpse, to speak, or to you, or to me, Or to you, for this world or the next; And still the fishermen bustled, "Fished by, and still the ships sailed to the sea."

But by and by the sea, the earth, the sky, Took on a sudden color that I knew; And a wild wind arose and beat a thrum. The fishermen turned a deathly blue, And I, in terror, turned me unto you.

And wrung my wretched hands, and hid my face. Oh, now I know the reason, Love, I said, "We've talked, and talked, and talked the living day, Like strangers, on the day that we were wed; For I remember now that you were dead!"

I woke afraid; around the half-lit room The darkness seemed to stir and creep; I thought a spirit passed before my eyes; The night had grown a thing too dread for sleep, And I had not time to do or say.

Beneath the moon, across the silent lawn, The garden paths glimmered white—a ghastly cross Cut through the shadowed flowers solemnly; Like the dead have I been, and I have no dress, Or heavenly peace born out of earthly loss.

And wild my unquiet heart went questioning it: "Can that which never has been, be?" "Yes," said the darkness, "it is dead, but 'tis not dead, As dumb before was Eternity."

As dumb as you are, when you look at me. —*Atlantic Monthly for October.*

SWEDENBORG AND THE DIAKKA.

A LITTLE MORE "FREE THOUGHT," BY DR. G. BLOEDE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In No. 25 of the Banner of Light, page 8, we read from the "Select Circle of J. V. Mansfield" a communication to Judge Carter purporting to come from Emanuel Swedenborg. The contents of this message, and the advice given therein—besides being very flattering to Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, who is called a "great seer," and whose "Diakka-Land" is fully endorsed by Swedenborg—will, I trust, be received with satisfaction by every intelligent Spiritualist. Not so, I am afraid, by the Swedish philosopher's own disciples of the present age; nor will the genuineness and originality of the alleged message escape some skepticism from those who, following the rule laid down by St. Paul, already are used to take every communication from the spirit-land *cum grano salis*, that is, to weigh it on the balance of their own reason.

There are two points in this message, over the signature of Emanuel Swedenborg, which are apt to rouse some critical doubt. The one is, that he styles therein as "my clairvoyant perceptions" the facts and teachings laid down in his terrestrial works, which, while writing and publishing them, he proclaimed as "direct revelations from the Lord," as which they are taken and believed in by all the adherents of his New Church. The vast and vital difference between "clairvoyant perceptions" and "Divine Revelations," is too apparent to need any further dwelling upon. Assuming the Swedenborg note to Judge Carter as genuine, the question would therefore arise, whether Swedenborg, since he entered the spirit-land, has changed his opinion about his own teachings, and does now declare to have been more "clairvoyant perceptions" what he while yet in the flesh was fully persuaded to be "Revelations from the Lord Himself?" It would seem to be worth while to have this point further elucidated by another direct interpolation of the Swedenborg of the Mansfield Circle, because, if he were the very living Swedenborg, his present declaration would, in my opinion, shake the very foundation of his Church.

The other point in said message which cannot fail to astonish all those conversant with the life and works of the Swedish Seer, is contained in the following passage:

"Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you."

After the common rules of interpretation the word "me" in this passage cannot be referred to anything else but the works written by Swedenborg on earth; but it is well known fact that all his religious-philosophical works—not excepting his memorable "Spiritual Diary"—were personal memoranda never intended for publication—were written and published in the Latin language. How Swedenborg in the spirit-land could call that dead idiom of science his "own native vernacular," he having been a subject of his Swedish Majesty Charles XII. in the eighteenth century, I for one am unable to comprehend, as little as I can make up my mind to believe that the Swedenborg of the spheres should have forgotten in what language he wrote his works on the terrestrial plane.

These two doubtful points in the alleged message of Swedenborg would seem so salient, that they can scarcely fail to strike even the members of the "Mansfield Select Circle," and to move them to seek their authentic elucidation—the more so as the very object of the same spiritual communication—the Diakka—would suggest the repeated warning: "Beware of the Diakka!"

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

Non or Daughter?

A gentleman was walking back and forth on the lawn, turning now and then an anxious look to a certain window of the old mansion, his ancestral home, which faced the lawn and the avenue of noble trees beyond. Suddenly ceasing his walk he leaned against a large marble vase which stood upon a pedestal, and which was filled with vines and plants in bloom, and as if he could conceal his thoughts no longer, spoke aloud. "A curse upon these misnamed rights of property which makes one's fortune depend upon the sex of a child! If a son be born to me to-day then all this broad domain, this house, which has been owned by my family for two hundred years, those old trees which my fathers preserved with so much care, will still be ours, and my child will rejoice in their possession; but if a perverse fate send a daughter, then my cousin Roger inherits, and my child is driven from the home which should be her own by all legal and natural rights." He turned again and walked with rapid, nervous strides to the broad balcony in front of the house. The door opened, and a tidy-looking woman, somewhat past middle age, came out, with a pleasant smile on her still comely face. "Come in, Mr. Morton, and see your daughter—as fine a girl for her age, only an hour old, as can be found in the country."

Poor woman, she little knew with what anxiety her coming had been awaited, and what disappointment her words had wrought. The man turned with a muttered curse on his lips, and replied:

"I will see my wife in a moment; say to her I am coming."

The woman went into the house, saying to herself, "He's sorry it is n't a boy, I suppose; that's the way with most men. It has been so ever since the days of Eve; and yet her first-born was a murderer. If it had only been a girl, now, what a vast difference it would have made in the peace of that family! Men feel this way when children are born, but I have observed through life that fathers take a deal more comfort with daughters than with sons. It is only for the name and estate they wish for sons."

The nurse said this as she went into the chamber where lay the young mother, weak, pale, and almost as helpless as the new-born infant at her side. She could only answer by a smile as nurse said:

"He is coming to see you right away, and proud he will be of such a nice baby as this."

At these last words, the lady shook her head. She knew better than the nurse the bitter disappointment which awaited her husband, and raising her feeble arm she tried to draw the baby nearer to herself, as if her mother love must make up for the cold welcome the father would give. That father came, bent kindly over the wife, and congratulated her that her suffering was over. He gave scarcely one glance to the baby. The mother's hand closed more closely, pained over the little sleeper, while an expression of pain passed over her face. Mr. Morton passed from the room, ordered a horse, and rode swiftly down the avenue, to drive away, if possible, the thoughts which tormented him. Two hours afterwards the mother, who had been sleeping, called the nurse to her side.

"I am faint, nurse; give me some cordial. Do not let me die now."

"No, no, darling, you will not die; do not think of it. The doctor said he never saw a woman show more courage. Keep up good heart."

But while she spoke something in the look of her lady alarmed her. She gave the cordial, and moreover sent for the return of the doctor. When he came it was evident from his look that an unexpected change had taken place in his patient. He took nurse aside and gave special charge to watch closely, for life hung upon a thread. When he had gone the lady asked for her husband. He was not to be found.

"I am sorry, for I shall never see him again. Send for Patsie, nurse."

About a quarter of a mile from the house was a pretty cottage, the home of John Ramsey, who, formerly a gardener, had managed the estate for a few years after the death of the elder Morton, and during the minority of the son. The wife of Ramsey was the foster sister of Mrs. Morton, and when her husband died she was retained in the cottage at the request of the mistress of the mansion, who never ceased in the love she felt for the friend who was nursed at the same breast as herself. John Ramsey had laid by a small sum for his family, so that when he died they were not wholly dependent. The family consisted of the widow and two children, a boy of five years of age and a girl of two. Patsie, the mother, was a fair, fresh woman of about thirty; a tidy housekeeper, thrifty in all her ways, and had acquired refinement above her birth (for her mother had been, in youth, a servant in the family of Mrs. Morton), by constant intercourse with Lady Mary.

"Just as I feared," she said when the messenger came for her. "The nurse thought all was right when I left, but I doubted. If it had only been a son, now, perhaps she would have rallied, but she has taken it to heart because of her husband. Poor dear! Poor dear!"

She said this as she was preparing to go up to the house. Calling her little son, she said:

"Now, Davie, I am going up to the house, and may be gone till night. Take good care of your sister. You were five years old yesterday—quite a man. You must get your supper of bread and milk for Bessie and yourself, and put her to bed when the clock strikes seven. Can I trust you, Davie?"

"Yes, mother; but I want my monkey—I must make my monkey to please Bessie."

Davie was a chubby, red-cheeked little fellow, with very dark eyes, and hair that curled close to his head. He laughed with his eyes when he talked, and those eyes danced with mischief sometimes. He was a resolute, decided little fellow, but held in check by the firm hand of his mother, who was endowed with an even temper and vigorous health.

There were no weak nerves about her, nor any sentimentality in her management of her children. When Davie went astray she whipped him soundly; but such punishment was not often found necessary, for it was done effectually when attempted.

"Yes, Davie, you must have your monkey; but do not let Bessie lose any of the pieces."

It was a dissected monkey, which Davie delighted in putting together, with Bessie standing near him to laugh and clap her tiny hands when the head or the paws were put on upside down.

A careful child was Davie when Bessie was placed in his care. The trust which his mother reposed in him had made him so. Patsie had little fear for her children: thus left by themselves, and almost forgot them as she hastened up to the Hall.

Lady Morton lay apparently unconscious when Patsie entered the room, her hand still upon the babe, for she would not allow the child to be removed. A messenger had been sent in haste to find her husband, and the doctor waited in the drawing room.

"I am glad to see you, Patsie," he had said, when he saw her enter the house; "speak to her, rouse her if you can. She seems exhausted in mind and body. Give her heart, if possible; tell her she must live for her child's sake."

Patsie took the small, white hand of the lady and kissed it. "The eyes of the sufferer opened, and fixed themselves on Patsie; then a smile spread over her face."

"Oh, Patsie, I am so glad you have come. I trust my child to you till such time as her father shall see fit to take charge of her and direct her education. She will have a happy babyhood—happier, perhaps, than I had lived. You will love and cherish her as your own; and with Davie and Bessie she will have only sunshine and love."

"But you will live, my dear lady—you must live, for her sake. I will love the darling, and be a mother to her while she is a child; but a time must come when she will need you; she is lady-born, my dear."

The young mother turned her eyes to the little unconscious sleeper, who lay wrapped in soft laces and flannel, and trying to draw her still nearer to her bosom, said:

"God bless my darling, and give her that happiness which a woman's heart craves most. I ask not greatness or wealth, but goodness and love; take her as soon as I am gone, Patsie. No one else will love her as well as yourself, no one will cherish her more tenderly. Call her Mary."

"But, my darling, you must live, you will live; take this which the doctor prescribes."

The lady took the draught from Patsie's hand, very meekly, and soon fell asleep. There was hope in the house; but, before morning, the lady's prophecy was fulfilled, and she slept the sleep which knows no waking. Her husband returned the next morning. The sight of his young wife dead, shocked and grieved him. He had wickedly wished the baby's death; he had been less tender to the wife, because she had not borne him a son, and now conscience came to add a sting to his suffering.

The dead mother lay in state in the great drawing-room; the gentry, far and near, honored her memory, for she had been much beloved, and her husband held a large estate, and belonged to one of the oldest families in the country.

While the long procession showed its way to the churchyard, the baby lay in Patsie's arms. Not even to be a mourner at the funeral would she leave her charge. She took it to her own cottage. When it came the children welcomed it with joy.

"Is it ours, mother, ours to love and keep all the time, always, mamma?"

"She will stay with us till you are a great boy,

Dave. You must take as good care of her as you have of Bessie. I thought, when I brought her home, how kind you had been to your sister, and how much help you would be to me about the baby."

"Give it to me now, mother; see, my hands are clean, and my apron is clean," and he seated himself on a stool, "and I will be so careful."

Patsie put the baby in his lap. The long, rich robes swept the floor, but Patsie's door was always clean enough for a table. The little boy held her tenderly, almost reverently, and looked into the blue eyes, that seemed almost to answer his smile, and at the tiny fists, that were squaring themselves at him as if in play.

"She is as pretty as a little lamb, mother; and when she grows big, I will carry her out to see the lambs and the chickens and the flowers. But, mamma," he added, "I think if you had died and left us, as Lady Mary has, I should have wished to die too. We must be kind to her, because her mamma is dead."

Bessie hardly knew, for awhile, what to do with the little stranger; she had so many charges from her mother and Dave, that she stood in awe sometimes; and then, again, missing the care and attention that had hitherto been hers alone, she was jealous of the baby. Luckily, the sensible Patsie saw this feeling, and checked it in time—not by scolding poor little Bessie, but by taking her upon her lap with the baby, and calling the latter Bessie's new dolly, that she must help wash and dress and love, and mamma's dolly too. Once possessed of the idea that she had joint partnership in the baby, it all moved smoothly at the cottage.

As for the baby's father, he was only too glad to find that his wife had made this arrangement for the child. It left him free to pursue his own plans, with the feeling of the responsibility for his child removed. His wife's dower was ample, and would be settled upon her daughter. The allowance given to Patsie would leave her free to give all due care to the child, had not her heart been thus inclined; but the child's richest dower was the love which her nurse had borne to the mother.

The father left his home for the continent, where he remained three years, and when he returned, brought with him a young wife—an Italian lady.

Patsie's heart sunk within her when she heard this. If they should claim the child, what power had she to retain it, for no writings had been drawn, and no time specified.

Little Mary had grown up a healthy, hardy child; not one child in a thousand so fortunate in its babyhood. Patsie had little need to restrain her, for she had inherited her mother's gentle temper, and so great was Dave's influence over her that if he only said, "Mamma, do n't cry," she would hush her sobbing and try to smile. If she were hurt, she would run to him and forget the pain in his arms. The three children were Patsie's pride and comfort. If there was any partiality shown, it was to Mary; and there was always a distinction, as was right, perhaps, in dress. Mary's clothes were of more delicate and richer fabric, and every article of attire carefully got up by Patsie's skillful hands.

"I know just how Lady Mary would have dressed her child," she would say, "and who knows but the loving mother sees her daily. I love to think that she does; sometimes I dream of seeing her; and once she came to me, in a dream, and said, 'Good and faithful Patsie.' It was the very night I taught the child her evening prayer."

Now, it would seem almost as if this mother was permitted to watch over her child; but, alas! how many orphan children seem forsaken by the good on earth, and by the angels in heaven.

There was a marked difference in the little girls, even without the richer clothing of Mary. This was as perceptible in their simple night-dresses, as when the little, scion of nobility was dressed in rich robes to ride over to Chetney Park to see her Uncle, the only member of her mother's family who was living. He was a widower, an invalid, but loved the child, and sent his carriage every month to bring her to his home. He would gladly have had her under his own roof, but when he saw how well she thrived at the cottage, how bright her eyes, how clear her skin, and rich the color of her cheek, he said, "It would only be plucking the flower to wither; let her remain." Patsie taught Dave to read, and also to make himself very useful. He it was that fed the cow and the pig, took care of the chickens, made the fires and helped weed the flower garden. This last afforded great amusement to the family, and for miles round no such pink or violet could be found as grew in this cottage garden; and as for the gooseberries, the gardener at the Hall tried in vain to equal them. "I don't see how it is, Patsie," he would say, as he came and leaned over the paling of her garden, "unless the Lord has given you a special blessing for taking such good care of the child. Your roses and gooseberries look as if the angels smiled on 'em."

Mary would toddle about the garden with her hand in Bessie's while Patsie and Dave hoed and watered and weeded.

When Dave was eight years old and Mary three, the Uncle sent his carriage for his little niece, with a request to Patsie to bring her own children. This pleased the mother, but specially because Mary never wished to leave the child, even to go in the beautiful carriage, and now that all three could go together, there was great rejoicing. The ride through a beautiful country was delightful, and to Dave and Bessie the carriage seemed like a fairy palace moving through flowers, for the hedge-rows were in blossom, and the fruit trees filling the air with the fragrance of their bloom.

Bessie was a plump, healthy child, with red cheeks, dark eyes, a body round as a dumpling, and a look of sturdy vigor. Mary was of finer texture, more delicately formed, with a foot and hand of faultless beauty. It was the Sevres china compared with the well-famed Liverpool ware. It was perceptible to Dave, even at his childish age.

"Mamma," he once said, "I think Bessie is like our red rose, and Mary like the rose up at the Hall in the conservatory." When she was dressed to go on this little journey, he lifted her upon a chair and actually knelt down before her. "Mamma, look! Look, mamma! are the beautiful angels prettier?"

It was a fine group: Patsie in her clean, smoothly ironed purple gingham gown and white English straw bonnet, looking as clean and as fresh as one of her own violets. Dave in his white trousers and jacket, with his chip hat with blue ribbon-band, and his happy face, turned now to the well-fed sleek horses, and now to Mary's happy face as she stood in a chair by the window,

in her richly wrought muslin frock and white merino cloak, lined with white satin, and white silk hat, all lace and ribbons. Bessie in another chair on tiptoe, trying to get a glimpse of her pink chintz frock and chip hat with its wreath of roses.

"Mamma! mamma! don't I look buful to day! When will you buy Mary some red roses for her hat? When she's big as me?"

"Yes, darling," said Patsie, smiling as she took Mary in her arms to the carriage.

The three little tongues prattled all the way, and as for Patsie, she believed herself the happiest woman in old England.

"I know where we going, Mamma Patsie," she said as she patted her nurse's cheek. "You know, Mamma, I know, Dave don't know, Bessie not know."

"Where is it, Birdie?"

"Paradise! Paradise! mamma. Uncle Zoe lives there!"

Paradise Hill was the name of the rise of ground on which the mansion stood.

"And would my darling like to stay in Paradise with her good uncle and ride in the carriage every day?"

"Yes, Mamma Patsie, if 'oo stay, and Dave stay, and Bessie too?"

Poor Patsie had her fears, that in sending for her children also, there might be a design to take away her darling, for she had heard of what we have before mentioned, that Mary's father had returned with his new wife; but she would not borrow trouble. She had such a firm belief that Lady Mary in heaven watched over her child, that she never allowed anxiety to rest in her own heart. Dear soul! There came a time, when, if being in another world would have given her power to watch over her own, she would gladly have bidden adieu to this.

As they neared the end of their journey, the old coachman gave his horses free rein and they trotted rapidly up the avenue. Mary saw, not her uncle, but a stranger, a gentleman whom she had never seen, waiting to lift her from the carriage. "Your papa! your own papa!" said Mamma Patsie. Mary sprung forward to meet him, for she had hitherto only heard of him by her nurse's kind representations. He was pleased with the beauty of the child, and with her evident delight in meeting him. He bore her in his arms to the drawing-room, where a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed lady stood, as if waiting for her. "What a darling! What a beauty!" the lady exclaimed as she bent her own beautiful head to kiss the child. "I must have her. She is like a lily and a rose combined. She is mine, is she not, my husband?"

"No—no," said the child, struggling to free herself from the embrace of the lady. "No, I am Mamma Patsie's baby, and Uncle Zoe's darling, and—and"—looking timidly at her father—"and papa's little daughter, so Mamma Patsie says."

Meanwhile the lady had taken off the wondrously-made little white hat and the exquisite cloak, and stood the child upon a chair, that she might take a more thorough look at her. "My rose-bud!—my beauty!" she kept exclaiming, using all the exclamations of delight which occurred to her in her own language, and in the English, which she spoke with ease. Her caresses and her vehemence were new to Mary, who was accustomed only to the quiet ways of Mamma Patsie and her undemonstrative uncle. The tears came to her eyes. "I want Uncle Zoe!—where is Uncle Zoe?"

It was well that this old friend came in at this moment and claimed her. Seated on his lap, with her head on his bosom, she was comforted, and became once more herself. The father, turning to his wife, said: "We forget that we are strangers to the child; I suppose we must ask her love."

"And I will do it," said the lady; "she is too beautiful a child to be hidden in a peasant's cottage; and then, she is your daughter."

The lady had a tall, commanding figure, graceful in every movement, with a head well poised, and eyes that were like black diamonds. That these eyes could flash with any other emotion than love and tenderness the husband knew not, for she was at that time only the wife of a few weeks.

Patsie and her children were not admitted to the drawing-room, but the former found herself made very comfortable in the house-keeper's room, and the children saw so many new and strange things that time flew rapidly with them. It was only when night came that Patsie's darling nestled again in her bosom and whispered, "Mamma, love you best of all; den Uncle Zoe."

"Papa," said Patsie, "papa is very kind; you will love papa, darling."

"Papa kind to Mary, papa kiss Mary, and say Mamma Patsie good, but I 'fraid of papa; he great strong man."

"He loves his little daughter, and she will love him," said Patsie; and your new mamma, my pet, she is a beautiful lady, and she will love you too, darling."

"No—no—no," said the child; "her great eyes burn me, Mamma Patsie; I don't want to see the great eyes; and as the little one spoke, she hid her head on Patsie's bosom, and clung to her as if those eyes still gleamed on her in the dark. The child little knew how tenderly and closely her nurse held her to her bosom that night, long after the blue eyes were closed in sleep, nor how earnestly she prayed that her darling might not be taken from her."

The next morning, as the lady was standing at her toilet-table putting on a few jewels, which were rich and rare, she turned to her husband, who was reading, and said, "Well, Henry; shall we take our pretty rose-bud with us to our home? Such is my wish."

Her husband laid aside his book, and replied: "If she is willing to leave Patsie, or if we can induce Patsie to come to the Hall with her."

"No, no—that will never do. The child is so much attached to the woman that I could never win her love while she is with us. She must have an *huitieme bonne*, and we will make a little lady of her—one worthy of your name."

"That will come in time, my dear. Of course we must have the child in a few years; at present she is but a baby, and needs the care of a mother."

"She shall have it, my husband; I want the child—your child—ours it must be."

"Thank you, Isabel," said the husband; "take her if it so please you."

There was a triumphant smile on the face of the wife, which the husband saw not. That day they were to go to Morton Hall. When Mary came in, fresh from her morning bath, with a crisp new white frock and blue sash, her tiny brown curls clustering round her forehead like a crown of jewels, and ran, as was her custom, to

her uncle's invalid chair, with her little mouth pursed up, ready for kissing, no wonder her father thought it only a reasonable wish in his young wife, to transfer the sunbeam to their lonely home. She climbed into her uncle's lap, regardless of all others present, and not until she had kissed him again and again, and he had reminded her that there were others in the room to whom she should say "Good Morning," did she turn and walk toward her father, saying, "Good Morning, papa. Mamma Patsie says you are dead, and love me."

"I do, my child," he said; "and here is your new mamma, waiting for her morning kiss."

The child did not raise her eyes to the beautiful face of the lady, but bent them to the ground, while her little cheeks glowed scarlet, as if it were true what she had told Mamma Patsie that "the lady's black eyes burned her."

"Say Good Morning to your mamma," said her father, sternly. It was the first time in her life that the child had been spoken to in that tone of voice, and turning suddenly round she ran back to her uncle, and laying her head on his knee, burst into tears. Her uncle placed his hand gently on her head. "What is the matter, my pet? Look at the lady; see, she waits to kiss you."

Still the child's sobs continued, her face hidden. The lady sat silent, her eyes turned inquiringly to her husband. He was angry that the child did not obey him, and was about to rise and force her obedience, when her uncle said, soothingly:

"Hush, my darling; run and kiss mamma, to please old uncle."

Mary raised her head, and pointed to a picture of her mother which hung in the room.

"Mamma Patsie says that is my real mamma, only she can't speak here. She speaks up in heaven, and smiles at me in the picture."

"Mary, my child, kiss the lady," said her father, in a voice that made the child tremble; at the same time he took her hand to lead her to his wife.

Trembling, she obeyed, not once raising her eyes to the stately woman bent down to receive the caress.

"Now run to Mamma Patsie," said her father, "and stay with her till we send for you."

The poor, surprised, forlorn child hurried back to the housekeeper's room, where she cried herself to sleep in her nurse's lap. She was bewildered and grieved. Children are strange little beings, and like or dislike without reason. The lady Isabel had fancied the child, and spoken only kind words; had admired and petted her; and yet the little one shrunk from her as if she were an enemy.

"I fear it will be hard weaning the child from her nurse," said Morton to Lady Isabel.

"Are you thinking of taking her from Patsie to your own home?" said Uncle Joe.

"Isabel has taken a great fancy to the child, and wants her to go with us. If she is willing to be troubled with her it will be a good change for Mary."

"You must take the nurse with her," said Uncle Joe.

"She would never learn to love me then," said the lady.

"She certainly will not love you if you begin with an act of cruelty."

"Cruelty! You use a strong word, Mr. Melton."

"Would it not be cruel to take the little lamb from its mother?—foster-mother, to be sure, but the babe has known no other. Perhaps you do not know that Patsie took the child when she was but a day old from the side of her dead mother."

"No; my husband has seldom spoken of his child, and never of the last illness of his wife. I wish the child to go with me, but I trust she will go willingly."

"Wait a few years and she will do so, Lady Isabel. It is not fitting that she should remain at the cottage after the years when her education should begin; till then let Patsie watch over her childhood. She is not a common woman, this Patsie. My sister was reared by her mother; they grew up side by side, and until Mary was sixteen years of age they were much together. You must see more of Patsie, and will learn to trust her thoroughly when you know her better."

"A very good, worthy woman," said the lady. "I have no doubt of it, not only from what you say, but from her appearance. But my husband's child should find a home in her father's house."

"True, but the circumstances are peculiar. It was my sister's dying wish that her child should remain with her for some years."

"That is Patsie's statement, Uncle Joe," said Morton. "But we will not discuss the matter now; we forget that we are keeping your breakfast waiting."

After breakfast Morton sought Patsie. When he told her of the wish of his wife, the poor woman's heart died within her, and for a moment she could not speak. She was a strong woman, who hardly knew there were nerves in her body; a strong, healthy, clear-souled woman. She saw at once that tears and weakness would do her darling no good. Moreover, she had watched the beautiful black-eyed lady, had studied her face keenly, and perhaps read her right when she said to herself, "Better that I should gain her favor than her ill will."

"She is your child, sir," she said, "and my cottage is not the place to raise a born lady; but may be, sir, it would be better to make the change gradual; if you take her suddenly it might make the child ill. If the lady pleases, I will bring her up to the Hall any time she may direct."

Wise Patsie! Her soft words were well spoken, and she carried off her three little ones, nursing Mary, as I have seen a motherly hen whose chicken has suddenly been rescued from a hawk. Not that I would imply any comparison between the fair and stately Lady Isabel and that rapacious bird.

Morton Hall was an ancient mansion, as we have told the reader, but it had been modernized within, and the large drawing-room, which faced the lawn, had been altered, and furnished with taste and elegance. There were rich carpets, a few fine pictures, and a deep bay-window that commanded a finer view than any picture on the walls: a soft scene of wooded hills and peaceful river, an old church half hidden by vines and shrubbery, and a castle half in ruins, and over which crept the ivy green in loving pity. It was a summer day when Lady Isabel arrived at her new home; the air was soft and the sun bright. The lady found it as delightful as her own native climate. For some days she was busy in examining the old mansion, which had many curi-

ous corners and odd rooms. There was a little room apartment in the tower, which pleased her so much that she brought hither her easel, brushes and paint, for she was something of an artist in her way, and saw that here she could command the needed light. She found also amusement in riding and driving over the country, for the roads were good, and there were many fine views in the neighborhood. She seemed to have forgotten the child, and more than a week had passed during which her name had not been mentioned.

Her husband called twice at the cottage, and was received by his little daughter with affection, for Patsie had instilled into her a belief in the kindness and goodness of the man; but still, whenever she climbed into his arms, or gave the exacted kiss, her limbs trembled, and the tiny mouth quivered.

Morton never spoke of the child at home. Somehow or other, he could not quite explain to himself why he shrunk from transferring the little one to his home. He had seen his wife only a few weeks before his marriage. It was a case of love at first sight—passion inspired by beauty. He was still madly in love with her, and cared not to have even his own child, a baby, come between him and her. There was still another feeling, which he scarcely acknowledged to himself, and yet it was there—an instinctive feeling that Mary would not be happy with Lady Isabel. The more devoutly he worshipped the lady, the deeper was the feeling that the child's mother had not been completely happy with him. She had proved a tender, devoted, loving wife; but her love had met only a cold return. He was conscious of it now, and saw, with clearer eyes than formerly, that he had not loved as he had been beloved. It was not all his fault, for the marriage had been brought about by the two fathers, from motives of interest—certain testamentary documents relating to property having more weight than purer motives—lawyers' pens had been sharper than Cupid's arrows. So long as his wife avoided speaking of the child, he kept silence on the subject.

Patsie, meanwhile, was troubled in heart, and had frequent resort to her one source of comfort—"Her angel mother watches over us."

At last the lady grew weary of the daily routine of her life. To one who had been admitted and caressed in society, these daily rides with only a husband became monotonous, and her few country neighbors seemed to her very cold and tedious people. She wanted a new sensation. Then she remembered the child, and learning from her maid the location of Patsie's cottage, she turned her horse in that direction, one day when she rode alone. As it was on their own land, she had no fear in going alone, and she had her reasons for not wishing her husband to go with her. When she arrived in front of the cottage, she stopped to admire the pretty place. Her artistic eye could not but enjoy the view.

It was a small, stone cottage, with a low gable roof, over which the woodbine and honeysuckle had twined, almost to the top of the large, square chimney. There was a broad porch in front, nearly hidden by grapevines and jessamine, so that to enter the house you must do so through a fragrant, flowery arch. The cottage stood on a little rise of ground, with a garden in front. This garden was Patsie's pride. Here were all the old-fashioned flowers in which English cottages so much delight—great masses of pinks, white and red roses, sweet violets and white lilies. Mixed with these, were the fragrant southernwood, lavender, balm, thyme, with beds of sage and marjoram, goodly herbs for the housewife's use. There were gooseberry bushes, well-trimmed, and giving promise of much fruit, and rows of vegetables well cared for. The place seemed nestled in one of the coziest, greenest spots in the country. Beyond, rose fair hills, their side covered with purple heather, and at their feet slept a tiny lake, that sparkled now in the sunlight, while a brook trickled not far from the cottage door.

Lady Isabel stopped, as we have said, to admire, and as she did so, sighed. Some thoughts stirred within her that flung a shadow over that fair face. It seemed, too, as if she hesitated to go forward, and half turned her horse's head back in the direction of the Hall. She was about to yield to the influence, when a soft breeze wafted to her the perfume of flowers which led her to stop and look eagerly at the garden, saying, as she did so:

"I thought they did not grow here."

Her searching glance discovered a small tree almost hidden by evergreens and birches. Upon this tree were two large, creamy blossoms, which perfumed the air around them.

Lady Isabel came near, and drew in their fragrance with an eager, hungry look, as if she were feasting with the gods for one glorious moment. Until now there had been silence around the cottage; but as she sat there, near the paling, trying to get a clearer view of that queen of southern skies, the magnolia, which seems to have made all sweet blossoms bring tribute unto it, Patsie came out of the cottage door, and, shading her eyes with her hand, began looking earnestly along the road which ran beside the cottage garden. The dense shrubbery, and the clump of trees around the magnolia, had hidden Lady Isabel from view. The latter, wheeling her horse quickly up to the gate, bade Patsie "Good morning," which salutation was returned with great civility, as she came quickly to the gate and begged the lady to dismount and come in.

"Not now, thank you, Patsie," then, as if forgetting everything else, she turned back to the beautiful blossoms which had so completely won her eye: "Patsie, how did you manage to raise that tree in this climate?"

"Oh, ma'am, it is wonderful! I can hardly believe my eyes when I look at it. Perhaps you do not know that my husband—or rather his father, first, and he for a little while afterwards—had charge of the place. Well, ma'am, my husband loved flowers; he used to live, almost, with the gardener in his boyhood, and go far and near for something new and beautiful for the garden. One day there was a gentleman from the United States visiting up at the Hall—please, ma'am, you look very pale; let me help you down, and I will finish the story while you sit in the porch and drink a glass of my gooseberry wine."

Lady Isabel consented to alight, and sit in the porch, but she did not wish for the wine. "Go on, if you please, Patsie," she said as soon as she was seated.

"Well, ma'am, this gentleman was what they call a botanist, that goes all over the countryside gathering flowers, and when he found out that my John, knew every plant far and near, though he called them by very different names—to my notion John's names were the prettiest and most sensible; I always laughed when John spoke the names which the gentleman

called the flowers that they found, but I said I supposed it was excusable in a man way from America, where Indians live—no doubt half their words were in the language of the savages. John said no, that learned men had no language which they used all over the world for flowers and animals and stones, and this was it—Latin. I think he said it was—and John learned from him to put names on little labels and tie them to the plants in the Conservatory. There was n't a real Christian name among them. But the gentleman and John took a world of pleasure in it, and they had a big book, and tin boxes, and used to go roaming over the country like tramps. The old Squire would laugh, but never went with them. 'No, no,' he would say, 'give me holly-hocks and pheasants and pinks and roses, and you may take all your big-named flowers out of the country if you like,' but he was pleased to see John learning it all, and once I heard him say to the gentleman, 'You find John an apt scholar, sir,' and the gentleman, says he, 'I find him almost as much of a teacher as a scholar, sir, and if he will go to the United States with me, I will ensure him a fortune if he sets up as gardener.'

"I felt badly when I heard that, for we were not married then, and I knew I could never leave England."

"But John could n't be persuaded to leave the Squire, and after the gentleman returned to his own country, he sent over a great box of plants to John, and he took such good care of them that more than one half lived and blossomed, notwithstanding they had crossed the sea. Among them was this very tree, small enough then. The gardener nursed it for years, and just kept it alive, but one day after John and I were married and came here to the cottage to live, the old man said, 'Do, John, take that little tree; I am tired of it, it will do nothing here.' So John got a big box and read all about it, then he dug and dug, and made new soil, and then brought three or four trees, to make the place warmer, he said. Since that time it has grown well, and when there comes a bright warm season like this we have a few flowers upon it. They are very sweet smelling, ma'am."

"Nothing that grows is more sweet," said the lady.

Patsie valued these flowers more than anything else in her garden, and had been offered a large price for them by the gardener up at the Hall, but she would not sell them. She kept them as memories of her John; but the shrewd woman had studied the face of the lady before her—the latter little suspected how closely she was scanned, nor that the scrutiny led to Patsie's going directly to the tree, and cutting the largest flower upon it for her. "I am glad," she said, "that I have something in my garden which you fancy."

The lady was surprised and pleased. "Thank you, thank you, Patsie." Then she gathered it to her bosom and rose to go. As she did so she turned her face aside, but not till Patsie had seen a tear drop on that flower. Here was something new for this good woman to study. She said to herself, "I may be wrong—I will wait." She knew not whether to be glad or sorry that the lady had not as yet inquired for Mary. What other motive could have brought her to the cottage? Before they reached the gate, the voices of children were heard, and the next minute the trio appeared. Mary was seated on a little pony, a garland of roses round her head, and another round the animal's neck; Dave was leading it very gently, and Bessie was walking by the side, her bright cheeks peeping out of a wreath of roses larger and redder than those on Mary. They were singing:

"Gee up, gee up to London town,
To buy my lady a brand new gown."

When they saw Lady Isabel, they stopped at once, and Mary caught Dave's hand and held it tight as she said, "Dave, Dave! turn away—let's go back; Dave, turn with me—gee up, gee up, pony."

But Dave knew better than to do this; beside, the little fellow never flinched or run away from danger. "No, no, Mary, you must come and see the lady; Dave will go too."

"Ah! there is Mary," said Lady Isabel, "will you bring her to me?"

Patsie could not do this without a little whispered coaxing, and the promise that Dave should go too.

"Of course I must, mamma; Mary is never afraid if Dave is with her."

"No, I not afraid now," said Mary, as with one hand in Patsie's and another clasping Dave's very tight, she walked up the yard to the porch. The beauty of the child was as striking here as at Paradise Hall, and the lady stooped to kiss her. As she did so, the child shut her eyes, and turned a little one side, but did not resist the kiss nor did she return it. The lady seemed more pained than angry. "You may bring her up to the Hall to-morrow," said Lady Isabel to Patsie. "Come at lunch time; I shall be at leisure then."

The tears came into Mary's eyes, but at a whisper from Dave she choked them back and led to smile. "I will go too," he said to her.

With a loose rein and a hand clasping her flower, the lady rode back to her home. The rich perfume of that southern bloom filled her room, and she sat for an hour in her riding-dress and hat, drinking in the sweetness, but with a sad, weary look on her face, which no one, not even her husband, ever saw. It was the index of a mood reserved only for her own room and an hour of solitude.

[Continued in our next.]

A Test through Frank Ripley.

No doubt many readers of the Banner are acquainted with Mr. Ripley personally, or have heard of him as a test medium. To those and all others, I would state that he has given a most remarkable test in the manufacture of red indelible ink, that being a portion of the business I am engaged in. After many experiments during last year and the present, I failed to accomplish it and had given up the idea. Being acquainted with Mr. Ripley I sought his assistance, or that of the controlling intelligence, and received the required information, and I have succeeded in making the ink. I consider it my duty to acknowledge the assistance received through the mediumship of Mr. Ripley. WARREN HILL, 48 Winter street, Boston, Mass.

It is rather a poor compliment these ecclesiastical scribes pay their Deity, to say he makes and manages the world, that we cannot trust the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the thoughts we think, or the moral, affectional, religious emotions we feel; that we are certain neither of the intuitions of instinct nor the demonstrations of reason, but yet by some anonymous testimony, can be made sure that Balaam's ass spoke certain Hebrew words, and that the controlling intelligence, and receive the required information, and I have succeeded in making the ink. I consider it my duty to acknowledge the assistance received through the mediumship of Mr. Ripley. WARREN HILL, 48 Winter street, Boston, Mass.

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and Justice.
'How long,' we asked, 'was he a Justice?'
Almost as soon as we could speak the wo

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hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and ready to receive the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and honor and courtesy flow into all deeds. — Emerson.

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ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

The Banner of Light and the Social Question.

That a forward-moving, irresistible spirit of change is really abroad in the community; that old landmarks which received the unchallenging veneration and unquestioning worship of our forefathers are being called upon to give reasons for their implied or assumed power of limitation; that creeds and dogmas stand at the bar of popular judgment, and are, upon their own showing, convicted of "doing" for the race "that which they ought not to have done," and leaving "undone that which they ought to have done;" that all the hitherto fixed principles of law and government are receiving a rigid scrutiny as to the proportional connection between their pretended influence for the good of humanity, and the real results flowing from their rulings and teachings, we think no candid, reflecting mind will deny.

And, further, that this irresistible tendency toward the disruption of the old; this broadening out of human conception in search of wider channels of usefulness and happiness; this rejection of that which cramps the soul, and injures the physical; this institution of the balance to weigh the sternest concerns of life, that their specific gravity as to degree of practicality may be obtained; is with equal justice to be attributed to the all-penetrating and tireless action of Modern Spiritualism. It seems to us must be also the verdict of those who have endeavored to keep abreast with the subject.

But that the idea cherished of the future work to be accomplished by Spiritualism is greatly misunderstood by some, and perhaps many of its believers, is, to our mind, an equally patent fact. Ever since its Hydeville advent, the clear stream of modern revelation has continued to pour forth, gradually widening its volume in proportion to the capability of the race to make use of its heaven-sent waters; and it will continue to flow, whatever efforts priests or churchmen; political powers or mistaken or over-zealous reformers may put forth to stay its tide. Whosoever among the ranks of its believers shall seek to conduct the gift into one stated channel that it may be forced to run through some particular gate, or form of theory or dogma, ere it can reach the lips of thirsting humanity, will find as a reward for such efforts that speedy loss of influence and rapid retroversion to oblivion which has from the first moment of its inception acted as a healthy check on organization, and kept Modern Spiritualism free from leadership and creed, and ready to expand, as such expansion is demanded by the environment.

The present hour is one of trial, and important issues hang upon the decision of the friends of the movement; and it is with the intention that we may not hereafter be accused of giving an "uncertain sound," that we at this time lay before our readers our position on the question of social freedom. In the prospectus originally put forth in April, 1873, by the Banner of Light Publishing Company, we stated, in the name of the band of disembodied spirits who had engaged with us to carry on the paper, that we proposed to supplement by the "art preservative" the good work which was being accomplished by the media all over the country, and further remarked:

"Religion and Philosophy, long divorced, must be married on earth, as they have always been married in heaven; and the Banner of Light will lend its aid, whatever it may be, in effecting the holy espousals."

The great burden of all that the Banner will say and do, will be the advancement of the cause of Spiritualism. It will be shown how the New Dispensation adapts itself to the temporal, as well as eternal, wants of man; how it renders his earthly home happier and dearer than it ever was before; how he carries with him to the world of spirits, the workshop, the factory, the bar, the forum, the pulpit, and the study, the heart, and the prayers of those whom he has loved on earth, but who have passed from sight, and that all his actions and thoughts are known to thousands of witnesses who are anxious for his welfare. He will be encouraged, therefore, to dedicate his heart, his faculties, and opportunities, even on earth, to the service of truth—remembering that earth itself is but the avenue to Heaven.

To the expounding of that sublime text we have ever since adhered with unwavering pertinacity, and shall so continue till the glorious knowledge of the divine philosophy of spirit return and communion shall cheer the whole world of mind with its life-giving rays; at least for that end will the remaining years of our earth-life be passed, and such will be the work which we shall bequeath to the hands of those who come after us. But while our thoughts and energies have ever been set upon the one grand central theme, we have never for an instant failed to take up and examine all movements which were the legitimate outgrowth therefrom. This we have not done in a heated or over-anxious manner, but calmly and dispassionately, and there is not to-day a question of importance before the public consideration, whereon the reader cannot find, if he or she will but refer to our files, an openly expressed opinion, without fear or favor. Concerning the question of social freedom—in common with all others—we have repeatedly defined

our position, but have no scruples to do so again at the present time.

There are those in community who, no doubt from an honest feeling in their hearts, are loudly proclaiming that the active mission of Spiritualism (that is, Spiritualism *per se*) is accomplished; that it was but the incubator, and that now it must yield the field to the numerous reforms which have broken the shell beneath the mild warmth of its genial and motherly wings. Such minds must pardon us if we say that we fail to perceive the fact. Not only is Spiritualism—or the definite doctrine of the return of the individualized spirit after death, and its conscious communion with its loved ones—in as favorable a position for action as ever, but in truth its triumphs are being carried to greater heights than ever before. Its influence infills the library of the preacher, lights up the studio of the artist, inspires the outreaching mind of the scientist, corrascates from the pen of poetry; hearts which by reason of circumstances found themselves unable to adopt the idea of a future life as laid down by theology, have been and are being irradiated, all over the globe, by the light of this divine truth, which demonstrates the soul's victory over the wildest "King of Terrors." And its spread in the future is to eclipse anything that has been known in its past history. Therefore in view of this fact we cannot admit the statement that any form of belief or dogma which has—or which is claimed by the adherents of said belief or dogma to have—been the logical outgrowth of the Spiritual Phenomena and Philosophy, is to supplant the *truth* fact in the minds of the people, and stand before the world as the distinctive feature of Spiritualism. That there is no other form of philosophy on earth which allows so broad an expanse within itself as Spiritualism, in which all orders of belief, all idiosyncratic sentiments of reform may disport themselves, must be clear to the most casual observer; and that there is not the most remote desire on the part of the majority of its adherents to curb the action of said reforms, is also true; but the great movement has gone on this far uncommitted to anything save the proven fact of man's immortality, and we have no fear that any parties, however honest may be their intentions or indefatigable their efforts, will be able to yoke this divine Pegasus to the plow of their individual fields of labor.

That a great, grand truth underlies the principles advocated by Victoria C. Woodhull and her coadjutors, none will deny. In fact, there are times when she gives utterance to views which must strike according strings in many hearts who have pondered the sexual question, and have seen the injustice which—by reason of *human imperfections*, rather than imperfections of the marriage system itself—has attached itself to the wedded state as now existing in society. For instance, in her late letter to the Boston Herald we find her using language like this:

"We demand freedom for woman sexually, so that she may have the supreme control of her material functions, and through these the control also of her children. It is a well established fact, which not even the fiercest denouncers of free love will question, that the birth of children who result from disgusting intercourse, and who are born undesired on the part of the mother, is to be deplored. It is from this class of children that the criminal, rakes are recruited and that produce the physical, mental and moral dwarfs and monstrosities with which the world is cursed. There was never a bad child born whom the mother desired to conceive and whom the mother desired to rear. So, on the contrary, there never was a child born whose conception was forced upon the mother and of whom during whose gestation she continually desired to rid herself, that was not an imperfect or bad child, either physically, mentally or morally."

And the same ideas have been frequently endorsed by us, notably in our issue of Sept. 6th, 1873, where, in the course of an editorial entitled "Ownership in Women," we expressed our views in the following fashion:

"* * * Shall a pure-minded woman, finding, as many do, that she has made a deplorable mistake, that instead of wedding purity and truth, she has wedded their opposites, have no redress? Must she continue to be all her life the 'property' of a man she detests, whose very touch has become loathsome to her, and whose sagacity she has discovered to be demoralizing and offensive?"

We will not insult the common sense of our readers by supposing they do not see instinctively the enormous fallacy, the blasphemy against nature and nature's God, involved in this idea of making marriage such a slavery that, for a pure woman, there can be no escape, except such as money and lawyers can help her to, from ownership by a brute or a scoundrel.

To meet the difficulty by saying that a woman ought to know beforehand what sort of a man he is she gives herself away to, is simply to mock at the shortcomings of human nature, of youth and inexperience. Every person of reflection must see that it is often impossible for a woman to know absolutely the character of the man she consents to marry. He may seem to her and her friends an angel of light, and he may be all the while a very poor devil. The wisest and most sagacious of us may find ourselves deceived in character. The man we would have trusted with our eternal few turns of crank, a traitor, and a thief. The woman we believed in as the best of women turns out treacherous and vile. Every one who knows the world knows that such surprises occur every day.

The system of legislation or of morals which encourages a man to say to himself, 'This woman's person is my property, though her heart is far from me; true, she loves another, and me she abhors, but I will nevertheless use her as the law permits; she shall be the slave of my pleasures, however unshared by her they may be, and howsoever revolting to her may be the thought of having me the father of her child; she is mine, wholly mine, and the man who conducts himself as if she were not mine, him will I shoot—the system, we say, which upholds any domestic despot in an assumption like this, under these conditions, is simply rotten, if not barbarous, and no liberal mind can be surprised at the protest which comes forth at this time against such a system from so many thousands of crushed, outraged and starving hearts.

Between the two bad extremes, the extreme which makes of a wife the property or chattel of her husband, and the extreme which would scuff at social constancy and devotion, our own position has at no time been doubtful. While we repudiate and trample on such barbarous notions of ownership as those advanced by Dr. Holland, we are none the less opposed to that degree of restraint which would obliterate the lines of demarcation between families, and make libertinism and promiscuity easy and respectable.

But we believe with Milton that honest liberty is the greatest foe to dishonest license; nay, that it is the best preventive of license, once of clear descent. We believe that there is a happy mean which, while it would leave the victim of a hated marriage less beset by obstacles in the effort to change her or his condition, would purify rather than corrupt the sexual relations, limit the successes of the mere libertine and sensualist, and tend to rectify the monster evil of our large cities."

But we submit that the refined, elevated and dignified view of the question to which Mrs. Woodhull has given utterance in the paragraph we have quoted from her letter is not the *ultima* *ratio* of the sexual reformers, but only the threshold upon which the novitiate plants his foot

ere he enters the inner temple. Those who claim to expound her doctrines go much further than their Priestesses, and in some cases stop not short of that which meets the universal reprobation of the mass of the community. In fact, we find Mrs. W. admitting the existence of those "connected with the movement who regard it merely as an opportunity for sexual debauchery," while she affirms that, "for my own part, and for those with whom I stand upon these questions, I always maintain a high moral and humanitarian purpose as the end in view by the agitation of the social question." And, as usual in such cases, the stigma is set upon her doctrine because of the wild statements and unbridled actions of these zealous disciples, and the good of the basic truth which underlies her position is lost to view in the storm of violent, passionate denunciation which springs up intuitively in many hearts who cannot and will not affiliate with the wantonness of principle which seems to be so inculcated.

It is therefore as we have above stated, against "free love" as understood by the masses—who have been led so to believe because of the doings and sayings of over-zealous disciples—that we desire to enter our emphatic protest. We believe the time will never come when a good name will not be above rubies; when elasticity of heart and life will not be the highest crown of perfected manhood and womanhood; when home (however in exceptional cases it may be otherwise) will not be the chief centre of human love and affection: We believe the time will never arrive on this planet when the mother shall take her child out of her loving breast in willing arms and throw it into the stifling Ganges of a State Asylum founded for the maintenance and coeducation of all in common: We do not believe the time will ever come when some protection of law, in the form of a marriage code, will not be found necessary to protect woman herself—either in her pecuniary property, or her person—from the machinations of the crafty, the vicious, the unworthy: We do not believe that the time will ever come when promiscuous intercourse of the sexes will supersede, and the whole social system fall in ruin; neither shall we so believe fill forced to do so by the stern logic of actual occurrence.

But while those who uphold the movement for sexual freedom enter public protests against libertinism and promiscuity—which we are truly glad to hear—it cannot be veiled from the mass of community that there is a strong, deceptive, practical undercurrent in said movement, which sets unmistakably toward these fatal evils. And it is against this pernicious influence that we desire to file a caveat in our case: We do not now speak because of "dragoning" from any source whatever; the terms "radical" and "conservative" have no meaning to us as regards the course we are to pursue.

Regardless of the likes and dislikes of individuals, we propose to say what we honestly believe to be true, with malice toward none, with charity for all; holding it to be in our province to speak with fearlessness—avoiding the plane of personality, however—against whatsoever seems to us to be hurtful to the people. In this work we shall have, in future, the support of those disembodied ones who have guided us safely through all the vicissitudes of the past; and in our efforts so to act, we invite the cooperation and assistance of those in the spiritual ranks who may favor the independent advocacy of a golden mean which admits the necessity of the relative agitation of all reforms which are the normal outcome of the Spiritual Philosophy, but which deprecates and opposes the forcing of any one of them upon the public attention, to the practical exclusion of the main fact of Spiritualism.

The Proof Palpable.

Those who have followed with interest—and their name is legion—the important array of facts which Eliza Sargent, Esq., has for some time past been mustering on the first page of the Banner of Light, will find a continuation of the same article on the eighth page—the locality to which the printing of Mrs. Porter's story necessitated its transfer.

It is not necessary that we should at this time add anything to the unmeasured endorsement which we have heretofore given to the exhaustive and deeply entertaining work undertaken by Mr. Sargent, but we are in receipt of daily assurances that the efforts of his matured and cultured mind are meeting with a high meed of appreciation on the part of the public, and we bespeak for this book, when it is issued, a wider circulation even than that which greeted his famous work "Planchette."

The location of the spirit world, the use of the battery as an aid in the development of mediumship, "the blood-cure," "vaccination," and other topics of interest are considered by the Controlling Intelligences in our 6th page message department; John Graham, of Pennsylvania, assures his mother and brother that he is "all right," although when he was shot he was not a professor of religion; Sabrina Jameson of Utica, N. Y., sends message to her father in Sacramento, Cal.; Dr. Thomas Gilchrist, from Canada East, gives warning to his friends; Tommie McCann, of Boston, speaks cheering words to his father; James Crofts, of Albany, N. Y., counsels his mother; Mary Knights, from Oldtown, Me. (Indian), presents a characteristic message; David Ames, killed in 1832 on the North Fork of the American River, Cal., answers the query of his murderer; Eliza Crane, of Portsmouth, N. H., states that she will communicate with any of her friends who may so desire; John Dillaway comforts his brother "Joe;" Ezra S. Gannett bids his friends wait patiently, and be satisfied with the fullness of the spiritual harvest; and Mark Smith bears witness to his experience as an actor in heaven.

By announcement in another column it will be seen that Dumont C. Dake, M. D., whose labors in Chicago and the West generally have in years past been productive of such good results, has removed his field of operations as a magnetic physician, to 43 West 24th street, New York City, where we hope a similar success may attend him.

Friends continue to supply our Free Circle Room table with beautiful flowers, for which the invisibles unite with us in returning thanks. Particularly would we mention Mrs. H. B. Needham, of West Newton, (who contributed a large basket of flowers,) and G. W. Musso, of Lynn.

Prof. Joseph John's Great Painting of "Springflower."

One of the most remarkable spirit pictures in the world is now on free exhibition at the bookstore of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The name of the artist, given above, certifies in an unmistakable manner to the purity of its design, the depth of its conception, the beauty and delicateness of its effect, and the faithfulness with which its details are wrought. Prof. John has in the past given to the world many specimens of the highest order of art, some of them occupying more space as to canvas, and presenting wider latitude as to figures, etc., but in none of them has he condensed so much of earnest feeling and mystic significance, as in his portrait of "Springflower," the young Indian maiden, which he may be said to have painted from life. The circumstances which led to, and followed the course of the preparation of the picture, were remarkable. The artist was able to see his subject with clairvoyant vision, and thus had the advantage of the actual model to match with the power of his cultured ideality in the production of the work.

"Springflower," who demonstrated herself from the first occasion of her control to be a lively and intelligent spirit, and one filled with aspiration for the uplifting of humanity, attached herself to Mrs. J. H. Conant, medium of the Banner of Light Public Free Circles, as an attendant, in the earliest days of her mediumship, and proved to be a most useful and beneficial companion at the various public sances for physical manifestations which Mrs. C. was in the habit, at that time, of holding. The account given of her mortal experiences by the young daughter of Nature stated, among other things, that she was of the Sioux tribe, and that she was known among the Indians by a name which signifies "The one who shows herself," as she was frequently seen, as a spirit, near the spot where she met her death. To give any extended sketch of her operations as a spirit attendant at the public circles and private sittings given by Mrs. Conant, would be to recite the record of the most faithful devotion and unwavering kindness, but at the same time would also be only to repeat experiences which all the media of the modern phenomena have met with and described, in some measure, and therefore it will not be attempted. The public are respectfully invited, freely, to call at the bookstore, as above, and view this fine picture, which is pronounced by Mrs. Conant and several other clairvoyants, who have (by their gift) seen the spirit, to be a striking likeness of the Indian maiden.

We give below the original poem (written at our request) to which we referred in our last issue:

"Springflower."

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. Joseph John's superb painting of this Spirit Indian Maiden.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

The artist soul has caught the golden morning;
Through Time's dull bars the unfading glory streams;
The living canvas, 'neath his bright adorning,
Gives forth a fair creation seen in dreams.
When spirits, free from matter's crumbling prison,
Speed forth enfranchised, hand enclosed in hand,
Where loved of old, to life and light arisen,
Walk shining fields in Eden's goodly land!
She comes, the forest's pure and radiant maiden,
Illumed with rays prophetic, and the powers
Of golden sunlight; with a promise laden
That hints a hidden life which death embowers.
Down from her rounded shoulder drops the vesture
Of summer's deep twilight—yet to be
Rather than that which is; each graceful gesture
Speaks symbol 'neath her raven tresses and free.
But not alone in sombre, tangled masses
Of wilding woods she shies in tender grace;
And cheers the land which on her presence gazes
With rich and varied joy: her tender face
Speaks to the eye; where'er the hungry spirit
Gives open entrance to her pollen store
Of fruitful thought, and wakened souls inherit
A sweet aroma from the further shore.

Fair ideal she, that points the fact eternal
That naught but victor hands of conquered self
Can pluck life's truest good from pastures vernal;
The ambitious clutch and gain but sorrow's pelf,
While to the pure in heart alone are given
The precious flowers that gem the shining meads.
Where, sunrise-like, the jeweled porch of heaven
Gleams in the dawn that mortal change succeeds!
With growing strength and firmer hold on matter,
Toward brighter light her pilgrim footsteps stray;
Silent, with stealing steps that lightly scatter
The dew on untrod paths; her lithe form sways
Soft to the quivering breeze: A glorious creature,
Her radiant face upturned, with cheeks of bloom,
An uncheck'd gleam in every beaming feature,
That speaks a heart where guile finds never room.
Her deep, moist, gleaming eye, with power pathetic,
Flashes far-reaching thought for visual ray;
Thence speeds the arrow from the bow magnetic
Unerring to her victor feet as prey
The rapturous prize of vernal beauty bringing!
Behold her, full of bliss and blossoms close the earth;
Trailing arbutus, buttercups are springing—
Her every step gives a flow'ry birth.

Within her shade anemones are shining,
And the lily, where winds the slow-paced stream,
The purple lincolns, at ease reclining
Lights up the floral way; where joys outgleam
Her spirit-outward moves, exuberant glowing
Amid the flush, the wealth of boundless love,
Her smile a close-lipped sweetness e'er bestowing,
That speaks to paths below of spheres above.
Her pictured path is decked with sunrise glory;
She spreads a lover's feast before the eye
Of souls who, crushed by mis'try's whirling story,
Faint by the way while white hope's bright tide rolls by.
Her loving soul with all their sorrows blending,
She gives them of her life in flowery forms
And juices rich and colors far transcending
The rainbow arch that spans the parted storms!

In wooded dell where mirror waves are wending,
Reflecting back, amid the blush of earth,
The line expense of heaven shows them bending,
She waiting stands; her glance in artless mirth
Expectant turned where sweeps the cleaving arrow
Up to the clouds; so in its keen-edged flight
Swift swirls aloft the homeward-wheeling sparrow
When fall the shadows of the closing night.

Soft through her raven locks the winds are playing,
Upheaving slowly from her parted lips
Sweet, perfumed utterings, calmly upward straying—
A meed of joy that knows no dark eclipse.
She speaks: "Behold, I come all richly laden,
From realms of light, by subtle force upstayed;
A simple, natural and untutored maiden,
Like posies butternut in forest glade.

I bloom in hues the blue, the red, the golden,
Far-sighted yellow, spring-tide's tender green;
Earth warmly greets me; I am gladly folded
In your arms—'tis I, a robed, thorn'd queen.
I never seen—I am; all arts dissembling
My honest soul abhors; sincere, I shine
A messenger to turn the balance trembling
In human hearts, from wrong to right divine.
Armed with love's bow, and thought-shaft keenly flying,
To shoot the swift-winged truth whereon to live,
Behold I stand by timmer's art, defying
Decay's dim veil. The circling years shall give
No darkness to this flower of inspiration,
This nineteenth-century blossom, ripe to blow;
But endless cycles past the glad ovation,
To hail the Cause I type to every zone."

Thrice holy Cause, to mourning hearts revealing
That after life whose hope had e'en grown dim,
O, let us choose this picture's centred feeling—
Childlike and humble, walk earth's river brim,
Till, as the more intense about the soaring mountains,
Our souls to higher realms shall gladly fly,
Where Iris crowns the Paradisean fountains,
And human love and joyance never die!

Kardee's "Book on Mediums."

Read what the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, Ill., says concerning this great work: **BOOK ON MEDIUMS, OR GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATORS:** Containing the Special Instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of Manifestations; the means of communicating with the Invisible World; the Development of Mediumship; the difficulties and the dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritualism. By Allan Kardec. Translated by Emma A. Wood. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, 9 Montgomery Place.

This book, an emanation from the mind of Allan Kardec, will certainly attract a great deal of attention. The Old World can not boast of very many able workmen on the Harmonical Philosophy, and it is indeed refreshing to have one presented to us from the French, looking as fresh and beautiful as a rose just escaped from its expanding bud. It is pleasing and instructive, too, to peruse the views of a master mind, derived from experiences in France, and notice the conclusions at which he arrives. Two master minds have spoken on mediumship—Andrew Jackson Davis, of this country, and Allan Kardec, of France; of course, the treatise subject differently, and by reading the views of both, a clearer idea can be obtained. Those who are seeking to become mediums, who desire to become the agents of angelic visitants, need a guide to aid them in their unfoldment. The ideas presented by Allan Kardec will prove of great service to them, and aid them to avoid many stumbling-blocks which would otherwise obstruct their pathway. As the author well says: "All the systems we have passed in review, without excepting those in the negative, rest on some observation, though incomplete and badly interpreted. If a house is red on one side and white on the other, they who have seen only one side will affirm that it is white or that it is red; and they will be wrong and right; but he who has seen it on both sides will say it is red and white, and he alone will be right." The same in regard to the opinion formed of Spiritualism: it may be true in certain lights, and false if we generalize from partial knowledge—if we take for the rule what is only the exception, for the whole what is only a part. This is what we say, that whosoever would seriously study this science should see much and for a long time. Time alone will permit him to seize the details, to catch the delicate shades, to observe a multitude of characteristic facts, which will be as rays of light to him; but if he stops at the surface, he may carry away a premature, and, consequently, an erroneous judgment." From this book the experiences of one who has an honest heart and clear mind can be carefully examined, and the investigator, as well as the confirmed Spiritualist, greatly aided in coming to a correct conclusion in regard to questions of deep interest. Commencing with the "Action of Spirits on Matter," he ends in Chapter 20, "Reform and Spiritualist Societies." Between the two extremes there is a vast fund of useful information, which will be of practical value to every Spiritualist.

New Course of Spiritual Lectures.

The time is near at hand—October 11th—for the commencement, in the new Beethoven Hall, Boston, of the eighth course of lectures before the Spiritualist Society formerly meeting in Music Hall. The indications are that this course will be as well attended as in former years. The new place of meeting is peculiarly fitted for the purposes for which it has been prepared, is admirably convenient to the various horse-cars—several lines of which pass the door—and will during the coming season be thoroughly baptized with free thought through the eloquent addresses of the able speakers who are being engaged for the course. William Brunton, a faithful and talented worker, will deliver the dedicatory address for the Spiritualists, and lecture the first two Sundays of the course.

One of the principal resources for sustaining the meetings is the sale of season tickets for reserved seats. Those who have not already secured one or more should read the committee's card in another column, and comply at once with the solicitation to help on the good work of equalizing the financial burden of the free meetings.

Special Notice.

As many persons misunderstand the nature of the duties of Mrs. J. H. Conant in connection with this paper, we wish it fully understood that she is engaged solely as medium between the two worlds at our Public Free Circle Meetings, knows nothing in regard to our business affairs, and has no desire to. Moreover, being an unconscious medium, she knows nothing whatever of the utterances of the invisibles through her instrumentality. Hence letters to her address, forwarded to this office, in reference to our business matters and the utterances of spirits at the public circles, never reach her, it being her earnest wish that they should not. Those who understand in the remotest degree the laws governing mediumship will comprehend the purport of this paragraph.

It may be well to add at this time that Mrs. Conant is simply an humble instrument in the hands of the invisible powers—the same as thousands of others are—and seeks neither fame nor reward more than is vouchsafed in the consciousness of having done her earthly duties well.

The Sioux commissioners, lately sent to negotiate with the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands, went on their explorations to the base of the Black Hills on the south side, and gave substantially the same views as Colonel Grant regarding the character of the country and the absence of minerals. The President is emphatic in his determination to prevent any invasion of the country by intruders, so long as by law and treaty it is secured to the Indians. And so another Indian "ring" scheme has been defeated. What next?

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer for sale two remarkable SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS, which should be circulated as incontrovertible arguments all over the land. The first in order of publication is that of the materialized spirit, KATIE KING, taken in England; the second, a picture of Mrs. J. H. Conant, the Banner of Light Free Circle Medium, and her little spirit Indian friend, VASHTI. These curious likenings of spiritual beings have created intense interest wherever they have been seen.

THE DEDICATION OF BEETHOVEN HALL.—This event will take place on the evening of Oct. 5th. The programme arranged for the occasion is exceedingly interesting. Miss Charlotte Cushman will deliver the dedicatory address, and many prominent musical artists will take part. The three subsequent concerts, to be given Wednesday evening, Oct. 7th, Friday evening, Oct. 9th, and Saturday afternoon, Oct. 10th, will be enriched by the additional assistance of Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. F. Boscovitz.

The Pioneer of Progress (London, Eng.), comes to us for Sept. 11th embellished with a fine likeness of George Sexton, M. A., LL.D., F. L.S., who is well known to the liberals of America as editor of the Christian Spiritualist, and a platform advocate of the highest order of power.

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPEX ARGENT.

(Continued from our last issue.)
CHAPTER XII.

In this chapter I propose to consider the spirit body; the testimony which seers and others offer on the subject, and which the phenomena of Spiritualism seem to confirm.

But some preliminary observations in regard to the weight to be attached to the revelations of seers are here in place.

Experience in Spiritualism soon teaches us to regard no spirit, seer, or revelator as infallible. There have been great mediums who have believed themselves the direct vehicles of the highest divine inspiration; but it would seem to be a divine law that human reason must be left free. The seer who plays the theosophist, and claims infallibility, is often blindest when he thinks himself most illumined. Humility is ever the best ground for our high researches. To get a sight of the stars by daylight we must go to the bottom of a well.

Swedenborg (1686-1772) was a great medium and seer; but I cannot believe he wholly escaped the influence of some of the deluding spirits, against whom he warns us. When he describes Quakers and Moravians as lingering in infernal wretchedness in the other world, merely in account of certain speculative beliefs held in this, I can see only inconsistency with those teachings which he gives us in his humbler yet higher moods.

But Swedenborg's testimony, when it accords with reason, and with facts, must not be regarded as weakened, because he sometimes seems to err and give way to fantasies the most revolting. Though not infallible, he is oftentimes a divine teacher. It is when he claims infallibility, and threatens those who do not credit him with some nameless spiritual injury, insanity, or loss, that we must question his illumination.

The imperfection of all individual revelations, through Messiahs and seers, is well explained by the Rev. James E. Smith (1834), who says: "Though the works of God are perfect, in universals, they are not so in particulars. This glorious truth contains the very seed of wisdom. The superficial opinion is, that every individual, or particular divine production, must be perfect, in the common sense of the word; and what is not perfect, men ascribe equivocally to Nature, or any other cause but God—a habit of mind which, logically developed, leads a man to its natural ultimate, practical and theoretical atheism; for, seeing nothing around him that is absolutely perfect, or free from defect, he seeks for the cause in an imperfect agent, and goes no further when he has found it."

"Were God's particular works all and alike perfect, there would be neither learning, nor progress, no improvement, no amendment, no desire to improve or amend, and therefore no industry, no activity, no motive whatever even for action. God's works are a graduated scale of better and worse. Perfection belongs to the whole collectively; never to any of the parts."

No individual revelation whatever can be perfect, any more than any other individual or particular work of God. There never was an age without prophets. They exist now, as real and genuine, though not so eminent and authoritative as ever. Prophets abounded in Israel. Prophecy then ceased, or rather they ceased to compile prophecies. Not understanding the nature of the mystic phenomena, they established a creed, which prevailed to this day, that revelation has ceased, and that modern pretensions to inspiration are either madmen or impostors—the only intelligible mode of avoiding the difficulties which presented themselves to their minds—a mode still resorted to by Jews, Christians, Philosophers, Deists and Atheists, to account for all spiritual visitations, such as the mission of Mahomet or Swedenborg, which they cannot understand for the reason above given, their belief being that even a particular and local revelation from God can never be characterized by any imperfection or any contradiction."

"Some persons ask," says Kardec, "Of what use are the teachings of the spirits if they offer to us no greater certainty than human teachings? The answer is easy: As we do not accept the teachings of all men with equal confidence, neither must we the teachings of all spirits. God has given us reason and discrimination to judge of spirits, as well as of men. Surely the fact of our meeting in the world with bad men is not a reason for withdrawing ourselves from society. There are spirits of all degrees of goodness and of malice, of knowledge and of ignorance, all subject to the law of progress."

We must judge of their communications precisely as we would of those that come through channels mortal and terrestrial. We must learn to separate the wheat from the chaff, the spirit from the letter, the essentially divine from the enveloping finite. To ask why men were not created perfect, is equivalent to asking why they were created at all."

Among the truths to which Swedenborg, in company with all great seers, bears witness, is that of the spirit body. He tells us that thought implies a thinking substance, as much as sight or hearing implies a seeing and hearing substance; that it is as absurd to contemplate thought as something independent of the substance of the soul or spirit, as it is to contemplate sight or hearing independent of the substance of the eye or ear."

It is remarkable with what unanimity mediums everywhere and at all times have insisted on describing spirits as in the human form, and in representing man, in all the stages of his existence, as an organized being. This doctrine of a spirit body seems to be inseparable from all forms of Spiritualism. The oldest Magi, the wise men of Persia, believed in it. Hesiod and Homer teach it. Surely the attributes of mind will not be lessened in dignity by being indissolubly connected with an organism."

A spirit body, composed of elements imperceptible and invisible in reference to our physical senses, is, as we have seen, in the first chapter of this work, a legitimate scientific conception, involving no chemical difficulty. Even all the constituents of our present earth-body may be held in solution, in a state invisible and impalpable, in the atmosphere; and how far matter may gain new properties or part with old ones by differentiations and transformations, ruled by spirit power, we are yet to learn."

"Let us distrust," says Chénier, "our imperfect senses, since there are so many substances which we can neither feel nor see. Let us not be precipitate in denying the quality of the human being because the scalpel of the anatomist cannot reveal to our sight a principle eminently subtle. Man is not driven to annihilation even under the hypothesis of materiality." Chénier thinks that the spirit body may some day be proved by science."

Even Cabanis (1757-1807), the great physiologist of France, who sees nothing but organism, who regards the brain as "an organ specially designed for the production of thought as the stomach and intestines are for digestion, and the liver for the filtration of the bile," and from whom Carl Vogt has borrowed some of his extreme expressions in opposition to the immortality of the soul—even Cabanis concludes by admitting that "a principle or vivifying faculty" is needed to account for the phenomena. He elsewhere tells us that for those who would establish the persistence of this principle or "cause," after the destruction of the living body, it may suffice to know that "the contrary opinion cannot be demonstrated by any positive arguments."

Spiritualism proves that the "contrary opinion" is wholly untenable; that there is a *something*, not explicable by the known qualities of matter, which is the antecedent of the organization; that there can be no such thing as a gradual transition from known matter to thought, seeing that life is in every case prior to organization."

The notion of certain Spiritualists that the spirit body is evolved out of the physical is therefore a reversal of the order of things. "To make A the offspring of B, when the very existence of B as B presupposes the existence of A, is prepos-

terous in the literal sense of the word, and a consummate instance of the hysteron proteron in logic."

It is due to the memory of Cabanis to add, that in a posthumous letter, published by Dr. Bérard, he abandons his materialistic opinions and recognizes formally the necessity of a spiritual or immaterial principle.

Dr. George, another celebrated French materialist, author of the "Physiology of the Nervous System" (1821), was led by the phenomena of clairvoyance and somnambulism, to reverse his whole philosophy and to proclaim, in his will, that he had arrived at a "profound conviction, founded upon uncontested facts," that there exists "an intelligent principle, altogether different from material existences; in a word, the soul and God."

The examples of Professor Hare, Dr. Elliotson, and many others, converted by the phenomena of Spiritualism from a life-long adherence to materialism, are further illustrations of the power of facts.

To name the great men, ancient and modern, who have entertained a belief in a corporeal principle surviving the physical body, would be an interesting but an endless task. Plato, in strict conformity with Modern Spiritualism, declares that "the apparitions of the dead are not mere groundless imaginations, but proceed from souls themselves, surviving in lucid form bodies."

We have already seen that the Christian Fathers were divided in opinion in respect to the soul; some, who were Platonists, maintaining that it is an immaterial principle, devoid of all concretion, but invariably associated with a thin, flexible, and sensitive body, visible to the eye; while others, among whom Tertullian may be regarded as the chief, maintained that the soul is simply a second body. This they did to serve their theological notions in regard to the future punishment of the unregenerate. The able writers, including Clement and Origen, taught the Platonic doctrine. Both parties, however, concurred in the fact of the spirit body.

"Even here in this life," says Cudworth, "our body is, as it were, twofold, interior and exterior; we having, besides the grossly tangible bulk of our outward body; another interior spiritual body, which latter is not put into the grave with the other."

"The primitive belief," says Herbert Spencer, "is that every dead man becomes a demon (spirit), who remains somewhere at hand, may at any moment return, may give aid or do mischief, and is continually propitiated. Hence among other agents whose approbation or reprobation is contemplated by the savage as a consequence of his own conduct, are the spirits of his ancestors."

This was meant as a reproach to Modern Spiritualism! I accept it as a confirmation that its fundamental fact is well known to men in a savage as well as to those in a civilized state.

In his "Physical Theory of Another Life," Isaac Taylor says: "What the Christian Scriptures specifically affirm is the simple physiological fact of two species of corporeity for man: the first that of our present animal and dissoluble organization; the second, a future spiritual structure, imperishable, and adorned with higher powers and many desirable prerogatives."

Thus the pneumatology of the New Testament as well as of the Old teaches the fact of a future spirit-body, and I may add that in many passages it assumes that the spirit-body is a present fact; as when the damsel Rhoda (Acts, xii.) told how Peter stood before the gate, and her hearers would not believe it, but replied, "It is his angel"; and as when Paul says, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body"—*is now, not shall be*.

The heathenish doctrine of the resurrection of the natural body, so long an exercise on rational Christianity, is now rarely preached except in a qualified sense that makes it less repulsive to scientific thought.

"The soul," says Lavater, "on leaving its earthly frame is immediately clothed in a spiritual frame, withdrawn from the material. The soul itself, during its earthly life, perfects the faculties of the spiritual body, by means of which it will apprehend, feel, and act in its new existence."

It is not improbable that matter, as its elements become more subtle, is more suited for high organic forms. The body which is unfolded by natural processes from an egg contains in itself, even before the shell is broken, chemical substances which no test can discover in the egg or in the air. May there not be in man's constitution an anterior germ of spiritual vitality, from which, contemporaneous with the growth of the physical, a spirit-body is developed?

"By the facts of somnambulism," says A. J. Davis, "the double nature of man is proved to a demonstration. From the universal exhibitions of a system of duality or twofold organization, it is but common sense to infer that the outer organs of vision, like all the other senses, are but the external form of interior correspondent principles, as words are the forms of thought."

The true and genuine body must be that which retains and preserves its organic identity amid the changes and the flux of matter, which the physical frame is constantly undergoing. The power which connects the gases, earths, metals, and salt into one whole, which penetrating them keeps them together, or disunites some and attracts others, must be that divine and forming principle, the soul, binding the seeming duality of physical body and spiritual body in the strictest unity; so far as the exterior which changes, decays, and passes, can be bound to the interior which abides as the continent of man's individuality for the next stage of being."

But why not a duality of beast and plant, as well as of man? What of the lower animals? Do they have this inner, invisible body, the abiding principle of their external frames? Yes, the physical principle is that which controls all organic forms. But as to what becomes of the physical individualization when organisms lower than the human are dissolved, we have only speculation and analogy for our guide. Seers and spirits are at variance on this insurmountable question. According to some the physical element is permanently individualized only in man. As unripe seeds do not germinate, so the inferior forms of intelligence render up the physical element at death to return to that source from which it was separated in organization."

But the higher Spiritualism teaches, that the physical elements of all animals, if not of all plants, is imperishable in its individualization. It is not necessary to suppose that the lower animals will have, in their remote future states, the same forms they had here. They may rise to higher forms of being, and, in some mysterious way, there may be a progress for them having some analogy with our own.

There is surely room enough for all, since the capacities of God's universe are limited only by his own infinity. Even for the innumerable germs that seem to perish, and of whose apparent waste atheistic Skepticism has so much to say, there may be a provision by which all that is essential in them is not wasted, but returned with improved power to Nature's measureless receptacles."

Charles Bonnet (1720-1793), the great Swiss naturalist, says: "The common opinion which would consign to an eternal death all organized beings, man alone excepted, would impoverish the universe. It would precipitate forever into the abyss of nothingness an innumerable multitude of sentient creatures, capable of a considerable increase of happiness, and which in reappearing and embellishing new earths, would exalt the adorable beneficence of the Creator."

This, I am disposed to think, is the general sentiment of Spiritualists, as it was of Leibnitz, Bishop Butler and Agassiz, on the subject of a future for the lower animals. Bonnet believed further, that man's future body exists already in the embryo of the present one."

Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.

"One of Henry More's antagonists (1620) told him that the word immaterial signifies nothing but a negation. More replied: 'A negative particle, in composition with a word that denotes imperfection, implies positiveness and perfection, as in *infantile, immortal*, and the like; these remove the imperfections in *infiniteness and mortality*, and imply some positive of a better nature. And so does immaterial remove the imperfections of discreteness and impenetrability, and implies the contrary.'"

"See," says Strauss, "the small apertures and pearls fallen are they were yet ripe; now that if the laws of life invariably fall, all growth, all the rivers and seas would not suffice for them." But does it follow that because Strauss does not see how such apertures were compensated, that therefore there is no compensation in the laboratories of Nature?

ready with the body visible; and he believed that science would some day have instruments which would enable it to detect this body, formed as it probably is of the elements of ether or of light. Is not his prediction partially verified in the power of the photographer's apparatus to catch the impression of spiritual forms which our normal vision cannot detect?

This spirit-body, according to Bonnet, will not require those daily reparations which the animal body exacts, but will subsist undoubtedly by the simple energy of its principles, and its mechanism. It will be superior to those laws of gravitation which limit grosser bodies. It will obey with ease and astonishing promptitude the slightest behests of the soul, and will transport us from world to world with a facility and a speed equal to that of light. By its superior powers we shall exercise without fatigue all our faculties, because the new organs through which the soul will unfold its motive force will be better proportioned to the energy of that force, and will not be subject to the influence of those disturbing causes which continually conspire to check and impede our activity in our present physical bodies. Our attention will seize at once and with equal clearness a very great number of objects, more or less complicated; it will penetrate them intimately, separate partial impressions from a general knowledge, and discover without effort resemblances the most delicate. Our genius will then be proportioned to our attention, for attention is the mother of genius."

But the development of these enlarged powers will probably be very gradual; it will be in proportion to our own efforts, our own aspirations and attainments. If we have led a sluggish, sensual life on earth, we must not hope that the spirit-body will at once make-up for our delinquencies or convert a sinner into a saint, a blockhead into a Kepler or a Newton."

The student of spiritual phenomena is continually astonished by the vast amount of testimony, past and contemporaneous, in confirmation of them. The testimony of the past has a new interest and significance now that it is confirmed by marvels of daily occurrence."

In his remarkable account of "Spirit-rapping, healing, music, drawing, and other manifestations in Sunderland, England, in 1830, through Mary Jobson," my friend W. M. Wilkinson observes: "Enough there is to prove that all natural objects exist only by reason of a spiritual creative force, which projects and sustains them in the realm of matter, which we call the world, and that to have a manifestation of this spiritual force, it is only necessary that some conjoint conditions of mind and body should be so arranged as to be favorable to that end. The person in whom this occurs is called a medium."

Melancthon says: "I have myself seen spirits, and I know many trustworthy persons who affirm that they have not only seen them, but carried on conversations with them." Luther bears testimony equally strong to the existence of the departed in spiritual forms; so do Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Oberlin. St. Augustine mentions saints by whom he was visited, and states that he himself had appeared to two persons who had known him only by reputation. At another time he appeared to a famous teacher of eloquence in Carthage, and explained to him several most difficult passages in Cicero's writings."

Thus Augustine's testimony is in support of the theory that the spirit-body can be separated from the physical, even during the earthly lifetime of the individual."

Accounts, like the following, of the action of spirits in interposing to influence mortals at critical times, are very numerous. A famous German jurist, Counsellor Helffeld in Jena, an hour before midnight was on the point of signing the death-warrant of a cavalry officer. His clerk was present. All at once they both heard heavy blows fall on the window as if the panes were struck with a cavalry whip. The judge delayed his action in consequence, and substituted a minor punishment; and before the year closed a criminal was caught who volunteered the confession that he was the perpetrator of the crime for which the innocent cavalry officer had been punished, and had been near being executed."

It is not true that the intelligence exhibited by the supposed spirit is always measured by that of the medium. The instances to the contrary are innumerable. Witness the case of Mrs. Fox-Jenken's infant boy, less than six months old. Among the Camisard prophets (1680-1707) were many infant trance-mediums; who spoke in language altogether above their capacities. We hear of a boy fifteen months old who spoke in good French, "as though God were speaking through his mouth." Jacques Dubois says he has seen more than sixty children between three and twelve years of age, who exhibited similar powers. "I knew at Tyres," says Pierre Charman, "a man whose little boy, only five years old, prophesied, predicted disturbance in the church, exhorted to repentance, and always spoke in good French." The annals of witchcraft are crowded with similar phenomena, perfectly well authenticated."

Mr. E. B. Tylor, in his "Primitive Culture," shows how ancient are the phenomena of the instantaneous untying of complicated knots by spirit skill. This preternatural unbinding is vouchered for by no less a personage than the crafty Ulysses himself on board the ship of the Thesprotians:

"Me on the well-benched vessel, strongly bound,
They leave, and snatch their meal upon the beach.
But to my help the gods themselves unwound
My cords with ease, though firmly twisted round."

In his "Theory of a Nervous Ether" (1873), Dr. B. W. Richardson suggests that there exists, in addition to a nervous fluid, a gas or vapor, pervading the whole nervous organism, surrounding as an enveloping atmosphere each molecule of nervous structure, and forming the medium of the influences transmitted from a nerve-centre to the periphery, and from the periphery to a nerve-centre."

Here we are brought by the latest inductive science close upon the confines of the spirit-body. Every investigator whose prejudices do not incapacitate him from looking into the facts, begins to see that some higher series of causes, hitherto denied by modern science, must be conceded in order to account for those phenomena of Spiritualism, inexplicable on any known principles."

"I have come to the conclusion," says J. H. Von Fichte (Stuttgart, 1871), "that it is absolutely impossible to account for these (the spiritual) phenomena, save by assuming the action of a superhuman influence."

"The spirit-body," says a spirit communicating through M. A. (Oxon.), "is the real individual; and though for a time it is clothed with fluctuating atoms, its identity is absolutely the same when those atoms are dispensed with. It is preserved after the death of the earth-body in precisely similar sort as it exists now, veiled in grosser matter." But these changing atoms, which the spirit-body attracts to itself, are according to this authority, no real part of the personality."

Spiritualism makes us realize that we are under the scrutiny of any spirit who, from curiosity or affection, may desire to know our deeds and our thoughts. In this tremendous fact, is there no incentive to right thinking and right doing?

"There is a wonderful world of spirit," says Leifchild, "and there are hierarchies of ministering spirits. Surely they form a great cloud of witnesses, who, though they sit aloof, intently watch our earthly course, and encourage us by their unseen but not always unfelt presence. With the speed of thought they interpose their holiness into our thoughts. They shine into our earthly homes like morning beams, and they beautify our departure in death with the heavenly splendor of an evening Alp-glow."

"Blessed and blessing hierarchies! Not one of your innumerable cohorts can be subject to annihilation. You multiply by human death, you increase by spiritual selection, you obtain liberty through the grave, you gain light by looking on the countenance of the Divine. Not one single act of your beneficent ministry to man is altogether lost; every one is a celestial force. You have been often misapprehended and not seldom vulgarized. Distorted Science has denied you, scornful Naturalism has derided you, foolish Superstition has degraded you. Nevertheless you live, and you live for us. Were our eyes duly purged, we should behold you

* See the London Spiritual Magazine, September, 187

daily; were our ears rightly attuned we should listen to you hourly."

In Kardec's system the spirit-body is a fluidic vaporous envelope which he calls the *périsprit*. This he says he has neither invented nor supposed in order to explain phenomena; its existence has been revealed to him by spirits, and observation has confirmed it. It is supported, moreover, by a study of the sensations among spirits, and above all by the phenomenon of tangible apparitions, which would imply, according to the contrary opinion (that, namely, of the identification of the spirit-body with the spirit or soul), the solidification and disintegration of the constituent parts of the soul, and consequently its disorganization. It would be necessary, besides, to admit that this matter which can fall under the scrutiny of the senses is itself the intelligent principle; which is no more rational than to confound the body with the soul, or the clothing with the body. As to the intimate nature of the soul, it is unknown to us."

"When we call it immaterial," says Kardec, "we must understand the word in the relative and not in the absolute sense, for absolute immateriality would be nothingness; now the spirit is surely something, one might say that its essence is so superior that it has no analogy with what we call matter, and that for us it is immaterial."

Bacon's theory of the soul is like that of nearly all the great seers and mediums. [See page 86.] He, too, regards man as a trinity of earth-body, spirit-body, and spirit. As is God, so also, according to Bacon, is the spirit (*spiraculum*), which God has breathed into man, *scientifically incognizable*; only the physical soul, which is a thin, warm, material substance, is an object of scientific knowledge."

"Two different emanations of souls," says Bacon, "are manifest in the first creation, the one proceeding from the breath of God, the other from the elements." No knowledge of the rational soul (the spirit) can be had from philosophy; but in the doctrine of the sensitive, or produced soul (the spiritual body), even its substance, says Bacon, may be justly inquired into. "The sensitive soul must be allowed a corporeal substance, attenuated by heat and rendered invisible, as a subtle breath, or aura, of a flamy and airy nature, and diffused through the whole body."

Thoroughly acquainted with the spiritual phenomena of his day, and of antecedent times, Bacon teaches unequivocally the doctrine of the spiritual body and of the three-fold nature of terrestrial man. He says: "But how the compressions, dilatations and agitations of the spirit, which, doubtless, is the spring of motion, should guide and rule the corporeal and gross mass of the parts, has not yet been diligently searched into and treated."

"And no wonder," he adds, "since the sensitive soul itself, by which he means the spirit-body, has been hitherto taken for a principle of motion, and a function, rather than a substance. But as it is now known to be material, it becomes necessary to inquire by what efforts so subtle and minute a breath can put such gross and solid bodies in motion."

"This spirit of which we speak," continues Bacon, "is plainly a body, rare and invisible, quantitative, real, notwithstanding it is circumscribed by space."

Bacon admits the facts of clairvoyance, or divination, and distinguishes between that proceeding from the internal power of the soul, as "in sleep, ecstasies, and the near approach of death," and that which comes from influx through "a secondary illumination, from the foreknowledge of God and spirits."

Never was I more impressed by Bacon's greatness as a sagacious interpreter of natural facts, than when I found him thus anticipating the highest conclusions of Modern Spiritualism, both on the subject of the spiritual body and on the distinction between the knowledge that is explicable by a theory of psychic force, and that knowledge which must come from "the illumination of God and spirits."

The questions raised by Dr. Rogers, Count Gasparin, Sergeant Cox and others, as to whether occult force or psychic force may not explain all the phenomena of Spiritualism, are here, with the discrimination of one who had studied all the facts of divination, and who speaks with unquestionable authority, decided in conformity with the views of Spiritualists."

It is true that Bacon adopts or reannounces opinions on this subject that may be found in Plutarch; but this does not detract from his merit as an original observer. He has verified the facts which Plutarch knew. In regard to mediumship, Plutarch explains how the violent ecstasy of inspiration results from the contest of two opposite emotions, the higher divine or spiritual emotion communicated to the medium, and the natural one proper to the medium himself; just as an uneasy struggle between the natural and the communicated motion is produced in bodies to which, while by their nature they gravitate to the earth, a gyration movement has been communicated."

"Everything pertaining to the Deity," says Plutarch, "in and by itself, is beyond our power of perception, and when it reveals itself to us through some other agent (or medium), it mixes itself up with the proper nature of that medium."

Here we have explained why Swedenborg, Harris, Davis, and all other mediums, as well as inferior spirits, mix up errors with their communications of truth. Were it otherwise (could we accept any teacher as really infallible), would not our mental freedom be impaired, and much intellectual effort paralyzed?

Kardec's spirits merely repeat the teachings of Bacon as to the nature of the *périsprit*, or spiritual body. It constitutes for the spirit a fluidic, vaporous envelope, which, though invisible to us in its normal state, and in our normal state, does not the less possess some of the properties of matter. A spirit, then, is not a point, an abstraction, but a being, limited and circumscribed, to whom are wanting only the properties of visibility and palpability to resemble human beings. Why, then, can it not act on matter? Does not imponderable light exercise a chemical action on ponderable matter?

Newton tells us that the effluvia of a magnet can be so rare and subtle as to pass, without any resistance or any diminution of its force, through a plate of glass, and yet be so potent as to turn a magnetic needle beyond the glass. Why, then, may not the will-power of a spirit suffice to produce (as we know that it does) the most amazing effects upon matter?

We can now realize the profound meaning in that remark of Joubert: "To create the universe an atom of matter sufficed." Nothing is made out of nothing; but the sovereign power of God is not nothing: it is the source of matter as well as of spirit."

Even so orthodox an authority as the Catholic World (New York, 1874,) says: "Nothingness is to be considered, under God's hand, as a negative potency of something real."

And if an equally high Protestant authority were needed, I might quote Christlieb (1874), who says: "Although God is spirit, he has, nevertheless, a nature which we may term substantial. It is designated as light and fire."

The creation out of nothing is virtually abandoned by admissions like these; and they render some form of Pantheism inevitable. It must be a form involved in that of Theism, as the less is in the greater. Bruno, the martyr philosopher, who was burnt at the stake in 1600, tells us truly: "If you think aright you will find a divine essence in all things." But he adds that, though it is impossible to conceive Nature separated from God, we can conceive God separated from Nature. God, he tells us, is *supersubstantial, supersubstantialis*. Though he causes the universe, he is not limited by it. In this conception lies the truth which must reconcile the pantheistic demand of science and the theistic demand of theology and faith."

The matter of the spirit-body is flexible and expandable; it changes at the will of the spirit, who can give himself such or such an appearance at his pleasure. It is because of this property of its fluidic envelope that the spirit who wishes to be recognized by friends on the earth can present the exact appearance he had when living; re-producing even the bodily scars or malformations by which he was marked."

Spirits, says Milton,

"In what shape they please,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And work of love or unity fulfill."

"It is an extravagant conjecture of mine," says Locke, "that spirits can assume to themselves bodies of different bulk figure, and conformation of parts."

[To be continued]