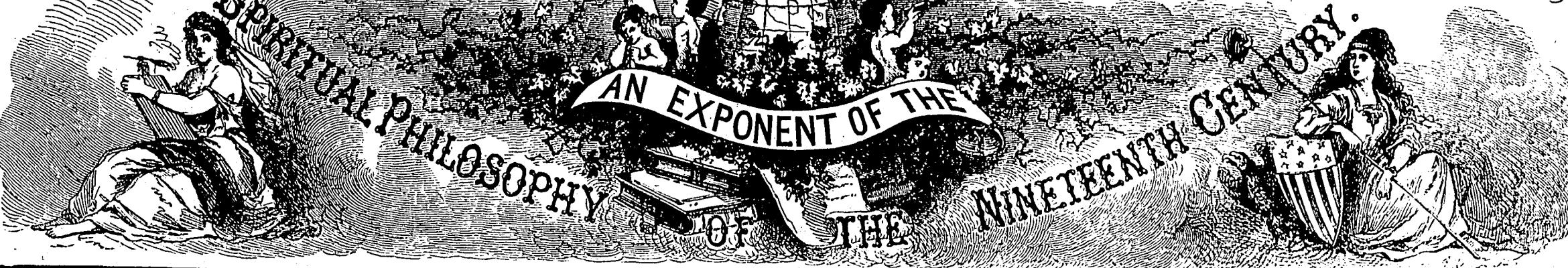


# BANNER ON LIGHT.



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## Banner Contents.

First page: "The Personal Experiences of William H. Mumler in Spirit-Photography," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Third: "The Lesson of the Hour Unlearned," by Warren Chase. Fourth: "Life," by Warren Sumner Barlow. Fifth: "Chicago Items," "Room and Emulation for them in Texas," "The Spiritual Magazine," "Third: oom," "Help the Man that Seeks the Right," by William Brunt; Banner Correspondence; "Spiritualism among the Shakers," "A Hopeless Task," "Convention in Central New York," "Minnesota," etc. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "The Katie King Confession," etc. Fifth: Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department; "Spirit Communication," etc. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "The Philosophy of Progress," etc., by J. J. Morse; "The 'Katie King' Confession," etc.

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## THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF WILLIAM H. MUMLER IN SPIRIT-GRAPHY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from last issue.]

### PART TWO.

On opening the envelope, she exclaimed, "That's 'Wap-naw'; there are his plumes exactly as I have seen them many times. That is evidence of spirit photography."

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

of Philadelphia, came to Boston expressly to investigate the phenomenon. Before starting, however, he visited a well-known photographer in Philadelphia, and got thoroughly posted in the manipulations. He brought with him his own glasses, marked with a diamond in phonographic characters, witnessed the entire process twice, and carried the identical two glasses home with him, on both of which were spirit forms.

THOMAS HUNT,

late of Salem, Mass. I took a picture for Mr. Hunt, and, on the plate by his side were the well-remembered features of a tea-merchant whom he had known in China, where he resided some twenty years. In connection with this, I will give a very remarkable test, wherein I took a picture of Mr. Hunt since his demise. Some three years since, a gentleman called on me and desired a sitting, giving the name of Capt. Copp, of West Dedham. The picture was taken, and on developing the negative, two distinct forms were seen—male and female. On receiving the pictures, Capt. Copp instantly recognized his old friend, Thomas Hunt, and his (Capt. Copp's) wife. The Captain then stated that he made the acquaintance of Thomas Hunt in China, and that on the return voyage of Mr. Hunt to this country, his (Capt. Copp's) wife died on board the vessel. Subsequently, Thomas Hunt passed to spirit-life. Both spirits had thus returned, giving unmistakable evidence that they yet existed. This is a very remarkable test, and the truth of the above statement can easily be found by any person desiring an investigation. Mr. Hunt was a very peculiar looking man, and there is probably not a person in the world that would resemble him in the least, and the spirit picture of him which was thus obtained, is very plain and distinct, but in an entirely different position from the one which I took in life—the negative of which I still have in my possession.

I could give many more of my early pictures that were substantial proofs of the genuineness of my claims to spirit-photography; but notwithstanding these tangible proofs, public opinion was against me. I was denounced in the papers, and threatened with arrest. Spiritualists themselves could not believe it, and subjected me to the severest scrutiny while investigating; and to their opposition was matched that of the skeptical world, all which, however, had no effect upon me, because I knew I was right. I felt that the innumerable hosts of living, intelligent beings who had passed to a higher life were with me, to sustain and assist in fighting the ignorance, bigotry and blindness of the human race in this their earthly condition. But, after all, we are more or less dependent upon public opinion and countenance for our existence here, and the unpopularity of spirit photography ruined our other business, consequently the establishment had to be closed for want of patronage.

Feeling the force at this time of the old adage, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," I determined to move to New York. I arrived in that city with my family, having scarcely money enough to sustain ourselves for a week, and began to look around for business; but I found that my reputation as an alleged trickster had preceded me, and it was with difficulty I could obtain the use of a gallery.

At last myself and family were reduced to the direst extremity. I therefore made desperate efforts for a place in which to take pictures. I wandered up Broadway until I arrived at No. 630, where I instinctively stopped, and looking up to a sign, I read "W. W. Silver." I visited the operating-room, and found two gentlemen waiting, apparently, for a customer. I asked to see Mr. Silver, when one of the gentlemen before referred to—a pleasant, genial-looking man—stepped forward as a representative of that name. I stated my business to him, viz., that I was in search of a place where I could take spirit-pictures. "Spirit-pictures!" he musingly said, and then remarked that there used to be a man in Boston who took such kind of pictures. I answered that I was the man. He then said, "Do you tell me, sir, that if I sit in that chair and you take my picture, other forms will appear on the negative?" I replied that such results had happened when I took pictures. He then asked me to make a trial for him, which I did, and repeated, but without success in getting the spirit form. He remarked that probably his great skepticism was the cause of this non-success. "But," he exclaimed, "there's a man," (pointing to the other gentleman) "who says he can tip tables, and I should n't wonder if you could get a picture for him." "I will try," I said. I then went to work and prepared a plate, being accompanied all through by Mr. Silver, and made a sitting for the gentleman, whose name, by the way, was Trickey (an unfortunate name for a person with medium powers), and, on developing the negative, a spirit form was seen standing by his side.

This rather excited Mr. S., who declared that he had n't the slightest faith that it could be done. "Now," he says, "as you have got the thing started, suppose you try me again?" I agreed, and made another sitting, which was successful, for on developing the negative, a well-defined form of an elderly lady was plainly visible. He nervously grasped the negative, and holding it up to the light, exclaimed, "That is my mother! Just look at this, Mr. Mumler," he said, at the same time holding up a little microscopic charm in the shape of a spy-glass, "look through this microscope and examine that old lady's features. You will observe," he said, "she has a rather peculiar-shaped face." I replied "I notice she has," "And do you see that stray lock of hair across her forehead?"

he asked. I answered that I did. "Now," he said, "look at this negative; there is the same peculiar-shaped face, and that stray lock of hair exactly as in the microscopic picture, which I took myself about three weeks before she died." The test was complete. Mr. Silver was satisfied I could do what I claimed, and in a short time a bargain was struck, whereby I should use Mr. Silver's gallery, instruments, chemicals, and all the paraphernalia incident to taking pictures.

The question has often been asked me, "Can you go into a strange gallery, and with their implements take these pictures?" I answer, "Yes, I can do it; I have done it a number of times; but in this account I shall give but two instances—Mr. Silver, as above stated, and Mr. See, of Poughkeepsie—as both of these gentlemen testified to the fact under oath in my trial.

As I was now fixed for a place to take pictures, my next move was to get the pictures to take. The Spiritualists were then holding meetings at the Everett Rooms, near 24th street, I believe, and I thought it would be a good idea to hang two of my large pictures in the hall, and stating where I could be found. The following Sunday I sent my son to the room with a polite note, asking the privilege of having them hung in the hall, never dreaming of a refusal. But Judge of my surprise and chagrin when my son returned with both pictures, saying, "The person who has charge of the room told me to clear out with those humbug spirit-pictures."

Here again was I met by one of those illiberal Spiritualists who boast so much of liberality. This individual refused to allow my pictures to hang in the hall. I was sorry for him, and hoped in my inmost soul that there were not many more like him in the society. But I felt it an imperative duty that I not only owed to my family and myself, but to those invisible hosts whose instrument I was, that I should be heard. Accordingly the following week I had some pamphlets printed, giving the names of parties in Boston who had received satisfactory pictures, and a concise history of spirit-photography to date. With a bundle of these under my arm I started for the hall. Arriving there before many persons had gathered, I paid my ten cents admission fee and entered. I placed a pamphlet in every seat, which had the desired effect, for soon my business began to prosper. I was very successful in getting spirit forms, a large proportion of which were unmistakably recognized. This of course constantly increased my business, and I was not obliged to resort to any more advertising, as, before leaving New York, I was generously treated to a large amount of it unsolicited.

One day three gentlemen called on me, and one of them, introducing himself as Mr. Hitchcock, a representative of the New York Sun, said that he came to investigate my claims to spirit-photography, and for that purpose had brought with him Mr. Gurney, the celebrated New York photographer. They desired a sitting, and I was very glad to oblige them. The investigation was entirely satisfactory, (particulars of which will be given hereafter,) and resulted in giving me an extended notice in the New York Sun. The effect of this advertisement was soon manifest, for my place of business was thronged with visitors of all grades of society—the high and the low, the rich and the poor—many no doubt attracted out of idle curiosity, but most of them showing an intense interest in the phenomenon of spirit-photography. And what is there, I ask, that is more important than the life to come? After a man has passed the middle age, he looks forward, at the best, to but a few years of earthly existence, and natural laws roll on, seemingly but little longer than weeks in his youth, bringing him nearer to the solution of this great problem, the question becomes, to him, one of great moment. The anchor to which he has been clinging for safety begins to drag; the advance of science demonstrates that the world was not made in a brief period, but has existed for innumerable ages, and where is he drifting? Spiritualism comes to him like a beacon-light to the mariner; and thousands who were tossing wildly about upon the waves of doubt and skepticism are quietly resting under this protecting shelter of the beautiful truth.

My success in New York was fully all that I anticipated, for in a few months I was enabled to buy Mr. Silver's interest in the establishment, and thus became sole owner and proprietor. But hardly had this change been consummated, when I was arrested by the order of Mayor Hall. In those days of "Tweedism" and "Rings" it is a wonder I escaped being sent to some penal institution—for when the Mayor had a prisoner arrested he was as good as convicted; but—thanks to Judge Dowling—there was, at least, one exception to this rule. It is possible also that the case might have been decided differently, were it not for the very able manner in which it was conducted by my counsel, Mr. John D. Townsend, of New York. Those who were fortunate enough to have heard this final argument will never forget it. For two hours and a half he spoke in the most eloquent manner—quoting largely from Scripture—to an audience composed of the best people of New York City, packing the courtroom to its utmost capacity; and when at last he made his peroration, it seemed as though he was actually inspired. After the decision of the court was had, there seemed to be as many to congratulate him upon his great and eloquent effort as myself upon my honorable acquittal.

My trial was ended. But another trouble had commenced. My gallery had been leased over my head, and I was thus deprived again of a place to do business in; my money was gone, and I had not the necessary means to start another gallery. A friend suggested that, in view of the great advertising my pictures had received on account of my trial, I might make it peculiarly profitable to exhibit them. Acting upon this suggestion, and being assisted by a Spiritualist friend, I gave a number of exhibitions, but failed to make them remunerative. Then I resolved to return to Boston. I did so, and commenced to take pictures at my residence, where I have continued until the present time.

In presenting the proofs I have collected since leaving Boston, in 1868, I think that Evidence No. One should come first. I will, for here is positive proof of not only the form received, but of the method by which it was obtained, as given in his sworn testimony at my trial. It is very strange in support of my claims to spirit-photography. This gentleman testifies that I came to him a total stranger, and that with his instruments, his chemicals, &c., and under his supervision, I produced a negative with a second form, said form being an unmistakable likeness of his mother, who was dead. Is not this enough to satisfy all candid minds? Some may say, "Oh, Mr. Silver was in collusion with you." Is it a supposable case that if I took these pictures by trickery, I would dare to go to an entire stranger and expose myself for the purpose of having him enter into the same business? How could I know but that he might be a firm believer in Spiritualism, and would immediately expose me. Besides, Mr. Silver was not the only gallery that I tried to get the privilege of taking pictures in; and from the bitter enmity shown by photographers against me in my trial, would not some of them have testified to the fact, had such inducements been held out? Not only did I go to Mr. Silver a stranger, and take a picture with a spirit

form in the presence of that gentleman and Mr. Trickey, but worked for months with Mr. S., using the same camera as himself, and working in the same closet. There was also working in the adjoining room two artists—the Keishman Brothers—who had free access to the operating room at all times, and have often seen me go through the routine of taking pictures; and I do not challenge any one or all of them, that if they ever saw anything which savored of fraud in my taking pictures, to publish the same to the world.

As accumulative evidence in the same line, let me offer Evidence No. Two, sworn in the persons of the See Brothers, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who have one of the finest galleries outside the city of New York, and whose work shows that they fully understand their business, and are second to none in the art of photography. Mr. William P. See came to my gallery in New York a perfect stranger to me, not mentioning the fact that he was a photographer, or that he understood anything about the business, and requested a sitting, with the privilege of witnessing the process, which I readily granted.

At this sitting I think I made a number of pictures, on one or more of which was a spirit form. Mr. See then informed me that he was a photograph artist, and asked if I could take a picture in any other gallery than my own. I replied that I had done so. He then said that if I would come to his gallery for three or four days, I might have the free use of his apparatus. I thankfully accepted his kind offer, as business was rather quiet at the time. Now, without detracting from Mr. See's kindness or generosity, I would here remark that I do not suppose he made that offer for the simple purpose of putting a dollar in my pocket, or that he had a thought of assisting me peculiarly, for I was an entire stranger to him. What, then, was his motive? Solely and wholly to satisfy himself as to the genuineness of my claim. This being the case, then, it must at once be seen that Mr. See took every precaution to leave no chance for pictures of a fraudulent character to be made. He had new glass, on which pictures had never been taken, prepared for me; his camera and closet were put in requisite order; and, by way of completeness of detail, to detect the fraud if any there was, he gave strict orders to his operator to watch me in the closet, and at the same time had loop-holes bored through the ceiling whereby we both in turn could be watched.

Accompanied by my wife and clerk I walked into Mr. See's gallery on Tuesday, March 30, 1869, and with his instruments, his chemicals, and in presence of himself, his brother and operator, commenced to take pictures, and continued to do so for four days.

If this statement was simply my own, being an interested party, it might be taken with some grains of allowance; but when an honorable gentleman goes into court, and swears to the same, what stronger evidence can be adduced?

In the New York Herald of April 22d, 1869, will be found Mr. See's testimony in my trial, where, in answer to a request to state his experience in spirit photography, he says: "I visited Mr. Mumler's gallery to see what I might learn in regard to it. I went to the premises 630 Broadway for the purpose of thoroughly examining the process of taking spirit-photographs; to see if I could understand it. I watched the process of taking these pictures as closely and minutely as I possibly could. Mr. Mumler sat me three different times, and each time I watched him very closely, and also scrutinized the whole process. I did not notice anything unusual or different in his placing his hands on the camera, as I had before noticed in New York, and spirit-photographs were produced."

Here, then, is the unsolicited testimony of an honorable gentleman, a practical photographer, given under oath in support of my preceding statement.

As before stated Mr. Hitchcock, of the New York Sun, accompanied by Mr. Gurney, the celebrated New York photographer, and Mr. Livermore, came to my gallery for the purpose of investigating my claims to spirit-photography. In coming from the New York Sun, of Feb. 26th, 1869, Mr. Hitchcock says: "Mr. Mumler, for the present, has established himself at the gallery of W. W. Silver, 630 Broadway, where your reporter, in company with an eminent photographer of this city, whom we shall call Brown, and a gentleman who was formerly a leading banker and stock-broker on Wall street, visited him yesterday morning. \* \* \* One of the most remarkable of these strange pieces of work is a picture taken for the ex-banker above alluded to. Several years ago he lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and who, as he believes, has never ceased to be present in her spiritual form with him. A day or two ago he sat to Mr. Mumler, and on the plate there came along with his own image of a lady, which he and his friends all declare to be a correct likeness of his deceased wife. The face is perfectly distinct; one arm is thrown around the husband's neck, so that her hand, holding what seems to be a bunch of lilies, comes in front of his breast. Another picture being taken, the same figure appeared in a different attitude, pointing with one hand upwards." \* \* \* Our reporter sees what CAN BE DONE FOR HIM! But first he requested his photographic friend, whom we have called Brown, to go through the process himself, and watch the various steps of it. Mr. Brown accordingly went up stairs in the sky-light room with Mr. Mumler, and prepared the sensitive plate himself from the usual glass. Sitting down before the camera, he waited the usual time, and then with his own hands developed the negative. At the side of his own there came out the face of a middle-aged man, with a dark beard. \* \* \* Then came our reporter's turn. He, too, saw the coloration poured on the clean glass, and then placed in the silver bath, and taken out and placed in the groove or holder. While in the chair he thought he would try the effect of calling to mind the appearance of his father as he looked before he died, some eleven years ago. The negative gave a face in profile, rather thin, but in general outline, he must confess, very like his father as he thought of him!"

Now here is a combination of tests which I should think would be rather hard to dispute. But let us see what Mr. Gurney says in his sworn testimony, as given in the New York World of April 22d, 1869. Mr. Gurney, being the next witness, in answer to Mr. Day, said:

"I am a photographer at 707 Broadway; I have been engaged in business twenty-eight years; I have visited Mr. Mumler to have my picture taken; I intended the process, but I did not discover any deception; I saw the process of preparing the plate for taking the photograph; and in developing the negative; I applied the chemicals myself, and upon the negative was a shadowy form."

I would like to mention here a little incident that happened in my perambulations to find a place to take pictures in New York. On walking up the Bowery I came to a doorway that made a very respectable appearance in photographic display, and walked in.

"Would you like to let your gallery a few hours a day in which to take pictures?" I asked. The proprietor being entirely ignorant of spirit photography, I had to explain the whole matter to him; when he replied that if he should sit, he would probably "get the devil or his cloven foot." I replied that, not being acquainted with his antecedents, I couldn't say. I, however, offered to take a picture for him, which he readily agreed to, and on developing the negative, there was directly over his head as perfect a cloven hoof as could be imagined. He actually turned pale, and looked at me suspiciously, expecting every moment, I suppose, to get a whiff of sulphur. He concluded, however, (and while coming to this conclusion he managed to keep a respectful distance from me,) that "these kind of pictures hurt his business." I did not try very hard to disabuse his mind of this idea, for really I did not like the first appearance of his spiritual associates.

[Continued in next issue.]

## Literary Department.

### THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphan;" "Rocky Nook; A Tale for the Times;" "Hearts' Ease;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jealousy;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins; or, Sunshine and Tempest;" etc., etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A Discovery.

The happy husband hastened to his home, delighted to do his wife's bidding, and to bring his daughter to witness her great happiness. The swiftness of steam seemed slow to him as he traveled, and when the station was reached he made a quick transit from the car to where his carriage awaited him. He took the lines himself, and the horses, obedient to his hand, showed their speed, and brought him quickly to Morton Hall. "Ay, ay," he said, as the house came in sight, "what a welcome home we will give mother and child! It shall be a gala day in the old house."

When he came nearer the closed house, the snow lying over field and meadow, and more thickly in the park, and the stillness which reigned over all, gave him a sudden emotion of gloom. He flung it off, but it returned after he entered the house. A fire was burning in the library, but the room where his wife usually sat, and which was always bright and warm, was now dark and cheerless. A servant came into the library.

"Supper is on the table, sir, and Mr. Melton was here today to say that if you will please to send word when you come home, that he will be here directly to see you. Business of importance, sir, he said."

Mr. Morton was startled. Somehow he could not shake off the gloom of the empty house.

"Where are my letters, John?"

"Mr. Melton has them, sir."

"Mr. Melton has my letters? What can this mean?"

Checking himself to presence of a servant, he ordered a messenger to go for his brother, and then ate his supper, after which he waited somewhat impatiently for his brother's return, who was too late to send to the cottage, or he would have come to him.

"Anybody been at the Hall, John?" he asked, rather by way of diverting his own mind than from any interest in the answer.

"Yes, sir; a stranger came and asked for you. He did not leave his name. It was a cold day, sir, and he had come from the station. I asked him in to the library fire. A furrier, I think, sir, handsomely dressed in a fur cloak and fur cap. He did not leave his card nor give his name, but said he should see you, maybe, in London. He looked round the room, furniture-like, and swore a round oath when he looked at that picture. He said, were there other members of your family in the neighborhood? I told him of the Captain, sir, Mr. Joseph Melton, and he said 'all right,' he had heard of him; and maybe he went there, sir, for the old gentleman came over the next day and left word that we should let him know when you returned."

"Very well, John; order Betsey to get another room ready. See that the bed is well aired, and a fire kindled. My brother must not return to Chelney Park to-night."

Left to himself again, Mr. Morton was perplexed; and strive as he would, it was impossible to throw off a foreboding of some evil impending over his house.

He had not to wait long. Uncle Joe made his appearance, evidently much agitated. He tried to conceal this feeling, but he was not adept at dissimulation, and his "How do you do, brother? I congratulate you; are the mother and child well?" were not hearty. There was that in his manner which contradicted his words. When Uncle Joe Melton congratulated any one he did it heartily—the soul came out in his words. There was no cheery ring to them now.

"Out with it, Joe," said Mr. Morton, impatiently; "there is bad news behind all this. Have the funds sunk? Has London Bank failed? Are we beggars? I, who have just come from London, should know these misfortunes; if they have happened."

"By St. George! I wish they had happened rather than this. The Mortons and the Meltons can have poverty, but not disgrace!"

"Disgrace! What do you mean, Joe Melton? Speak out! Nothing can be worse than this suspense!"

"Well, Morton, I hope and trust there is a mistake—a horrible mistake; and yet the proofs are strong."

"Come to the point, will you?" said Morton; "you keep me on the rack too long."

"Morton, when you married your wife she called herself a widow, did she not?"

"She was a widow in mourning for her husband; he had been dead two years when we married."

While he spoke Morton turned pale, and shivered as if in an ague fit, for there rushed into his mind the words of Isabella: "I cannot reveal the past to you!"

"Are you sure that she was an Ossoni?"

"Of that I have no more doubt than that you are a Melton. The aunt was a fussy old soul, and brought the priest, who baptized the child, and the woman who nursed her, and my wife herself had undisputed proof from her father. That can be easily proved; and Morton began to breathe more freely."

"All right so far, then," said Melton; "and, for one, I do not believe an Ossoni would so dishonor herself as—"

"Stop!" cried Morton; "that word and my wife must never be put in the same sentence!"

"Compose yourself, and listen to me, Morton; I must tell my story in my own way, and you must force yourself to listen."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a package of letters, the seal unbroken save from one. "These are your letters; I ventured to hold them back from you when I saw the postmark, after my interview with the stranger."

"Rather a bold proceeding," said Morton, holding out his hand for the letters.

"I meant kindly. I have yet so much admiration for your



wife, and confidence—yes, by St. George! when I think it over, I believe there is a horrible conspiracy to destroy your happiness; but the proofs—

"A stranger has been here," said Morton, "and filled your ears with some lying nonsense, and you begin to doubt my wife—my wife! pure and true as she is beautiful! Out with it! I have no fear!" Even as he spoke his lips became white, and his voice trembled, for those words of Isabella rung in his ears: "There must be a secret between us, therefore I cannot marry you!" And he had bidden her bury that secret so deep that it would never rise again. But alas! ghosts of dead people walk at night, and the shadows of our own dark deeds fall athwart our pathway when we are not looking for them.

By this time Uncle Joe had recovered from his agitation, and like a brave fellow, as he was at heart, said: "Morton, let us look this trouble boldly in the face. It may be—I trust in God that the man will prove a—liar, as I believe he is!" He then laid some papers on the table before him: "This is a copy of a certificate of marriage between Richard De Le Mark, of—Mississippi, and Isabella Ponseroso Ossini, daughter of Count Ossini, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, June 20th, 1855. Following this are the signatures of three gentlemen, in addition to that of the clerk, and of the clergyman who performed the ceremony."

"Well, then," said Morton, "is there any objection to that? Though she has never once spoken the name of this man, and I now hear it for the first time, yet it proves what we knew before, that she was legally married at that date. Why trouble me with that? The man died in four years after the marriage. I have reason to believe that he made her life wretched. She lived with her aunt two years after his death, and then—oh, Joe! no reference to the memory of your own blessed sister, but Isabella has made my life brighter, and filled my home with love. You know what she has been to Mary; yes, and to all us."

"Yes, yes, Morton, one of the most beautiful and lovable women I ever met. I struck my colors, you remember, and though I am slow to yield my prejudices, I became one of her admirers. But, Morton, if this man still lives! Have we any proofs of his death? Can we get them?" At these words Morton started, as if stricken by a sudden blow. He thought of every other kind of misfortune and shame, (and we think just at such times) of false certificates of birth, of marriage, infidelity and loss of property, but this, no, this was too horrible! His child! the son in whose young life his fondest hopes were garnered! was he the child of shame?

Poor Uncle Joe saw the effect of his words, and his heart was moved with pity.

"Mind you, Morton, this is what the man claimed, I tell you. By St. George! he is an impostor. Don't the Americans get up all sorts of shams—Mormonism, Pennsylvania State Bonds, Free Thinking, &c., &c. Why, one-half of them repudiate the Prayer Book, and when that is given up a man or a nation goes to the dogs. The man came to me—"

"The man? Whom do you mean?" The man came to you? The impostor! Has he dared to show his face here?"

"Yes, and in your very house."

"A curse upon him! Had I been here I would have shot him dead where he stood!"

"A pretty middle you would have made of it for yourself and all your friends! It is because you are so impetuous that I dared wither your tongue. Some weeks since, and the postmarks confirm what he says—some accident to the machinery of the steamer, I believe, and hot hearing any thing from you he determined to see you—heard the lion in his den, I suppose. He has gone up to London, and no doubt, was at your house yesterday."

"My God! Joe! it will kill her! She is true and pure as an angel! When does the next train leave?" said Morton, rising to quit the room.

"Not till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Be calm! read your letters. I will go to London with you."

The substance of these letters has already been given to the reader. One was from Le Mark, the other purporting to be, and no doubt was, from a citizen of Vicksburg, confirming Le Mark's statements.

"And what does this—liar propose to do?" said Morton, as he hung the letters on the floor. Uncle Joe drew the fallen papers toward him with his cane, and folded them carefully before he answered: "He proposes, sir, to assert his rights."

"Let him try it!" said Morton.

"He must prove them first by stronger evidence than we now have. But, to give the devil his due, he is a handsome fellow, straight as an arrow, with features so regularly cut that he might answer for the model for a lady's cameo. But mark my word, and Uncle Joe did mark it himself with an emphatic punch of his cane on the floor; "these very handsome fellows are sometimes the devil himself, who has stolen the form and dress of a gentleman. I mistrust him, and Joe Melton's instincts are generally right."

"God bless you!" said Morton, "for standing by me in this hour! It seems, by John's statement, that the fellow came into this room and swore an oath while looking at that picture."

"That picture?" said Uncle Joe, much surprised, wheeling round to get a better view of it, and then rising and going near. "This picture represents two exiles landing in a strange country. Ay, I have it! that is my lady's face; a mere child, though."

"Yes, yes, you know her father fled from Italy. He was proscribed by the government."

"Ah, now I have it, Morton! This man knew them only as exiles. He will understand that here he comes in contact with a proud old family who have power to assert their rights."

Morton spent a sleepless night. Before him all these hours was the beautiful face of his wife, turning with sad, pleading eyes to him for help. Not once did he doubt her. To him she was all purity and innocence. However she might be complicated with this stranger, his heart trusted in her.

Meanwhile we will return to London. The house which Morton had taken was in a quiet street in the west end. Its exterior was plain and unpretending.

The day on which Morton left, Lisette was going through her usual morning routine in her room, which consisted in opening her windows and thoroughly shaking, dusting and cleansing everything. She was a tidy little woman and a mortal foe to stain, spot, wrinkle or blemish. Her room was in the third story of the house, and looked out upon the street. She liked, when

she opened the window, to look down upon the passers by. Everything was new to her. The baker, the milkman, the ice-dealer, and especially the forlorn little water-cress girls all attracted her attention. All her stray pennies went to these children. Two or three came to know her well, and always looked up to her window in the morning. She said that they seemed to her like the birds which she used to feed in the country. This morning she was looking out as usual, when, instead of her expected water-cress child, she saw a man walk by the house, whose height, gait, manner, so attracted her attention that she gazed like one who had seen an apparition.

She did not move her eyes from him till he was out of sight. Then she breathed freely. "If the dead can return, it is he! Thank God they cannot!" She was about to turn away from the windows when a match-girl cried her wares. Lisette dropped her penny, but told her to run on, she did not want any matches that day. Just then, the man who had passed only two minutes before, returned on the other side of the street and turned his face to the house, as if looking at the number. Lisette stood like a bird fascinated by a serpent without the power of moving. Their eyes met, and then she believed the dead could rise! He was crossing over, his eye was upon the house, he was about to seek admission! Then the girl roused herself; she was at the foot of the two flights of stairs, and her hand on the porter's arm before the bell had rung. "Don't you let that man in!" she whispered with white lips. "Stop, do not open yet, thrust him from the door if he tries to enter. He is a thief. Wait till I call Peter to aid you if necessary. Tell him your master is from home." These directions were given distinctly, the girl becoming more calm as she talked. She disappeared as Peter took his place in the hall.

The stranger inquired for Mr. Morton, and was told that he would not be at home till the next day. He did not try to force an entrance, but simply left a note for the master of the house. The porter and Peter thought Lisette had instructed them without cause. He was not a thief, only a gentleman on business. Then Lisette went up to her room and sat down on the carpet, as we have seen her do years ago, with her hands around her knees, and her head bent down, and thought. Poor girl! it is many a year since she had had these "hard thoughts," as she called them. It was plain that Le Mark was living; no other face and no other voice could strike terror into her heart. Something must be done, and at once. Lisette took in all the horror of the situation. "The baby! oh the baby!" she cried in her distress. "My poor Rosa! I know not which to pity most, the husband or the wife. Something must be done quickly. She must know it before her husband returns. Better for me to tell her than leave her to hear it first from Mr. Morton. Reproach from him will kill her at one blow. Ah me, we were too happy! I wonder why God lets the innocent suffer like this! I would not! If I were God, I would strike that man dead, and not let him come to torment the happy."

Then the girl wondered if by giving herself up she could save her lady. She knew that this man had no claim upon her. She was free as the English air she breathed, but she was willing to endure all the torture of the life to which he would doom her, if only Rosa could be spared. But before any compromise could be made, they must be where they could dictate terms.

With a slow, weary movement, she rose, smoothed her hair, dipped face and hands in cold water, and went to her mistress.

The lady wore a white morning dress, and was seated in a large easy chair, with the baby in her arms. Her face was radiant, "just like the picture of the Virgin and child" which she had seen at Florence, Lisette thought.

"Sit down here, Lisette, close at my side, and see how much the babe resembles its father. Is it strange that neither of my children look like me. I am glad that it is so. I love these blue-eyed, fair-skinned babies. I shall call him Henry Ossini, that will be for my husband and my father. Bless the darling! what a pride and comfort he will be to his father! I am thinking how delighted my Mary will be. I cannot quite understand it, Lisette, but that child has grown into my heart as if she were my own. I have a strange notion at times that our dear little angel in heaven lives again in her."

"May be so, Miss Isabella, may be so, the dead come back. Ah me! I know it now. The baby is asleep, let me lay it down." As she spoke she took the child from the arms of its mother, and laid it on the bed.

"Lisette, look at me," said the lady. "I know by your face and words that there is trouble. Has any accident happened to my husband? Speak quick, Zell, quick!" I heard the bell, was there a telegram from him?"

"No, no! but in mercy do not call me Zell again! Never! If any accident had happened on the train we should have heard of it. Your husband is, no doubt, safe in Morton Hall, but there is trouble almost as bad as this which you feared. Stop a moment." She ran down, and came back almost instantly with the note which had been left for her husband. "Whose writing is that? Tell me," said Lisette. "Say it is not his. Say that the dead never come back!"

The lady's eyes were dilated with fear as she looked at the handwriting on the note. With a nervous, hurried motion, indifferent to every other thought, save the wish to prove her fears groundless, she tore off the envelope, and read,

TO THE HON. HENRY MORTON. — Sir — You have no doubt by this time received the papers and letters forwarded to Morton Hall. If the lady now called Mrs. Morton still persists in calling herself your wife, allow me a personal interview with her. My claim is legal, and I shall insist upon my rights, or publish her shame to the world. I shall be at your home to-morrow at four p. m.

LONDON, March 12, 18—

The letter dropped from her hands, and she fell like one dead. Lisette lifted her in her arms and laid her beside her baby. Her first words, on recovering, were, "Oh, Lisette! why did I scorn your advice and hide that terrible secret from my husband? It might have saved me from this shame. Lisette, hold my hand! Cannot you see that there is one drop of sweetness in this cup of gall. I am not a murderer! Perhaps God, in mercy, ordered it thus?"

Lisette was surprised, and looked in wonder at her mistress. For herself she had been regretting that she had not, with her own hand, made the blow sure.

"Now, Lisette, hear me! I am calm. One minute has served to take in the whole situation. I am legally, I suppose, Le Mark's wife—at least I know of no law which has released me—but I would sooner die than look upon him again. My

baby! oh my baby! This will be a terrible blow to its father! I see only one way for us to do: You and I must find another home—a secret home—away from all who have known us. I say we; you will not forsake me, Lisette?"

"I leave you!" exclaimed the girl, as if the thought were treason.

"No, Lisette! I know we live and suffer together. I have jewels and money!"

"I have money, too," said Lisette. "We shall not suffer."

"We must be quick in our movements," said her mistress. "If my husband—yes, I will call him such, for such he is in the sight of God—my heart owes allegiance to no other—returns to-morrow, I shall be led to do that which I know to be wrong, for we could not part. Not for one moment would I bring shame upon his beloved head. Now that I know Le Mark lives, I will take my baby (he will let me have that, of course he will; how I forget!) and go where I shall never see him more. It will break my heart! Better this than shame to him."

Lisette looked at her mistress in wonder. Her calmness, the decision of her voice and manner, seemed unlike the Isabella of former days. She could not understand how, with all the terror of her situation, the release from the feeling that another fellow-being's life had not been taken by her hand, gave her courage to act.

"I know," she continued, "of a quiet little town in Switzerland, where my father once took refuge. He has often told me the story. We will go there. We must start to-night; let us prepare at once."

"My lady, I think we shall be more secure in this great city, for awhile, than if we leave the country. I have often heard it said that there are no hiding-places so safe as those to be found in a city. Let us seek an asylum in some remote corner here, for the present, and determine our future course afterwards."

"I leave it all to you, Lisette. But one duty shall be performed after we have taken our flight. I must make a full and free confession to Mr. Morton of our past lives. Alas! I thought it was buried deep, where mortal eye or ear could never hear or see it more. Why did I not learn the lesson which my good old aunt taught me: 'Give the keys of your heart to your husband. Let there be no locked chambers there.'"

"Well, my darling, we come to happiness through many mistakes."

"Happiness! We must not use that word now. I only ask for resignation. God's will be done. Who knows but in Heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling, I may meet my beloved again?"

### Political—The Lesson of the Hour Unlearned.

BY WARREN CHASE.

A more stupid set of politicians was perhaps never at the head of this nation than are at it at the present time. Needless of the warning voice of such shrewd politicians as B. F. Butler, whose warning and retiring voice has pointed out the way the party can retain its control of the country by even a small amount of legislation for the people and the producing classes on the financial question, they still persist in strengthening and perpetuating that most gigantic swindle ever imposed on the people of our country—banking, on interest paying bonds, thus give unlimited scope to speculators to supply to us a currency and draw double interest on it from the pockets of the people; one rate in gold through the treasury on the bonds deposited as security for its redemption in greenbacks, and the other on the loans from its banking houses, and they seek to delude the people with this inflation, while they cry aloud against inflation of greenbacks, the people's money, and only safe paper money, and carp about redeeming them in gold after they drive them out of existence, and supply a currency that can only be redeemed by bonds, through speculators who buy it up at discount to purchase bonds with. The truth is we are in the hands of the worst set of Shylocks that ever controlled our Government; even the war and its pressing necessities, which alone could justify the National Banking Law, was not so great a swindle on the tax-payers, and producers, as the present financial scheme which our leading party politicians are trying to carry through Congress and foist upon the country just before they retire, well knowing no such scheme can succeed after the result of the late elections can be heard in the next congress.

If ever there was a suicidal act of any party, by its leaders, it is in the free banking scheme of Senator Sherman. Once more the country is to be flooded with a new and more ruinous "wild cat" scheme of Banking, and this time the people are to be taxed to pay interest on its securities while the capital is untaxed, or nearly so, and the currency furnished at the expense of the people through the government, while the bankers are allowed to regulate its circulation, and produce panics, contractions and inflations under their manufacturing regulations as they please, and thus control the rates of interest and prices of property and wages of labor throughout the country. How long the people will be imposed upon by this ruinous scheme and the political sophistry that indorses it, we know not; but it would seem that they could readily see that it is their interest to stop the useless interest on securities by cancelling them with their own greenbacks, which are better currency, and that they ought not to put the rates of interest and prices of property entirely at the disposal of speculators and money-lenders, which they do by sustaining this system of National Banks, and would not do by the issue of greenbacks, and making them convertible into bonds at option of holder, and into specie as fast as practicable, by a scheme of gradual redemption of small notes first. Another outrage in the measure is the suppression of fractional currency, on which it is admitted the government saved four per cent., and it is better than silver and copper for circulation.

THERE IS NO DEATH.—If it be true that Nature abhors a vacuum, it is equally true that the Great Creator abhors death, and glories in life. There is really no such thing as death—the term is a misnomer, used to designate the changes which occur in life. Life, eternal life, is created by the laws of Almighty will-power, which are as immutable in their application as is the existence of the Creator himself. When God made life, he made everything necessary to sustain it, but left it for man's progressive intelligence to discover, convert and utilize.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LIFE.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

Life illumines the radiant dew-drop,  
Is the fragrance of a flower;  
Animates all forms of being,  
Is the essence of all power.

Mortal life, like tints of morning,  
Ere the sun makes glad the day,  
Will unfold in endless beauty,  
While the ages bend their way.

Oh thou glorious boon to mortals!  
May we walk thy paths of light,  
Learn to look above earth's shadows,  
To that life where all is bright.

### Chicago Items.

VERIFICATION OF MESSAGE THROUGH MRS. COXANT'S MEDIUMSHIP—MATERIALIZATIONS AT CHICAGO SPIRIT-ROOMS—SPIRIT-ARTIST—TRANCE-SPEAKING, ETC., ETC.

Again it is my privilege to greet you, dear, brave and true old Banner, and your many readers and innumerable host of indefatigable workers. Before writing "Items" of spiritual matters in Chicago, with your permission I wish to bear testimony in favor of our dear friend, Fannie Coxant's mediumship, and therefore declare that the portion of the message addressed to me, which was published in the issue of the Banner of Light dated Oct. 31st, by my valued spirit-friend, Harriet R. Washburn, is correct, and a test. Mrs. W. says: "And to my friend, Annie Lord Chamberlain, I would say, 'Annie, darling, it is all right; you did perfectly right; don't feel sad because you could not come to me when I sent for you; it is all just as it should be.' &c. &c. Mrs. Washburn did send for me to come to her before she passed away, and because of my own poor health at the time, I could not take so long a journey, and felt badly in consequence. This alone is a good test, but to me it proved a double one, as my friend had, previous to giving this message above mentioned, manifested herself to me direct, and in substance said the same; and I requested her, if possible, to visit Mrs. Coxant during one of the Banner séances, and relate the above."

I have not seen, or in any way communicated with Mrs. Coxant since Mrs. W. went to her spirit-home. The husband of Mrs. W.—Mr. William Washburn, of 49 Old Harbor street, South Boston—and her physician, Dr. J. E. Newman, 27 Milford street, Boston, will bear witness to the truthfulness of my statement. And thus the ear of Truth rolls on. Every day we are regaling fresh and conclusive evidence of the power spirits have to satisfy their earth friends as to their identity.

Mrs. Parry, a plain, unpretentious lady, is engaged to hold cabinet séances for the winter at the Chicago Spirit Rooms, 237 West Madison street, and I am informed by those who attend frequently, that the demonstrations are both powerful and convincing. Hands of various sizes and colors appear at the aperture, and scarcely an evening passes without one or more faces being presented, which were frequently recognized by some one in the audience. The medium will allow any gentleman or lady to secure her (so as to remove the suspicion of deception) in any rational manner.

Mrs. Blair, spirit-artist, who is well and favorably known among the Spiritualists of this city, is located in Chicago, at 707 West Madison street. Her work—which is artistic and has often been described through the columns of the Banner—is attracting much attention, and almost daily I hear people, who have visited her and received positive evidence from their friends in spirit-life, say, "God bless Mrs. Blair!"

Mrs. L. F. Hyde, test and business medium, is with us for the winter, at 343 West Washington street. It will not be worth while to write much of her, for Boston and New York people know her to be one of the best, and as correct a business medium as we have in our ranks. Chicago people are fast learning who Mrs. L. F. Hyde is, and all the time she wishes to devote to the public is fully employed.

Mrs. L. A. Crocker is giving many tests and doing much good at 644 Fulton street. She has been before the public but a short time, and is succeeding remarkably well.

Mrs. DeWolfe, Van Buren street, is well known here, and considered a most excellent test medium.

Mrs. Blude and Mrs. Carey are at Mayor Block, rooms 44 and 46. They were reported as doing a good business in the way of tests, medical examinations, independent writing, &c.

Bangs family séances for physical manifestations, are still kept up, much to the delight of the majority who attend.

Dr. Peter West has recently returned from Colorado, and is doing a lively business with his mediumship, which is truly remarkable, it is so varied. He makes a specialty of clairvoyance and healing the sick; and he hardly comes in the presence of a person without giving a test. He sees spirits very clearly.

Dr. Cyrus Lord, healing and developing medium, assisted by Mrs. Mary Woods, clairvoyant, has taken rooms at the corner of Adams street and Fifth avenue, the building where the Religious-Philosophical Journal office is. To my certain knowledge Dr. L. has brought out a great many mediums during the past six months, and I advise all who wish to develop their mediumistic powers to give him a call.

Jennie Lord Webb continues to hold occasional circles at her residence, 111 Walnut street, and hundreds of people in this city to-day bless her for the light and happiness received through her mediumship.

We have been richly fed of late by the influences controlling Mrs. Amelia H. Colby. The lectures through her mediumship are radical, philosophical and scientific. We have listened to ten discourses, and each one was of deep and thrilling interest to all who listened. Mrs. C.'s friend and traveling companion, Mrs. Smith, interested us much with her singing and music on the guitar and organ. I am pleased to state that these ladies have located in Chicago for the winter, and I hope societies in this vicinity will take advantage of Mrs. C.'s proximity and obtain her services for evening lectures, if unable to secure her for Sunday exercises. Friends, you need not fear to engage her, and if you think you would like to hear her please correspond with her at once. Her address is 237 West Madison street, Chicago.

Cephas B. Lynn lectured for the First Society of Spiritualists during December. He is quite a favorite at the West. He will be followed by Dr. Samuel Maxwell, J. M. Peebles and Mrs. A. H. Colby—Mrs. C. being engaged for two months.

Notwithstanding the Philadelphia "Katie King exposé," which is agitating the public mind to a large extent, people are anxious to know more of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism.

All moral reforms have been, at first, persecuted, despised of men, till the possibilities of their advent became known and appreciated. Anti-slavery, Temperance, Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism were born in the manger, and consequently crucified. The veteran Spiritualists are now being paid for what they have suffered as advocates of an unpopular *ism*. The door between the two worlds is wide open, and the loved immortals can be seen and heard.

We thank Spiritualism for the progressive development of the age. It has robbed death of all its terror, divested the grave of its gloom, banished the horror of eternal punishment, and demonstrated the immortality of human life; it has aroused mankind from the sluggish conditions of selfishness and awakened desires for doing good to others; it has softened the heart, opened the sight, stimulated thought, and thus demonstrated to the human race its condition here and destiny hereafter.

We will not rest easy until we have worked through all these unseemly excrescences of time and circumstance, and come forth to the surface clean and clear, with no deformity anywhere. Out of these interior elements let us produce at length as beautiful specimens as the forces of nature anywhere yield. If the material world was so long in being brought to perfection, what of the mind, which was the prototype of the unseen world?

We vainly gloriously think that we have arrived at all truth; that the books are closed, and we have mastered all their hidden mysteries, while we now stand but on the threshold of that vast temple whose overreaching dome is God's illimitable space, whose avenues of knowledge is as eternal as the Infinite.

We rejoice that the light of true Spiritualism is rapidly dispelling the mists of ignorance, superstition and intolerance, which have so long bound the human mind; and we hear the glorious news from every quarter of the globe of the gradual spreading of the angel philosophy which is destined surely to bring "peace on earth and good will to men."

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.  
100 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Dec., 1874.

### Room and Remuneration for them in Texas.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Reading an article in the Banner of Dec. 5th, headed "A Sad Picture," which gave a distressing account of the suffering and destitution in the coal region of Pennsylvania, and taking this picture in connection with many more of like nature that exist in many of the crowded cities of the North—presenting more or less suffering and hopeless poverty, and all for the want of remunerative employment—this question presented itself forcibly: Why are not these destitute poor sent or taken where their labor would be needed, and would be remunerative? Here in Texas is a vast domain of rich productive soil waiting for the hand of the cultivator, whose labors would be amply rewarded by bountiful crops; besides, the labor of men and women are needed here in agricultural and mechanical pursuits. Labor of every kind is remunerative, and in demand. Good housekeepers, and young women could find places in families where they would be appreciated and amply rewarded. This being so, why is it that so many are allowed to eke out a miserable existence, without even the comforts of life, when at the same time the North is filled with so much boasted philanthropy and so many societies for the alleviation of the poor destitute sufferers of the crowded districts? Why would it not be better to send these people where they could support themselves?

Whenever the price of labor runs low, or at every return of the cold, protracted winter, if a society could be formed with means to send these people here, in a few years they would be able to refund the money paid out for them, by working for wages, or farming on shares with every thing furnished. At this writing (Dec. 13) our prairies are yet green; blooms are seen on the peach trees; I see some plums on the trees, nearly ripe, of the second crop. Until now no killing frost. Cows are yet giving good messes of milk without feed other than the prairie grass. There is no healthier region in the world than upper Texas, and no acclimating is necessary for the emigrant. Then, Mr. Editor, is not this the place for "God's poor"—where a part of the green earth can be theirs, and where they can share in the general plenty that God has prepared as a natural heritage for all of his earthly children?

I have ventured these remarks with the hope of inducing some benevolent persons to act in behalf of the destitute and suffering, that they may have permanent relief.

Yours in the cause of humanity,  
SALADO, DEL CO., TEXAS. L. A. GRIFFITH.

For the Banner of Light.

### The Spiritual Magazine.

After mature deliberation I have decided to add half as many more pages to the Magazine. I find I cannot give all the matter I wish without this enlargement. It will then contain forty-eight pages besides the cover, making a volume of about six hundred pages delivered at the office of the subscribers for one dollar and a half in advance. This will involve an additional cost of about ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS per annum.

I have sent specimen copies to about two thousand persons to every state in the Union. If these will remit \$1.50 to me I think I can make the Magazine pay for the printing. Whether it does or not I will publish it during the year, and hope to do so for many years.

May I not appeal to every friend of free thought to aid me in this new enterprise? May I not appeal to the Press, with whom I have been associated for so many years as an editor and publisher, to give a helping hand. This periodical comes in competition with no other, but stands single-handed and alone advocating the harmony between CHRISTIANITY, SCIENCE and SPIRITUALISM, if each is properly understood.

May I not appeal to the most radical Spiritualist to help sustain this Magazine? Though we may differ on some points, yet on many others we harmonize, and am I not endeavoring to accomplish an object which requires me to adopt the course I am pursuing to reach a large and respectable class of the community every where?

You have your work, and are doing it. Let us, then, work together for the redemption of our race from many errors so prevalent in the world.

A new era is dawning upon us. The day is breaking that shall lift the gloom from death and the grave. The veil between the two worlds is being rent asunder. Let us, then, join hearts, hands and purse and help each other on in this glorious work, so that each and all may rejoice as the New Jerusalem descends, and loved ones departed mingle with their earth friends, telling them "there is no death."

Will papers friendly please copy, and oblige,  
SAMUEL WATSON,  
225 Union Street, Memphis, Tenn.







### To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

It is important that the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important facts and opinions, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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### "Katie King's Confession."

The Philadelphia Inquirer of the 9th and 11th instants, contain the autobiography of the young woman, whatever her name may be, who claims to have been the personator of the supposed materialized spirit, Katie King, at the Holmeses' residence. An affidavit, taken before Judge Hanna, and duly witnessed, affirming the truth of the statements in the so-called autobiography, is published, but as it has the signature of no real person, and is simply signed Katie King, it can hardly be called a legal or wholly satisfactory document. The following certificate from Dr. Child does, however, carry weight, and brings us at last the kind of testimony we have been calling for in all the comments we have had occasion to make on the affair:

I hereby certify that I witnessed the signing of the above paper, the confession of KATIE KING, and that it was signed, declared and affirmed to be true by the person who appeared under the signature of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, No. 50 North Ninth street, and No. 225 North Tenth street, as the materialized spirit of KATIE KING.  
HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.  
No. 634 Race street.

As Dr. Child attended all the Katie King séances, we must conclude from the above that he certifies that the supposed spirit on all these occasions he now recognizes as the subject of the "autobiography," and the woman who signed the affidavit in his presence. This is strong testimony, and if backed by that of Mr. Owen, and other investigators, it will be regarded by most persons as almost conclusive in regard to the fraudulent character of the manifestations through the Holmeses.

The autobiography bears marks of having been touched up, and re-written, and amplified by some cheap newspaper man. Some of the previous explanations have been modified, and made more plausible. For instance, we are now told that instead of having concealed herself in a holster while the bed-room was being examined, the confederate, managed, by means of a large mattress laid over a smaller, to make for herself a hiding place by which the arrangement of the bed-clothes was not disturbed, and no suspicion was awakened.

We quote the following passage as one of the most plausible in the "autobiography." The attempts to imitate the London Katie by repeating her rude phrases, seemed to us from the first, somewhat suspicious; and we give the confederate the full benefit of the doubts we entertained. While we never supposed for a moment that the Philadelphia Katie was identical with the London Katie, we saw that the knowledge of the peculiarities of the latter probably came from Mrs. Holmes who was well acquainted with the manifestations through Miss Cook. We give below the passage to which we refer:

"After the excitement had subsided a little, and various requests had been made that I should appear again, I pulled the curtain to one side, showed my face at the aperture, and three or four voices at the same time said, 'Who are you?' please tell us your name." I answered in a low whisper, as before, "I am Katie King, you stupid."

"These cant phrases, 'you stupid,' 'I shan't,' 'to be sure I am,' etc., were used by Florence Cook (so I was informed by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes) when personating Katie King and it was very important that I should use them, so that the people would think I was the same Katie who had appeared in London. The sensation among the audience was greater than at first, and often was the question asked, 'Can this possibly be the Katie King who appeared through the mediumship of Florence Cook, in London?' After a few moments I again showed my face, and said, 'Of course it is, you stupid.' The sensation was even greater than before. I again withdrew. The lady medium remarked that 'spirits could not remain materialized but a few moments at a time; they had to retire into the cabinet to gather strength.' On my appearance again at the aperture, Dr. Child asked me 'when I had been in London.' I replied, 'I attended a séance there to-day, you stupid,' and again retired.

"Mr. H. suggested that I had said enough for the first time, and I left the cabinet, passed through the bed-room, up-stairs to my own room, on the third floor. The audience soon after retired, congratulating each other 'that the materialization of spirits was a fact beyond all doubt.' Katie's first appearance was an entire success; the mediums were overjoyed, and the audience highly pleased. The news that a spirit had appeared and talked to the audience spread through the ranks of the faithful with immense rapidity. So great was the excitement that the parlor was filled every evening, and large numbers were sent away for want of room to admit them."

The autobiography adds no confirmation to what we have already had on this subject. It clears up none of the mysteries; it offers mere assertions in the place of satisfactory explanations. But when Dr. Child declares that he distinctly recognizes the identity of the supposed spirit and the woman who claims to have personated it, we are compelled to admit that a proof of fraud, such as we have not before had, comes in. It is a pity that neither Dr. Child nor Mr. Owen could have stated as much as this at the outset. Mr. Owen has repeatedly given us to understand that he has not found reason to repudiate all preceding manifestations through

the Holmeses as untrustworthy; and yet, if Dr. Child is now right, the Philadelphia Katie King manifestation was from the beginning to the end a fraud.

There are other parties to be heard from on this question before the case can be regarded as settled. The affidavit of a woman who confesses to have lent herself to a heartless and revolting fraud, and who now declines to sign her own name to her story, adds little or no weight to the representations that had previously come to us at second-hand.

As for her assertion that the "spirit faces" produced at the Holmeses' séances were "simply false faces which can be purchased by the dozen for ten cents apiece," we are not prepared to believe that the many intelligent persons who witnessed the manifestations were gulled by so childish a trick as this. Are we to understand that Dr. Child endorses this charge? Was he, with all his experience as an investigator, gulled by a bit of paste-board from the toy-shop into belief in a spirit manifestation? Were Messrs. Owen, Roberts, Bloede, Fellger, Clarke and others also the dupes of a contrivance so obvious, so easy, and so absurd?

The style of the autobiography does not altogether smack of sincerity. Perhaps this will be explained by telling us that she has furnished merely the substance of the narrative, and is not responsible for the diction. But if we admit this supposition, doubt is thrown on the accuracy of the whole story. It at once begins to wear the aspect of a sensational newspaper job, got up with a view to promote rather than to the evolution of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

We commend to the reader's consideration the following passage from this pretended autobiography:

"I soon learned how easy it was to deceive the people. After the first two or three nights my whole nature revolved at the idea of this gross deception. Night after night was this room filled with lawyers, doctors, professors, tradesmen, mechanics and laborers, watching these manifestations, which, from the beginning to the end were wickedly and maliciously false. The interest manifested by the people kept increasing, which only aggravated my sensitive nature. I was often sick at heart; I felt that I was guilty of a great crime. Night after night was my pillow wet with tears; the heart would overflow with grief. I appeared to be surrounded with a cloud of sorrow from which there was no escape. Here was my helpless little boy and frail old mother looking to me for bread. In my troubled dreams I seemed to see their eyes riveted on me, saying, 'Our whole hope and dependence is on you.' 'I was suffering physical as well as mental pain. Notwithstanding the many prayers and supplications I sent up to Heaven for relief, no answer came. There appeared to be no way but to continue in this wicked, sinful course. I felt now that it was good for me to be afflicted. This severe ordeal that I went through gave me a more clear and comprehensive view of right and wrong. No amount of money or other consideration could ever induce me to again participate in such an infamous transaction. Oh poverty, poverty! how many victims lie prostrate at your feet!'"

When this young woman tells us of her "sensitive nature" in the same breath in which she describes with evident pride and satisfaction the clever ways in which she fooled her spectators, we are disposed to say with Hamlet, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much." A plain, direct confession, full, without being prolix, and divested of all "drapery" and humbug, might have produced an impression; but we confess that our distrust is sharply excited by all this glib talk of her "pillow wet with tears," her "heart overflowing with grief," and her "supplications to heaven for relief."

All this course of deception, this "wicked, sinful course," was, it seems, merely a severe ordeal, revealing in the end that it "was good for her to be afflicted!" Her "wickedness" was destined, it seems, to give her "a more clear and comprehensive view of right and wrong!" Now the vulgar notion is, that persistence in evil doing blunts our sense of right and wrong. It was reserved for the Philadelphia Katie to reverse our notions on this subject. She seems to have said with Satan, "Evil be thou my good," and to have gone on, aiding and abetting a cruel fraud, and wetting her pillow with tears, until some fine gentleman should step in and offer "inducements" that would make her own up, and turn over a new leaf.

But the distrust awakened by the autobiography does not set aside the testimony of Dr. Child, whom we all know to be thoroughly sincere in his desire for the truth. Should this testimony be confirmed by that of other responsible witnesses, and fail to be rebutted by any counter-testimony of weight, we shall be compelled to admit that a charge of fraud has been made out. We must wait, however, until this is done before we can regard the question as finally set at rest.

### Capt. E. B. Ward.

One of the foremost citizens of Michigan, as to business capacities, public usefulness and depth of soul as well as purse, passed suddenly from the busy scenes of the mortal life to join in the companionship of that spiritual world, with whose denizens it was his happy privilege so often to commune while yet in his earth-life, on Saturday, Jan. 2d. While walking in the street at Detroit, he was stricken with apoplexy, and soon expired. He was born Dec. 25, 1811, in Canada; went to Detroit in ten years of age, and resided there till his decease, passing along the ascending scale of pecuniary success from the position of a cabin boy on a small schooner to that of the richest man in Michigan—his wealth at the time of his death being variously estimated at from five to ten millions of dollars. Of his decease the Christian Register (Boston) of Jan. 9th says:

"Capt. E. B. Ward, of Detroit, whose sudden death is said to have produced a sensation in his city second only to that occasioned by the death of President Lincoln, was one of the most remarkable men that we have ever known. A poor boy, with a slender school training, he acquired a great deal of important information, and made his way to the foremost place in the ranks of the business men of the North-west. He had built and used a score of large steamers, besides many vessels of smaller size, owned vast rolling mills, saw mills, and many thousands of acres of valuable pine lands, with iron mines, silver mines, &c. He was President of two railroads. His great wealth is estimated by millions. \* \* \* With extreme self-reliance he thought for himself upon all subjects, being almost entirely indifferent to public opinion and the voices of 'authority.' \* \* \* He was a very liberal friend of the Detroit Unitarian church, and was also a prominent Spiritualist. He subscribed \$2,000 towards the Index Fund, and was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Free Religious Association. From some of his theoretical and practical views of human life and duty we were obliged to dissent most emphatically; but while we could not approve of all he said or did, we have been attached to him by the grateful memory of personal kindness, and the knowledge of many acts of unostentatious generosity which he performed."

### Timely Words for Spiritualists.

When a true and tried Spiritualist like William Howitt speaks frankly on that subject which lies nearest the hearts of believers like himself, it is needless to remark that his words are deserving of close attention. In a recent number of the London Spiritual Magazine he has another of his outspoken articles addressed to the special consideration of the National Association of Spiritualists, comprising lessons from history which he urges upon them as of special timeliness. His object is, as he opens with declaring, to furnish the Association with "a few more proofs of the dangers of the path upon which it has entered." After duly perusing his promise, he appeals to every Spiritualist to reflect seriously that he has not only his own character for sober sense and reliable judgment at stake, but that of every brother and sister of the faith. "He avers that, in view of what all are able to observe for themselves, the times demand from us the most vigilant caution and sagacity of action. The noted declarations of Prof. Tyndall, at Belfast, ought to show the immense importance of Spiritualism at the present time. In the Tyndall address, as is known to everybody, the triumph of Materialism was vaunted, and believers in the immortality of the spirit were warned that the physiologists would go on until they had driven spirit completely out of the field. It is as Mr. Howitt says—had not Spiritualism been brought into renewed action against them, the Materialists would have trampled on the soul of humanity, stamped out every trace of faith in the nobler part of our being, and blotted out our divine hopes. It was against Spiritualism that Materialism aimed its attacks."

Prof. Tyndall and his school claim to be able to prove, by negation at least, that man is a mere physical machine. It became obvious at once that the pulpit could not cope with them. They could not bring practical facts to rebut their physical ones, unless they were satisfied to go back two thousand years. It is to Spiritualism that God has assigned the glorious mission of confronting and confounding these sons of earth literally on their own ground of actual experiment. It appears with the visible, tangible, irrefutable facts to answer them. It produces on the scene "spirit, visible, palpable, living, reassuring, and invincible over dust and all the champions of the science of dust." This, says the venerable Mr. Howitt, is the grand fact which troubles the hearts of the philosophers of mere matter, which shakes off their chariot wheels, and which they deny in vain. The more they deny the spirit, the stronger and more indomitably it rises before them and obstructs their way, and crushes into nothing their boasts. Spirits embodied—clear, brilliant, immortal—issue not merely in silent motions and written words from the realms of the invisible, but in full form walk substantially amongst us, converse with us in tones as sonorous and articulate as our own, and confirm all the revelations of past ages, all the assurances of man's immortality, as true and inextinguishable facts." These are plain and palpable reasons, in the venerable writer's view, why Spiritualists are to seriously consider that the illustrious duty is entrusted to them of defending and maintaining the integrity of human life beyond the reign of matter, and of manifesting it beyond the reach of all argument, beyond all physical facts and theories, marching hand-in-hand with the spirit-hosts themselves.

It is for Spiritualists, as he well says, to take up this "banner of the immortals," and bear it triumphantly in the face of the world, and to harden once more the dragon of base negation in its native regions of darkness. It is the long denied spirits themselves who now come to confute the philosophers, and have already turned the battle against them. And with believing Spiritualists rests the hope of man as an immortal on earth. Without these incontrovertible truths of Spiritualism, the Tyndalls, Huxleys and Darwins would have trodden man's sublimity hopes into the clay of this globe. To feel conscious of such a charge as this, is to compel his faithful performance. Mr. Howitt appeals to Spiritualists everywhere to comprehend their responsibility; that they, to whom has been committed this practical demonstration of our heavenly origin and destiny, should feel anxiously careful to maintain their divine office, in bravery, honor and purity; that they should be careful to follow no false device, nor by alliance to sanction those who do. Of one thing, he most impressively adds, we may be certain: that God will not permit the defeat of his great designs. "He will keep alive on the earth His inextinguishable revelations of immortality, and He will find the instruments to do it. Those who betray their high trust through a false ideal, or through a diseased and spurious liberality, will fall like withered leaves from the Tree of Life, and men of sounder brains and more healthy hearts will take their place as His champions. Men may fail or turn aside—God will go right on forever." These are timely words to Spiritualists, and should make them more than ordinarily thoughtful.

### Curiosities of the Circle.

Mrs. Maud Lord, the well-known spiritual medium, gave a séance at her residence, No. 26 Hanson street, on the evening of Jan. 8th. One of the editors of the Boston Herald was present. We extract from his remarks the following. Among those present were Mr. Cooper and Mr. Morse, of England, the latter a medium; and both prominent writers and lecturers upon the subject of Spiritualism, who are now visiting this country for the further investigation of the phenomena. No manifestations of interest occurred up to ten o'clock, these two gentlemen left, when it was suggested that the "positive influence" of one of them might have hindered the manifestations, and as the medium said she was impressed that another trial would result more satisfactorily, the circle was re-formed, and the gas extinguished.

"In a moment the circle appeared to be filled with invisible life. Vapory lights glided about the room. A guitar was carried over the heads of the circle, and the ceiling, emitting soft harmonies, imitating the tolling of a distant bell, and then descending to playfully tap people upon their heads. Various people were addressed by name in ghostly whispers, and as one gentleman was attempting to take his handkerchief from his pocket, of course beyond the possibility of the medium knowing any thing about it, a whisper said, 'G—, I will wipe your nose for you,' and suited the action to the word. Another gentleman with confined hands and an itching nose asked for the good offices of the invisibles in his dilemma, and the response was prompt in two cases, although the request was the last time made then. In one or two cases the lights assumed to some the semblance of human faces. Rings and eyeglasses were taken from people in the circle, hands of various sizes were felt upon the head and face, and a fan was whisked about the circle, fearfully agitating the air of the rath-

er close apartment. Ingress to the room by outside parties was strictly guarded against, and the medium sat in the centre of the circle clapping her hands during the manifestations. She does not object to lady visitors holding her hands during the séances, which is frequently done as a guarantee of her honesty in the matter."

### The Paine Memorial Building

And home of the Boston Investigator will be dedicated to free thought, and the untrammelled use of reason, by a series of appropriate exercises, on Friday, Jan. 29th, day and evening. This fine monumental and useful pile is reared on Appleton street, side by side with the Parker Memorial, and within gun-shot of the fashionable Back Bay churches. Long may it hold up to the view of the passing multitudes the fearless utterances of the author-hero of the revolution, which have been inscribed by reverent hands upon the tablets that ornament its front. The hour is coming when this and the Parker Memorial will be pointed out as twin honors to our city. In the meantime—where is the Spiritualists' temple?

### Mr. J. J. Morse.

The Boston Herald of Jan. 11th, speaks in the following commendatory terms concerning this gentleman's first lecture in Boston, (a report of which will be found on our eighth page):

"Mr. J. J. Morse, a celebrated 'inspiration' speaker of England, addressed a delighted audience yesterday afternoon at Beethoven Hall. In manner and matter the address has scarcely been equalled here by any speaker upon Spiritualism since the advent of Gerald Massey. Although without the advantages of a liberal education, Mr. Morse, under his professed control, discourses profoundly and lucidly, and with a rare grace of oratory."

### The Destitute in Kansas.

We published a letter in our last issue calling for aid for the sufferers in Kansas, in consequence of the failure of their crops last year. Those who have sought to contribute to their brothers in distress in that distant State, can send direct to C. H. Morehouse, Irving, Kansas, or we will remit in their behalf.

For account of the late Central New York Association of Spiritualists' Convention, see third page.

The friends of Frank T. Ripley, trance test medium, gave him a complementary benefit at the home of Mrs. S. W. Stanwood, No. 32 Russell street, Charlestown, on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 6th. Many remarkable demonstrations of spirit intelligence were given through the organism of Mr. Ripley. Mrs. E. J. Wells, Mrs. Stanwood and Mrs. Bettinson, and a beautiful bouquet was presented to Mr. R., as an agreeable addition to the exercises.

Those desiring tests or medical treatment will do well to consult Mr. Ripley at his residence, No. 20 Winthrop street, Bunker Hill District, as he has won the approbation of all who have here-tofore had dealings with him.

In another column will be found the call of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

On another page of this issue the reader will find a Card from Rev. Samuel Watson, editor and proprietor of *The Spiritual Magazine*. Its contemplated enlargement is surely indicative of success, aside from Mr. Watson's desire to give his readers additional matter. But as he appeals to the friends of free thought to aid him, by becoming subscribers, it gives us pleasure to say that no one in our ranks is more deserving of such aid than Mr. Watson. One dollar and a half is a mere trifle for so valuable a work.

Messrs. Rand & Avery, of this city, turn out from their extensive printing establishment elegant specimens of "the art preservative of all arts." We have just received from this house a large card, headed, "True time for all." It not only gives the months of the present year, the days of each month in circular form, but the difference in time of several of the most prominent cities in the United States. The whole arrangement resembles the dial of a clock, with actual movable hands upon it denoting the month and the day of the month. Every counting-room should have a copy.

Read the "EAT" narrative in the January number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—published by Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York city, and for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

A fine report of the "CONVERSATION UPON SPIRITUALISM BEFORE THE SPIRITUALISTS' UNION," held through the mediumship of Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, at Rochester Hall, on Sunday evening, Jan. 10th, laid over for want of space, will appear in our next paper.

"Spiritualism among the Shakers," is the title of an article from the pen of F. W. Evans, the talented Shaker, which we reprint from the New York Tribune, at his request. It will no doubt be perused with interest by our patrons.

The initial new year's issue of S. R. Well's SCIENCE OF HEALTH—for sale by Colby & Rich—is a gem in the field of hygienic literature.

The masquerade party held at John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, by Messrs. C. W. Huggins and J. M. Foster, was a well-attended and pleasant affair.

A very full and exhaustive article in reply to the unwarranted and unwarrantable philippics in a recent number of HANPER'S WEEKLY against SPIRITUALISM, prepared by an able critic in Washington, will appear in the forthcoming issue of this paper. It is entitled "AN UNWELCOME TRUTH."

On dit that Isaac Butt, the Irish member of the British Parliament from Limerick, is coming to the United States to lecture on Spiritualism.

Colby & Rich offer for sale at their bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, the following current pamphlets, which will bear a wide reading:

A FRIENDLY CONTROVERSY between Rev. Mr. —, a Baptist Minister, and J. B. Angell, the author of "Why I am a Spiritualist," and "Why I am not an Orthodox."

VITAL MAGNETISM, The Life Fountain; An Answer to Dr. Brown-Séquard's Lectures on Nerve-Force. By E. D. Babbitt, D. M.

SPIRITUALS; or, Spirits Interviewed. By J. B. Newbrough.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER. Samson: a Myth-Story of the Sun.

### Wonderful Spirit-Materializations in Colorado.

SOUTH PUEBLO, Col., Dec. 13th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
According to previous promise, I will give your readers a brief account of two séances held by our private circle, recently organized. Our medium is Mrs. Doctor William Vale. She has from a child possessed wonderful mediumistic power, but being sharply forbidden by her Orthodox parents from exercising it, she remained undeveloped until our circle was organized, three or four weeks since. At our first séances we were promised spirit materialization as soon as a cabinet was made. This accomplished, last Tuesday we held our first cabinet séance. A spirit hand was immediately materialized, and a moment afterwards several faces were imperfectly formed at the aperture. Loud raps on the inside announced another attempt at materialization, which was more successful. A perfect face came from the cabinet, and the lower part of the form was imperfectly materialized outside the cabinet. It represented a female spirit, apparently about twenty years old. The circle being abruptly broken, the spirit form dissolved before our eyes. The spirits rapped for us to go to the assistance of the medium, who was so much prostrated that we thought best to close the séance. This was in a moderate light. Last night, after several attempts at materialization, a female form, from the waist up, appeared, remained a few moments, and disappeared. Loud raps in the cabinet announced another spirit. The aperture opened, and a face was shown. It was next seen outside the cabinet, and soon the developed form of a female spirit, dressed in a long flowing white robe, appeared. She gradually advanced toward the audience, and in a distinct whisper, hurriedly said: "I am Ellen Tyler." She then gave her age and the place of her death. At her request we furnished more light, and the spirit then glided to the cabinet, and holding up the curtain, she stood on one side and said, pointing to the medium, "See! see!" She remained there for a minute or two, spirit and medium, both in full view. The circle being broken, the spirit began to dissolve, and the curtain dropped. The medium then came out, much exhausted.

Considering we have held but two cabinet séances, we think our medium will prove the greatest in the world. I believe there is but one other instance where medium and spirit have both been seen in full light at the same moment.

Our people all over the territory are exercised on the subject of Spiritualism, and we shall, no doubt, be able, through our wonderful medium, to add more evidence substantiating the truth of spirit-materialization.

FRANK H. SHROCK.

### COOPERATIVE EVIDENCE.

The following letter, of a later date than the above, was handed to us for publication by our friend Dr. A. H. Richardson, of the Bunker Hill District, Boston, received from his brother, a resident of Colorado:

PUEBLO, COL., Dec. 23d, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER—Thinking you might be pleased to learn the spread of the truth in this far-off corner of the world, I write to tell of the glorious evidences of the continuation of life we are having here on the border. An organization cannot be in a truly healthy condition, unless its life currents pulsate in its extremities. I write to tell you that the pulsations of Spiritualism are felt and witnessed away out here among the Rocky Mountains.

But a few weeks ago a few believers commenced to hold circles, and the result is, that we are now having some of the finest and most gloriously satisfying materializations that we have ever heard of. Last evening, for the first time, we opened the doors to the public. There were present several prominent judges, lawyers, and other influential citizens, to witness the remarkable materializations of spirits. The medium sits entranced in a cabinet similar, I should think, to the one used by Miss Cook, in London. Different spirits appear at the aperture in the curtain and come out in full form, and talk to their friends in a well-lighted room!

In many instances the meetings are affecting in the extreme. Palpable forms (of seeming flesh and blood) meet and embrace long separated friends and relatives, and talk as in former days.

We are truly having Pentecostal times just now, and even the "Christians" are pressing in to sit and feast at our table. And so the wave rolls on, now surging against these old rocky hills. It is dashing its spray into the face of Old Theology, and some of her children are wise enough to appropriate its life-giving, revivifying waters.

The medium's name is Mrs. S. L. Vale, wife of Dr. Vale, practising physician of this city. From the very satisfactory beginning we have made, we may reasonably expect greater evidences ere long.

WARREN RICHARDSON.

PAYLON, 57 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

FRIEND COLBY—Dr. A. H. Richardson, of this city, called and told me he had handed to you a letter from his brother who lives in Pueblo, Col., giving an account of materializations in that place which are wonderful. The same day I saw in the Weekly Register of Central City, Col., (of Dec. 23d.), the enclosed slip. As just at this time so much of interest attaches to this class of manifestation, everything that is well authenticated is wanted to counteract the Owen-Child exposé. This is a genuine case, I judge, by what Mr. Richardson wrote. Yours, &c.,

H. F. GARDNER.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.—On Saturday evening last a spiritual séance was held at the house of Dr. Vale, in Pueblo, Colo. Vale being the medium. A local correspondent, who was present, together with five unbelievers, says the circle was formed, Mrs. V. being in the cabinet. For the balance we quote his own words. He says: "Face after face was imperfectly formed at the aperture. At length what seemed to be the form of an old lady, from the waist up, appeared outside the cabinet. Some trouble in the circle caused her to melt away. We sat there for three-quarters of an hour, when startling soundings were heard inside the cabinet. The usual rustling was heard, and a face appeared and came out of the cabinet and formed into a full female form. In a long, loose, flowing robe, gathered at the waist with a white scarf. She glided toward the circle, and spoke in a low whisper, perfectly audible to all present. 'I am Ellen Tyler.' There was thirty-five years difference of opinion as to her true identity. Some said, 'Canton, or some such name.' Quick! light! light! We turned the lamp on to its highest capacity, and the form glided to the cabinet, lifted the curtain, held it up to her right hand, and with her left pointed to the medium and said, 'See! see!' There in full view was Mrs. Vale, in a trance, and the spirit-form as palpable as any flesh and blood. For a minute this thrilling tableau remained. The circle becoming excited, the face grew indistinct, the curtain dropped, and the circle closed. Now, Mr. Editor, let no one charge fraud. If you or any one wishes to interview the medium and inspect the premises in daylight, just call on Dr. Vale and you can be gratified, most intelligent, respectable people saw what I have described, and as I described. We expect greater manifestations than ever."

New York Spiritualists and Liberals should patronize Andrew Jackson Davis' Bookstore and newspaper dépôt. One of the oldest pioneers in our cause should not be obliged to languish for lack of pecuniary support. His works should be in every household in the land











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Dr. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, and that he has secured scientific knowledge with keen and reliable clairvoyance.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

THE SPIRITUALIST, the recognized weekly organ of the educated Spiritualists of Europe, is the oldest newspaper connected with the movement in Great Britain, and has a steadily increasing circulation in all parts of the world.

Among the contributors to its pages are most of the leading and more experienced Spiritualists, including many eminent in the ranks of literature, art, science, and the peerage.

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## SPRIT PICTURES.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MATERIALIZED SPIRIT OF KATIE KING.

Taken in London, Eng.—Dr. J. M. GULLY being her companion on the plate.

PHOTOGRAPH OF VASHTI, THE SPIRIT INDIAN FRIEND OF MRS. J. H. CONANT.

Medium of the Banner of Light Pure Circles—the Medium being her companion in the picture.

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Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those individuals to the various professions, and the most suitable marriage. Full delineation, \$2.00, and four cents stamps.

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Dec. 19—7w

## DUMONT C. DAKE, M.D.,

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POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their best locations for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and full address, enclosing \$2.00.

JOHN M. SPEAR, 220 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia. Jan. 17—7w

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