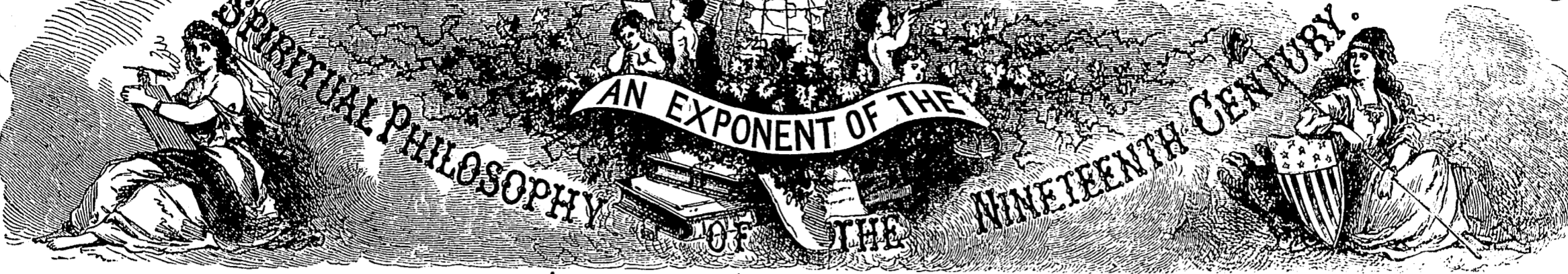


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Banner Contents.

First page: "The Personal Experiences of William H. Mumler in Spirit-Photography." "Britain's Journal." "A. J. Davis & Co. Returning Thanks." "Story." "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life." by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second: "The Holmes Imbroglio." Third: Same continued; Banner Correspondence from various localities. Fourth: Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department; "Convention in West Winfield, N. Y." Obituaries; "Materializations at the Residence of Mrs. Andrews." Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "Immortality—Its Facts and Philosophy," a lecture delivered at Beethoven Hall, Sunday, Jan. 24th, by J. J. Morse, etc.

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

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from Banner of January 16th.]

PART THREE.

Having presented sufficient evidence to show that spirit forms appear upon the negative, aside from anything that I do more than in taking an ordinary picture, I will now proceed to give some of the later evidences I have to prove that these forms are actual likenesses of those who have passed to spirit-life. The first I shall offer is that of

CHARLES F. LIVERMORE, a member of the firm of Livermore, Clew & Co., Bankers on Wall street. Mr. Livermore came to me a perfect stranger, and desired a sitting. His name was asked for the purpose of recording it in the "engagement book;" but he declined to give it, saying, "A numeral will represent me just as well as my name." He was therefore recorded as "Mr. 500." Mr. Livermore sat three times, and I did not succeed in getting a spirit form. Mr. L. remarked that he had a severe headache, and did not think I would be successful. I however proposed to make one more trial, which he acceded to, and this time appeared on the plate the form of a lady standing behind him, with one hand on his forehead, and the other resting on his breast, holding a bunch of lilies. The negative was shown him, when he desired me to make another trial, which I did; and this time I succeeded in getting the same face, but in a different attitude. The form was represented behind him, both hands holding a wreath of flowers, seemingly as if in the act of placing it on his head. This negative was also shown him, when he desired still another sitting. This time the same form again appeared, but still in another position—behind him, pointing upward. Mr. L. desired to know when the cards would be ready, and was told "in three days." At the expiration of that time he called, and, on receiving the pictures, exclaimed, "I shall never doubt any more." I asked him if he recognized the likenesses, and he replied, "It is my wife." Here, then, is a test that is simply unanswerable—the unmistakable likeness of this gentleman's wife appearing in three different positions, totally unlike any that she had taken during life. Mr. Livermore testified to the above facts, under oath, at my trial; and when the Judge asked him if he recognized these pictures as likenesses of his wife, his answer was, "Unmistakably."

MR. WILLIAM HUBBARD AND WIFE, of New York, both had sittings with me. Mrs. Hubbard came first to my gallery, and while sitting for her picture, mentally requested that her little boy would show himself as he used to while saying his prayers. On developing the negative, the boy's form was observed standing in front of her, and resting his head on her breast. Subsequently the spirit-son said, through a medium, that if his father would sit he would try and show himself plainer. Mr. Hubbard accordingly had a sitting, when his son appeared in a different position, facing directly front, and leaning against his father. Mr. H. is an honorable gentleman, and will no doubt endorse the above statement.

MR. PAUL BREMOND, of Houston, Texas, also testified under oath to his having a number of pictures taken by me which he recognized. Mr. B. is the founder of the Houston and Texas Railroad, and is a gentleman of position and wealth.

MR. ELMER TERRY, 357 Bleeker street, New York, stated under oath that I took two pictures for him, one of which he recognized as his son, the other as a lady friend; and to prove that it was not mistaken identity, he called as evidence a relative of the lady.

MR. JACOB KINGSLAND, while under oath stated that he recognized the lady as his cousin, also recognized Mr. Terry's son. This gentleman was not a Spiritualist.

JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS, late of New York, testified to having a picture taken which he recognized.

DAVID A. HOPKINS, of New York, stated under oath that he had a picture taken which he recognized.

MRS. LUTHERIA C. REEVES, residing at 699 Washington street, New York, testified to her having a picture taken which she recognized as her son.

SAMUEL K. FANSHAW, artist, New York. This gentleman is considered one of the best miniature painters and facial experts in that city, and, being such, his evidence is valuable, inasmuch as it disproves what is so often stated by skeptical people, viz., that my pictures are likenesses only when persons imagine them to be so. Under oath he stated that he came to me an entire stranger, and sat for a picture—witnessed the whole process, he being familiar with photography—and received a likeness of his mother, which he said, was more like her than the one he had painted from memory.

ANN F. INGALLS, New York, testified under oath to her having sat for a picture and obtained a likeness of her son.

I have given the above cases as evidence of the strongest kind, because the facts were elicited under oath. Much more could be offered from among my New York experiences, but I do not deem it necessary. I will proceed to give the evidences of spirit-photography which came to hand after my return to Boston.

Some ten years or more ago, a gentleman in California sent me his picture, with the request that at a specified time I would put it on my table and take a likeness of it, placing the camera at the same relative distance as if I had a personal sitting. He stated that at the same hour (making allowance for the difference in time) he would sit quietly, concentrating his mind on the subject, and request some of his spirit-friends

to try and show themselves with the picture. The result of the experiment was a success, as, on developing the negative, three forms (if my memory serves me) were seen standing around the table, which, the gentleman wrote me, were recognized. Since that time I have taken many pictures that way, and have given some beautiful tests.

I have taken quite a number of pictures for DR. WILLIAM EDWARDS, No. 616 New Capitol street, Washington, D. C., a gentleman that I have never met, but have, in the above manner, taken pictures of nearly all the members of his family who have passed to spirit-life, which he fully and unmistakably recognizes.

MRS. H. B. HAINES, of New Orleans, La., sent a picture to be copied; and after receiving the copies she wrote me as follows: "On looking at my pictures I was gratefully surprised to recognize the unmistakable likeness of my mother."

MR. JOSEPH DEXTER, of Boston, called on me to have a picture taken; but, not making any personal sittings at that time, he left his carte de visite to have me copy it, which I did, and succeeded in getting his mother, which, he told me, was recognized by his sister and other members of the family. An excellent test in connection with this picture is that his mother promised, through a medium, that she would hold in her hand an anchor of flowers. The picture shows that the promise was fulfilled.

In a letter from MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, the well known medium, who is now in Virginia City, Nevada, she says: "You may remember that some time ago I sent you an order for a spirit-picture of Mrs. Smith. At the time appointed I sat alone; the spirit of Mrs. S. came with three others. I talked to them as to persons in the form; exhibited to them some of your pictures, and asked them to go to you and try and show themselves on the picture you were about taking. They bowed and were gone. I did not know the parties, and wondered if they understood me and had gone to your room to be taken. The pictures were wanted as a test. When they arrived I was surprised to see the very spirits I had previously seen—four in all—on the card. I sent it to Mrs. Smith's family, who at once recognized them."

Mrs. Brown added, "Is not this a good test?" I responded, "Yes, a beautiful test, one which ought to be sufficient to establish the fact of your clairvoyant powers, as also that of spirit-photography."

MR. C. H. M. GOWAN, of Trinity, La., writes: "The pictures received were satisfactory, and I think I may now advise others to go and do likewise. And I hope that your beautiful calling may become better known, better appreciated and better sustained in its purity by a noble and progressive people."

MRS. J. C. CHAMBERLAIN, Palmyra, Neb., informs me by letter that the three forms on her picture plate are recognized as a brother and two sisters, and she is perfectly satisfied.

A short time since, I received a letter containing a carte de visite from

MR. J. F. RIBLETT, of Ackley, Iowa, with the request that I should copy the card at a specified time, which I did. On developing the negative, the form of a lady was seen standing by the side of the table, holding in one hand a scroll, on which was plainly seen the name of "Katie Karn." After I had returned the pictures to our enterprise—have practically demonstrated their interest in the success of the Journal, will please accept the assurance of our grateful esteem. We deeply regret this forced leave of them, and retire from public observation, we shall at least carry with us some pleasant memories of labors faithfully performed, and of friends never to be forgotten.

S. B. BRITTON.

Before concluding this imperfect biography of my experiences in Spirit-Photography, I will give some of the evidences of those who have personally visited me for sittings since my return to Boston. I am restrained from giving publicity to many beautiful tests, from the fact that those who have received them are afraid of "what the world might say of them."

I will commence, then, with

MRS. LINCOLN, Widow of the late lamented President. I had just finished taking a picture for a gentleman who resides in Canada when the door-bell rang, and a lady dressed in black, wearing a crape veil, was ushered in. The veil was so thick it was impossible to distinguish a single feature of her face. Without raising her veil she spoke to the gentleman for whom I had just taken a picture, saying, "Have you had picture taken, sir?" He replied in the affirmative. "I recognize it?" she asked. He answered, "Well, I am not much used to looking at a negative, but I think I know who it is." Then, turning to me, she said: "What do you charge for these pictures?" I stated the price, and she decided to sit for one. I requested her to be seated; would be ready for her in a moment. I went into my dark room and coated a plate. When I came out I found her seated, with her veil still over her face. I asked if she intended to have her picture taken with the veil? She replied, "When you are ready, I will remove it." I said I was ready; she then removed the veil, and the picture was taken. I then requested her name for the purpose of recording it in the engagement book. "Mrs. Lindall" was given. Mrs. L. said when she could have the pictures; and was told, in about three days. The negative, marked, "Mrs. Lindall," is sent with the others to my printers. The pictures were returned only a few moments before Mrs. Lincoln called, laid on my desk, in envelopes, with the names on the outside that were on the negative—Mrs. Lindall's among her rest. I was away at the time, and consequently had not seen the pictures, and did not recognize the form of her negative, as I had not the slightest idea that I had had such distinguished sitters.

My wife was engaged in conversation with a lady friend, when the door-bell rang, and a lady was shown in. She asked if her pictures were ready? My wife said, "That name?" The lady replied, "Mrs. Lindall." Mrs. M. then went to my desk, and looking over the packages of pictures, found one marked Mrs. Lindall, which she handed to her, and then continued the conversation with her friend, who, by-the-way, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked Mrs. Lincoln, (who was at this time examining her picture closely), if she recognized the likeness? Mrs. L. replied hesitatingly, "Yes." My wife was almost instantly entranced, and, turning to Mrs. L., said: "Mother, if you cannot recognize father, show the picture to Robert; he will recognize it."

"Yes—yes, dear," Mrs. Lincoln said; "I do recognize it; but who is now speaking?" she asked. The control replied: "Thaddeus." A long conversation ensued. Mr. Lincoln afterwards controlled and talked to her beautifully—so the lady friend informed me who had thus unexpectedly been a witness of this excellent test.

When my wife resumed her normal condition, she found Mrs. L. weeping tears of joy that she had again found her loved ones, and appeared anxious to learn, if possible, how long before she could join them in their spirit home. But this information of course could not be given. Mrs. Lincoln then related how she left Springfield, Ill., for the sole purpose of visiting my studio, and having a picture taken as a test. For that express purpose she travelled in *cog*. When she arrived in Boston, she came directly to my house, before visiting a hotel, for fear that some one who knew her might see and recognize her, and thus defeat the object for which she had taken such a long journey.

The picture of Mr. Lincoln is an excellent one. He is seen standing behind her, with his hands resting on her shoulders, and looking down, with a pleasant smile.

CAPT. R. MONTGOMERY, of Fodgson Mills, Me., first sent me his carte de visite to copy, and received an unmistakable likeness of his daughter. Subsequently he visited a medium, when his daughter controlled, and told him if he would sit for a picture she would accompany him. He called on me for a sitting, when his child again appeared, holding a flower to his face. Capt. M. afterwards had another sitting. This time he received a likeness of his mother.

[Part Four will appear in the Banner of Feb. 13th.]

Britain's Journal.

TO MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC: It becomes the duty of the undersigned to announce to the patrons of the Journal that the inadequate support hitherto given to the Quarterly, and the delay in renewing subscriptions, render it necessary to discontinue the work, at least for the season. We have experienced great personal inconvenience, and many sacrifices have been made to continue its publication to the close of the second volume. With the coming of the new year we had hoped to witness a wider interest and a more cordial appreciation of our efforts. This expectation has not been realized; and it now appears that we have quite overestimated the general intelligence of the constituency to which our appeal was made.

At the close of Volume II, we find the indebtedness of the Journal to be Twenty-six Hundred Dollars (\$2600), which is mainly due to one generous man in Connecticut, and two noble women in New Jersey. Instead of increasing this indebtedness, we must endeavor to obtain the means—by earnest industry in some secular occupation—to cancel the obligation already assumed.

We have been encouraged by the flattering prospect of a partner with very large means; but he is delayed, and in the meantime we are obliged to pause in our work while we wait his coming. If it shall hereafter appear that this suspension must be final, the persons who have renewed their subscriptions, and others to whom small balances may be due, will hear from us by means of a Circular, with proposals for the adjustment of their several claims at our earliest convenience. Those who—as contributors to our pages and patrons of our enterprise—have practically demonstrated their interest in the success of the Journal, will please accept the assurance of our grateful esteem. We deeply regret this forced leave of them, and retire from public observation, we shall at least carry with us some pleasant memories of labors faithfully performed, and of friends never to be forgotten.

S. B. BRITTON.

A. J. Davis & Co. Returning Thanks.

One year ago we expressed our sincere gratitude in these columns, because we were permitted the good fortune to out-ride the panic of 1873. Our trade was fair considering the general depression, and our losses were not large. Again we desire to express our gratitude for the reasonable prosperity which has crowned our faithful efforts during the past trying year of 1874. We have received visits from valued persons representing almost every part of the world. And orders for Spiritual Books and Pamphlets have come to us from far and near—from friends well-known, and from many strangers to our progressive literature. And so we have been enabled to live and to perform some service in the only field now open to us. We thank each and all for kind remembrances. We shall continue to make daily efforts to deserve the general good will, and to enjoy a fair proportion of the patronage of all who seek light through our large Catalogue of Progressive Publications.

A. J. & M. F. DAVIS.
24 East 4th St., New York, Jan. 25, 1875.

Mrs. Hardy's "Materializations"—A Reply to "One Interested."

To the Editor of the Globe: Sir—"One Interested" calls for something definite of the Hardy committee. For one, I think the report was very definitely stated on the only point required, viz., that it was not done by fraud. The committee was asked to see some of Mrs. Hardy's "materializations" in the light; make their own conditions for the prevention of being cheated, and report what they saw. They were not expected, required, or called upon to explain the phenomena; they were a unit on the point of fraud, and that is all the public is in this connection interested in. Some of the committee think the manifestations were caused, as claimed, by departed spirits; none of them would, however, if the two sances bounded their experience. The committee, consisting of both believers and unbelievers in the spiritual theory, provided perfectly against the possibility of fraud, and unanimously reported what they saw, and stated as unanimously that there was no cheat in the manifestations on the part of the medium or any one else.

If that is not definite, "One Interested" and the writer are at loggerheads on definition. If he expected the matter settled as to the cause, mundane or supermundane, then this committee, as a unit, did not know; and as there may be some reasonable doubts on that point on the part of some or many, they confined themselves in their report to the only point of general interest in this connection, and which they "definitely" stated over their signatures.

"One Interested" calls for an explicit account of the evidence from each or all of the committee. The writer has no objection to that; but it seems somewhat out of place and a bore in a daily paper. If, of consequence enough it may be written out for a spiritualistic journal, but even there it would be cumulative, and crowd out perhaps more instructive matter. The report, it would seem, says enough in detail to satisfy ordinary minds; if not, it can be forthcoming.

JOHN WETHERS, Chairman of the Committee.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jealousy;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" or, Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

After receiving the missive Morton became resigned to his fate, resolved to wait patiently the result. Patiently, did I say? No! He was outwardly patient only because of his great love. Uncle Joe persuaded Morton to go with him for a few weeks to a watering place, and they determined to cross the Channel and spend a few weeks in Paris. The two gentlemen were sitting in a hotel, waiting for the boat of their choice to cross over, when a dapper little Frenchman, in a neat costume, approached Mr. Morton, and asked, in good French, if he would like a valet. That gentleman replied "No," scarcely looking at the applicant. Uncle Joe, who had his own faithful Peter with him, and labored all French valets, but who was one of those travelers who find amusement in the trifling incidents of life, turned to the little Frenchman and said:

"Why don't you apply to me? A fat old gouty fellow like myself, and whose French is as rusty as his sword, needs one more than that gentleman who knows France and French better than any courier in the land."

"Because you have Peter with you, sir; but perhaps you will persuade this good gentleman to take me."

As he spoke he came nearer to Uncle Joe. There was something in the voice and in the eyes of the Frenchman which led Captain Joe Melton to make a closer scrutiny. The Frenchman, looking cautiously around and seeing no others in the room, save Mr. Melton and his brother, removed the small, jaunty cap which he wore, and whispered, "Don't you know Lisette?"

"By St. George!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Hush, sir! be careful!" said the would-be valet, at the same time replacing his cap.

"One word," said Uncle Joe, "is she here?"

"No, no; she is safer than she would be here. Will Mr. Morton take me as his valet?"

Morton, who was in these days distrustful and absent-minded, sat by the window playing the devil's tattoo, and turned round as Uncle Joe said, "I advise you to take this valet—his terms are moderate," with the quick, short rebuff: "I have said I wish for no valet! why does not the fellow take no for an answer?" Lisette again took off her cap and smiled. Morton sprang to his feet and caught her almost roughly by the arm. "Your mistress! where is she? tell me quick, Lisette!"

Uncle Joe laid his hand on Morton's arm. "Don't play the fool, Morton! Be calm now! This is your French valet, remember. See if he understands his business."

Lisette came to Morton and whispered, "I wished to see you and ventured to Morton Hall. It was not safe for me there, for your house was watched." Morton uttered an imprecation. Lisette continued: "I know, sir, how much you have suffered, and how you have longed for your wife and the baby. They are safe, and the little one grows fat and stout. We are leaving the country, sir, for awhile."

"Where is she?"

"Not where you can see her, sir." The steamer was now at the wharf, and the three had gone out of the hotel and were making their way to the boat. "No, sir, you must be content not to see her. It is right, she says—her just punishment. I hardly understand that, for I never knew her to do a wrong thing intentionally. It was a great mistake, sir, that she did not tell you all about those terrible days before her marriage. But, as I think about it now, it might have made no difference in the marriage. She never doubted his death, sir."

"I wish the ocean had swallowed him on his voyage here," said Mr. Morton.

"It is useless to wish it, sir. He is here, and eager for vengeance. I know him, sir, and I have come to ask you, for her sake, for your sake, for us all, sir, to refrain from seeking her. I cannot understand how she bears it so well. Tell him, she said, that I think of him all the time, and thank God who has given me his love. I will not bring dishonor upon him by returning to Morton Hall. Let us do right and leave the result with the good Lord."

"Give her this," said Morton, handing her a purse of gold.

"I have longed to send it to her."

"No, no, sir; we are doing very well; we do not need it."

"It is your fee as my valet!"

"Very well, sir; perhaps you think I have earned it; but I warn you that my services cease when we come to the other side. I ventured to go into Patsie's cottage when I dared not enter your house. If anything occurs of which you ought to be informed, I will write to Patsie. Poor little Mary pines for her lady mamma, and as for Dave, my heart ached to see how thin and pale he had grown waiting for his lady's return."

"And what do you think of me, Lisette?" said Morton, turning his thin, pale face to her.

"Ay, sir, we knew you would suffer; but do not be anxious about her safety, and we will take good care of the child. I wished to see you, to ask if she might draw from Florence the little fortune which remains to her there."

Mr. Morton wrote something on a paper which he handed to Lisette. "Give her this," he said, "it will be necessary in getting the money, as it has heretofore stood in my name."

They were at the landing now, amid the bustle of the crowd that always surges around a steamboat landing. Lisette, in her capacity of valet, was near Mr. Morton. Among the passengers was a tidy-looking English woman of the lower class, who carried a baby. Morton, who felt tenderly toward babies just now, took notice of the fine, healthy child in her arms, and sighed as he gazed. Following her, came a plainly dressed girl, wrapped in a linen blouse, with a brown veil tied closely over a coarse straw hat. She carried

a basket and two or three bundles, and was so overloaded with them that she tottered and fell. Morton was near and gave her his hand to aid her in rising. She lingered an instant as if she would thank him, but the crowd pressed and she passed on. Morton was waiting for Captain Melton, who never hurried himself when on a journey. Never was Scripture better illustrated than in traveling. He said, "The last shall be first," as he came out, cool and smiling, to take his seat in the carriage which had just driven up. Morton looked round for Lisette. She was nowhere to be seen. Uncle Joe smiled. He had seen from the steamer's deck a little incident which amused him hugely, but he refrained from speaking of it to Morton till some three weeks afterwards, when they had returned to Morton Hall. Then he took occasion to ask him if he recollected an Englishwoman who carried a baby as they landed from the steamer after crossing the channel. "Yes," he did. "And a girl who fell and was lifted to her feet by Morton?" Yes, he recalled it distinctly, for the baby reminded him of a certain other baby that needed tender care.

"Well," said Uncle Joe, smiling, "that was your child, and your wife."

"Joe Melton!" exclaimed Morton, rising from his seat and confronting his brother, "you knew it, and did not tell me!"

"Yes, I knew it by the delicate foot and ankle which ascended the pier, for you remember the perfectly formed feet and ankles of your lady. But I was confirmed in my suspicion when I saw Lisette join them and ride swiftly away. She knew it, and could hardly permit herself to leave you. But prudence conquered. Let it become comfort to you that you have met—and take praise to yourself for being a true English gentleman, whose heart warms toward a baby, and who aids a woman when she stumbles."

If there was any God outside of the prayer-book which Uncle Joe Melton worshipped, it was the old Melton blood. He traced his pedigree back to the Conqueror. The hereditary book was an uninspired Bible in his eyes; but nevertheless a Bible, a book which he studied with a countenance as grave and a heart as full of faith as he carried to church with him every Sunday. The Meltons were an honorable race, he said, in whose escutcheon he could trace no blemish for a hundred years. He was thankful that Morton was not of his blood, now that this misfortune had occurred, but it came altogether too near to be pleasing to him. Scandal, with her hydra head and tongue, would hiss and sting. He, who knew all, could not defend the lady by revealing what he knew. The country gentry, his neighbors, would believe the worst, and certainly appearances were against Morton's wife. Morton would have flung aside all deference to conventionalities, but it was not in Uncle Joe's nature to do this. He preferred to move along in the old grooves of society; he was of too lymphatic a nature to desire a revolution, too lazy in his temperament to head a reform, or rather so firm in his belief that the old was better than the new, that he classed reformers as enemies to the country. He said Amen to the prayer for all classes and conditions of men, and believed that every man should be contented in that station of life to which God had called him. He was averse to leaving Paradise Hill at any time. He liked the regularity of his home; the dishes of his own cook; the handy ways of Mrs. Afleck; the fit of his own easy chair, and even his paper. The London Times never seemed the same paper when read in a rail-car, or in a hotel. He had left all these comforts from sympathy with Morton, but was glad to return to them. The pleasure, however, was terribly marred by the feeling that the family misfortune would be the subject of gossip among all his neighbors. He shrank from receiving guests lest they should allude to the matter. No sensitive plant recoiled from touch more than this man from any reference to family misfortunes.

The reader may imagine his feelings when Mrs. Flyte and her daughter were announced one evening, as he sat comforting himself with his book of heraldry. He thought of retreating out of the low window, which was open, into the garden, leaving Mrs. Afleck to acquit for his absence as she could. But that was contrary to all his training as a soldier; he would face the enemy unless he could make a more masterly retreat than that. Then he thought to send word he was sick; but Captain Melton never told a lie, and he was sound in body and limbs—not even a twinge of the gout.

"Let 'em come," he finally said. "I will be as gruff as a bear, and if they gossip I will growl."

The old lady came in in her brusque, flustering, butterfly way, as cheery as a singing bird. Uncle Joe always liked her, and so he put off the bear for a moment, and was as gentle as an elephant receiving a bouquet of flowers, reserving his bearishness for the daughter, Miss Eliza, who was prim and erect as ever, and dressed with great neatness and precision.

"Now for it," said Uncle Joe to himself, running his hand through the silvery hair which was still abundant on his grand old head, to give it a bear look, (white bears are the fiercest, he thought).

"Why, Captain Melton," said Miss Eliza, "I cannot tell you how delighted we are that you have arrived in time to join us in papa's birthday dinner, which comes off to-morrow."

"Never want to celebrate birthdays after fifty," growled the would-be bear. He overcast. Miss Eliza was some years short of fifty.

"It is well enough to leave such celebrations for awhile after that turning point, Capt. Melton; but when one gets to be papa's age, seventy-five, he feels boyish enough to enjoy a birthday."

Now as the Captain was but sixty-five the answer did not ruffle the bear's fur.

"But," continued Miss Eliza, without waiting for a reply, I have another errand: I wish now, at once, sir, without any circumlocution, to say to you that I, for one, retain the greatest confidence in the purity and innocence of Mrs. Henry Morton. We, who know her well, can have no other thought, and my answer to all who are bold enough to gossip in my presence is, Time will prove that she is innocent of all wrong as she is noble by birth and blood."

Uncle Joe forgot to growl, and rose to give his hand to Miss Eliza. In truth, instead of hugging his victim to death with sharp, strong paws, he found himself caressed and fed with honey, which last named delicacy is peculiarly delightful to bears.

"Thank you, Miss Eliza, just what every one who knows her well must say. Now, ladies, as the day is fine, I propose a ride to Morton Hall to see our little Mary and bring her home with us. Mrs. Afleck was just telling me that we

had received a hamper of game from my old friend, Colonel Badd, who is a Nimrod for hunting. We will return in time for dinner."

"As for myself," said the old lady, "I am so comfortable in this bay window I do not care to quit it; beside, I have an errand to Mrs. Afleck, and that is, Captain Melton, to learn her receipt for making a venison pie. Not a cook in the country excels her in this dish."

"Just tell her that, Mrs. Flyte, and she'll be the proudest woman in all the country. The good creature deserves a compliment now and then."

Little Mrs. Flyte, in her bright cap and grey curls, looked like a bud amid the plants in the window, as she spread out the folds of her shining silk gown, and perched herself on one of the cushioned seats of the recess.

The Captain was very gallant that morning to Miss Eliza. He was in a genial mood, and pleased to find a woman of middle age, unmarried, who delighted not in slandering; "marvel of the age," he murmured to himself, "never appreciated her before; wonderful good sense, wonderful," and thus they rode over breezy hill and through shady paths, chatting so cheerily, that Miss Eliza wondered much, for knowing his sensitiveness, she had expected to find him a little taciturn and morose. We have before said that Miss Eliza was a fearless, easy rider. This was an accomplishment in the Captain's eyes. Added to this, she was well informed on all the topics of the day. Her exacting old father, to whom she was very devoted, required her to read the paper to him and assist him in his writing. She was patient and gentle with him, even when the gout made him irritable, and to all the rest unendurable. The Captain thought of these traits as he rode by the lady's side that day, and somehow or other a feeling came over him that he had been unjust to her. "I declare," he said to himself, "I will make a confession to Mrs. Afleck. Here I, a jerry old fellow, have always sneered when the housekeeper praised this most worthy lady. Yes, Joe Melton, you have done it, you know you have, you gruff old bear, and you shall make amends."

At last Miss Eliza, who never spoke such words of wisdom as on that morning, when in the kindness of sweet charity, you practiced the psalm which you had so often sung in church:

"Who never did a slander page,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whistled round."

You dreamed not that as you rode by the side of the man whom of all others in the world, you admired.

"That you had by this righteous course
Your happiness found."

Poor little Mary was delighted to see Uncle Joe, and to return with him. She had cried herself almost sick for her "lady mamma," who did not come back. It was doubtful which of the two was most to be pitied, the little girl or Davie. The boy had worked hard by himself to see how much progress he could make before the return of Lady Isabella.

He was not so demonstrative as Mary in his grief, but it was far deeper. The lady had been his idol. He thought her something more than human. Mary would often climb on his knee, and putting both arms round his neck say, "Davie, can't you go and find Lady mamma. Take my pony, Davie, and find her. Don't you remember when Bessie got lost in the wood you found us? We cried and cried, and thought the bears might come and eat us up, but you found us, Davie! Go and find Lady mamma, please do, Davie!" The boy longed to do so. No braver little knight-errant could have been found. He began to think himself that she was lost in the woods. His mamma did not know where she was, and when he asked her, evaded his questions; if he urged, "Will she never come back?" her reply was, "I don't know, Davie, don't ask me, I don't know anything about it; run away and work in the garden."

Davie saw Lisette when she came to the cottage, and walked with her through the woodland path. "Yes, Davie," she said, in answer to his question, "my lady is lost."

"I can find her, Lisette! I know I can, I am not afraid in the woods, not even in the dark. I will take Mary's pony, and ride and ride till I bring her back."

"No, no Davie, I can find her; trust me Davie for that, and some time I will come back and tell you where she is."

"Will you surely, Lisette?"

"Yes, yes, Davie, I will come back some time, trust me for that."

"Will you please give her this?" said Davie, handing her a magnolia bloom which he had copied and colored from nature. "I did it for her, Lisette, and I thought if she smiled upon me when I gave it to her, it would pay for the hours and hours, and hours I have spent upon it."

"I will give it to her, Davie, when I find her, as I am sure to do."

It was a dreary waiting for Davie, as, day after day, he watched for Lisette, and she came not. There was something so pitiful and sad in Davie's face on the day that Capt. Melton came to take Mary home with him, that Miss Eliza's heart was touched. The careless, pretty Bessie, looked plump and healthy, and very fine too, in her bright calico frock, with a sash which Mary had given her, tight round her waist, and yellow buttercups in her hair; but Davie was pale and thin, which made his forehead seem higher, and his large eyes larger.

The little girl was mounted on her pony, for she had learned to ride very well, and delighted Uncle Joe by springing lightly to her saddle. Davie was smoothing down her dress, and looking wistfully in her face, for it was dull at the cottage without Mary, when Miss Eliza said: "Davie, I want to see some of your flower pictures. I will send a pony for you to-morrow, and you must ride to Millbank and bring your sketches."

"Thank you," said Davie, his eyes brightening as he spoke. "Will Mary be there too?"

"Yes, I trust so; that is, if Capt. Melton will permit."

"If the little queen wills it," said the Captain.

"Yes, Uncle Joe, I want to go where Davie goes."

The trio rode back to Chelton Park in fine spirits; two at least, ready for the dinner, in the preparation of which Mrs. Afleck had almost surpassed herself. She was one of those housekeepers who feel a personal responsibility for the cook; she had been so long in the family that she knew the captain's taste even to the grain of salt, the dash of cayenne, or the shadow of an onion. The good man had been rather down-hearted of late, and had dined on steamboats, at restaurants and at hotels, till, as he said, he couldn't tell mutton from beef, a sardine from an anchovy, and had lost ten pounds of flesh trying to exist

on French soups which a Buddhist might eat without fear of violating the law of his god, to eat no flesh. To-day Capt. Joe was happy, and he certainly never looked handsomer in his young days than when he came to the dinner table this day in his blue coat, drab trousers, ample white vest, the broad cambric frills of his shirt neatly laid, and confined by a small diamond pin, his white hair like a crown of silver on his head—that head standing well on his broad shoulders.

Mrs. Flyte chirped away, never saying very wise things, but never disagreeable ones. She chirped and pecked, as pleased with her dinner as a humming bird on a sweet honeysuckle. Miss Eliza never found herself so much at ease before at Paradise Hill. The very best came out, and her host began to get a peep of the angel within. Mary found Miss Eliza's kind words and ways very pleasant to her, and astonished Uncle Joe by saying that she thought Miss Eliza "next best" to Lady Mamma. It was a pleasant day for all concerned, and lifted the old gentleman out of the flat of low spirits into which he had fallen. As he sat at that happy frame of mind which a gentleman feels after a good dinner, having seen his guests depart, and received Mary's good night kiss, he said, half-aloud, "I will ask Mrs. Afleck, she is a shrewd, observing woman, I have great confidence in her" when the housekeeper came in with a request from Mary to know if John might go to the cottage early in the morning and bring her silk frock to honor Mr. Flyte's birthday. Uncle Joe said, "By all means, Mrs. Afleck, and give John special charge to bring the box as if it were a king's treasure." He added, "Stop a minute, Mrs. Afleck, did you tell Mrs. Flyte how to make venison pie?"

"That I did, sir, and she wrote it all down; you'll have a good one to-morrow, if she heeds directions."

"Does Miss Eliza care anything about venison pie?"

"Lord bless you, sir; yes! It is Miss Eliza that is the mainstay of that house. Her mother is a dear little lady, with her quick ways and her pleasant voice, and never speaks a harsh word, or frets when her husband's temper is hot with the rheumatism and gout; but Miss Eliza does better than that; she nurses her old father tenderly, and reads all the long, dull speeches to him, which he thinks it his duty, as an Englishman, to read, and he it is who takes care that he shall have no occasion to find fault with his dinner. Many and many is the time when she cooks his favorite dishes with her own hands, and never allows any one else to dress his lame foot."

"Why, Mrs. Afleck, you make her out one of your good angels!"

"Which she is, sir, when one looks away from the body to the good soul within."

"Some are so blind they don't see the angel, you often say."

"Yes, sir; it is low that look further than a pretty face or handsome gown."

"She comes from good stock; let me see," turning to his book "her father was a Howard, grandson to Lord Howard, one of the finest families in all England—good blood—among the best. Flyte has not much to boast of—new name—Dutch I believe—very respectable, though a thorough Englishman now, whatever his great-grandfather might have been."

Mrs. Afleck was bewildered, and went out, wondering where the Captain was wandering, and what this might mean. The next day Uncle Joe and his niece made a fine appearance as they came down, dressed for Mr. Flyte's birthday dinner—Mary in a blue silk, with her brown curls, dressed by Mrs. Afleck, who was as good a firewoman as she was neat and tasteful in her house-keeping, Uncle Joe in the glory of his best suit, with a nosegay in his button-hole. He handed the little lady into the carriage with all the grace of a courtier.

"I declare," said Mrs. Afleck, "something has come over him after all these gloomy days; I thought, last week, he was growing old very fast, and now he seems years younger."

The good woman would have opened her eyes in greater astonishment still had she known what was going on in the gentleman's heart. Time will reveal it. At present he is very happy, with his beautiful niece by his side. He is a social man by nature, and he never made for a solitary life in an English country house.

[Continued in our next issue.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
LIGHT IN DARKNESS.
BY MRS. ELA M. HICKOK.

Cold-voiced and chilling the winter winds blow!
Cheerless the earth 'neath its mantle of snow—
Snow all so spotless of evil and o'er plain—
Hiding alike each beautiful stain.

Oh! the snows were like the flakes to-night,
When out of my life we all the light!
And their chilling weight rose high above
The mortal of all my heart could love.

My sun has set; it is night—dark night—
With never a ray of the essed light
To banish the gloom from my shrouded soul,
And bid the grief-waves their fountain roll.

Ah! winters were like as winters will go,
All bitter with cold and lighted with snow;
And I can catch but the dead, sad tone—
My loved one is gone, and am alone!

Gone! gone! and left me grief to mourn!
Gone! gone! no more warmth to return!
Was ever a word so mournfully dear?
Was ever a sound so sad heard?

And yet I repeat it oft alone,
While the winds but echo one word, *gone!*
I hear it low, when the zephyrs are mild;
And loud, when the tempest rags wild!

And ocean chants it in measured sound,
Where its billows dash with a mid rebound—
Where it laves the rocks with its foaming spray,
Or its peaceful waters rippling gay.

Ever the same, and all things tell
Of the word whose meaning I know so well.
For nature at rest, or stormy and wild,
Speaks only grief to her very child.

Oh! is there nothing beyond this grave?
Is there none to pity me? None save?
For the woe so heavy, so had to bear,
Is weighing me down to dark despair!

Cease, sad heart! the morn's breaking:
Light amid the gloom is waiting
Thousands raise the song on high
Heaven to earth is drawing nigh!

Pure principles, early instilled into human mind,
where there are no evil communications corrupt them,
generally last through life.

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It is plain to every spectator that if you have stated the truth, there was a perfect materialization; and that, whatever fraud may have been practiced afterwards, could not affect the value of what you saw, and should not have produced such a panic in your mind as to lead you to denounce everything without further investigation. You stand now in the contradictory attitude of testifying to facts which must have had a spiritual origin, and then casting a broad slur upon your own evidence, which is painful to your friends. We wish, therefore, to ask explicitly, do you desire to retract or modify any statement you have made as to what you saw, and do you suppose there is any art known to mortals by which a detached hand can be produced, capable of writing a letter, or by which a human form can be made to appear to fade out of existence while we are looking at it? Unless you answer such questions explicitly and satisfactorily, the public must necessarily withdraw their confidence from you as an author, and your friends will regret your *faux pas*, though they will never lose confidence in your sincerity, benevolence and integrity.

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There is not a country on the face of our planet, with a jury attached to its courts of justice, but gives the benefit of the doubt to every criminal brought within the law, and a chance to be heard and tell his story.

Is such the case between the pretended "spirit-former," the alleged bogus Katie King, and the Holmes mediums? I answer most decidedly no, and mean to prove it, if no one else does. I deny the right of any man or woman to wrench from our hands all possible means of finding out the truth. I deny the right of any editor of a daily newspaper to accuse and publish accusations, refusing, at the same time to hear one word of justification from the defendants, and so, instead of helping people to clear up the matter, leaving them more than ever to grope their way in the dark.

The biography of "Katie King" has come out at last; a sworn certificate, if you please, equally indorsed (under oath?) by Dr. Child, who throughout the whole of this "burlesque" epilogue included, has ever appeared in it, like some inevitable *Doris-e-Michina*. The whole of this made-up elegy (by whom? evidently not by Mrs. White) is redolent with the perfume of erring innocence, of Magdalene-like tales of woe and sorrow, and tardy repentance and the like, giving to the abnormal idea of a pickpocket in the act of robbing our sort of its most precious, thrilling sensations; carefully prepared explanations on some points that appear now and then as so many stumbling blocks in the way of a seemingly fair *exposé*, do not preclude, nevertheless, through the whole of it the possibility of doubt, for many awkward semblances of truth partly taken from the confessions of that fallen angel, Mrs. White, and partly—most of them we should say—copied from the private note book of her "amanuensis," give you a fair idea of the veracity of this *sworn* certificate. For instance: according to her own statement and the evidence furnished by the "habitués" of the Holmeses, Mrs. White having never been present at any of the dark circles (her alleged acting as Katie King excluding all possibility, on her part, of such a public exhibition of flesh and bones) how comes she to know so well, in every particular, about the tricks of the mediums, the programme of their performances, &c.? Then, again, Mrs. White, who remembers so well—by rote we may say—every word exchanged between Katie King and Mr. Owen, the spirit and Dr. Child, has evidently forgotten all that was ever said by her in her personation to Dr. Felger; she does not even remember a very important secret communicated by her to the latter gentleman! What an extraordinary combination of memory and absence of mind at the same time! May not a certain memorandum book, with its carefully noted contents, account for it, perhaps? The document is signed, under oath, with the name of a non-existing spirit Katie King. . . . Very clever!

All protestations of innocence or explanations sent in by Mr. or Mrs. Holmes, written or verbal, are peremptorily refused publication by the press. No respectable paper dares take upon itself the responsibility of such an unpopular cause.

The public feel triumphant; the clergy, forgetting, in the excitement of their victory, the Brooklyn scandal, rub their hands and chuckle; a certain exposé of materialized spirits and mind-reading, like some monstrous anti-spiritual *maître à tout faire*, shouts forth a volley of missiles, and sends a condoling letter to Mr. Owen; Spiritualists, crestfallen, ridiculed and defeated, are crushed forever under the pretended evidence, and that overwhelming pseudonym evidence, the day of Waterloo has come for us, and sweeping the last remnants of the defeated army, it remains for us to ring our own death-knell.

Spirits, beware! henceforth, if you lack prudence, your materialized forms will have to stop at the cabinet doors, and in perfect tremor melt away from sight, singing in chorus Edgar Poe's "Never more!"

One

Holmes, and that in case they should be unmasked as tricksters, we might as well vote our immortality on a banner of delusion.

Is the scrying off a banner the destruction of a ship? But, moreover, we are not sufficiently furnished with any plausible proofs at all. Colonel Olcott is here, and has been investigating. His first tests with Mrs. Holmes, for Mr. Holmes is lying sick in Vineland, have proved satisfactory enough. In his eyes, to induce Mr. Owen to return to the spot of his first love, namely, the Holmes cabinet. He began by tying Mrs. Holmes up in a bag, the string drawn tightly round her neck, knotted and sealed in the presence of Mr. Owen, Mr. Olcott, and a third gentleman. After that the medium was placed in the empty cabinet, which was rolled away into the middle of the room, and it was made a perfect impossibility for her to use her hands. The door being closed, hands appeared in the aperture, then the outlines of a face came, which gradually formed into the classical head of John King, turban, beard and all. He kindly allowed the investigators to stroke his beard, touch his warm face, and pat his hands with his. After the seance was over, Mrs. Holmes, with many tears of gratitude, in the presence of the three gentlemen, assured Mr. Owen most solemnly that she had spoken many a time to Dr. Child about "Katie" leaving her presents in the house and dropping them about the place, and that she—Mrs. Holmes—wanted Mr. Owen to know it; but that the Doctor had given her most peremptory orders to the contrary, forbidding her to let the former know it, his precise words being: "Do not do it; it is useless; do not know it; I leave the question of Mrs. Holmes's veracity as to this fact to Dr. Child to settle with her."

On the other hand, we have the woman, Eliza White, exposer and accuser of the Holmeses, who remains up to the present day a riddle and an Egyptian mystery to every man and woman of this city, except to the clever and equally invisible party—a sort of protecting deity—who took the team in hand, and drove the whole concern of "Katie's" materialization to destruction, and at what he considered such a first rate way. She is not to be met, or seen, or interviewed, or even spoken to by any one, least of all by the admirers of "Katie King" herself, so anxious to get a peep at the modest, blushing beauty who deemed herself worthy of personating the fair spirit. May be it's rather dangerous to allow them the chance of comparing for themselves the features of both? But the most perplexing fact of this most perplexing riddle is that Mrs. R. D. Owen, by his own confession to me, has never, not even on the day of the exposure, seen Mrs. White, or talked to her, or had otherwise the least chance to scan her features close enough for him to identify her. He caught a glimpse of her general outline but once, viz: at the mock seance of the 5th of December, referred to in her biography, when she appeared to half a dozen of witnesses (invited to testify and identify the fraud) emerging "de novo" from the cabinet, with her face closely covered with a double veil (!) after which the sweet vision vanished and appeared no more! Mr. Owen adds that he is not prepared to swear to the identity of Mrs. White and Katie King.

May I be allowed to inquire as to the necessity of such a profound mystery, after the promise of a public exposure of all the fraud? It seems to me that the said exposure would have been far more satisfactory if conducted otherwise. Why not give the fairest chance to R. D. Owen, the party who has suffered the most on account of this disgusting swindle—if swindle there is—to compare Mrs. White with Katie? May I suggest again that it is perhaps because the spirit's features are but too well impressed on his memory, poor, noble, confiding gentleman! Gauze dresses and moosehorns, coronets and stars can possibly be counterfeited, in a half-darkened room, while features answering line for line to the "spirit Katie's" face are not so easily done up; the latter require very clever preparations. A face may be easy enough for a smooth tongue, but no pug nose can lie itself into a classical one.

A very honorable gentleman of my acquaintance, a fervent admirer of the "spirit Katie's" beauty, who has seen and addressed her at two feet distance about fifty times, tells me that on a certain evening, when Dr. Child begged the spirit to let him see her tongue (did the honorable doctor want to compare it with Mrs. White's tongue—the lady having been his patient?) she did so, and upon her opening her mouth, the gentleman in question assures me that he plainly saw, what in his admiring phraseology he terms "the most beautiful set of teeth—two rows of pearls." He remarked most particularly those teeth. Now there are some wicked, slandering gossips, who happen to have cultivated most intimately Mrs. White's acquaintance in the happy days of her innocence, before her fall and subsequent exposure, and they tell us very bluntly (we beg the penitent angel's pardon, we repeat but a hearsay), that this lady can hardly number among her other natural charms, the radiance of pearly teeth, or a perfect, most beautifully formed hand and arm. Why not show him teeth at once to the said admirer, and so shame the slanders? Why shun "Katie's" best friends? If we were so anxious as she seems to be to prove "who is who," we would surely submit with pleasure to the operation of showing our teeth, yea, even in a court of justice. The above fact, trifling as it may seem at first sight, should be considered as a very important one by any intelligent jurymen in a question of personal identification.

Mr. Owen's statement to us is corroborated by "Katie King" herself in her biography, a sworn document, remember, in the following words: "She consented to have an interview with some gentlemen who had seen her personating the spirit, on condition that she would be allowed to keep a veil over her face all the time she was conversing with them."—(Philadelphia Inquirer, Jan. 11th, 4th col. K. K. Biography.)

Now pray why should these "too credulous, weak-minded gentlemen," as the immortal Dr. Beard would say, be subjected again to such an extra strain on their blind faith? We should say that that was just the proper time to come out and prove to them what was the nature of the mental aberration they were laboring under for so many months. Well, if they do swallow this new called proof they are welcome to it. *Vulgus est decepti—decepti!* But I expect something more substantial before submitting in guilty silence to be laughed at. As it is the case stands thus:

According to the same biography (same column) the mock seance was prepared and carried out—to every one's heart's content—through the endeavors of the amateur detective, who, by the way, if any one wants to know, is Mr. W. O. Leslie, a contractor or agent for the Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York Railroad, residing in this city. If the press, and several of the most celebrated victims of the fraud, are under bond of secrecy with him, I am not, and mean to say what I know. And so the said seance took place on the 5th of December last, which fact appearing in a sworn evidence, implies that Mr. Leslie had sworn from Mrs. White the confession of her guilt at least several days previous to that date, though the precise day of the "amateur's" triumph is very cleverly withheld in the sworn certificate. Now comes a new course. On the evenings of the 2d and 3d of December, at two seances held at the Holmeses, I, myself, in the presence of Robert Dale Owen and Dr. Child, (chief manager of those performances, from whom I got on the same morning an admission card,) together with twenty more witnesses, saw the spirit of Katie step out of the cabinet twice, in full form and beauty; and I can swear in any court of justice that she did not bear the least resemblance to Mrs. White's portrait.

As I am unwilling to base my argument upon any other testimony than my own, I will not dwell upon the alleged apparition of Katie King at the Holmeses on the 5th of December, to Mr. Roberts and fifteen others, among whom was Mr. W. H. Clarke, a reporter for the Daily Graphic, for I happened to be out of town; though, if this fact is demonstrated, it will go far against Mrs. White, for on that precise evening, and at the same hour, she was exhibiting herself as the *bogus* Katie at the mock seance. Something still more worthy of consideration is found in the most pos-

sitive assertion of a gentleman, a Mr. Wescott, who on that evening of the 5th, on his way home from the real seance, met in the car Mr. Owen, Dr. Child and his wife, all three returning from the mock seance. Now it so happened that this gentleman mentioned to them about having just seen the spirit Katie come out of the cabinet, adding, "he thought she never looked better," upon hearing which Mr. Robert Dale Owen stared at him in amazement, and all the three looked greatly perplexed.

And so I here but insist on the apparition of the spirit at the medium's house on the evenings of the 2d and 3d of December, when I witnessed the phenomenon, together with Robert Dale Owen and other parties. It would be worse than useless to offer or accept the poor excuse that the confession of the woman White, her posture of the fraud, the delivery to Mr. Leslie of all her dresses and presents received by her in the name of Katie King, the disclosure of the sad news by this devoted gentleman to Mr. Owen, and the preparation of the mock seance cabinet and other important matters, had all of them taken place on the 4th, the more so, as we are furnished with most positive proofs that Dr. Child, at least, if not Mr. Owen, knew all about Mr. Leslie's success with Mrs. White several days beforehand. Knowing, then, of the fraud, how could Mr. Leslie allow it to be still carried on, as the fact of Katie's apparition at the Holmeses on the 2d and 3d of December prove it to have been the case? Any gentleman, even with a very moderate degree of honor about him, would never allow the public to be fooled and deluded any longer, unless he had the firm resolution of catching the *bogus* spirit on the spot and proving the imposture. But no such thing occurred, quite the contrary; for Dr. Child, who had constituted himself from the first not only chief superintendent of the seances, cabinet and materialization business, but also cashier and ticket-holder, (paying the mediums at first ten dollars per seance, as he did, and subsequently fifteen dollars, and pocketing the rest of the proceeds,) on that same evening of the 3d took the admission money from every visitor as quietly as he ever did. I will add, furthermore, that I in "propria persona" handed him on that very night a five dollar bill, and that he, Dr. Child, kept the whole of it, remarking that the balance could be made good to us by future seances!

Will Dr. Child presume to say that getting ready, as he then was, in company with Mr. Leslie, to produce the *bogus* Katie King on the 5th of December, he knew nothing, as yet, of the fraud on the 3d?

Further: In the same biography (Chap. VIII, column 1st) it is stated that, immediately upon Mrs. White's return from Blissfield, Mich., she called on Dr. Child, and offered to expose the whole humbug, and been engaged in, but that he would not listen to her. Upon that occasion she was not visited, as indeed there was no necessity for her to be, since by Dr. Child's own admission she had been a patient of his, and under his medical treatment. In a letter from Holmes, to Dr. Child, dated Blissfield, Aug. 28th, 1874, the former writes:

"Mrs. White says you and the friends were very rude, 'wanted to look into all our boxes and trunks, and break open locks. What were you looking for, or expecting to find?'"

All these several circumstances show in the clearest possible manner that Dr. Child and Mrs. White were on terms much more intimate than that of casual acquaintance, and it is the height of absurdity to assert that if Mrs. White and Katie King were identical, the fraud was not perfectly well known to the "Father Confessor" [See narrative of John and Katie King, p. 45.] But a side light is thrown upon this comedy from the pretended biography of John King and his daughter Katie, written at their detention in prison, offered by Dr. Child himself. This book was given out to the world as an authentic revelation from these two spirits. It tells us that they stepped in and stayed out of his office, day after day, as any mortal being might, and after holding brief conversations, followed by long narratives, they fully endorsed the genuineness of their own apparition in the Holmes cabinet. Moreover, the spirits appearing at the public seances, corroborated the statements which they made to their amanuensis in his office; the two dovetailing together, and making a consistent story. Now, if the Holmes Kings were Mrs. White, who were the spirits visiting the Doctor's office? And if the spirits visiting him were genuine, who were those that appeared at the public seances? In which particular has the "Father Confessor" defrauded the public? In selling a book containing false biographies, or exposing *bogus* spirits at the Holmeses. Which, or both? Let the Doctor choose.

If his conscience is so tender as to force him into print with his certificate and affidavits, why does it not sink deep enough to reach his pocket, and compel him to refund to us the money obtained by him under false pretences? "According to his own confession, the Holmeses received from him, up to the time they left town, about \$1,200, for four months of daily seances. That he admitted every night at least two or three could possibly find room for—sometimes as many as thirty-five—is a fact that will be corroborated by every person who has seen the phenomena more than once. Furthermore, some six or seven reliable witnesses have told us that the modest fee of \$1 was only for the "habitués"; too curious or over-anxious visitors having to pay sometimes as much as \$5, and in one instance \$10. This last fact I give under all reserve, not having had to pay so much as that myself.

Now let an impartial investigator of this Philadelphia imbroglio take a pencil and cast up the profit left after paying the mediums in this nightly spirit speculation lasting many months. The result would be to show that the business of a spirit "Father Confessor," is, on the whole, a very lucrative one.

Ladies and gentlemen of the Spiritual belief, methinks we are all of us between the horns of a very wonderful dilemma. If you happen to find your position comfortable, I do not, and so will try to extricate myself.

Let it be perfectly understood, though, that I do not intend in the least to undertake at present the defence of the Holmeses. They may be the greatest frauds for what I now care. My only purpose is to know for a certainty to whom I am indebted for my share of ridicule—small as it may be, luckily for me. If we Spiritualists are to be laughed at, and scoffed, and ridiculed, and sneered at, we ought to know at least the reason why. Either there was a fraud or there was none. If the fraud is a sad reality, and Dr. Child by some mysterious combinations of his personal cruel fate has fallen the first victim to it, after having proved himself so anxious for the sake of his honor and character to stop at once the further progress of such a deceit on a public that had hitherto looked on him alone as the responsible party for the perfect integrity and genuineness of a phenomenon so fully endorsed by him, in all particulars, why does not the Doctor come out the first and help us to the clue of all this mystery? Well aware of the fact that the swindled and defrauded parties can at any day assert their rights to the restitution of moneys laid out by them solely on the ground of their entire faith in him they trusted, why does he not sue the Holmeses, and so prove his own innocence? He cannot but admit, that in the eyes of some initiated parties, the case looks far more ugly as it now stands, than the accusation under which the Holmeses vainly struggle. Or, if there was no fraud, or if it is not fully proved, as it cannot well be on the shallow testimony of a nameless woman, signing documents with pseudonyms, why then all this comedy on the part of the principal partner in the "Katie materialization" business? Was not Dr. Child the institutor, the promulgator, and we may say the creator of this, what proves to have been but a *bogus* phenomenon, after all? Was not he the advertising agent of this incarnated humbug? the Barnum of this spiritual show? And now, that he has helped fooling not only Spiritualists but the world at large, whether as a confederate himself or one of the weak-minded fools—no matter as long as it is demonstrated that it was he that helped us to this scrape—he imagines that by helping to accuse the mediums, and expose the fraud by fortifying with his endorsement all manner of *bogus* affidavits and illegal

certificates from now existing parties, and hopes to find himself henceforth perfectly clear of responsibility to the persons he has dragged after him into this infamous swamp!

We must demand a legal investigation. We have the right to insist upon it, for we Spiritualists have bought this right at a dear price: with the life long reputation of Mr. Owen as an able and reliable writer and trustworthy witness of the phenomena, who may henceforth become a doubted and ever-ridiculed visionary by skeptical wisecracks. We have bought this right with the prospect that all of us, whom Dr. Child has unwillingly or otherwise, (time will prove it,) fooled into belief in his Katie King—will become for a time the butts for endless railleries, satires and jokes from the press and ignorant masses. We regret to feel obliged to contradict on this point such an authority in all matters as the Daily Graphic, but if orthodox laymen rather decline to see this fraud thoroughly investigated in a court of justice, for fear of the Holmeses becoming entitled to the crown of martyrs, we have no such fear as that, and repent with Mr. Hudson Tuttle that "better perish the cause with the impostors, than live such a life of eternal ostracism, with no chance for justice or redress."

Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, should Dr. Child have all the laurels of this unfought battle, in which the attacked army seems forever doomed to be defeated without so much as a struggle? Why should he have all the material benefit of this materialized humbug and R. D. Owen, an honest Spiritualist, whose name is universally respected, have all the kicks and thumps of the skeptical press? Is this fair and just? How long shall we Spiritualists be turned over like so many scapegoats to the unbelievers, by cheating mediums and speculating prophets? Like some modern shepherd, Mr. Owen fell a victim to the snares of this pernicious, newly materialized Helen; and on him falls heaviest the present reaction, that threatens to produce a new Trojan war. But the Homer of the Philadelphia liad—the one who has appeared in the past as the elegant poet and biographer of that same Helen, and who appears in the present kindling up the spark of doubt against the Holmeses, till, if not speedily quenched, it might become a roaring ocean of flames—he that plays at this present hour the unparalleled part of a chief justice presiding at his own trial and deciding in his own case! Dr. Child, we say, turning back on the spirit daughter of his own creation, and backing the mortal, illegitimate offspring furnished by somebody, is left unmolested! Only fancy, while R. D. Owen is fairly crushed under the ridicule of the exposure, Dr. Child, who has endorsed false spirits, now turns State's evidence and endorses as fervently spirit-certificates, swearing to the same in a Court of Justice!

If ever I may hope to get a chance of having my advice accepted by some one anxious to clear up all this sickening story, I would insist that the whole matter be forced in a real Court of justice and untried before a jury. If Dr. Child is, after all, an honest man whose trusting nature was imposed upon, he must be the first to offer us all the chances that lay in his power of getting at the bottom of all these endless "whys" and "hows." If he does not, in such a case, we will try for ourselves to solve the following mysteries:

1st, Judge Allen, of Vineland, now in Philadelphia, testifies to the fact that when the cabinet, made up under the direct supervision and instructions of Dr. Child, was brought home to the Holmeses, the doctor worked at it himself, unaided, one whole day, and with his own tools, Judge Allen being at the time at the medium's that he was visiting. If there was a trap door or "two cut boards" connected with it, who did the work? Who can doubt that such a clever machinery, filed in a way and so as to be frequently closed examinations on the part of the skeptics, requires an experienced mechanic, of more than ordinary ability? Further, unless well paid, he could hardly be bound to secrecy. Who paid him? Is it Holmes out of his ten dollars nightly fee? We ought to ascertain it.

2d, If it is true—that two persons are ready to swear—that the party, calling herself Eliza White, alias "Frank," alias Katie King, and so forth, is no widow at all, having a well materialized husband, who is living, and who keeps a drinking saloon in a Connecticut town; for in such case the fair widow has perjured herself and Dr. Child has endorsed the perjury. We regret that he should endorse the statements of the former as rashly as he accepted the fact of her materialization.

3d, Affidavits and witnesses, (five in all) are ready to prove that on a certain night, when Mrs. White was visibly in her living body, refreshing her penitent stomach in company with impatient associates in a lager beer saloon, having no claims to patriarchy "patronage," Katie King, in her spirit-form, was as visibly seen at the door of her cabinet.

4th, On one occasion, when Dr. Child (in consequence of some prophetic vision, maybe,) invited Mrs. White to his own house, where he locked her up with the inmates, who entertained her the whole of the evening, for the sole purpose of convincing (he always seems anxious to convince somebody of something) some doubting skeptics of the reality of the spirit-form, the latter appeared in the seance-room and talked with R. D. Owen in the presence of all the company. The Spiritualists were jubilant that night, and the Doctor most triumphant of them all. Many are the witnesses ready to testify to the fact, but Dr. Child, when questioned, seems to have entirely forgotten this important occurrence.

5th, Who is the party whom she claims to have engaged to personate General Rawlings? Let him come out and swear to it, so that we will all see his great resemblance to the defunct warrior.

6th, Let her name the friends from whom she borrowed the costumes to personate "Sauntere" and "Richard." They must prove it under oath. Let them produce the dresses. Can she tell us where she got the shining robes of the second and third spirit?

7th, Only some portions of Holmes's letters to "Frank" are published in the biography: some of them for the purpose of proving their copartnership in the fraud at Blissfield. Can she name the house and parties with whom she lodged and boarded at Blissfield, Michigan?

When all of the above questions are answered and demonstrated to our satisfaction, then, and only then, shall we believe that the Holmeses are the only guilty parties to a fraud, for its consummate rascality and brazenness, is unprecedented in the annals of Spiritualism.

I have read some of Mr. Holmes's letters, whether original or forged, no matter; and blessed as I am with good memory, I will remember certain sentences that have been, very luckily for the poetic creature, suppressed by the blushing editor as being too vile for publication. One of the most modest of the paragraphs runs thus:

"Now, my advice to you, Frank, don't crook your elbow too often; no use doubling up and squaring your fists again," etc. Oh Katie King!

Remember, the above is addressed to the woman who pretends to have personated the spirit, of whom R. D. Owen wrote thus: "I particularly noticed this evening the ease and harmony of her motions. In Naples, during five years, I frequented a circle fated for loudly demeanor; but never in the best bred lady of rank accosting her visitors, have I seen Katie out-rivalled." And further: "A well-known artist of Philadelphia, after examining Katie, said to me that he had seldom seen features exhibiting more classic beauty. 'Her movements and bearing,' he added, 'are the very ideal of grace!'"

Compare for one moment this admiring description to the quotation from Holmes's letter. Fancy an ideal of classic beauty and grace, evoking her elbow in a lager beer saloon, and—judging for yourself!

111. Guards street, Philadelphia.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow
Another soul to reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.—Ed. S. Wheeler, 3700 Darby Road, writes Jan. 6th, as follows: "Friends of the Banner of Light: 'I still live,' and hereby give a sign thereof, and of my remembrance of yourselves and many other kind ones to whom perhaps I can do no greater favor than to limit personalities. Since my physical breakdown I have been unable to speak in public—unable to bear mental occupation in connection with spiritual matters; but gaining a little breath and strength, have been absorbed in the common place effort to earn bread, and pay off the debts I had accumulated, as my share of the financial profits of more than a decade of public work as a teacher of Spiritualism. I am slowly accomplishing the other. However, looking at the past, I have no complaint to make. My only regret is that my deficiencies and perversities prevented a better result from my efforts and opportunities. And yet 'tis well."

In Philadelphia continuously for more than a year, I have been a reflective observer, though of late some degree of returning strength has enabled me to make, once a month or so, a few remarks in our conference meeting. For this I feel indebted in a great degree to the fraternal and professional care of Dr. W. L. Robinson, the Healer and Electrician, of this city; not that I forgot the good F. L. H. Willis did me, nor the useful services of Samuel Grover before that; all of them, as well as others, have my endorsement and gratitude.

Of course the signs of progress reveal themselves here, and with the increasing display of spirit power, and the eccentricities of investigators and presumed media, Spiritualism and Spiritualists are receiving an unprecedented amount of wholesome attention and criticism. As to the Katie King affair, I had and have confidence in Prof. Crookes and his coadjutors, and consequently none in the Philadelphia personation. Although kindly invited by Dr. Child, as well as several others, I did not attend any of the seances. I think Katie King a truthful spirit, whose work ended, as she said, in England; but I do not think our venerable and experienced friend, the Hon. Robt. Dale Owen, and the industrious Dr. Child, quite so utterly deceived as they now seem to think they were! I have good reason to believe in genuine materializations at the Holmes seances, but there is also decided testimony that no "Katie King" was there, but other spirits, and at times, probably dishonest media and audacious confederates, converting and executing fraudulent imposture. I am not quite ready to help in the proposed criminal suit against the Holmeses *et al.*, but I am glad none of the parties investigating, show any disposition to conceal fraud, "to save the cause," as we fear some of our Christian brethren still do.

I have been more in rapport with the people of the work shop, and the streets at large, than with the Spiritualist Lecturers of Iowa, but there is good attendance and thoughtful listening; but really the greatest educational work is being done by the Spirits themselves, and the general newspaper press. For this you know, and I know, the two worlds have much to thank the Banner of Light, an acknowledged model among newspapers, not only of typographical excellence, but of editorial make up and ability, as well as charitable liberalism and successful business management. I have not forgotten others. I remember Dr. Ferguson, the gentleman and scholar; S. B. Brittan, worthy of his work as it is of him; Tiffany, Newton, Davis, etc., etc. I know there was an Albro and an "Age of Progress," and that the spiritual-minded, self-sacrificing Chauncey Griswold, M. D., and his modest niece, brought "The Sunbeam" to shine in the morning of the movement. They are, and were, suns and stars—comets some of them, and truly they have their share of glory! But while the aggregate of their influence is impossible to estimate, the Banner of Light, whatever its deficiencies, has waved and continues to wave over the very citadel of spiritual freedom, and after every storm of persecution, after every conflagration, every panic, not only the garrison, but all the world, can see, above the smoke "The flag is still there."

Long may it wave, and ever its folds grow broader and brighter, until it glitters in the perfect purity of eternal truth, above the profound peace Spiritualism is to bring to the souls of mankind.

Speaking of the Free Conference which assembles in the same building, but not in the same room, where the regular lectures of the Spiritualist Society are given, I have to say, that although begun but a few months ago, by a mere half dozen friends, with our old acquaintance Horace M. Richards as their chosen chairman, they have grown, by common cooperation in interest and importance, to which his own kindly spiritual poems, well read by him from the desk, have contributed, until a well-filled hall is the order of every meeting. I am too much a stranger to speak of the various speakers, who have made these occasions attractive; except that the women are not unlearned or unequal, and the men generally practical, as well as comprehensive in view. Friend Cooper, of England, has entertained us with his reminiscences of Spiritualism in Europe, and we heard Mr. Morse in a social way when he was here. The sample he gave of his style and temper drew some to the lecture room, to know him better. One thing I have observed, the universal courtesy, toleration and forbearance of the members of this meeting, and know I am not alone when I attribute much of the harmony of the sessions, and the general success of the enterprise, to the unflinching urbanity and watchful impartiality of the very earnest and worthy President. Last Sunday a very pleasant meeting ended unexpectedly with his resignation, as business takes him to New York, and the general sense of regret found expression in the following resolutions, which being duly made the unanimous sense of the meeting, it is hoped by all who were present, may be considered fit for publication in your columns, since the news of what is done in such matters, can nowhere be better collected. The resolutions read as follows, being adopted by D. Y. Kilgore, Esq.: "Resolved, Our brother Horace M. Richards is about to remove from Philadelphia, and has resigned his position as President of the Lincoln Hall Free Meetings, therefore, Resolved, that while we learn with regret the necessity that compels the resignation of our President, we extend to him our warmest thanks for the impartial, dignified and acceptable manner in which he has discharged the duties of presiding officer of these meetings; and we will commend him to the confidence and kindness of all untrammelled souls."

Franklin Skinner was chosen by acclamation to preside for January, and the Philadelphia Free Conference, corner Broad Street and Fairmount Avenue, may as well be recorded among the institutions of education.

Wisconsin.

OTTUMWA.—R. G. Eccles writes Jan. 4th: To-night I closed my labors west of the Mississippi, and having now a few hours to wait for the train to bear me Chicago-ward, have concluded to spend it making my New Year's bow to yourself and readers. My communications to your papers are patterned after the old style "angel visits." My only excuse is, too much else to do. For the last three months I have only missed four evenings during which I have not lectured. These, too, were more than atoned for in speaking three times nearly every Sunday. I had to do this to fill the many calls that have poured in upon me from every quarter of the State. As I leave, several new calls remain unfilled for lack of time. I am on my way to Ripon to attend the State Convention of Northern Wisconsin. Had this engagement not been made about three months ago I expect I would have spent the winter in Iowa. During their Fall Convention they failed to procure my services, although written to two months before the time, because I then had four months' engagements made, extending through the winter nights as well as Sundays. The Indiana Convention failed to procure me for the same reason. The friends in Clay, Onondaga Co., N. Y., bound not to be behindhand this time, have had me engaged several weeks already for their County Circle Convention on July 25th next. Many

calls have been received out of my way, too far to fill.

The course of lectures on "The Constitution of Nature," which I have been delivering, has started more down right skeptics and materialists to investigate spirit communion than a month of direct lecturing on Spiritualism ever did before in my experience as a lecturer. In towns where attempt after attempt had been made to awaken an interest, and get out a crowd, but with no marked effect, they flocked out, and jammed the largest halls so full that I could scarcely get around. In places where large crowds greeted our speakers, when this course was given, neither standing nor sitting room could be had for those coming late. "It does look plausible," "Spiritualism may be true after all," "I never saw it in that light before," "The mysterious phases of Spiritualism are clear as day to me now." These are a few of the expressions usually heard at the close of the course. With the exception of a single induction and its corollaries, the entire course is composed of the most recently discovered and accepted doctrines of Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, Helmholtz, Fraunhofer, etc. These are collated into one system of nature, after being presented with over one hundred experiments in chemistry and physics of the most startling character, and future life, with its conditions and possibilities as hitherto presented by Modern Spiritualism, shown to be necessary for the existence of our present phenomenal universe.

As I have farewell to my Western friends in the places where they had known me for years as a speaker, and told them my work hereafter would mainly be in the East, as I had now made my home in New York City, I saw many wet eyes. I parted with but few who did not at least say, "You must come back again!" At the farewell lecture in each place, when I closed, they pressed forward by the score, to extend the parting hand. I have left Iowa full of good harvesters, and so do not regret at the change I have made so much as if this was otherwise. Our good brother, Warren Chase, bold and fearless yet, has been among some of my old friends and has left his mark for good. In his calm, paternal style he eloquently, truthfully pleads our cause, winning many hearts to his side. He has lately visited Eddyville and Ottumwa, and is now in the care of the State, dealing giant blows against bigotry and superstition. Bro. Fishback is laboring in the Southern counties. His late discussion with my old opponent, F. W. Evans, the Western Hercules of Methodism, resulted in a grand triumph to our cause, if reports be correct. When Evans towered upward for the cry of conquest, in eloquence and logic soaring 'mid the blue empyrean eagle-like, Fishback, like the condor, swept far above and with extended talons bore down upon his antagonist, bending him to the earth. Dr. Sanford, having returned from his Nebraska tour, is now pleading our cause through the central eastern region. The doctor is too well known for his grand good work as State Missionary of Iowa to need a recommendation. Long may his voice be heard eloquently pleading for Spiritualism. Capt. H. H. Brown and his good wife, Fannie Bowen Brown, have exclusive possession of the West, save when Bro. Chase and Bro. — make incursions upon their domain. The captain has a most commanding and attractive appearance upon the rostrum, and with his eloquence and magnetic power molds the thoughts and wishes of his audience with masterly dexterity. His wife is said to be an excellent medium. A new worker has entered this field from Wisconsin, whose name I have forgotten and failed to give above. He has been speaking most of the time in Des Moines where, I am told, he has given excellent satisfaction. Sister H. Morse, last mentioned, but not least of this noble galaxy of workers, is our only lady speaker here. She has chosen the northeast for her work. Her powers as a speaker cannot better be compared than to a prairie all ablaze with flowers: Quaint, sparkling and original throughout, once heard she is usually appreciated. Iowa has a band of workers she may well be proud of, and our cause there rolls on most gloriously.

Vermont.

WILMINGTON.—J. N. Bassett writes: The beautiful Banner of Light, with its pages full of spiritual knowledge and the evidence of immortal life, reaches this town regularly. I consider the "Message Department" alone worth the price of the paper, and take a deal of comfort and pleasure reading it each week. We need here a good lecturer and test medium. We have some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, many of whom are liberal minded, and desire to investigate the spiritual phenomena and learn the truths of its philosophy.

PITTSFORD.—"C. S." writing from this place, offers unmistakable evidence of the animus of the sectarian element in the Green Mountain State. He says: "At the last biennial session of our State Legislature, a bill to our Sunday laws was enacted, making Vermont quite blue. At the extra session, which adjourned last Friday, Jan. 15th, Mr. Smalley, the member from Burlington, introduced a bill to secure liberty of conscience to the inmates of all State Institutions, the third reading of which was refused by that august body, styled the wisdom and virtue of Vermont."

Iowa.

LOGAN.—J. A. McKinney writes Jan. 10th: The welcome Banner greets us with regularity in this western part of Iowa. Capt. H. H. Brown, our State Missionary, has given some lectures here to very good audiences. The captain is a scholarly and fluent, inspiring speaker, and has made many warm friends here in the West. His lady is a fine healing test and business medium. A few days since I was at Marshalltown, the county seat of Marshall county, and there spent a few days with Dr. A. C. House and lady. They are working wonders in their quiet way, and do not seem to want notoriety. I do not remember of seeing any notice of them in print, but from what I saw and heard while there, their cures will compare favorably with any on record. They seem to have been endowed from birth with rare spiritual gifts for healing the sick. I shall ever remember with emotions the time so pleasantly and profitably spent while at their home.

New York.

STOCKHOLM.—Austin Kent writes, Jan. 15th, thus: I desire all my friends to know, through the Banner; that, though very feeble and confined much to my bed, I suffer less than in the fall, and through your and your kindness I am in condition to take good care of myself and the faithful and patient wife who is always near me to do what human hands can do. I rest in mind in a belief of the promise of several minds in and out of the body, that I shall be well cared for in the future. And, brothers and sisters, Spiritualism is true, whatever may be the result of the controversy between the Holmeses and our good and able Brothers Child and Owen, on the matter of materialization. Only last week I conversed with perfect ease and clearness for one hour with an unseen intelligence, quite superior to my own.

Kansas.

LEAVENWORTH.—C. P. H. writes: The Philosophy of Spiritualism in this city and vicinity is having a steady, healthy growth; some of the best minds are investigating; many mediums are being developed, with great variety of gifts. One John Donley was about one year ago developed as a healer; his rooms are now daily crowded with all kinds of chronic patients, whom he is successfully treating, to the great astonishment of the M. D.'s and D. D.'s. A first class lecturer or test medium would be well sustained, if they should call.

Ohio.

ANTWERP.—A subscriber writes: Spiritualism is still moving steadily onward, notwithstanding all the opposition, ignorance, bigotry and superstition.

ANOTHER VIEW OF TYPHOID DISEASE.—In the way of comment upon Prof. Tyndall's hypoth-

A TEST MEDIUM is wanted in Montgomery Ala. Frank T. Ripley would be the person needed, as he is an excellent medium. Address Mrs. N. E. H. Wiggins, as above.

The Rostrum.

IMMORTALITY—ITS FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Lecture delivered at Beecham Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 25th, 1875.

BY J. J. MOHRE.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

The lecturer prefaced his remarks by the reading of Miss Lizzie Doten's beautiful poem, "Outward Bound," after which he announced as his subject: Immortality—its Facts and Philosophy. To correctly consider and elucidate the problem would require the closest attention of listener and speaker. The object of the present discourse would be to consider that state toward which we were all advancing. Not only did the busy, bustling activity of daily life demand the action of our thought, but there was also that other activity beneath the surface, dealing with the requirements of the age, that needed deep and sustained inquiry, through which only could a satisfactory solution be gained. The subject chosen was eminently a spiritual one, and therefore upon this occasion the remarks of the speaker could not fail of being in the strictest harmony with the needs of the hour, and the incitements of the great cause which we had assembled to honor. And how fair and noble was the position of Modern Spiritualism! How it glowed like a god, with its eyes gleaming with a glory almost unspeakable, and its every action radiant with a beauty which no human tongue could portray! And yet, beautiful and noble as were the lessons which it placed before mankind, how often were its unfoldments lost, and the moral sought to be conveyed ignored; how often was the great truth allowed to pass by, and who knew how much more trial and trouble in the future the race might have to endure before it could come in contact with that truth again!

The subject under consideration was at the present time demanding the closest attention of the world of thought; theology declared that it knew "all about it," and Spiritualism claimed to have solved the doctrine beyond a shadow of a doubt; but the theme chosen for the afternoon's exercises was so selected because, to the speaker's mind, the essential philosophy underlying the facts of immortality did not receive the attention which it was so eminently entitled to have. What fact was there which could lead us to conceive of man's immortality? Outside of the phenomenal evidence and revelations of Modern Spiritualism there was no material, demonstrable proof that man had an immortal soul—let alone a future existence. It was not the primal need of the present age that it should have the fact of spirit return revealed to it—the fact of immortality must first be established to the minds of its thinkers. When we remembered that the tendency of the present age was toward negation, it was directly necessary that we should first endeavor to demonstrate that there was a self-conscious governing power or spirit in man which existed after death, and which survived the shock of change; and then the after proposition of that spirit's ability to return and communicate with those left behind, would be more easy of comprehension. How could this demonstration be accomplished?

Commencing in this life, leaving out all our experiences in the spiritual phenomena since their advent, was there no evidence that could appeal to the brains of the thinkers of the present age, and build up the conception of the necessity of immortality? We think there is—said the speaker—and also think we can prove our claim. Taking man's physical structure as a matter of review, it would be found that his body was built up of the elements contained in the world around him. The disintegration of the articles of food of which he partook and their harmonious assimilation, ministered to the continuity of his physical existence. But if this theory were true, there was a something behind it which viewed from a materialistic standpoint was a very embarrassing fact, for we all knew that when the bodily structure was in perfect health, then the individual was as confident and sure of his existence as of anything known by him; this state reduced the friction of the individual functions to the lowest possible degree, and the production of this harmony was commonly spoken of as the good health of the individual. Now when there was no jarring discord, when health was obtained, when harmony had been brought up to the maximum, and the friction of the functions reduced to a minimum, why was it, first, that that health being established, and the recuperative forces of the body being in proper working order, that humanity grew old; and second, why did humanity die, in the common acceptance of the term! It would seem that this perfect harmony would insure the integrity of the individual structure, and give a sort of physical immortality on the part of that individual; but despite it, humanity was continually being depleted of its life forces and growing old, and was finally claimed by death as its victim—passing from the scenes of earth to a point or condition beyond the reach of the materialist to follow, or the power of the scientist to fathom.

The speaker desired to carry his reasoning still further. From a materialistic standpoint, mind had been declared to be a property of matter; materialists claimed that the brain secreted thought as the liver secreted bile, and that just in proportion to the amount of grey matter in the brain, or just in accordance with the organic development of the man in a higher or lower degree, was graded the standard of individuality which was expressed by him. But there was something wrong in this materialistic hypothesis. Most unquestionably the mind governed the body, and a radical trouble arose to be confronted and explained if possible by the materialist; for if the mind so governed the organism, and yet said mind was evolved by the organism then he would have to admit that the substance evolved its ruler—that the major was evolved by the minor, which was not a very logical conclusion. Very truly, the presence of certain matter in the brain, or the relatively high or low degree of development of the organic structure of the individual, did govern man's expression of intelligence; but that that expressed intelligence could of right be assumed as the full measure of the fact itself, or that these conditions of matter affected the real status of the innate consciousness within which gave through them the evidence of its existence and workings, were positions to which Spiritualism gave a decided negative.

What evidence had we that there was an intelligence existing abstract from and independent of the human brain? The mesmeric subject passed under the influence of the will of the operator,

and became in that state of coma dead to all natural surroundings; nerves might be divided, tender portions of his form—as beneath the nails of the fingers—might be probed with instruments, noises be made of the most deafening character, and in the midst of all this the sleeping subject would remain insensible—dead, to all intents and purposes. But, said the lecturer, while remaining in this state apparently dead condition, behold the subject speaks, saying, "I see no matter what, no matter where; the question for the materialist to solve is how, and by what power does he see?" Every avenue of the senses is closed; insensibility reigns triumphant. Only through the senses can man obtain knowledge, say these philosophers, and yet the subject, with all these channels closed, still sees and knows. What sees and knows? The eye is insensible, and does not see; the ear cannot catch the loudest sound that can be produced; but still the subject can hear and see that which others around cannot. These facts had been established as such beyond dispute by the long painful process through which Mesmerism, in the face of the bitterest opposition, had forced its way to the consideration and acceptance of mankind. What was it that saw when the mesmeric subject was in the state of coma? In the prosecution of the search for an answer to this question, the speaker again referred to the workings of the human organism, citing the case of the hand, which was moved—it might be assumed—by the will of the individual inhabiting the organism, by the action of the mind as expressed by the will; but between the mind which was a something which we could not grasp hold of, and the hand there seemed to be an impassable gulf. Let us bridge it. The hand was moved by the muscles, which were governed by the nerves; the nerves were controlled by the will, and that will was exercised in its turn by the mind, the *me* that existed behind it. Thus the action of the muscles, the nerves, the will and the *me* were all involved in the simple movement of the hand. The further we proceeded interiorly the more refined would the conditions become, till we arrived at the *me* condition which was so refined that it eluded the action of the most delicate instrument; and all we could judge of that *me* was by its operation. All this the materialist accepted, but when we attempted to assure him that that *me* existed on when the bodily casket or vehicle was disintegrated at death, he refused to give credence to the assertion. And the materialist was to be applauded for his bold rejection of what seemed to him a fallacy; the great need of the age was men who had back bone enough to refuse to give in their adhesion to what did not appear to their consciousness as truth. Though clerical theology might rail at them with its vilest interpretation, and even Spiritualists be found to look askance upon them, yet these very men whom it was sought to trample under foot were rendering to truth an inconceivable service; they made investigation necessary in order to meet their arguments which were born of an honest skepticism, and this inquiry broadened the reach of truth, and rendered Spiritualism necessary in the last analysis, in that no other system of thought or revelation could successfully cope with their positions.

Now the sleeping subject of the mesmerist had been shown to obtain knowledge without recourse to any of the sense avenues of which we had spoken; but it had been assumed in the argument (as from a materialistic standpoint) that beyond these two conditions, of consciousness and its opposite, there was no other side, and that the nervous forces were the bridge uniting the outer consciousness with the inner man. But this ground the speaker would not seek to maintain, inasmuch as the results of the mesmeric trance indicated a more subtle force than the nervous—a something which proceeded from the operator, and which brought on the condition of coma. It was found that the nervous forces, therefore, were not the ultimate of the powers of the human structure. What then was that force which flowed from the mind or consciousness of the mesmeric operator? The Controlling Intelligence proceeded to take up and accept the assumption that that interior consciousness whose outward expression was manifested through the will of said operator, did exist as a distinct and separate reality apart from his bodily functions, because the minor could not evolve the major—that which was controlled, in this instance at least, was not the parent of the power that controlled it. Assuming this in the analysis, the speaker desired to bring down the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, and to apply it to the question. Some one might ask: Would you make the consciousness of man a materiality? And to such he would reply that there had been a deal of stupid talk concerning matter and spirit, and such differing views had been expressed, and in such a contradictory manner as to suggest that many thinkers hardly understood what they themselves meant to convey by the terms; and it would puzzle a very wise man to tell where the one began and the other ended.

Speaking of this consciousness as a reality, the lecturer characterized it as a subtle force or property which was possessed of an indestructible, recuperative power. The inner nature of man might thus be portrayed as a very material thing, but when the conditions of the universe were considered, we might see that the amount of materiality referable to that consciousness might be more refined than that of any of the elements around us to-day. That which existed *per se* could never be destroyed. This consciousness of man, existing as a reality, born of what might be termed homogeneous substance, or pure spirit, must be immortal. But of what good was immortality to this concrete entity, if it was only to be perfected by an organism, for the materialists maintained (and gratitude was due them in that they gave us many valuable arguments) that intelligence must have a power to express itself, therefore intelligence must depend on organization; but that was their argument, not that of the speaker; he held that intelligence must have an organization, but was not chained as to its ultimate by that organization—that the personality which existed after death must have an organization, else it would be relegated to the realm of oblivion, for man, to enjoy an immortality and to be conscious of it, must of necessity possess an organic structure.

There might be those who would accuse the speaker of depicting the men and women of the next state of existence as very like those of this sphere. What person in the audience before him would desire to be less a man or less a woman to-morrow than they were to-day? and if they would not be less in this world would they wish to be so in the world to come? Assuming that the men and women of the next stage of being were as real as those of this, where and of what

nature was the proof to be adduced in defence of the position? That proof would again be found in the realm of physiology. When the food was taken into the human system to sustain it in the condition necessary for the meeting of the demands of physical life, the component atoms of that food disintegrated for the purpose, and a condition was evolved in this case which differed essentially from and reached beyond the scope of their first state, and that condition was but the commencement of a series of changes which ultimately in their being developed into a state from which psychic force was eliminated; carrying on the analysis, it would be found that there was practically no limit to the refinement of matter. The question then arose: What became of that super-spiritualized portion which must eventually exist? every nerve, every fibre, every atom which entered into the composition of this structure, and all were continually struggling forward, and the higher they reached the more refined did they become, till at last the conditions produced were beyond those that were immediately requisite to meet the demands of the physical economy; they were not related to the world of ordinary matter, because they had advanced beyond its grade of development; neither were they related as component parts to the indwelling personality which existed *per se*. What became of them, then? a revulsion occurred, and the atoms thus progressed were interiorly deposited, as it were; every portion of the human system became lined by them with a fine, silvery deposit, and when death came it was the rendering up, on the part of the material casket, of those bright, silvery gleams which every portion of it contained; these were evolved, unseen by the mortal eye, but were nevertheless a reality bright and beautiful as any God had ever designed; they came forth as a hazy cloud shining and pulsing with interior energy and light—a central star surrounded by its constellations—and gradually shaped themselves into symmetry and form, and from the heaving mass was built up the counterpart of the physical organism wherein they were once contained. Death was thus accomplished, and the death of the man was only the culmination of the physical structure and the rendering up of the elements of its spiritual body, that said body might form the abiding place of the spirit in the life beyond. These were the facts of immortality. This spiritual organization resembled in form the original one in which it was contained, and its nature would be found also to resemble the physical counterpart from which it had proceeded. In the mortal life the *me* was ever operant, and every action flowing from the consciousness, to be wrought out in deeds by the physical organism, had to flow through the spiritual body, and thus left its impression upon that body which was existing within; no experience was lost, and when we passed out of the present state of life and into the next world, all the realities of experience and expression, having registered themselves upon the spiritual brain, would be retained by that brain, while all those of time merely, registering themselves upon the outer brain, would perish with that record book. Only the spiritual meanings of life were transferred by us when we passed over the river. The consciousness being continued, and the spiritual body bearing witness to the experiences of the past, it would be found that man, in his next state of existence, was essentially the same as he was in this. An individual, personal, immortality was the only immortality that man could possibly enjoy and be true to the principle of his innate nature.

But the speaker desired to go further in the matter. After the fact of continued personal existence was settled, what was the next requisite; why, a location for the spirit, a world where man would find that which ministered to his needs, a state wherein he would feel that he was at home. The next state of existence was filled with those who had once been as we are, and who had forms, and personal peculiarities, and needs, and if God had failed to provide them with the means of ministering thereto, then their very existence was a blot upon his executive wisdom. It was not conceivable in reason that the executive wisdom of the Deity would fall at such an important link in the chain, and therefore as the nature of man the immortal stood revealed we were bound by inference to suppose the existence of a world as tangible and real to him as our own to-us, which was the ordained supplier of his needs. If such a world did not exist, then the existence of men and women after death was indeed but a sad fate; the battered ship of their destiny, with her sails blown away, her rigging torn and her rudder broken, with no power to guide or save, would drift hither and thither, a prey to the conflicting blasts that beat to fury the bosom of an unknown sea! What a gloomy condition such an immortality would be—a condition that would not suit a single human soul, because it would reflect too glaringly upon the wisdom of that God whom it believed to exist.

If, however, we were to take the general conception of the world at large, we would find that it had about as definite a notion concerning immortality and its facts as the picture which had just been drawn. Heaven had been declared to be somewhere, but where the would-be leaders of human thought did not know—man might be immortal, but where he would pass his after life they could not tell. And with the exception of the view revealed by Spiritualism there was but little understanding among men concerning the reality of the immortal life. The time was wanting at present for the speaker to deal as he desired with the theme which would portray the world in which lived the men and the women who had put off the physical, and who were enjoying the refined conditions of the better country, therefore he would announce that on the next Sabbath afternoon the subject discussed upon would be: The Nature and Location of the Spiritual World; showing the consecutive harmony that exists between the nature of man the spirit and that world wherein he is to pass the spiritual existence when he crosses the river of death.

The facts of immortality stood revealed! Outside of the phenomenal proof offered by Spiritualism evidence had been traced pointing to the conception that an after life was an inherent property of humanity. And if in addition to that evidence the flood gates of Spiritual phenomena revelation were opened—the curtain was drawn aside and the golden sunlight was let in upon waiting anxious hearts flooding the world with glory and demonstrating not only life hereafter but life in a home consonant with its requirements—what was it all but the vindication of man's immortality through material evidence which harmonized with the demands of a material age? What was it but the proof that man

was an immortal entity, and that his existence hereafter was as assured as the condition of life which he now enjoyed! This evidence would lead the mind of him who strove to grasp it to look beyond toward Deity, to recognize a purpose in all the circumstances of being; and to feel as the shadows of physical change darkened around him that he was but taking another forward step in that path of progress which would indeed in spirit and in truth lead him to draw nearer, still nearer to thee, our God!

The Controlling Intelligence then announced that he would answer such written questions as the audience might offer; whereupon those queries which had been collected by the ushers for the purpose were severally read by the Chairman, Lewis B. Wilson:

Ques.—Will you please describe the manner by which spirits control? Do they dispossess the spirit of the medium, or do they psychologize, or impress? If the latter, does not the mind of the medium influence the character of the message, and necessarily make it unreliable?

Ans.—In no single instance does the operating spirit enter into the corporeal structure of the medium; but the spirit of the medium is removed from the body for the time being, then the control being perfected, the manifesting agency is able to overcome to a great extent all influence from the personality of the instrument. But when the control is not automatic, then the conditions of the organization tend to affect and color the nature of the manifestations. The organic conditions, mental biases, etc., of the medium in such cases were ever important points to be considered as an influence was exerted by them corresponding to the plane of development occupied by said medium; if the medium occupied a good plane, then an influence flowed therefrom in harmony with the control sought to be established; if not, the lower the scale occupied by the medium, the more was the control liable to be affected thereby. In all cases a certain allowance must be made for the action of the personality of the medium, in the consideration of the spiritual problem.

Q.—You stated in your lecture at Rochester Hall, Boston, that dark circles were injurious to some temperaments. Will you please to state what the dangers are, and why they should be avoided?

To this the speaker replied that it was self-evident that if dangers existed they ought naturally to be avoided. Such dangers did exist for certain temperaments in relation to the attendance on dark circles. Some persons were possessed of nervous conditions so easily excitable that, in visiting said circles, they—insensibly it might be—evolved more of the psychic force than was in harmony with the requirements of their own bodily welfare. These persons, therefore, should not frequent dark circles, for if such a course were persevered in the mind might lose a certain amount of control over the brain, and a condition of insanity occur.

Q.—Are all souls finally swallowed up in Infinity? i. e., do we all return to the source from which we originally sprang, thus losing our individuality?

A.—So have sung some of the leading poets of the East, but, with all due respect to them, we think differently. Man's individuality, commencing on this plane of being—or anywhere else wherein organic life begins—is sure to exist. We cannot however answer the question definitely, because we have not run the whole race of life; if we had been taken into and swallowed up by the Divine we should not be able to return, so our experience runs directly counter to the supposition.

Q.—How can we communicate with our spirit-friends at home, without the presence of a medium?

A.—Precisely in the same manner through which you can get an effect without a cause.

Q.—Are the materializations of spirit hands now being produced in this city genuine manifestations of spirit-power?

A.—Investigators priding themselves upon their intelligence should never ask a spirit about that which they can find out for themselves.

Q.—It is claimed that where religion is introduced the community is benefited; yet in some foreign countries calling themselves very religious, the people are low in the scale of ignorance and degradation.

To this—the closing one of the series of questions—the Controlling Intelligence replied: There are some physicians who claim that by the introduction of poison into the human system certain evils can be removed, but they will tell you that they do it under protest, and that it is very dangerous; and we think the introduction of theology is open to the same objection. It was a known fact that wherever theology had been introduced the community had suffered, because said theology repressed the better instincts, confining the intellects and souls of men to its narrow prison-house. Since the theologic systems were based upon certain creedal assumptions, they could logically allow no reflective thinker to pass judgment upon the reliability of these basic points; consequently under their arbitrary rule progress was a dead letter—advance could only be hoped for on the part of those who held out against their tenets and refused to join the ranks of their believers. The speaker closed his answers by referring on the other hand to the beauties of the spiritual religion of the hour, a religion which brought forth a realizing sense of the Deity that dwells within humanity; a religion which fettered no human soul, but said to all: Come up higher. He would have the shell-bound systems of theology come forth and test their claims to credence by the side of this new revelation. Let them square themselves, the plumb line of truth being suspended between, and let the shadow decide which was right.

VICTIMS OF OPIUM.—A reclaimed victim of opium sends to the Cincinnati Commercial his prescription for the cure of the dreadful habit. Arguing that the average victim uses of the drug what is equivalent to twenty grains of morphine a day; he counsels the preparation, by a competent physician or careful druggist, of two hundred and seventy grains of morphine, twenty-two grains of belladonna, and forty-five grains of quinine. Divide this into ninety pills, each of which will contain three grains of morphine, and begin by taking three pills a day. The nine grains of morphine thus taken, with their admixture, go as far with the patient as did his previous twenty grains a day, owing to the peculiar effects of the belladonna in the combination. Lower the quantity of morphine in each successive batch until two grains per diem are reached, and then lessen the proportion of belladonna, and, perhaps, add a small portion of nux vomica. The cure is said to be almost certain, but too much care cannot be exercised as to the quantity and quality of the belladonna, which is a deadly poison in anything over cautiously small doses.

New Publications.

THE THEOLOGICAL WORKS OF THOMAS PAINE, Published by J. P. Mendum, Investigator office, Boston, With Portrait.

This is announced to be the most complete edition ever published. It comprises the Age of Reason, in two Parts; Letter to a Friend; Letter to the Hon. J. Erskine on the prosecution of Thomas Williams for publishing the Age of Reason; Discourse to the Society of Theophilanthropists; Letter to Camille Jordan; Essay on Dreams; Examination of passages in the New Testament; Thoughts on a Future State; Reply to the Bishop of London; Origin of Free Masonry; Letter to Samuel Adams; Letter to Andrew A. Dean; and Miscellaneous Pieces. In a perusal of the foregoing production of the Apostle of Free Thought, one will obtain a complete idea of the character and scope of the mind of the much traduced Thomas Paine. It is needless to say of these famous writings that they are level with the capacity of the average mind, while they challenge the capacity of the most gifted and vigorous one. Every American knows, or ought to know, what a powerful influence the political writings of Paine had on securing the independence of his country, in requital for which the very place of his grave was pronounced profane by a bigoted and passionate priesthood, that could not overlook the effect of his powerful views on their superstitions, and the monuments of their creeds, already abolished. In their narrow view nothing a man could do as a patriot would condemn the unpardonable offence of assailing the superstitious scheme of their preachments. They could not meet reason with reason, but undertook to silence it with calumny and rage.

It is peculiarly fitting that this handsome collection of the theological works of Paine should be made just when the architectural memorial of him is dedicated in this city. The two occurrences happily come together. Although it is not claimed that he was a prodigy of learning, his strength is conceded to have lain in his acute penetration, his vigorous way of dealing with the dead shams of the ages which overlaid men's minds, and in his markedly strong common sense. It may be said to have been all questions on that side only, and to have thus brought forth the general comprehension. He was a lover of the simple truth, a moralist by instinct, and a foe to all attempts to enslave human reason. He brushed away the cobwebs which a musty theological learning, accumulated in the cloisters of the centuries, had woven before the vision of man, and labored to help him see his relations to time and eternity with the eyes of his own soul. Had he lived in our day he must have accepted Spiritualism as his faith after a thorough examination, for the sufficient reason that he would have found in it a solid foundation for the support of the belief which was already instinctive in his nature. There was nothing of sentimentalism visible in his faith, because it was the mesh of sentiment, prejudice, habit, passion, and interest which he rose asunder with so ruthless a hand. As time passes, Paine's name will brighten in the public esteem, and the only wonder will be that such narrow prejudices existed which he was obliged to confront in so vigorous a manner. He will always be regarded as a benefactor of the human race, the emancipator of the human mind from the servitude of the past, and a patriot whose published words were like so many battles.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE, or, A Thousand Years of the Old Northern Home—874-1874. By Rev. P. C. Hendley. With Illustrations. Lee & Shepard, publishers. This volume, by a well-known author, is substantially a History of Iceland, presenting a store of information of the most interesting character respecting its people, its topography, climate, soil, and all its known peculiarities. The million celebration of last year suggested it to the author, and a full account of that event forms the closing chapters of the book. The icebergs, the geysers and the cliffs, the peculiar features of the remote island, the manners and habits of the population who have lived and thriven in that lonely spot for a thousand years, the superstitions, the legends and the songs, and the traits of character which make them as tenacious a people as the moss that feeds their reindeer—are there portrayed in a picturesque and popular manner in this timely and welcome volume, and furnish a body of reading on Iceland which will thoughtfully acquaint one with a distant land which will always be like a myth sailing in the far Northern seas.

BORED BY THE WIND; or, the Poor Boy's Fortune, by Elijah Kellogg, is another of Lee & Shepard's issues, from a writer to whom the boys of the time need no introduction. Mr. Kellogg has produced a story in the present instance as attractive and natural as any of its well-read predecessors, and it will be as widely sought for as the rest of his increasingly popular stories.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February—H. O. Toulton & Co., 219 Washington street, Boston, publishers. Introduces a telling table of contents by a fine poem, "The Two Travelers," by William Cullen Bryant; "The Hesitant Mercenaries of our Revolution," by Prof. George N. Green, is of keen interest to the American reader, as is also the sketch "Two Girls that tried Farming," by D. A. Shepard; Edmund C. Steadman's "Skull in the Gold Drift," is one of the most remarkable poems which has appeared for years. The names of Henry W. Longfellow, J. T. Trowbridge, Kate Putnam Osgood, Henry James and others, are evidence that the reading matter is of a varied and entertaining nature, and the departments are of marked value.

THE GALAXY for February—Sheldon & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers—is replete. Justin McCarthy begins his new serial, "Dear-Lady-Disdain!" Nora Perry gives in rhythmic numbers a story of "Old Portsmouth Town;" Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen continues "A Norseman's Pilgrimage;" Richard Grant White discusses "Literary and Linguistic Notes and Queries," several poems—Mrs. S. M. Pratt, Kate Hilliard, etc.—illuminate the pages with their versifications, and the departments, "Drift Wood," "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature" and "Nobilia," are well sustained. Taken altogether, this is a fine number.

SCHINER'S ILLUSTRATED.—Through the politeness of A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston, Mass., we have received the February number of this well-executed magazine. "The Caverns of the Colorado," and "The Mysterious Island," are decked with illustrations which—at least in the case of the first article—appropriately depict a grandeur beyond the power of words to convey. J. G. Holland, E. C. Steadman, Louise Chandler Moulton, and other well-known writers, combine in a successful effort to furnish a readable issue.

ST. NICHOLAS, the children's favorite—has made its appearance for February; A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston, have it for sale. "The Marmosets," its frontispiece, is charming, as are others of its pictures. "The Story of a Birch-Bark Boy," by Isabel Frances, (illustrated by Sol Eytinge) deserves and will receive the reading of all the patrons of this popular magazine; and this is but one of the attractions offered by the present number.

THE NATIONAL, put forth by the National Publication Company, Washington, D. C., has come to hand for February, said number being the initial one of its first volume. The magazine is illustrated with pictures of Washington scenery, views of the Philadelphia "Centennial" buildings, etc. The Indian question is treated at length, and other matters of standard interest receive an appropriate dress both in language and typography. The National promises well for the future.

THE RAPID WRITER AND TACHYGRAPHY, a magazine devoted to language, short-hand writing, and kindred topics, is received from its publishers—an association of the same name at Andover, Mass.—for January. It is filled with much matter of interest not only to the student of Mr. D. P. Lindsley's style of writing—which to our mind is the best known—but to all inquirers into phonetics. The present number has twelve pages of engraved short-hand exercises.

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