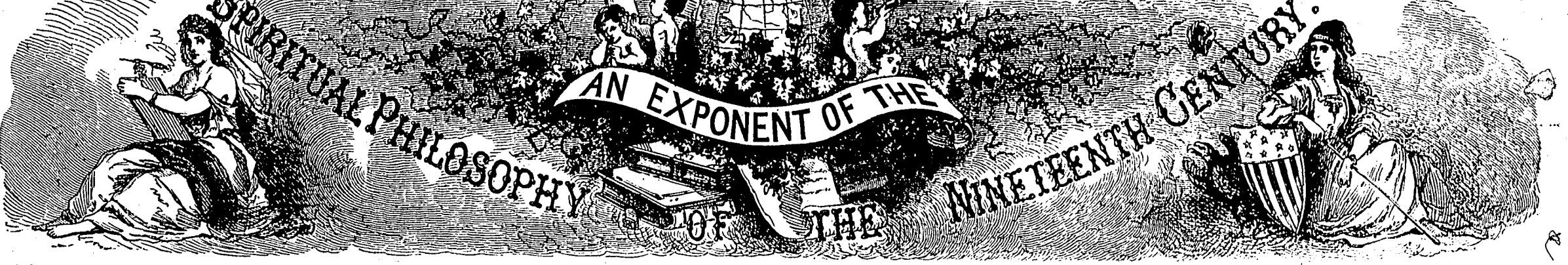


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Rostrum.

### SPIRIT AND MATTER.

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

On the afternoon of Sunday, Feb. 7th, S. G. Dodge, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn., addressed the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" at Beethoven Hall, Boston, his remarks having in view the elucidation of the above topic. As the lecture is the product of much mental labor on the part of this gentleman, and as it is his hope to deliver it before other societies of Spiritualists in the North previous to his return to Memphis, only a brief abstract will be here presented. In introducing his theme the speaker said he had come from the lower valley of the Mississippi to deliver this lecture to a Boston audience, because the assemblies here convened, having been accustomed to listen to and mentally appropriate the richest truths concerning the Spiritual Philosophy which could be expressed by the best of its public advocates, were eminently fitted to receive and ponder upon the peculiar views which he had to offer. In the face of the varying theories at present urged, he could not but feel that all who were seeking for truth were tending toward one and the same point, even as in music, the perfect diapason was produced by the union of sounds which taken severally might of themselves be inharmonious. In his present discourse he proposed to speak briefly and to the point, and to endeavor to address himself to the stating of the truth as it revealed itself to his mental perception.

The Infinite is without beginning; and as all things are of and in the Infinite, they also can have had no beginning in any sense other than that of a change of form or conditions resultant from the ceaseless operation of the law of differentiation. If we attempt to reason from a beginning of things, or a first cause, we are conscious of violating the first principle of causation, according to which there can be nothing uncaused. This could only be escaped from by acknowledging the demonstrations of the law of correlation—that all causes were effects, and all effects causes; this idea of correlation would fill the mind with harmony as regarded either the beginning or ending of things. The main position which he desired to maintain was, that the Infinite was the united and unitary result of a proposition in which spirit and matter were the two extremes, and force was the mean or medial term; though he confessed that no formula which he could frame could express the perfect harmony which he considered to exist in the Infinite, wherein spirit and matter were absolutely one.

The dawning thought of the Infinite antedated tradition, and ran like a golden thread through the history of mankind. The proposition that God existed was accepted by the books and systems of men as a proven fact. The skepticism which denied the existence of God because it could not conceive of a need for him, was in fault, in that many material facts known to us in part—as for instance the full contents of the circle to the mathematician—were in *extenso* beyond our reach. There were those extremists who maintained a belief in one who created the material universe, which universe was listed outside of and distinct from itself; this proposition annihilated itself, in that nothing could exist outside of itself, in that nothing could admit of no plus quantity. In opposition to those who held to the eternally and infinity of spirit, we found the men of science—Tyndall, Huxley and others—contending for the eternity and consequent infinity of matter. Thus the two schools joined issue in a struggle from which there was no escape, save by the assumption that spirit and matter were one. Only by this could Religion and Science be united.

It was an axiom of no mean importance that every truth in nature was in harmony with every other truth; if, therefore, religious faith was found to contravene even the humblest fact in physical science, then that fact, being true, must prevail; not all the power of all the hierarchies on earth could dislodge it from its place in God's temple. I do not desire, said the speaker, that religion shall descend from her celestial height, but I ask that faith shall be brought in harmony with truth—that authority shall succumb to the law of infinity as revealed in man. All erroneous ideas, however venerable for their antiquity, must yield in these days of keen analysis, and mental freedom of action, to the superior logic of fact demonstrated by experience.

Referring to the struggles going on between the two schools of thought—the one for the pre-eminence of matter over spirit, the other for the reverse of the proposition—the lecturer spoke hopefully of the future, citing the contentions for the acceptance of theories which convulsed geology in its early stage, as evidence that the question would be finally brought down, as these theories had been, to the solid basis of axiomatic truth. As in most controversies, said truth lay midway between the two contestants, and the opposing parties would eventually find themselves working toward the same results, while they supposed themselves moving in diametrically opposite directions.

Those who asserted that the Infinite was unknowable and unthinkable, and therefore naught, were in error, even as the individual would be who declared that the circle did not exist because the mathematician could not fathom its entirety of contents. The speaker agreed with Herbert Spencer that while the knowable was limited, that which was limited implied a beyond, and that beyond was the Infinite, which by necessary implication was demonstrated by the limited. What was matter? Matter had been understood to be certain substances held together by forces inherent within itself and nature; but science had demonstrated that these supposed solid masses or atomic concretions were really porous, and

the lecturer proceeded to make copious quotations from the views of various scientists, all pointing to an endorsement of the statements of Prof. Faraday that "we know nothing of matter but these forces," and of Herbert Spencer, who said, "Forces standing in certain correlations form the whole of what we know of matter." If matter was a mere concatenation of force—if it were admitted that matter was converted force—then it might be assumed that it was convertible into force. Heretofore matter was thought to be merely acted upon by spirit, but Prof. Tyndall had said he perceived in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." What more could be claimed for spirit-power? and if the examination were carried forward, it would be found that the two drew closely near.

In the procession and converting of forces nothing was lost, and therefore what was indestructible was never created, or what could never have an end never had a beginning; and some of the scientists, Herbert Spencer among them, maintained that all forces were one. The scientists were wont to assume that matter of itself evolved thought, affection, etc. These products of force must be matter, but they were not allied to the forces with which the scientist was accustomed to deal; we had, therefore, either a new creation, or the application of force to produce something which was not matter as weighed by the scientist. If forces concatenated to produce something which was not force, there was then a loss of force—a something was created which was not force; and we must look further for the factor unknown to physical science which would make the sum of the mentally equal to the products.

Physical scientists were anxiously seeking for the *Edipus* who was to solve the riddle of the sphinx of gravitation. And at this point Spiritualism came in. Referring to the tremendous advances which this new dispensation had achieved since its advent, a little over a quarter of a century ago, the speaker referred to the fact of the increased enlightenment of the world, which, in darker periods, had held chemistry—as a perfected system—in abeyance for a thousand years, and had, in later days, shown its wider liberality in accepting, in a greatly reduced space of time, the claims of geological and other scientific demonstrations and deductions. Spiritualism was a fact, not a faith; its phenomena, tested by some of the most experienced scientists of Europe and America, (as for instance Prof. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia,) had proved to be as authoritative as any other facts known to science; it had demonstrated that the human individuality survived the death of the material body; that the spirit was conqueror over matter and even over mind; that that spirit which existed after death could return and exert power over material conditions.

Here the speaker parenthetically remarked that while the gods of the so-called heathen were mainly those who had once lived on earth as mortal beings; and while the Hebrew *Mohim*, the gods, and the Pauline "gods many and lords many" intimated a similar sympathy between the orders of life: while the belief in tutelary deities was universal in China, and was embodied in the Catholic communion of saints; it was reserved for modern Protestantism to follow in this regard the system of negation adopted by the ancient Sadducees, and to deny, if not the after existence of the spirit, at least the possibility of its return to the world of physical life. Spiritual science had revealed (since the advent of the modern phenomena and philosophy), as physical science could not reveal, the elimination of matter, the means by which matter became resolved back into force, as recognized by the materialistic scientists, also into other and higher ones, which they did not acknowledge or take cognizance of; it revealed the evolution of matter into its constituents, through the process of elimination, and its return to its original form—thus completing the unity of matter and force; it taught the fact that matter ascended through still higher grades of refinement, to meet the requirements of higher orders of intelligence, and still pointed onward to the unitary result, the one absolute force of Spencer, which was nothing but the universal unity of Confucius, enunciated twenty-four centuries ago. The speaker then quoted from the sayings of Epigenides, and other ancient writers, to prove that the same idea existed among them, as evidenced by the words "All things are one, and the one thing is God." "The Being, substance—all else is shadow—naught."

But the question remained, how could the Divine thought and wisdom manifest without an organism? The positivists and materialists declared that an organism was indispensably necessary; but the speaker maintained that the Divine thought was a force, as was electricity; the latter, though existing in the earthly atmosphere without material organism, was, through the medium of that atmosphere, powerful in its effects, and the operation of the former was, through the medium of the solar atmosphere, akin thereto. In this connection, and as an illustration, the lecturer detailed a lengthy and original theory which he had evolved in his mind concerning the development of the *Aurora Borealis* and the *Aurora Australis*.

The sun and the planets were everywhere sublimating matter and sending it forth into the enveloping chemical ether, and beyond the reach of our senses. What became of that refined matter so eliminated? Science could only conjecture, but Spiritualism revealed that said matter formed a new cosmos as real and substantial as that of which our senses took cognizance; its matter was ours—translated and transformed, it might be, but identical; and the speaker defied science to find a flaw in all this ratiocination! If light could be despatched through the luminiferous ether at the astounding speed revealed by astronomic research, why might not spirit possess a similar power? Why might not spirit be equally independent of organism? If gravitation was an energizing force, why should not thought be able to exert its energies throughout infinity?

The speaker gave instances of the spiritual transmission of intelligence by mortals yet in the body, one case of which had happened in his own experience, where, by this power, he had been enabled to instantaneously impress his thought upon the mind of a susceptible friend, though five degrees of earth's atmosphere intervened between the two individuals at the time. Should that capability be denied the antecedent—Supreme Thought or Power—which was found to be existent in its finite consequent?

Confucius, twenty-four centuries ago, had expressed the sum of man's moral duties in the one word reciprocity; thus had Pure Reason in that far-off stage of human life given the key to the fact of universal unity and correlation, which statement had been reaffirmed by the spirits among us to-day. Spirit-intelligences had said to the speaker that "The Eternal Spirit is thought, and progresses as you do." Even so; the Eternal Spirit was embodied in every particle of sub-

stance; it was re-incarnated in every successive individualized body as a distinct soul, by which process the Infinite Intelligence in infinite differentiation passed particle by particle through an infinite variety of individual experiences, the consciousness of each one of which was never lost.

The speaker said, in closing, that he was at a loss to adequately express his view of the great Infinite union of matter and spirit, to which he attached the name of the Divine—that subtle spiritual fact which Nature incessantly proclaimed with all her voices, to whom, though he could not ascribe name or location, his worship was offered. Divine love was ever operant. Through the paths of parental, conjugal and brotherly love he was led to conceive of the higher—a sphere of absolute love and wisdom and perfect union, from which the necessities of all beings were supplied.

## "The Rise and Progress of Spiritualism in England."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In my lecture on the above subject, reported in the Banner of Jan. 30th, an omission was made which I should like to supply through your columns. In my desire not to tax too much the patience of my audience, I omitted many things that I should like to have stated, some intentionally, others unintentionally. Unintentionally I omitted to make any allusion to a very excellent medium, Dr. Monck. This gentleman is not only a good physical and test medium, but a very excellent lecturer. He was brought up as a Baptist at Spurgeon's College, and for some time exercised the ministerial functions at Bristol. For the past three years he has devoted himself entirely to the work of Spiritualism. Coming out from the Orthodox body, his lectures have an excellent effect on our religious opponents, and his ability to demonstrate the facts of which he speaks, through his own organism, naturally enhances his influence for good.

Among the facts that occur through his mediumship is one of a most inexplicable character, and one that I have met with nowhere else. It is this: an accordion is bound round with string in such a manner that the bellows cannot be moved in the slightest degree. Under spirit action it is made to produce sounds as if the bellows came open to the full extent. This fact, which I have repeatedly witnessed, has always appeared to me very extraordinary and unaccountable.

In the description of Mr. Guppy's séance, which I gave from memory, I omitted to state perhaps the most remarkable feature of what occurred. After the turf had been brought, which was at my request, and was abundant enough to fill a half-bushel measure, the light was again extinguished, and then the curtains were drawn aside, and the window-blind raised, and the full form of a spirit was seen outside the window. The figure remained visible for about a minute, and then appeared to come through the glass into the room. A lady was frightened, and a light was struck. Order being restored, the room was again darkened, and the spirit reappeared and remained visible for about a minute, and then vanished. The figure appeared to be standing on a level with the window-sill. An examination was afterwards made, and it was found that the window was about five feet from the ground, and there was no projection for any person to stand upon. The figure appeared to be self-luminous. Very remarkable phenomena have occurred in Mrs. Guppy's presence, and, as I stated in my lecture, the fact of her being transported from one part of London to another, a distance of three and a half miles, rests upon the best possible evidence.

There are many interesting facts that came within my knowledge which should have been mentioned to have made my lecture complete, but it was impossible to compress in an hour's narrative all the events of a quarter of a century. I was therefore obliged to content myself with the selection of the most prominent.

I remain faithfully yours,  
ROBERT COOPER.

## WHAT BECAME OF THE MEDIUM?

EDITOR BANNER—Permit me, through your columns, to ask a few questions of Dr. H. B. Storer relative to a point in his communication in your issue of the 9th of Jan. 1875.

1st. Does Dr. S. think the medium was really absent from the cabinet when he sprang into and examined it at the request of the materialized spirit, or that the spirit prevented him from seeing or feeling the medium?

2d. If the medium was really absent from the cabinet, how does the Doctor account for her absence? If she had come out bodily, surely the persons present would have seen her material form, unless the spirit or spirits prevented them; or

3d. Does the Doctor think the body of the medium was by spirit power deprived of her material form (and thus enabled to disappear) and again re-invested with her earthly form and habiliments at the will of the spirits?

That spirits may go and come at will, to many does not seem at all strange, but that the body of a medium should disappear under such circumstances as narrated is a little strange, and a number of "seekers after truth" would like the Doctor's views upon the points alluded to.

Yours truly,  
C. HALL.

Sonoma, Cal., Jan. 20, 1875.

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—C. D. Warner.

The British Parliament met Feb. 4th, and the royal speech detailed a pacific state of affairs throughout the kingdom.

## 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;" "Jeannie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

How long Le Mark waited for Davie, deponent sayeth not, but while he waited Davie was making his way by a rough road through strange villages to his mountain home. There all was peace. The busy world was left far behind. The lady's joy at seeing Davie was almost as great as his own. It proved a happy home. He gained health and strength in that mountain region. The color came to his cheeks, vigor to his limbs, and in three months the little pale Davie was transformed to a robust country boy. Isabella found an apt pupil. What she knew she taught him, and was grateful now to her father, who had formerly been so rigid in exacting her own lessons in childhood. Davie never evaded tasks. It was his pleasure to do faithfully whatever he did. The mountain seemed to inspire him in his love of Nature; he liked to delineate foliage, to trace the delicate fern and trailing vine. He wrought with wondrous patience.

"Ah, Davie," said Isabella one day, "you will go beyond your teacher. Nature has given me a love for art, but she has made you an artist. When you are a little older we must see what can be done with you."

It was good for the baby boy to have such a companion as Davie. But there were those far away who pined for Davie. His mother missed him every hour of the day in her cottage; she knew not till he was gone how much her heart was bound up in the child—her John's boy, as she delighted to call him;—and poor little Mary was fain to say like the good old Jacob, though he was not in her thoughts, "Ye have taken away Joseph, and will ye take Benjamin also?" Her only comfort was in going to Uncle Joe's house; but dear, good Uncle Joe, much as she loved him, was not quite Davie. No, no; Uncle Joe could not draw pictures for her, nor make pretty plays, nor tell her long, beautiful fairy stories! No, no! She loved Uncle Joe very much, and, when caressing him, said, "I am sick, Uncle Joe, waiting for Lady Mamma! Will she never come? I thought Davie would bring her. Davie never tells a lie. Why don't he come, Uncle Joe?"

"I think he will, my darling; I am sure he will, Mary. Come, we will order your pony and ride to Millbank;—perhaps Miss Eliza will cheer you up."

"No, no, Uncle Joe; I do not want to go to Millbank. It used to be very pleasant, but I do not like grumpy, cross old men, and Mr. Flytee is old and cross, and will not let Miss Eliza leave him to play with me. If Miss Eliza will come and stay here we could have nice times."

"Would you like that, my darling?"

"Yes, uncle, I would like it—not so well as Lady Mamma, not so well as Davie; but next best, Uncle Joe."

Uncle Joe smiled and looked a little dreamily out of his eyes, as he said:

"Yes, my darling, next best, next best! But the poor old grumpy man, as you call him, needs his daughter, and I am glad that she has patience to bear with him. What will you do when I get old and grumpy?"

"We will borrow Miss Eliza," said the child, her childish laugh ringing merrily out and waking the echoes of the quiet house.

Uncle Joe laughed, too. "Yes, yes, we will borrow Miss Eliza."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### Retribution.

The babe that was welcomed to the world with so much joy, and whose claim to a noble estate seemed clear, had been two years in a peasant's cottage in the Rhetian mountains. Unconscious of the shadow that had gathered over him, he grew a fair and comely child.

His mother was so beloved by her simple neighbors that they called her always "The good Lady Isabella." The once gay child, petted by a fond father, and who for many years knew no law but her own will, was in the maturity of womanhood so purified by trial, that to those who knew her best she seemed like one of the blessed women whom their church called saints.

Her beauty had changed. It was no less striking, but it wore a calm, saintly look, like that of one who has bathed in that sea of rest—a sweet submission to God's will, and whose quiet no storm can disturb.

Thomas à Kempis somewhere says: "Renounce all and thou shalt possess all." And a greater than he taught, that he would save his life must lose it. She had thus arrived at this calm.

"Only one thing I ask, Lisette," she once said; "if death comes to my child's father, or to me, I hope the good Lord will permit us to meet once before the dark curtain drops."

"You must not speak of dying, my lady. You have better health than almost any peasant wo-

man around us. You will live to find much comfort in your boy."

"Yes, yes," said the mother, clasping the child in her arms. "I will live for him, if God permits; and Davie, too, needs me. But should he live he will otherwise have made provision for Davie's education. You will speak to Mr. Morton about it, and I am sure he will carry out all my wishes."

We who are telling the story, and can now look back and compare the dates, will give the reader a little history of one day: Lady Isabella, in her gray dress, has gone to visit a dying woman—a poor peasant woman, who waits her coming.

"For she will help me die," she said. "If I can hold her hand, and look in her dear face, I can die easier."

Davie walks by the lady's side carrying a basket of delicacies for the afflicted family. Isabella and Davie take long walks in these days, sometimes to a high point, to see the sun rise, or they wander in search of rare plants and flowers. These rambles have done much toward healing the sorrow of her heart, and have been lessons to Davie.

While these two are bound on a mission of love, Mr. Morton and his daughter Mary are sitting together in the old drawing-room that looks out on the lawn. Mary is eight years old now, but "Lady Mamma" does not come to claim her, and she wonders much and mourns over it.

"I had a dream, papa, last night," she says. "I dreamed I went to heaven and found my Lady Mamma and Davie. They were walking amid flowers—the most beautiful flowers you ever saw, papa; great white lilies and roses, such as I never saw here. But, papa, I cannot describe it all, it was so beautiful. When mamma saw me coming she opened her arms, and I ran to her. She kissed me, and I saw then that she had a magnolia blossom in her hand, and it filled the air with fragrance. 'Come, my darling,' she said, 'we will sit here by this fountain and wait for papa. He will be here soon.' But just as I was taking my seat between my Lady Mamma and Davie, I woke up, and there stood Susan by the bedside, saying, 'It is breakfast time; your papa is waiting for you.' Wasn't it a beautiful dream, papa?"

Her father could not speak for a moment. He recalled the words which Lisette had repeated to him, "Through much sorrow will we rise to joy." Must it be through death to her? At that same hour Uncle Joe is eating a very late breakfast alone. The tea and toast are all right, and the eggs are done to a turn, and all the appointments suit his fastidious taste; but he is very lonely, is this sociable old gentleman, and he wants somebody to talk to. The housekeeper comes in with a very long, funeral face.

"John has just come in, and says that Mr. Flytee died this morning, at six o'clock."

The Captain never feigns, and therefore he cannot lengthen his face to keep his housekeeper company. He simply says,

"Well, Mrs. Affleck, we ought not to mourn that he is released from suffering. Send John over to Millbank with my kind regards to Mrs. Flytee, and to say that I will ride over myself this morning."

When the housekeeper had left the room the good man murmured to himself,

"After awhile we can borrow Miss Eliza! who knows? Perhaps Miss Eliza will not object to Mary's arrangement."

Ay, Uncle Joe! how many of us would be willing that our thoughts should be known even to our best friends?

One more scene at this time. A gentleman sits drinking his coffee at his hotel in Paris. Two or three other gentlemen are with him, all Americans. They are talking hurriedly, with many exclamations and much excitement, as they now and then read extracts from the morning paper.

"Well, gentlemen," said a tall, handsome man, as he rose to leave the room, "we know how this struggle will terminate; I have no fear of the result; the chivalry of the South cannot be beaten!" He passed out. The two who remained shook their heads, and one said to the other, "It will be a long and bloody struggle; the North will never yield; a few defeats will only teach them how to win a victory!"

The gentleman who had left went to his banker with a draft. To his astonishment and indignation, he could not get it cashed. "We have no more funds for you, sir," said the banker, calmly; "the property of Southern gentlemen is being confiscated rapidly; sorry for you, sir; civil war is terrible; we Frenchmen understand it."

Le Mark—for our readers may guess the name—finding that he had funds enough on hand to take him home, started in the first steamer. He was full of the war spirit, and eager to join the fray, which he fully believed would be short and



decisive—as one of the freedmen afterwards expressed it, "Dey told us it was only a breakfast job; dey could whip de Yankees in de mornin' and come home to dinner."

Having thus given a bird's eye view of the principal characters of our story, we will pass on to events of a later date—six months from the time. Uncle Joe is again at breakfast in his cheerful room, where the bay-window looks out upon the lawn, and the sunlight peeps in through the rich blooms of heliotrope and roses in the window, and lights up the massive old fashioned furniture, which the house-keeper's careful hands have polished, till the mahogany, like everything else in this establishment, from the master here to the wine in the cellar, is improved by age. A few choice old pictures adorn the walls, comfortable old easy chairs stand about, and books and newspapers, for the occupant has it all his own way, and has no fancy for modern notions. He is alone still, but John breaks the solitude by bringing in the letters. The old gentleman glances at them, and the postmark of one attracts his eye; New York, U. S. A. "Ha! ha!" he exclaims: "It has come at last—a long epistle, too."

The Captain finishes his breakfast, composes himself in his easy chair, reads his brief letters of business, and then takes up the following letter from Dr. Adams:

"NEW YORK, —, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR—I hope you will pardon my long delay to answer your letter. Immediately after its reception I made inquiry for Mr. Le Mark. I could hear nothing from him, and only learned that he was not at home, and that his plantation was managed by an overseer. I went to Mississippi in person, and applied to this man, who could give me no information, save that Le Mark had gone abroad, and had left no directions where letters could find him. The house was closed. I had in years back written often to my friend 'Rosie,' as we used to call her, but never received any reply. I give you her history as far as I know it:

"Her father was an Italian, who espoused the republican cause in his country, and became so inimical to the government that he fled to the United States. The father and daughter got separated by some mistake on the train, and I found the child in the street crying bitterly. Her dress and manner indicated her as above the lower class of this nation, who are so common in our cities. She remained in my family not far from a year, and we learned to love her much; I never became so interested in any other child. I regretted to part with her, and recall to this hour the pain which I felt when she left with her father for their Southern home.

"A foreboding that I should lose my little friend proved real. We did not meet for many years—not till she had become a wife. She was in this city as a bride. I was startled at first by the resemblance to her eyes of those of a beautiful lady whom I saw in a picture gallery, not dreaming that my own Rosie stood before me."

"Her husband was a handsome man—too regularly handsome to suit my taste. Rosie seemed proud of him and very happy. She had become, in mind and person, all that her childhood had promised. When I inquired of the overseer for Le Mark's wife he replied, 'I never saw her, sir. She had left home before I came to the plantation.' I would gladly have interrogated some of the old servants on the place, but you may not be aware that a Northern man might incur suspicion by talking with the servants in the absence of the master. The seeds of the war had already been sown—the dragon's teeth, I might better say. There was bitter feeling, and already the lowering clouds of war in the horizon.

"I returned home much dissatisfied with my journey. Unfortunately I knew none of Rosie's old friends at the South. I determined to make further search and write to you as soon as I could learn about the family. One thing was certain in my heart—Rosie could not have gone far astray; but, according to your statement, she must be the wife of another while Le Mark is still living. I was so sure that there must be some mistake that I would not write till I could prove my assertion. Well, as you know, our civil war broke out, and the whole country was on fire. I cannot describe to you the excitement that prevailed. Holding, as perhaps you may, to the divine right of holding slaves, as you do the divine right of kings, ('Don't hold either,' said Capt. Melton, gruffly, looking up from his paper. 'I do believe in serving the queen faithfully and defending her with my sword, but 'divine right'—why, that is another question; and as to slavery—by George! that paper of Lisette's has set me as strong against the institution as Wilberforce himself!') you may not understand the feelings of Northern men. Never was such enthusiasm in a cold-blooded race since the Crusades. The best and noblest of our young men enlisted. I lost half of my students. As I went into the lecture room one morning I found a hot discussion going on between two young men, one of whom had entered the class only a day before, and I had not learned his name. They were getting excited, and I said, 'Come, come, young gentlemen, our business is to learn the healing, not the killing art.' 'Yes, sir,' said one respectfully, 'but I beg to set Mr. Le Mark right on one point.'

"Le Mark! It was the only time I had heard the name, save in connection with Rosie, and I ventured, at the close of the lecture, to detain the young gentleman. The moment I inquired if he could tell me anything about an old friend of mine, Mrs. Le Mark, of Mississippi, his eyes brightened, and I saw at once that he knew my Rosie. 'Ah,' said he, 'did you know my brother's wife—Mrs. Richard Le Mark?' 'Yes, that was the name.' He then went on to tell me that two years ago his brother Richard's wife went to Europe, and his brother followed her a few months afterwards; that he had heard nothing of them since. He had not visited his brother's plantation for some years, and his mother but once during that time. He was evidently ignorant of all the sad story you had written me, and of Rosie's marriage.

"There was a mystery about the affair which puzzled me more and more, and I still deferred writing to you. I liked this young fellow very much. He bears no resemblance to his brother in features or in disposition. He is a student of medicine, has matriculated at a medical university in another State, but is in my class of surgery. He is talented, and will be a great physician. We became friends, and I ventured one day to show him your letter, and was a bold step, but there was something in the young man that led me to trust him. He was much affected by the perusal.

"Doctor," said he, 'of one thing I am sure: no dishonor can attach to the lady. The mystery will be solved, and she acquitted. God forgive my brother if he has wronged—if he has driven her, by any act of his own, to what may seem dishonor in the eyes of the world!'

[Continued in our next issue.]

## HEAVEN.

"The following poem from an Orthodox work entitled 'The Changel Cross,' contains much good Spiritualism."

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future that stretches on,  
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,  
No brilliant but distant shore,  
Where the loved ones who are called away  
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
Of mortality blinds the eye,  
That we cannot see the angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
Will open the next in bliss,  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,  
To the arms of the loved and lost,  
And those smiling faces will greet us there,  
Which on earth we valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought  
To the thirsting soul is given  
The power to pierce through the mist of sense,  
To the beatific scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its peerly gates,  
And sweetly its harpings fall,  
Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angels' call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be,  
To the realms of endless day.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

Numbers 38 and 39 of volume 21 of *El Eco*

*De La Verdad* of Montevideo, edited by the able writer Dr. Jose A. de Escudero, have come to hand; but as they contain little or nothing on the subject of Spiritualism, (as we accept it) I will devote but little space to them. It is, however, gratifying to see such a spirit of independence and liberality manifested in a purely Catholic country, as this periodical exhibits. It announces itself boldly as "anti-infidelista," but earnestly in the field for "The Reform of the Church."

It says that, "The new church formed by the old Catholics, who do not admit the infallibility of the Pope, augments visibly—notably in Bavaria, Prussia, Switzerland, in the cantons of Valais de-Eriburgo," and that, "This schism in the Catholic church may be of great political importance."

The *Verdad* has also considered to say about the position of the celebrated *padre Jacinto Loyson*, admitting that while he extends one hand to the old Catholics he gives the other to the ultramontanists; but reiterates what the Protestants declare, that he, like Luther, should openly break away from the traditions of the church of Rome.

From Madrid again comes the handsome little quarto *El Criterio Espiritista*—opening with an able article on *El Imparale*, which has undertaken to analyze Spiritualism and make one believe that "all the truth in it is reduced to the movement of a table, an experiment in magnetism, a vision in spaces, a fantastic portrait, and a thousand other things which in no way affect the principles of the doctrine, neither form nor destroy it, but show that in its consideration its bases are overlooked." As a proof that there is no demonstrable truth in this faith, the author of the article in the *Imparale* states that he had a child subject to nervous attacks; that a Spiritualistic doctor was called, who treated her, and attempted to obtain a spirit photograph of the child's attendant spirit, &c., but that it all was of no avail, was charlatanism in fact (though the doctor charged nothing for his services), and the poor little patient was finally put in the asylum for the insane.

Every intelligent Spiritualist can see how inane such attacks are; and how almost useless are the refutations, the explanations, the proofs, that are constantly presented, ably, logically, in response to them.

The next article is on the "Apparition of Spirits," from the Medium and Dnybrek. This is followed by an interesting and quite ample synopsis of that valuable lecture on Psychometry, delivered in Boston on the 6th of April, 1874, by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, and reported in the Banner of Light. The wonderful phenomena there enunciated are translated with great lucidity. That phenomenon—the production of the legitimate effects of medicine if only held in the hand instead of being swallowed—which the class in the college of Cincinnati in 1849 acknowledged to be a fact, is among the most startling, if not the most incomprehensible to the ordinary thinker. The whole article will doubtless produce no little comment, and awaken much profound thought in the minds of the able scholars of Spain.

A letter from Sr. Don E. Coullant, dated Madrid, Nov. 25th, gives an admirable account not only of the spirit photograph operations witnessed by him in Paris, but of a séance held there, when (Mr. Firman being the medium), the *serenata* of Gounod was sung by a spirit—the voice at first being very low, but finally swelling in volume till it dominated all the rest that aided in it, pronouncing clearly all the letters of the *serenata*. Other manifestations occurred, but as they were more like those we are very familiar with, I will not here record them.

In the *Espritista* is a notice of a new Society of Spiritualists at Santander; also, that at Lérda the Vicar-General of that diocese had published a pastoral prohibiting the reading of a recent spiritualistic work entitled *Roma and the Evangelio*, adding severe condemnation of its abettors. The editor of the above-named journal takes occasion to thank the Vicar-General for thus aiding in the propagation of our doctrine.

Two more numbers of the *Licht Welt*, of Allenton, have come to hand. As its price is only \$1.00, and as it gives a full account of the principal events in the realm of Spiritualism that come prominently before the people in this country and in Europe, every German will find himself well paid by making it a permanent member of his household.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris for December is overflowing with good things. I will, however, translate first that portion of an article which relates to a spirit photograph therein contained—one of those strangely beautiful productions with which the *Revue* is each month enriched:

"Mademoiselle de Voh, No. 26 Champs-Élysées Avenue, and the spirit of a friend, Miss X, compose the picture which we give to-day. M. de Voh has obtained also the spirit of his brother at the medium's, Mr. Bugnet. We are happy to express our grateful recognition of the

heroism of M. and Madame de Voh, who, regardless of their social position, of the prejudices of their world, authorize us to give to our readers the proof obtained by their dear daughter, this example of sincere and convinced spirits."

The psychograph represents a fair young girl, standing, or only partially seated, neatly attired, and resting her hands, one upon the other, on the back of a chair. At her side is a figure wholly enveloped in white, fleecy drapery except the head—a side view of which only is given. This side view is as spirited and as pleasingly outlined as one could desire. The hair comes low down on the forehead, from which it is carried back in wavy lines, with a careless grace that is not unbecoming the earnest and preoccupied expression of the sweet face it adorns. That these psychographs must be recognized by all friends of the party they are supposed to portray can hardly be questioned. They are as unlike each other as human beings can well be, though representing no departure from the refined and spiritual. The spirit-figure in the picture before me has, with its left hand, thrown a portion of its mantle over Mademoiselle de Voh, but so very delicate is its texture it seems rather to brighten than to make more dim the figure beneath it. Expressions of satisfaction and gratitude pour in upon M. Bugnet from all quarters.

The first article in the *Revue* is a letter from a gentleman in Toulouse, in which he expresses (as we often have occasion to do here—a low grade of humanity manifesting alike characteristics everywhere) his unbounded mortification and astonishment that the editors of the public journals of that place denounce Spiritualism in vindictive terms, as inimical to religion and the well-being of society—even placing a horrid murder at its door. Spiritualism is like Free Masonry, like the Templars of old, loaded with every imaginable offence by those who know nothing about it. But one great and important truth is connected with it: no one, however pure and holy a Christian he may think himself to be, will ever thoroughly understand his Bible till he becomes conversant with and one of our faith.

A curious affair has for four years puzzled and interested the people of the little village of Florémont in the canton of Charmes, says a writer from Poussay, who was informed of the following facts by the Mayor of said village: "A girl, Miss Clemence G., is possessed of the devil, say the clergy, who have tried all the means at their command to relieve her, and been baffled; while the doctors have given her up as incurable. Every day, at about the hour of ten in the morning, she falls asleep in her chair, and so remains till noon, when she begins to talk—uttering by preference blasphemous words, till five or six o'clock in the evening; then she awakes, takes supper, retires to her bed. In the morning she gets up and goes on with her usual work, awaiting the renewal of the phenomenon. From the beginning of her malady, this young girl, who had formerly conversed like others, suddenly ceased to talk. About four months since she not only began again to talk, but to dance, even on the chairs, though she had never before danced. She neither loves the priests nor objects blessed by them. Some blessed water put in her drink she discovered, and refused to touch it. A scapular being thrown over her by a priest, she tore it off in a rage. When the priests visit her she abuses them roundly. When Miss Clemence is asked, in her tranquil moods, what happens in her moments of *extravagance*, she replies, 'It is a handsome gentleman who is with me.'"

Prince Wittgenstein has written, from his home on the Rhine, to Mr. Lamarle, that Miss Cook (now Mrs. Corner) has favored him with a two-weeks' visit—bringing with her a lock of hair (and some photographs) of the beautiful "Katie," which the latter presented to her previous to her (Katie's) departure. Prince W. expresses the belief (the letter was written Sept. 3d) that the Katie of the United States is a false one; a belief shared in by many in this country.

There come now from Mauritius, (*Is. de France*), as reported in its *Sentinel*, accounts of spirit manifestations exactly in accord with those of which your readers were made acquainted some months since, occurring in the West Indies. Every night in the house of M. X—the family are subjected to all sorts of disturbances. Stones are dropped upon the roof of the house, tables within are overturned, vessels broken and hurled about, and all this without the possibility of seeing any cause. Thursday night preceding the 14th of September, the house being well closed, and no one within but M. X. and his servant, there came to their ears the sound of rattling chains and of footsteps, while certain pieces of furniture changed places. The moment a light was struck everything became calm as by enchantment. Thus the celestial trumpet is echoing over the Isles of the sea.

The report from the Hague is that Messrs. Bastian and Taylor are doing wonders there, under perfectly satisfactory conditions.

"An apparition of a soul from purgatory—arrival in a *communauté des Dames de la Sagesse*, and reported by the Superior." One night in 1856 the Lady Superior, having retired for the night, heard her door open and some one enter the room. Thinking it to be a sister who had a habit of thus disturbing her, she simply requested her to go away; but as the intruder seemed to throw herself on her knees the Lady Superior looked up and recognized at once Sister X., who had some time since departed this life. "Why do you come here?" asked the lady. "If you are suffering the pains of conscience go to the curé."

In the first part of May, 1856, the same spirit returned, and on being interrogated acknowledged with much sadness that she was in purgatory, and begged the Lady Superior to have made for her three communions, by such and such sisters, whom she named, and who were, in fact, the most fervent of the sect. On the 15th of May, of the same year, she reappeared, with an entirely joyous air, and was asked if she had gained heaven. "Oh no, I am far from it," she said. "Imagine purgatory to be a vast pyramid with its summit in the skies. Like a ladder, whose every step shuts out the view of its apex, where God is, it is to be ascended, the first stage, being that where the soul throws off, as it were, its first sinful envelope, expiating its greater faults and suffering much. Now that I have gained the second step upward I suffer no more, only the deprivation of not seeing God." On being asked how long before all her faults could be expiated, she said "As long as it took me to commit them," but added, "Oh! if you only knew how much longer time appears in purgatory than on the earth!"

The above facts were given to the editor of the *Revue* by M. Julien, curé of Pimprez. M. Julien died in September, 1870, promising to return, if God willed, and manifest his presence. He has done so.

The *Revue* for January (with a remarkable spirit photograph of A. Kardec, by the side of his distinguished and most estimable spouse, Madame K., in the *El Criterio* for December), and a dozen numbers of a little monthly published at Buda Pest (Hungary), have come to hand, and will receive attention in my next.

## Banner Correspondence.

Letter from Thos. Gales Forster.

BROTHER COLBY—I have heard, with much regret, of your recent illness, and consequent protracted debility; and, too, I have deeply sympathized with you in the anxious thought, and great mental and physical depression, which for years I have known to be eminently characteristic of your life and duties in connection with the cause we all love—in your advocacy of its truths, and your profound sympathy with those who have been the mediums of the transmission of these truths to earth. I find it difficult to congratulate you on your restoration to health, for well I know, in the land of the beautiful hereafter, a glorious reward awaits the "good and faithful servant" of truth. But I do congratulate the cause of Spiritualism and its media, that its devoted advocate, and their most sympathizing friend and brother, can still, with his accustomed vigor and integrity, continue his labor of love.

The progress of our glorious cause is still continuous, beautiful and sure, notwithstanding the fact that the bigoted and the uninformed have periodically proclaimed, throughout the last quarter of a century, that the whole matter is exploded and dead. But, as season after season, and age after age, the innocent night wears still the precious jewel of the silver-faced moon upon her brow, and its soft effulgence overflows the world, steeping it in heavenly splendor, whether mortals care to observe it or not, so the mental night of materialistic doubt and theological distrust is being most surely illuminated by the brilliance of Spiritual truth, although the majority of mankind, as yet, still close their eyes to this glorious light of the centuries.

Among the remarkable incidents of the age, you may be surprised to learn that another luminary has made its appearance through the murky atmosphere of this ecclesiastical region, the lurid light of which, it was proclaimed in a theological circular, would inevitably expose the tricks of mediums, and kill Spiritualism itself most emphatically dead, beyond the possibility of recovery. In other words, a *Professor* (P. C. W. Starr) recently appeared in our midst, and issued a circular, endorsed by most of the clergymen of the place, to the effect that he would expose all the tricks of mediums, and demonstrate Spiritualism to be the most wicked fallacy of the age. At the same time he loudly professed himself a Christian, and a believer in "the Spiritualism of the Bible."

Upon the evening of the exhibition the hall (holding probably six hundred) was literally jammed with the members and pastors of nearly all the churches. Indeed, there was scarcely standing room for another person, so anxious were those professed followers of the beautiful medium of Nazareth to see Spiritualism receive another death blow, in addition to the many mortal stabs claimed already to have been given it by the crimson hand of the church. But the laymen were doomed to disappointment, and the clergy to chagrin in its keenest sense, for a more pitiable mountebank scarcely ever presented himself upon a rostrum. And what renders the matter still more mortifying to those who countenanced him, I am credibly informed that during the portion of the night devoted to *lectures*, after his performance, he boasted loudly of "the ministers as his best friends," and of how easily he had duped the citizens of Chillicothe. I trust none of your readers, at any point where this pseudo-professor may present himself, may be seduced into aiding to fill his purse by listening to his ridiculous statements, or witnessing his monstrously absurd manifestations.

So disgusted were a number of gentlemen with the evidently erroneous statements, as well as the jugglery of Prof. C. W. Starr, that they addressed me a courteous note requesting that I would "give an intelligent presentation of the claims of Spiritualism" upon any evening agreeable to myself. I consented to do so, although somewhat apprehensive as to the probable effect upon my nervous system, after my long enforced absence from the rostrum. I suggested to the Committee of Invitation that the clergy should be requested to give from their pulpits a similar notice of my lecture to that which they had given of Prof. Starr's, together with a like invitation to their congregations to attend; also, that the same price of admission should be charged, and that the entire proceeds should be *appropriated for the benefit of the poor of Chillicothe*. I had heard here had been considerable suffering among the white and colored poor during the unusual severity of the present season. Prof. Starr received at least \$200 over and above his expenses. At present prices that amount would have furnished the needy with 1,650 bushels of coal.

Now, see what inconsistency, bigotry and prejudice will induce even among the elect! A Sunday intervened, but not one of the ministers of God gave notice of the contemplated lecture, although God's poor were to be the beneficiaries! The committee therefore suggested that the lecture should be free, to which I assented; and upon the night appointed delivered the first lecture upon Spiritualism—strange to say—ever given in this ancient town, the oldest, save one, and the former capital of the State. I also delivered a second lecture, hoping to enlist some little interest in our glorious gospel. At neither discourse did I have more than one hundred and fifty persons present, owing to the churchly influences of the hour. Those who did attend, however, were among the most intellectual and cultured residents of the place; and, from the visits that I have had, and the earnest inquiries that are being made, I doubt not some seeds have fallen in good soil, which will bring forth fruit in due season.

With regard to the Protestant clergy of this place and their prejudices, it is but just that I should present one honorable exception, and I take great pleasure in doing so. The rector of an Episcopal Church had the courage to give me a hearing in public, notwithstanding the atmosphere of bigotry by which he is surrounded, and also to see me in private. He does not, for want of favorable observation, recognize the cardinal fact of spirit-communications, but he utterly ignores the horrible ideas entertained of Deity by most of the churches, and fully subscribes to the doctrine of progress beyond the grave. He entertains many other liberal views which I need not advert to in detail. He is a man evidently of noble purposes, expanded views, honest opinions and aspiring thoughts. If he does not now belong to his own church, represented so ably by Bishop Colvane and Dr. Stanley. And, as he is a young man, and of great intellectual culture, I have no hesitancy in predicting for him a high position among the ethical reformers of the future.

And now, before concluding, I have to make an announcement which causes me great pain, and which I fear may disappoint the committee of Beethoven Hall, who have kindly invited me to lecture during the month of March. The effect of the two lectures to which I have referred, upon my system, has been such that I do not feel justified in attempting a month's engagement quite so soon. Although I am apparently in better health than I have been for years—as the result of my protracted rest—still I am assured a too speedy assumption of the continuous duties of the rostrum, even for but a month, would produce a relapse from which there could be no recovery. With regret, therefore, I have to request that the committee will kindly hold me excused, and that they will provide themselves with a more efficient laborer for the month named. I may still give a lecture now and then, during my visits to the city between; but I am unable to do more than this yet.

Fraternally yours,  
THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

Chillicothe, O., Jan 21st, 1875.

Kentucky.

OWENSBORO'—W. B. F. writes: If some of our good lecturers and test mediums would call on the friends in Owensboro', Ken., which is on the Ohio River, one hundred and sixty miles below Louisville and forty miles above Evansville, Ind., they would find friends willing and able to remunerate them for time and cost. Many are

very anxious to learn more about Spiritualism. The population is about six thousand. Mediums passing from East to South or West, would be kindly received. They may call on any of the following named gentlemen: L. W. Marble, W. T. Owen, G. E. Genter.

## California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Extract from a letter written by S. W. R.: Our mediums (angels guard and keep them) are each in their special phases the real instruments by which the world of San Francisco is being turned upside down for good. The angels are a more disturbing element here than the earthquakes even. I have witnessed a little of their efforts. Mrs. Foye, in Charter Oak Hall, repeats each succeeding Sunday evening the pellet tests, with remarkable success, and a large number of mediums are holding both public and private sances, and are giving, I understand, very general satisfaction. Mrs. Sawyer is much talked about by the curious and inquiring, for the wonderful showings forth at her materialization sances. I have had, as yet, no opportunity to see for myself how these things are, but have availed myself of the privilege of witnessing the Mechanical Writing Medium, Mrs. Kerns, at her public sances. Could I assure myself of the right to ask for the space in the Banner, I would give some details of the work of this comparatively young but unequalled powerful medium. I understand she contemplates a journey to the Atlantic States in the near future, and the friends wherever she goes can see for themselves what the spirit-world is doing for this medium, but I will cheerfully stake my reputation as judge of the genuine, in commending her to the kind care and patronage of the people wherever she may sit down to her little table. Mr. Snow and his genial lady are giving the liberal seekers an opportunity to buy all kinds of liberal books and papers at their tidy, inviting Bookstore on Kearney street.

The local journalistic aid is coming, through Common Sense, Mr. and Mrs. Slocum editors. Dora Darnmore is giving the woman's cause valuable aid, and hence liberal principles generally, by her really bright and meritorious little paper "The Golden Dawn." I will close with an extract from an editorial in the Dawn for December, and I commend it to the careful consideration of those who feel for the safety of our social fabric. The extract is from an article entitled, "Are we to become a Homeless People?" Says the Dawn:

"Home can never be dissolved so long as there are pure, loving, womanly hearts to build themselves a niche for their household treasures. There is in every true woman's heart a desire, instinctive and unchanging, for a home, for a bright little corner somewhere in life's great world, that she may call home, and so long as that feeling remains as part of her nature there is no danger that other marriages or homes will be overthrown."

## Minnesota.

LAKE MINNETONKA.—Henry Stubbs writes as follows: I am a man of near seventy years of age, and I must confess in all my experiences I have never before heard the absurdities of popular theology so completely shown up in their own true light as was done by K. Graves, of Richmond, Indiana, on the 24th of January, at this place, in a discourse from the text: "What shall we do to be saved?" The gods of the various nations who have flourished for the last nine thousand years were dethroned, and their errors and follies completely ridiculed. So well was it done that every one in the audience could see the points and errors. He showed up the fallacy of the Christian views of idolatry as practiced by various Pagan nations, after proving idolatry to be as essentially a component element of the Christian religion as that of the religion of any Pagan nation. He maintained by the most cogent logic that what is called idolatry is a perfectly harmless practice. His argument was very philosophical and convincing; in fact, the whole subject of his lecture was handled in a manner seldom equaled. I really believe there are but few if any speakers in the field as spiritual lecturers who can excel K. Graves, either as an exponent of the truth of Spiritualism, or the errors and evils of popular theology; and I hope he will receive calls from all parts of the country, and a liberal support commensurate with his merits and ability.

## Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—W. F. Jamieson writes: Here is a splendid society of liberal minds who are banded together in holding Sunday meetings and week-evening entertainments. Bros. E. R. Whiting and Frank A. Hermance, instituting the management and are the backbone of this "Free Lecture Association," which has been in existence one year, and is already becoming famous throughout the country. If every city and town in the Union had a society managed on just such a simple and effective plan as this, there would be more genuine harmony among the liberals everywhere. The platform here is broad and perfectly free. There are several good workers here, and Bros. Hermance and Whiting are deserving of great credit for their indefatigable labors in building up our cause in sight of Yale College.

THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

In the northeast part of the great State of Missouri is a little obscure town called Memphis, in which resides Brother Mott, the materializing medium, who has created a great commotion in the minds of the people for one or two hundred miles around him, such as no preacher, not even Hammond, could ever produce among a class of minds that no revival preacher ever reaches except to excite ridicule or disgust. We have not yet heard of one person who has visited Mr. Mott at his home, or had him at other places for sances, who has even suspected him of being an impostor or trying to cheat. He is so fair, so candid, so delicate in health and sensitive in feeling, that he disarms suspicion, and plainly shows that he has neither disposition or capacity to be a knave or impostor. So he is reported to us.

We deeply regretted our inability, for want of time, to visit him while in the vicinity, but our engagements, made more pressing and numerous on account of the excitement created by him, would not allow us the pleasure of a visit.

The region about that locality is not among the most enlightened in the nation, but is strongly impregnated with the superstitions of Old Theology, and is consequently greatly alarmed at these bold manifestations of the "devil" and his near approach to the saints of the Church. The clergy have to call in the "sheep" and warn them not to get in reach of this "wolf in sheep's clothing," assuring them it is not the faces of their deceased friends which they behold, but the "devil," who for wicked purposes can assume the form even of an angel of light; but they do not pretend that he could in that way deceive God or themselves. They know him in whatever form he comes; but we poor, deluded Spiritualists, who are secure to him without these manifestations, and whom the Church could never reach, must be made doubly secure and be doubly damned by this new phase of his marvelous works, and occasionally he gets a sheep from the fold of Christ by these bold tricks. But it is interesting to see the sorting of sheep from goats in the classes of people that are scared and led by the priests and those who dare think and investigate for themselves; the latter, the most prominent intellects, and men and women of the most moral, upright and stable characters, and the former the weak, truckling and timid souls, who are as easily frightened with a "devil" as a child is with a bear or wolf in the dark, when both are equally imaginary.



(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by COLBY & RICH, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

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

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from Banner of January 30th.]

### PART FOUR.

I will here introduce the valuable testimony of

MOSES A. DOW,

editor and proprietor of the Waverley Magazine, Bunker Hill District, Boston. This gentleman had a picture taken which was fully recognized by him. He says:

Having some time since become somewhat interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and being urged to do so by a request which I do not feel at liberty to decline, I have, according to the best of my ability, noted down the prominent items of my experience, hoping they may give encouragement and increase the confidence of those whose minds have not yet become settled on the subject.

I well remember the time when the phenomena of spiritual manifestations were first introduced by the Misses Fox, of Rochester, N. Y., and I did not, even at that early day, when Spiritualism was so little known and its promulgation so new and wonderful, for I saw the germ of a new era—one in which the human mind would become more free and more expanded, and that it would do away with many false and cruel tenets in most of the popular creeds of the day. I was desirous, however, that others should study its reality and its claims to public confidence, and I had neither the time nor the inclination to search into its mysteries, for I had some fears that I might go too deep and that the subject might so involve me that I should be unable to do so for the actual duties of life, of which I had many responsible ones.

It was in the early part of 1870 that circumstances brought me in contact with some spiritual manifestations, and what I saw and heard at those meetings set the doors of my understanding "ajar," and the probability of the truth of such manifestations was indelibly impressed on my mind; and it was not very difficult, for the results of my observations, in after researches, made me a sincere believer in the doctrine that the spirits of our departed friends come back to us, and, through proper media, communicate hope and consolation to their nearest friends and those whom they loved on earth.

It has not yet become sufficiently popular for a man somewhat known in a community to step forth and avow himself a believer in Spiritualism, much less to advocate its promulgation. But, if he truly, consciously and understandingly believes anything that courts investigation, especially one so important as this, and dares not acknowledge that belief, he is not imbued with the spirit of liberty and free discussion which our institutions should have implanted within his bosom.

It has been my privilege, during the last twelve months, to enjoy the most positive tests of the truths of spiritual manifestations that any one ever had, and I propose, in this imperfect narrative, to give the results of my experience in plain and unequivocal language, that shall neither confuse or mystify those who may honor me by their perusal.

I am the publisher of a literary paper in Boston, and in the year 1862 there entered my office a young lady, apparently a recent graduate of one of our high schools, who offered me some manuscripts for publication in my paper. She was reserved and dignified in her speech and manners, and she seemed the very ideal of what the most imaginative mind would deem almost perfection.

Her writings made a favorable impression, and I received several specimens of them during that year. After becoming acquainted with her intellectual ability, and having seen the probability of the rapid advancement that she would make by a little experience, I made arrangements with her to take a permanent place in my office as an assistant on my paper.

The situation which she was to fill was that of assistant editor. She was a fine writer of both prose and poetry, and her good taste proved to be a valuable acquisition to my editorial circle. Her amiable disposition, unselfish nature and graceful deportment, as well as her faithfulness and honesty in performing the duties allotted to her, made her an object of admiration to all her acquaintances. She filled the place to my satisfaction for eight or nine years.

Mabel Warren, as we will call the young lady's name, was taken ill on the 12th day of July, 1870. After nine days of severe suffering she peacefully and quietly passed to the spirit-land. I will not attempt to give language to the grief which I felt at her death. She seemed like a dearly-beloved daughter, her natural father having died in her infancy. Her funeral was attended by a large circle of weeping friends, who felt that a vacuum had been made in their circle which could not be again filled.

On the seventh day after her death, while riding, I met with an accident, which caused me to keep my house for several weeks. An arrangement had been made with Mrs. Higgins, a spiritual medium, to take tea with my housekeeper, who was a Spiritualist, my family being away on a vacation. Several other friends of the cause were present. Before the company had assembled I had a short time to talk with the controlling spirit of the medium, which was that of an Indian girl who said that there was a beautiful spirit present to see me, but she could not talk then as she was so weak, having been in the "spirit-hunting-grounds" so little while; but that she would talk to me another moon-time, or another night. This Indian spirit was called Mary, and is generally the first to communicate through this medium, at her sittings.

Later in the evening another little spirit took control of the medium—that of the son of an ex-mayor of one of the suburban towns of Boston. After some other remarks, he said:

"The beautiful spirit, Mabel, is here. She is sitting on the banks of a beautiful river, and she is surrounded with flowers, and has a beautiful flower in her hand, and that is for you. She loves you because you were so good to her. The banks of the river look somewhat like the river Nile, but the river Nile had people who were mourning and weeping, but here all are happy."

At another time, on the same evening, Mabel took control of the medium herself, though weak and hardly able to sit in her chair. She requested paper and pencil that she might write. They were brought to her, and she proved almost too weak to take the pencil from the table. She at last succeeded, and made an effort to write, and with much difficulty wrote the following, which was in the handwriting she used during her life-time:

"And it was my fate to be taken beyond the—"

When the pencil dropped from her hand, she fell back in her chair, unable to proceed any further.

On another evening, a week later, Mrs. Higgins, the medium, made us another visit, and being anxious to have a private interview, in hopes of obtaining some test that would prove to my mind the reality of Mabel's presence, I had a sitting half an hour before the time set for the rest of the company to meet. Mabel immediately took possession of the medium, and in a friendly manner took my hand and said:

"You felt very sad when I passed away, didn't you? But I shall always be near you, to console you. I used sometimes to feel as if I did wrong to think so much of you, but I do not think so now—it was all right."

I will not attempt to relate all that was communicated to me at these sittings. My object is only to give prominence to such points in my narrative as shall enable the reader to trace a harmonious line of evidence from first to last of my experience, and, if not very nicely expressed, I hope there may be seen a consistency in my arguments in favor of the truth.

About a month after the meeting above alluded to, Mrs. D. and myself made a trip to Saratoga Springs. It was about the first of September. The "season" had passed away, and we rambled over the almost deserted fields of gayety unimpeded and unmolested. The shops and hotels were being closed; the hidden machinery (as it seemed) which forced the briny waters of the "Geyser" needed repairing, no doubt, and there seemed to be a move among the townspeople toward such improvements as were necessarily laid aside for the better convenience of the throng which had just left. We had ample room for driving about, and plenty of gay teams at our call. We visited the "Lake," the "Fishery" and the "Springs," the waters of which we freely drank.

I took a stroll up Broadway one pleasant afternoon, and casually stopped in front of a palatial mansion, which was being improved and fitted up by "Lord Willoughby," an English nobleman, who, I believe, intends to make it his permanent residence. While admiring the place, with its beautiful garden of flowers, I noticed approaching me an elderly gentleman, who gave me a pleasant greeting. He informed me that his name was Baker; that he made Saratoga his abiding place; that his family were grown up and scattered over the world; and that he found pleasure in the subject of spiritual manifestations, in which he was a firm believer. He said he was then on his way to the "Waverley House," to meet Dr. Slade, a very powerful medium; and that he performed wonders on the slate. He asked me to go with him, to which I consented, remarking that I had witnessed some manifestations, and had received communications from some of my friends.

I found Dr. Slade to be a delicately-constituted gentleman, of a remarkably fine countenance and of genial manners. After introducing the subject which we called to witness, he seated us around a common fall-leaf table, about four feet square. The Doctor sat on one side, I sat on another side at his right, and Mr. Baker sat on my right, opposite to the Doctor. We placed our hands on the centre of the table, touching

each other, to form an electric circle, which was soon manifested by the medium. Raps came thick and loud under the table, as well as on my chair. The medium asked the spirits:

"Are there spirits here who wish to communicate?"

Three raps answered "Yes."

"We will see what you desire to tell us," said the medium. He then took a common school slate, and placed on it a small slate pencil about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and held it under the leaf of the table with the four fingers of the right hand, his thumb resting on the top of the table for support. His left hand remained on the centre of the table in connection with both those of Mr. Baker and myself, as before said, to keep the circle unbroken. There was no space between the frame of the slate and the table, and only about one-sixteenth of an inch between the slate and the table for the pencil to work in.

Soon was heard the sound of the pencil writing on the slate. It moved with great rapidity, and the sounds of dotting the *t* and crossing the *t* were distinctly discernible. Three distinct raps on the slate with the pencil said, "that is all," and the slate was taken out. On it was written:

"Have no fears for the future. This is a beautiful place.—C. Dow."

I remarked that I lost a brother Charles about thirty years ago. He died a member of the Orthodox church, and believed in all the peculiar tenets of that creed. He expressed a fear to me that my Universalism was not true; but, said he, "I hope it is." And now to have him tell me in his first communication from the spirit-world to "have no fears for the future," was very gratifying, for it confirmed my previous convictions that the idea of pain or sorrow after the death of the body, as a punishment, was only the fabrication of a false theology.

I then said that I had lost a friend in Boston a few weeks before, and had communications from her, in which she said she should always be with me; and that I would like to know whether she had come to Saratoga with me. The slate was held under the table, and when taken out these words were plainly written on it:

"She is here!—C. Dow."

"Then I said I should like to have her write to me. Instantly there was written on the slate—"

"I am always with you.—MABEL."

The medium then held the slate on the top of my head by his right hand, while his left remained in the center of the table, and on it was written, in Mabel's hand-writing, as follows:

"I am glad you are interested in this beautiful truth. Ask Mrs. D. to come, and she will be convinced.—MABEL."

During this manifestation the medium said he felt a hand taking hold of his wrist and pull his cuff. I expressed a wish that she would manifest herself to me in that way, and soon the side of my coat was jerked quite hard, and a hand gently patted me.

The medium took an accordion and placed it under the table in the same way he had held the slate. He took hold of the back part of it, and let the bellows and keys hang down loose. The bellows were raised to a horizontal position, and began to move backward and forward to take in wind, and the tunes of "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" were played as sweetly as they could possibly be played on that instrument by mortal fingers.

The medium also took a silver fruit-knife and laid it on the slate with the blade closed, and held the slate under the table. Instantly the knife was thrown across the room on the floor, with the blade open to its full extent.

On the last evening before our leaving Saratoga, I called with another gentleman to have a sitting with Dr. Slade. After witnessing more phenomena, I said that I was going to leave Saratoga on the next morning, and I would like to know whether my friend Mabel was present. The slate was held under the table, and on it was instantly written—

"I am glad to meet you; you are so very dear to me.—MABEL."

Mr. Baker informed me that if I wished to know of a good medium in Boston on my return home, I had better call on Mrs. M. M. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, as she was one of the best mediums he ever saw. I arrived home in about a week, and a few days afterwards called on Mrs. Hardy. As almost every hour of the day is previously engaged, I could only engage to call three days later. I did not see the lady at this time, as she was occupied. At the time appointed I called and saw her. I had never before seen her, neither had she ever seen me, though she may have seen my name in my paper. She did not know what I expected to learn, nor whether I wished to meet father, mother, wife or children. I did not tell her my name, or give her any information in regard to myself.

I was invited into the sitting room, and took a seat opposite to her, about six feet distant. In a few minutes she was in a trance, and controlled by a little spirit called "Willie," who is generally the first that appears to one who has never been there before.

After telling me that there were several spirits present who knew me, I asked him if I had any friend present, when he answered with the voice and accent of a child of four years:

"Yes, you have a beautiful spirit here, and she has got flowers for you. Mary is here, too. Who is Mary?"

The Indian girl who first spoke of Mabel, and told me of her presence through Mrs. Higgins, came to my mind, and I asked Willie if it was the Indian girl.

"Yes, it is the Indian girl, and she has got flowers; they have both got flowers for you. The beautiful spirit gave you positive demonstration of her presence in Saratoga, through Dr. Slade, by writing on a slate. She is always with you."

I asked Willie if my friend would speak to me, and he said she would, and that he would go and let her come to talk with me.

The medium remained silent for a moment, when a deep sigh indicated a change of influences, and both hands were extended toward me, a manner of greeting a friend which was habitual to Mabel when in the earth-form. I took a seat nearer to her, and took her hands, which she clasped in a manner that indicated pleasure in meeting a long absent friend, and with great earnestness of language gave me a hearty welcome. The reality of her presence was so sensibly felt by me that I could not speak for some time. Her wishes seemed to be to impress me with the fact that she was really my friend Mabel.

"My dear friend, I am so glad to meet you," said she. "Promise me that you will not use the word death when you speak of me, for I am not dead, but alive, and am always with you. It is so beautiful to pass away from earth; I do not wish to come back, unless it were to die again, it is so beautiful. I am with your father, mother and brother; they all love me, and are waiting for you when you come over the river, and will meet you halfway over the bridge. It is only a breath long, when the breath is gone, you are here, and it is such a beautiful home and we are all so happy here. I will go now, and let your friends come to you."

After she had gone I had a talk with father, mother and brother. They all spoke of the beautiful spirit which had recently come among them. My brother Charles said:

"Brother Moses, I am glad to meet you. You are the first one I have ever communicated with. We are very happy. The beautiful spirit is with us, and she can teach us our alphabet in spiritual progress because she was so good and pure when she came. I will go now, and let our mother come. Give my love to your daughters, and tell them their Uncle Charles lives."

I would remark that my brother died about thirty years ago. My father died about fifteen, and my mother about forty-six years ago. My mother next came to meet me. She said I should find a beautiful home when I came to the spirit-land to meet my friends who were waiting for me. My father talked pretty much in the same manner; and altogether, the good things they told me make life here seem not very desirable, and take from death all its terrors.

At another sitting I asked Mabel if her father would speak to me, as she had told me that, and that he was ever present with her. She said he would, and went away to let him come. The voice of the medium was changed from feminine to masculine, as he said:

"I am glad to meet you, sir. I passed away when this child (Mabel) was in her infancy. It was my duty that she was placed under your care and protection. I had it not been for that care and protection she would not have been the bright and pure spirit that she now is. I thank you for what you have done for her. I thank you for what you have done for her mother and sister. Good by."

At another time, when I was holding converse with Mabel, she said, voluntarily, without such a thought coming to me—

"I shall give you my spirit picture some time."

I supposed that it would have to be done with colors by a medium artist; and, not comprehending her meaning, the matter dropped from my mind. I now reminded her of her promise to give me a picture. She said it would be a photograph, and it must be taken by a medium artist. I asked her when we should have it done, and she said she would tell me the next time I came. I called again in just one week, and she voluntarily spoke of giving me my picture. I met the spirit of Rufus Choate, and gave him a picture. I met the spirit of Rufus Choate, and gave him a picture. I met the spirit of Rufus Choate, and gave him a picture.

I could get a picture taken for a friend, and he told me I could get it at No. 170 West Springfield street, in Boston, of Mr. Mumler. I went there to see if that was the right number, and found that it was. I went in to see how they did it, and I got so near the instrument that I was taken on the glass. They did not know who I was, and so they rubbed it off. Now, when you leave here, you must go there and make arrangements for us to go at one o'clock, a week from to-day. You call here at twelve; then we will go there at one.

On arrival at Mrs. Mumler's, I told her that I had called to see about having a picture taken—that a spirit friend had said she would give me one.

"When will you come?" asked she.

"I will call a week from to-day, at one o'clock."

"What name shall I put down?"

"I did not like to give my true name, as I had heard that Mr. Mumler was an impostor, and told her she might call me Mr. Johnson—which she did; and I came to my place of business."

Just a week from that time I called at Mrs. Hardy's to have a chat with Mabel previous to our going to Mr. Mumler's to get the picture. When I first came, Mrs. Hardy gave me a letter which Mabel had written through her mediumship, from which I will make an extract or two:

"My DEAR FRIEND—I again come to you. I am never absent from you so but what I can hear you speak. I promised you my picture. I am ready to give it you any time when you may try to get it. I will bring you flowers of beauty, and the Great Spirit will paint for you the lily with whiteness and the rose with blushes. We can trust that Great Spirit through the infinite future. I am one of his ministering spirits to you. Grasp death with a smile when it comes, for we will meet you and lead you through the valley. I will meet you again soon.—MABEL."

The meeting alluded to was no doubt that at Mr. Mumler's house to get the picture.

In fine spirits. The first thing she said was—

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson? I did not know that you were ashamed of your name. I was there when you gave them the name of Johnson."

I told her I did so because I hardly believed that Mr. Mumler could take her picture, though he might take my own.

"Oh, you skeptic! oh, you skeptic!" said she, and laughed at my lack of faith.

At two different sittings Mrs. Hardy has seen the spirit of Mabel standing at my side, with her hand on my shoulder, dressed in a light striped dress, which was the last dress she wore on earth. Just before going to have our pictures taken, she asked—

"What dress shall I wear?—a white robe, or my light striped dress?"

I told her I should prefer the striped dress, as that would distinguish her from other spirit pictures, but I did not care much for the dress if I saw the face of my friend there.

"You wish to see Mabel, don't you?"

"Yes, I wish to see my friend Mabel."

"Well, I shall wear my striped dress, and I shall stand by your side and put my hand on your shoulder, and I shall bring you my beautiful flowers. Now we will go for the pictures. Good-by."

I left and went directly to Mr. Mumler's house, arriving there before one. He said he had no one in, and would proceed with my sitting for the picture. I was seated in a chair in the centre of the back parlor, about ten feet from the instrument, which was placed near the window, to take in as much daylight as possible, as it was a cloudy day. The first time I sat about two or three minutes, when he took the plate and went out of the room to wash it. In a few moments he returned and said it was a failure, and that sometimes it required half a dozen trials before a picture could be secured.

The second trial was not much better, though he said he saw traces of something, but rather indefinite. I told him I had just conferred with my friend, and she said she would be there.

"Well, then, we must persevere," said Mr. M.

The next time I sat just five minutes by his watch, which he kept his eye on, with his back to me all the time, with his left hand on the instrument. He took the plate out as before, and Mrs. Mumler came into the room. She looked as if she was under spiritual influence. I asked her—

"Do you see any spirits present?"

"Yes," said she, "I see a beautiful spirit;" and immediately she was entranced, and under the control of Mabel, who said:

"Now I shall give you my picture; it will be here in a few moments. I shall have a wreath of lilies on my head, and a dress that will be positively striped, but the lights and shadows will indicate stripes. I put into it all the magnetism which I possessed."

Mrs. Mumler then came to herself, and at the same moment Mr. Mumler entered with the plate.

"Have you got a picture now?" asked Mrs. M.

"Yes, I think I have," said he.

I took the plate and looked at it, and saw on the glass my own picture distinctly given, and close to my side was that of a lady with a wreath of flowers around her head, as she had promised. Mr. Mumler said he would send me proof the next day. It did not come, however, till two days after. The picture was small, but by the aid of a microscope it was magnified to the natural size of the human face, and in that face I saw the perfect picture of my friend. I was both surprised and delighted, and wrote to Mr. Mumler and told him I was perfectly satisfied, and gave him my true name.

The next time I met Mabel at Mrs. Hardy's she said she wished I would get it enlarged while the conditions were favorable for doing so. I suppose Mr. or Mrs. Mumler should die, the conditions would be changed, for I think the combination of magnetism is the source of the remarkable power which they have of taking these kind of pictures.

I have given here a simple and condensed account of my experience in spiritual manifestations. Should I write them out in detail, they would fill a large volume. I wish to say a word about spirit-pictures, and then I have done. It is often said that such pretensions are an imposition, because Mr. Mumler was prosecuted in New York for making them. I may do for rival photographers to denounce him, for it places him in a position which they cannot attain. But when the spirit of a friend, whom I have known for years, tells me that she will give me a picture of herself on a particular day, and decorated with what she will wear and what position she will take, and the picture is then taken and thus costumed, where is the humbug?

The picture presents me as sitting upright in a chair, with my legs crossed. My hands lay on my lap, with the fingers locked together. Mabel stands partially behind my right shoulder, dressed in a white, well-fitting robe. Her hair is combed back, and her head is encircled by a wreath of white lilies. Her head inclines forward so as to lay her cheek on my right temple, from which my hair is always parted. Her right hand passes over my left arm, and clasps my hand. Her left hand is seen on my left shoulder, between the thumb and forefinger of which is held an opening moss rosebud, the exact counterpart of the one that I placed in her hand while she lay in the casket, at her funeral. Her head partially covers my forehead, showing that my picture was not taken on a previously prepared plate.

That picture contains in itself a volume of proof of the reality and reliability of spiritual manifestations. I have indubitable evidence that in this instance it is true; and if this is true, may not other similar pictures be bona fides? It also proves the truth of all that Mabel has told me in her communications, as she has sealed the document with her honest and truthful actions.

It also proves the immortality of the soul of man, and that that immortality is a blissful one. It also negatives the idea of there being any misery for the soul after it has left this body of clay, in which alone are garnered all the seeds of temptation and sin. Freed from that body, it is a spirit-form, and is free to act itself; and that it will advance in brightness and glory during the endless ages of eternity.

The picture also assures me that we have our friends about us, watching over us at all times; and the influence of such thoughts is to warn us in the hours of temptation, and also to reconcile us to the trials of life, and open our hearts to deeds of charity.

[Part Five will appear in the Banner of Feb. 27th.]

MR. EDGEMORE—In giving my Personal Experiences, it is my intention to relate only what transpired, keeping as close to the truth as the evidences I have and my best recollection will allow. For some minor points I may perhaps be slightly mistaken, but intentionally so, for it is my desire to neither extenuate nor set down again in malice.

In your issue of Jan. 23d appeared a letter from Thomas R. Hazard, corroborative, in the main, of my statement in regard to the circumstances attending the taking of his photograph. I hardly think it necessary to enter into any argument as to the "mole" on his wife's face, for I am willing to concede to his statement in that respect; nor does it matter much now what terms he used to express his belief or disbelief at that time, although the statement as written is substantially correct, as remembered not only by myself but another person present at the time. But the main point is, the truthfulness of the likeness of his wife. His statement in this respect is full, strong and explicit, and is an unanswerable argument as to the genuineness of spirit-photography in his case.

In your issue of the 30th of January, appeared a statement from J. W. Black, of this city, wherein he said he "been referred to in the Banner as having been convicted of spirit-photography." I will say, in reply, that I am not responsible for a man's belief, and am thankful that we all live in the nineteenth century, and may think and believe as we wish without fear of being hung or burned for our opinions. I do not claim to have convinced Mr. Black, for that is a contract I would not undertake with any person. I simply stated the facts in connection with his investigation, giving the precise language which, as he says, he so "unfortunately" used, and which I am willing to make atonement for. My claims have been tested in every conceivable way—sometimes with success, sometimes failure, but this I cannot help. In my own studio, where conditions are the best, and where I have no opposing element, I fail with a large proportion of my sitters in getting spirit forms; but this is no evidence against the possibility of sometimes being successful. This fact of my being unable to get pictures for so many, is why spirit-photography has not been peculiarly a success, as I make no charge unless the second form appears.

Spirit-photography has been with me an experiment of fourteen years' duration, the result of which I am giving in my "Personal Experiences." Very respectfully, W. H. MUMLER.

170 W. Springfield street, Boston, 1875.

## ECCE RESPONSA.—I.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

It is written, "Then Job answered and said"—and the thought occurred to me, why should not I "answer and say"? Many inquiring letters are before me; many on points of general interest; by answering them I may baptize my own mind with truth, besides the possibility of igniting another man's tinder. The "Banner of Light" shows me the sign "Walk in!" I accept the invitation, and will try to pay my way with brevity, if not with sense. I hardly know with which to begin. A letter from a man who appears to be hospitable to our truth, who writes all the way from Sacramento, lingers in my hand, crowding out many more important questions; yet I feel moved to give him attention first, because I can kill three birds with one shot, and nobody knows how many more. I say "three birds;" I mean three letters requiring the same answer. "Sacramento" sends a slip from a Southern paper headed, "An Outwitted Medium." The article is a ragged report of a man who claimed to have detected a medium (Mrs. Hardy) of fraud by the dexterous use of lamp-black. I need not repeat the story: it is a little singular, if true, that neither this lady nor any person present ever heard of such detection except through newspaper reports; the medium denies it, and I think, as the matter now stands, should be credited.

I am not a student of dark circles, though fully admitting the philosophical advantages of darkness in especially physical manifestations. As for myself I had rather have less, and have them in the light. I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by intelligent manifestations in the light; I am also thankful for the accented evidence that darkness has vouchsafed to me, but there is so much opportunity for fraud in the dark conditions, that I should recommend the new seeker after our truth to depend mostly upon the light ones. The accusation referred to led Mrs. H. to ask for the appointment of a few well-known men as a committee to witness some of her "materializations," making their own conditions. It was done, and eight men selected, of skill and credibility, who unanimously signed a card that, under test conditions, the "apparitions of hands" (seen and touched) occurred, and that it was not done by fraud. This committee made no investigation of "dark circles," and the card referred to was not intended to cover them, or spiritual manifestations in general, (whatever the committee may have severally thought), but only that among the good, bad and indifferent manifestations, what this committee saw and testified to in Mrs. Hardy's behalf was, that some are genuine and true; settling that, settles in my judgment the foundation in fact, of Modern Spiritualism.

I think also (replying to our Sacramento friend) that Mrs. Hardy is entitled to the prestige of what she actually did under test conditions, to extend her credit over her dark manifestations. On general principles I ask, Why any necessity (when she has proved herself to thousands to be a good test medium, and when she has proved to this committee and thousands of others her mediumship for materializations,) to add another phase involving fraud? I think any reasonable person will say she is entitled to the benefit of an "anonymous" doubt, and to the prestige which some unmistakable "manifestations" give her.

I am never sorry to see any cheating exposed whenever or wherever found, and so are Spiritualists generally; at least that is my experience. But those persons, scientific, religious or asinine, inhospitable to this or any truth not their own, who know (?) this whole thing to be a fraud (like the editor of the Scientific American and this knight of the lamp-black referred to in this Sacramento slip) will never influence Spiritualists who know the *ism* is true though a thousand so-called *ists* are frauds, to let questionable and often asinine detections weigh anything against the evidence of their own experience. Therefore, my dear Sacramento, you may still think Mrs. Hardy's mediumship genuine, and I, with you, "would deeply regret to have it prove otherwise;" but the slip referred to, which you forwarded, is (in the light of the sances witnessed by this committee, of which the writer was one, which endorsed her honesty in the manifestations they saw) of no account whatever.

This "response" is longer than I intended, and the matter of it, though active just at this time, is not a specimen of the questions requiring answers that are the inspiration of this series of responses; and yet if I had not relieved my mind as I now have, its repression might have filtered into the next and I trust more agreeable subject, and disturbed its flux.

## DR. HENRY SLADE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am happy to be able to testify in your columns to the vigorous condition and the constant good services of our celebrated New York test medium, Dr. Henry Slade. I had only on the 13th inst. the good fortune to assist at a highly satisfactory séance in his rooms, No. 25 East 21st street, New York, with a lady friend of mine from California whom I introduced there. We had scarcely taken our seats at the table, when not only frequent raps but the most energetic shocks in the table indicated the presence of a strong power of spiritual friends. A heavy chair, standing near the unoccupied side of the table, was violently pushed off several feet and partially turned round. Whilst all our hands were joined on the table, a pocket handkerchief of the lady, which she had put in her lap, was thrown over the whole length of the table, and when picked up was found to be twisted into a knot. A black kid glove of the lady went the same way, and was seen at the other end of the table apparently filled with fingers. Dr. Slade thought it was a black hand. A moment afterwards the same glove alighted over my head, grazing my hair behind my back on my chair. The commonly used slate was violently wrenched from the Doctor's right hand while held under the table, and fell to the floor; but the Doctor preventing me from picking it up, it immediately made its appearance over the edge of the vacant side of the table, and a moment after was restored to



18th; Bay City, 19th; East Saginaw, 20th; Flint, 22d; Port Huron, 23d; Ypsilanti, 24th; Battle Creek, 25th; Jackson, 26th; Adrian, 27th; Hillsdale, March 1st; Coldwater, 2d; Elkhart, Ind., 3d; South Bend, Ind., 4th.



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## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That, on the stretched forehead of all time,  
Sparkle forever."

Why are so many mad fools on earth?  
Because so many wise children have birth."

Sun-dials mark only the bright hours? Would it not be  
well if most people could indicate them?

Women can have and lose,  
But to be just and true  
Without having at the same time,  
Is an art they never knew."

Blessed is he who learns to profit by his wants and infirmities,  
and who, in all the privation he endures, is still submissive  
to the inevitable law of destiny."

It must be so! Plato, though reason's well,  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shudders the soul  
Back on herself, and starts at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stings within us,  
'Tis heaven itself that punishes unbelief,  
And intimates eternity to man."

Infants tell would not enable you to sweep away a mist;  
but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether.  
So it is with our mortal improvement; we wrestle  
fiercely with a vicious habit, would have no hold  
upon us if we descended into a higher moral atmosphere."

## The Holmes' Ambrogio.

Katie King—Gen. F. J. Lippitt's Report.

[Continued from our last issue.]

Secondly, as to the recognitions of Mrs. White as Katie King at the mock sitting on December 5th at Dr. Paxson's, and by Dr. Child when she signed her confession before the magistrate on January 8th.

There are certain facts that very much impair the force of these recognitions as evidence, if they do not destroy it entirely.

The seven persons present at this mock sitting were Robert Dale Owen, Dr. and Mrs. Child, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, and Dr. Paxson and Mrs. Buckwalter.

Mr. Owen tells me that though to the best of his knowledge and belief the person who then enacted the part of Katie King was the same he had so often seen at the Holmeses, her performances were inferior to those of the latter, in fact "very bungling," especially in the "vanishing" scene, which did not seem to him to be at all like that at the Holmeses.

Of the remaining six persons present, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie's recognition can obviously count for nothing as evidence; not that their testimony is less credible than that of the others, but because it was Mr. Leslie himself that got up the sitting, and brought Mrs. White to it for the very purpose of convincing the others of her identity with Katie King; a fact which he had been aware of, he told me, ever since last summer, although he had not been able to induce Mrs. White to confess the personation till the 3d of December. As to this particular recognition, then, Mr. Leslie stood in the position of a party interested, who had a case to prove, and not in that of a witness; and it is a natural presumption that Mrs. Leslie knew all her husband knew, or believed all that he believed.

Of the remaining four, Dr. Paxson and Mrs. Buckwalter were the very persons who, on the 3d of July (see Mr. Owen's article in the Atlantic Monthly), when Katie cut a piece from her robe and another from her veil, which proved to be only an inch or so in length and in diameter, plainly saw the cutting, and that it left in the robe a hole "at least five or six inches long," and in the veil one "three or four inches in diameter," and that in a few seconds both the robe and the veil became whole again before their eyes. Mrs. White says that this was all the work of their imagination; so that if they really recognized Mrs. Whites Katie King they thereby discredited their own statement. But if made in good faith (which I have no reason to doubt) it proves either that they were mistaken in their recognition, or that their sense of sight is so completely dominated by their imagination as to render their testimony on the point in question wholly unreliable.

Again, all these seven persons except Mr. Owen, as will appear further on, had repeatedly, perhaps frequently, seen and talked with this same Mrs. White, at No. 50 North Ninth street after the Holmeses had departed for the West, and, though continuing to go to see Katie King till the 3d of December, never before suspected her identity with Mrs. White. As to Dr. Child, he had seen her often, by day as well as by night, at his own office, as well as at the Holmeses, both before and after their departure. It is not the slightest impeachment of his veracity to say that under these circumstances his recognitions at this sitting and afterwards on Jan. 8th when Mrs. White appeared in proper person before the magistrate, can carry with them but very little weight.

In view of all this, and considering that these persons had been brought together by Mr. Leslie for the express purpose of recognizing as Katie King a woman who had confessed she had been personating her, producing, in corroboration, the very trinkets that had been given to Katie, it is very tricky to understand how a certain resemblance, combined with a skillful "make up," and other stage effects, may have caused the spectators to see in the person before them the veritable Katie King. And as to this possible personal resemblance, let that marvelous but established fact be borne in mind that the London Katie constantly varied more or less in her appearance, and that other marvelous fact I have already testified to, that the Katie I saw at the Holmeses in January strongly resembled the Katie of the photograph, that is to say, Mrs. White herself.

On the whole, these recognitions appear to me to be very far from conclusive as to the identity of Mrs. White with Katie King.

Thirdly, as to the production of the trinkets. Col. Olcott informs me that at Chittenden the presents made to the spirits that appear through the Eddys (and the genuineness of these spirits he has fully demonstrated by three months of decisive experiments) are never carried away by them, but are left on the premises, and are collected and kept for them by the mediums. Then there is nothing incredible in Katie King's doing the same thing at the Holmeses. When I questioned them on this subject their explanation was that they had concealed the trinkets by the advice of a person of high social standing, and on whom they were partly dependent, and who thought it inexpedient to make the fact known, as it would require "long explanations." Whether this statement be true or not, it cannot affect the probability that her spirits have done at Chittenden the production by Mrs. White of trinkets given to Katie King, by no means proves that they were given to herself.

A person residing near Philadelphia, whom I will call Mr. Y. (with whom an interview may be had by any one inquiring of me), stated that last August, after the Holmeses had gone West, leaving Mrs. White in charge of their effects, there being then a dispute between them touching the payment of the last month's rent, Mrs. White showed him the box containing these trinkets, saying that she thought she would keep them, to hold them afterwards, if necessary, in judgment against the Holmeses, and that she never put them in her own trunk, but that she never intimated to him that she had personated Katie King until after the 8th of January, when she signed her "Autobiography."

Fourthly, as to the substitution of a new Katie King toward the end of November, alluded to by Mr. Owen in some of his published correspondence on this subject.

I had a full conversation with him on this point, and learned that as to the face of the supposed new comer, there was not light enough for him to judge how far it differed from the Katie he was familiar with, and that his suspicion was based chiefly on the great difference in height between the two; the supposed substitute being extremely short.

But this circumstance ought, I think, to weigh but very little as evidence of a fraudulent substitution; for, in the first place, as Mr. Owen himself stated to me, the Katie of last summer was found to vary in height in her different appearances, though to the extent he thought of not more than two inches—that is, from one inch above to one inch below five feet. In the next place, as I have before stated, when Katie first appeared in full form, which was on June 5th, she was quite dwarfish in height, not appearing taller than a child of ten years old. And finally, that this was just about the height, as before stated, of the spirit that appeared to us outside of the cabinet at the Holmeses' on Jan. 25th, purporting to be Katie King, and being, as there was strong reason to believe, the same Katie who had appeared during the spring and summer.

Fifthly, the identity of Mrs. White's handwriting with that of several notes received from Katie King; two in pencil to Mr. Owen; one, also in pencil, to Mrs. Stoddard, and the paragraphs on Flowers, written last May, for Dr. Child. These have all been compared with a letter from Mrs. White to Dr. Child, dated Oct. 19th, 1874, and from the peculiar formation of the letters appear to have been written by the same person. I will add, in passing, that the chirography of Mrs. White's letter is quite irregular, that many of the words are misspelled, with a profusion of capital letters; while in most of the writings purporting to come from Katie King the handwriting is quite neat and regular, and there is scarcely any orthographical error. Again, the body of the communication purporting to come to Mr. Owen from F. W. Robertson, and written, as was supposed, in his presence, is, to all appearance, in the handwriting of Mr. Holmes.

But the whole cogency of this evidence is destroyed by the following extraordinary and mysterious fact: On January 13th, 1875, Col. Olcott delivered to John King, in the cabinet, a note written by him in French to Katie King. The writing was at the centre of the page, and requested an answer to be written round it. The next afternoon, at a sitting at a private house, the note was shown to him with no answer upon it; but at another sitting that same evening the note was returned to Col. Olcott at the cabinet window, and it then bore an answer, above and below the writing, beginning in French, but concluding in English, signed "Katie King," and in the same handwriting as the notes of last summer, resembling that of Mrs. White. Now if there be any fact beyond all question it is that, notwithstanding the identity of the handwriting, this last communication was not written by Mrs. White. In view of such a fact as this, it would obviously not be safe to assert that the Robertson communication was written by Mr. Holmes, because it appears to be in his handwriting. It seems evident that in these materialization phenomena no inference can be properly drawn from an apparent identity of handwriting, for this may arise either from some occult psychological law, or it may be the work of some adverse spirit.

Sixthly, the supposed proof of Mrs. White's coherency from Holmes's letters to her. These letters were written from Blissfield, Michigan, during August and September, 1874. As they bear on their face the strongest internal evidence of having been written in the strictest confidence and for no other eye than that of the person to whom they were addressed, they may be properly assumed to express the real purposes and feelings of the writer.

I begin with those supposed to prove the Holmeses' intention to have Mrs. White personate Katie King at Blissfield.

In the first place, it is obvious, from their directing all their furniture and effects to be shipped to Blissfield, that early in August the Holmeses had decided to make their home there, or at least to stay there a considerable length of time. It is equally obvious that they needed some one to do the work of their household, if Mrs. Holmes was to be kept in any tolerable condition for their sittings. Now the Holmeses' statement is that they had always found great difficulty in obtaining domestic help, very few persons being willing to live in a house frequented by spirits. They had gone to board with Mrs. White, in order that Mrs. Holmes might be relieved from the exhausting cares of a household. They did not harmonize with each other, but with them it was "Holmes's choice," and they decided to locate at Blissfield they were glad to arrange for her journey to them there. Add to this (as I learned from a source independent of the Holmeses) that Mrs. White herself is a decided medium, and that the Holmeses believed that Katie King always "drew from her" more or less.

The two "cut boards" mentioned in Holmes's letter of Aug. 8th, were the same that had been made and used for the admission of Mrs. White into the cabinet when she stood for the photographs. They intended, they say, to use them as seats in the cabinet, in case they were called on, as they had been sometimes, to give sittings à la Davenport Brothers. True, any statements of the Holmeses must be allowed very little weight as evidence; but they are, at the least, as credible as any uncorroborated testimony to the contrary of an uncorroborated testimony.

One passage in the same letter is apparently inconsistent with Mrs. White's being wanted only as a housekeeper:

"We will arrange for you to board in the house as a stranger, and everything depends on your acting your part well. It is a country town, and everybody talks and tells all they see and hear."

But it would be difficult to believe that this passage refers to any personation by Mrs. White of Katie King. For, could there have been a surer way of causing her instant detection than by taking her to a country town where "everybody talks and tells all they see and hear," arranging for her board, and then showing her nightly at the sittings as Katie King, to the very inmates, probably, of the house where she boarded?

Another suspicious passage is found in Holmes's letter of Aug. 28th:

"We will send you a ticket to Chicago, and if we can harmonize, we will do better than we did in Philadelphia, and will try and avoid such foolishness hereafter. I have no doubt you did the best you knew how. I did not mean to find fault with you."

This has been construed as alluding to some criticisms of the Holmeses made by Mrs. White's performance of Katie King. But considering the universal delight and admiration excited by Katie's appearance and actions, it is scarcely credible that they could have quarreled with her on that head. If they did, they must be hard indeed to please. It is more reasonable to suppose that the faults alluded to related to some household matters.

But another passage in the same letter has been said to "clinch the nail":

"You will like Chicago, and we will arrange it so that you can go out and come in when you please, and enjoy yourself."

This is supposed to imply that, to prevent detection, White in Philadelphia, she had not been allowed to go out freely. But surely, this same freedom to go out when she pleased would have been as dangerous in Chicago as it was in Philadelphia. I think therefore that this passage is either an error, or a device of an intention to make her enact Katie King.

As to the alleged finding of Mrs. White on Sept. 16th near the Holmeses' premises at Blissfield, there appears nothing that can be called evidence of the fact. In her "Autobiography" she makes no mention of it at all, and the statement in the Chicago newspaper merely shows that a young woman was caught there in man's clothes; and for aught that appears, her identity with Mrs. White was a mere guess or invention of the anonymous reporter.

The only passage in these letters that seems to put unmistakably to an intended personation of Katie King is the following in Holmes's letter of Aug. 14th:

"We do not ask you to pay \$5 for each and every séance, and if we do not take in that amount we make it up."

And in his letter of Aug. 18th he repeats:

"Once more I'll repeat it, 'we will pay you \$5 for each séance.'"

Determined to neglect no possible source of information, I questioned Mr. and Mrs. Holmes on this point. Mr. Holmes assured me he had no recollection of writing anything of the sort; that such an offer would have been preposterous, and that these words must have been an interpolation. Mrs. Holmes also said that such an offer would have been preposterous, that it would have left little or nothing for themselves, and that it must have been intended as a joke.

To understand the true meaning of a writing it should be read in the light of the surrounding circumstances. Now one of the facts in the case is that early in the spring the Holmeses made a contract with Dr. Child, under which Dr. C. was to pay them at the rate of \$10 for each sitting of his own circle, he to receive all the admission fees, and to admit at these sittings any number of persons he chose. Mrs. White states she was to be \$2 for each sitting; that is, if her story be true, the Holmeses, who in their arrangement with Dr. Child had put an average value on their sittings of \$10, were willing to allow her one-fifth of this amount for her personation of Katie King. And this, everything considered, seems to approximate very nearly to what the Holmeses might have reasonably afforded; for Katie King constituted but a small part, though the most attractive, part of their show. Now it is hardly credible that at a small country place like Blissfield the Holmeses could have expected larger receipts than in Philadelphia; and if they did not, why they have seriously offered Mrs. White to guarantee her her \$5 sitting?

But whatever may be the true explanation of this supposed offer, there is another circumstance militating strongly against the theory that the purpose for which Mrs. White was to go to Blissfield was to personate Katie King; and that is that, though Mrs. White never left Philadelphia, as she says herself, till the 9th of September, Katie King appeared at Blissfield on the 21st of August, and continued to appear there till some time in September. Aug. 25th, Holmes writes to Dr. Child, "The 21st, six or seven present, Katie King came out and showed herself splendid," &c. These appearances of Katie's are mentioned in the newspapers published there, or in the neighborhood, during August and September. Now, if this was a genuine Katie, there was no further need of a bogus one, and the Holmeses would have postponed, at least, incurring the expense of bringing Mrs. White to Blissfield. But instead of this, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are as urgent for her to come as ever. Aug. 24th, Mrs. Holmes writes: "Nelson says he will send you fifty dollars next week. Then you had better come as soon as you get this." And on the 28th Holmes writes, "I will send you a ticket from Philadelphia to Chicago, and as soon thereafter as possible I will redeem your pledges from the paybrokers."

It may be said that the Katie who had appeared at Blissfield was also a bogus one they had picked up there. But why install a new Katie when they were expecting the arrival of the former one at no little expense to themselves? And is it credible that, in the meantime, they would have risked the detection of the fraud by the sudden substitution of a different person when Mrs. White should arrive?

A phrase in Holmes's letter to Mrs. White, after the "exposure," remonstrating with her upon her conduct, is also supposed to point to her personation of Katie King: "You possessed that which would have been a source of income to you as long as you lived." The sentence preceding this is, "You were not obliged to stay with any particular party, or in any one place." This can refer only to her gift of healing mediumship (for she had practised as a healing medium); for what can be more absurd than for Holmes to seriously assure Mrs. White that she could continue to go about the country, independently of everybody, personating Katie King "to the end of her days?"

It is certainly very singular, if the Katie King of the Holmeses' séances was really Mrs. White, that in all the many confidential letters written to her by Holmes during their absence from Philadelphia, beyond these few ambiguous expressions, not the slightest allusion can be found in any of them to her confederacy.

On Aug. 18th, as we shall see further on, Mrs. Holmes wrote to Holmes about the absurd story of her being Katie King. Dr. Child, it appears, had written him to the same effect. Holmes thus writes to her, Aug. 24th (and it must be remembered that he was not then writing for effect, but in the most familiar and unreserved confidence, speaking, as it were, his most private thoughts):

"Dr. Child's absurd story about the cabinet door; also about the woman who was taking about Philadelphia. I wrote back by return mail for him to keep our things there, and to let him know that we would not return to do battle with the d—d fools once more."

If these "absurd stories" had been the simple truth, would Holmes have thus written about them to his confederate?

The following letter from Holmes to Dr. Child of Sept. 4th, shows that Katie was then appearing in Mrs. White's absence. Does it not also tend to indicate his sincere belief in her as a spirit?

"Katie King coming to us better than ever, but seems tired. She says that we can't find out what she tells you? Where those fellows who are giving bogus séances, and pretending Katie King and John King come from? We know."

The Philadelphia Press of Jan. 11th stated on the authority of Mrs. W. that in the sitting at which a "certain wealthy physician" saw figures representing Jesus and Mary, it was Mrs. Holmes who personated Christ, and she herself being the Madonna. To test the truth of this statement I called upon the physician alluded to, and was informed by him that during the whole sitting, at which these figures appeared, Mr. Holmes, as well as Mrs. Holmes, sat by his side, in company with a lady who was the only other spectator present.

A letter from Dr. Child in the Graphic of Nov. 16th, states that Katie King's appearances had begun again at the Holmeses' new quarters, No. 825 North Tenth street, on the 20th of October, and that she had shown herself there at "almost every séance since." Mrs. White informs us that the hiding-place from which she emerged to enter the cabinet at these sittings consisted of the corner window, boarded up on the inside, and from which the sashes had been taken out, leaving standing room for her behind the boards, one or two of which she removed when the time came for her to appear. But Mr. E., a very intelligent and reliable gentleman who attended these sittings, assured me that this was not true; that he once personally examined the condition of the window by knocking out some of the boards; that he found all the boards to be firmly secured, the blinds fastened in, and the sashes undisturbed; and that there was no room for any human being to stand behind those boards.

A letter just received from Mr. Owen states that there is now proof that the mechanic who made the cabinet, at 50 North Ninth street, sold Holmes a walnut plank of the same length as those used for the cabinet, but cut in two at Holmes's request. This mechanic is John B. Trainer, 528 Filbert street, who publicly certified under his signature, on the 5th of July, (Banner of Light, Jan. 9th, 1875) that there was nothing about it adapted for any purpose of fraud or trick. Now either Mr. Trainer certified to a falsehood, or else the cut boards were furnished to Holmes after July 5, thus corroborating Holmes's statement that the cut boards were not made till they were needed to admit Mrs. White into the cabinet, on the 20th of July, to stand for the pictures.

I have now reviewed the evidence adduced to prove that the Katie King seen at the Holmeses was Mrs. White, and it seems to me entirely insufficient for the purpose. I will proceed to notice certain circumstantial evidence, tending more or less directly to show that her story is false.

1. By the experiments, already detailed, made in January, 1875, the fact is demonstrated that certain spirits, known as John King and Katie King, do materialize as themselves through the Holmeses. Being, then, under no necessity of resorting to fraudulent personations, it is highly improbable they would have incurred the great risks attending the employment of a living confederate. To make money by the sale of pictures

of Katie King, Mrs. White's personation was necessary, if being found that the real Katie could not materialize sufficiently for that purpose; but for the Katie of the cabinet they had no need of a living confederate.

2. The following passages from the private correspondence of Mr. Holmes and Mrs. White take us somewhat behind the scenes:

July 31st.—Holmes to Mrs. W.—"Keep sharp tonight while you stay in bed. Dr. Child has the dead latch-key. I could not refuse him. So he will be rumpling in on you unawares, and perhaps bring company with him."

Aug. 8th.—Holmes to Mrs. W.—"Dr. Child tells us in his letter that he and some friends have had three or four sittings."

Aug. 10th.—Holmes to Dr. Child:—Mrs. White writes me that parties are constantly calling and annoying her about me, offering her large sums to tell what she knows of the Holmeses. One party offered a thousand dollars if she would expose us, if she could. This is why we want you to stay in bed. We want to stop all this spirit house with us. I don't see why we should be so annoyed."

Aug. 18th.—Mrs. White to the Holmeses, dated Philadelphia, 50 North Ninth Street:—"Dr. Child comes here with Dr. Paxson, Mr. Leslie, Mrs. Leslie, and Mrs. Child, and all the bunches, and just as if they owned the house."

"The man that called the other day called again yesterday. His name is Leslie. Leslie said, 'You look like Katie King. People say you are Katie King. If you will confess we'll stand by you, and pay you the money (one thousand dollars) in advance. We want to stop all this spirit house with us. I don't see why we should be so annoyed. I don't see how it could be a humbug. He repeated what he said before. Now after Roberts, of New Market street, came in. He talked a long time, but acted very mean. I told him as I did Leslie. What does all this mean? I wish you would come here to this city, and let me see you. I am the spirit. I am the spirit. How absurd! But all this causes me great trouble, and I don't like it. Your friend."

("Frank Stevens" erased) ELIZA WHITE."

25th.—Holmes to Dr. Child:—"Mrs. White says that the friends were very rude; wanted to look into all our boxes and trunks, and break open locks. What were you doing for an object to that?"

Aug. 27th.—Holmes to Mrs. W.—"Speaks of 'Dr. Child's coming and pestering her about cheats, &c.'"

From these facts, it is a legitimate inference that Mrs. White was not Katie King—first, because if she was, the Holmeses would not have given the freedom of the house (with the opportunity of seeing her whenever they pleased) to the very persons who, being most familiar with Katie King's features, would be the most likely to detect the fraud; secondly, because if Mrs. White was Katie King, it is not credible that these persons should have failed to discover the fact. There is only one other alternative, and that cannot be entertained for a moment, that these persons, Dr. Child especially, were privy to the fraud.

3. Some of the explanations of the manner in which certain of the phenomena witnessed by Mr. Owen and others were produced are manifestly false, while others she omits to explain at all.

Passing over what I myself saw in May, and what friends of mine saw on the 5th of June, I will refer only to some of the phenomena witnessed by Mr. Owen (Atlantic Monthly for January, 1875).

Mrs. White asserts that her vanishing and re-appearance on July 9th were effected simply by the use of a black shawl. But this does not explain how the lady held in her hand remained in view till her whole person had disappeared, nor how it was the first object seen again on her re-appearance.

The same may be said as to the bouquet she held when vanishing and reappearing the next day.

She omits to explain how, on July 14th, she first appeared as a dwarfish or condensed Katie, not over eighteen inches high, and by gradual elongation resumed her usual appearance.

Neither does she explain how, on July 16th, she gradually emerged from the cabinet floor, the head being first visible, then the shoulders, and lastly, the body.

"I am still unable," writes Robert Dale Owen to me in a letter just received, "to explain the appearances to which you refer."

Another suspicious omission is that of never alluding to the phenomena witnessed at any other circle than that of Dr. Child; just as if the writer of the ingenious story signed by Mrs. White had simply taken Mr. Owen's article in the Atlantic Monthly, and invented plausible explanations of the phenomena so far as his ingenuity enabled him to go. Yet other circles, phenomena were witnessed quite as marvelous as those seen by Mr. Owen. Dr. Felger, for instance, whose circle held forty sittings, informs me that Katie vanished and reappeared for them ten different times, three of them in one evening; and not in the cabinet, but outside of it, through the floor.

4. On the 28th of June Katie gave Mr. Owen a lock of her hair, and other locks at other times last summer to Dr. Felger and to Mrs. Stoddard. Now, on the 23d of January, 1875, at the Holmeses' cabinet, I myself saw the spirit calling herself Katie King cut a lock from her hair with my penknife. This hair, which she gave me, has been compared with that given by Katie King last summer, and all the specimens have been pronounced by hair artists to have come from the same head; and this opinion has been confirmed by a microscopical examination of Mr. Owen's lock and of my own under a power of seventy-five diameters. Then as the lock given me on January 23d certainly did not come off Mrs. White's wig, it is equally certain that the Katie King who gave those locks last summer was not Mrs. White. True, I ascertained that she went to buy an Auburn wig last summer, but I learned at the store where she bought it that a wig of no such hair as had been given me had been sold there; that a short curl wig of such hair had cost from \$25 to \$30; that it was doubtful if that exact shade could be obtained, it being extremely rare, and that if an Auburn wig was bought there last summer, it must have been a cheap, theatrical one.

5. Mr. Y. states that he was a lodger of Mrs. White's at 50 North Ninth street from April to September, 1874, with occasional absences, the longest of which was from two to three weeks; that he usually took his meals there, and saw her constantly; that during that time he never knew of her personating Katie King in the cabinet, and that as he had been intimate with her for ten years, he would have known it if she had done so; that he is not a Spiritualist, though he has no theory to account for the phenomena, but that he never had any cause to believe or to suspect that the Holmeses produced them by fraud or jugglery.

6. The first attempt to take a picture of Katie King was in the afternoon of July 20th, when two photographers, Messrs. Hurn and Rehn, attended with their apparatus. They waited, Mr. Hurn informs me, about an hour and a half; but Katie not appearing, they returned home.

Is it probable that if Katie King had been nobody but Mrs. White, who was with them in the house, that the photographers would have been made to wait an hour and a half in vain?

7. One other circumstance: Mrs. White's alleged confession to Mr. Leslie was made Dec. 3d. She was not then living with the Holmeses, but at some boarding house. She brought down and showed him all the white robes and head-dresses worn by her as Katie King. All these Mr. Leslie took away with him to show to Dr. Child and Mr. Owen, and returned them to her the next day.

Now Katie King was then appearing nightly at the Holmeses. She had appeared the night before, and she appeared again that very night. Mrs. White must have improvised garments for the sitting that evening to replace those carried away by Mr. Leslie. The important question is, Is it not highly improbable that the Katie King paraphernalia in which she was appearing every evening at the Holmeses should be kept by her at her boarding house instead of at the Holmeses? Why incur without necessity the additional risk of detection from being seen carrying a bundle there before every sitting, and returning home with one after the sitting was over?

Lastly, there is some positive evidence directly disproving Mrs. White's personation of Katie King.

1. They are entirely unlike in face and in feature. I speak now of Katie as I saw her in May, not knowing to what extent she may have varied in appearance during the summer and in November; and the tintype of Mrs. White taken two months ago, and just obtained by Col. Olcott, is as unlike her in every particular as it is possible

to conceive. That Katie had grey eyes, a little blue in the middle; Mrs. White's eyes are said to be hazel. That Katie's teeth, as all acknowledge who saw them, were white, regular and beautiful; Mrs. White's are irregular, decayed and discolored. That Katie had a small mouth; Mrs. White's mouth is large. Mrs. White has a long nose; Katie's ended rather abruptly. Katie's face was rather short and round, and of a graceful contour; Mrs. White's is the reverse of all this.

2. Judge Moses Allen, now a magistrate in Vineland, N. J., formerly superintendent for fifteen years to the Methodist Sunday school at Lee, Mass., stated to me that he is well acquainted with Mrs. White, having known her as a pupil in his Sunday school from six or seven years of age till she was married; that he met her last June at 50 North Ninth street, where he held two days, and renewed his acquaintance with her; that her room was next to his in the third story, and directly over the parlor where the sittings were held; that in the evening of the 6th of June, when he went down to attend the sitting, he left her singing at her work; that he heard her continue her singing at intervals during the sitting, and while Katie King was showing herself in the cabinet, the parlor windows being left open on account of the heat; that some of the spectators complained of the disturbance it caused; that Mrs. White bore not the slightest resemblance to the spirit Katie, as he saw her then and afterwards in November, these being the only times he ever saw her at all.

Mr. Y. (before mentioned) stated that he never attended but one sitting, which was a week or two after Katie first appeared. The cabinet then consisted of only two doors brought together, with a circular cut in one of them for a window; that on coming down stairs that evening he left Mrs. White sewing a piece of carpet in her room, and that on the sitting being ended, he went up and found her still engaged in the same occupation.

4. Moreover, that he remembers the evening when Mr. Dreer and his friends had their test sitting, on which occasion Mrs. White is stated to have personated Katie King, and to have been secreted under a mattress in the bed-room; that during the whole of that evening he was with Mrs. White at a place of theatrical amusement, and that they did not return home till the sitting was entirely over.

5. Dr. Adolph Felger and William H. Westcott have both made affidavit that they were present at the Holmeses' on the evening of Dec. 5th, while the "mock séance" was taking place with Mrs. White at Dr. Paxson's; that some fifteen persons were present; that at that very sitting Katie came out of the cabinet three times, and was recognized by all present; Mr. Westcott testifying that it was the same Katie he had been seeing the last two months; and Dr. Felger stating that he had seen her in all about eighty times; that it was impossible to mistake her, though she had varied more or less in her appearance from time to time, scarcely ever appearing precisely the same two evenings in succession; and that he knew her by her voice, manner, expressions and topics.

The general results may be summed up briefly as follows:

The question as to Mrs. White's personation of Katie King must be considered under several points of view; that is, with respect to the Katie of last May, the Katie of last summer, the Katie at Blissfield, the Katie of last November and December, and the Katie of the photographs; and first, The Katie of the photographs, as admitted by the Holmeses, was Mrs. White.

Secondly, The Katie of last May was not Mrs. White. This is shown not only by positive and by circumstantial evidence, but by Mrs. White's own statement from which it appears that she could not have begun her personations before the middle of June.

Thirdly, The Katie at Blissfield was not Mrs. White, because Katie's appearances there began Aug. 21st, and continued till some time in September, and Mrs. White, as she herself states, was in Philadelphia till Sept. 9th.

Fourthly, That Mrs. White was not the Katie of last summer, there is strong negative proof in the fact that her explanations of some of the mysterious phenomena are, on their very face, false and insufficient; that there occurred many others which she does not undertake to explain at all; that, as a genuine Katie was constantly manifesting herself, there was no necessity and no motive for substituting a bogus one. But, besides this, there is the following positive evidence: first, that Mrs. White was in her room the whole evening of the 6th of June, and at the very time that Katie was seen in the cabinet; secondly, that during the whole evening of the test sitting for Mr. Dreer and his friends, when Mrs. White asserts she was hidden under a mattress while the bed-room was being searched, she was at the theatre, and did not return home till the sitting was over; and finally, the curious fact that the Katie King I saw at the Holmeses on the 23d of January, 1875, and who assuredly was not Mrs. White) cut off (or me a lock of her hair, which hair, of a very rare shade of golden Auburn, was found, on comparison, to be identical with the hair given by the Katie of last summer to Robert Dale Owen and other persons, and so pronounced by several hair artists, and by Rehn, the eminent microscopist, who compared it with the lock given to Mr. Owen under a power of seventy-five diameters.

Fifthly, The Katie of November and December was not Mrs. White, because (apart from the circumstantial evidence) it is proved by the affidavits of persons present at the Holmeses' sitting on the evening of Dec. 5th, the same Katie King they