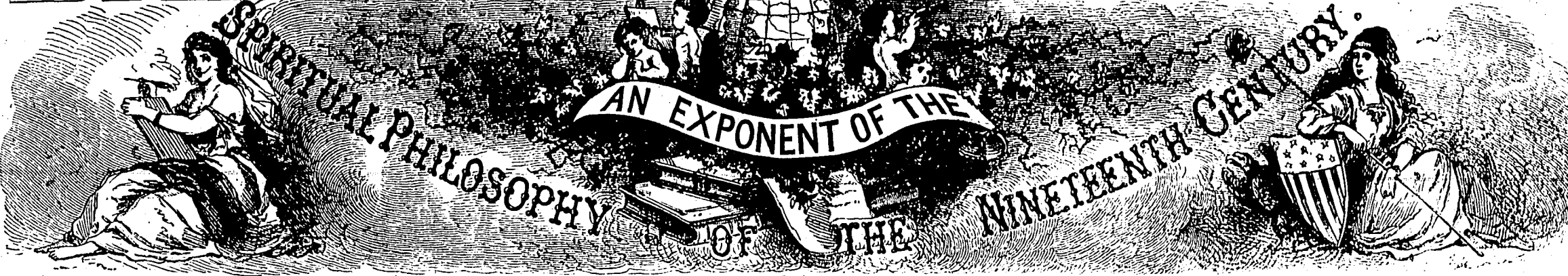


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## THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

[Continued from our last issue.]

### CHAPTER V.

#### Spirit Forms in England—Messrs. Herne and Williams—Florence Eliza Cook—John King and Katie King.

The news of the manifestations through Mrs. Andrews, at Moravia, N. Y., was received by Spiritualists in England with some incredulity, accompanied by a wish to ascertain if similar phenomena could be had through their own mediums. Accordingly, several of these began to sit for spirit forms. The faces appeared at the séances of Mrs. Guppy, and subsequently Messrs. Herne and Williams succeeded in obtaining these manifestations at dark circles, the spirits manufacturing a light of their own, which they held in their hands to show themselves by.

Certain phenomena in the presence of Miss Florence Eliza Cook, a young lady of fifteen, daughter of a member of the Dalton Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, began to attract attention in England the latter part of the year 1871. The spirits producing these manifestations claimed to be John and Katie King, and their daughter Katie; but Morgan, they said, was their true earth-name; and Katie, on several occasions, would sign herself, Katie King, properly, Annie Morgan.

At numerous séances in America, and at those of Herne and Williams, in England, spirits calling themselves John and Katie King have frequently manifested themselves. The name King would seem, for some reason, to be a favorite one among the class of spirits giving physical manifestations.

"John King" used to make himself audible, at an early period, at the sittings of the Davenport Brothers; and, subsequently, at those of Jonathan Koons, in Dover, Athens Co., Ohio, where he once made a long address, written by a spirit hand supposed to be his own, in which he calls himself, a "servant and scholar of God," and says: "We know that our work will be rejected by many, and condemned as the production of their King Devil, whom they profess to repudiate, but do so constantly serve by crucifying truth and rejecting all that is contrary to their own narrow pride and vain imaginations."

In manifesting himself through the English mediums, John King claimed to be identical with this spirit, and it cannot be denied that a certain unity of speech and character has distinguished him on these occasions. He asserted that his name on earth was Sir Henry Morgan, and that he was a contemporary of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The 20th of March, 1873, at a sitting in London, of which full particulars are given by the well-known publisher, Mr. James Burns, in "Human Nature," for April, 1873, the spirit claiming to be John King manifested himself in a materialized form so successfully that a sketch was made of him by a skillful artist. The séance took place in the daylight, Charles E. Williams being the medium. This sitting was followed by another the next week (March 27th), when John King appeared visibly, as before, as solid and material as an ordinary human being, while the medium's hands were held by Mrs. Burns, and he sat entranced in his seat.

On this last occasion the spirit spoke aloud, saying: "You won't doubt any more, will you? It is God's truth, is it not? It is a glorious truth. God bless you! It is. God bless you!" Having more than satisfied the sitters, he withdrew inside the cabinet, but returned to the aperture to renew the colloquy. While Mrs. Burns dragged the medium's hands through the door of the cabinet into full view, John King also showed his at the window: the test was complete.

Of the sincerity and intelligence of Mrs. Burns, no one who has made her acquaintance, as I have, can doubt.

The genuineness of the mediumship of Mr. Williams has been tested by Prince Wittgenstein and others, who have satisfied themselves of the objective appearance of "John King" and his wonderful lamp. Even Sergeant Cox admits that he has found Mr. Williams "most trustworthy." On the 14th of May, 1874, at a séance held at the house of Mr. Chinnery, in Paris, 52 Rue de Rome, when John King with his lamp was seen, a young man rushed forward to seize the spirit. The latter eluded his grasp, leaving behind only a small portion of the drapery which covered the form. A light was struck, and the medium was found entranced in his chair. He was searched, but nothing in the slightest degree suspicious was discovered. What had become of the drapery? The integrity of Mr. Williams was fully vindicated.

At some experiments at Mr. Cook's house, April 21st, 1872, of which Mr. W. H. Harrison, editor of the London Spiritualist, has given an account, a dark séance for the voices was held, Miss Cook and Mr. Herne being the mediums. The following remarkable incident occurred: A tapping was heard upon one of the window panes; the bar of the shutter was unlocked and taken down, and the shutter opened, and John King's voice said: "Cook, you must take that plug out of the gutter, if you don't want the foundations of your house sapped. The gutter is stopped up." On examination this proved to be true. It had been raining, and the area was full of water. Nobody inside the house knew of this until told in this remarkable way.

"Strangely human all this!" you will say; "so strangely human, that we think there must have been a human personator of the spirit!" But, as I shall have stranger things than this to relate by and by, I will only pause to remark that the incident is in full harmony with occurrences the confirmation of which, under test conditions, is ample.

We now approach the early manifestations through Miss Cook, in whose presence the phenomena eventually became so marked. On the 22d of April, 1872, a séance was held at which Mrs. Cook, the children, and the servant were witnesses. In the endeavor to abolish dark séances, Mr. Harrison had made experiments with different kinds of light.

He had tried, at Mr. Cook's house, a phosphorescent light, made by coating the inside of a warm bottle with phosphorus dissolved in oil of cloves, and then letting in the air.

The oil was left at Mr. Cook's, as will be learnt by the following passage from a letter from Miss Cook herself to Mr. Harrison, under date of April 23d, 1872. I quote the passage because it is interesting as giving us some notion of the intellectual calibre of the writer, Miss Cook, who was soon to become so famous as a medium:

"Yesterday afternoon Katie told us that if we liked to put up a cabinet of curtains for her, she would try to show us something, but as I was not developed enough for her to take enough phosphorus from me to show her face by, we were to give her some of your phosphoric oil. I was delighted, and at half-past eight yesterday evening all was ready. Mamma, auntie, the children, and the servant stood on the stairs. I was left alone (not in my glory, for I was very frightened) inside the breakfast-room. Katie began by giving mamma some fresh ivy leaves; none were in our house or garden of the size she brought. A hand and arm with a white sleeve came to the opening holding the bottle of oil; then, at the lower opening in the curtain, came a face, unveiled, the head covered with a quantity of pure white drapery. Katie held the bottle to her face so that all outside could see her plainly. She remained for quite two minutes. It was an oval face, straight nose, bright eyes, and a very pretty mouth. She again came to the opening, her lips moved, and at last she spoke. All outside could see her lips moving; she talked with mamma some few minutes. I could not see her face plainly, so asked her to turn and show me. She said, 'Of course I will,' came to my chair and bent over me. She was materialized only to the bust. From there she went into a cloud, slightly luminous. She told mamma to look at her carefully, and made the observation that 'she knew she looked most unearthly.' It was indeed very startling. I was too frightened to move or call out when she came near me. She used no tubes for speaking. The last time she appeared she stayed quite five minutes, and directed mamma to send to you, asking you if you could come here one day this week. . . . Katie King finished her séance with 'God bless you all. I am so pleased to show myself.'"

On the occasion here referred to by Miss Cook, the face of Katie King was described by Mrs. Cook, as "looking white and deathlike, while her eyes were fixed and staring, as if made of glass."

At a séance at Mr. Cook's, April 25th, 1872, Katie made several efforts to materialize a form. Mr. W. H. Harrison was present. He has given a curious description of some of the performances. The medium, Miss Cook, sat in a dark room. A scraping noise was heard; Katie had some spirit drapery in her hand, which she rubbed down over the medium to collect some of the "influence" used by spirits in materialization. A conversation, in low tones, varied with an occasional scraping noise, then took place between Florence Cook and the spirit:

Miss Cook—Go away, Katie; I do not like to be scraped.

Katie—Do not be stupid. Take that thing off your head and look at me.

(Scrape, scrape.)

Miss Cook—I won't. Go away, Katie; I do not like you. You frighten me.

Katie—Do not be silly. (Scrape, scrape, scrape.)

Miss Cook—I won't sit for these manifestations. I do not like them.

Go away.

Katie—You are only my medium, and a medium is nothing but a machine. (Scrape, scrape.)

Miss Cook—Well, if I am only a machine, I do not like to be frightened.

Go away.

Katie—Do not be stupid.

Miss Cook, who as yet had not been entranced by the spirit, said that the spirit's head and shoulders were materialized; but below, her form melted into thin air. Katie would be sometimes high up and sometimes low down, so that the bust nearly touched the floor, in which position she looked "most unearthly." It sometimes appeared as if a head were "wandering about with no legs or body, visible or invisible."

At the next sitting Miss Cook was entranced by the spirit, and a little benzoline lamp was used for seeing the materialization. The spirit would cry out "higher," or "lower," as she wanted the light adjusted. Mr. Harrison gives the following interesting account of what occurred:

"Katie's face came out, all the rest of the head being banded round with white, 'in order,' she said, 'to keep the power by which she materialized herself from passing away too quickly.' She said that only her face and not all her head was materialized. This time all present had a good look at her, and saw her features. It was remarked that her eyes were closed. Each time the face came out for, perhaps, half a minute. Afterwards she said, 'While, see me smile, and, again, 'see me talk,' suiting the action to the word. Then she said, 'Now, Cook, turn on the light.'"

"The light was turned fully up, sending a bright glare upon the face for an instant, and for the first time Katie King was clearly seen. She had a young, pretty, happy face, and sparkling eyes, with some little mischief in them. It was not ghastly, as when Mrs. Cook and family saw it, on April 23d, 'because,' said Katie, 'I know now how to do it better.'"

"When her face in its natural colors was seen in full light, nearly all the observers said, 'We can see you all right now, Katie.' 'Well, then,' said she, 'dear!' Accordingly, there was a shower of applause, in which Katie joined by thrusting out her arm and hand, holding a fan taken from the mantelpiece; with the fan she began to gleefully beat the wall outside the door, and to ring the bells hanging above the door."

"During the interval of one hour for supper, Mr. Thomas Blyton came in, and he was present at the next sitting. Katie showed herself as before. Once she said, 'Put out the light, and strike a match when I call.' This was done, and at the moment of the striking of the match, her face was again seen for an instant in a full light. She showed her face a second time in the same way. Once she said, 'Cook, do not gaze at me too fixedly; it hurts me.' On another occasion she said, 'The light hurts me; it makes me feel tired.' All along she was very careful in adjusting the amount of light, and the distance of the sitters from the curtains. Now and then she said, 'Sing, sing, all of you.' Singing evidently helped her as much as at an ordinary séance."

"She threw out about a yard of white fabric, but kept hold of it by the other end, saying, 'Look, this is spirit drapery.' I said, 'Drop it into the passage, Katie, and let us see it melt away; or let us cut a piece off.' She replied, 'I can't; but look here!' She then drew back her hand, which was above the top of the curtain, and as the spirit drapery touched the curtain, it passed right through, just as if there were no resistance whatever."

"She then threw it out again, and again the yard of drapery passed through the curtain. It was a clear case of something which looked like solid matter passing through solid matter, and we all saw it. I think that at first there was friction between the two fabrics, and that they rustled against each other; but that when she said, 'Look here!' some quality which made the drapery common matter was withdrawn from it, and at once it passed through the common matter of the curtain, without experiencing any resistance."

Mr. Blyton, in a published communication, confirms all that is reported as occurring in his presence, by Mr. Harrison. "At times, when speaking," says Mr. Blyton, "Katie's features were very natural and human. On our requesting to see a piece of the white drapery, the spirit held out a strip from the opening, resembling muslin in appearance. On her withdrawing her arm and hand, this white spirit drapery disappeared through the curtain. This passing of the drapery through the curtain was repeated several times."

As Miss Cook's mediumship grew in power, she was placed above the temptation of exercising it for gain. Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Manchester, with a wise liberality, and in the cause of science, supplied the means for this.

For a long time only a feeble light was permitted at the manifestations of spirit forms. The face of the spirit would be covered with white drapery, the chief use of which was said to be to economize the power by enabling the spirit to leave part of the head unmaterialized.

As the developments went on, Katie began to exhibit not only the whole of her bare face, but her hands and arms, in a strong light. In these early stages, Miss Cook was almost always awake during the manifestations; but sometimes, when the weather was bad, or other conditions were unfavorable, Katie would entrance her, the purpose of which was simply to increase the power, and to prevent the mental activity of the medium from operating as an interference. After a time Katie never appeared without the mediumship in a trance.

Some sittings for recognizable faces were had in the presence of Miss Cook; but they began, as did Katie's manifestation, in a weak light, and were imperfect. They were abandoned, therefore, for the more marked phenomenon in which a certain success had been won. Two instances, however, in which recognizable faces were presented through Miss Cook's mediumship, occurred, and seem to have been well authenticated.

At a sitting at Hackney, Jan. 20th, 1873, Katie changed her face from white to black in a few seconds, several times; and to show that her hands were not mechanically moved, she sewed up a hole in the curtain. On the 12th of March, at Hackney, Miss Cook's hands being tied and sealed, Katie, with her hands perfectly free, walked out of the cabinet. A month or two later, several photographs were taken of Katie, under strictly test conditions, and by the magnesium light.\*

Thus it was not till after many imperfect trials and partial materializations, accompanied with very gradual developments of increasing force, that the spirit Katie, in the full human form, and habited in white, as represented in her photographs, came forth in the light from the cabinet, and walked about the room before a semi-circle of spectators.

Dr. J. M. Gully, formerly of Great Malvern, England, a thoroughly experienced physician and a careful investigator, under date of July 20th, 1874, writes me as follows:

"To the special question which you put regarding my experiences of the materialization of the spirit-form, with Miss Cook's mediumship, I must reply that, after two years' examination of the fact and numerous séances, I have not the smallest doubt, and have the strongest conviction, that such materialization takes place, and that not the slightest attempt at trick or deception is fairly attributable to any one who assisted at Miss Cook's séances."

"That the power grows with use was curiously illustrated by the fact that, for some time, only a face was producible, with, occasionally, arms and hands; with no hair, and sometimes with no back to the skull at all—merely a mask, with movement, however, of eyes and mouth. Gradually the whole form appeared—after, perhaps, some five months of séances—once or twice a week. This again became more and more rapidly formed, and changed, in hair, dress, and color of face, as we desired."

"The voice came long before the whole form of the body, but was always husky, and as if there was a whispering catarrh; save when she joined us in singing, when she gave out a most lovely contralto."

"The feel of the skin was quite natural, soft and warm; her movements were natural and graceful, except when she stooped to pick up anything from the floor, when it seemed as if her legs as well as her trunk bent backwards."

"When that photograph was taken, I held her hand for at least two minutes, three several times, for we sat three times for it on one and the same evening; but I was constrained to close my eyes by reason of the intense magnesium light which shone directly upon me; moreover she desired that none of us would gaze at her whilst the lens was directed upon her."

"I believe that much information might have been obtained from her concerning the *outré-tombe*, but the circle seemed always bent on talking *chaff* to her, complimenting her, and indulging in ordinary inconsequential conversation; for only on one or two occasions was I (who hate all the nonsense that was said to and by her) able to put a few questions on the subjects about which every thoughtful Spiritualist is naturally anxious."

"It may be questioned whether these spirit beings can convey anything like an accurate idea of their state and powers; but I believe that, just as their power of physical manifestation increases with use, so would their power of mental communication increase were an intelligent curiosity always presented for their sympathetic reply. In fact, I believe that if less idle and more serious curiosity was felt by the circles, spirits of a higher and more powerful character would sympathetically come and teach by vocal words, written words, inspired words."

"So soon as a man has convinced himself of the reality of the spirit-presence, and the absence of all deception, he should, I think, use all his will power to place his own spirit in a state of reception for spirit knowledge, and feel assured he will get it. Physical manifestations are the alphabet of the subject, and if Spiritualism went no further it would do but little for humanity."

"But I quite believe in your suggestion, that, carried out to its consequences in thought and sympathy, it is destined to abolish a thick cloud of darkness which at present renders all religions more or less superstitious, and all philosophy a mere circle; and to substitute a light which will enable the mind in a body to hold communion with minds whose freedom enables them to see the workings of Great Cause and Great Effect, and so to bring forth a philosophic religion; whilst philosophy itself will be able to look ever onwards instead of going round and round, as it has done from Plato to Mill, tedious to study, and barren of result."

Similar materializations to those through Miss Cook had taken place not unfrequently in America, at séances where the light was very dim. Mr. Home, Mrs. Mary Hardy, Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, Mrs. Maud Lord, Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb, and others had, while sitting in the dark or in twilight, satisfied many of the presence of materialized spirits, who made themselves felt and heard, if they could not be distinctly seen. The materializations through Miss Kate Fox

\*An account of these sittings, by Mr. J. C. Luxmoore, Justice of the Peace for the County of Devon, may be found in the London Spiritualist of May 15th, 1873.

†The well-known published photograph, in which Katie is represented standing with Dr. Gully sitting at her side and holding her hand.

had satisfied Mr. Livermore, Dr. Gray, and Mr. Grönte of the objective reality of the appearing forms.

But the bold and startling manifestations through Miss Cook, occurring in the light, and in the presence of a dozen or more spectators, were peculiarly impressive and satisfactory; and I give prominence to her case on this account. The manifestations, after the initiatory experiments had been made, were conducted under strict test conditions, and in the presence of persons of well-known character and intelligence, whose single object was the establishment of the truth; the apparition, being visible under the most powerful light, and sold to the touch, could be subjected to tests which were eventually supplied by scientific men and found satisfactory; and the medium, being exempted from all necessity of asking pay from the investigators, was comparatively independent and free in allowing the manifestations to take their course."

At a sitting at Mr. Luxmoore's, Nov. 18th, 1873, a witness, well known to me personally, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, was present, and from his account I have abridged the following:

"The séance was given in the large drawing-room, in which an ordinary fire was kept burning throughout the evening. The small drawing-room, separated by sliding doors, was appropriated as a cabinet, and a dark curtain was hung between the open parts, by which all light was excluded. A lamp was placed on the table of the audience room, where there was a fire, and at no time was it dark. The fourteen ladies and gentlemen, who formed a horse-shoe circle in front of the cabinet, could see each other the whole evening."

A low chair was placed in the cabinet, upon which Miss Cook, the medium, was seated; and Mr. Coleman and Mr. Blackburn were invited by Mr. Luxmoore to see her secured. Her hands were tied together with tape, the ends of which were sewn and sealed with wax; and then the tape was passed around her waist, and lightly knotted and sewn, and sealed again. The tape was then passed through a staple in the floor, leaving a slack of about a foot, and there knotted again. Thus it was impossible for Miss Cook to move from her seat more than a few inches."

"The ties were all found secure, and the line of tape undisturbed, after the séance; and even had this precaution not been taken, the fact that, the instant Katie disappeared, the medium was found tied and differently clad, and asleep in her chair, would have satisfied any reasonable person that there was no trick or attempt to deceive. Whatever the figure of Katie might be, it evidently was not Miss Cook."

"The figure of Katie entered the room. She was clad in a loose white dress, tied in at the waist, having long sleeves terminating at the wrists, with a close hood on her head, long lappets hanging over her shoulders, and her hair closely banded."

She at once saluted each of the company in turn, first asking the name of the only stranger unknown to the medium. Mr. Coleman asked Katie if she had shoes and stockings on. She said, "No," and at once drew aside her dress, and showed that her feet were naked; and to satisfy all, she raised one foot on to the dress of Mrs. Corner, in the most natural manner, and said, "Now you can all see that I have bare feet, can't you?"

There were pencils and sheets of writing paper on the table, and Mr. Coleman asked her if she would be good enough to write something for him. "Yes, I will," she said, taking a chair, and sitting down on it. "What shall I write?" Mr. Coleman said he was engaged in getting up a testimonial to Judge Edmunds, and perhaps she might have something to say to him."

Upon this Katie raised one knee, and commenced writing, but, finding the position uncomfortable, asked for something hard—"to rest the paper upon." This being supplied, she wrote off the following letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You have asked me to write a few words to you. I wish you every success with regard to Judge Edmunds' testimonial. He is a good man, and an earnest worker. Give him my affectionate greeting. I know him well, although he does not know me. My power is going, so with every good wish,  
I am your sincere friend,  
KATIE KING,  
"Properly ANNE MORGAN."

The letter was handed back to Mr. Coleman, who read it aloud, and then said to her, "I see you have not addressed it," she took it back and deliberately folded it upon her knee, and wrote on the back, "Mr. Coleman."

On his requesting her to let him feel the texture of her dress, she replied by coming round past the back of Mr. Luxmoore's chair sideways, as there was barely room to pass, and holding up the dress to Mr. C.; he took it with both hands, and pulled it, and it was to all appearance, in substance, as if it were made of strong white calico. She then passed round the circle and shook hands, by gently touching the hands of each. Both her hands and her face throughout the séance were of a perfectly natural color, the reverse of pallid; her cheeks were red, and hands decidedly so; in fact, her whole appearance was that of a gentle and graceful young woman. She stooped down to pick up two sheets of paper which were in her way whilst crossing the room, and stepped aside to lay them on the table."

"This completed," writes Mr. Coleman, "the impression, which all must have felt, that we had been for an hour and a half holding intercourse with an intelligent living woman, who glided, rather than walked about, and who showed by her constant watchfulness of the medium, that there was the tie to which she was bound. It was altogether a marvelous exhibition."

Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein, who was present at a séance at Mr. Luxmoore's, December 16th, 1873, published in the *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, an account of it, which was translated by Dr. G. L. Ditson, from whose version I quote most of the following:

"The gauze curtain of the cabinet was agitated, and a naked arm was thrust forth and made a sign. Then the right side of the hanging was opened, giving us a view of an apparition of ravishing beauty. She stood erect; the right arm was across her breast, the other fell at her side, holding the curtain. She seemed to review the persons present. It was the spirit of Katie, a thousand times more lovely than her photograph."

"I had before me a young lady of an ideal beauty, supple, elegant, and clad in most graceful drapery, with chestnut locks visible through her white veil. Her robe, trailing like that of an antique statue, entirely covered her naked feet. Her arms, of surpassing beauty, delicate, white, were visible to the shoulders. Their attachment to the body was finely statuesque; and the hands, a little large, had long, tapering fingers, rose to the ends."

"Her face was pale and rather round than oval. Her mouth, smiling, showed beautiful teeth. Her nose was aquiline; her eyes were very large and blue, almond-shaped, shaded by long, heavy eyelashes, and having eyebrows delicately arched. And, to conclude, there was in this apparition the grace of a Psyche descended from her pedestal."

[To be continued.]



## Free Thought.

## BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Today I touch my fifty-seventh birthday. Near-er and clearer I hear the dash of the oars of the boatman, "boatman pale," but radiant, as he comes to take me across the silver sea, which divides the mortal and immortal—to bear me to the land of light and bloom, where physical pain and suffering shall no more weary the spirit and harass the soul. Ah, yes; his coming I shall welcome when my mortal career shall be ended, and I no more walk up and down the earth, under clouds and shadows. And why? because through Spiritualism I have learned the significance of death, which is only a seeming a transition, that "Death to the wise is the evening of a pleasant day." The outcome of the facts of Spiritualism is knowledge which is better than riches, more enduring than fame; which is a sunlight to man's earth path, in which, spanning the grave, is revealed a rainbow, gorgeous and grand beyond description.

In the light of Spiritualism, the cheerless dogmas of theology, fade away, and the senseless creeds of the churches melt like hoar frost. And this, because man's relations to himself, his fellows, and all of nature, are better understood. As he sees himself to be a microcosm of the universe, he feels akin to it, having come up through mineral, vegetable and animal, and been crowned king. In him centre the potentialities and work of countless eons to be perpetuated through eons never ending. Thus related, thus crowned, thus immortal, why should I fear death, or shudder "at its dread alarms"? If life has been rough and stormy, if I have wrestled with poverty, still in view of what I am, and am to be, the sweet outweighs the bitter for through all and over all, I am eventually to ride conqueror. Happy is he who, through Spiritualism, can turn life's vicissitudes to his profit, and make storm, wind and rain ministers of salvation, growth, and progress.

The problem of life I early sought to solve, but my processes necessarily had to be wrought out tempered somewhat by the creeds of the sects, and tinged in some degree by the commonly received philosophy of the Christian religion. I could get no satisfaction, and became a materialist when a mere lad. As years passed, my vision expanded, and the vista of life opened wider; there was a sense of unrest and dissatisfaction developed. Materialism did not fill the void that came; still, Christianity, in none of its phases or shades, could afford any satisfaction. At length I framed a philosophy of life, coupled with an if; if life did not have its ending with death, the spirit, on dissolving its connection with the body, must enter another stage, progressive in its character, gravitating at first to that plane for which it was fitted. But there was lacking the substratum of positive knowledge. I could see no evidence of a conscious, individual existence after the shedding of the mortal coil—was a materialist still. I only had a theory of a future existence, dependent on an if.

At length this theory became verified, and with me death was no longer an eternal sleep. I heard of the "Rochester Knockings"; I learned from personal acquaintances—right-minded and cultured men and women—their experiences with the strange manifestations. I felt that there was something foreboding immortality; but no opportunity occurred for investigations for years.

Removing to Providence in 1856, I occasionally attended the Sunday Spiritualistic meetings; soon became interested, for I found the philosophy there enunciated entirely in consonance with my cherished theory. At length a friend took me to a medium where I received several tests, among them a communication from my mother, long years before laid away, in shroud and coffin, in a sleep to "know no waking." The communication followed a most remarkable personation, during which I, a second time, stood by the death-bed of my dear and never-forgotten mother, and saw again her agony and indescribable sufferings which were her last of earth. When the spirit's greeting came—"My child, I joy to meet you!" there was such a thrill shot through my being; my materialism melted away, and immortality, conscious individual immortality, was revealed. What a great stone was rolled away from the sepulchre! what a dark cloud lifted from my future! That event was the key-stone of the arch of my life—an event which has ripened into positive knowledge, giving me something more substantial than blind faith or the mockeries of worm-eaten creeds.

I ask nothing better for time or eternity, nothing more inspiring or satisfying. Christians tell us that morality or Spiritualism do well enough to live by, but will not do to die by. Out upon such cant! As for me, give me a staff for life which is real and substantial, rather than that dreamy and mystical system which bases itself on "the blood of Christ," for neither his blood, more than the blood of bulls and goats, will prove of any avail. So I propose to sail down the tide of time, for the few years I am to remain in the mortal realm, with Spiritualism for my polar star. If that is not true, there is nothing else to which the compass of life can turn for guidance; life's voyage will be a cheerless one, and the mariner will either be dashed on Scylla or stranded on Charybdis. With advancing years the physical may succumb, the limbs may stiffen, the rheum in the blood send twinges of pain, the step grow unsteady; but, internally, the Spirit, allist ever renews his youth, and his spirit remains blithe and buoyant. Nor is this all; Spiritualism immeasurably widens the mantle of one's charity. The analysis, searching and critical, which it enjoins of human actions, discloses that much of evil, of wrong, of crime, is the creature of conditions, and leads us to say, as did our elder brother of Galilee: "Go, and sin no more."

Much more might I say, suggesting itself, as I am running over my life-line, but I must forbear. I know not if I would change any part of what has been if I could, were I to live over my earthly career; for adversity has attempted me to share every brother's or sister's woes, and taught me the sweet gospel of sympathy. I would not have shed a tear less; for each one that has fallen has served to make an oasis in my inner-life; riches I would not have, if I were forced to hug the creaking casket of my bosom, and thereby make my soul a Sahara; all that has been in the past I accept, sure that it has been fruitful in discipline which is to fruit all through the immortal life.

Somewhat I have been moved, to-day, to pen these thoughts; they are, perhaps, of no special importance; but possibly they may strike a chord in some heart that may need them; and some

brother or sister may find a word of cheer, which shall be the inspiration of a sturdier resolution to fight well the battle of life, and reach forth for that truth which alone can sustain the soul under the pressure of life's duties and cares, and prepare it to enter the hereafter, rounded out in full proportions.

Providence, R. I., 1874.

## THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY A. D. WHEELER.

As Copernicus and Galileo reversed the respective positions of the earth and the sun in the understanding of mankind, so it is a part of the mission of Spiritualism to reverse the common notion of the relations which the living hold to the dead. The same mistake that was at first made in mapping out the earth and stellar regions, in supposing earth to be the central body around which sun, moon and stars revolved, has been made in the relation which the earth-life is supposed to hold to the spiritual state succeeding it. For while mankind has almost universally believed in an after life of some kind, it has almost as universally conceived it to be a shadowy, indelible, unnatural existence, having no direct influence on this, and concerning which next to nothing can be known. The spirit has been portrayed as the shadow of man's former self, and the spiritual state as a satellite or appendage to this—a receptacle merely for dead men's souls. Especially is this true of Christian countries, where, out of seven days in the week, six are given to the affairs of this life and only one to the consideration of the next (and in some cases only half as much). The popular idea has been that far back in the past there was a golden age, and from that state to our earthly condition we have fallen. And in harmony with this view it has placed the spiritual state, in all its essential features, still lower down in the scale. Another "fall," the entrance to which may in most cases be described as a leap into the dark. But the tendency of modern thought is in opposition to this theory. It affirms progression, not retrogression, to be the watchword of the universe. But it is only in modern Spiritualism that modern ideas have reached their ultimate. Only by this system of thought have the old theories been successfully met and refuted. It has placed the after-scene on a rational basis, by showing it to be an extension of this. It has solved the mystery of death and shown it to be an illusion: not a plunge into the darkness, where the individual leaves behind his real self, but an awakening to a higher state of existence, where all that was living of the earthly form is still retained.

This, a Dickens no sooner "shuffles off" this mortal coil," than, glancing around in his ardent though invisible state, he searches out the means of communication with mortality, and with the immortal mind; and all that pertains to his real self, untouched by death, continues and transmits to earth the train of thought he left unfinished here.

There, Sumner lives; though to the majority seen "as through a glass, darkly," to the Spiritualist the curtain is uplifted, revealing "higher scenes of life and power" for the arisen statesman, whose, endowed with clearer vision and still more lustrous intellect, he wields a mightier influence than ever over the destiny of nations.

There, Franklin, Paine and Jefferson continue the grand contest for human rights, which, ere long, will culminate in another Declaration of Independence, grander and further-reaching than the first; and which shall remove the barriers to a wider range of thought and action for the human mind.

## THE LATE MRS. TEED—PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—MATERIALIZATIONS, ETC.

Mrs. E. M. Teed, formerly of Boston, died at my residence, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock A. M., on Christmas day, and was buried on the following Saturday (Dec. 27th, 1873), in our private burying ground.

When I take into consideration that her name stands on the files of the Religio-Philosophical Journal as an impostor, thus tarnishing her memory, I think it but justice to her reputation, and to the many friends who have been awakened to a lively interest in the Spiritual Philosophy through her mediumship, that I should state a few facts that occurred during the last few weeks of her life, and thus, so far as I am able, to correct what I believe to be false.

Previous to coming here, and during the months of August and September, she held several sances at St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Oregon, Mo., the most of which were highly satisfactory to the friends present; and I think that a very unjust statement was published in the above journal about one she held at Oregon, over the name of Ervine. In this account it stated that a person secreted himself behind her cabinet, and punched out a knot and looked in, and when the sance was over, came out and said that he saw Mrs. Teed fix up all the faces herself. Now I have but a word or two to say about this, and that is, that this whole story of *corposc* looks, to me, to be extremely problematical. First, her cabinet was made so as to exclude every particle of light; second, a person would have just as good a show to take the bung out of a barrel, and look in and make a discovery, as to do so through a knot-hole of the above cabinet!

It seems to me there must have been some personal enmity at the bottom of this publication, for had it been otherwise, the account of a subsequent sance, in the same room, would have been published, which was as follows, (so I am credibly informed):

Mrs. Teed took the daughter of Mr. Levi Oren, a girl twelve or fourteen years of age, into the cabinet with her, at which time there were good materializations. When the girl came out of the cabinet, she said that "Mrs. Teed never moved, for," said she, "I held her hands all the time."

To show the extent of the test conditions to which she was subjected before she came here, I

will quote part of a letter I received from Dr. Perkins, of Kansas City: "During Mrs. Teed's visit here she held several sances; the first one gave good satisfaction to all present; the second did not, to the many skeptics, and the next day the cry of 'humbug' was raised; but on the third night that imputation was fully wiped out. At this sance a committee was chosen by the audience; who minutely examined the cabinet, which consisted of a slender frame, covered with black felt cloth, and was so placed in the room that it could be seen on all sides. A committee of ladies then proceeded to search Mrs. Teed thoroughly, even to the combing of her hair. They then redressed her in full with the clothes of my wife, and placed her in the cabinet; and yet, the materialization of spirits was as good, if not better, than on the previous evenings, for several recognized their spirit friends."

About the 1st of October last she came to Council Bluffs, and soon after held two or three sances, which were satisfactory.

She was then taken sick, and being reduced to a state of want, not having money enough to pay her board and other necessary expenses, was ordered to find some other quarters. It may be asked by some why she was thus out of money; to such I will say, that I first learned from her own lips, and after her death from her papers, that she had been sick a large portion of the time since she left Chicago; that her agent, disappointed, left with all the funds on hand, and that she had been the victim of many extortions.

It was about the middle of October when I called to see how she was getting along, and found her without a home, sick, and without money; and out of sympathy, coupled with a desire to learn, through her mediumship, more about the philosophy of another life, I invited her to my house (which is just out of the city), which invitation she readily accepted.

In a day or two she recuperated somewhat, and proposed to hold a cabinet sance for the benefit of myself and friends. An arrangement to this effect was soon made, and the invitations given. (Her trunk, containing her wardrobe, was not brought from town until two weeks after this.) She had no cabinet with her, therefore we constructed one by tacking up some army blankets across the corner of the room. This was done by guests present, she having nothing to do about it, except the hanging up of a black curtain at the aperture. She was entirely among strangers, without any possibility of having any confederate, and under the closest scrutiny, with no chance whatever to arrange anything for the purpose of deception. All things being ready, she was securely tied and placed in the cabinet, when, almost instantly, spirit hands were thrust out of the aperture, bells rung, and the guitar called for and taken by these hands, some of which were large and others small. The bells and guitar were played upon at the same time, she being still tied, and a tumbler of water resting on the top of her head. Many other strange things were done, which I will not take up space to mention. She was then released by her spirit friends, and a recess of a few moments given. She was then replaced in the cabinet for materializations. In a few moments the face, neck and shoulders of a lady appeared, who was recognized as the sister of a gentleman present. Four or five others, of both sexes, appeared, and were recognized; and then an old lady, foster-mother to me some thirty years ago, in Philadelphia, and who was, at that time, about sixty years of age, came and thrust her head, right hand and arm out towards me. I said to my wife that the face was familiar to me, but I could not think where to place her. She kept coming and protruding her head and shoulders entirely outside of the aperture, turning her head around so that I could have both a back and side view; and then she appeared with an old-fashioned cap on, such as old ladies wore thirty years ago, and just such a one as she wore when last I saw her on earth. The ninth time she came I recognized her as old Mrs. Hunt, and the answer came quick, in the affirmative, by the clapping of hands and loud raps on the wall.

A voice was then heard from Mrs. Teed's brother, who seems to manage these sances, saying, "Take my sister out, quick," which was done, and we found her in a very rigid trance condition, very much resembling death; and after rubbing her hands and making some passes around the region of the heart she came to consciousness.

None of these faces, so far as shape and form of features are concerned, resembled Mrs. Teed. When first seen they appeared like a dim, phosphorescent light that seemed to come directly through the curtain of the aperture, and all present, with one exception, agreed that there was no movement of the curtain or blankets. This exception was a gentleman who thought he saw the curtain move very slightly once. The room was lighted by a large parlor lamp, placed in the corner directly opposite the cabinet.

I would like to know how and by what means she produced these faces. I know that she did not have any light in the cabinet nor the means to make one; and still more, there was no possibility of collusion, and no mechanical contrivance by which the eye could be deceived, on the principle of reflection and dissolving views. The solution of the opposition is that they were produced by false faces or masks; and, if so, I ask where could she have concealed them? I brought Mrs. Teed to my house for the purpose of testing this matter, and I am certain that myself and wife used every precaution to detect fraud, if there had been any. And she was here, at this time, without any change of clothing. We made her bed on a lounge in the same room in which the sance was held, and when put to bed, my wife and niece carefully examined every particle of her clothing, and found nothing that pointed in the direction of fraud. Hence I am irresistibly forced to the conclusion that her version of the matter is correct, which is: "genuine spiritual phenomena."

A day or two after this we took her to a neighbor's, where she held a satisfactory sance. Soon after she returned to my house, where she undertook to hold another sance, but soon after it was commenced we discovered that she was so feeble that it would be impossible for her to go on with it; therefore all present advised her to give it up. She was then put to bed in the same room, as before, and there remained until she died.

As soon as I discovered that she could live but a short time, I had her trunk brought to her, and my wife made a minute examination of all her effects, but failed to find any contrivances that would aid in perpetrating a fraud. Since her death I have re-examined them with a like result. For eight weeks after this she was helpless, and never left the room. During some moments of

apparent convalescence she was alternately controlled by her brother and a little Indian girl called "Polly." Many excellent tests were given, such as the description of lost property, and where to find it; information that a distant neighbor was dead—a fact we did not know until the next day, etc.; in a word, I could enumerate a hundred or more of test incidents, all of which were true so far as I am able to learn. Doors were opened by some invisible hands at night, so as to let more air into the room; bottles of medicines were brought from adjoining rooms and placed by her bedside; and when we were wanted we were notified by loud raps on the doors of our sleeping room. All of these things, however, have ceased now.

As she sank under the pressure of her disease (which was consumption) her spirit-friends seemed to have less power to assist her, and we were therefore compelled to have watchers with her all night.

In all of this affair I have noticed that, as her physical strength decreased, physical demonstrations grew weaker, but, on the other hand, her clairvoyant powers were most astonishingly increased. I hope some one, better versed in the Spiritual Philosophy than I am, will explain why it was so.

I found, on examination, that she was remarkably deficient in back brain; or, in other words, she had less of the animal about her than any woman I ever knew. Approbateness was large; hence she liked to have one think she was an extraordinary woman, and, consequently, in narrating some of the incidents of her life, she evidently put on a rather high coloring, which taxed the credulity of her listeners rather too much.

During the ten weeks she resided at my house we never heard her say one word that did not comport with chastity and ladylike propriety; and, better than all else, after my cross-questions for the purpose of drawing from her what were her real sentiments, I got a most positive declaration that she knew Spiritualism was true. She effiled me to her bedside but a short time before death, and bade me good-by, and said that I should be made to know that she was no deceiver.

In a word, it has been my lot to witness a good many death-bed scenes, under Christian influence, but never one so satisfactory as that of Mrs. Teed, and I shall ever cherish the memory of it as one of the bright spots in the history of my life.

As soon as she drew her last breath her countenance changed from that haggard look induced by suffering, and put on a happy smile, so much so that all who saw her form said she was the pleasantest looking corpse they ever beheld. We buried her on my own premises, in a little grove of timber, a lonely spot on the point of a bluff, truly in keeping with her loneliness in this world.

She had good medical attendance and a few good friends here who did all they could to administer to her wants. Several friends, who had shown her kindness and attention, were apprised of her death, a few moments after it occurred, by loud raps or knockings upon their doors and in their rooms.

She wished me to kindly remember her to her old friends; the names and address of several I have forgotten, but will mention Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, Boston; the Banner of Light; William Denton; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Gardner, of Chicago; Dr. Perkins and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Eley, of Kansas City, Mo.

BENJ. WINCHESTER.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1874.

## REPLY TO GEORGE HOWE'S QUERY.

I have just read your criticisms upon Denton's "Our Planet, Its Past and Future," published in the Banner of Light, page third, July 25th, 1874. I have no doubt William Denton will tell you all about it, when he gets where he can do so, but just now he is clear across the continent, and there is no telling when he may read your question; so, to ease your mind, I will suggest that possibly there is no contradiction in the passages you quote. These are my reasons: A man's farm may contain a certain number of acres on the surface, long and broad; then, for height, he has as far as he can see, or till he joins fence with the gates of the Orthodox Paradise; then, for depth, through the earth's crust, from twenty to one hundred miles, thence on, through three thousand, nine hundred miles of fire, molten gold, silver, lava, and—well, I can't say what else; let him dig, and find out to where he joins farms with the "Hollow Globe" men, or John Chinamen. He must not expect *ALL* the way through, any more than he can expect rich loam or muck to untold depths.

CHARLES HOLT.

Clinton, N. Y., July 27th, 1874.

For the Banner of Light.

## TWILIGHT.

'T is inspiration's sacred hour,  
And from the Heavenly Throne  
Flow streams of light, with potent might,  
To guide our footsteps home.

We wander through the tangled paths  
Of daily care and strife;  
A fleeting beam, a transient gleam,  
Speaks of the better life.

But when the shadows gently fall,  
And hushed is Nature's breath,  
Yielding the soul to sweet control  
We taste the life in death. A Leaf.

## SOUNDS—SOUNDS—SOUNDS.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—Why should children be taught the science of sounds?

A.—The science of sounds teaches correct orthography, etymology, elocution and music; and is a great help in the sciences.

Q.—How should it be taught?

A.—Scientifically; writing according to the elementary sounds of words, &c.

Q.—What would be some of the most probable effects?

A.—Languages would be changed; an immense amount of time and money saved to the world; knowledge would increase with greater rapidity; and the world, eventually, be of one language, and be converted to the truth by the process of truth.

Boston, July, 1874.

—Trial brings man face to face with God; the dimly veil of bright cloud is blown away; he feels that he is standing outside the earth, with nothing between him and the Eternal Infinite. Oh, there is something in the sick bed, and the restlessness and languor of shattered health, and the sorrow of affections withered, and the stream of life poisoned at the fountain, and the cold, lonely feeling of utter sadness of the heart—that is felt when God strikes home in earnest—that forces a man to feel what is real and what is not.—Robertson.

## WESTERN NOTES AND ITEMS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

We spent most of July in Omaha and Council Bluffs. Had no rain while we were there, and the heat and dust were almost intolerable. Next time we are registered for those places, it will be at a different season of the year. But we had excellent audiences, and the best of interest, attendance and good feeling, which, with all of our late experience, is entirely at variance with the testimony of our sister and fellow-laborer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten; and we judge by the letters of Bro. Peebles that his experience agrees with ours and not with hers. We should be sorry to think that some of our old and tried speakers are verifying the old adage: "Who looks through maudlin eyes, sees everybody drunk." We once thought this was the trouble with T. L. Harris.

MOINGONA, IOWA.—We are writing, Aug. 5th, at this little town in Boone County, on the Des Moines River and the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, in the midst of coal holes, potteries manufacturing stone ware, and many men building a new railroad bridge, three stories high, over the river. Most of the people, except the church members and the tired workmen—and some of them, come to hear us lecture—show signs of promise and progress. The town is surrounded by a rich country of extensive wheat and corn fields, and has not been visited by the pestilence hopper. There is a railroad revolution going on in Iowa, and the West generally, but it is taking a different turn from what many people expect. The farmers, Grangers, &c., are building narrow gauge and cheap roads of their own, and running them successfully. In the early settlement of our country we had State roads, national roads, county roads, and the turnpike with its toll-gates and chartered companies and monopolies of bridges and ferries. Private roads, competition, public spirit and general taxation have removed most of the barriers and obstruction to travel, and made better roads, free to the use of all, and subject to public construction and repairs. The railroads will ultimately very nearly follow this course. They will sooner or later be public property, at least so far as to be no longer used to enrich speculators. We watch with deep interest the changes and progress in the West, which shadow forth a better state of society, more general prosperity and intelligence under an improved, civil, political, social and religious system which must soon come.

"Man grows like what he feeds on." We suppose this applies mentally as well as physically, for we have ever noticed the Orthodox Christians, Universalists, and Unitarians growing in character like their respective religions—some with hell in them, and some without any. Why can we not coolly discuss principles, policy, laws, institutions, measures, and not persons; and finding the effects of those we have tried, retain or change as the case may require. If any institution or system works out more evil and injury than good, it may safely be critiqued, examined and condemned; and if more good than evil and injury, the same criticism may induce us to retain it. Individuals may, from other causes than the principles of the society, rise or fall in it, and not involve the institution to which they belong. Hypocrites are to be found everywhere; we have them among us as well as the churches; and good and bad men and women are to be found in all sects and denominations.

It is deplorable to see the eagerness with which the public devour a scandal about a popular man or woman, and to note the strange positions occupied by individuals often widely opposed in their theory and practice. When a carcass falls, and is not buried or cremated, the odor soon draws a class of live animals that devour it and carry it off, and the air is sooner purified than it otherwise would be, and we have a chance to see what class or species of animal feed on such food and odor. Is it not morally the same? Some people think our churches are the saurians, mastadons, megatheriums, ichtheosaurs of the moral and social world, condensing and carrying off the moral filth and social impurities of the spiritual atmosphere of our world, and fitting it for a higher and purer life, as the old animals did the physical conditions, and as the monster ferns and ceterach of the carboniferous era did in the air. One thing is certain, and that is that our social and moral atmosphere is full of corruption and misery, and will have to be purified before a higher order of social, moral, and religious life can be realized, and people live in that freedom and harmony that many of us anticipate in the spiritual world. Whether we can do anything to mature and advance it here, and what we can do in that direction, are the questions before us, and heavily weighing on our minds.

LAND SPECULATION IN THE WEST.—No one evil in the Western States is so great as land speculation. Grasshoppers, monopolies, high taxes, usury, all combined, are not equal to the evil arising from speculating in titles to the soil without improving it. For many miles around Omaha, not one acre in twenty has ever been broken by plow or spade; and yet it is all owned, and held at enormously extravagant prices per acre, by non-residents who, by the aid of government, night, with as much justice, hold the atmosphere as property and sell it by the cubic foot to those who must have it to breathe. The land is equally essential to life, and whatever power produced the air produced the land also, and never gave governments, corporations or individuals more right to monopolize one than the other. Neither is property in itself, as neither is the product of man's labor; and to allow men to live in New York and Boston, and hold title to lands in Nebraska, and keep people off by law and force, who want to use it, and need it, is a misapplication of government and its powers. It was the most fatal and terrible error into which our Government fell when it started. Possession in occupancy should have been secured and maintained, and improvements only, valued, and no property valuation ever allowed to inhere in the soil. It has been, is, and is to be, the great curse of our country, and has blighted every Western town and State, and will, some day, cause the greatest revolution the world ever witnessed, for the enlightened millions will not always submit to be robbed of their natural rights to enrich idle speculators and corporations who grasp the necessities of life and sell them for a price, even enhancing, as the demand and necessity increases.

There is a fearful time coming, when the people are sufficiently educated to know and claim their rights. Royal families in the old country, and corporations in this, that have so long been enriched by robbing the producing classes, cannot always have all their own way. Many of



our Western railroads have been built almost entirely by the land agents, or money borrowed on them, and should of course belong to the people who owned the land, or at least be used for their benefit, and not to enrich those who put no capital into them.

A policy could be adopted by governments that would, in one or two centuries, restore the land to the people without revolution or any species of robbery or injustice to the owners; but it is not likely to be adopted by any government, national, state, or municipal, for we have too many speculators engaged in these governments, and in keeping them as they are for selfish purposes, and hence we see no remedy but revolution.

All land should belong to the government, and never be sold nor valued as property, but possession secured to occupants for a small rental that would defray all necessary expenses of the several governments and obviate nearly all other taxes. For many years we have been watching the evils of land monopoly in the West, and see it crowding constantly more and more toward its terminus in the mountains and the ocean, and when all is engrossed and prices begin to double backward toward the East, as they soon will, the crisis will surely come, and revolution follow as sure as winter follows summer.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Massachusetts.

RANDOLPH.—Daniel Howard writes, Aug. 3d, as follows: Having been a constant reader of your paper during its entire existence, and fully appreciating its great power for the dissemination of truth beneficial to humanity, I desire to say a few words through its columns, in regard to one whom I consider the most remarkable leader of the times, as it seems to me that the sick, everywhere within the reach of his aid, should be made aware of his wonderful powers for relieving distress.

I have for many years been acquainted with Dr. Charles Main, of your city, and have realized, in my own person, the benefits of his great healing powers, whilst other members of my family have, I believe, been saved from the grave by his wonderful gifts for curing the sick, which gifts seem to be constantly increasing in power and efficiency. Hundreds of cases have come under my observation, some of them wherein patients, having been given up to die by other physicians, have been cured, as if by magic, to health and strength by the hands and skill of this remarkable man.

I have no doubt that the Doctor has cured more cases of a chronic and difficult nature, than all other physicians in the city of Boston during the last five years, notwithstanding that a very large majority—in fact, nearly all of the cases that he is called upon to treat, are of the most hopeless character and such as physicians generally dislike to undertake.

The foregoing may seem strong language, but I feel assured that it is no more than the case will bear, and is fully justified by the facts that have come under my observation during my acquaintance with the Doctor, and of which it seems to me, all should be made aware to the end that suffering men and women, as far as possible, may have the benefit of his wonderful powers.

I could, and at first thought I would, particularize some instances in which what would once have been considered miraculous cures have been performed, but I hardly know which to select from the many, even if I did not fear that this communication is already too long.

I must add, that very many who have found health restored to them by the Doctor's hands, have received it literally, "without money and without price," he being a person of the most generous promptings, desirous of doing good to all, as opportunity is offered him.

### New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—A correspondent sends us a good report of the work accomplished during the present season by Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, in various parts of the country. May 3d, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st, she spoke in Meriden, Ct., also giving two lectures on the 10th and 31st at hours between the afternoon and evening services, in the City Hall of said place, audiences of twelve hundred persons assembling therein to listen to her addresses. June 21st and 28th she spoke in New Haven, Ct., giving sittings and séances during week days with excellent success. At one of her public sittings, which occurred June 18th, in that city, she gave eighteen convincing tests of spirit identity in the course of two hours. Through the avenue of her test mediumship she is able to awaken interest in the subject in many minds who would be unapproachable through argumentation alone, and thus many persons are led to attend her Sunday services to listen to a fuller elucidation of what they have witnessed in her presence during the week. July 26th and August 9th she spoke in New York City to large and appreciative audiences, and she is engaged to lecture again in New Haven, Ct., August 23d.

The Secretary of Progressive Society of Spiritualists, Robinson Hall, writes August 3d, as follows: J. M. Peebles has finished his engagement with us for the month of July, and most profitable has it been to us all. By his great, benevolent heart, he has endeared himself to all. We shall miss his generous sympathy, for he is not one of those with whom "familiarity breeds contempt," but he carries so much of the angel world with him that we seek to be near him and feel that we are better by so doing. Bro. Peebles will never rust out, he will die in the harness, and at his post. He was most indefatigable in his labors while here. The Children's Progressive Lyceum received a large share of his arduous attention and generous bounty. The lectures were very fully attended, especially considering the warm weather. It was a common remark: "Bro. Peebles brings them out." One great secret of his success is that he does not consider his work with this society done when he has delivered his lecture and got his money in hand; he looks beyond the pecuniary compensation for his labors, and he will get it, for already his name is engraven on our hearts, never to be obliterated. A rich reward lies in store for him, greater than we can hope to bestow. We are still marching on in harmony. The Society is prosperous and the Lyceum is more flourishing than for years. We are determined that the Lyceum shall live and grow, and the Society, in its progress, improve and enlarge its boundaries and become useful and beneficial to all.

### New Jersey.

TRENTON.—B. H. C. Sand, 131 North Warren street, writes as follows: I wish—and it is the wish of the Spiritualists of this city—that you would send on here a good medium or some one else to help the progress of Spiritualism in this city. We have several good mediums here, but strangers create an interest quicker than home workers in this place. Send us a good medium; she or he will be taken good care of.

### Iowa.

SIoux CITY.—A. F. writes, Aug. 4th, It has long been the boast of the religionists here, that Spiritualism has not obtained a foothold in Sioux City, but they boast no longer. H. H. Brown has paid us a visit, and on last Thursday evening he delivered his first lecture in the Court House, to a very small audience; Friday evening, to a still larger number; and, after lecturing three evenings in the Court House, it was found necessary to procure the Academy of Music to accommodate the people who flocked to hear something that should relieve old Orthodoxy of its terrors, and their minds from the gloomy

shadows its preaching had cast over them. Such a philosophy was demonstrated to them by Capt. Brown, in two lectures, on Sunday, entitled "What and Where is God?" and "What of the Night, Watchman?"—"The Lesson of To-day." On Sunday steps were taken to organize the liberal element into a "Free Religious Society," or "Free Thinkers' Association," and some twenty names were obtained of persons favoring such a move; so you see that *Free Inquiry* has publicly begun, and if we take interest enough in the matter, and work faithfully, a few years will find Sioux City with fewer crimes and a higher state of civilization than she has heretofore had under the tutelage of those who virtually say to the worst of men, "Go on in acts of evil doing; only so you believe our dogmas and pay the preacher, Christ will bear the just penalties of all your crimes in the end! It will make no difference how like the lives of devils your lives may be, only so you say Christ, Christ, Christ, three times, and die with the blessed name on your sweet lips." It is impossible to give any correct idea of Mr. B.'s lectures here; but the looks, acts and words of the "audience," who gathered by the score, show to the observer that as everywhere, "error, wounded, writhes in pain," and is ready to make room for truth here as it is doing all over the world to-day.

### Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—A correspondent writes, speaking of the services held recently in this place by Mrs. Dr. Carpenter Barnes and Mrs. Hamilton, and also enclosing the following notice from the local press, as an earnest of the effect which their labors have wrought in this vicinity:

"SPIRITUALISTS AT LUCE'S HALL.—Last Sabbath afternoon and evening, very interesting lectures were given before the Spiritualists of the city at Luce's Hall, where the speakers, Mrs. Hamilton, of Port Huron, and Mrs. Dr. Barnes, of Chicago, were listened to by large and attentive audiences.

Mrs. Hamilton, of Port Huron, spoke, and gave remarkable tests with well-defined psychometric readings of character. The audience were highly interested and gratified with her grand powers as a medium.

Mrs. Dr. Barnes, gave several inspirational poems. In the afternoon she recited an original poem entitled "Solemn Truth," and in the evening gave "The Outlook," and a committee was chosen from the audience to give a subject for an extemporaneous or inspirational poem.

"What is Life?" was given, and Mrs. Barnes delivered a fine poem expressing the various phases of life. She also sang an original song.

The music on the occasion was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Allen, of Ohio.

### Pennsylvania.

CHESTER.—T. P. Morton writes, July 26th: Although I have nothing of importance to communicate from this thriving city on the banks of the Delaware, you will be pleased to learn that we are progressing toward a better appreciation of the glorious truths of Spiritualism. We have occasionally some good mediums visiting us, and I notice more copies of your "Banner" on the counters of the bookstores here.

### Alabama.

SOUTH LOWELL.—Addie P. Mudgett Davis, writing from this part of the South, speaks of the evenness of the climate—which fits it admirably for the residence of all who may be afflicted with weak lungs and the kind-heartedness of the inhabitants, and further states that in the vicinity round about, there is no medium except herself, and that but little is known, at present, in the town concerning spirit communion, although three lectures which she has given on the subject have been well attended.

### Missouri.

SAVANNAH.—Theodore F. Price forwards the following concerning the recent missionary work of himself and his wife, Hattie E. Price: "Our first lecture on this trip was at Wacahita, Kansas, on the 30th of June, to a fine audience. The liberal element is rapidly gaining strength there. The medium Mrs. C. G. Bell, has just arrived among them. Our next work was at Clinton, Mo., where we delivered two lectures on the evenings of July 22d and 23d, to good acceptance. Our next point was at Plattburg, Mo., lecturing on the 25th and 26th. A circle has been formed, and some mediums are being developed. At St. Joseph we lectured, July 28th, in the hall of the 'Liberal League.'

We began a course of lectures at Savannah, Mo., on the evening of July 30th. Mr. Wm. Devere is being developed here as a medium for materializations. Faces and hands have been materialized many times, and shells have been brought by the spirits and thrown from the cabinet. His spirit friends have also straightened two of the medium's fingers, which had been injured by an accident, and of which he had lost the use. We are engaged by the Liberal League of St. Joseph, Mo., to lecture during one of the fall months. From thence we move toward the East."

### Minnesota.

FARIBAULT.—J. L. Potter, State Agent, offers the subjoined report for July: I have visited, during the month, Vernon Centre, Garden City, Mankato, Janesville, Aurora, and Medford, giving sixteen lectures; adding fifteen new names to the Association as members; receiving in collections and yearly dues, \$30.75; expenses, \$2.90. July and August are busy months with the farmers of Minnesota. They use up all their time and money in the harvest-field, so that we cannot do as well during this as in other seasons of the year. They do not forget their Spiritualism, however, though the grain is golden and calls for reapers.

Spiritualists of Minnesota: Your Annual Convention will be held in the city of Minneapolis, in September. Look for the call; it will be out soon. After reading it, make up your minds to come and help raise the standard of Spiritualism higher than it has ever been raised before in our State. Come ready for work, and let us make this the Convention that has even been held by this Association.

Permanent address, Northfield, Rice, Co., Minn.

### California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—J. B. Butler writes thus:—The President of the Spiritualist Society (Mrs. Foye) of this place, wishes me to say that lecturers on Spiritualism would find this a good field of usefulness, and at a fair compensation; and such are now needed here. Persons can state their terms, and address Geo. W. Lewis, San Francisco, Cal.

SANTA BARBARA.—O. L. Abbott writes July 25th: Southern California—and especially Santa Barbara—enjoys the most inviting climate on this continent, and so far as we can judge from scientific records, the coast valleys are unsurpassed in the world. They are now attracting thousands annually from the East who desire to escape the rough winds of winter. The surface is covered with mountains, interspersed with charming little valleys, the bottoms of which are wonderfully fertile. They are held under Mexican grants called *ranchos*, containing from one to eleven square leagues, formerly of nominal value, and now in the market at from five to ten dollars per acre. When sold, subdivided, settled and improved by enterprising people, these valleys will be worth from twenty-five to one hundred dollars per acre; and, covered with vines and fruit-trees, will pay good interest on ten times that amount.

So far as we know, these valleys are the most productive, healthy, sheltered and genial in the world. The mercury usually ranges from sixty to eighty degrees throughout the year, and winter is our most charming season. Frost is seldom seen, and our gardens are always in bloom. The gentle December showers, which are gentle, start the new growth of the grass, wake up Mother Earth, and the music of the wild canyon birds proclaim that spring time has come.

The rain fall averages fourteen inches per annum, just enough for agricultural purposes, and not a drop squandered in leaching out the soluble parts of the soil. This is one of the reasons why our vegetation grows so luxuriantly. The heaviest showers of the season follow each other with an interval of from four to six weeks, giving ample time for plowing, pulverizing and seeding the soil. Irrigation is required where two crops

are to be cultivated on the same ground in one season. The soil is a mixture of sand, clay and vegetable mould; works easily at the proper time; yields bountifully, and, when deeply plowed and properly pulverized, retains and raises moisture, by capillary attraction, to such an extent that it is profitable to plant all food crops in May or June, after the last rain, to prevent the germination of weeds, after which they require little or no attention until harvest time. From fifty to one hundred bushels of corn and barley are often harvested, and wheat, oats, beans, squashes, beets and potatoes yield accordingly. The apple, peach and pear grow side by side, in our gardens, with the orange, lemon, lime, grape, fig, olive, almond, English walnut, guava, loquat, apricot, nectarine and pomegranate. Santa Barbara boasts of the largest grapevine in the world—more than a foot in diameter, covering a trellis sixty by seventy-five feet, and yielding annually from four to six tons of choice grapes.

We can ship our produce on the ocean at almost nominal expense without assistance or aid of railroads, and offer it in the best support markets of the world. Our beef is slaughtered from the fields, at all seasons, and stock-raisers never provide a ton of hay except for their work-animals and saddle horses.

Many of these beautiful valleys are admirably adapted to dairy purposes, when the cheese and butter maker desires to prolong the season to ten months by sowing with green corn fodder, sorghum, beets, and squashes. These vast ranches, often containing upwards of 40,000 acres, can only be purchased by colonies of associated persons, in consequence of the great amount of united capital required for their purchase. A homestead association is now forming in this vicinity, for the purpose of purchasing a rancho on time, subdividing the same, and securing homes at reasonable rates for its members.

Earthquakes are few and far between. Lightning rods and mad-stones are never seen here. The water is excellent, change of temperature slow, evaporation slight, and vicinity remarkably healthy. The people, mostly from the Eastern States, are liberal, enterprising, educated, and refined.

This country will eventually be noted for the production of the orange, olive, almond, fig, raisin, and other semi-tropical fruits, ten acres of which will be a fortune for a poor man.

Persons seeking homes in a milder climate and desiring further information with regard to Southern California, can obtain it without charge by addressing me, (enclosing stamp,) at Santa Barbara, Cal.

INFORMATION REQUESTED.—Mrs. Britton, in her last communication, makes the following statements:

"The immense number of sympathizing and cordial letters that have been received by me, in a recent issue of the Banner, renders any attempt on my part at private correspondence futile. I am, however, in a position to answer all inquiries, and I could and would have given the ensuing fall and winter to the aid of the cause of true Spiritualism. As I have a family circle to care for, and a flourishing profession, in which I am only aided, I shall not give up these responsibilities lightly."

Now, the question naturally arises: If those letters had come in earlier and faster, would the family circle still have claimed her care? Besides, would the flourishing profession have sustained her any less nobly? Finally, would she more lightly or readily have given up either or both of these responsibilities? **QUESTIONS.**

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT:—I find Dr. Duman's "Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names," the best work I have yet seen on the old Nature-worship; for while others, as Max Muller, Mr. Cox, and the learned Free Masons speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness when the Bible confronts them, Dr. Duman "speaks right out in meekness." For this I have long been waiting, being well aware, from my own studies, that sooner or later, the Bible would be summoned before the judgment seat to give an account in the same order of interpretation and by the same rules as applied to the Aryan theologies, so that the veil should no longer remain untaken away when Moses and the prophets and the later Godmen are read. Some quarter of a century ago R. W. Mackay, in "Progress of the Intellect," led up from Egypt admirably, but it remained for Dr. Duman to crown past labors with all the modern improvements, so now "God's word" is presented in *paris naturalibus*, and in the sight of all Israel and the Sun.

Fully developed Spiritualists have nothing to fear from a new truth, knowing that only in the light of the fullest truth we are made free. Many Spiritualists are rather prone to rest on the old fossilisms, not having knowledge from the root of the matter. All such should read Dr. Duman's, "Ancient Faiths," so as to know whereof they speak when citing the word of God through all the various names in multifold trinity, and one, but always the only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved. Free Religionists and Infidels may also be equally profited by Dr. Duman's work. The Spiritualism of the Bible remains the same, even though the first was rather natural, through all the range of the phallic and solar word. C. B. P.

## Phenomenal.

### A SINGULAR TEST OF SPIRIT POWER.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—Thinking that the following very peculiar manifestation of the power of disembodied spirits may interest some of the many thousands who read your valuable paper, I take the liberty to forward it for publication.

On Monday evening, the 20th of July last, the writer attended a séance held by Mr. Frank T. Ripley, at 88 Essex street, Boston.

It may be proper to state that I was an entire stranger, not only to the medium, but to every one present at the circle. In the course of the evening, after receiving several very satisfactory tests of a private nature, I was told that within the week I should receive a manifestation that would "astonish" me. Of this I thought but little, looking upon it as one of those vague and unsatisfactory promises which are occasionally given us. The sequel, however, proved that I was mistaken.

Upon retiring, on the following Wednesday evening, I very soon became conscious of the presence of the so-called invisibles; and in the course of, perhaps, half an hour, after everything had become quiet, was startled by a loud, distinct and unmistakable puff of a locomotive. It broke in upon the stillness of the night so suddenly, and with such distinctness, that I very nearly leaped from the bed. "To say that I was astonished, would certainly not be a very extravagant expression of my feelings for a moment. The question at once arose in my mind, Why should this particular and very peculiar manifestation be given me? I was in no way connected with railroads, except to travel over them, and to me it was a mystery that I could not solve. The solution, however, was given on the subsequent Friday evening, when I again attended Mr. Ripley's circle. I was then informed that several of his spirit band had, when in earth-life, followed the business of locomotive engineers. Although I have been an investigator of the Spiritual Philosophy for several years, I think that no one has as yet accused me of being a visionary. I have related the facts just as they occurred, and offer no comments, but leave the matter for the summing up of the public.

Union, N. H.

## THE SPIRIT-ROSE.

BY ELLIOTT PICKTON.

"Love is strong as Death. Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for Love, it would utterly be contemned." *Bible.*

"Love alone human being with warmth and purity, and that will rule the world. The heart, in that celestial sphere of Love, is like the sun in its course. From the drop in the rose, to the ocean, all is for him a mirror, which he fills and brightens." *Richer.*

The beautiful incident which forms the groundwork of the following poem is, I am happy to be able to state, substantially true, and but again corroborates the words of the old proverb that "fact is often stranger than fiction." In the workings of God's almighty providence, the story of a faith that the grave cannot destroy, nor even for a moment cease to wave, I have submitted to the gentleman who was the principal actor in its little drama, and, with his commendation and approval, have decided upon offering it to the public.

Although many are familiar with the bearing of "The Spirit-Rose," I do not feel authorized in making use of his name, should he not have consented to so do. I shall, therefore, deem no further excuse necessary in giving to my readers that which might to some appear to partake of the character of a fiction.

In conclusion, I have only to regret that so rich a jewel should not receive a more beautiful and ornate setting than that in which it is now presented, and which its nobility justly deserves.

THE AUTHOR.

Years ago, so runs the tale,  
In love's balmy, bright spring tide,  
Two hearts at the altar bowed—  
One a bridegroom, one a bride.

She was fair to look upon,  
He was stalwart, brave and strong,  
Fit to guard her gentle heart  
From oppression, slight and wrong.

Happy hearts were met that day,  
Happy voices gaily rung;  
Many a prayer rose silently—  
Wishes warm on every tongue.

But unto the bridal feast  
Came a dark, unbidden guest;  
Noiseless came, and silently  
Took a place amid the rest.

Sable were his garments' hue,  
Grim the smile his visage wore;  
All unseen by those around,  
Stalked he through the open door.

Silently he quaffed the wine,  
Cast the empty goblet down,  
Gazed upon the happy throng,  
With his dark, ill-omened frown.

Stealthily he then arose,  
Passed the bridegroom with a sneer,  
Laid his hand upon the bride,  
And her cheek was blanched with fear.

As she felt the hand of death  
Still her warm heart's happy beat;  
Once she cried, "My God, I die!"  
And a corpse lay at their feet!

Oh, the anguish of that scene,  
And the heart-deep sighs that broke  
On the balmy summer air!  
Till at last an old man spoke,

In the shrill voice of age,  
And pronounced a murmured prayer,  
"As his tears fell, due by law  
On the bride's dishevelled hair."

But his voice grew strangely thick,  
As he tottered, reeled and fell,  
For she was his old heart's pride,  
And he loved his darling well.

One by one the guests withdrew,  
Loth to tarry with the dead,  
Loth to meet the haggard glance  
Of that bowed and stricken head.

His who loved her best of all,  
He, the bridegroom, blithe and gay;  
Motionless and mute he sits,  
With his eyes fixed on the clay.

Long he sat as one entranced,  
O'er bereft of reason's sway,  
Till the peaceful, starry night  
Mourning the sorrows of the day.

Then he rose and wandered forth,  
Through the hushed and silent town,  
With the fever on his brow,  
And his locks of chestnut brown

Klased by every passing breeze;  
And his step was faltering slow.  
There they found him, at the morn,  
Crouched amid the heather's bow.

And for weeks the angel Death  
Hovered nigh on ebony plume,  
And the fever racked his frame;  
But his wearier, heavier doom,

Was to live; and day by day  
He waxed stronger, till at last  
He resumed his earthly duty,  
Though his heart lay in the past.

On a train that transports yearly  
From our busy mart of trade,  
Hosts of patient, weary workers,  
To their vine and fig-trees' shade,

Daily toilers of the city,  
Whose homes lie for miles around,  
At his post of constant duty,  
May the bridegroom still be found.

A conductor on a railroad—  
"Not romantic," did you say?  
Ah, that heart alone knows romance—  
That has basked in Love's warm ray!

But what after else befall it  
Never may efface that mark  
God hath graved upon each heart-string,  
Quickened by love's holy spark.

At his post, through sun and shadow,  
Month by month, and year by year;  
Guides he still the long train onward,  
His love there, his duty here.

There beyond, I mean in heaven,  
Where his darling guards his way,  
Warning him of every danger,  
Watching o'er him, day by day.

How? you wonder—I will tell you:  
You will notice that each day,  
Twixt his lips, he constant carries  
A fair rose's fresh-cut spray.

In a vision she hath told him  
Thus to ever bear a rose,  
Twixt his lips, as loving token  
Of her happy soul's repose.

And if ever danger threatens  
Him she loves, the rose's spray  
Shall grow withered, and in falling,  
Warn him danger bars his way.

But while yet the rose be blooming,  
Naught of danger lurketh nigh,  
But his way lies safely onward,  
Guarded by her spirit's eye.

Finished is my simple story,  
I have told as told to me;  
To the skeptic I make answer,  
If you doubt your eyes may see

Still each day, the bridegroom, living,  
Bear the symbol of the dead,  
And the rose's leaf, in falling,  
Warns of danger far ahead.

May God grant this patient waiter,  
All he seeks in life to come;  
May "The Spirit-Rose" welcome  
Greet him in his starry home,

Where there never more is parting,  
Whence the good God hears our prayer,  
And will greet us, as in glory,  
We ascend his golden stair!

"The strength of the American republic," says a writer, "is in the universal desire to own a house. It is moulding all the people, and the ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish peasant nor the German laborer has, in his own country, any conception; but it is here the goal of his hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is a something, the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems, by nature, adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations."

## Children's Department.

### THREE THINGS.

Three things to admire:  
Intellectual Power, and Gracefulness.  
Three things to love:  
Courage, gentleness, and affection.  
Three things to hate:  
Cruelty, Arrogance, and Ingratitude.  
Three things to delight in:  
Frankness, Freedom, and Beauty.  
Three things to wish for:  
Health, Friends, and a Cheerful Spirit.  
Three things to avoid:  
Idleness, Loquacity, and Flippant Jesting.  
Three things to pray for:  
Knowledge, Peace, and Purity of Heart.  
Three things to contend for:  
Honor, Country, and Friends.  
Three things to govern:  
Temper, Tongue, and Conduct.  
Three things to think about:  
Life, Change, and Eternity.

## THE GIRL WHO COULD NOT WRITE A COMPOSITION.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S POSSIBILITIES.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILLIPS.

### PART ONE.

"Try again, Jennipah," said the principal, patiently.

The principal spoke so very patiently that Jennipah did not feel at all encouraged to try again. If she had spoken pleasantly, or cheerfully, or sadly, or even angrily, it would have been more inspiring. But so very patiently!

Jennipah sighed.

"I've tried again so many times!" she said. And this was true. So many times that the principal had whispered to the first assistant, and the first assistant had whispered to the second, and the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and the fourth to the fifth, and the fifth to the sixth, and the sixth to the seventh, and the seventh to the eighth, and the eighth to the ninth, and the ninth to the tenth, and the tenth to the eleventh, and the eleventh to the twelfth, and the twelfth to the thirteenth, and the thirteenth to the fourteenth, and the fourteenth to the fifteenth, and the fifteenth to the sixteenth, and the sixteenth to the seventeenth, and the seventeenth to the eighteenth, and the eighteenth to the nineteenth, and the nineteenth to the twentieth, and the twentieth to the twenty-first, and the twenty-first to the twenty-second, and the twenty-second to the twenty-third, and the twenty-third to the twenty-fourth, and the twenty-fourth to the twenty-fifth, and the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth, and the twenty-sixth to the twenty-seventh, and the twenty-seventh to the twenty-eighth, and the twenty-eighth to the twenty-ninth, and the twenty-ninth to the thirtieth, and the thirtieth to the thirty-first, and the thirty-first to the thirty-second, and the thirty-second to the thirty-third, and the thirty-third to the thirty-fourth, and the thirty-fourth to the thirty-fifth, and the thirty-fifth to the thirty-sixth, and the thirty-sixth to the thirty-seventh, and the thirty-seventh to the thirty-eighth, and the thirty-eighth to the thirty-ninth, and the thirty-ninth to the fortieth, and the fortieth to the forty-first, and the forty-first to the forty-second, and the forty-second to the forty-third, and the forty-third to the forty-fourth, and the forty-fourth to the forty-fifth, and the forty-fifth to the forty-sixth, and the forty-sixth to the forty-seventh, and the forty-seventh to the forty-eighth, and the forty-eighth to the forty-ninth, and the forty-ninth to the fiftieth, and the fiftieth to the fifty-first, and the fifty-first to the fifty-second, and the fifty-second to the fifty-third, and the fifty-third to the fifty-fourth, and the fifty-fourth to the fifty-fifth, and the fifty-fifth to the fifty-sixth, and the fifty-sixth to the fifty-seventh, and the fifty-seventh to the fifty-eighth, and the fifty-eighth to the fifty-ninth, and the fifty-ninth to the sixtieth, and the sixtieth to the sixty-first, and the sixty-first to the sixty-second, and the sixty-second to the sixty-third, and the sixty-third to the sixty-fourth, and the sixty-fourth to the sixty-fifth, and the sixty-fifth to the sixty-sixth, and the sixty-sixth to the sixty-seventh, and the sixty-seventh to the sixty-eighth, and the sixty-eighth to the sixty-ninth, and the sixty-ninth to the seventieth, and the seventieth to the seventy-first, and the seventy-first to the seventy-second, and the seventy-second to the seventy-third, and the seventy-third to the seventy-fourth, and the seventy-fourth to the seventy-fifth, and the seventy-fifth to the seventy-sixth, and the seventy-sixth to the seventy-seventh, and the seventy-seventh to the seventy-eighth, and the seventy-eighth to the seventy-ninth, and the seventy-ninth to the eightieth, and the eightieth to the eighty-first, and the eighty-first to the eighty-second, and the eighty-second to the eighty-third, and the eighty-third to the eighty-fourth, and the eighty-fourth to the eighty-fifth, and the eighty-fifth to the eighty-sixth, and the eighty-sixth to the eighty-seventh, and the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth, and the eighty-eighth to the eighty-ninth, and the eighty-ninth to the ninetieth, and the ninetieth to the hundredth, and the hundredth to the hundred and first, and the hundred and first to the hundred and second, and the hundred and second to the hundred and third, and the hundred and third to the hundred and fourth, and the hundred and fourth to the hundred and fifth, and the hundred and fifth to the hundred and sixth, and the hundred and sixth to the hundred and seventh, and the hundred and seventh to the hundred and eighth, and the hundred and eighth to the hundred and ninth, and the hundred and ninth to the hundred and tenth, and the hundred and tenth to the hundred and eleventh, and the hundred and eleventh to the hundred and twelfth, and the hundred and twelfth to the hundred and thirteenth, and the hundred and thirteenth to the hundred and fourteenth, and the hundred and fourteenth to the hundred and fifteenth, and the hundred and fifteenth to the hundred and sixteenth, and the hundred and sixteenth to the hundred and seventeenth, and the hundred and seventeenth to the hundred and eighteenth, and the hundred and eighteenth to the hundred and nineteenth, and the hundred and nineteenth to the hundred and twentieth, and the hundred and twentieth to the hundred and twenty-first, and the hundred and twenty-first to the



### To Book-Buyers.

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

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

Importing from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between original articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open to the expression of independent free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC H. RICH. BANNER OF LIGHT, PUBLISHED BY COLBY & RICH, BOSTON, MASS.

### Kardec's "Book on Mediums."

One of the most remarkable works which has ever been issued in the United States, upon the subject of Spiritualism, since the advent of the phenomena at Hydesville, is about to be put forth from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The volume will be issued in a style commensurate with its importance, an idea of which may be gleaned from a perusal of its title page, setting forth, as it does, the wide range of matter treated:

"BOOK OF MEDIUMS; OR, GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATORS: Containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the means of communicating with the invisible world; the development of mediumship; the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritualism."

The utmost interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, greeted the appearance of this book in France, and there is every reason to expect that it will successfully appeal to the American public by the same engaging charms of novelty and interest with which it reached the hearts of Kardec's countrymen.

Whatever may be said in praise of this forthcoming work will fall far short of giving any realizing sense of its sterling merits. It must be perused—when, thanks to the faithful translation by Emma A. Wood, can be understandingly done—in order to be rightfully weighed in the balance of individual judgment. The clear language of the author, and the painstaking method by which, in conversational yet argumentative style, he takes his reader by the hand, as it were, and leads him through paths heretofore undreamed of (if he be a skeptic), or but little understood before (if he be a confirmed Spiritualist), cannot be depicted in the limits of a passing notice. Read the book, therefore, on its appearance, that its terse statements of incontrovertible facts, its *noir* style of expression, and the inductive unfoldments which thereby find notation to the mind, may be fully appreciated.

### The Other Life.

The preaching in the Swedenborgian or New Jerusalem Church, in this city, is attracting more attention of late, in the newspapers, than ever before, and this not because of the presentation of any truths in religion and spiritual life which has not been repeatedly made in the same walls, but simply because the press is compelled to reflect, as far as it has the sagacity to do so, the growth and development of public sentiment and belief. In this single and quite important sense the secular press is as serviceable as it is possible to make it. Rev. Chauncey Giles has been discoursing with great acceptance to the attendants on the Swedenborgian Church this season, and he certainly requires no introduction to the readers of the Banner. His views are spiritual in the largest sense, and his inculcation of them is after the most impressive methods. Two Sundays ago he preached to a congregation numbering between five and six hundred, on the nature and attributes of the future life, and last Sunday his discourse was on the blessedness of death; and in each instance he left the deepest impression on the minds and hearts of his highly cultivated circle of hearers. The audience on the former occasion, said the Herald, was somewhat noticeable for its generous sprinkling of bald and whitened heads, and conspicuous among them was that of Josiah Quincy, now the venerable, but only a few years ago the junior Quincy. The audience was characterized as a remarkable one, and it listened to the preacher's discourse with rapt attention.

Notwithstanding—says the Herald—the professed disciples of Swedenborg are particular to disclaim fellowship with the advocates of the so-called philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, the picture of the future life, as opening to those who "die in the Lord," and as drawn on that day by Rev. Mr. Giles, seems to be identical with the conception of heaven entertained by the Spiritualists, from Judge Edmonds and Andrew Jackson Davis down the scale of discipleship. The spirit-world, urged the speaker, is no realm of shadows and phantoms; but in every respect a real world, with mountains and valleys and trees and flowers, but of infinitely greater variety and excellence than are to be found here. It is the Happy Valley of human hopes and dreams, where everything is perfectly adapted to the wants of the spirit, and where the sharpened faculties enjoy delights unknown to the material senses. While it will offer us a life of noble activity, without which there would be real and positive death, it will release us from all repulsive labors of hand and mind and heart, and the limitations of space that keep us from those we love. To feel these will be to know, to hear, to

understand. We shall be at rest, but it will be the rest of the smooth and swiftly-gliding stream. Thus is Death the real Fountain of Youth, the most loving, gentle and beautiful of beings. Spiritualists themselves could not utter words more in accordance with their own inspiring and blessed faith. It is they who are popularizing the essential points of Swedenborgian faith.

"From Death to Life," was the theme of Mr. Giles's discourse on Sunday last, and it was in the same vein from beginning to end. "Unless a grain of wheat be put into the ground it abideth alone, it cannot increase," were the words of his chosen text. "Dying to live, and losing life to find it, were stated to be among the apparent enigmas of Christ's sayings. The mystery, said Mr. Giles, was solved the moment it was remembered that *two lives* were spoken of—the natural and the spiritual. While we were clothed with the material body, subject to the limitations of time and space, we could not gain the full consciousness of our spiritual faculties, and could form but a faint conception of the blessedness of which they were capable. We were in the spiritual world, therefore, without being conscious of it. The body must die that the soul may be truly said to live, just as the grain dissolves that the germ may live and increase. From this point of view we might see that death to the material body was a great blessing, and if we could see it in all its consequences we should deem it the greatest blessing which could be conferred on man. In the true order of life the natural man was intended to be subject to and to act in harmony with the spiritual man; but now man's faculties were like an instrument of music with all its strings deranged, giving out only discord. Men may become in this sense dead. In so far as we indulged this life we became dead to the heavenly life; and he urged his hearers to hate the evil and the false, all selfishness and worldliness, and thus become dead to this life and striving only to attain the beauty, the sweetness, and the purity of the life spiritual and immortal.

All progressive teachings inevitably inculcate this belief in the reality of the spiritual and the shadowy nature of the material. There is no preaching to which people are any longer willing to listen but that which puts the spiritual first and treats the physical as the obstructive, the confining, and the deadening. The spirit, however, was thus enveloped in these hard and unyielding conditions for a purpose. It is no doubt its safest receptacle for seed growth. It must slowly and patiently break its way through these limitations of the earthly, of time and space, and slowly prepare for the next great step it is destined to take. That is through the gates of death into the other life, the real life, in which we are to come to the largest and fullest knowledge of ourselves, and this first life in the flesh will seem but vanishing vapor of a fleeting dream. Then we shall understand the meaning of these present experiences; then we shall know why we strove in one direction, but were irresistibly turned in another; then we shall comprehend the reality and the inestimable value of inspiration, and see that it is life indeed; then we shall look abroad and discover with ever fresh delight the relation of spirit to matter, the supremacy of the supernatural everywhere and at all times, and the eternal immanence and presence of the divine. The other life is the only life—the life indeed. It is only they who remain behind who weep because they feel bereft; but that feeling is rapidly yielding to the actual knowledge that the dead are more the living than we, and that they communicate with us in unexpected ways and at times for which we can neither account nor make provision.

### How the Interest Widens.

Although we have not yet in this country that courageous independence on the part of our scientific students which marks the sturdy English character, and men engaged in scientific pursuits are still timid about avowing so much as a passing interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism, now constantly increasing in significance and value, yet in a certain sense the deficiency is being slowly but surely supplied by the newspapers, that are manifesting much readiness to report what is new and striking in the phenomena, and to spread abroad the views and arguments of the distinguished *sarans* of England and Europe. It only shows that prejudice has got to give way at some time, though it be as dense as triple brass. Public opinion will not always submit to be treated by the press it supports as if it were a child, incompetent to take care of itself. We note this change in the temper of the secular press when we refer to frequent articles, original and extracted, in such American papers as the New York World, the New York Sun, the Chicago Times, the Boston Herald, and others which it would be easy to mention. Since men of the stamp of Crookes and Wallace have come forward with their full and unequivocal testimony to the spiritual significance of the phenomena, the more intelligent class of journalists begin to discover that standing on the other side of the street and crying "mad dog," only advertises their own silly conceit and stops their influence where it is chiefly important that it should go. The dam is at length broken, and the flood will soon enough be pouring through and sweeping away all obstacles.

The invocation which leads off the Message Department of the present issue (6th page) is full of the true spirit of prayer; the sun which lights the spirit-world, the peculiarities attending certain phases of spirit-communication, etc., find mention in the Questions and Answers; Lieut. Sumner Paine, of the 20th Mass. Vols., gives good advice to an investigating friend concerning the too generally uncomprehended magnitude of Spiritualism; Annetta R. Gilbert sends message to her Grandmother Welden; Nathan Haliburton preaches to his brother David the doctrine of "Salvation by works"; and Dr. Anson P. Hooker, of Cambridge, Mass., assures his friends that he is "living, learning and working in yonder spirit-world."

We have been permitted to glance at a private letter, written under date of July 17th, by Andrew Jackson Davis, to a mutual friend in Boston, wherein the Harmonial Seer pays the following tribute to Mary F., his wife, an earnest woman, whose influence has ever been found on the side of the right:—

"To-day, Mary, the good and the true companion of my life, is fifty years old; and she is just as good as new—a noble, graceful, gentle, gifted nature—modest, intellectual, self-governed, and progressive. I would that every man had so excellent a friend, sister, wife. Amen!"

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer for sale fine photographic likenesses of Henry Ward Beecher.

### Practical Working of the Banner of Light "God's Poor Fund."

It is generally acknowledged, by this time, that the "poor fund," which our kind patrons have established by voluntary and individual contributions, and of which they have been pleased to constitute us the almoners to God's needy ones, is doing a grand and noble, although perhaps silent work. We have not sounded the trumpet either before or after the alms-giving, but have contented ourselves with doing the work quietly and in order, seeking to accomplish the greatest amount of good with whatever funds the generous public might feel to bestow on us for the purpose. But we have in one or two instances departed from the rule of making no mention of persons relieved, being moved thereto by peculiar circumstances attending the cases involved; and we desire, at this time, to call attention to a narration which most assuredly points out the fact, and in a truly unmistakable manner, that the spirits of the physically departed are ever near and seek to aid in all ways—pecuniary and otherwise—those whom they have left behind for yet a little while on the cold shores of mortal existence.

Sometime since we became firmly impressed, for several days, with the feeling that a spirit was working upon us for some object, and seeking to lead us to do something for it, but we could gain no definite idea of the service required. The impression which we received—for we were unable at the time to gain anything more than that, neither name, locality or other point of identification being given us—was that said spirit was in great trouble, and came to us, as a last resort, for assistance. This feeling continued for some three days, at the close of which we said mentally to the importunate invisible: "Go to some medium and reveal your name and business, that we may have some data to go upon."

The next day Mrs. Andrew Bigelow, of Hancock street, Boston, a fine medium (though not connected publicly with the movement) and a woman of quick, generous and tender sympathies, called at our office, and sent up her card from the reception room. We at once repaired to that place, and on meeting her she said, "You are feeling somewhat nervous to-day." "Yes," we replied. She then proceeded to give us a treatment by laying on of hands, during the course of which we felt strongly impressed by the spirit who had for three days past been working upon us, to say to her: "Do you know anything concerning a family which is greatly in need of pecuniary assistance? We have money on hand which has been given to us to assist worthy parties so circumstanced." She at once replied: "Yes, I do; I will write to you to-morrow, giving you a full description of the case."

Next day, as per promise, we received the following (the name and address being omitted from publication through respect for the suffering parties concerned):

My DEAR SIR—You requested, when I called on you, that I knew of any poor person who required assistance I would inform you. I have a case now that I would like to present. The name is—residence, Essex street, Boston. She is the widow of a printer, who "passed on," after an illness of six months, and left her in destitute circumstances, with three children—the eldest a girl of five years—and in a few days expecting to become a mother. An aged father is dependent on her for support. It is a real case and a worthy one. With cordial regard,  
Your friend,  
A. S. BIGELOW.

We at once placed the letter in the hands of L. B. Wilson, Chairman of the Free Circles, with instructions that he visit the needy ones, and see what could be accomplished for their relief from our "Poor Fund." On the evening of the same day in which we gave said letter to Mr. Wilson, (and before he had visited the family,) he being present at the residence of Mrs. Conant, the "medium became" controlled by a spirit purporting to be the husband, who gave his name, and said his wife was really in want. The spiritual President of the Banner Circles, Theodore Parker, also endorsed the case. On the following day, Mr. Wilson called at the house, and found everything to be as represented. During this visit, another by his wife, and a second by himself, a sum amounting in all to twenty-five dollars was donated to the afflicted widow, and other kind-hearted persons, learning of the case, were prompted to add their contributions; so that the trial-hour of her confinement—toward which she had looked forward with such fear, and which she was by the flood of poverty—was bridged over with unexpected comforts and assistance; and she was subsequently enabled to begin again, for herself, the battle of life, with prospects of comparative success.

Here is, as we said in the outset, a direct instance of the good accomplished by spirit return; and the thanks of the relieved spirit husband in the higher life, and our own also, as well as those of the family he left in mortal, are hereby tendered to the kind friends who have by their offerings inaugurated our "God's Poor Fund."

AID FOR MINNESOTA.—The most urgent need exists for the assistance of the farmers in this State; especially is this the case in Martin County, the printed appeal of whose commissioners, sets forth that "Nothing of food for man or beast remains growing on our fields, save, in some localities, a small portion of the corn, and on this our enemies, [the grasshoppers,] are busy at work." Contributions of money and clothing are solicited; and all donations, if addressed to "Board of County Commissioners, Fairmont, Martin County, Minnesota *via* Southern Minnesota Railroad to Winnebago City," will be applied to the necessities of the people through the Board of Supervisors. We trust the appeal will call forth a warm response from the public generally. Any sums forwarded to this office, for the benefit of our suffering countrymen of the West, will be gratefully acknowledged in these columns, and be forthwith sent by us to the Relief Committee, as above.

The public demand has speedily exhausted our supply of that interesting work entitled "RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM," by William Crookes, F. R. S. We have, however, ordered a fresh instalment, and due notice will be given of its arrival, when we shall be prepared to fill all orders.

Dr. A. Harthan, Ithaca, N. Y., manufactures, under spirit direction, most exquisite perfumery. The specimens we have received bear the titles of "Cleopatra," "Lily of the Valley," "King George," and "Joan of Arc." Agents are wanted for its sale.

ATTENTION is called to the card of Mercantile Savings Institution, in another column.

### Silver Lake Camp Meeting.

Bright, clear days and cool nights has been the weather programme for the past week until Saturday, when the campers woke to the sombre music of falling rain, and to a dreary outlook upon sodden ground, dripping trees, and an expanse of dull and sorrowful sky and lake. All day Saturday [8th] and, also, on Sunday, the rain continued, but comparatively few of the dwellers in tents were seriously inconvenienced.

On Monday afternoon a meeting was held especially devoted to experiences in Spiritualism. The sweet voice of Miss Nellie Keith appropriately interpreted in song the spirit of the hour, and then Mrs. M. A. French recited her personal experiences as a medium for spirit control. A. C. Cary, Esq., of Boston, followed, who addressed himself particularly to those of the audience who were inquiring how knowledge of Spiritualism might be obtained. He was a practical man, and accustomed to demand proof of any claim made upon his belief; and the kind of proof demonstrating Spiritualism, which he then narrated at length, was of a most remarkable and convincing character. Few persons have been so fortunate in obtaining so many tests, and of such a varied, but positive nature. This meeting was felt to be one of the most harmonious and satisfying as yet held upon the ground.

The same subject was continued at the evening session, and presented by Mrs. M. A. Charter, of East Boston, Arthur Hodges, of Boston, both test mediums, and others.

On Tuesday afternoon the Conference meeting was opened by A. E. Giles, Esq., who read an editorial from the Boston Journal upon the Beecher-Tilton scandal, which furnished the subject of impartial analysis and criticism by himself and also, by J. W. Fletcher, Mr. McKeon and Mrs. Susie A. Fletcher.

On Wednesday Mr. Daniel Hull addressed the audience, morning and afternoon, the subject of the afternoon discourse being "What good can Spiritualism do?" The evening session was occupied with an address upon the relations of Mesmerism to Spiritualism, by A. C. Cary, Esq., founded upon his own practical experience of both, and comprising many suggestions for preserving health, curing disease, and promoting social harmony.

The morning and afternoon sessions of Thursday were devoted to the discussion of Prison Reform. Addresses were made by John F. Augustus, editor of the Prisoner's Friend, Mr. Sargent, of Charlestown, for thirty years an officer in the Mass. State Prison, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Russell, Daniel Hull, Dr. H. Hamilton and Mrs. Susie A. Willis Fletcher. Mrs. Withington recited an appropriate poem.

The evening being very cool, a comparatively small audience assembled, who were addressed by Dr. H. F. Gardner, in continuance of the same general subject introduced by Mr. Cary the evening previous. Dr. Gardner drew from his large experience a variety of interesting facts illustrative of the gradual progress which has taken place in the public mind, by which the relations of man to his body, and the spiritual to the natural world, have now come to be so much better understood than was the case thirty years ago.

Friday was special excursion day, and the cars brought some two or three thousand persons to the grounds, who enjoyed as usual all the facilities of the grove and lake for affording pleasure, a large number gathering in the auditorium for the ever welcome entertainment of speaking. Dr. Storer opened the session by reading from the London Daybreak a narrative of remarkable phenomena through the mediumship of Mr. Charles E. Williams, supplementing and confirming many of the statements made by reference to his own experience with physical media in this country. He was followed by Dr. D. C. Densmore, who also contributed several facts that had long ago convinced him of the guidance and protection of invisible beings.

Mr. George A. Bacon being called for, expressed his pleasure in meeting this large assemblage of Spiritualists, and after narrating several interesting incidents connected with recent very extended journeyings throughout the country, closed with an eloquent and highly appreciated résumé of the evidences that Spiritualism was rapidly becoming the belief of the world.

The afternoon meeting was largely attended, and a grand, uplifting discourse was delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, the subject being, "What is a spirit?" A medium's meeting was held in the evening, which also proved the presence of inspiring influences of a pure and noble character.

It had been announced that on Saturday morning J. Wm. Fletcher would deliver an address, and that the afternoon lecture would be given by Mrs. Susie A. Fletcher. But the storm prevented any public exercises on that day.

On Sunday morning the rain poured down so furiously and unceasingly that public services were not expected. But to the surprise of everybody, the trains were run despite the unpromising state of the weather, bringing about one thousand visitors to the Camp. Dr. H. B. Storer and several other speakers, some of them ladies, were expected to deliver addresses, but owing to the incessant roar of the torrents of rain falling upon their heads, the ladies were compelled to forego any attempt to make themselves heard. Dr. Storer spoke for half an hour upon "Individual Sovereignty," basing his remarks upon the scriptural promise that the time would come when "none should say to his neighbor, know the Lord, for all should know him, from the least to the greatest." The true Lord was the self-determining principle of the human soul. That was the only authoritative voice. The well being of society depended upon the personal convictions of its members. The progress of society was accomplished by individual protests against the limitations imposed upon its members. This protest, to be effectual, must be vital, expressed in conduct. Live your convictions, and fear not the effect of example. This is not the popular or theological view. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," is quoted as of divine authority. Cover your sins, lest your example injure society, is the animus of the whole evangelical church. This has led to a vast system of hypocrisy and falsehood. Spiritualism confirms the assertion of Jesus, that "there is nothing hid that shall not be made manifest," and it is practically illustrating it.

The object of the church is not to honestly preach perfection while admitting with equal honesty the imperfection of its members, but it eagerly hides and covers up its own errors, for fear that if they are admitted society may suffer. He alludes to the Beecher-Tilton scandal by saying that if the church was honest there would have been the anxious struggle to hide all the facts of the case, lest the moral of society be damaged, which has disgraced it beyond its natural state. Mr. Beecher ought to be willing to say, standing in Plymouth pulpit, "Behind me is my life, with its grand and glorious teachings, with its spiritual leadership, with its great and blessed results; it is the world's, for the world to possess and know; but I am not perfect, I have my human weaknesses, and with all the good that is in me, and which is the world's, they are the world's also. Make the most of them." The trouble is that men do not want to see their gods brought down to the level of humanity, and hence has grown a society which is only a system of lying hypocrisy.

In the afternoon Mrs. Emma Lyndine Britten spoke upon "Spiritualism as Animalism, or the Great Social Question." After music by Edmonds' Band, Mrs. Britten introduced her remarks by saying that this was her first appearance at any camp or grove meeting during the seventeen years of her spiritual ministry, and that she had accepted this invitation only because of the teachings which, one year ago, in this place, and in every place throughout the country where Spiritualists assembled, had been freely uttered, which, in her judgment, tended to degrade Spiritualism, and give a false impression of its nature, thereby keeping the good and pure from identifying themselves with it. She glorified in Spiritualism, but she shuddered to see it associated with the disgusting animalism which many

of its speakers taught. She hardly found words of sufficient intensity to express her loathing and contempt for the license of so-called "social freedom." She protested against allowing Spiritualism to be characterized by the peculiar theories of any person. It was universal in its comprehensive application to human needs and conditions. She spoke of the marriage relation as the natural safeguard of the family and the best interests of society, and alluded, as a physician, to the fearful consequences of promiscuity.

The address was listened to with close attention and applause. Edmonds' Band gave a short concert, which closed the afternoon exercises, and the visitors returned by the trains.

In the evening, by general desire, a conference was held, at which nearly all persons in camp attended. It proved to be one of the best, most interesting, spicy, as well as harmonious meetings of the entire series. The subject was that of the afternoon discourse. It was opened by Dr. Richardson, counselling harmony and toleration of differences in the discussion, followed by Dr. Storer, A. C. Cary, Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Reed, Mr. McKeon and Mrs. Susie A. Fletcher. None of the speakers felt that Spiritualism had been degraded by anybody. It stood upon its own merits, and if the so-called good and pure were kept from identifying themselves with it on account of the personal characteristics of some of its advocates, that only proved their own weakness, but did not affect the intrinsic influence and value of Spiritualism itself. The conference was free and fraternal; the entire subject of social freedom, the marriage relation, and the relations of Spiritualism to Reform being canvassed with intelligence and candor.

The tents were struck on Wednesday, and the Camp-meeting came to an end. The three last days were spent in a social way, although the happy community gradually decreased from Monday morning.

Dr. H. F. Gardner announces that in consequence of the rain on the 9th, a Sunday grove meeting will be held at the lake some time within four weeks—of which due notice will be given.

On the whole, the meeting has been a success, although a large number of persons in the aggregate have participated in it than were present last year. The exercises at the stand, and the spirit pervading the Camp, have not been marred by any form of discord. Various subjects have been discussed by thoroughly competent minds, and listened to with decided interest and respectful attention. Sociality has been general and cordial, and the universal expression of regret that the time for departure from this lovely spot had come, evinced the hold which the Camp meeting has upon the appreciation of the people.

### CHARLES E. SULLIVAN'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

The pleasure of the campers at Silver Lake has been greatly increased by the volunteers marshaled as a Concert and Variety Troupe, by Mr. C. E. Sullivan, the well-known singer and character artist, recently with the Hutchinson Family. On Sunday evening, Aug. 1st, an Old Folks' Concert was given, in the costumes of "ye olden time." And on Monday evening, Aug. 10th, a variety entertainment, comprising songs, imitations, and recitations, proved a great success. A platform was built out in front of the speaker's stand, that recess being curtained off as a dressing room, and having been handsomely decorated with flowers and draperies, by the taste of the ladies, presented a very attractive appearance. The auditorium was well filled by the campers and visitors from the adjacent country, and the exercises were heartily enjoyed by all, and would do credit to a much more pretentious company. A voluntary contribution was received, which evinced the pleasure and liberal appreciation of "Charley's" efforts to add attractions to the camping season.

The following effective temperance lecture was recently delivered by the Boston Herald, at the close of a lengthy report of the arrest of a male party in this city for drunkenness, but whom the Judge kindly placed "on probation," because of the entreaties of his (the prisoner's) wife:

"We hope this man, this husband and father, will try to do better, and never again taste of anything that is intoxicating. He is too good a man to throw himself away, and we know lots of others who are in the same fix—men who are too good to be ruined by rum, and who could make their families happy. For God's sake do it, men! You are men; any one of you, if you let rum alone, can become a man among men. Do it. Begin to-day. Go home sober to-night, and so make your wife and children happy. These remarks are addressed to lots of good men—men that we know and men that we don't know. But if only one man is saved by this plain talk we shall be satisfied. We want to save somebody. Friend, husband and father, don't drink; you can't do it and be a man."

Addie L. Ballou, who has been for some time past laboring, with a full measure of success, in California—through which State she has made an extensive tour—recently decided to visit the almost unworked field of Oregon, and her mission there proved to be fortunate in the extreme, large audiences assembling to listen to her remarks in the principal cities, and the country towns turning out in good numbers, notwithstanding the busy harvest season was upon the farmers. July 24th, 25th and 26th she attended a protracted grove meeting at Gervais. Those desiring her services are notified that she can now be addressed Box 606, San Francisco, Cal.

The Richmond (Va.) Whig, and the Evening Journal, of the same city, came to us with excellent notices of a lecture on Spiritualism recently delivered there at Harmony Hall, by Joseph E. Watson, the first named paper giving the following extract as containing the gist of the discourse:

"Spiritualism seeks God with yearning trust and love. It recognizes no rival of equal powers with the Creator. It holds, with reason, that the Creator is greater than his works, and hence the Book, written by the Spirit itself, in the planets, the seasons, the rivers and oceans, the winds and the rains, teach God far better than any system of man."

Jeannie Mort Walker issues the prospectus—including list of contents, etc., of a book which she has prepared, free of cost, as a work of benevolence, the pecuniary proceeds arising from the sales of which will be applied solely to the assistance of the suffering widow and seven children of Captain Joseph Fry, executed in Cuba, while commander of the Virginian. The book will be sold at \$1 in paper, \$2 in cloth. Subscribers can address the lady author at New Orleans, La. "Let not his last words to his wife prove false: 'People will be kinder to you now, Dita.' 'God will raise up friends for my poor widow and fatherless children.'"

E. W. Shortridge is in the field, and is now travelling through the North-West. He will visit Baker City, Boise, Silver City, Winnemucca, Salt Lake, thence to California for the winter; after which he hopes to come East. He will, during his journeyings, solicit subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

A Middleborough correspondent is in a state of perplexity as to what the "sin against the Holy Ghost" means. We advise him and other of our fellow creatures to be careful and not sin against their own intent and conscience of right, and they will have very little reason to trouble their heads about any other form of sin.—London Medium and Daybreak.











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09-2311-2313-2315-2317-2319-2321-2323-2325-2327-2329-2331-2333-2335-2337-2339-2341-2343-2345-2347-2349-2351-2353-2355-2357-2359-2361-2363-2365-2367-2369-2371-2373-2375-2377-2379-2381-2383-2385-2387-2389-2391-2393-2395-2397-2399-2401-2403-2405-2407-2409-2411-2413-2415-2417-2419-2421-2423-2425-2427-2429-2431-2433-2435-2437-2439-2441-2443-2445-2447-2449-2451-2453-2455-2457-2459-2461-2463-2465-2467-2469-2471-2473-2475-2477-2479-2481-2483-2485-2487-2489-2491-2493-2495-2497-2499-2501-2503-2505-2507-2509-2511-2513-2515-2517-2519-2521-2523-2525-2527-2529-2531-2533-2535-2537-2539-2541-2543-2545-2547-2549-2551-2553-2555-2557-2559-2561-2563-2565-2567-2569-2571-2573-2575-2577-2579-2581-2583-2585-2587-2589-2591-2593-2595-2597-2599-2601-2603-2605-2607-2609-2611-2613-2615-2617-2619-2621-2623-2625-2627-2629-2631-2633-2635-2637-2639-2641-2643-2645-2647-2649-2651-2653-2655-2657-2659-2661-2663-2665-2667-2669-2671-2673-2675-2677-2679-2681-2683-2685-2687-2689-2691-2693-2695-2697-2699-2701-2703-2705-2707-2709-2711-2713-2715-2717-2719-2721-2723-2725-2727-2729-2731-2733-2735-2737-2739-2741-2743-2745-2747-2749-2751-2753-2755-2757-2759-2761-2763-2765-2767-2769-2771-2773-2775-2777-2779-2781-2783-2785-2787-2789-2791-2793-2795-2797-2799-2801-2803-2805-2807-2809-2811-2813-2815-2817-2819-2821-2823-2825-2827-2829-2831-2833-2835-2837-2839-2841-2843-2845-2847-2849-2851-2853-2855-2857-2859-2861-2863-2865-2867-2869-2871-2873-2875-2877-2879-2881-2883-2885-2887-2889-2891-2893-2895-2897-2899-2901-2903-2905-2907-2909-2911-2913-2915-2917-2919-2921-2923-2925-2927-2929-2931-2933-2935-2937-2939-2941-2943-2945-2947-2949-2951-2953-2955-2957-2959-2961-2963-2965-2967-2969-2971-2973-2975-2977-2979-2981-2983-2985-2987-2989-2991-2993-2995-2



