

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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Brevities and Comments.

THE faculty of Yale College announces that hereafter no musical instruments will be allowed in the college buildings.

DR. MICHAEL HATCH, for sixty years a practicing physician in Enosboro', Vt., died recently in the Sheldon poorhouse, aged 102 years.

THE American philologists recently met at Hartford, for a three days talk about words. Why so many words just about words?

ALL the letters in the alphabet are contained in the following sentence: "John P. Bradley give me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

FLORIDA bases a new claim to being one of the healthiest States in the Union on the fact that nobody has been hung there for three years.

WHITTIER being asked for his autograph wrote:

The name is but the shadow, which we find.
"Too often, larger than the man behind."

THE fatal disease which recently broke out among the Angora goats in Asia Minor has already killed 500,000 of these valuable wool-bearing animals. The wool of the dead goats has been shorn, however, and is available for sale and use.

BOSTON complains of too much "deaconing," by which term is described the custom, by the dealers of fruit, of putting a layer of good sound fruit on top, the rest being frequently decayed and comparatively worthless.

A HARTFORD man keeps a spade close by his kitchen door, and whenever a tramp comes along and begs for a dinner, he is requested to earn it by digging four feet square in the garden, but the tramp invariably refuses to pay this price.

TWO men have died this year in the Manchester and Liverpool hospitals from mere fear of hydrophobia.

WE don't know which is the worst, the real disease or a fear of it, sufficient to produce death.

SEVERAL ladies of the Women's Temperance Union in Oakland, Oregon, have received copies of a notice to leave within three days or suffer death.

O! death is too severe; it would be bad enough to compel them to drink a gill of the best whiskey.

A MAINE rogue has been selling kegs supposed to hold ten gallons of liquor each. A pint of rum was sealed up inside each of the kegs and so placed that, taking out a small cork, the purchaser could test the liquor, but while there was a pint of liquor there were nine gallons and seven pints of water separated from it.

"I DON'T believe it rained forty days and forty nights," said an unbelieving boy to his mother, "and that story about Noah and his ark. How could Noah bring all the animals and birds from the four quarters of the earth, and not a railroad or a steamboat in the whole world?"

That boy is a doubter and will not be likely to join a church and become one of "the elect."

It is hard to understand why the following advertisement should have been published in the *Witness* of Montreal, a daily religious journal:

"If the lady who took my black silk umbrella out of Miss Clendinning's store, Radegonde st., will call at 47 Metcalfe st., she can have my parasol also."

Why, we can see how it is; the lady is just carrying out the injunction of Jesus—"if a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also"—a direct reward for theft.

A correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* that the worst toothache, or neural-

gia coming from the teeth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the late sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.

BRET HARTE's last story, "John Oakhurst," was written in a single night. The author was visiting a friend in this city, and sketched the outline of the story in his head as he was sitting one afternoon in Washington Square. After dinner he went to work writing it out and got through before breakfast the next morning. The price paid him by the *New York Times* for this production is said to have been \$500.

A GENTLEMAN at Helena, M. T., has a pair of huge mountain lions, or cougars, which he has raised from whelps. These beasts are now about two years old, and fully as large as a good-sized panther. They do not obtain their full growth until four years of age. They are very ferocious, and give no evidence of becoming tractable; and an ordinary-sized dog, thrown into the cage, did not survive long enough to give a yelp. The owner says they have already devoured some ten or twelve dogs and twenty or thirty cats, which have been given them to play with.

AFTERNOON teas, served a la Russe, are the fashion abroad, according to the *Court Journal*, but they have no affinity to dinners a la Russe. The special feature is the substitution of slices of lemon for cream in the tea. On the tea-tray is served a small glass dish containing sliced lemon, cut with the rind on it. Into the cup is dropped first a diminutive bit of sugar—the moderation in this is essential, or the flavor of the lemon is destroyed; on the sugar is then deposited a slice of lemon, on which the tea is poured.

THERE is a gentleman living on the South-western Railroad near Columbus, Ga., who has thirteen daughters. He buys clothing for them by the wholesale. Thus when last in Columbus he bought 376 yards of calico, 100 of lawn, 13 corsets, 26 pairs of shoes, and other goods in proportion. Unlike many fathers who have only one daughter, he paid cash for all his purchases. Though an old man, he has never bought a bushel of corn or pound of meat, but raises them himself. He has never sworn an oath, and does not owe a dollar.

THE young women in the London University are competing for university honors with the young men, not only in the lighter, but in the higher branches of study. At the recent commencement the first prize in jurisprudence was awarded to a young woman who, two years ago, won the first prize in political economy. The second prize in jurisprudence was won by another young woman, and others obtained honors in political economy and the fine arts. Notwithstanding these successes the women are not admitted to degree examinations with the men.

DR. CHOMET, a French physician, has discovered a new remedial agent in the cases of disease. He finds that music has remarkable hygienic effects when properly administered. The violin, he says, has been experimentally shown capable of curing a nervous illness, and a fit of catalepsy that defied other remedial agencies has yielded to the sound of a trumpet. He quotes George Sands as attributing in one of her letters her restoration to health to a persistent application of one of Meyerbeer's touching airs.

THE street car companies of Buffalo have instructed their conductors to eject from the cars passengers who spit on the floors. The tobacco-chewing riders spit in defiance, and get put off. Several cases are in the courts, the point for settlement being how far the

companies may legally go in compelling passengers to be decent.

So far as we are concerned we would be glad if tobacco chewers and smokers were excluded from all places where decent people congregate. The tobacco nuisance is an unmitigated one, which we hope the community will not always be obliged to patiently submit to.

A LEFT-HAND writer in the *Scientific American* give some reasons why it is better to write as he does. The hand is never in the way of vision. The pen point is always in plain sight, and so is the paper to be written on. There is, consequently, no inducement to stoop forward or to turn the head so as to throw the eyes out of focus. It is a common fault with those who write much that the left eye has a shorter range than the right. It is overworked and compelled to adapt itself to nearer vision. In writing with the left hand these evils are avoided. An upright posture is the easiest and the eyes are equally distant from the paper.

MICHAEL LEAHY, who recently graduated at the Pittsfield (Mass.) High School at the age of 21 years, did so under difficulties. When a child, while playing on the railroad track, he was run over by a train, and it was necessary to amputate both arms so close to the shoulder that no perceptible stumps are left. Nevertheless, he has persevered in his studies, has not been absent or tardy once in four years' course at the High School, and has become a proficient in the branches there taught, turning the leaves of his book with his tongue. He has also acquired a very legible and even handsome style of penmanship, which he executes with his mouth.

Over \$60,000,000 are annually paid the clergy of this country for their services in explaining to the people the mind and will of an unknown God. And to make supplications and imprecations to him in behalf of and against the dear people. Would it not have been fortunate for the world if God in attempting to make his will known to man, had done it so clearly as to make so expensive and unproducing a class as the priesthood unnecessary? And in view of recent developments in regard to those clerical gents, in this immediate and other localities, is it not very questionable whether their services are really worth one-fourth the amount paid for them?

THE Third Presbyterian Sunday School of Albany is using a new "Short Catechism for Young Children." The following are some of the questions and answers: "What will become of you if you die in your sins?" "I must go to hell with the wicked." "What kind of place is hell?" "A place of endless torment, being a lake that burns with fire and brimstone." "What are the wages of sin?" "Death and hell." "What are you then by nature?" "I am an enemy of God, and a child of Satan, and an heir of hell." "What will the wicked forever do in hell?" "They will roar, curse, and blaspheme God."

AN annual fair, at which some 10,000 people assemble, in honor of the Hindu goddess Elamma, is now held at her temple near the town of Jat in India. Fifteen years ago a gardener got up the idol and stated that it had appeared there of its own accord. Both men and women visit the temple and worship the idol. The very strange fact regarding this worship is that the worshippers, before commencing the worship, strip naked, apply powdered sandal wood to their whole bodies, put on the ornaments they may have, hold a small branch of the nimb tree in their folded hands, and leave their places of residence to visit the idol. After visiting the idol they go round the temple for a certain number of times. They then leave the temple to bathe in a neighboring tank. After bathing they return to the temple, worship the idol, and return home.

THEODORE PARKER married in April, 1863, Miss Lydia D. Cabot, only daughter of John Cabot, of Newtown, with whom he had plighted troth five years previously. The following resolutions are entered in his journal on his wedding day:

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

A NEW invention has just been tried in Paris which is said to render drowning a thing of the past. It consists in the employment of a pneumatic India rubber tube coiled round the body with a sufficient number of folds to contain the necessary amount of air. This tube is placed concealed in a double envelope forming a shirt. It terminates by a mouth-piece, which shuts with the aid of a simple copper button. The operation is simple in the extreme, and the swimmer or immersed person has enough air for a whole day. When the apparatus comes to diminish in volume it is easy to expand it again by the principal tube in deep water without any effort or difficulty. The trial was witnessed at Henry the Fourth Baths, when the inventor, M. Gosse-lin, showed its properties. He stood upright, the hands raised above the head, when the water did not come above the shoulders; he then floated on his back with arms crossed. The apparatus can be worn under the clothes like a flannel waistcoat. It extends from the neck to the knees, fastened in front by a row of buttons. It is composed of a double flannel, in the midst of which an India rubber tube circulates, starting from the top of the chest, ascending the left part of the neck, and following the central line of the back; there it divides into two branches, encircling the thighs as far as the knees. From the central part of the principal tube twelve to fifteen lesser tubes diverge to make the rounds of the body, and meet in front where the row of buttons is. This improvement on the life-belt is said to be certain to supersede all existing appliances in teaching swimming or saving life from shipwreck.

A WOMAN FAVORS CREMATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAM:—

On reading your articles concerning cremation, and especially the disposal of young Opdyke's remains by that process, I could not sufficiently express my admiration, and at the same time regrets, that it has not been done before. Scarcely a month has elapsed since I laid a darling little boy in Greenwood, and I cannot yet repress a shudder when I think of the slow decay, and the worms feeding meanwhile on his delicate flesh. How much more satisfactory would have been the other method (cremation).

Is it with pleasure that we enter the damp tombs in our cemeteries and feel ourselves in the presence of the mouldering bodies of our deceased relatives? Would it be not more agreeable to see chaste and elegant marble vases, with ashes of our much loved dead reposing therein? We are placed in the ground, a diseased mass of corruption, which is not pleasant to contemplate. By cremation that diseased mass is purified, and we are yet kept above the ground in a most delicate and dainty manner. I earnestly wish that our people will see the sense and cleanliness of the custom, and that it will speedily become universal.

MARGUERITE.

The Spiritualist at Work

Home Department.

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OWING to the warm weather, and the stringency in our finances—especially the latter—we are again not on time. We trust our patrons will excuse us, and that we will soon be in condition to be both regular and prompt.

Reforms and Reformers.

IN these latter times we hear much of reform. In the various fields and departments of society there are persons with theories and hobbies, which they urge their fellow-beings to adopt, and they claim they are almost entitled to a patent for the discoveries they have made, and for the new panaceas they offer mankind. With persistent zeal, they urge their several remedies for the evils that exist, and if we take their assertions as truth, the world must either take their prescriptions, or go to inevitable destruction.

Thus we have reformers in theology, religion, education, science, philosophy, language, mechanics, arts, politics, finance, money, political economy, architecture, dress, hygiene, diet, drinks, medicine, labor, and last, but not least, in social and sexual relations.

However much of truth and excellence there may be in many of these claims, it is well for us to scrutinize these various demands, and determine which are truly reforms, and which are not. Reformation implies not simply a change from old manners and customs, not an innovation merely, but an *improvement*, an *advancement* that betters the condition of the human family. No plan or theory is entitled to be called a reform unless it is really calculated to make the world better and happier.

As the unfortunate fox that Æsop tells us of, that by some means had lost his tail, and was therefore in disgrace among his fellow foxes, but who wished to induce them to follow his example, and part with their tails, was not a reformer, so many of those who would bring society to adopt their peculiar doctrines, pattern after their practices, imitate their examples, or descend to the plane upon which they stand, are not necessarily reformers. A change from long cherished customs, taught and approved by our parents and grand-parents, may as easily be an injury as a benefit, and it is well for us to be fully convinced that leaving the paths our forefathers safely walked in and making new roads and highways, is well and proper, *not simply* because we imagine we will find them more agreeable to our senses, or more in consonance with our tastes.

Let us embrace all true reforms—all measures our reason assures us are calculated to benefit our race, but let us scan closely what are presented as claiming to be reforms, and see if they are not really snares and decoys, and designed to retard the race in its advance toward moral excellence and purity.

Much has been said within the past few years, in reference to *social reform* and *sexual freedom*. We are told by those who claim to be reformers, *par excellence*, that the old system of marriage is wrong; that the true theory of society is to abrogate the monogamic system of matrimony, and to inaugurate a new and different course of life, based on *free love*, *affinity*, and *individual freedom*, without regulations or restraint. These teachers would have us believe that virtue does not consist in fidelity, continence, or chastity. That the sexual relation is the highest and holiest known to man, and that there should be no trammels or restraints thrown around it, and that the sexes should be allowed free and unrestrained intercourse, subject only to the inclination and choice of individuals—which, in other words, means according to the fancy, and whims of unrestrained passion.

We are of the number who cannot accept this doctrine as a reform; but believe it to be a lapsing back into barbaric im-

ality and looseness. Those who advocate this course, are not worthy the name of Reformers, but would fain drag society down to the impure, animal plane where they stand. Their motives cannot be to elevate and purify the sons and daughters of men, but to extend sexual license, and to inaugurate such sexual freedom as comports with their tastes and desires, and to make that respectable which is most foul and unclean.

Men and women in their egress from primitive barbarism and animalism, have tried various systems of married life. In the crude, unprogressed state the intercourse between the sexes was promiscuous and unrestrained, and this, as they advanced in intelligence, gave way to polygamy. Both systems were fraught with much evil, and were found not to be the most perfect condition of sexual life. Inasmuch as man has risen above the animal plane, has he abandoned promiscuous and polygamous practices. In the barbaric state, woman was regarded as inferior to man, and held for the gratification of his animal passions, but as the female has been more esteemed as a companion and an equal, as humanity has emerged from barbarism, and become more elevated, the more promiscuity and polygamy have been left behind, and superceded in enlightened nations by the monogamic system. This has abundantly proved itself to be more conducive to virtue, to happiness and health than any of the other systems that have been practiced.

The number of males and females born are very nearly equal—nature thus providing for a member of either sex, a mate of the opposite sex, and as one is essential to the other in fulfilling the indications of our existence here, the most perfect system of social life should prevail. But tell us not the highest connection of the sexes is in promiscuity, or that the holiest ties exist in the laxity of unrestrained passion, wrongfully termed *free love*. Tell us not there is no virtue in fidelity; tell us not there is no excellence in chastity; tell us not that continence and self-denial are not conducive to happiness and the well-being of society. Proclaim it not from the rostrum nor in private converse, that *love*, the purest and holiest sentiment of the human heart, the ardent admiration and devotion we cherish to that which to us is highest, noblest and best, is only sexual passion and animal desire, and that it may be transposed from one object to another, as the wind changes from one point of compass to its opposite.

If those who teach such doctrines as these, are *Reformers*, please let us be far removed from them; count us not among their adherents or admirers; say what you will of our imperfections and fallibilities, but do not class us as the friends of *such* reform.

We will say nothing against passion in its proper place, and under suitable control. Every passion inherent in the nature of man has its uses, and in its place subserves an excellent purpose, and the same of appetites and desires. The desire for food and drink—the feeling of hunger is necessary to prompt us to partake of nourishment to sustain life, and to repair the waste and wear and tear of body and mind. If we did not feel hunger, and there was not a pleasure in administering to the appetite, many of us would abstain from food till our bodies and minds would suffer with neglect, and would almost perish for the want of support. If we did not become sleepy, and the desire for slumber and repose did not take possession of us, in the labors, cares and anxieties of life, we would often subject ourselves to such constant toil and watching, that the strength of our systems would become overpowered, exhaustion would come upon us, and debility and disease be the consequence. Without the promptings of the sexual passions, there would be little or no intercourse between the sexes, and the race would in a short time become extinct. But because these things are true, it does not follow that we should make gluttons of ourselves, or that we should pass an undue amount of time in sleep, nor does it follow that we should become slaves to the lower animal passions, nor suffer them to exert an undue influence

in our lives. These, and all the other appetites and passions, are useful and right in their proper place, but they are not to be our masters, nor be suffered to control the reason and the higher elements of our natures. They should always be kept as servants, and never be allowed to become our masters. Passions should never become the rulers of Reason. This is the highest element in the organization of the human mind, and should ever hold the supremacy and hold the baser passions under control.

It is a grave mistake some make in ascribing to animal sexual passions, the highest position in our organization, and to claim they are the holiest and most divine of all the elements we possess; and this absurd claim is set up by some. Nothing can be farther from the truth. All the lower grades of animals possess it in common with ourselves. It is so common in all varieties of animal life, that it is *par excellence*, the brutal quality; and in our own brain we find the organ of amativeness is located at the very base of the brain, its position showing it should hold a subservient position in the economy of the mental sphere, and never assume control over the reflective faculties, benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, and the other exalted sentiments which are located in the upper portion of the brain. The position alone of the organs of the mind are sufficient to show which are superior and which inferior; which should be the governing power, and which the subservient.

Let it not be said, the baser should be taken for the governing quality in human beings. Let it not be claimed, those are *Reformers* who advise the exalting of the lower to the position of the higher—to subject reason and the moral sentiments to the control of animal passions. This is not *reform*, and let us not longer degrade so noble a term to so base a use.

The Sexual Relations.

In the animal world and in the vegetable domain as well, we find the existence of the male and female elements. In all nature it is thought the same essential, or analogous relations exist, and so far as we can conceive of a Deity, we are led to suppose it possesses the same fundamental conditions.

In human economy we find it the source of many of the pleasures of life, and that without it existence would be impossible. We find also many excesses and evils growing out of this relation, and thus admonishing us that its laws and conditions should be well understood.

The sexes directly attract each other and from this admirable provision of nature, have grown in various ages of the world diverse systems of marriage. Through the primitive, barbaric ages, we find the female held in a menial condition, and not allowed to occupy an equal position with the male. All the systems of religions the world has hitherto known, have recognized this disparity between the sexes and virtually enjoined them. Woman has been commanded to be obedient to man, and to look to him as her lord and leader. As the world has progressed in intelligence these crude and cruel errors have gradually given back, they have been superceded by a sentiment of equality of the sexes, and as the consequence the world has become better and happier.

In modern times much is said regarding the relation under consideration. It is claimed by some that the monogamic system of marriage, is fraught with many evils, and should be abrogated, or in other words, should not be held as binding to those who do not wish to be governed by it—that love should be free and unrestrained by legal enactments. The teachers of these doctrines, claim that the family relation is not the best system that can be adopted and recommend a new organization of society, in which men and women shall not be bound together longer than their choice dictates, and that the family relation shall be set aside, and the rearing of children be taken from the hands of mothers, and placed in the charge of parties provided by proper authorities.

This is indeed a radical change, and one

we deem would be fraught with immense evils and dangers. We do not propose now to enter into a general consideration of this most important subject, but to make a few remarks. We conceive the family relation to be the best system the world has known and believe the affection and love between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters to be the purest known to our race. The family circle, the associations of home, the gathering round the hearth-stone, appear to us to possess a value, an inherent worth that the world cannot afford to part with.

True many homes have been made wretched, and thousands have been less happy than they should be. Many marriages have proved unfortunate and the expectations of vast numbers, who have entered into it, have not been realized. Evils, however, have arisen more from defective education and unfavorable conditions, than from the fault of the system itself.

The marriage relation is a vital one, and in entering into it, the candidates should realize the importance of the conditions they are assuming. The choice of a companion for life should not be dictated by blind passion or mere whims and fancies. Every young man and woman before entering the marriage state, should be educated in the knowledge of the temperaments the cranial organizations, the laws and demands of nature relative to sexual life, to be enabled to choose with discretion, such a companion as they ought to have. Many unions are entered into, in which the contracting parties are no more fitted to each other than would be a cat and a dog. It is not at all strange if such marriages prove unhappy ones. This is a business in which reason and thought should have much more to do than many times has been the case. It should not be left to passion to settle nor for the merest whims and fancies.

What are called "love matches," are frequently very barren of true love; passion being mistaken for love, and it is true, as a contributor in another column remarks, such unions seldom lead to happy results. That which was thought to be love is found to be passion only, and that is not the correct basis for a life of peace and happiness. Much of the evil which exists in married life, as before remarked, arises from a defective education. Too much deception is practiced, and too many arts are employed to delude and mislead those of the opposite sex. If honesty of purpose before marriage and a studious effort after marriage to render themselves agreeable, with a strict adherence to fidelity was followed by members of both sexes, there would be vastly more felicitous marriages than now, and human life would be replete with more of contentment and peacefulness than exists to-day.

It is essential in our journey through life that we learn to subordinate passion. It is a wild untamed horse that rushes with us over the rocks and precipices of trouble, and is never a safe guide to follow. It is always wrong to give way to violent passions of any kind. Anger destroys our own peace and the peace of those who surround us. The passion for gold, fills our lives with cares and anxieties, and the passion for fame and greatness is equally destructive to peace and serenity, but more than all other passions inherent in human nature, the passion of lust produces the most misery and unhappiness in the world. It has destroyed the peace of thousands of individuals and thousands of families. It may be termed *free-love* by some, but under whatever guise or name, it will always be found, when allowed to run away with the cooler reasoning faculties of the mind, to be subservient of the peace, happiness and well-being of the individual.

The mournful state of things, which has recently broken up and destroyed the happiness of two noted families in Brooklyn, is a case directly in point. If fidelity had been strictly adhered to in these two families, these serious troubles would not have occurred.

The more this animal nature is held in check and controlled by reason, and the more the better qualities of our natures are

Improved, the happier and more useful will be our lives and the better will we be prepared to pass into another state of existence.

Emotional Religion.

Genuine religion is not so much a matter of feeling as of principle. It begins in right thinking, develops itself in right acting, and ends in a condition of love to God and good will toward men. The attempt to violate this order and to jump at once into the enjoyment of results which are only to be reached by long and patient labor, is a mistake which causes most of the discredit into which religion and its advocates have fallen with the world at large. The transient excitement produced by singing, praying, and impassioned exhorting which multitudes, esteem the chief element of religious experience, is found, in practice, to be of so little avail in making men honest and good, that it has ceased to command the respect of sensible people, and the real article of which it is a counterfeit comes to be despised along with it.

Whatever gushing orators and sensational preachers may say to the contrary, it is no more possible, in the ordinary course of things, to pass directly from a state of sinfulness into a truly religious state, than it is for a confirmed invalid to be at once restored to health. There have, it is true, been cases of miraculous spiritual as of miraculous corporeal healing, but they do not occur often. The only means that can be relied on, as a rule, to effect a radical and permanent cure, requires time for its application. The spiritual teacher, who promises instant salvation to his followers, is as much of a quack as the self-styled physician who advertises to cure diseases by simply giving his pills, without change of diet or interference with business. Both may succeed in giving temporary relief; but both in the end are sure to leave their patients worse off than they found them.

In religion, as in the management of bodily health, the one great point to be steadily kept in view is abstinence from sin. Every physician of experience knows that if men would only refrain from improper eating, drinking, and exposure, nine-tenths of the sickness of the world would immediately cease, and the remaining tenth would not be slow in passing away likewise. The science of medicine is every day becoming less one of drug-giving and more one of regimen. To find out the cause of sickness and put a stop to it, is seen to be a much more sensible proceeding than to let the cause go on working, and only try to remedy its effects. When the teachers of religion come to the same conclusion, they will have reason to expect success in their efforts to reform the world, and not before.

Christianity, the prevailing religion of this country, is, as we all know, based upon Judaism. Its Founder emphatically declared that he did not come to abrogate the Jewish law, but to explain and amplify it. The basis of that law is the Ten Commandments, which both Jew and Christian accept as still binding, and which, indeed, are an integral portion of every religion in the world. Of these Ten Commandments all but one point out sins which are not to be committed, without saying anything of church-going, revivals, prayer meetings, or hearing sermons. We are commanded not to worship other than the one true God, not to take His name in vain, not to labor on the sabbath day, not to steal, nor tell lies, nor murder, nor commit adultery, and, finally not to cherish even the desire of doing such things. It requires no argument to show that if men would only faithfully follow these few simple precepts, there would be an end of sin, and earth would become like heaven.

The difficulty is, that simple as these laws appear to be, they are amazingly hard to obey in practical life, and all sorts of expedients have been invented to get around them. In devising these expedients none have been more zealous than the ministers of religion themselves. One fiction which they have popularized, is that it is impossible to coey the Commandments, and that, therefore obedience is not necessary. As if God would trifle with his

creatures by enjoining upon them an impossibility! Another fiction is that members in certain ecclesiastical organizations is a protection against the consequences of disobedience—a kind of insurance policy, as it were, against hell fire. Another is, that no matter what sins we commit, JESUS CHRIST has suffered our punishment for us, and therefore we shall escape. To come fairly and squarely out with the scriptural doctrine, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is the last thing that seems to be thought of.

Of course, it has been found that none of these devices are successful in producing that peace and joy and contentment which are the fruits of truly religious life, and further measures have had to be resorted to to supply the deficiency. To continue the parallel of the body and the soul, the glow of health being wanting, its absence has been supplied by stimulants; just as the glutton takes brandy to relieve his indigestion, or as opium is administered to destroy the sense of pain. It is not too much to say, that nine-tenths of the existing machinery of religion has had its origin in the effort to produce a semblance of genuine fervor, in breasts which are so filled with natural bad passions that there is no room for heavenly affections. The corporeal titillation of exquisite music and architecture, the thrill of oratory, and the rousing fervor of congregational singing are made to do duty for the nobler and higher earnestness that results from a life of strict obedience to the law of God. And the consequence is that, with millions, religion, as we have said, has come to be regarded as an affair of the emotions alone, without any necessary connections with honesty and virtue. It is seen that there is no incompatibility between the most fervid religious experiences and thorough scoundrelism in every day life. Eminent church-going Christians and eloquent talkers about their love to JESUS, their sweet out-pouring of soul, and their ecstatic enjoyment of heavenly contemplation, are found to be none the less corrupt politicians, dishonest merchants, tricky lawyers, and bad husbands, fathers, and citizens generally. If abstinence from sin, in obedience to the divine laws, were made, as it ought to be, the chief and prominent element of religious life, all this would be avoided. If the world saw that the professors and ministers of religion were careful not to lie, defraud, indulge in revenge and adultery, nor in any way to wrong their fellow men, they would respect them accordingly, and their display of religious emotion, instead of exciting contempt, as it now too often does, would lead to a desire to share in its enjoyment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Over-taxing Children.

BY J. V. C. SMITH M.D.

Children are over-worked far beyond their powers of endurance. It is discoverable in their imperfect physical development. With us, their brains are over-taxed. Schools of every grade from primary infantile to normal institutions, require too much. Under the impression they are having rare facilities for acquiring knowledge, the poor things break down, under a pressure of too much instruction.

Force of circumstances compels parents to place their children too soon in factories where they are wronged out of their share of vital air to which all are entitled. Philanthropists have appealed to the legislature but in vain. There is law enough for their protection, without a corresponding earnestness to execute it.

Though all are born free and have equal rights in the pursuits of health, wealth and happiness, only few of the many secure either. Poverty cannot compete successfully with wealth.

There is another field for culture where the harvest might be large, but the laborers are few. In private families where children are loved and watched over with paternal solicitude, there is a culpable ignorance in obliging their little ones to do too much, under the mistaken idea of giving them superior advantages.

Precocious children disappoint the ardent expectations of their friends. When they arrive at an age at which they are fondly sup-

posed to be ready to blaze with extraordinary mental brilliancy, their feeble light goes out, "slow and sure," is a true saying. Gradually evolving an intellect, as a flower unfolds its beauty, is a safer process than bursting open suddenly, to wither under the first rays of the morning sun.

Children ought not to be taught much of anything more than moral duties, till they have reached at least six years. Their brains are in no condition for concentrating thoughts before. They should have perfect liberty to act out their exuberant playfulness with as little restraint as possible, consistent with proper discipline in the lessons of good manners, courtesy, truth and order. Time is not lost in giving them such scope for exercising body and mind. Their activity and ever varying amusements are but so many ways of tutoring their muscles, their organs of sense, and in preparing them for the places and responsibilities of the future.

Public schools are over-working pupils goaded by fear of disgrace or punishment; over excited by promised rewards, their immature nervous systems are forced at the expense of their vitality. When pale, delicate, frail little girls are flattered into a morbid ambition in a Sunday-school, to commit to memory, long, dry chapters; to them without meaning, it is reprehensible. It is a violation of a physical law that has broken down and spoiled many a promising child.

Allow children all the play-time they wish. They will stop at a seasonable period for disciplining their innate powers, voluntarily, to commence a higher series of employments which will be also enjoyments.

It is a lamentable mistake to keep young misses several successive hours at the piano. Dragooning them into accomplishments is a poor policy. Besides deranging the minute structure of the brain by long practice at a single sitting, if attended with fatigue, the continued attitude presses painfully on certain bones. Curvatures of the spine and a droop of a shoulder are traceable to such circumstances.

Recollect, the bones of young girls are not completely ossified till near their twentieth year. They are not hard and firm. A fixed attitude therefore so as that the weight of the body presses directly on the pelvic frame-work, may warp them out of the line in which they should have development.

Nature has inspired all young animals with a restless spirit, on purpose to keep them moving. A love of change is simply given each and every fibre and organ a chance to perfect its organization,

While children sleep, which is about all the rest their active limbs require, processes are then rapidly going on for the physical completion of their bodies. That is the reason why they require so much repose. Internal artisans then labor with intense energy while they are quiescent in slumber.

Growth is suspended when they are awake, but renewed the instant their eyelids are closed.

Unfledged birds in the nest sleep nearly all the time, after leaving the shell, till their feathers are sufficiently developed to sustain them on the wing. Their perfect quietude favors vital processes, so that in a very few weeks they are complete in all their proportions.

When the brain is large, the process of growth is slower. Allow young girls and boys as much sleep as they desire. It is not from indolence, or a sluggish nature, that they are so uniformly disposed to drowse to a late hour in the morning. If they retired earlier they would rise earlier. But nature demands both time and opportunity for completing their bodies according to prescribed pattern. If we interfere with that law and interrupt processes instituted for that purpose, they will have unfinished bodies, weak brains, and poor health.

We have for sale Col. R. G. Ingersoll's ORATION ON THE GODS, and several other lectures. Probably no man has equaled Col. Ingersoll in the clearness, force, cogency and power with which these lectures are filled. Price, \$2.00, postage, 20cts.

Spiritual Healing.

BY J. H. RHODES, M.D.

We have practiced Diagnosis and Therapeutics by spirit direction and power for many years, and now feel our experiences may be of some benefit to the readers of this paper, as good health is absolutely essential to happiness.

The curing of disease, by the laying on of hands, has been known and practised through all ages of the past. In the early ages of the world, when chemistry and the use of medicine was comparatively unknown, those persons who were mediumistic, or blest with the "healing power," were sought after, to lay their hands on the sick, that they might be healed.

It is thought by many that if one is a healing medium it is sufficient, and they need no knowledge of anatomy, physiology, or the nature and action of disease in the human system, or any knowledge so necessary to make a good physician, aside from the theory and practice of medicine. This is an error, as is proved by the many mistakes and failures in cases which would prove a success, did the mediums first prepare themselves, by acquiring a medical education, or at least enough to understand the human system and the many diseases it is liable to. The law of adaptation and harmony, also the art of manipulation, when understood by the operator, and he is blessed with the healing power, will cure nine cases out of ten—of curable cases—without the use of medicine, and by the judicious use of vegetable remedies, with the vitalizing power of spirit magnetism, cures are easily performed, and at a limited expense.

There is scarcely a disease of this climate but what is susceptible to the treatment indicated. Every human being is a magnetic organization to a certain extent, and I hold magnetic remedies are most suited and best adapted to his nature. Without magnetism in the body, neither life nor spirit can exist.

Without wishing to boast, I can state I have cured hundreds of cases that have been pronounced hopeless by so-called good physicians. One case I will mention, as it was an extraordinary one. It was that of a lady; one limb had been lame for fourteen years, and it had become one and a half inches longer than the other. I examined it, clairvoyantly, and found deposits in her ankle, knee, and hip-joints, sufficient to produce the elongation. I told her I feared we could not hope for much success, but the spirit of Dr. WARREN stood by us, and said if we would manipulate it as he directed, we would bring it back to its natural condition. We of course followed instructions, and on the third morning found it had been dissolved and removed by magnetic or spirit power alone, as we had used no application of any kind, except our hands.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Heathens of the Heath."

We have in press, and will have ready for the public in a few weeks, a book of some 400 pages, by the above title, by WILLIAM McDONNELL, Esq., the talented author of EXETER HALL. The critics who have examined it, speak in the highest terms of it, and claim it to be superior even to its predecessor.

It is thrilling and sensational in character, and contains startling developments with regard to the missionary system, dealing with the theological problems of the age generally, exposing the wrongs and corruptions of the Church in the most fearless and outspoken manner. It will be highly appreciated by intellectual, thinking readers, as well as a large class who esteem a thrilling romance combined with forcible arguments and the closet logic.

Mr. McDonnell is one of the best and clearest writers of the day, his descriptions are powerful and graphic, and the situations so exciting, the interest of the reader never flags.

As a work awakening great interest and imparting a fund of valuable information, it is rarely excelled. We advise every reader to secure a copy. It is expected it will be issued in September.

Communications.

[For the Spiritualist at Work.]

The Great and the Good who were, or are, Spiritualists.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

A general definition of Spiritualism may be formulated thus: *the possibility and certainty of a present conscious communion with the inhabitants of the spirit world.* In this sense Sanchoniathion and Zoroaster, Isaiah and Daniel, Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato were Spiritualists. And Jesus was a very distinguished Hebrew Spiritualist, conversing with Moses, Elias and the angels. The Apostles and first martyrs were Spiritualists. Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Origen, and Cyprian were Spiritualists. Tillotson, Joan of Arc, Louis XVI., Swedenborg, Torquato Tasso, George Fox, the Wesleys, and Ann Lee were Spiritualists.

Spending a day a few years since with Emerson, our American Plato, the conversation turned upon Spiritualism, he said that pressure of study had prevented him from investigating the special phases of the phenomena—adding, “*the universe is to me one grand spiritual manifestation!*” “Mrs. Emerson,” he said, “believes in the ministries of spirits and angels quite as fervently as did Swedenborg.” What Emerson is to America, Von Fichte is to Europe. This eminent German philosopher, Immanuel Herman Fichte, avows his conviction that these phenomena are produced by spiritual beings. He is a son of the distinguished Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the contemporary and intellectual peer of Kant. The son shows himself the inheritor of the father's genius. It is satisfactory to learn that he had been led by his own independent psychological investigations to conclusions similar to those which the revelations of the seers and mediums of Spiritualism imply. Presented a copy Prof. Hare's work, entitled “Spiritualism scientifically demonstrated,” by Gregor Constantin Wittig, he returned the following reply:

“STUTTGART, July 7th, 1871.

“My Dear Sir: Accept my warmest thanks for Hare's work, which had you not sent it to me, would probably have escaped my notice. I made myself acquainted with its contents without delay, and can state the following as being my present impression in relation thereto. As to its revelations concerning the world beyond, they seem to me to be of the highest importance, because they not only, at least for the most part, harmonize with those which have been given by other Spiritual seers, but because they are intrinsically reasonable, Godworthy and truly cheering. I myself have the greater reason to think them valuable, as they essentially agree with the principles of my own psychological investigation, which is entirely independent of them. I refer to that which is really essential and decisive, laying aside a great deal that is unessential in these “revelations,” (such as the demonstration of the existence of spiritual spheres which are said to surround our planet,) &c.

“As to my present position with regard to ‘Spiritualism,’ I had an opportunity last year of becoming acquainted with its phenomena and testing them repeatedly. This was through my personal acquaintance with Baron Guldenstube and his sister, who spent the Winter of 1869-70 at Stuttgart, and who honored me with their full confidence. I have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely impossible to account for these phenomena, save by assuming the action of a superhuman influence. * * * I feel deeply interested in the cause, for I am by no means unaware of its high importance, both in a religious and social point of view. I shall therefore be grateful to you if you will continue your communications, and I assure you and your worthy friend, Counselor Aksakow, of my most grateful appreciation of the indefatigable zeal with which you so preservingly devote your powers to that cause.

“Yours with high respect,

J. H. VON FICHTE.

“To Mr. GREGOR CONSTANTIN WITTIG, Breslau.”

The straightforward testimony of a man like Fichte outweighs the ignorant carplings and sniffling platitudes of a legion of sectarian pastors. Most certainly, the brains of the world are Spiritualists—and the bigots of the world are evangelical Christians!

It came out in the evidence given at the trial of D. D. Hume, the noted medium, that “he had been the invited and unpaid guest of the Emperor and the Empress of the French, the Emperor, Empress, and the late Empress Dowager of Russia, the

Grand Duke Constantine, the King of Prussia, the late King of Bavaria, the late King of Wurtemberg, and the Queen of Holland. Mr. Hume says that all his life he has never taken a farthing of pay for his seances.”

A late London journal mentions the following among other believers:

Archbishop Whately; W. M. Thackeray; Prof. De Morgan; Prof. Wm. Gregory, of Edinburgh; Tennyson, the poet Laureate's brother; Mrs. Browning and Gerald Massey; William and Mary Howitt; Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *London Art Journal*; Catharine Crow; Lord Lytton; Dr. Robert Chambers; Rev. J. G. Wood, the eminent writer on natural history; Lord Lindsay; Lord Dunraven; Lord Adair; Dr. Gully, of Malvern; Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson; the late painters, Blake and Flaxman; Hiram Powers, the sculptor; A. R. Wallace, the naturalist; Dr. Ashburner; Baron Reichenbach; Miss Martineau; Dr. Elliotson; C. F. Varley, F.R.S.; Signor Damiani, the Italian linguist; the late Sir Charles Napier; Kossuth; Garibaldi; Mazzini; Victor Hugo; Guizot; Jules Favre; Lord Lyndhurst; the late Rev. Isaac Taylor; Rev. Dr. Jabez Burns; Dr. Campbell; A. Boutlerow, Professor of Chemistry in the University of St. Petersburg; Captain Burton, an English traveler; Hon. George Thompson and Leon Favre, the Consul-General of France.

Among noted Spiritualists in America, are Judge Lawrence; Judge Ladd; Gen. Banks; Hon. Benjamin F. Wade; ex-Senator Harris; Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Prof. Brainard; ex-Senator Fitch; Senator Stewart; Vice-President Wilson; Epes Sargeant, the author; Trowbridge, the astronomer; Prof. Worthen, State Geologist of Illinois; Hon. Robert Dale Owen; Rev. Moses Ballou, Universalist clergyman; Rev. W. R. Alger, Unitarian; Rev. Adin Ballou, &c., &c.

Under the influence of science, liberal scholarship, and free criticism, Spiritualism has become the growing religious thought of America. Distinguished clergymen are yielding the ground. Some have already flocked to our standard. Others are on the way. Its recent star of progress—the Rochester manifestations—rising in the West is now illumining the East. Its banner in some form, floats to-day beneath all skies. And he who fights it, fights the proofs of a future existence—fights spirits and angels—Jesus and Almighty God.

New York, July 22d, 1874.

Extraordinary Materialization.

A dead man comes back, weeps over his sick child, talks with his wife, threatens the author of her misfortunes, returns the spectacles, she had put in his dead hand the spectacles retained the traitorous friend blasted in business, dead, and his family destitute.

ALL IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AND IN AN ORTHODOX CHURCH.

So many unimpeachable witnesses have arisen within the last decade to vouch for the veritable reappearance of the departed, habilitated in the flesh, that it appears hardly worth while to attempt anything more in the way of proof. After the manifestations at Moravia and the scientific investigations of Prof. Crookes we feel inclined to say: “Let those who are unbelieving be unbelieving still.”

Nevertheless there come occasionally within our ken such marked cases of the return of the departed and their recognition by their friends that we are almost forced to add them to the mountain of testimony, lest we err in withholding truth.

Here is a case that has lately come to our knowledge. The woman who relates it is a German, of good education, and a member of the German Episcopal church. She is of unimpeachable integrity and knows nothing of Spiritualism, or of mediumship in its technicality. We have known her long enough to study her character and become convinced of the simple truth of her story which is substantially as follows:

About twenty years ago Wilhelm S. and wife settled in New York. That favorite business of our Teuton citizens, the “grocery,” invited their industry. They were prospered; two sons were born to them, and when the younger was three years old and the mother was on the verge of her third confinement, Wilhelm suddenly sickened and died. His dissolution approached so rapidly that he was not able to arrange his affairs, and so was obliged to trust his family to the honesty of his partner, who had been likewise his life-long friend. With all the solemn earnestness of the dying, he charged upon his friend to do justly and kindly by the widow and the fatherless; and as solemnly did his friend, taking his hand in covenant thereto, promising to deal with his family as he hoped to be dealt by.

When the remains of Wilhelm were made ready for the grave and placed in his coffin, his wife placed in his hand the spectacles he always wore when living.

The day after he died, and the day before he was buried, his third child, a little girl was born. For a while his partner behaved kindly to the widow and her babies; but after a little he became morose, and declared that she had already had more than her due. On settlement she found herself cheated out of the whole business, and turned into the street to take care of herself and little ones as best she might. Speaking English but imperfectly, and having slight knowledge of American ways, she succeeded only in keeping just above starvation. By degrees she parted with her household stuff to assist in feeding and clothing her little brood; and when her youngest child was about three years old she found herself living in a poor basement, with scarcely the commonest necessities of life. Here her children were taken with small-pox. Hiding her trouble from her neighbors lest her babies should be torn from her, she nursed and cared for them as best she could. The older children had the disease lightly and were soon about, but the baby was very ill. One night when the disease was at its height, she had left the child for a few moments and was resting in the adjoining room, when she was aroused by a knock at the door. It was late, nearly midnight, and the knock was repeated before she took the light and went to the door. On opening it, there stood her husband whom she had laid away in the Lutheran Cemetery over three years before. “I have come,” said he, “to see the *kinder*.” With a strange absence of fear, but filled with great wonderment and a sense of awe, she led him through the little sitting room to the recess where stood the bed in which the sick one lay. There he hung over the bed wringing his hands, declaring he could not rest by reason of the iniquity to which they had been subject. “Alas!” said he, “I cannot help you, but I can punish him.” The whole of his stay did not cover over five minutes. He passed into the outer room, and vanished from sight. The bewildered woman stood for a moment wondering if she had dreamed, then putting her lamp down on the stand, she saw lying there the glasses she had put in his hand in the coffin, the glasses she had seen him looking through at the *kinder* that night. “Were it not for the glasses,” she said, “I might have thought I had dreamed or had a vision.”

From that period misfortune followed the unfaithful friend; loss after loss pursued him, sickness and trouble were his constant portion, and in a couple of years he died, leaving his family in miserable want. We do not pretend to account for the conditions that forbade the departed Wilhelm the ability to help his family out of their destitution, and yet allowed him to distress his faithless partner. We simply give the facts as they occurred.

The strange experience of Mrs. S—did not end here. Her two little sons, not very long after the event above related, were stolen from her, and all her efforts to find them were in vain. Months passed, and one night, unable to endure the agony of doubt as to the fate of her little lads she went out into the street to walk, as she often did the whole night long, until fatigue and prostration should force her to her bed and to sleep. The night was dark and

showery. It was late and the streets were deserted. But on she went, heedless of the rain, unfearing of the dark, moaning and praying for some word, some token of the children who were lost. Suddenly the darkness grew darker, and something fluttered before her face, half wrapping her head in its folds; she caught it and held it in her hand. There was no one near, she saw no one passing, but there dropped into her heart that moment the certainty that her children were dead. She turned about and threaded the long streets back to her home, holding still in her hand the object at which she had caught. On reaching home and light, she found that she held two small black crepe veils. And a few days after she received word that she need trouble no more to search for her boys, for they had both sickened and died.

It is not often that we hear of such extraordinary manifestations, and seldom that the parties are willing to allow their experiences to be published. Concealment is the rule, and more so now that spirits are undermining the foundations of the Church, and every such fact weakens the superstructure. We have no doubt that were the truth told, volumes could be filled with the recital of similar wonderful manifestations, which have occurred much in the same manner, and wholly free from the taint, which is supposed to attach to everything coming through *our spirits*.

H. Mc. L. S.

Letter from W. F. Jamieson

To the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, in Convention assembled.

GREETING: Regretting that my labors in this Eastern field prevent me from being with you in person, I am, nevertheless, assured you will have abundance of helpers who will keep your platform free in accordance with the ringing call of your President and Secretary.

Principles, not persons, should lead us. Teachers are no longer masters, but friends. Grandeur than king, queen, or lord, is the title, teacher. The acquisition of knowledge is ennobling; its impartation was the highest pursuit of the ancient gods. Let us aspire to be learners that we may become teachers, and they twain shall be one.

We need an absolutely free press; independent thought in print, as well as from the lips of speakers. The sad spectacle has presented itself, over and over, in the history of every reform movement, that the paper built up on the plea of larger liberty, more freedom for the press, generously supported by the people, (who naturally love liberty,) has degenerated into a mere mouth-piece, or organ, of a single mind, that stands sentry over forty, fifty, or sixty columns every week; and the writer who pronounces not the watchword of the editor, is struck down, and silence commanded. Such is the Press Monopoly of the present day.

Who gives an editor the right to control the thoughts of others? Do we need editorial Popes? Men, or women, who assume to dictate what the people shall read, are despots over the thoughts of others. The people should rule the press. The press should be by the people, of the people, and for the people. The editor should be the servant of the people. He, or she, should have no jurisdiction that would shut out the humblest individual in the land from the free expression of thought, no limitation save such as would be agreed should govern all writers—equal space and grammatical construction. It would be the recognized province of the managing editor to crush out no thought because of a homely garb, but to faithfully dress it and make it presentable.

A democracy of the press is needed wherein writers shall be equal and free. We have passed from under the rule of kings. The still grander work is to emancipate ourselves from the rule of the clergy and editors. We, as Spiritualists, have discovered that our souls can take care of themselves, and there is no use for the clergy. Now, on to a broader freedom! Let us discharge the whole editorial profession, and assert our sovereignty over our own free thoughts. We need no editors to stand

guard over them for us; or graciously "permit" us to express through the printed page.

Periodicals are now almost universally individual enterprises brought down to the selfish object of money-making as the main end in view, in consequence of which policy, instead of principles, becomes the main spring of their action.

Brethren, sisters, let us take in hand some practical work. Let us unite to secure a free press as well as a free platform; they should go joined hand in hand.

Yours for every good and practical work,
W. F. JAMIESON.
Cambridge, Mass., March 5, 1874.

The Hand-writing on the Wall.

BY BRYAN GRANT.

"Never was the old saying that 'the harvest is ready but the laborers are few,' ever truer than it is now, as applied to the spiritual vineyard. The great body of the people are ready and waiting for the incoming era; but those to whom they have been accustomed to look for guidance or advice, or who to them have been teachers, are mostly either quietly sitting astride of the fence, watching for some incoming tide with which to float, or peacefully sleeping in its shade upon the other side, oblivious to all save their own comfort; and thus the harvest time is wearing away rapidly, and everything is approaching the frosts of autumn and the blasts of winter, when it will do no good to attempt to save the scattered harvests."—*Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, August 1st, 1874.

The inquiry above made by Col. Blood is pertinent and timely, but, coming from the source whence it does, sounds like a ghastly sarcasm.

Iago, gloating over the writhings of his victim in one moment, and in the next fawning before him and saying, "My Lord, you know I love you," presents a no more repulsive picture of canting hypocrisy. It is moreover an invitation

"To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps."

The harvest ready, indeed! Fields of golden grain and corn awaiting the sickle of the husbandman! Awaunt! They have been touched with the blight and the mildew; the very atmosphere is mephitic. The landscape glooms beneath a pall, deep as Arctic midnight. The perennial green of forest and field is displaced by sere and blackened sterility, and Alpine desolation reigns almost without a rival, where this arch-jester mockingly says, "The harvest is ready, but the laborers are few."

Are the laborers few indeed? And are teachers in the spiritual field, who have been looked to for guidance and advice, "sitting astride the fence," while the harvest moon is waning?

Brother and sister Spiritualists, we are at last admonished by events, whose lessons we can no longer ignore, that the hour has indeed arrived, not for the gathering of a blighted harvest, but when some strong and true soul should come up to this judgment and read unto this people the lesson, which must open all eyes as with a touch of pentacostal fire.

When Belshazzar, the great Free Lover of Babylon, with his wives and concubines and assembled guests, were reveling at the wine-table, there came forth in that same hour the fingers of a man's hand and wrote upon the plaster of the wall these words:—

"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsen."

And when Daniel was brought he said:—
"This is the interpretation of the thing:—*Mene*; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*; Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. *Upharsen*; Thy kingdom is divided and given unto the Medes and Persians."

And it came true.

At that feast where the Tiltons, the Hnlls, the Bloods, and all the advocates of Free-Love have been sitting with their wives and their concubines, there is enthroned in their midst an image "arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with gold and pearls and precious stones, and having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications, and upon her forehead a name written, 'Mystery of Babylon, the Great Mother of Harlots and abominations of the Earth.'"

And we can hear the indignant spirit of a Shakespeare crying out:

"O thou public commoner!

"I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty.
Did I but speak thy deeds, —
Heaven stops the nose at it."

Passing from figurative speech to plain and unmistakable prose, the one fact standing out undeniably before the world to-day is this: I give it in the words of Mrs. Tilton before the Brooklyn investigating committee:—

"The implication that the harmony of our home was unbroken till Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest and friend, is a lamentable satire upon the household where he himself, years before, laid the corner stone of Free-Love and desecrated its altars up to the time of my departure; so that the atmosphere was not only godless, but impure for my children."

When Tilton carried Free-Love into his own home—into the presence of wife and daughters whose purity should have been sacred, he carried thence a monster armed with tooth and claws and it hath torn them into pieces.

It is the very insanity of madness to talk to sensible and right-minded people of the beauty and necessity of Free-Love when we see its practical workings bringing such heart rendering calamities upon whilom happy households. Indeed, Spiritualists can no longer afford to bow at this shrine of harlotry, but they should rise up as one man and one woman and spew it out from the land. Unless this be done Spiritualism must become

"A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at."

The very breath of this specious Free-love doctrine is pollution; its touch is death.

Instead of leading humanity to higher plains of happiness and moral and physical purity, its mephitic pathway leads back to the orient twilight of time, along the lowland shores of civilization, when men wandered as through a barbarian wilderness of sin—when love was free to couple and uncouple with every evanescent change of passion until tribes began to dwindle away under the thus engendered diseases of leprosy, scrofula and their kindred.

Again, it is in vain for the advocates of Free-Love to avow that they are not in favor of promiscuity or prostitution when it is notorious that they are almost constantly engaged in its polluting practices.

The law of "One man to one woman and fidelity unto death" is as strong and as deep as the foundations of the world, and as irrevocable as the stars. Its violation is a sin against nature, and it will find the transgressor out. Its observance, though never so imperfectly, saved the human race from extinction thousands of years ago. Though ages of time have passed since the marriage relation began, and though under its operation the physical being is gradually becoming purified and redeemed, never, until the law which calls for *fidelity* between man and wife is heeded and obeyed will disease be banished from the world.

O, is there a Spiritualist so besotted with assinine stupidity, as to be led back to that barbarian wilderness of things which we have pictured? If so then you are welcome to class me as among those teachers "sitting astride the fence" for we are not going your way. Our path lays onward and upward.

Do we not speak the sentiments of every aspiring Spiritualist, when we say, we have surfeited of this social nastiness, driving like the beslobberings of idiocy from some of our rostrums and weekly papers, until our soul sickens and cries out like the dying Goethe for light and air.

There is nothing more specious and baneful in the teachings of these latter times than the maudling sophistries of Free-Love. The error of supposing that love, as a sentiment alone suffices for the bases of a union of the sexes, is most lamentable. Love the only sanctifier? True, the necessity of woman's nature and equally so of man's, is to love. But all love is worship, and the most unhappy marriages are usually those sentimental unions based solely on love, and we have rarely heard of a love-match that was not an unhappy one. Nothing is more variable, uncertain and fickle than sentiment. Such a union may be sundered on a rainy day, by a fit of indigestion, an idle word or by a misapprehended look or gesture, and men and women could thus become as so many weather-cocks, and be

changing their sexual companions as often as the wind its direction. A social chaos would reign, in which the human race itself must of necessity become extinct.

We attain to a reality out of us only by sense and reason and never by sentiment, or unreasoning impulses, and therefore, by the latter we love, never another but ourselves simply, or our momentary state of feelings. The feeling changed the union is dissolved and the love gone. Love can tolerate no imperfection in its object and yet all men and women are imperfect creatures.

Husband and wife may be all in all to each other, in relation to other men and women; but no woman is worthy to be loved for herself alone, not even the purest, noblest, the most beautiful and charming of her sex, for such love were idolatry; and no man is in himself alone worthy of love.

American women are educated above the harem of the Turk and the gynæceum of the Greek—above the instinctive life embodied in the specious doctrines of Free-Love, and have developed in them capabilities of stability and steadfastness, and their cravings to love and be loved can never be satisfied by obedience to blind instinct, but only in an order that transcends the reasoning faculties as well as the finest and most generous sentiments.

We have no doubt that in former times the average of happy marriages, arranged by parents and guardians, was much higher than with us, where the young people take it in their own hands, barely condescending when they have settled it to inform the "Governor."

The fundamental error of the age is in supposing love can suffice for itself—that it is destiny uncontrollable by the intelligence or the will. To circumscribe love then with the bonds of marriage is not to lessen it, but to give to love a rational and a solid basis, a real substance, to complete it and to render it constant, abiding and immortal as the soul whence it springs.

Marriage based on love, intelligence and reason, can never be miserable nor, leave the mind empty, nor the soul to devour itself.

Reason should ever be foremost and not blind instinct, and happiness sought from a cheerful and faithful performance of the duties which belong to the married state, and to the state of the married in life. The faithful and loving performance of these duties secures repose and serenity of soul—the truest and highest happiness humanity can know or experience.

The French woman's *la grande passion* may trample nature's beautiful law of fidelity into the dust, as she whirls fitfully from paramour to paramour, in a wild sound of warring and consuming passions; but it never brings that sweet peace which passeth all understanding, which comes from duty faithfully done, nor that serenity of soul which makes lovely the life of a faithful wife and mother.

The truest and noblest women, they who have been dearest to their husbands and held in the most grateful and touching recollection by their children, and whose lives have been daily rounds of untroubled content, are they who have been governed by good sense, intelligence, and duty, rather than that capricious passion which in these modern times has been dubbed Free-Love.

But its doom is sealed. Shall Spiritualism go down with it in its ignominious fall, is now the grave question of the hour, brought to the door of every Spiritualist in the land, by the fall of Tilton and Beecher. Shall we longer stand halting and compromising with shame and dishonor?

The paragraph above quoted from *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, shows that its author has seen the hand-writing on the wall and his insinuation that the decadence of Spiritualism is due to its hesitancy to accept his Free-love doctrines, is but the old cry of "stop thief" seeking to turn attention from the real culprit. Hiding behind a woman's breast, he hopes that it will prove as impervious as the shining armor of a Jeanne d'Arc.

The American Bible Society is going to supply all the railroad cars with Bibles. It is their idea that railroad travellers especially need preparation for death?

(For The Spiritualist at Work.)

Retribution.

BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

When the thunder storms have driven,
Every bolt of pent-up wrath
From the darkened clouds of heaven,
To the lonely wanderer's path:
When the quaking of the thunders,
Have ceased their trembling tones,
And the lightning's fiery arrows
On their angry mission flows:

When the clashing of the billows,
Troubled by the social strife,
Shall disturb no more thy pillows
In the morning of thy life;
When the daggers of assassins,
Red with blood from human hearts,
Shall be washed by their confessions,
Tears of their own souls apart:

When perjured men and women,
Who have damned their souls for gain,
Shall see the arm of justice,
And feel its crushing pain;
When slander and deception,
With jealousy and hate,
Shall learn that retrogression
Has ever been their fate:

When God's would-be legislators,
Shall see the wrong they've done,
Revealed by revelators,
And cursed by every tongue;
When the outcast's lonely wailings,
Shall have reached the ears of love,
Telling of their hopes and failings,
Lost to earth, but known above:

When the burning fires of passion,
That have dragged them down to hell,
Shall fill the graves of fashion,
False Gods in death to dwell:
When the dens where vile obsession,
Rave like demons wild with pain,
And the victims of transgression
Wake beside their loved ones slain:

When the slaves of masturbation,
Shall count their filthy dead,
And behold false education,
With vile superstition wed;
When infanticide and murder,
Shall speak from unknown graves,
Unto fathers and to mothers,
And to M.D.'s crouching slaves:

When wives, all pale with anguish,
Shall reveal their cause of woe,
And all human forms that languish
In one surging torrent flow:
Then the grandeur of the heavens
Shall be blackened with despair:
Kings shall from their homes be driven,
Devils laughing in the air.

Popes and bishops, priests and pirates,
In one common ruin fall—
Freedom's officers and privates
Then shall bring the funeral pall.
Cover thick the mass of ruins,
But fail to mark the spot,
Leave them in their filth and vermin,
In disgrace to be forgot.

But from out the smouldering ashes,
Shall come forth the laws of love,
Proved by Nature's gleaming flashes,
Kissed by angels from above;
And the martyrs of the ages,
Murdered for the cause of truth,
Shall be known as spirit sages
Come to teach the rising youth;

Then no voice of grief or hunger,
Shall be heard for want of care,
And no cannon's awful thunder
Burst again upon the air;
But freedom's laws effulgent,
Shall arch yon ether blue,
And nations all triumphant,
Will to liberty be true.

"LAUGH and grow fat," is quite a venerable adage, and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he not only liked to laugh himself, but to see and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health, a provocative to appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham said, "The arrival of a merry Andrew in a town is more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicines." Though, Shakespeare avers, all men and women are players, yet we little know the state of mind in which they play their part. Sometime the actor is most merry when most miserable, as the eyes of the dying are brightest just before dissolution. A physician was called to an unknown patient, and found him suffering under the deepest depression of mind without any assignable cause or disease. The physician advised him to seek cheerful objects, and recommended him to go to the theatre and see a famous actor, whose comic powers were unrivalled. Alas! The comedian who kept crowded houses in a rear was the poor hypochondriac himself.

A LITTLE six-year-old daughter of a Rutland clergyman watched Barnum's street parade with great interest the other day, and finally said to her papa: "If I wa'n't a minister's little girl I could go to the circus, but I suppose I must set an example to the whole church now."

The Spiritualist at Work.

Frontier Department,

E. V. WILSON, Editor,

LOMBARD, ILLS.

WHERE COMMUNICATIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT
MAY BE ADDRESSED.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

Our Work in Chicago in 1874.

We feel it a duty to lay before our readers the work we have accomplished in Chicago this year. And that, too, under such embarrassment as few have cared to shoulder. Every paper, daily and weekly in the city down on us—our convention misrepresented—falschood the order of the day—truth and fact the exception. Under these circumstances we have spoken in Chicago five Sundays, besides holding two conventions, whose influence has been widely felt in every part of the State.

On Sunday morning, the 2d, we lectured before an intelligent audience of over 100 persons, on *Our Duty*, and in the evening to a large audience, and gave tests—a few of which we present our readers.

No. 1. To a lady and gentleman sitting in the rear of the audience, we said:

"There is with you two persons, three spirits, one a woman who died many years ago, then a girl, sister of the woman. 2d. A young man of fair complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, a brother of the man. 3d. A man, the father of the lady. The old man is stout, well-built, five feet seven inches in height, and his age, if living to-day, would be sixty or sixty-five years. He has been in spirit-life some time.

These spirits inform me that eleven years ago the gentleman had a sharp difficulty with a person, affecting him personally, and pecuniarily, sixteen years ago—a break of friendship that separated families.

"What do you know about it?"

Answer—"Not anything."

"May I ask you a few questions?"

"Yes."

"Did you not lose a brother many years ago—then a young man?"

"Yes, I did."

"Will you describe him?"

"Well, he was fair complexioned, blue eyes, light brown hair, rather under medium size, nervous temperament."

To the lady: "Have you buried a sister?"

"Yes, many years ago, a mere child."

"Will you now describe your father?"

"He is dead."

"We know that, will you describe him?"

"Well, he of was medium height, dark hair, well-built, as near as I can recollect."

"Very well, now tell us what you know of the incident of sixteen years ago."

"Not anything."

To the gentleman: "What do you know of this occurrence of eleven years ago?"

"Not anything. There was an incident later that it might answer for."

"No sir, it will not do; the incident you are thinking of occurred six years ago last spring; the one we refer to occurred eleven years ago this summer, and the party is a spare, dark-complexioned man, and everything you trusted him to or with proved a failure."

"You are right, I recall it now in full."

No. 2. To a young man.

"There is with you, the spirit of a woman near your own age, very like you, (giving a rather minute description of her) if we saw this woman in life with you we would at once declare her to be your sister."

The young man answered.

"I have never lost a sister. You are, however, correct. I buried my wife, and she was so like me that she was always taken for my sister; your description is very correct."

No. 3. To a Doctor.

"There is a spirit here who has not been in spirit-life but a little while, and your acquaintance is of short duration, not to exceed thirty days. There is something wrong here, the spirit informs me that your

suspicious are right." (We then fully described her.)

Answer—"You are right sir, she died to-day at half-past ten, and I made her acquaintance thirty days ago."

No. 4. To a gentleman.

"There is with you a man who was crushed to death eleven years ago." (Fully describing him.)

"I had a brother killed at ball playing."

"That is not the one."

"I had a relative on my wife's side crushed to death eleven years ago in Ohio."

"That is the man, sir."

"Then you are right."

No. 5. "There is here with this man a spirit woman she died at twenty five years of age, in child-birth, you were thirty-one and she gives me the name of Sarah King."

Answer—"I know nothing about this woman whatever."

No. 6. To a gentleman.

"There is with you a man as large round as he is tall; weight fully 300 pounds, eighty years of age. Years ago when you were a young man you sailed with him for a long time. He died in peace at his home; he loved you."

Answer—"I recall him, and remember him well."

No. 7. To a man in the gallery.

"There is with you a spirit woman (fully describing her); she was connected in your life history when you were between twenty and twenty-two years of age. She loved you and is now a spirit," after a little reflection he answered and said, "You are right."

Thus readers for two hours we saw, described and indentified the loving souls of those who have passed through the portals of death.

Of a surety there is joy in our day when all the true and good return to comfort us.

Do we Practice what we Preach?

We preach a free-platform and free-speech, and demand that the thoughts of every writer shall be given to the world as they come from his or her brain, undergoing such revision only as may be required for correct reading.

In 1872, we, with others, organized the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists. We pledged ourselves that our platform should be a free one, and we have maintained it as such.

We then guaranteed to all parties who might speak on our platform, the right to utter their highest soul-thoughts in their own way, each party being responsible for the thoughts uttered, the Association in no sense whatever to be responsible for the individual or what the individual might say.

Quiet and order prevailed with us through the first year, and until the conclusion of the second quarterly meeting of the second year. From that time, to wit, September 14th, 1873, to the 12th of June, 1874, every effort was, and has been made, possible for human agency to make, to crush us and destroy our Association, but yet we live and have steadily increased, and to-day, the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists is by far the strongest body of Spiritualists under one organization in the United States, and we intend that it shall continue to be so. Some time in the future, it may be at our next meeting, we intend to report our Convention in full and publish the same in order that the people may see what we are doing, and that too in its true light.

We preach the Monogamic law, and shall sustain it, but we hold that the Monogamic law of marriage rests only on the basis of true-love,—love unalloyed with the baser elements of lust. And the husband has no more right to co-erce sexual relations with the wife, than has the stranger, and he has none whatever.

We preach that "nest-hiding" is outside of the monogamic law of marriage, or even love, and that it is dangerous indeed to undertake to hide a nest so long as "hens will cackle." Therefore, our preaching will be of that sort that advises the largest freedom without license to do wrong.

We preach, and practice, social truth, and advise Plymouth Church and its great

shepherd to take counsel of themselves, and not preach one thing and practice another. A certain Spiritual journal in the land, has preached "pure Spiritualism," and pointed to the great preacher of Plymouth Church as a light by which we might walk; a light that all pure Spiritualists might accept. We are inclined to wonder how much nest hiding that light could reveal, and may, under the influence of a packed jury or committee.

We preach that the great preacher is no more the special favorite of God, than the preacher of "pure Spiritualism," and that when the light of truth shines full into the "nest hiding" of each party, true love will stand abashed before the lust of either. We preach the sacred compact of the family circle and every invasion into its sacred precinct by priest or layman is a violation of the law of love. Love and lust are two distinct features in life; one is truth, the other a lie. Love in its purity never goes "nest hiding"—is discreet and honest. Lust is false-hearted and treacherous.

Lust is not of the animal, but of the man or woman, and we feel that the great preacher should have known himself better than to have stooped to conquer, but now that he has fallen we feel that there ought to be charity enough in the human family to overlook his faults and bid him work on. Once before, we invited one to speak on our platform under the ban of public opinion. We were then in earnest, and now say, in behalf of the Spiritualists of Northern Illinois, we extend to the great preacher of Plymouth Church an invitation to speak for us at our next quarterly meeting, assuring him that we will not lead him astray, but attentively listen to the great thoughts that may flow from his soul. We recognize no such thing as forgiveness. The great Beecher cannot be forgiven. He must pay the penalty, and is already paying it. Who can fully understand the torture his soul is now enduring and has yet to endure?

Let us drop the curtain and preach charity—that charity that knoweth no hate, and if we extend the hand of fellowship to the great preacher, let us extend it also to his victim or victims.

Let us practice what we preach, and work out our own salvation. Jesus once said to a sorrowing soul in sin, "Woman where are thine accusers? Doth no man condemn thee?" And she answered: "No man, Lord." "Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way and sin no more." We feel like saying to all the world to-day: "Go in peace and sin no more, and in purity and truth come up to our Convention."

We will meet at ten o'clock, A. M., at Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Illinois, on Friday, the 2d of October, 1874, and continue over Sunday the 4th.

Our Work for July, 1874.

We spoke in Coopersville Mich., Saturday and Sunday, July 24th and 25th, assisted by Dr. T. B. Taylor, a true, brave, good man; and one that Spiritualists can count on always. There are a good many Spiritualists in the vicinity of Coopersville, good men and women. We can do no better than to enclose a report of our meeting that appeared in the columns of *The R. P. Journal*. John McEwen, the impostor and once thief was on hand in the service of the Christians, anxious for a discussion. Dr. Taylor attended to his case after the Methodist people agreed to back him, and the Dr. writes us that McEwen, succeeded in making himself an ass, and only brayed. We congratulate Christians on having such defenders. We met Mrs. E. P. Blair, Spirit Artist at Coopersville. Every family ought to have one of her beautiful spirit picture records of the family circle, they are gems of rare beauty, in fine artistic skill.

We spoke in Battle, Creek Mich., on Saturday evening and Sunday 11th and 12th to good sized audiences, giving marked satisfaction. There are many true Spiritualists and faithful reformers in and about Battle Creek. This used to be the old trapping ground of our good Brother, J. M. Peebles, and all we heard speak of him, spoke of his kindly spirit and social truth. To know Brother Peebles is to love him.

We met Brother B. M. Todd of Ypsilanti, Mich., at Battle Creek. Brother T. like ourself is growing old—ripening for the summer-land, and soon will be counted among those who minister to us as spirits, but our Brother knows that he liveth always. He has been an earnest worker, and given the best days of his life to the cause of Spiritualism; may his reward be great. *Our Age*, Lois Waisbrooker's paper is published here. We did not see Lois. Brother Todd is one of its editors. *Our Age* takes the extreme radical view of the social question. We wish her and her paper success.

On the 18th and 19th of July we spoke in Decorah Iowa, to full houses. From thence we went to West Mitchell Iowa, speaking to large and intelligent audiences on the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th.

On the 25th and 26th we spoke in Minneapolis, Minn.; we gave many fine tests in all of these places.

On the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th we returned to West Mitchell and discussed the subject of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism with D. P. Hall, who believes that God is simply matter and that there is no such thing as spirit. Hall is a champion debater and is chock full of Greek and Hebrew.

On Sunday, the 2d of August, we spoke in Chicago at Grow's Opera House, giving many fine tests, an account of which will be found in another place.

The crops of Iowa and Minnesota are grand, and everywhere as far as the eye could see, the golden harvest was progressing. Wheat, oats, barley, corn and potatoes in abundance, and in the part of these States that we traveled the farmer is reaping a rich reward from the seed he put into the ground last spring.

We only wish we could say as much of Northern Illinois.

The Spiritualists are drawing sharp lines, and are dividing on the line Radical and Conservative brought about through the bitter course of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*. At Minneapolis, Lake City, Winona and St. Paul, the division is broad and it will take some time to heal the breach already made, and it will require careful management indeed to carry out the programme of the annual meeting of the State Association to come off in Lake City this fall. We advise all to be moderate and bear and forbear, and not lose sight of the one great object, unity and harmony in Spiritualism.

Let us take council together, and avoid discord, let us be wise, and let the bitter spirit go down before the spirit of love.

Lectures and Seances.

Under this head we will present our readers, in each issue of the *SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, notes of Speakers and Mediums in all parts of the country, and will be thankful for any information rendered us.

In Chicago, Spiritualism is on the increase, and mediums congregate in this city of blazes in great numbers—both genuine and counterfeit.

Mrs. MILLER, of Memphis, is now holding forth at the Religio-Philosophical Journal Rooms, and is doing well, and all speak in praise of her. We have not met her.

Mrs. PARRY, medium for physical phenomena and Materialization, holds forth at Dr. Samuel Maxwell's rooms, 409 West Randolph street, twice a week. She also may be found on Sunday evenings at the Chicago Spirit Rooms, 237 West Madison street.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL, of 409 West Randolph street is an excellent seeing and speaking medium, and reliable. One of his fortes is in answering questions while in trance. These questions and answers are very interesting, and command the attention of all present. The Doctor is a good magnetic healer, and is a graduate of the Cincinnati Eclectic School of Medicine. He has a good practice and is doing well. He is a fluent and pleasant speaker, and will answer calls to speak and attend funerals in or about Chicago, within one hundred miles.

J. W. ROGERS, No. 233 West Washington street, is a fine healer, and doing well. He is under the control of an Indian spirit, who has helped the suffering with electro-

spirit-power in many cases. Prof. Rogers will receive patients to board, or treat them at their homes in the city.

Mrs. L. CROCKER, No. 644 Fulton street, is a fine test medium and very reliable—one that will "pass muster" in any case. If you want test communications call on Mrs. Crocker.

Mrs. DE WOLF, business clairvoyant and test medium, No. 415 West Van Buren street. This lady is an ornament to Spiritualism—truthful as a seer and can be relied on. We have known her for many years.

The BANGS CHILDREN give seances for physical manifestations at 8 o'clock, P. M., Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 435 West Van Buren street. These children are remarkable mediums, and have been before the public for several years, and are pronounced reliable.

CEPHAS B. LYNN spoke in Grow's Opera House the Sundays of July to the acceptance of all who heard him. Bro. Lynn is brilliant as a speaker, original in thought, and fixes the attention of his hearers in a marked degree. We hear him well spoken of wherever he lectures.

Mrs. AMELIA COLBY, of Indiana, fills the desk of the *First Society of Spiritualists* on Sunday morning and evening, August 9th inst., and we bespeak for her a full house. We have not in the field an abler speaker than our good Sister Colby.

WARREN CHASE, of Iowa, will occupy the platform before the *First Society of Spiritualists* on Sunday morning and evening, August 16th. Bro. Chase needs no praise from us. A lion in argument and a tower of strength wherever he is heard.

CORRECTION.—We wish to correct two mistakes made by the printers in our last number. In first column, page 23, in the article "A Joyous Time," the name Joseph Eighure should be Joseph Eighme. In the next column near the foot, the name Patton, should be Potter.

We most gratefully acknowledge the reception of three beautiful, finely executed engravings on steel, kindly sent us by the publishers, R. H. Curran & Co., 28 School street, Boston.

The first, *LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING* (24 by 30 inches) represents a river, symbolizing the life of man which winds through a landscape of hill and plain on which floats a boat bearing a faithful time-worn pilgrim about to pass out into the sea of eternity. An angel accompanies him, with one hand on the helm and the other pointing to the ocean whither the aged pilgrim is tending. On the bank of the stream are three children, rejoicing in health, beauty and vivacity. Over their heads is seen a band of angels, strewing flowers, typical of divine blessings.

The execution of the engraving is strictly first-class and the effect most happy.

The second, *THE ORPHANS RESCUE* (24 by 36 inches) represents two children, a brother and sister, in a boat in the dangerous rapids of a river—among rocks and cascades. The danger has been imminent, but the spirits of the parents of the children are hovering over them and by their influence the boat has been drawn into an eddy where it is safe and where the little ones can be rescued. It is a very interesting picture and of the finest quality.

The third, *THE DAWNING LIGHT* (20 by 24 inches) representing the early home of the FOX FAMILY (in 1848) at Hydesville, N. Y. It was here the noted "Fox girls" were first developed as mediums, and here modern Spiritualism was first brought to public attention. As a historical picture it possesses a special interest to every Spiritualist, showing as it does where the remarkable demonstrations and phenomena connected with it had their origin.

These beautiful engravings are furnished by R. H. Curran & Co. at \$3.00 each for the first two and \$2.00 for the last. They will be pleased to send descriptive circulars to applicants.

Sentiments that were uttered by Thomas Paine, are to-day uttered in the pulpit, and applauded.

REPORT OF THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS Association of Spiritualists.

The Association closed its Second Annual Convention on Sunday, June 14th, 1874 by the re-election of its old officers. O. J. Howard, M.D., President; Dr. J. H. Severance, M.D., 1st Vice-President; Jacob Powell, 2d Vice-President; E. V. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Emerson Wilson, George Gage, D. Ambrose Davis, Mrs. Helen Rogers and Collins Eaton as a Board of Trustees, who are authorized to incorporate as a religious organization under the law of the State of Illinois. There was also a Committee of Seven appointed to revise, condense and simplify our Constitution and Form of Government, composed of George Gage, of McHenry, Ill.; Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis.; E. S. Shocum, Dr. Samuel Maxwell, Mrs. Collins Eaton, of Chicago; Charles W. Stewart of Janesville, Wis., and E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill., who will present the revised Constitution for acceptance at the Ninth Quarterly Meeting of the Association.

The Convention was largely attended, and clearly marked for order and ability. The speeches were short, practical and eminently able as well as eloquent, the speakers taking a wide range of thought. The principle speakers were Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Cephas B. Lynn, Charles W. Stewart, Samuel Maxwell, E. V. Wilson, Judge Edwin S. Holbrook, Sada Bailey, Lois Waisbrocker, Amelia Cobby, and Dr. T. B. Taylor. Every speech made would be readable matter if reported. Judge Holbrook's speech was carefully written and well read.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists is now a fixed fact. We have run the gauntlet of ridicule, abuse, and intolerance, and are now fairly in the broad and progressive field of reason and work. We have maintained a free platform and free speech, and intend to do so. We have asserted our independence, and mean to maintain it. We now number fully 200 members, and are able to rent a hall, and feed all that come, both mentally and physically. We know no side issues. Everything germane to humanity belongs to Spiritualism. There is no getting outside of Spiritualism.

On Friday morning, the 12th of June, there were present at our Convention seventy-four persons, and our audience steadily increased until we numbered over four hundred on Sunday evening.

At 10 o'clock, Sunday, June 14th, 1874, adjourned to meet in Chicago, Friday, Oct. 2d, and continued over Sunday, the 4th, 1874. Our Convention has been a triumph in every sense, and a great improvement over the March Convention, and our next, we hope, will be a great improvement over this. We invite all friends of progression to remember our next Convention. O. J. HOWARD, M.D., Prest. E. V. WILSON, Sec'y.

Our Appointments for August and September.

On Sunday the 9th, we will speak in Milwaukee. On the 15th and 16th, we will speak in Albion, Michigan. On the 22d and 23d, we expect to be in Battle Creek, Mich. On the 25th, 26th and 27th, we speak in North Amherst, O. On the 28th, 29th and 30th, we hold a three day's grove-meeting at Monroe Center, Asthabula Co., O. The Sundays of September, we speak in Robinson Hall, New York City.

We will take subscriptions for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* and *THE TRUTH SEEKER*.

Come to our help, friends, and assist us in maintaining and keeping up our young paper. E. V. W.

[For the Spiritualist at Work.]

The Wonderful Mirror, and How it Worked.

In a late number of the *R. P. Journal*, an article appeared with this heading, "A mirror for self-constituted umpires to see themselves in."

The manufacture of mirrors as a business separate and distinct of itself, carried on by an expert, and one experienced in that branch of industry, has, we believe, usually proved a lucrative as well as respectable business. There is an old adage, however, which says, "If you get too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn," which, being interpreted, means, do not undertake to carry on too many kinds of business at the same time. If you do, some of them will suffer for need of proper attention or ability. We have a striking example of the truth of this saying in a late number of the *Journal* aforesaid, in which it appears that the editor, in addition to the legitimate business connected with the paper, has undertaken that of manufacturing mirrors. Not only so, but

the mirrors are made on a new and novel plan, designed to reflect only such images as the manufacturer may designate. There is certainly the merit of originality in it, if nothing else. A patent has, no doubt, been applied for, and, if secured, would probably be of great value to the inventor.

"If." Now that is one of the largest sized "ifs" we have, if the mirror works as the inventor designed. We don't believe it will. The sample sent out, not only does not show the object the manufacturer designed, out reflects, with great vividness, the very character it was intended to conceal. We, therefore, pronounce the experiment a decided failure.

We, the "self-constituted umpires," have examined this mirror critically, and up to this time have been unable to see anything reflected in it but the manufacturer and his surroundings. The surroundings are figures, to explain which we are compelled to resort to Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences, where he shows that certain low and disgusting animals correspond to the baser lusts and passions.

We will not, however, describe all the mirror reveals to us, but would kindly advise the Editor to quit that business. It is evident that making mirrors is not his "forte." This fact appears to have gradually dawned upon his mental vision as he approached the end of his labors, and he begins seriously to doubt whether it is much of a mirror after all. This conviction grows upon him, for we see finally, in the closing sentence, that he is fully satisfied, not only that it is no mirror, but that he never intended it for one.

His purpose was of immensely more consequence than reflecting the insignificant actions of some "self-constituted umpires," away down in this out of the way town. It was, he tells us, to illuminate the mental vision of a vast multitude—thousands of new subscribers who have rushed in, bewildered and in darkness, needing something more than an ordinary tallow dip. His pure, warm heart was stirred to its very depths; he girded up his loins, and with a solemn determination, let come what would, resolved that this vast multitude of new subscribers should not only be illuminated, but fairly dazzled by the light from his illuminating reservoir. Had he consulted those "self-constituted umpires," as to what he had better have done under such trying circumstances, they could have saved him all this tremendous effort, and the wear and tear upon his already overtaxed illuminator, by just suggesting that any one of his weekly publications within the last six months—any old paper of his would have served every purpose, for those thousands of new subscribers did not know that they needed all this extra effort. If they did not, why make it?

Now all this dust he blows will undoubtedly get into many eyes, but we, the "self-constituted umpires," wear goggles, and so keep our vision clear. We see just what his efforts aimed at. It was not for the good of a vast multitude of new subscribers, or any one else—far from it. His purpose and aim was to harm, injure, and, if possible, destroy a brother man and Spiritualist.

For the last six months he has worked diligently to convince his subscribers that the object of his attack was a Free Lover, a believer in the doctrines of Woodhull and Moses Hull, when he knows, as well as he knows any thing, that he is not, and never was, anything of the kind, but is, and always was, exactly the opposite. He takes great pleasure and pride in boasting of, and showing to his subscribers how well he has succeeded in his damnable efforts and purpose. In his *Journal* of July 25th, he publishes a letter from Spencer, Clay County, Iowa, dated July 7th, in which occurs this paragraph: "Last week I had *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* sent me; I do not want that paper, for I am a Spiritualist, not a Free Lover, nor do I wish to take any part with them. It is sad to think a man like Wilson should fall so low. May the good angels redeem him." In response, you say "we are in receipt of similar letters to the above from all parts of the country." Comment on this, on his own showing, is wholly unnecessary. There

are no terms in the English language capable of showing more plainly the work he has been engaged in, and its results. His victim may have erred; who has not? His course toward him has not been that of a brother, trying to reclaim or redeem one from error, but that of an implacable foe, overcome with malice and hate. "To err is human," but to follow an erring or sinning brother with a relentless spirit of revenge, seeking on all occasions to magnify his sins and errors, is simply devilish.

It is painfully evident that Spiritualism, anything connected with it, or any moral question whatever, has nothing to do with his venomous attack on E. V. Wilson. It is purely a personal quarrel, which the readers of the *Journal* have no interest in. If the field of Spiritual literature was barren, and a dearth so great prevailed that material of interest could not be procured to fill a *Journal* like that once a week, we should say stop it, or devote its pages to some other subject, but never prostitute it into a weapon to inflict punishment for real or supposed wrongs.

Suppose some one is a "great egotist," what of it? What business is that of his, or of ours? That is the way God Almighty made him. Why not direct such small artillery at the fountain-head, and blaze away at that, for creating an egotist? it would be quite as sensible as the course he has pursued, and would have this advantage—it would not do any harm. There is, however, another and better way—a course which humanity sanctions, and which the conscience will approve. It is this: when a brother is found exhibiting more egotism than is for his good, go to him in kindness and try to convince him of his fault; if he succeeds, he does well; if he does not, he has no further responsibility or business with the matter.

The heading of this *Journal* alluded to, would lead one to suppose that religion or the religious sentiment is one element in its character, and that good moral teaching is a conspicuous feature in its pages. "A stream, however, cannot rise above the fountain." The Devil has, we believe, been accused of sometimes transforming himself into an angel of light, when he had a purpose to accomplish by so doing. But in order to succeed, it was necessary for him to conceal his real character. We are admonished that the same precaution may possibly be necessary, for any good to come from the moral teachings of the *R. P. Journal*.

ONE OF THE "SELF-CONSTITUTED UMPIRES."
New York, Aug. 3d, 1874.

AN old army surgeon was very fond of perpetrating a joke on others, though very angry at being made the subject of one himself. At a dinner when the deacon passed freely and frequently a brother officer said: "Doctor, I've got a letter from Capt. G—, and I'll wager you a dozen of old port that you can't guess in five guesses how he spells cat." "Done," said the Doctor. "Commence guessing," said the officer. "K-a-double-t." "No." "Kat-e." "No try again." "Cat-e." Missed again. "Ca-double-t." "No; try again its your last chance." "C-a-g-h-t." "No," thundered the wag; "you've lost the wager." "How did he spell it, then?" inquired the Doctor with great petulance. "Why, he spelled it e-a-t," replied the wag, with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess. The Doctor sprang up choking with rage, exclaiming: "Gentlemen am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

THE JEWISH TIMES ON THE DEVIL.—The idea of a personal prince of evil is purely pagan, and its occurrence in the Jewish and Christian religious system is due to a transfer thereto from pagan sources. The God of the old Testament confers himself the blessings and inflicts the punishments; the same Divine Being who appears to Abraham and selects him as the father of a great nation, decrees the destruction of Sodom and Gomorah; the God who sent Moses on his mission as the deliverer of a nation from the yoke of slavery, sends the plagues on the stubborn Egyptians. In fact the sole foundation of the Mosaic dispensation is the doctrine of one God, as the dispenser of good and evil, who holds in the hollow of his hands the fate of nations.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Where science is, superstition cannot find a comfortable resting place.—*Nellie Brigham.*

Science is never afraid, superstition always is.—*Ibid.*

The fear which is born of superstition produces alarm.—*Ibid.*

Science.

Study of the Sun.—Continued.

BY PROF. R. A. PROCTOR.

I now pass to the particular observations which suggested these thoughts. On the sun's surface there were observed "willow leaves," which gave rise to a great deal of controversy as to their character. You all see these willow leaves of Nasmyth. You will notice that the whole of the broad surface of the sun appears to be made up by the crossing of a multitude of willow leaves. They appear more distinctly in the central part, and are very well recognized on the outlying border of the spot. But when that matter was submitted to careful study, it was found there was great occasion to doubt whether the long willow-leaved streaks existed all over the surface of the sun, and an astronomer of your own has given an account of them.

But before I come to Langley's work, I must give a picture by Father Secchi. It would appear that he, observing the solar spots in the clear atmosphere of Rome, was able to recognize the true nature of these streaks. The general surface of the sun is made up of that peculiar rough dotted appearance already described. It would seem as though from this general surface there was a gradual streaking out in the neighborhood of the spots. You will see that they spread around and across these spots, and are there quite distinct in character from the rice grains in the general surface of the sun.

We will now have a picture from Prof. Langley, who worked in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, at a height of about 1,100 feet. He would seem to have been able to recognize the fact that the rice-grains may be divided into smaller particles. He has found that the greater part of the sun-light undoubtedly comes from these little specks of brightness on the surface of the sun, while the general level of the sun, the background on which these bright specks are projected, is very much darker. And the picture now presented is a drawing by Prof. Langley. It would appear to be the case that little more than about one-hundredth part of the sun's light is given by the dark background on which these bright specks of light may be seen.

I have to pass on to the spectroscopic discoveries by which the real nature of this wonderful orb, whose appearance we have been considering, has been determined—I mean spectroscopic analysis. We have to consider what are the real substances in the sun, and what the processes taking place on that solar surface. In Langley's picture you will notice the details are on a minuter scale than in Fr. Secchi's picture. Langley has been able to recognize in these grains multitudes of granules, and in the neighborhood of the spots you will see how they lengthen out, how they seem carried across this dark region in the spot. In some places Langley has been able to recognize on the dark background of the spot what seem to be long filaments, the breadth of which cannot be less than 50 miles. They seem to be suspended vertically with respect to the sun, and in the neighborhood of the spot some wonderful force seems to sway them, toward the center of the spot. These wonderful filaments are thousands of miles in length, and 40 or 50 miles in width. We will now consider the results of the spectroscopic study of the sun.

I will show you a diagram of the solar spectrum. You take the light of the sun, and you see it through certain triangular pieces of glass, and the light of the sun is spread into the rainbow-tinted streak, which streak is crossed by a multitude of dark lines.

This picture, to which I now point, is a picture of the solar spectrum. On further investigation, it was found that an incandescent body used as a source of light, instead of having a rainbow-tinted streak crossed by a multitude of dark lines, threw a rainbow-tinted streak without any dark lines at all. It was also found that a gaseous body gives a spectrum different from this, consisting of two or three dark lines.

Here is the spectrum given by sodium in a vaporous condition; and that—a dark

spectrum with bright lines—was found to be the quality of a spectrum given by a gaseous body.

I will now call your attention to a comparison between these results and the musical scale. The red light corresponds with the bass, and the purple with the treble notes, and then this rainbow-tinted streak without dark is the complete scale without breaks. The one with the dark lines is the scale crossed by dark chords. If a musician were to hear a piano played in another room out of his sight, and he heard a chord struck, he would know which it was, and in the same way if you see that a gaseous light gives a certain kind of spectrum, the chemist knows what the light is; and it was found that the dark lines of the solar spectrum indicated vapors cooler than the sun's mass and cutting off a portion of the sun's light. These vapors are giving out a quantity of light, but being cooler than the sun, around which they lie, they cut off a portion of his light. Thus arise these dark lines, and the chemist only wants to determine the exact position of these lines, to find out what elements are in the sun. Thus iron, copper, and other elements known to us, were discovered to be in the vaporous atmosphere surrounding the sun.

A well-known German physicist came to the conclusion that certain elements giving out the bright line spectrum, give more lines the greater the pressure, and that the first lines given correspond to those seen in the solar spectrum. The research was continued at the Mint, where it is important in connection with alloys of metals, and Dr. Henry Draper, of your country, is continuing it. These researches will throw important light on the condition of the sun.

SOLAR PROMINENCES AND CORONA.

It was observed that the spots waxed and waned in number over the surface of the sun, and after half a century of research, that the spots increase and diminish (until they disappear altogether), and that the period within which they waxed and wane is about eleven of our years. After that was discovered, it was noted that the magnetic influences of the earth waxed and waned in about the same time. The magnetic needle which points in England to west of north, in this country not to due north, has a swaying motion as if endeavoring to move toward the sun. That motion undergoes variations, sometimes greater and sometimes less, and physicists watched, and they found that in about eleven years the swaying of the magnetic needle, which was so insignificant as to seem difficult of detection, undergoes a slight change which corresponds with the number of spots on the sun. When the spots are greatest it has its greatest sway, and when the spots are fewest it has the least sway. The aurora also was associated with the sun. But further evidence of these influences was needed, and it came in 1859, when a bright spot suddenly made its appearance on the sun, and it was found that the self-recording magnetic needle at Kew made certain jumps at the same instant; auroras appeared in both hemispheres, and everything proved that at that moment the sun had given out magnetic influences, not to our earth alone, but doubtless to Mercury, Venus and Mars, then to the asteroids and to Jupiter and Saturn. A new bond of harmony had been found within the solar system.

[A photographic picture representing prominences on the sun was here exhibited.]

In 1842 these were looked upon as belonging to the atmosphere of the moon, but they were proved in 1868 to belong to the sun. They were like garnets around a brooch of jet, and these were found to be actually existing on the surface of the sun. What were they? During the eclipse of 1868 that question was answered, and it was found that they are not flames or mountains, but masses of glowing hydrogen. It was by the spectroscope it was discovered. Consisting of glowing gas, they would give such lines as these, and the four lines of the gas hydrogen were recognized.

A curious experiment will be produced by glowing hydrogen. Tubes are filled

with hydrogen under a low pressure corresponding to the pressure which is believed to exist on the prominences of the sun, and you will have the true color of these prominences, shining with the true light of glowing hydrogen.

[An exceedingly brilliant experiment was here made, the hydrogen appearing to glow brightly even with all the lights in the room in full blaze, and showing an exact imitation of the solar prominences.]

A method of research was applied; it was now known that the flames shown could be divided into separate lines in the day time. The spectroscope spread out these lines; they were visible. It was found even possible to see the prominences themselves.

THE CHROMOSPHERE.

This ruddy matter around the sun is called the chromosphere. You will presently see injected into it a still more ruddy matter, as if there was an explosion on the surface of the sun. [A bright crimson mass was here shot through the chromosphere and slowly fell back. The audience applauded vigorously.] Processes such as this have been watched, and have taken place on the surface of the sun, before the eyes of observers. Another of these experiments will be made for you by Prof. Morton's assistant, Mr. Wale. In this picture you see the whole field covered with ruddy matter, and this corresponds with diagrams of real pictures taken by astronomers.

You see the explosion just as if a rocket was sent up, and here, in the next picture, one hour later the upper part of the eruption sinking back to the surface of the sun, the next picture, is one taken at the Cambridge Observatory. Nothing is clearer than that; here is some matter thrown forth from the sun. Here is a ruddy cascade of hydrogen, and there you see it gradually returning to a position of rest.

One thing on this subject is very suggestive, though its true meaning is yet to be discovered. The spots on the sun are arranged in two zones, and these correspond with the temperate zones on the earth. It is in these zones that the largest spots appear, and spots are never seen far outside these zones. In the other parts of the sun's surface we have a gradual spreading out of this ruddy matter, as if you should pour an oily liquid into water or other matter of a slightly different density. You see that matter spreading through the water. It is matter of one kind of density spreading through another. In the region outside of the spouting zone it is as if this hydrogen were floating about, finding its own level. The prominences are in many cases 80,000, in one case 200,000 miles in height. Ten globes such as this each might be piled one on the other, and only reach the height of one of these. We have manifest evidence that there is really an eruptive activity in these spouting zones. In this picture you see how there was a real eruption, propelling something unseen, and carrying something away from the sun.

The first view shows what Prof. Young calls a long low-lying cloud of glowing hydrogen, only at the insignificant height of about 20,000 miles. He was away about half an hour, and when he came back the cloud had vanished and nothing was left except these small bright fragments, and these fragments were being carried up. They were carried to a height of 200,000 miles, and the rate was such that, taking due account for all the circumstances, there must have been a propulsion of matter from the sun at the rate of 500 miles per second. There is no doubt that there are motions of 100 or 120 miles per second, but this matter, according to calculation was carried up at the rate of 500 miles per second. A velocity of three hundred miles per second would have been enough to carry it away from the sun forever. The greatest force the sun can exert, either in attraction or propulsion, is 380 miles per second; anything greater than that will never come back. Now this was 500 miles per second, not, as I conceive, of glowing hydrogen alone, but disturbed matter coming from a lower stratum. Why should this matter have been invisible? If it had been from the interior of the sun, it would have given a continuous spectrum; no lines

could be shown by a glowing mass; it would give a rainbow-tinted streak. But we have the evidence of the carrying out of something from the sun. Now this must have been a solid or liquid mass of great density, rifling its way through the hydrogen gas, and being carried outwards and onwards through space. What could it have been? If the sun is thus at times giving forth matter what becomes of it? Our earth may possibly be exposed to that matter coming from the sun. On this point I shall have more in my lecture on comets and meteors.

THE SOLAR CORONA.

I pass on to another object, the solar corona, which gives us further indication of the force acting outward from the sun. I have a third of those ingenious experiments by Prof. Morton to illustrate these various phenomena. We shall have the natural progress of a solar eclipse. The moon's dark body will pass over the sun's disc. In America the moon is allowed to travel faster than under ordinary circumstances, and an eclipse which usually takes about three hours will here take but a minute. [Laughter.] You will notice the formation of Bailey's beads and see that the bright edge of light is broken up. Then instantly bursts out the corona. I am told that this really corresponds very closely indeed to what is seen during a total eclipse of the sun. Now what is that corona? It was once thought to be merely due to the sun's light shining through our atmosphere. When it was found that the prominences of hydrogen exist at a very low pressure, it was a natural conclusion that there cannot be a solar atmosphere extending to the height of this corona. The pressure at the base would be enormously great. As time went on, it was seen that it must be a solar appendage. In the first place, we will have a picture taken by a noted French Astronomer. It is a very remarkable view, so much so that considerable doubt was expressed; but has now been all removed. In the eclipse of 1868 this question of the corona naturally came into great prominence. Now it was to be dealt with. The point was that pictures should be taken of it very carefully indeed. In 1869, a picture was taken of it by Mr. Gilman of New York, which showed a new appearance—an appearance of radiation, as if it was combed out. You will notice all these streaks spreading out. Here is a picture of the same on a larger scale. In this I shall invite you to notice the number of minute, bright specks. Mr. Gilman says they were there as distinct entities. Zollner has noticed such bright specks constantly flashing out. They seem to be masses of incandescent, exceedingly bright matter. Now we begin to see that the corona gives evidence of a force going out of the sun. It seems to me that the evidence of such a force is to be found in photographic pictures. If we can show that during the progress of an eclipse the moon's dark body traverses the corona, it must be material belonging to the sun. We will have a picture showing the corona of 1870. It was photographed in Syracuse. So the doubt began to be removed that it is really a solar phenomenon, radiating in this wonderful way. Upon the confirming evidences and features here presented, not in a picture subject to artistic fancies, but from the corona itself, you begin to realize that there is a continuous action outward from the sun, and that there are means by which this corona, extending a million miles from the sun, is repelled by some central forces. They do not seem to be constant, for in other pictures, taken in the eclipse of 1871, the corona was very much unlike this. This picture shows the corona photographed in India by Lord Lindsay's party. During the time of the eclipse six photographs were taken. By combining these pictures, instead of that radiation there are various curves of double curvature, as we call it. This will show that from the centre of the sun a force is produced outward, and then there is a drawing back until a new force is exerted and then there is another throwing out. So that there seems clear evidence that the corona belongs to the sun, and that it is acted upon by a propulsive force.

THE EXHAUSTION OF SOLAR HEAT.

Here, then, we have an immense mass of matter, glowing with an enormous intensity of heat, surrounded by vast flames, swept by storms of a nature we cannot conceive, surrounded by the glowing corona, which spreads out again in another phenomenon, the zodiacal light, growing more and more tenuous, and extending even as far as the orbit of Mars if not to the end of the solar system. The sun seems to us to be perfectly still. When we consider what we have learned about him we know that all the forms of uproar on this earth are as absolute quiet compared with what is taking place on his surface. Even the hideous groanings of the earthquake are surpassed a million-fold by the disturbances on every square mile of that inflamed sea. This is no idle dream. This great central machine of the solar orb, the central heart, pulsates with life, and will continue to do so until the fuel is exhausted. How does the sun maintain this fire? Why is there no gradual loss of energy? If the sun were a mass of coal of the same bulk, that coal, in the course of 5,000 years, would be entirely consumed, and the sun would be a mere cinder. If the sun were a mass of water, which has a quality of specific heat in its combination by which it gives out more heat in cooling by any number of degrees than any other matter, in the course of 5,000 years it would lose 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit in temperature. There are two theories of the manner in which the sun's heat is kept up. One is by the downfall of meteoric matter. The other is that it is maintained by the gradual contraction of its substance, the same process by which the rest of the solar system was formed. In any case there is certainly a time in the far future when the sun's heat will be exhausted.

There is indeed one way in which we may imagine that the perennial supply may be continued. Our sun is travelling along through space, carrying with him the planets, the comets, etc., which circle around him as he sweeps onward, and it may be that he comes to new regions of meteoric matter, or as it were, to fresh fields and pastures new, where the supply may be renewed. Whether this be so or not we do not know. But there is this process of exhaustion which must one day come to an end; and yet there is no contrivance by which that waste, that squandering of which I have spoken, may be prevented. Could it be every year of that supply would be changed into 227,000,000 of years. The waste is continually going on. Verily, we have here a problem which may well tax all our thoughts. Let us not dismiss it at once, as we are apt to do, with the thought that our new knowledge has shown us imperfection in the scheme of creation. Let us rather say with the Poet Laureate:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
but vaster. [Applause.]

[For the Spiritualist at Work.]

Summer.

It seems but one long bright hour,
Since a maiden with gentle eye
And robes of the brightest azure,
On the breezes came floating by.
Then the fireside yet seemed cosy,
As we drew around the evening lamp;
The maid herself seemed to shiver,
And her locks were tangled and damp.
But she said the flowers had whispered
Their secrets to her as she passed;
That soon they would burst in their beauty,
And be over the earth like stars cast.
So I watched the garlands of brightness,
That seemed to arise at her call;
There was gladness in hut and in hovel,
As well as in palace and hall.
To-day the sun is in its splendor;
Shines from skies as gentle and bright;
The earth is one vision of gladness,
As if there were no death or night.
But the joy has a touch of sadness,
The music is slower and low,
A quieter, holier influence
Encircles the scene like a bow.
By the door I am quietly sitting,
In the gloaming that follows the day,
And watch, as I watched the sweet maiden,
Her sister, now trudging away.

D. L. HUZZEY.
Northumberland, Pa., July 27, 1874.

Hygiene.

From Babbitt's Health Guide.

IMPERFECT CHARACTER BRINGS DISEASE. I have shown how one-sidedness of development, or monomania, brings insanity and disease. A courageous, well-balanced character wards off disease; a weak, half-souled person is negative to disease, and is apt to fall a prey to every contagion. Jealousy, hatred, and violent passions send a poison virus through the whole system. Too much development of the top head exhausts the vitality, but the diseases thus induced are less violent than too much development of the animal faculties. "When the basilar organs are to predominate," says Dr. Buchanan, "there is more of fibrin, urea, and bile in the blood than when the coronal organs predominate," and then he proceeds as follows to show the effects of character on disease:

"Persons of pride, firmness, prudence, and self-control, will have but little liability to disease, and their circulation will be regular and tranquil.

"Persons of violent and selfish passions will have great force of circulation, especially in the limbs and lower part of the body, and will be liable to diseases of active sthenic character, in which the phenomena of disease will be violent, but life will be seldom endangered. Rheumatism, gout, inflammation, and convulsions will be their tendency.

"Persons of indolent and unprincipled habits—of but little integrity, self-control, fortitude, or industry (a very large class), will have a circulation of but little regularity, and will be predisposed to active disorders of the abdominal region, cholera, diarrhoea, dysentery, congestion of the liver, and typhoid prostration.

"Persons of amiable, mild, feeble character will have but a languid circulation in the limbs and lower part of the body, and will be predisposed to pulmonary disorder—consumption, bronchitis, pneumonia, and pulmonary congestion."—*Anthropology*, p. 233.

DISEASE BRINGS IMPERFECT CHARACTER. The violence, peevishness, gloom, and passion caused by Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Hypochondria, Hysteria, disorders of the spleen or kidneys, violent flow of blood, and almost all other diseases, are too well known to need illustration here. A diseased gastric membrane gives thirst for false stimulus and liquors, diseased abdominal organs or lower brain often increase the animal passions, fits and other brain derangements lead into idiocy, lunacy, etc.

ALL OBJECTS RADIATE THEIR OWN PECULIAR AURA. This is a fact of great importance both physiologically and psychologically, and one of which the medical world is almost entirely ignorant. That which they cannot see, handle, weigh, or put through the crucible, they consider of but small importance, or as visionary and unknowable, although, as we have seen, all the grandest forces of the universe are invisible, while at the same time they are the safest, the gentlest, and, when understood, the most easily wielded.

Baron Reichenbach, after a vast series of experiments, discovered that all objects send forth their own spiritual or peculiar Odyllic emanations, and that the very colors of these emanations could be seen by impressible persons whom he called *sensitives*.

FOOD.

ITS OFFICE is to form *blood*, and the office of the blood, under the direction of the spiritual and life forces, is to nourish, strengthen, and vitalize the whole system, and supply the waste that is constantly going on. Food, in connection with nature's finer elements, constitutes the best medicine.

THE TISSUE-MAKING FOODS, or the PROTEIDS. These consist of *Gluten*, or the tough part near the outside of grains, which form part of the bran; *Albumen*, such as the white of egg; *Casein*, the curd of milk; *Fibrin*, the fibrous part of blood and lean meat; *Syntonin*, the chief part of muscle or flesh; and *Gelatin*, the foundation of jellies. These foods are the basis of strength, and are the most nourishing of all.

FAT-PRODUCING FOODS. Two kinds of elements have the most to do with producing fat.

Fatty substances, such as *butter*, *oils*, and *fat meats*, which are mostly carbon

(about 80 per cent.). These enter not only into the formation of the nerves and fatty parts, but, to a small extent, into the lean parts.

Starch, gum, and sugar, sometimes called Amyloids, which constitute the inner portion of *grains*, *peas*, *beans*, and the greater portion of *sago*, *tapioca*, and *arrow-root*.

INORGANIC FOODS. These are *water*, and a few *saline* or *mineral* elements. Some class water, and even such fine elements as electricity and oxygen, among the mineral elements, although they exist in greater proportion in vegetable and animal life, water forming four-fifths of the human system. One excuse which our physicians give for their profuse dosing with mineral drugs, is, that these elements exist in the human body and must be supplied. The proportion of minerals, as given in Marshall's Physiology, is exceedingly minute; 1-77th of the human body being Calcium; 1-87th, Phosphorous, 1-700th, Sulphur; 1-1000th, Sodium; 1-10000th, Iron; 1-4000th, Potassium; 1-80000, Magnesium; one half-millionth, Silicon; and all these are found in the food we eat, and in a more refined state than in the crude minerals themselves.

THE LAW OF HEAT IN FOODS. Medical scientists seem to be just finding out that the fatty and amyloid substances are not the only heating foods, simply because they abound in carbon and other elements of heat. Lean meat, which has but little carbon, and has the cool element of nitrogen, digests and becomes oxidized rapidly, and thus generates much heat. In the same way we frequently take the negative principle of cold water to arouse action and generate heat in the body. In cold northern regions, the electricity of the air enables the people to digest and work up the heat of fatty substances, when it would kill people in warm climates, or those of sedentary habits who occupy close rooms.

ECONOMY IN FOODS consists in combining all the classes of foods. Thus we shall need to eat much more of white flour bread to get a sufficient quantity of gluten and fatty and mineral substances, than we will if we eat bread made of unbolted flour (Graham bread). Meat or eggs require some starchy food, such as bread or potatoes, etc., to complement them. The disadvantages of having to eat so much to get the proper elements, are: 1st, it over-burdens digestion; and 2d, it is more expensive.

FOOD SHOULD BE ADAPTED TO CONDITIONS. Thus childhood, full of life and excitement, should not indulge much in stimulating food such as meat, tea, coffee, chocolate, fat, mustard, horse-radish, spices, pepper, or high seasoning of any kind; nor should full-blooded grown people who have irritated stomachs, or who tend to inflammatory diseases, and they had better avoid the use of eggs, corn-bread, oatmeal mush, buckwheat, strong acids, sweets, and especially liquors, tobacco, etc. To such cereals, vegetables, alkalies, etc., are suited. Elderly persons, and those in a negative condition generally, can stand a more stimulating diet. Those who have too much soft adipose flesh should exercise in the open air, manipulate their bodies well, avoiding fatty and starchy foods, and adopting the *proteids* more generally. Those who are thin and lean should use the *amyloids* more, and some fatty substances if they are able to digest them. During costiveness, the coarser foods and mushes, with fruits, especially prunes, are best; while ginger, black pepper, boiled milk, tea, white sugar, blackberries, white bread, etc., are less proper. Let each one test food by its effects on himself. An impressible person can tell what is best, even before testing the food by eating it; and if the appetite has been trained in a natural way, and not been perverted by stimulating diet, it will generally crave that which is best for the system.

MEATS. These contain a large amount of nutriment, and a very little waste matter, and are more rapidly digested, when rightly cooked, than other foods. This is especially the case with beefsteak and mutton-chops, which are considered most wholesome. Pork had better be avoided,

which, even when fed in a clean place, communicates such diseases as *scrofula*, *trichiniasis*, etc. The scrofula may not show at present, but will be very apt to in a few years, or in the next generation. The vegetarians find much fault with the use of meat generally. They say it is frequently diseased, that much meat-eating tends to enkindle the lower passions, makes the system more inflammatory and more subject to contagions; that the laboring millions of Europe, who eat almost no meat, are stronger than those of America, who eat so much of it; while several vegetable-eating societies report a better condition of health and longevity than those who eat flesh. Besides this, meat is much more expensive than other foods, and requires the cruelties of butchering, etc.

INDIGESTIBLE FOODS. Rancid butter, oils, cheese, and tainted meat; sour, heavy, or newly baked bread, sodden potatoes, overcooked eggs or meat, greasy materials, fried foods, rich cakes and pastries; salted meat and fish, which are more indigestible and less nutritious than the fresh; clams, lobsters, crabs, and the oily fishes; coffee, chocolate, green tea, and all alcoholic and fermented drinks are indigestible substances, especially for those who do not have a plenty of open-air exercise. Vinegar, being fermented, is less healthy than sweet cider or lemon-juice, and the animals oils are less digestible than the vegetable. Olive oil or cream is more digestible than butter or lard. American butter is generally over-salted. Unleavened Graham gems or aerated bread, not being raised by the ordinary carbonic acid gas, are more wholesome than the other kinds. Soda is a poisonous element if very much used. The various mushes are usually healthy. Milk is often quite injurious to persons of deranged liver or stomach, but persons can judge of this by noticing how it generally agrees with them.

HOW AND WHEN TO EAT. Eat very slowly, grind well, insalivate thoroughly, and drink almost, if not quite, nothing while eating, as it will dilute and weaken the saliva and gastric juice, which are the negative and positive elements used in digestion. Eat two or three times a day at regular intervals, avoid severe mental or physical exercise directly before or after meals, as well as all exciting topics during meals, and avoid eating between meals, or before going to bed. Some insist strongly that we should eat only twice a day, but as digestion is accomplished in four to six hours, three meals are probably best for the great majority of people.

Physiology.

[Continued.]

Nervous Force.

BY BROWN SEQUARD.

A DEAD OX KEPT FIFTY-SIX DAYS WITHOUT PUTREFACTION.

Some physiologists have considered that nerve force is nothing but that which many physiologists admit under the name of vital force. The theory which is most important in this respect has been put forward by M. Flourens. He considers that a spot in the medulla oblongata is the focus of vital force. There is, you know, a spot which is pierced by the matadors in Spain when they wish to kill a bull immediately. Death occurs instantly. This kind of death is a very interesting one. When we perform the experiment in the laboratory we find that the animal is so instantaneously and so effectually killed that there is no struggle whatever. The animal lies there, apparently having lost every vital power, and it is certainly a great question to know what becomes of the nervous force in those cases. It seems to have been lost altogether. I say it seems, for if we examine a little further we find that it is only dormant. It is accumulated in certain parts of the body in immense quantity. The nervous centers have lost it almost altogether, but the nerves are quite rich in nerve force, so much so that I have kept one of those animals for nearly 56 days in my laboratory without any trace of putrefaction, at a temperature which varied between 45. and 65°. The lack of putrefaction depended certain

ly on the long persistence of nerve force after death. There is in these cases a great mystery however. This nerve force we can detect very easily. If we galvanize a limb we find that there is a nerve force there, and that for a long time after death. But how is it that suddenly it disappears from the nervous centers, so much so that respiration, circulation, and all voluntary and involuntary movements cease? To answer this question would require no little study and investigation, and the person making it would have much to find that would be interesting. We find, however, in making these experiments that we can take away the part which has been considered as the focus of life, by employing certain simple precautions, without destroying life. At the College of Surgeons in London, in one of my lectures there, I had tried to show that death in the cases referred to is immediate. I had an animal—a guinea pig—on which the experiment was to be performed. In making the experiment my knife slipped and went all around the part, carrying away more than I had intended. The pig survived three or four days until my boy, trying to make the pig squeal, drowned it. [Laughter.] The vital focus, so called, does not deserve the name; for there are many cases in which it has been destroyed, and life persists. Therefore we cannot look upon it as being a center for vital force or nervous force.

This leads me to examine now the question; what are the places of production of nervous force? Those places of production, I may say, are as extensive as the nervous system. For a long time physiologists had considered that the cells were the only parts that produced nerve force. But I have ascertained and proved, and I think most physiologists now admit, that nerve fibers can also produce nerve force. In experiments consisting in injecting blood into a limb which has been separated from the body for a long time, I have ascertained the nervous force which had disappeared has been reproduced. So that it is clear that nerve fibers can engender nerve force. If we separate a nervous center from the nerves we find that in four days the nerve has lost its power altogether. It seems, therefore, that something came from the nervous center which was useful in the production of forces there. But it is clear, too, that there are other forces reproduced in the part. If we allow the part to receive more blood the injection will reproduce nervous force again. I have kept a nerve alive apart from the body for 40 hours by injecting blood in it. The nerve force even in the brain, can be re-invigorated when the brain has lost all power and is separated from the body. An injection of blood reproduces nerve force again and all the activity of the brain when in the animal is found to be manifested. In one case, that of a patient of mine who had had a dissection of a nerve, the nerve continued to act spontaneously for four days, and the muscles to which that nerve went were in contraction for the same length of time, owing to the persistence of life and action in that nerve separated from the brain. After four days the transformation which we know can take place in the nerve tissue had destroyed nervous activity, and the muscles then remained quiescent, completely deprived of action.

There is an organ in the body whose functions have been very much discussed. That organ is the cerebellum. In man it is a very large organ indeed. I shall not discuss its functions here, but I will say that there is no doubt that the cerebellum is one of the principal foci, one of the principal places where nervous force is produced. In many animals the principal place is the spinal marrow. But in man the cerebellum is the great focus of the production of nervous force.

POWER OF OXYGEN, STRYCHNINE AND THE WILL.

What now is the agent of production of nervous force in our blood? It is clear that blood itself must be necessary to the production of nerve force. Still for a time the oxygen alone which is carried by the blood may suffice. Oxygen even when the blood seems to have been taken away al-

together from the part, can give some nerve force to the nervous system, but there is a medicinal agent which has immense power in producing nervous results. When the spinal cord of a frog has been washed of every drop of blood, when injections have been made of pure water so as to carry away every particle of blood, if strychnia is put on the spinal cord, in a very short time the amount of "reflex power," which is a manifestation of nerve force, is very much greater, than it was before, showing that strychnia has increased that power. This is the only fact we know, which clearly proves that a medicine, putting aside oxygen, can have such a power, and a power, indeed, which is very great.

What is the power of our will on the nerve force? This is a question which a great many patients every day ask themselves. There is no doubt that nerve force is very little under our will. It may be an admirable provision of nature. It may be that we would spend it very foolishly, as we do spend many other things. Still there are many circumstances when the deficiency of will power is really painful, and in patients in whom the amount of nerve force is immense. I have tried to measure the amount of nerve force in a frog. I have ascertained that a frog could lift a weight of 20 grammes to a point which was about a line and a quarter, 600 or 700 times in about an hour and a quarter. This is an immense amount of nervous force, and manifested, too, when the spinal cord was no more receiving blood, when there was no more circulation. In this case the frog was beheaded. Compare this with the case of a frog having its head. The frog with a head, after a very short time, could not move at all willfully; while still the reflex action, as we call it, an irritation of the skin; determined a strong movement. There may be, therefore, in certain circumstances, an immense amount of nerve force accumulated in the system. I would not say that there is no more production immediately after the cessation of circulation. I had not washed the vessels. There was blood left there; still there was not much of it, and it was not charged with oxygen after a time.

There is an immense difference as regards the amount of nervous force that remains in the system after death according to many circumstances, and especially according to temperature. If we have considerably diminished the temperature of animals having a great heat, such as we have, and we then kill them by means that will not bring on convulsions and an expenditure of force, we find that the amount of force that remains is considerable, and that it will remain there a very long time. In cold-blooded animals, when the temperature is very near freezing point, the amount of nerve force that remains in them for a very long time is also immense, while at a high temperature the transformation of nerve force into chemical force is very rapid, and then the expenditure of nerve force is total after a time, which is not long.

The principal question I have to examine in this lecture, however, is the one I shall now speak of; namely, is there unity of force or only one nerve force, or are there many in our system?

I have for a long time tried to prove that there is unity of nerve force. If we spend force, either in the way I am now doing, by mental more than by physical labor; if we spend force with the pen in hand, when we are studying quietly at a table, we find, after having been at work three or four or five hours, that the nerve force that remains for physical exercise is diminished. We have drawn force from a focus which is the same that gives it for mental action and for physical exertion. If, on the other hand, we walk 20 miles and find ourselves physically tired, we find then that very little nerve force remains for mental action. There are facts, however, which seem to be in opposition to this, and those facts will be fully explained in the last lecture, when I come to explain the laws of production and expenditure of nervous force. I may say this much, however, just here, that it is perfectly well known, contrary to what I have said, that we can do better with our brain if we had some exercise than if

we had no exercise at all. But it is simply that a certain amount of exercise has led to the production of nervous force by improving the circulation, improving the secretions, improving respiration, and improving in fact all the great organic functions through which the secretion of nervous force takes place, so that we have become richer in our force because of the exercise we have taken physically. There is no doubt, therefore, that moderate exercise will lead to a production of nerve force and facilitate the exercise of our brain power; and there is no question that if we draw too much of the nerve force of our system, if we draw a great deal more of it than can be reproduced during a certain time; if we walk, for instance, very fast for five or six hours, we are then unfitted for mental work, and for a good many other things. Our respiration becomes difficult. Our heart, after having beaten with much rapidity, comes to beat very slowly. We are weakened in every organ whose action depends on nervous force. There is no doubt therefore that there is a common focus of nerve force on which we draw for any of the activities of our system employing nerve force. Looking through a microscope for several hours, as micrographers know full well, is a cause of great fatigue, and renders mental work or physical labor thereafter more difficult.

THE UNITY OF NERVOUS FORCE.

There is one experiment that shows that nerve force is distributed as galvanism would be on a cylinder. Suppose a cylinder in the shape of my arm; suppose that this is charged with a certain amount of electricity, and suppose that this arm or cylinder is then cut in two just in the middle of its length; there would be in each half of the arm an amount of electricity which would be just one-half of the amount that existed before. Suppose that the whole arm had manifested a force equal to twenty measures, the half of the arm would manifest a force equal to ten. So it seems to be with the nervous system. If we divide the cord across, as in a bird, behind the upper limbs we find that the bird cannot make use of its limbs as before. The amount of force is not sufficient in the upper part of the nervous system. So it seems that nervous force is distributed all over the nervous system, and that if a cause operates to divide the nervous system into halves, each half has only the amount of nerve force which it had before.

There is one objection in appearance to the view that there is unity of nerve force, and that is that the brain is a double organ; that we have two brains instead of one. About that allow me to say that although we have two brains it is pretty much as if we had but one, as by the force of our education one only is raised to power. The other is left with very little power indeed. It would be very easy, as I may hereafter show, to develop fully the power of the two brains by proper education. But if we have two brains there is no objection to the view that there is a unity for the nervous force. It is no objection because these two brains are united. There is communication. Every part of our nervous system is in communication with the other. We cannot touch a part of the skin or any other part of our system without producing a commotion all over the nervous system; in the same way that we cannot stamp our foot on the ground without shaking the whole world, and not only our own world but the rest of the universe is shaken by such a simple thing as that. Of course, a very little shaken [laughter], but shaken nevertheless. There is no doubt that any action on any part of our system is felt everywhere through it. And that is the reason why many persons suffering in their nervous system cannot have an excitation brought on any part of the body, as it increases the trouble where it exists.

A few questions remain to be examined before closing the lecture. One is, how happens it that there are so many differences in sensation if there be but one kind of nerve force. This is not a great difficulty. The variety of sensations has an organic cause, of which I may have an opportunity to speak in another lecture. The nerve force is only an agent, most likely the vi-

bration of a certain agent, and the vibration according to location will produce one effect or another. The parts of the nervous system are not all alike; they certainly differ one from another, and the vibrations may be greater or less, so that we can easily be reconciled to the variety of sensations, although we admit but one kind of nerve power.

There is another question. That certain fibers seem to act on muscles, and others seem to restrain the nervous action. This is a point of such great importance that I shall give a whole lecture to the subject. When cells are active, either morbidly or naturally, an irritation coming from a nerve and acting certainly through nerve forces may be sufficient to stop the power of that nerve cell. That seems to be an act completely different from that by which a muscle, for instance, is put in action by the vibrations taking place; the transformations of the nerve force taking place in the nerve, and also all the other actions that I spoke of—the emission of light and electricity. All these things may seem to imply some different action. But if you admit the great doctrine which exists now in science, and which has revolutionized natural philosophy as well as chemistry; if you admit that there is never a loss of force; that force is accumulated and that it is only transformed when it disappears, then you can easily admit that nerve force has been transformed in those various organs into some other force and that there lies the cause of the different actions of which I have spoken. But the difficulty exists, however, for that special case in which an action ceases in the cell. Suppose a person to have an attack of epilepsy. His head is thrown to one shoulder and he has not yet lost consciousness, and some one comes and draws the head to the other shoulder and the fit ceases. Well, there has been in that case an irritation starting from certain nerves when the head was moved, and this irritation goes to the cells of the gray matter that were active in producing the convulsions and stops the action of those cells. But the stopping of the action of cells is something different from the production of action. Therefore it may seem quite different. But we may admit, however,—and it would be most important indeed for chemists to make researches in that respect—we may admit that a chemical change is the result of that transformation; that the nerve force is transformed into a chemical force, and that chemical changes occur in the cell, very rapidly and in great quantity, just enough to replace the whole amount of nerve force that was acting before. Therefore, there is no reason *a priori* now admit the possibility or probability that nerve force is the same in every instance; that it affects cells of gray matter to stop them in the same way that it can put cells into activity; in the same way that it can put muscles into activity, and that it can put an organ into activity,

[For The Spiritualist at Work.]

Nothing Supreme.

MR. TINNEY:

Dear Sir: You seem to think the world is sadly out of gear, because of "the belief in the supremacy of the invisible over the visible." Do you truly believe your thinking part will not be supreme over your body after the life leaves it?

A simple yes or no is asked for, without a disquisition on "reciprocal relations," "controlling atoms," "combinations," or an illusion to anything else. Yours for expansion and truth wherever obtained.

A. B. CHURCH.

Columbus, Ind., July 28th, 1874.

ABOUT a thousand years ago a colony of Icelanders was planted on the western coast of Greenland. They were hardy people, inured to cold and meagre living, and there seemed to be no reason why they should not take root in the frozen soil of their new home. They built a stone church and a stone house to live in, of which the ruins are still to be seen. But what became of the builders is a question that has never been solved, and never will be. They vanished from the face of the earth, and that is all that is known. Whether cold, or pestilence, or starvation took them off, or whether wandering savages killed them, no man can tell. Their settlement is known in history as Lost Greenland.

Facts and Phenomena.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

Wonders of Ghostland.

SPIRITS THAT SHOW THEMSELVES PUBLICLY IN THE FLESH.

Katie King and her Wonderful Apparition. She Speaks to the Spectators.—They touch Her.—How is the thing done?

The Spiritualists in London have recently produced a very effective manifestation in the form of a woman who first shows herself in the window of a cabinet, then opens the door, comes out and joins the company in the room. Her name is given as Katie King. She pretends to be a daughter of John King, otherwise Sir Henry Morgan, a celebrated English pirate who flourished about two hundred years ago. Her apparitions in London have been investigated by several scientific men, especially by Prof. Crookes, who believes that they are genuine, and he published a good deal upon the subject. She cannot only be seen but touched like any person of common flesh and blood. She converses in a whisper, accepts bouquets and carries them away with her when she disappears. In London she had Miss Florence Cook as a medium; but in Philadelphia, where she is now to be seen, her mediums are a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. A correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the subjoined account of one of her displays, to which it seems but few persons are admitted, and that on the payment of \$1 each:

THE HOME OF THE SPIRITS.

The house is an old-fashioned, three-story brick, occupied, as to its first floor, by a music store, and as to the rest of it by the Holmes family and the spirits. The seances are held in the second story front room, an ordinary apartment, perhaps eighteen feet wide by sixteen deep, with two windows looking out on Ninth street, and with nothing uncanny about it except the "cabinet," which is made by stretching a dark partition across one corner, thus cutting off a triangular space. The partition reaches to the ceiling and contains a small door, with a threshold about six inches high. Over the door and about seven feet from the floor is a small pentagonal opening, while another of similar shape, but larger size, is about a foot lower on the right. This is the aperture at which Katie usually appears. It is about a foot in greatest width and height. The cabinet is hung with loose dark curtains, and a door at one side, leading to a back room, is boarded over in a manner apparently secure. The audience sit in semi-circles facing the cabinet, the inner circle being composed of the most faithful Spiritualists. On one end of this row sits the principal medium, Mrs. Holmes, her husband sometimes taking a chair at the other end, sometimes entering the cabinet and going into a "mesmeric sleep." When your correspondent was present, both mediums remained in full view of the audience during the entire performance. They did not go into a trance, but sat fanning themselves and laughed and joked like ordinary mortals. One window was closed and darkened and the other remained open. The door was locked and the room dimly illuminated by a coal-oil lamp, with a red shade, which threw upon the scene that roseate tinge so much affected in the spectacular drama. The company being seated, without joining hands, the spirits were invoked through the agency of a small music-box, and when this did not seem to "fetch 'em," the audience sang some familiar melody. It did not appear to matter much what the melody was—sacred or secular, it was all one to them and they passed from one to the other with the greatest readiness. The only requisite seems to be that the melody should be in a minor key, and tolerably loud. "The better" said some skeptic, "to conceal the creaking of invisible machinery."

ENTER KATIE.

After a short overture conducted in this way, Katie appears at the little window above mentioned. She usually begins by thrusting out a white and shapely arm, speedily followed by a pretty face, framed

in a mass of black ringlets, and set off by a jaunty Spanish veil, which lies lightly on her head. There is profound silence until she says, in a ghostly whisper, "Good evening." The salutation is courteously returned, and then ensues a brisk dialogue of the smallest kind of small talk, interrupted by frequent disappearances and reappearances on the part of the young lady. The tenor of this important communication from the land of the hereafter is about as follows:

"Good evening, Katie."

"Good evening."

"Are you alone this evening?"

"No. Father is here and Gen. Rawlings; but they can't materialize to-night."

"Katie, Mr. Owen (Robert Dale Owen) is here; don't you want to speak to him?"

"Why of course, stoopid—Good evening, Father Owen."

Mr. Owen bows and says: "Will you have this bouquet, Katie?"

"Of course I will," says Katie, and reaches her hand for it. It is given her, and she disappears with it, but presently returns and gives it to somebody to hold for her.

"Katie, can you come out for us to-night?"

"I'll try, but its very warm and very hard to materialize."

THE SPIRIT'S PHYSIQUE.

Katie accordingly disappears, and the singing is resumed. Presently the door of the cabinet opens slowly. I sat directly opposite the opening, but could see nothing until it was well ajar; then a white figure seemed to grow out of the darkness within, and Katie stepped forward gracefully, took two or three steps into the room, and retired, closing the door after her by lifting her hand to the latch. She was dressed in a somewhat theatrical costume of pure white, which flowed to her feet and seemed to be of a fine kind of muslin. The sleeves were loose and flowing, and as she waved her hands in the stereotyped style of the stage sylph, the sleeves fell away to the shoulder, displaying a pair of perfect arms which might well arouse the envy of any earthly belles. Her figure was full and round, and her face was beautiful in outline and expression, with a complexion so clear and transparent that it either seemed to, or actually did, shine with a mild radiance. In her hand she held a fresh bouquet, and a dagger-fan given her at some former seance was stuck in her girdle, while on her neck sparkled a silver cross, also a present, suspended from what was said to be a necklace of diamonds. She came and went several times, touching with her hand a number of the audience—among them your correspondent. It was the soft, gentle, magnetic touch of a woman; but the hand that gave it was cool and dry, notwithstanding the furnace-like heat of that closed cabinet. She reclaimed her bouquet, kissed a young lady who was one of her dearest followers, and on one occasion seated herself, with much apparent difficulty, and remained for some moments in full view of the audience.

HER MOST ASTONISHING FEAT.

But the most wonderful part was still to come.

"Katie," said Mrs. Holmes, "can you disappear with the door open to-night?" "I'll try," said Katie; and presently she came again, and while the door stood wide open she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at the first. The bouquets, and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air, and to grow, like a forming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise before a delighted audience.

Naturally, you will ask for the solution of the mystery. I have none to give. There are, or seem to be, a solid floor beneath, a solid ceiling above, a solid wall on one side, a solidly closed door on the other. Skeptics have taken the cabinet to pieces; committees, including some of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, have investigated in every way; one would

think that no mortal could disappear, even through an acknowledged opening, as readily as Katie King does, without being seen by some of the audience, gazing, as they do, point blank through the open door; both mediums are ignorant people, of low ideas, and seemingly of quite too little intelligence too play a trick as delicate as this, and yet this counterfeit presentment is a wonderfully accurate imitation of flesh and blood, and I'll vow that the bouquet of flowers and the brown paper wrapped around their stems came from no heavenly green-house and grocery, and spite of the music and of Mrs. Holmes's sudden cough, we did hear what sounded very like the creaking of secret machinery on two occasions, and we did see last Saturday night the petals of flowers lying in the hall and on the third story stairs, and the petals were wonderfully like those which adorned a huge bouquet which was that evening handed to Katie King and disappeared with her.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.

A private letter published in the *St. Louis Globe* also gives the following particulars:

Last Tuesday evening I attended a seance at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The persons present were all acquaintances of mine—eight in all; four of each sex. We went for the purpose of having a social chat with "Katie King," the spirit who has so often materialized in the presence of Profs. Crookes, Wallace and others in London during the past winter. Since the 21st of May she has been materializing herself at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. After a short dark seance Katie gave her signal, by a peculiar rap on the cabinet door. The cabinet is merely a corner of the room partitioned off with black walnut, making a dark closet having a door and two windows opening into the room. There is no other way of entrance to the closet or cabinet. The mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, did not go into the cabinet at all, but sat with the rest of us in a circle in front of the cabinet. We were allowed to examine the inside of the cabinet, and see that no one was there. After Katie gave her signal we lighted the gas, having it burn low, and had some music. Then Katie drew aside the little curtain from the window, gave her name and bid us "good evening." The gas was then gradually turned on until it was quite light in the room. Katie would show herself about a minute at a time, and then disappear, for the light was very strong. We asked her if she could materialize her full form in the light. She said she could not have shown herself at all that evening in the light, owing to the unfavorable conditions (excessive heat), had it not been for the large number of mediums (five) present in the circle. We then improved the conditions by changing seats and slings. Katie appeared and talked for an hour at the aperture—took a little fan from one of the ladies, put it in its case, and said her father, when in earthly life, would have thought it a dagger, but they had no fans like those in his day (two hundred years ago).

FINAL DISAPPEARANCE.

Katie showed us a cross of pearl, given her by Prof. Robert Dale Owen, at a former seance, and it vanished with her. She was not able to materialize so that pieces cut from her clothing would remain long, as she has on some former occasions.

After over an hour's pleasant conversation with Katie, she said she should have to leave, as the mediums were becoming exhausted. We then sat quietly, when the cabinet door was opened slowly by Katie, and she stepped out into the room, made some graceful gestures, spoke to us, and vanished for a minute; then returned again, bid us good night, and left us. I had seen a great many busts materialized, but never before a full form.

NOTE.—After acknowledging that every opportunity to examine was afforded—that there was light in the room, and the full play of all the senses, it is in bad taste, if not grossly unjust, to insinuate deception and machinery. The writer exhibits too much prejudice to be a fair investigator. His capacity and his opinions are perhaps

of about equal value. But two things appear—the secular press is compelled to investigate and publish, and has lost none of its unfairness.

Biographical.

Joan of Arc.

BY T. A. BLAND.

The simple peasant girl of "Dom Reny," known in history as Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, but whose real name was "Jeanne D'Arc," has inherited a renown scarcely paralleled in history. Her short public career, which began and closed within three years, has been the theme of historians and poets almost without number. The marvelous and exceptional facts connected with her life seem to render it a favorite subject, especially for poets and orators.

The longest and perhaps the most brilliant poem that Robert Southey contributed to the literature of his time, was his *Joan of Arc*.

Recently Anna Dickinson has written a lecture on Joan of Arc, and so well-pleased is she with it that she insists upon repeating it wherever she appears.

In view of the number and ability of the writers that have essayed the task of immortalizing this wonderful maiden, and giving the people of modern times a full explanation of the mystery that surrounded her actions and achievements, I approach the subject with some degree of diffidence. I do so because, in my opinion, justice has not been done either Joan or the public by any of these writers after whom I have read. These, without exception, clothe the whole theme with a triple garment of mystery, fiction and rhetoric. It were time a more rational history of Joan be written.

The universal tendency of ignorant minds to superstition is proven by almost every page of history, and the common experience of humanity. The taste for fiction is one of the strongest mental appetites any of us possess.

The influence of eloquence, whether prose or poetry, spoken or written, is marvelous, especially over the less thoughtful. The first of these propositions explains the rapt enthusiasm of Joan, and the success with which her military career was crowned. I am not prepared to affirm that she heard voices that were inaudible to others, in obedience to whose commands she raised the siege of Orleans; neither will I deny her repeated statement to that effect. About the truth or falsity of this claim I care but little, for the reason that it does not involve an explanation of the enthusiasm of the soldiers of France who, under her leadership, fought like devils, drove out the British troops, and restored the throne to Charles VII., any more than the claims of Mahomet, Peter the Hermit, or any of the thousands of ignorant and blood-thirsty fanatics, to special inspiration, explain the enthusiasm of their followers, or the victories they won. I see, as the leading fact, a simple, yet brave girl who never doubted the grossest dogma of the Roman Catholic creed, who prayed to saints, crossed herself with holy water, and counted her beads daily, and who firmly believed that St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and other noted saints, including St. Michael (the lieutenant-general of all the fighting forces of Heaven, according to Milton), talked with her and commanded her to head the armies of France, drive out the invaders, and see the prince crowned at Rheims.

Joan evidently believed this, and the idea so possessed her that she appeared to prince and priest, as well as soldiers, simply the embodiment of the idea, filling them with awe, hope, and religious zeal. They believed her the prophet of God, and the result was the same whether she were or not.

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Facts and Phenomena.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

Wonders of Ghostland.

SPIRITS THAT SHOW THEMSELVES PUBLICLY IN THE FLESH.

Katie King and her Wonderful Apparition. She Speaks to the Spectators.—They touch Her.—How is the thing done?

The Spiritualists in London have recently produced a very effective manifestation in the form of a woman who first shows herself in the window of a cabinet, then opens the door, comes out and joins the company in the room. Her name is given as Katie King. She pretends to be a daughter of John King, otherwise Sir Henry Morgan, a celebrated English pirate who flourished about two hundred years ago. Her apparitions in London have been investigated by several scientific men, especially by Prof. Crookes, who believes that they are genuine, and he published a good deal upon the subject. She cannot only be seen but touched like any person of common flesh and blood. She converses in a whisper, accepts bouquets and carries them away with her when she disappears. In London she had Miss Florence Cook as a medium; but in Philadelphia, where she is now to be seen, her mediums are a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. A correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the subjoined account of one of her displays, to which it seems but few persons are admitted, and that on the payment of \$1 each:

THE HOME OF THE SPIRITS.

The house is an old-fashioned, three-story brick, occupied, as to its first floor, by a music store, and as to the rest of it by the Holmes family and the spirits. The seances are held in the second story front room, an ordinary apartment, perhaps eighteen feet wide by sixteen deep, with two windows looking out on Ninth street, and with nothing uncanny about it except the "cabinet," which is made by stretching a dark partition across one corner, thus cutting off a triangular space. The partition reaches to the ceiling and contains a small door, with a threshold about six inches high. Over the door and about seven feet from the floor is a small pentagonal opening, while another of similar shape, but larger size, is about a foot lower on the right. This is the aperture at which Katie usually appears. It is about a foot in greatest width and height. The cabinet is hung with loose dark curtains, and a door at one side, leading to a back room, is boarded over in a manner apparently secure. The audience sit in semi-circles facing the cabinet, the inner circle being composed of the most faithful Spiritualists. On one end of this row sits the principal medium, Mrs. Holmes, her husband sometimes taking a chair at the other end, sometimes entering the cabinet and going into a "mesmeric sleep." When your correspondent was present, both mediums remained in full view of the audience during the entire performance. They did not go into a trance, but sat fanning themselves and laughed and joked like ordinary mortals. One window was closed and darkened and the other remained open. The door was locked and the room dimly illuminated by a coal-oil lamp, with a red shade, which threw upon the scene that roseate tinge so much affected in the spectacular drama. The company being seated, without joining hands, the spirits were invoked through the agency of a small music-box, and when this did not seem to "fetch 'em," the audience sang some familiar melody. It did not appear to matter much what the melody was—sacred or secular, it was all one to them and they passed from one to the other with the greatest readiness. The only requisite seems to be that the melody should be in a minor key, and tolerably loud. "The better" said some skeptic, "to conceal the creaking of invisible machinery."

ENTER KATIE.

After a short overture conducted in this way, Katie appears at the little window above mentioned. She usually begins by thrusting out a white and shapely arm, speedily followed by a pretty face, framed

in a mass of black ringlets, and set off by a jaunty Spanish veil, which lies lightly on her head. There is profound silence until she says, in a ghostly whisper, "Good evening." The salutation is courteously returned, and then ensues a brisk dialogue of the smallest kind of small talk, interrupted by frequent disappearances and reappearances on the part of the young lady. The tenor of this important communication from the land of the hereafter is about as follows:

"Good evening, Katie."

"Good evening."

"Are you alone this evening?"

"No. Father is here and Gen. Rawlings; but they can't materialize to-night."

"Katie, Mr. Owen (Robert Dale Owen) is here; don't you want to speak to him?"

"Why of course, stoopid—Good evening, Father Owen."

Mr. Owen bows and says: "Will you have this bouquet, Katie?"

"Of course I will," says Katie, and reaches her hand for it. It is given her, and she disappears with it, but presently returns and gives it to somebody to hold for her.

"Katie, can you come out for us to-night?"

"I'll try, but its very warm and very hard to materialize."

THE SPIRIT'S PHYSIQUE.

Katie accordingly disappears, and the singing is resumed. Presently the door of the cabinet opens slowly. I sat directly opposite the opening, but could see nothing until it was well ajar; then a white figure seemed to grow out of the darkness within, and Katie stepped forward gracefully, took two or three steps into the room, and retired, closing the door after her by lifting her hand to the latch. She was dressed in a somewhat theatrical costume of pure white, which flowed to her feet and seemed to be of a fine kind of muslin. The sleeves were loose and flowing, and as she waved her hands in the stereotyped style of the stage sylph, the sleeves fell away to the shoulder, displaying a pair of perfect arms which might well arouse the envy of any earthly belles. Her figure was full and round, and her face was beautiful in outline and expression, with a complexion so clear and transparent that it either seemed to, or actually did, shine with a mild radiance. In her hand she held a fresh bouquet, and a dagger-fan given her at some former seance was stuck in her girdle, while on her neck sparkled a silver cross, also a present, suspended from what was said to be a necklace of diamonds. She came and went several times, touching with her hand a number of the audience—among them your correspondent. It was the soft, gentle, magnetic touch of a woman; but the hand that gave it was cool and dry, notwithstanding the furnace-like heat of that closed cabinet. She reclaimed her bouquet, kissed a young lady who was one of her dearest followers, and on one occasion seated herself, with much apparent difficulty, and remained for some moments in full view of the audience.

HER MOST ASTONISHING FEAT.

But the most wonderful part was still to come.

"Katie," said Mrs. Holmes, "can you disappear with the door open to-night?" "I'll try," said Katie; and presently she came again, and while the door stood wide open she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at the first. The bouquets, and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air, and to grow, like a forming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise before a delighted audience.

Naturally, you will ask for the solution of the mystery. I have none to give. There are, or seem to be, a solid floor beneath, a solid ceiling above, a solid wall on one side, a solidly closed door on the other. Skeptics have taken the cabinet to pieces; committees, including some of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, have investigated in every way; one would

think that no mortal could disappear, even through an acknowledged opening, as readily as Katie King does, without being seen by some of the audience, gazing, as they do, point blank through the open door; both mediums are ignorant people, of low ideas, and seemingly of quite too little intelligence too play a trick as delicate as this, and yet this counterfeit presentment is a wonderfully accurate imitation of flesh and blood, and I'll vow that the bouquet of flowers and the brown paper wrapped around their stems came from no heavenly green-house and grocery, and spite of the music and of Mrs. Holmes's sudden cough, we did hear what sounded very like the creaking of secret machinery on two occasions, and we did see last Saturday night the petals of flowers lying in the hall and on the third story stairs, and the petals were wonderfully like those which adorned a huge bouquet which was that evening handed to Katie King and disappeared with her.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.

A private letter published in the *St. Louis Globe* also gives the following particulars:

Last Tuesday evening I attended a seance at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The persons present were all acquaintances of mine—eight in all; four of each sex. We went for the purpose of having a social chat with "Katie King," the spirit who has so often materialized in the presence of Profs. Crookes, Wallace and others in London during the past winter. Since the 21st of May she has been materializing herself at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. After a short dark seance Katie gave her signal, by a peculiar rap on the cabinet door. The cabinet is merely a corner of the room partitioned off with black walnut, making a dark closet having a door and two windows opening into the room. There is no other way of entrance to the closet or cabinet. The mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, did not go into the cabinet at all, but sat with the rest of us in a circle in front of the cabinet. We were allowed to examine the inside of the cabinet, and see that no one was there. After Katie gave her signal we lighted the gas, having it burn low, and had some music. Then Katie drew aside the little curtain from the window, gave her name and bid us "good evening." The gas was then gradually turned on until it was quite light in the room. Katie would show herself about a minute at a time, and then disappear, for the light was very strong. We asked her if she could materialize her full form in the light. She said she could not have shown herself at all that evening in the light, owing to the unfavorable conditions (excessive heat), had it not been for the large number of mediums (five) present in the circle. We then improved the conditions by changing seats and singing. Katie appeared and talked for an hour at the aperture—took a little fan from one of the ladies, put it in its case, and said her father, when in earthly life, would have thought it a dagger, but they had no fans like those in his day (two hundred years ago).

FINAL DISAPPEARANCE.

Katie showed us a cross of pearl, given her by Prof. Robert Dale Owen, at a former seance, and it vanished with her. She was not able to materialize so that pieces cut from her clothing would remain long, as she has on some former occasions.

After over an hour's pleasant conversation with Katie, she said she should have to leave, as the mediums were becoming exhausted. We then sat quietly, when the cabinet door was opened slowly by Katie, and she stepped out into the room, made some graceful gestures, spoke to us, and vanished for a minute; then returned again, bid us good night, and left us. I had seen a great many busts materialized, but never before a full form.

NOTE:—After acknowledging that every opportunity to examine was afforded—that there was light in the room, and the full play of all the senses, it is in bad taste, if not grossly unjust, to insinuate deception and machinery. The writer exhibits too much prejudice to be a fair investigator. His capacity and his opinions are perhaps

of about equal value. But two things appear—the secular press is compelled to investigate and publish, and has lost none of its unfairness.

Biographical.

Joan of Arc.

BY T. A. BLAND.

The simple peasant girl of "Dom Reny," known in history as Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, but whose real name was "Jeanne D'Arc," has inherited a renown scarcely paralleled in history. Her short public career, which began and closed within three years, has been the theme of historians and poets almost without number. The marvelous and exceptional facts connected with her life seem to render it a favorite subject, especially for poets and orators.

The longest and perhaps the most brilliant poem that Robert Southey contributed to the literature of his time, was his *Joan of Arc*.

Recently Anna Dickinson has written a lecture on Joan of Arc, and so well-pleased is she with it that she insists upon repeating it wherever she appears.

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Jeanne D'Arc was born of peasant parents, near the village of Dom Reny, about 1412. At the age of seventeen she went before the Dauphin of France (afterwards Charles the VII.), and at that time in almost a hopeless war with Henry V. of England (strengthened by a large party in France, who, under the leadership of the Duke of Burgundy, opposed the Prince

Charles, preferring the British king to their own), were in possession of the principal strongholds of the country, and were actively besieging Orleans. Joan told the story of her command from the saints to head an army and raise the siege of Orleans.

The priests were summoned, and, after putting her to a few silly tests, they reported in her favor, and she was allowed to take command and attempt the task she coveted.

She dressed in male attire, wore a coat of mail, rode a black horse, and carried in her left hand a beautiful white standard, which proved in battle truly the *oriflamme* of war, for where it waved the French fought like demons, and the British fled before it in superstitious terror. She knew nothing of military tactics. She simply charged upon the enemy, and cut him down, captured him, or drove him from the field. Twice she was wounded quite severely by arrows that pierced her coat of mail, once she went down from loss of blood, and was carried to the rear, while her aid grasped her standard and personated her so well that she was missed only by those near her.

Before the battle closed she rallied, and was again in the saddle and at the head of the charging troops. When the battle ceased and victory was complete, this intrepid girl wept like a child over the death and carnage she had caused. The battle of Patay followed that of Orleans, and, with like result, the British were routed with great slaughter.

On arriving with her victorious army before the city of Trays, her leading officers decided that it would be impossible to storm so strong a fortification without artillery, and to leave the foe entrenched here would render their march to Rheims dangerous. Joan adjourned the council, seized her standard, placed herself at the head of her troops, ordered the ditch surrounding the fortifications filled at a single point, and prepared to charge upon the outworks of the enemy. On seeing this the British commander offered to evacuate, which offer was accepted. She now led her victorious army to Rheims, and witnessed the crowning of her prince.

Her ambition was now satisfied, her mission complete, and she begged to be allowed to return to her home and resume her shepherdess dress and occupation. This the king would not permit, but insisted and commanded that she continue in command of the army until the last British soldier should be driven from the soil of France.

Success followed her still, until, against her counsel, the siege of Paris was entered upon. Here, after some hard fighting, during which one of the principal out-posts was carried, and while the brave girl was leading her troops on, she was wounded so severely as to be compelled to leave the field. This so disheartened the soldiers that the battle was lost and the siege given up.

Her victorious triumphs were ended, and at the battle of Compeigne, which occurred a short time after that of Paris, she was not only defeated but taken prisoner. She was sent to the castle of Beaufort, where she was loaded with irons and kept a close prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy, the French ally of the British King. She was subsequently carried to England, and imprisoned for some months, and then returned to be tried at Rouen by an ecclesiastical Council on the charge of witchcraft. Her conviction was a foregone conclusion; nothing could save her from death. But although she was her own attorney, she defended herself so well that the charge could not be sustained, and the still worse one of heresy was preferred, and on this she was convicted.

The only alternative left her now was to abjure and claim the protection of the church, or go to the stake. She finally consented to abjure, on condition that she should be protected from the mob violence of the English soldiery; but instead of being sent back home, she was now sentenced by this Court of Christian Bishops to spend her life in a dungeon on bread and water.

Her heresy consisted in wearing male attire, and her abjuration in going back into long skirts. The Cardinal (who really

wanted to see her burned) ordered the guards to hang her armor within her reach in her cell in order to tempt her. The trick succeeded. She resumed her favorite dress, and was at once re-arraigned and condemned to death.

Her defence was that the angel Gabriel appeared to her and told her to wear that dress, and she thought it the only suitable dress to wear while confined to the society of men.

A scaffold was built, on which this brave young girl was placed and securely chained; fagots were piled beneath and set on fire, and all that was mortal of Jeanne D'Arc was consumed in the flames.

She fell a victim in her enthusiastic loyalty to a prince whose father had been such a mad tyrant as to alienate a large portion of the people from his house, and to the religious superstition and cruelty of the church to which she was devoted.

Her simplicity and purity have never been questioned, and her heroism was sublime; and had she lived in this age her life would, doubtless, have been given to a better cause than the permanent establishment of a dynasty which has proved a curse to France in the person of a profligate prince, devoid of honor or patriotism, and who proved himself incapable of gratitude, by allowing this brave girl (who had served him so faithfully) to die without an effort on his part to save her.

Free Thought.

The Influence of Christianity.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

One of the best features of the Pagan civilization—religious freedom—was destroyed as soon as Christianity gained an ascendancy. "From the very moment the Church obtained civil power under Constantine," says Lecky, "the general principle of coercion was admitted and acted on both against the Jews, the Heretics, and the Pagans," [Hist. Rationalism, vol. 2, p. 22.] Constantine made it penal for any Christian to become a Jew. Any Jew who married a Christian incurred the penalty of death. Arian and Donatist parties were forbidden to assemble, their writings were burnt and many of themselves condemned to death. "See how these Christians love one another was the just and striking exclamation of the heathens of the first century." "There are no wild beasts so ferocious as Christians who differ concerning their faith" was the equally just exclamation of the Heathen of the fourth century," (Hist. Rationalism, vol. 2 p. 39.) Constantine did all he could to extirpate Paganism by violence. He prohibited every form of Pagan worship. Constantine made additional laws, forbidding the Pagans to perform in public or in private the rites of their religion. Under Theodosius (who began his reign in 379) the Pagans were deprived of all offices, their worship forbidden and their temples destroyed. The appeals of the Pagans were made in vain. Heart-rending indeed are the accounts of the persecutions of the Pagans that lived in the country districts remote from the centres of population where the old religion had yet a stronghold. They pleaded that the temple was to them "the very eye of nature, the symbol and manifestation of an ever present Deity, the solace of all their troubles, the holiest of all their joys. If it was overthrown, their dearest association would be annihilated. The tie that linked them to the dead would be severed. The poetry of life, the consolation of labor, the source of faith would be destroyed." But their pleas availed naught; their temples were reduced to ruins and their worship absolutely prohibited. These persecutions were urged on by the Fathers of the church. Eusebius eulogized Constantine for his edicts against Pagan worship. Augustine used all the power of his brilliant mind to fan the flame of persecution. He drew his argument in its favor from the Old and New Testaments alike. Any one who celebrated the rites of the Pagan religion in his time, he declared incurred the penalty of death and this sentence, he said, was unanimously applauded by the whole Christian church." (Gibbon, chap. 25.)

When Paganism was suppressed, the persecuting spirit of the Christian system exhibited itself in the attempt made to extirpate, by violence, every heresy that appeared.

What innumerable multitudes have suffered and perished that the Christian religion might flourish. The transubstantiation controversy, which raged at intervals all over Christendom cost the lives of between 300,000 and 400,000 human beings. The famous image controversy cost 50,000 lives. During the persecutions instigated in the ninth century against the Manicheans, there fell in Greece, it has been computed, 100,000 persons. The loss of life by the "Crusades," was not less, probably, than 5,000,000. There were seven distinct expeditions. "The European nations," says Mosheim, "were deprived of the greatest part of their inhabitants by these ill-judged expeditions." * * "Here the face of Europe was totally changed and all things were thrown into the utmost confusion." (Ecc. Hist., vol. 1, p. 257.) Bernard, whose zeal contributed largely to arouse Europe to the second crusade, says that when the expedition started "scarcely one man was left for the consolation of seven widows." For centuries the fairest regions of earth were reddened with human blood and strewn with human skulls. The extermination of the Albigenses; the expatriation of the Moriscoes, the unfortunate remnant of the Moorish nation, from Spain; the terrible persecution of the Jews during the middle ages, and their final expulsion from Spain and Portugal; the famous schism which preceded the burning of Huss and Jerome of Prague, and the wars of Hussites that followed, (costing not fewer than 150,000 lives); the destruction of 12,000,000 unoffending Aborigines, by Cortez, Pizarro and their priestly abettors; the massacre of St. Bartholomew, costing probably 40,000 lives (a low estimate); the killing of 50,000 in the Netherlands, in the reign of Charles V, and thousands more under the reign of his heartless son; the burning of 31,000, and the killing or torturing by other modes, 290,000 more by the Inquisition, in Spain alone; the burning, hanging and otherwise destroying of hundreds of thousands, in obedience, as was supposed, to the Bible command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; the persecutions in England, Scotland and Ireland, (not to speak of our own country) since the reformation, are comparatively few of the enormities that can be appealed to in illustration of the intolerance which has followed the ascendancy of Christianity, wherever it has gained a foothold and has prevailed, unchecked by opposing influences. No wonder Baxter exclaimed: "Blood, blood, blood stains every page."

We will consider now as briefly as possible, the attitude which Christianity in the earlier ages assumed toward learning and give some of the facts in the history of letters, that the real influence of this system on intellectual pursuits may be fairly seen.

No one will claim that "primitive Christianity" had any sympathy with science. There were it is true, a few of the Fathers, who like Justin Martyr, in becoming Christians, could not blind their eyes to the merit of the noble literature in which they had been educated; but generally the Christians of the early ages felt only contempt for the learning of the day. Many were for abolishing all philosophy and erudition from the limits of the church and hence, as Mosheim says, "the beginning of that unhappy contest between faith and reason, religion and philosophy, piety and genius, which increased in succeeding ages, and is prolonged even to our times with a violence which renders it extremely difficult to be brought to a conclusion." (Ecc. Hist. vol. 1, p. 59.)

For Pagan learning, the Christians generally had the strongest aversion. Among the monks, when they were under the vow of silence, it was customary with them in asking for any Pagan work, to make a particular sign, which consisted in scratching the ear like a dog, to which it was thought, the Pagans should be compared. In this manner they expressed an itching for those dogs, Virgil, Horace and Ovid. (See Disraeli's Cur. of Literature.)

The fourth council of Carthage forbade

the reading of secular books by bishops. Jerome condemned the perusal of them except for pious purposes. The physical sciences were unqualifiedly condemned, as their cultivation was considered incompatible with the practice of religious duties. The Greek schools of medicine were closed. The Alexandria Serapion, with its libraries and its museum, the accumulation of centuries was destroyed under the archbishopric of Theophilus, A. D. 389, "and twenty years afterwards the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every intelligent spectator." (Art. Alexandria, Ency. Brit.) Many of the bishops in the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, it is said, could not write their names. Ignorance was not considered a disqualification for ordination. No importance was attached to anything of an intellectual character except the childish and unintelligible controversies which were carried on for centuries. "These disputes," says Hallam, "diverted studious minds from profane literature and narrowed down more and more, the circle of that knowledge which they were desirous to obtain." (Middle Ages p. 453.)

The monastic movement contributed to the decline of letters and decay of intellect. "I cannot conceive," says Hallam, "any state of society more adverse to the intellectual improvement of mankind, than one which admitted no middle line between dissoluteness and fanatical mortifications." * * After the introduction of monkery with its unsocial theory of duties, the serious and reflecting part of mankind on whom science most relies, were turned to habits, which in the most favorable view, could not quicken the intellectual energies; and it might be a difficult question whether the cultivators and admirers of useful literature were less likely to be found among the profligate citizens of Rome and their barbarous conquerors, or the melancholy recluses of the wilderness." (Middle Ages, p. 453.)

We have already shown that the subversion of Rome was encouraged by the policy of the Christian Church. That the condition of affairs would have been creditable to the ecclesiastical system had Rome never been conquered by the barbarians, there is no reason to believe. Hallam thinks we may form some notion of how little probability there was of the Western Empire producing any excellent fruits, even if that revolution had never occurred, by considering what took place in Greece in the following ages, when "no original writer of any merit arose, and learning, though plunged for but a short period into mere darkness, may be said to have languished in a middle region of twilight for the greater part of a thousand years."

In the Western Empire, during a period of seven hundred years from the invasion of the barbarians, the Church exercised absolute and complete control; and then after the dissolution of the whole framework of Roman society, "She was left," as Lecky observes, "with a virgin soil to realize her idea of human excellence."

What was the intellectual condition of those over whom she swayed her sceptre? For many centuries, we are told, a layman could rarely be found capable of signing his name; charters were subscribed with the mark of the cross; what little learning existed was confined chiefly to the clergy. A "cloud of ignorance overspread the whole face of the church, hardly broken by a few glimmering lights, who owe almost the whole of their distinction to the surrounding darkness." (Middle Ages, p. 460.) In the sixth century the classics were scarcely read, and from the middle of this century to the eleventh, but little difference was discernible. "France reached her lowest point," says Hallam, "at the beginning of the eighth century, but England was, at that time, more respectable, and did not fall into complete degradation until the middle of the ninth. There could be nothing more deplorable than the state of Italy during the succeeding century. In almost every council the ignorance of the clergy forms a subject for reproach. It is asserted by one held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found, in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest of a thousand in Spain,

about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to one another. (Middle Ages, 460.) The clergy could not translate a sentence of Latin. The homilies they preached were prepared from previous works of the same kind by some of the bishops.

It is not, as many suppose, creditable to the Church, that what little learning did exist was the boast of ecclesiastics, for Christianity made the cultivation of letters outside the Church absolutely impossible. Whoever wished to follow a life of study had to abandon secular pursuits and adopt monastic life. "Medieval Catholicism discouraged and suppressed in every way secular studies, while it conferred a monopoly of wealth and honor and power upon the distinguished theologian. Very naturally, therefore, it attracted into the path of theology the genius that would have existed without it but would have been displayed in other forms." (Hist. Morals, vol. 2, p. 222.)

In the Monasteries, it is true, were kept all the libraries of Europe, but in these receptacles they conferred no blessings on mankind. Indeed a large number of the manuscripts of the classic authors that descended to us through the monasteries, were defaced, the original writing scraped off, and monkish tales and patriotic fables substituted for it. "Not till the education of Europe passed from the monasteries to the universities; not till Mohammedan science and classical freethought and industrial independence broke the sceptre of the Church, did the intellectual revival of Europe commence." (Ibid, p. 219.)

In view of the general and deplorable ignorance that existed, which the Church helped to produce and to perpetuate; of the general disuse of the Latin language, and of the use of the jargon that represented it, it is undeniable I think, that there were certain circumstances in the Catholic system which contributed to prevent the extinction of learning, or the state of letters from becoming worse than it was. I do not refer to the monastic institutions as receptacles of learning. I allude to the perpetuation of Latin as a sacred language. Such was the intellectual condition of the world that the hope of literature depended very largely, almost wholly, on this language. Keeping the Scriptures and liturgy in that language after it ceased to be spoken, insured the transmission to us of the literature of antiquity which those ecclesiastical ages were unable to appreciate, and the study of which, a little later, contributed to revive Europe from her intellectual torpor. It is not to the credit of the Catholic Church that she kept the Bible and her liturgy in a dead language. Indeed, for no other act has she been so severely condemned by the Protestant world. Yet *this very policy* on her part, under the circumstances, *proved a blessing to mankind*. "Every rational principle of religion," says Hallam, "called for such a change, (translation of the Bible and liturgy,) but it would have been made at the expense of posterity." (Middle Ages, p. 462.)

[To be Continued.]

[The humor of the following will probably be more apparent in subsequent instalments.]

[For The Spiritualist at Work.]

Autobiography of the Devil.

GIVEN EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

Preface.

DEAR READER: Having glanced at the title you probably wonder what it means.

My name having been connected for thousands of years, without my approval, or even my consent, with almost every religious system the world has known, to my own detriment, and with disastrous consequences to humanity, I consider the time has now arrived in the course of human development, by which the privilege is accorded me, when it becomes my duty in justice to myself, and for the benefit of mankind, to give unto the world a truthful account of my past and present life, so far as connected with the religious thoughts and acts of the Jewish and Christian worlds.

You will often smile, no doubt, at my peculiar style; but you must take into consideration that I am many, many thousand years of age; that before your earth knew the presence of a human being, I counting my years by ages, knew my existence, that in the long march of humanity, in its course of progression, I have been with it, its leader; and as such, I have been obliged to adapt myself to all its varying conditions of locality, surroundings, language, customs, etc., therefore my very individuality is conscious of an admixture of all these; of the past with the present, of the ancient with the modern.

Let not superstitious fear deter you from reading what I am about to communicate, neither allow bigotry to pass judgment, before you have given due weight to my testimony.

Sincerely, his Satanic Majesty.
OLD NICK (HOLAS.)

CHAPTER I.

SOME INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE PREVIOUS TO MY COMING TO EARTH, WHICH WILL BE INTERESTING TO THE READER.

As I am a natural being, I am only a higher type of intelligence than man; therefore if you wish to study my character, as you peruse the following, you will apply the same principles of analysis, that you would were I a human being.

Usually a person in writing his own biography gives some account of his parentage, but as I am not particularly interested upon that point, and never was, I can hardly afford to make the necessary researches at this late day, in order to obtain the exact facts to cater to a useless curiosity; it is enough for me to know that *I am* and *have been*.

The circumstances which produced the change in my manner of life, and introduced me as a pioneer on your planet, marked an important epoch in my mind; and as they have a theological connection with the thread of my story I will relate them.

My father's numerous family consisted entirely of sons, of whom I was considered the youngest. Unlike my brothers I was always desiring change, always seeking for something new. While they confined themselves to the precincts of the domicile I was ever rambling, thus becoming socially an outcast.

Becoming tired of my solitary wandering I turned my attention to home improvements. This was the turning point in my life.

The family mansion was a very ancient uncouth structure, forbidding in external appearance, gloomy in its internal appointments. Its foundation was shaky, and its substructure rotten. With its ragged walls and dilapidated roof, its mouldy underground apartments and musty garret. I longed to renovate and beautify it. I made known my desire to my father. He listened with apparent interest, approved of my plans, and said he would mention it to my brothers, that they might co-operate with me.

I left my father's presence with a thrill of joy, such as I had never before experienced. The night of bootless exertion was fast passing, in my anticipation of the dawn of useful employment. The next morning my father summoned me into his presence and I saw by the shade that sat upon his countenance, that disappointment was in store for me. "Nicholas, my son," said he, "I have conferred with thy brothers, in relation to thy proposition, and not one of them showed any disposition to aid thee in thy proposed undertaking, Michael and Gabriel set their faces sore against it."

"Why are they so bitterly opposed; what reason do they assign therefor?" I asked.

"They said: 'Why should we spend our strength for nought, or why should we waste our substance? Behold is this not the dwelling place of the Almighty; has it not been our holy abode for countless ages? We are content, it is good enough for us. We see not why in the days of the most distant future, it shall not continue the same. Why desecrate this most holy place; why commit sacrilege upon its walls?'"

"But father," I replied, "give me your consent and I will do the work alone."

"Nay, Nicholas, I cannot; I can have no schism here; but since thou art so desirous to try thy skill, and because I admire the cunning thou hast shown, I will make thee a proposal—Go thy way in peace, and I will give thee so much of my estate as is called Earth, and I will make thee an abiding place there. Behold it is now a dreary waste, make it to become as a garden and behold thou hast thy reward."

Truly, "it is the darkest just before day-break;" before my father had uttered these words I felt like yielding myself to despair, but now my joy scarce knew bounds.

"Gladly, father, will I depart in peace that I may perform the work you have given me," and I fell upon his neck and kissed him.

The following morning, having made a little bundle of my few personal effects, laid it upon my shoulder, and with staff in hand to aid me in my journey, I started for my possessions. Just as I was passing through the outer gate, I felt a sudden thrust from behind which caused me to lose my footing (Michael, eavesdropper that he always was, listening at the key-hole, had overheard my last interview with father, and because of envy thus sought revenge.) As I regained my footing my left struck the edge of creation. (This was how I came by a cloven foot.) Stop not reader to sympathize on account of this little accident, but rather congratulate yourself, that I did not strike *astride*, for in the latter case, there would have been *two* Devils instead of one, and still an additional slash would have constituted me a Trinity.

(To be continued.)

Unsound Women.

BY J. V. C. SMITH, M. D.

It is a natural calamity that the women of this country are so generally unsound.

Those distinguished for brilliant intellects are the most common invalids. To be under medical treatment is not only necessary but very genteel.

A gentleman of ample possessions, gave it as a reason why he did not marry, that he did not feel able to keep apothecaries and doctors continually under pay!

Women would not be so nervously excitable, fragile, slender, sharp featured and petulant—as too many of them are for the happiness of their households—if they had not been wronged in the beginning through a mismanaged education. They would not have been so universally predisposed to dyspepsia, neuralgia, paroxysms of depression—which throw a gloom through a pleasant home and discourage indulgent husbands—had they been generously permitted to breathe out-door air, subsist on plainer food, rise earlier, sit fewer hours at a piano, and read something superior to sensational magazines devoted to exaggeration, moonshine sentiments, love in a bower, and other kinds of nonsense calculated to mislead and over excite their youthful imaginations. This is the misfortune of which society is pleased to call the better classes.

The best informed young ladies—those whose educational advantages embrace whatever is supposed will fit them for the highest positions which refined society has at its disposal—are the poorest wives. Matrimonial disappointments and wretchedness are not so often found in the middle classes but just where the refinements of the lady of the establishment enable her to discern imperfections where she has fondly hoped to find a companion who would sigh perpetually, recite poetry and buy domesticities by the gallon.

Their petulance, curt answers, despotic rule of servants, and dissatisfied expressions toward those who are devotedly endeavoring to promote that happiness, cannot be cured by pills, soothing powders, strengthening plasters, annual jaunts to Saratoga, or the attendance of a big priced doctor.

Liberty to exercise in childhood, without being constantly reminded that it is un lady-like to run, vulgar to eat enough to satisfy a moderate appetite, and wicked to be natural—but charming to cultivate hypocrisy, improving to be fastened in garments that restrain the growth of the chest, and glorious to be in misery for the sake of dying a real lady, is the lamentable cause of many of the common woes of elevated

domestic life.

Men and women were designed for each other on the highway of the world. They are destined for the same length of days; and above all, it was not intended in the original constitution of humanity that they should be strangers to each other, unless formally introduced after having carefully inspected a pedigree.

A Song for the Times.

BY JAMES S. LAIDLAW.

[TUNE.—Jinks.]

I'm Henry Ward of the Puritan stock,
I'm the great religious weathercock,
And shepherd of a flourishing flock
Of Christian lambs in Brooklyn.

I'm a wonderful popular man—
It's owing entirely to my plan
Of preaching salvation for fallen man
To my congregation in Brooklyn.

My method of running the Gospel machine
Is a modern one, as may be seen;
It does up the business slick and clean;
You can see how it works in Brooklyn.

The first and principal thing to be done,
Is to preach with a view to please every one;
It's the nicest thing beneath the sun,
It works like a charm in Brooklyn.

My religious views are a sort of hash
Of every conceivable kind of trash,
Compared with the Bible, I know it won't
"wash;"

But it's popular over in Brooklyn.

To the orthodox I preach a hell,
I throw a sop to the infidel.
'Twould puzzle old Nick himself to tell
What I mean by preaching in Brooklyn.

I visit the ladies to do them good,
As every generous pastor should;
Of course, it's generally understood
Among the members in Brooklyn.

I'm telling them it's all stuff about sin,
What they want is plenty of tin;
To be sure, for a preacher, that sounds "pretty
thin,"

But it suits the sisters in Brooklyn.

Success is the principle for you,
It makes no difference what you do,
Nor what means you take to carry it through,
So you come out ahead in Brooklyn.

Between you and me, the fact of it is,
In religion, like everything else, 'biz' is 'biz';
It's palpably plain, that's how it "riz,"
Over on the Heights of Brooklyn.

I never allow the thing to lull,
I always have some wire to pull,
I've practiced so long in pulling the wool
Over their eyes in Brooklyn.

I preached abolition for many a year—
I'm good at shedding the crocodile tear—
I shed at about ten thousand a year—
That's the cheapest I do it in Brooklyn.

As soon as that began to grow stale,
I took up the woman suffrage tale;
O Lord! didn't I rant and rail
'Bout woman's wrongs in Brooklyn!

As soon as this began to disparage
My preaching, incame the Richardson marriage;
But I rather think it was a miscarriage
Upon the whole, in Brooklyn.

Now comes along this devilish row
About me, and Tilton, and Bowen, and Co.;
Fact is, I hardly know what to do,
It's getting so hot in Brooklyn.

I think I'll manoeuvre something like this:
I'll summon a jury who can't go amiss,
Their brotherly kindness will quickly dismiss
All the charges against me in Brooklyn.

And when they ask, Well! what did you do?
We'll say, we sifted it through and through,
And the sum of it is the stories ain't true—
"How's that for high," in Brooklyn?

I'm Henry Ward B——, I have no fear,
With twenty thousand, I see my way clear
To humbug the people another year,
With the help of the deacons in Brooklyn.

MORAL.

All that a man wants in this world of woo,
Is plenty of money and cheek, "you know;"
And I've got enough to carry me through,
Whatever turns up in Brooklyn.

—Woodhull & Claflin Weekly.

A LOT of rats were found, the other day, in a hogstead that had been left open in a store at Exeter. The store cat having been notified climbed to the edge of hogstead, but, after surveying the situation, jumped down and run out at the door, reappearing with another cat. The two looked at their foes and retired, soon coming back with a third cat. They now seemed satisfied with their force, and made an attack, jumping into the hogstead. The cats had, however, miscalculated the force of their enemy, and two were killed, the other being taken out in season to save its life.

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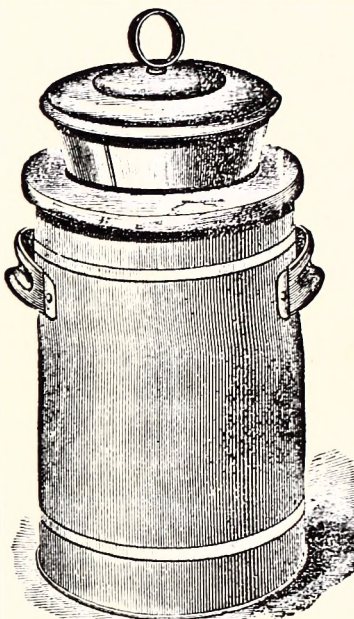
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AN uncle left eleven silver spoons to his nephew in his will adding, "He knows the reason I have not left him the whole dozen." The nephew had stolen one.

AN Arizona girl shot her lover, and then nursed him tenderly until he died. His last words were: "I forgive you, Mary; you did it with an ivory-handled pistol."

PERSISTENCY is final victory. John Couch was married in Philadelphia last week to a girl who had rejected him eighteen times. She said she wanted to test his love.

"AND so they go," said a member of a Boston school committee; "our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don't feel very well myself."

THE witty wife of a noted practising physician advised her husband to keep away from the funerals of his patients, as it looked too much like a tailor carrying home his own work.

AN old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer, who was said to be the "father of the New York bar," exclaimed: "Poor man, he had a dreadful set of children, to be sure."

At Windsor, Canada, a man raffled off his family Bible for ten cents a shake; in Buffalo a man sold his shanty for \$10 to raise money to take himself and "old woman" over to Canada to see a prize fight.

"WHERE is the hoe, Sambo?"—Wid de rake, massa! "Well, where is the rake?" "Why, wid de hoe." "Well, well, where are they both?" "Why, both together, massa. You pears to be berry ticular this morning!"

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Proud bird of freedom, all hail,
The fowl that no one can enslave,
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Two young ladies were very much engaged in talking over the beauties and excellencies of a certain new dress, one of them had recently procured. "Does it fit well?" asked the other. "Fit? if I had been melted and poured in, it would not have been a better fit."

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"Who's there?" said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste ain't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

THE temperance hotel in Bethlehem, Pa., has the following list of drinks: Soda water, Congress water, Lehigh water, Delaware water, spring water, Bushkill water, eye water, rose water, salt water, cucumber pump water, rain water, Court House water, roof water, jail roof water, and water.

"SAMBO, where did you get the watch you wore to church last Sunday?" "Laws, massa, how you know I had a watch?" "Why, I saw the chain hanging out of your pocket in front." "Oh, g'way, massa! S'pose you see a halter round my neck, would you tink dere was a horse inside ob me?"

A LITERAL-MINDED youngster was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there is money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

A FATHER, in consoling his daughter who had lost her husband, said, "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best; I'll try!" The father felt comforted.

A CAT, which stuck its head too far into a tin can, in a New Jersey town, one night last week was the innocent cause of a lively excitement. The family supposed a burglar must be in the kitchen, and while the ladies very properly fainted, the gentlemen armed themselves and began firing wildly out of the windows, to let the supposed marauders know there were firearms in the house.

A QUIET old fisherman along toward dusk was fishing in a trout stream, and as he flung his fly over the water it was suddenly snapped by a large bat. The strange looking thing dangled and flapped its wings at the end of the line. The fisherman's companion called out: "Say, Sam, got anything?" "Ye-as," looking at the bat on his hook. "What is it?" "I dunno, unless it's a cherubim!"

"OUR boy Fred," says a correspondent, "has a fine lot of hens, and takes great care of the eggs. One night on coming home from school he found the cook had rifled every nest of its contents, even to the nest eggs. Fred was in a terrible state of mind and sobbed out, 'Oh, father, if you'll believe it, Bridget even cooked up the hen's patterns, and they won't be able to lay a good shaped egg this summer.'"

THE other day an aged couple drove into an Indiana City just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes extended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken half and gasped: "Sary, by golly, it's the cholera! Let's git!"

A FRENCH Count, who boasted of his perfection in the English language, wrote: "Be not surpriz'd I write so perfectly well in English, but since I am here I speak and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mice trouble me, I tell them 'Go-lon,' and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Believe me the faithful friendship that I feel for you, since that you were so much high as my finger."

At Evansville, recently, a man fell into a ditch on the out skirts of the town. A pedestrian helped him to his feet, and after the thing had been accomplished our hero said: "All right—hie—I'll vote for you." The stranger looked at him doubtfully, and wished to know what for. "What office are you runnin' for?" "I? None at all," was the answer. "Not a candidate?" "No, why?" "Why—hie—why? Cause I don't know as any man'd—hie—help 'nother as you did 'thout bein' a candidate!"

SAM SLICK didn't admire the opera. "What's this?" he exclaims, "just look at that gal at the pianny; airth and seas what a crash! it seems as if she would bang the instrument into a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at somebody, and she's pegging the piano out of sight. Now comes the singin'. See what faces she makes. She stretches her mouth open, and turns up the whites of her eyes like a duck in a thunder storm. She's in a musical ecstasy; she feels good all over. But, hello! what under the sun is she about now? Why, her voice is goin' down her throat and comes out as hoarse as a man's; and that dandy fellow alongside of her singin' the falsetto. Why, they've attilly changed voices; the gals sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman. This is science; this is taste; this is fashion; but hang me if it's natur."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A lady lived in Dumbarton,
Whose heart was full of kindness,
And when my tale is told, you'll see
Her eyes were full of blindness.

Her servant came to her one morn,
And asked to "have the day, marm,"
To make a visit to her home,
Which was "five miles away, marm."

The lady took a moment's thought,
Then cheerfully consented,
Because she always loved to have
Her servant giri contented.

And so the servant homeward went,
The mistress to the kitchen,
And planned a little joke which she
Thought "perfectly bewitchin'."

She bustled round with footsteps light
To get her husband's dinner,
And never dreamed how soon she'd find
That husband was a sinner.

She heard his step upon the walk,
And hid behind the table,
From whence she sprang upon her spouse
As still as she was able.

She thought that he surprised would be
To get such fond caresses
From one enrobed in apron strings
And pastry-covered dresses.

Alas! imagine her dismay—
Imagine her great distress—
To have him kiss her lips and ask—
"Sweet Mary, where's your mistress?"

SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP!

All cutaneous eruptions on the face or body indicate

An Impure Condition of the Blood, and this may, or may not be SCROFULA; but in either case the disease is nothing more than an INSIDIOUS POISON that

BURNS LIKE A TERRIBLE FIRE, as it courses through the veins, sowing seeds of death with every pulsation.

In this condition of things something is needed AT ONCE TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD and

SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will positively effect this desideratum, expelling every trace of disease from the blood and system, and leaving the skin

SOFT, FAIR, AND BEAUTIFUL. Hundreds of certificates attest its value. Price \$1 per bottle.

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO.,
Proprietors,
8 and 9 College Place, New York.

ALSO PROPRIETORS OF
Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, Carbolic Salve, Edey's Carbolic Troches, Oxygenated Bitters for Dyspepsia, Dr. Mott's Liver Pills, Dr. Rogers' Vegetable Worm Syrup, Dr. Bennett's Sure Death to Rats, Mice, and Vermin
Russian Hair Dye,
etc., etc.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. ROGERS' VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP.

A brave man may suffer pain, when inflicted upon himself, heroically; but he

CANNOT SEE HIS CHILD SUFFER.

There is no other malady, incident to childhood, that is accompanied with more indelible wretchedness to the little sufferers, than that

PRODUCED BY WORMS;

and when the parent fully comprehends the situation, he will not delay a moment in securing the most prompt and efficient remedies to insure the expulsion of the intruders. This Remedy may be found in

DR. ROGERS'

VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP.

Please bear in mind that

Rogers' Worm Syrup is the reliable preparation.

Rogers' Worm Syrup is a palatable preparation.

Rogers' Worm Syrup is liked by children
Rogers' Worm Syrup positively destroys worms.

Rogers' Worm Syrup leaves no bad effects

ROGERS' WORM SYRUP is highly recommended by physicians, and is unquestionably the BEST WORM MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Price 25 cents. For Sale by all Druggists.

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO.,
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New York.

GREENE'S Oxygenated Bitters.

The stomach is one of the most delicate organs of the human system; and the indigestible food crowded into it by the requirements of modern society, keep it in

A STATE OF CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA, which is followed by a resort to tonics and alteratives for relief. It unfortunately happens, however, that many of the medicines used for this purpose contain alcohol, which, poured into a diseased stomach produces irritation, creates inflammation, and does more injury than good.

OXYGENATED BITTERS CONTAIN NO ALCOHOL,

but are a purely medicinal preparation, which, in cases of DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, and other like disorders, at once restores the stomach to its

Natural Condition of Health.

The OXYGENATED BITTERS have been the most popular remedy for the above complaint for the last THIRTY YEARS, and still maintain their UNRIVALLED POPULARITY.

Price \$1 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. THE GREAT AMERICAN CONSUMPTIVE REMEDY.

Consumption is NOT an incurable disease. Physicians assure us of that fact. It is only necessary to have the RIGHT REMEDY, and the terrible malady can be conquered.

Hall's Balsam is this Remedy.

It breaks up the NIGHT SWEATS, relieves the OPPRESSIVE TIGHTNESS ACROSS THE LUNGS, and heals the lacerated and excoriated surfaces which the venom of the disease produces.

While Life Lasts there is Hope.

It may not be too late to effect a cure even after the doctors have given you up.

HALL'S BALSAM is sold everywhere, and may be had wholesale of the PROPRIETORS, JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., at their Great Medicine Warehouse, 8 and 9 College Place, New York. Price \$1 per bottle.

HALL'S BALSAM is also a sure remedy for COUGHS,

COLDS,
PNEUMONIA,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
SPITTING OF BLOOD,
CROUP,

and all other diseases of the respirator organs.

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MOTT'S LIVER PILLS!

An old physician once said that nearly all diseases originate from DISEASED CONDITION OF THE LIVER, and this statement is true, although it may at first seem like an exaggeration. When the Liver is out of order, the whole system and every organ and function suffer more or less in consequence. In the incipient stages of the disease a man

DOES NOT KNOW WHAT AILS HIM.

He is moody, restless, and despondent; and that is the time to take a SIMPLE REMEDY that will restore him to health.

IN A SINGLE DAY,

and prevent a whole train of diseases that may follow.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS cure torpidity of the Liver.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS give tone to the Stomach.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS cleanse the system of bile.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS drive out febrile affections.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS strengthen the whole system.

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS regulate the Liver, and are more reliable as a Liver medicine than any of the mineral preparations that DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25c. per box.

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HENRY'S Carbolic Salve!

THE MOST POWERFUL HEALING AGENT EVER DISCOVERED.

The wonderful celerity with which this combination of CARBOLIC ACID with OTHER SOOTHING AND CURATIVE EMOLLIENTS

HEALS THE MOST VIRULENT SORES AND ULCERS,

is something akin to the marvelous.

It is with pride that the Proprietors call attention to the gratifying fact that

Physicians give it the highest mead of praise,

and use it and prescribe it in their practice.

POINTS TO BE BORNE IN MIND:

CARBOLIC SALVE positively cures the worst sores.

CARBOLIC SALVE instantly allays the pains of burns.

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CARBOLIC SALVE ranks at the head of all Salves, Ointments, or other Healing Compounds, and HAS ACHIEVED A GREATER REPUTATION AND HAS A LARGER SALE than any other similar preparation of contemporaneous invention.

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