

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

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

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DEACON JONES'S EXPERIENCE, ARKANSAS CONFERENCE, 1874.

BY BRET HARTE.

Yer right when you lays it down, Parson,
That the flesh is weak and a snare;
And to keep your plow in the furrow
When your cattle begins to rare
Ain't no sure thing. And between us
The same may be said of Prayer!

Why, I stood the jokes, on the river,
Of the boys, when the critters found
That I'd joined the Church, and the snicker
That, maybe ye mind, went round,
The day I sat down with the mourners,
In the old camp-meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I reckon,
I might, at a pinch, stood more—
For the boys, they represent Baal,
And I stands as the Rock of the Law,
And it seemed like a mortal scrimmage,
In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers,
As hezn't got that pretense—
Things with no moral purpose,
Things ez hez got no sense;
Things ez, somehow, no profit
Will cover their first expense.

Ez how! I was jist last evenin'
Addressin' the Throne of Grace,
And mother knelt in the corner,
And each of the boys in his place—
When that sneakin' pup of Keziah's
To Jonathan's cat giv chase!

I never let on to mind 'em,
I never let on to hear,
But drove that prayer down the furrow,
With the cat hidin' under my cheer.
And Keziah a whisperin' "sic her,"
And mother a-sayin' "you dare!"

I asked fer a light fer the heathen,
To guide on his narrer track,
With that dog and that cat jest waltzin',
And Jonathan's face jest black,
When the pup made a rush, and the kitten
Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think, with the Lord's assistance,
I might have continued then,
If, gettin' her holt, that kitten
Hedn't dropped her claws in me—when
It somehow reached the "Old Adam,"
And I jumped to my feet with "Amen!"

So, yer right when you says it, Parson,
That the flesh is weak and a snare,
And to keep your plow in the furrow
When yer cattle begins to rare
Ain't no sure thing. And between us
I say jist so with Prayer.

[Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.]

FREE THOUGHT.

Religion vs. Civilization.

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON CIVILIZATION.

LECTURE BY C. W. STEWART.

We present to the readers of the *Gazette* to-day a lecture recently delivered by C. W. Stewart, at Pence's Hall. It is an exceedingly able presentation of the heterodox view, and will amply repay perusal. As a literary effort it is a model, and will compel admiration for its acuteness from those who wholly dissent from its conclusions. We end as we begun, by commending it to the attention of the general public, which, for the most part, proposes giving a hearing to every doctrine.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Gazette.*

To the Editors of the *Evening Gazette*:

It has come to be a stereotyped assertion on the part of the church, that our progress and civilization is mainly owing to the rise, progress and diffusion of the Christian religion.

And that were it not for the benign influence of Christianity the human race would yet be a state of barbarism.

While it is well known to every scholar and student of history, that this claim is founded on arrogant assumption, yet it is so often urged with all the assurance and self-sufficiency imaginable, it becomes necessary to investigate the claim in the light of history, and thus place "revealed religion" on a proper basis.

According to all advanced ideas on the subject, the primal condition of man upon the earth, was one of savagism—a state wherein self-love being the ruling power, the gratification of the passions was the highest aspiration of the creature; and this being the case, of course, every other consideration would be compelled to yield to the all absorbing quality of self-love. When we consider the origin of man in the light of scientific fact; that he came up by virtue of evolution and the law of selection, from the lower types of animated nature, we may see the impossibility of his being in possession of faculties which are the effect of a culture that is referable to an entirely different cause.

As the law of evolution is the development of latent qualities, through the operation of external surroundings, then it follows that the moral sentiment which indicates civilization could not have preceded self-love.

Now let us see what the words "savage" and "civilize" mean.

Webster says that "savage" means characterized by cruelty, barbarous, fierce, inhuman, ferocious, brutal, etc. "Civilize; to reclaim from a savage state, to educate, to refine." If we have a correct definition to the word savage, then whenever we find the above characteristics pertaining to a nation or individual, we may safely conclude that they cannot justly be pronounced civilized. In fact, we take the radical ground that no nation can be thoroughly civilized that requires penal enactments for its government.

And we further declare, and can prove, that had it not been for the intermeddling of priests and potentates with the affairs of the people, and by a system of espionage and protection, preventing the growth of individual ability, the world would not now need the governing power of penal enactments with their long train of degrading concomitants.

Nations are aggregations of individuals, and as mistakes are the educators of individuals so are they of nations, provided they are left free to correct them. A great writer has truly said that a protective spirit carried to an extreme in government is the bane of progress, and that the greatest acts of legislators were those in which the acts of their predecessors were repealed. This being true, the candid student is requested to turn the pages of history, and there he will see that this ever has been the policy of both church and State, the priesthood of whatever religion, claiming the power to dictate the thoughts and actions of their followers, under the assumption that their destiny and welfare, here and hereafter depended upon their blind obedience, and as governments have ever been more or less subject to prevailing religions, the two have united to prevent intellectual development, which can alone improve religion.

And further, admitting the statement that Christianity is a civilizing power, can a mild religion take root in savage minds? True, by the power of imitation the forms and ceremonies might speedily be engrafted upon them; but forms and ceremonies are not evidences of civilization. In fact, they are the opposite.

Intellectual development must first prepare the soil for the reception of a higher morality, and, as all religions have to a great degree stultified reason and prevented intellectual progress, then it is clear that religion has not been the cause of civilization; but, on the contrary, that the religions themselves have either passed away or maintained their existence by keeping step with the inevitable march of intellectual progress.

Uniformly, religions have been founded upon

the advanced ideas of individuals, and those ideas have become popular by becoming the agents of power in the hands of designing men. Through the instrumentality of priestly rule, the Vedic religion, instead of civilizing the Hindoo race, has caused it to degenerate into a nation of rascally priests, howling dervishes, begging fakirs, and wretched pariahs, while a few individualized minds remain to indicate their nation's ancient greatness.

But where are the glories of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sung?" Was she really a civilized nation? We know that she was a religious one. Was Athens, the seat of philosophy, with all of her beauty, her art, her literature, if you will, a civilized people? Was Sparta, with her Lycurgus, and Leonidas, civilized? Let the dead victims of their desolating wars make answer. Let the wailing widows, starving orphans, and ruined homes, the results of Alexander's brutal conquests and invasions, sound an everlasting negative. Greece lacked that principle of moral duty, which, following a high state of intellectual culture lays the foundation for a permanent civilization. Plato, Socrates, Solon, and Pericles were far in advance of their people and age, in point of civilization. And why? Because their religion and its customs which administered the hemlock to Socrates, prevented universal freedom of thought and consequent progress.

And where is Rome "that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world?" Lost amid the shadows of revolving years, and her name and fame alike forgotten. Was Rome civilized? Was she reclaimed from a savage state? Let the thousand facts of history answer.

The fact that out of the great number of her rulers, but few were permitted to die in peace, and still fewer whose histories are not read even now, with horror!

The fact that the lust of power and gain, coupled with cruelty, intrigue, and baseness of every kind, were the ruling elements of society.

The fact that her great amphitheatres were built in order that her princes and nobles, with their wives and sisters, might behold the murderous combats of the captive gladiators with each other, or with the more savage beasts of prey. Yet Rome was religious. Her people were the greatest of worshippers, and her priests held great sway over the ignorant masses. And here we have the secret of her overthrow. Although it is often asserted that the religion of Greece and Rome was polytheistic, yet this was true only in a subordinate sense. With the category of gods and goddesses, the idea of one supreme God was ever kept in view. But the vast number of religious ceremonies which were introduced, undoubtedly had the effect of weakening the reasoning powers of the people, and preventing the development of the intellectual powers which serve as the basis of true civilization.

But the apologist for Christianity says, "this is no proof of the insufficiency of the Christian religion, for the religion of Greece and Rome were Pagan." Very well; let us see whether Christianity will stand the test of historical analysis. What did Christianity do for the world in the first five centuries, in the way of civilizing it? Let Christian historians answer:

In the first three centuries, innumerable sects sprung up, each following the leadership of some fanatic or knave, and pious frauds were originated by men styling themselves the keepers of the truth, until Moshien says it "was an almost universally received maxim that it was right to deceive and lie whenever the interests of religion required it." And then when the murderer Constantine was admitted within the pale of the church, began the assembling of councils for the purpose of deciding what dogmas should be believed by the ignorant masses. But did humanity become more civilized? That is to say, less savage, more educated, more refined? Ah! let the charred and blackened bones, and the dying wail of the heretic testify. Let the brutish ignorance of the people and the mach-

inations of the priests be the fitting answer. And then came the time when brutal Rome was trodden underfoot by the more brutal savage of the North, until every vestige of civilization was wiped out, and lust, and cruelty, and superstition, and religion, aye, the Christian religion, ruled the world a thousand years. Thick darkness brooded over palace and hovel with nothing to light up the scene but the lurid glare of holy fire, consuming those who thought differently from the majority. These were the prosperous days of the church, when the Emperor Charlemagne, in the Eighth century, caused 3,000 of his subjects to be beheaded, because they refused to be baptized. And yet he was considered the most humane ruler of the Dark Ages.

Then Peter and Richard raised their armies of fanatical followers, and whitened the Plains of Arabia with the bones of savage Moslems and brutal Christians, in order to get possession of the tomb of a fanatical Jewish beggar!

Christianity, the civilizer of the world, is it? Where, during that thousand years of night was the goddess of Liberty? Where was science? Where were those elements of genius which bear the lamp of reason into the caverns of ignorance, and bid the enfranchised soul to arise and assert its individuality? Lost from sight, buried away amid the rubbish of superstition. Yet still possessing life, which should one day cause them to shake off their fetters, and, transplanted in another clime bear fruitage for the gods! and when, after the lapse of ages the European mind made an effort to revive the knowledge of the past, how fared it with the innovators? Again the cry of heresy was raised, and the dungeon, the rack, the stake, those evidences of Christian civilization, stared them in the face.

Galileo says: "Look, Gregory, look through the telescope and see the rolling worlds on high, look! and glorify the author of all good." "Down, down thou blasphemous," says the Pope. "Has not God said that he made the sun to rule the day, the moon to give light by night, and he made the stars also; and how dare you assert that the earth and stars are revolving balls. Away to the dungeon with the devilish heretic!"

Look at Spain, the realm of beauty whose resources were capable of making one of the greatest nations on the earth. Is Spain civilized? See her in the days gone by, overrun by the Saracen invader, her people pent up in a little corner of her territory, and forced to live in penury, want and fear. See her rallying her powers and doggedly contending for centuries to regain her lost dominion. Spain was then, as now, a religious, yes, a Christian nation, and her people were told by the priests that if they conquered, yea, exterminated the Moors, that the blessings of God would be theirs. Nerved by this promise they conquered their conquerors, and in their blind zeal for the love of God, they destroyed the prosperity of their land. Had they been satisfied with regaining the control of their country, and protected their conquered foes, all would have been well. But, animated by the zeal which characterizes ignorant religion, they followed the example of their Godly predecessors, Moses and Joshua, and "destroyed everything that had life, even as the Lord commanded." The Moors were a thrifty, industrious people, who had built beautiful cities and enriched the land with all the blessings of industry. But, alas! they could not withstand the zeal of the treacherous Spaniards, who worshiped first, the Hebraic God, then their priests, and then their kings, and whose greatest invention or discovery was the Inquisition. The doom of the Mooriscos was sealed. They were forced to renounce their religion, forced to accept that of their conquerors, forced to be baptized and to renounce their own language, and were finally driven from their shores, or hunted out, like wild beasts, and slain. Ah, Spain, Christian Spain, to-day in your degeneracy are you paying the penalty of your acts. From being one of the chief powers of the earth Spain has descended, step by step, until, we find her

beautiful plains and sunny slopes the scene of constant riot.

In destroying, through a blind religious zeal, the industries of her country she laid the foundation for that squalor and misery which characterizes her to-day, and which, like the worm in the bosom of the rose, will one day cause her as a nation to vanish away.

But let us turn to another great nation and see what has been the result of the action of those combined powers, superstition and despotism.

In France up to the sixteenth century, the clergy had possessed unlimited control. And when the great reformation was convulsing Europe, France was little affected by it, and the ground that was gained by the Reformers was speedily regained by the Catholics. As a result of this unbroken power of religion, little had been accomplished for learning or intellectual development. The only books read were works on religion, and all investigation was interdicted, as being calculated to produce heresy.

Francis I said, "if his right hand was a heretic he would cut it off." Henry II said he would make the extirpation of heretics his principal business. Charles IX caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and Henry III said he could not find a prouder grave than amid the ruins of heresy. Many were the victims of this Christian zeal. But when Henry IV ascended the throne, a new order of things was instituted. Publishing the edict of Nantes, he set the first example of toleration to his countrymen that has ever been given. We find on examination, that this dawning of a better era was the result of the investigations and skeptical writings of such men as Montaigne, Rabelais, and Charron, who directed the shafts of criticism against the abuses of the church, and who by the potency of their attacks caused the priestly power to tremble. But the good King Henry was soon dispatched by an emissary of that power, and the government fell into the hands of the queen, who, although a devout Catholic, continued to carry out the principles of toleration adopted by her husband. Then it was that the greatest mind perhaps that France has ever produced, steps upon the scene. During the minority of Louis XIII, the government of France was in the hands of Richelieu, who, although a Cardinal, possessed a mind that was capable of losing sight of creeds in view of the greater interests of his country. And under his control the powers of the church was curtailed, and that skepticism fostered, which by its investigations led the French mind into the light of reason and common sense. Such men as Descartes were permitted to lift the veil and discover the occult mysteries of natural law, and thus lessen the sway of superstition. Nor was Richelieu wanting in political ability, but pushed his innovations in that direction, until the whole country became a scene of prosperity and happiness. But when Louis XIV ascended the throne, the scene was changed. He being a true Catholic, brought about the change so long prayed for, and thus fires began to wane on the altar of reason. Richelieu had protected Protestantism until Protestants had become more intolerant than Catholics. Forgetting the basis of their system, viz., the right of private judgment, they had become bigoted and exacting. But now the scale turned, and the power to persecute returned to its old time possessors. Free thought and investigation were prohibited, and the French mind relapsed into the old channel of king and priest worship, and literature was all in the interests of those powers. But finally the reaction came, and the people began to rebel against the power of the church, but still retained their loyalty to the king. Had the rebellion been against both these powers at that time there is little doubt to-day France would have been a Republic. But as it was the church power dwindled, but the loyalty of the people caused the power of the nobility to increase, and this laid the foundation for that second terrible reaction, the French revolution. When the populace, driven to the last extremity by the extravagance and profligacy of the court and nobility, waged a war of extermination upon them, and in their blind zeal destroyed their own hopes of success.

But France is still religious, still superstitious, still Christian, and we ask, if Christianity is the world's civilizer, why is France not a civilized nation to-day?

Now, let us turn to the most civilized nation of the old world and see whether Christianity has been the cause of that civilization or not.

England was intensely religious, and superstitious, and cruel and even brutal, up to the Seventeenth century, when Jewell, Hooker and Chillingworth began their skeptical investigations. Gradually at first did the new light dawn upon them, but the combined influences around them made it possible for their advanced ideas to obtain a hearing. The reason of this progressive step is plain when we perceive that at the time that Elizabeth occupied the throne, the Catholics and Protestants were nearly equal in power, and the queen carried on the government without the aid of either faction.

In thus dispensing with the aid of the church, there was a lull in the warfare of faith against reason, which permitted free inquiry. Let it ever be remembered that what is termed the age of letters, when Shakespeare, Johnson, and their compeers were doing so much for the race, was the age when the government of Great Britain was carried on without the aid of religion! And this spirit of inquiry, when once established, could never be afterward

shaken. Even the profligacy of Charles became an agent for the advance of free thought. He satisfied his whimsical nature by lending his protection to the inquiries of the age, and rejected the authority of the church. The masses of the people becoming imbued with this spirit to throw off their shackles.

Bacon introduced this contempt for authority into philosophy, and by so doing brought about a revolution in the scientific realm. It was carried into the domain of metaphysics by Hobbs and Glanville; into theology by Chillingworth and Owen; into political economy by Cromwell, and into the domain of government, and who, by carrying out this principle, met the cavaliers on Marston Moor, and established the principles of English liberty.

During the reign of subsequent monarchs efforts were made to re-establish the old order of things. Especially was this the case under the Georges, when free inquiry was prohibited, and everything that could be done was done to fetter and enslave the people. But the tree of liberty was indigenous to British soil, and grew in spite of kingcraft and hierarchy, and to-day England is the most civilized nation of the old world, in spite of religion. In spite of religion, for the church was ever the supporter of the State when the State was against the progress and enlightenment of the people.

Thus we see by a brief historical analysis, that, instead of religion being the cause of the world's civilization, it has ever retarded it. Religion caused the downfall of Greece and Rome, and has forever paralyzed the energies of Spain. It has been an incubus upon the fair land of France, and only by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances was it prevented from producing the same dire results in England. And America should ponder well these truths, and, remembering that the price of enlightenment and liberty is eternal vigilance, look well to it that the fires on the altar of reason are not extinguished on the shores of our own dear native land, by the same relentless foe.

Then, if religion has not been the cause of our present degree of civilization, what has been the cause of it?

1. Skepticism and doubt, causing an investigation into the causes of natural phenomena.

2. The diffusion of the knowledge thus obtained among the people, thus destroying their superstitious fears, and making them less religious.

3. By the discoveries in the science of politics, which taught that a proper distribution of wealth and power were the true causes of national greatness, and that nations could not be prosperous unless the masses composing them were prosperous and happy.

4. The facility with which the people were brought in contact with each other by the improved means of intercommunication, thus leading them to make a broader application of the golden rule of Confucius, Socrates and Jesus; for, when the people are brought to know each other's thoughts, feelings, and desires, they come to look upon the human family as a universal brotherhood, and are thus bound together by the ties of fraternal sympathy and love.

And thus through the operation of natural, rather than supernatural causes, has the world been civilized.

From the Common Sense.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

BY W. LANDON.

Materialists contend that consciousness, mind, and all the mental phenomena, are produced by the action of material forces; that the will itself is but the result of molecular changes in the brain. This assertion has never been proved, nor even been proved to be possible; and in making it a great leap into the unknown. The greatest scientists, and best thinkers on this subject, have now adopted the doctrine that life is the cause, and not the consequence, of organization; that atoms, considered as minute solid bodies, from which emanate the attractive and repulsive forces, which give what we term matter its properties, could serve no purpose whatever; since it is universally admitted that the supposed atoms never touch each other, and it cannot be conceived that these homogeneous, indivisible, solid units are themselves the ultimate cause of the forces that emanate from their centres.

As, therefore, none of the properties of matter can be due to the atoms themselves, but only to the forces that emanate from the points in space indicated by the atomic centres, it is logical to conclude that they continually diminish their size till they vanish, leaving only localized centres of force to represent them. It has been demonstrated that the properties of matter may be due to such modified atoms considered as mere centres of attractive and repulsive forces—that each chemical element consists of a molecule formed of simple atoms, or material elements, in greater or less complex arrangement, which molecule is in stable equilibrium, but liable to be changed in form by the attractive or repulsive influences of differently constituted molecules, constituting the phenomena of chemical combination, and resulting in new forms of molecules of greater complexity, and more or less stability. Those organic compounds of which organized beings are built up consist, as is well known, of matter of an extreme complexity and great instability; whence results the changes of form to which it is continually subject. But this greater and

greater complexity, even if carried to an infinite extent, cannot of itself have the slightest tendency to originate consciousness in such molecule, or group of molecules. If a material element, or a combination of a thousand material elements in a molecule, are unlike unconsciousness, it is impossible for us to believe that the mere addition of one, two, or a thousand other material elements, to form a more complex molecule, could in any way tend to produce a self-conscious existence. The things are radically distinct.

To say that consciousness, or mind, is a product or function of matter or of its molecular changes, is to use words to which we can attach no clear conception. You cannot have, in the whole, what does not exist in any of its parts; there is no escape from this dilemma. Either all matter is conscious, or consciousness is something distinct from matter; and in the latter case its presence in material forms is a proof of the existence of conscious beings outside of and independent of what we term matter.

These considerations lead us to the conclusion that matter is essentially force, and nothing but force; that matter, as popularly understood, does not exist, and is, in fact, philosophically inconceivable. When we touch matter, we really experience sensations only of resistance, implying repulsive force. Newton virtually denied the existence of matter as substance. Nothing remains but congeries of laws. If the ultimate particles of matter are mathematical points, as Newton assumed, it follows that if the particles of which the earth is composed were made to touch each other, the earth would be reduced to a mathematical point. This assumes that the laws of matter are in fact all there is of matter. It is now the conclusion of all scientists that matter, in its last analysis, is resolvable into points of force. If force or forces are all that exist in the material universe, we are next led to inquire, What is force? We are acquainted with two radically distinct kinds of force. The first consists of the primary forces of nature, such as gravitation, cohesion, repulsion, heat, electricity, etc.; the second is our own will-force.

I have already shown that will-force is not the result of molecular changes in the brain. It may be at once admitted that the muscular force of animals and men is merely the transferred energy derived from the primary forces of nature. This is in perfect accordance with all our knowledge of natural forces and natural laws. But it cannot be contended that the physiological balance sheet has ever been so accurately struck that we are entitled to say, that not one-thousandth part of a grain more of force has been exerted by any organized body, or in any part of it, than has been derived from the known primary forces of the material world. If that were so, it would absolutely negative the existence of will; for if will is anything, it is a power that directs the action of the forces stored up in the body, and it is not conceivable that this direction can take place without the exercise of some force in some part of the organism. If, therefore, we have traced our force, however minute, to an origin in our own will, it does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be will-force; and thus, that the whole universe is not merely dependent upon, but actually is, the will of higher intelligences, or of one Supreme Intelligence.

These ideas appear to be more legitimate deductions from the facts of science than those which consist in reducing the whole universe not merely to matter, but to matter so defined as to be philosophically inconceivable. They substitute for the old and complicated theory, which leads to endless dilemmas and contradictions, the far more consistent belief that matter, as an entity, does not exist, and that force is a product of mind, and that mind is an entity, and therefore will ever exist.

Philosophy has long demonstrated our incapacity to prove the existence of matter, as usually conceived; while it admitted the demonstration to each of us of our own self-conscious, ideal existence. Science has now worked itself up to the same result, and this agreement between them should give us confidence in their combined teaching. The inductions and deductions which they now furnish, combined with a certain kind of phenomena presented by modern Spiritualism seems to demonstrate man's immortality, or conscious existence as an entity after dissolution of his material body, as conclusively as any problem in Euclid can be demonstrated. And I have the means of knowing that many of the greatest scientists in Europe have recently come to this conclusion.

Buffalo profoundly mourns the loss of John Ganson. Her papers come to us with symbols of grief, and without distinction of party, pay tribute to the memory of the noble man who has gone. Various organizations have passed resolutions of respect, and the whole community is pervaded with a genuine sorrow. In his death, is seen how thoroughly John Ganson, during his life, was entrenched in the affection of his fellow citizens. In the sorrow which Buffalo thus experiences the whole state sympathizes. Mr. Ganson had made a brilliant record as a lawyer, a worthy record as a politician, and an honorable record as a man. In the profession, especially, it will be hard to make good his place; and we do not wonder at the sincere and spontaneous regret, which is everywhere expressed at the news of his death.

Good seldom or never comes unmixed with evil.

SPIRITUALISM AND FREE LOVE.

Reasoning with a "Herald" Correspondent.—
What Rational Spiritualists Believe—
inals Entertain Evangelical Opinions.

[We clip the following able reply of Prof. Brittan from the New York Herald of the 27th ult. It speaks for itself:]

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1874.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I am a constant reader of your paper, and seldom have occasion to complain of any want of fairness in your treatment of either political, social or religious topics. Most especially do I recognize the uniform candor and distinguished ability that characterize your editorial department. But among your numerous correspondents I occasionally meet with one whose limited information and unlimited prejudices render him incapable of furnishing reliable information on the subject he essays to treat. When the views of large classes of intelligent and order-loving people are grossly misrepresented; when the deepest and most sacred convictions—resting upon the scientific basis of fact and law—are subjected to unmeasured ridicule, and the collective character of a large body of conscientious citizens rudely assailed by writers who are nothing if not equal to the production of a new sensation, it occurs to me that any qualified representative of such a class should be heard in its defense.

I respectfully call your attention to an instance of this kind in your issue of yesterday. It occurs on your third page, in the letter written from Winoski, Vt., in which reference is made to the proposed purchase and settlement of Valcour Island by a community of free lovers. It is said that the property is now owned by Owen Shipman, and the small materials from which it is attempted to feed the too prevalent appetite for scandalous sensations appear in the admitted facts that no such community has yet been founded, and not \$1 has yet been subscribed toward purchasing the island. So far as the correspondent has informed us, he found only three men in Vermont who, on being interviewed, gave a qualified indorsement of the free love doctrines, and of those only one belonged there (the others were from Illinois and Wisconsin), which certainly leaves abundant room for the inference that the cause is not likely to prosper in that region. But you will, if you please, allow me to reproduce the following brief passage from your correspondent's letter:

"This old man Shipman has for a long time been a resident of this vicinity, and has been afflicted for many years with the disease of Spiritualism, which has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease free love. Not by any means that I would have it understood that all Spiritualists are free lovers, but that I have rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not, to a certain extent, a believer in Spiritualism."

Your correspondent boldly assumes that Spiritualism is a "disease," and in this makes an unnecessary exhibition of his ignorance and incapacity to form a judgment that is entitled to public respect. After a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the subject for twenty-eight years, I am prepared to say that Spiritualism, in a comprehensive sense, is a rational philosophy of the universe; that it is utterly and forever at war with the principles of materialism and every form of sensuality. It affirms the spiritual origin of the creation, the spiritual nature of man, the existence of a spirit world, to which the faculties and affections of the human soul sustain a necessary relation, not less intimate than that which connects the bodily organs and their functions with the elements, forms and phenomena of this world. Pray, what is there in such a philosophy that warrants the inference that it is the offspring of disease? It will be perceived that from the very nature of such a system it must demand from the party who accepts it the imposition of rational restraints upon his animal appetites and passions; in short, spirituality of life. If I know anything of Spiritualism, in a true sense, and in the judgment of its rational disciples, it at once involves such a philosophy and demands such a life.

This Spiritualism is illustrated by innumerable facts which have been of more or less frequent occurrence in every age of the world. These facts have not only been accepted by the wisest and best of men, in all countries and in every historic period, but they constitute the very foundation stones in the great religious systems of the world. This being true, by what authority does your correspondent assume that Spiritualism, *per se*, is to be included in the category of diseases? If such a classification can be justified, we may ascribe the Baconian philosophy and Shakespeare's poetry to a similar source. Then, too, the religion of the earliest nations, and of the Jews and Christians, were only so many forms or phases of this disease, since they were all founded on phenomena said to have originated in the operation of spiritual laws and the volition of spiritual beings. Are we to believe that such ancient teachers as Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and many of the most illustrious men of antiquity, were all hopelessly diseased? They lived and died believing in the presence of spirits within the sphere of our mortal relations; they recognized their influence on the human mind, and in the destiny of nations. Are we to include the greatest poets of ancient and modern times in the invalid corps? Did Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton all have the disease? Shall we attribute the inspiration of Jewish prophets and Christian apostles to this disease? Jesus of Nazareth saw spirits—Moses, Elias, and

others: spiritual beings opened the prison doors to the incarcerated apostles; Paul recognized the great "cloud of witnesses" that peopled the air; and the revelator conversed with beings from other worlds than this. Are those early spiritual teachers and all divinely illuminated souls, since the world began, to be embraced in the sick list? And have we no healthy people in this world except those who are stone blind, spiritually, and who, with Darwin, are proud to follow a long line of illustrious ancestry, back to the monkeys?

Your correspondent says that "Spiritualism has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease, free love." It is true, he mildly qualifies this language, by saying that "all Spiritualists do not believe in free love." If this is intended to have any meaning, it must be taken as a contradiction of the previous statement, since Spiritualism certainly does fail to go hand in hand with free love in every instance in which the former declines the company of the latter. Now, what are the facts? The truth is, that by far the larger part of all the spiritual societies throughout the United States have already officially and publicly denounced the free love doctrines, and many of them have published cards or resolutions notifying all whom it may concern that they will not engage the services of any speaker who is known to entertain and defend such views. These are facts that have been so widely published that no newspaper correspondent can find any justification for longer circulating such calumnies against the great body of American Spiritualists.

Your correspondent further says he has "rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not to a certain extent a believer in Spiritualism." If this be true, the fact proves nothing against the essential truths and practical importance of Spiritualism. Defaulters, counterfeiters, political, stock and lottery gamblers, are said to believe in "addition, multiplication, and division," but their crimes furnish no ground of argument against the science of numbers, and no one doubts the respectability of the multiplication table. It has been ascertained by actual inquiry that a very large majority of the convicts in our State prisons believe in the fundamental doctrines of the popular religion. But from such premises will any one have the audacity to assume that larceny, burglary, highway robbery, rapine and murder go hand in hand with orthodoxy? This is the peculiar style of reasoning your correspondent adopts in his treatment of Spiritualism, and no further illustration of the subject is necessary to expose its flagrant injustice and absolute absurdity.

In conclusion, I suggest that if your correspondent cannot succeed in finding a free lover who is not a Spiritualist, he had better go over to Long Island, taking care not to leave the work of investigation to a committee.

Yours respectfully,

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.
SPIRITUALISM.

A Prominent Spiritualist Interviewed—What he thinks of the "Katie King" business, and the Materialization of Disembodied Spirits—Mrs. Ferris—The Eddy Family of Vermont—General Ideas of the New Philosophy—The Lecture last Evening.

Modern Spiritualism seems to have become possessed of additional interest to its numerous faithful adherents, if not to the public at large, by the indorsement given by certain scientific men in England to the marvellous phenomenon of a visible apparition. The ghostly visitor is known by the name of "Katie King," and the manner of her revisiting the glimpses of dim gaslight was briefly explained in the *Union* yesterday. Our Spiritualist readers have expressed themselves as greatly interested in this subject, and a desire is generally experienced that some medium through which "Katie King," or other materialized spirit forms, can appear, will visit this city. In the absence of such opportunities of testing the phenomena directly, the testimony of those who have witnessed such things possesses a degree of interest, secondary only to the actual investigation.

Hearing that E. V. Wilson, a shining light in Spiritualism, would arrive in this city by the afternoon train yesterday from New York, and take up his abode at Mrs. Parkhurst's, a reporter of this paper called at the house and was fortunate enough to catch the celebrated Spiritualist. Brother Wilson is a man apparently about fifty years of age, robust, with white hair and beard. His head is well formed, has a very intellectual expression, and he is looked upon as a tower of strength to the sect.

As our reporter entered the room the brother was reclining on the lounge, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst. He excused himself from rising on account of the fatigue he experienced from his long journey. Our reporter drew up a chair alongside of him, and, inquiring after his health, opened the interview with the interrogatory as to what truth there was in this recent exposure of the Holmeses in Michigan. The answer came substantially as follows:

None at all. There was not the slightest evidence of any exposure. Both the Holmeses have fine mediumistic powers. I saw them in Philadelphia last spring. At that time there were twenty-eight skeptics in the room. Robert Dale Owen was also there. At the seance I attended nine different spirits appeared. No. 1 was a slight, pretty, fair-haired daughter of Dr. Noble, of Germantown. The doctor was in the room at the time, and recognized it

immediately. No. 2 was a man with an unpleasant face, not identified. No. 3 was also a man with a very unpleasant face, bald-headed (pointing to Dr. Parkhurst)—about as bald as he is. His nose bore a striking resemblance to a very bad character I had formerly known. No. 4 was an elderly lady, not identified. No. 5 was the fac simile of your humble servant, with the exception of the hair, which stood up straight, and the beard, which was longer and whiter. In every other respect he was my prototype. Every one present who saw it exclaimed, "Why, Brother Wilson, that is you!" I went up to the apparition and felt the beard. It felt coarser than mine did. I told him to wink and open his mouth, which he did. My object in doing this was to find out if it was anybody with a mask on. I also desired him to screw his face up, which he did immediately. Several ladies and gentlemen present, all of them skeptics, made a careful scrutiny of him, and they all agreed there was no humbug about it. At this seance Owen interviewed the spirits for some time, both personally and through the mediums outside the cabinet, and made them dissolve and resolve themselves. This idea of the exposure of Mrs. Holmes in Michigan was due to the editor of an Adrian paper who is an avowed enemy of Spiritualism. Tests on tests are to be found all over the country, and ought to be laid before the people, but our papers are filled with spleen, bitter personalities, hair restoratives, tobacco antidotes and bitters for all who do not bow at the shrine of some editor and do his bidding.

Reporter—Do you know Mrs. Ferris?

Bro. Wilson—Yes, I have known her for twelve years. Educationally she is not much, and her moral worth and record are not very clear, but as a medium and a psychical phenomena she is the genuine article. She has fine mediumistic powers, and is a leader of considerable capacity. In 1864 I met her and her husband at Louisville. They asked me to amalgamate with them, and travel with them. At that time I declined, because I was not satisfied with her powers. I met them afterwards at New Albany, in Indiana. They were going to give a seance in the hall there. Mrs. Ferris had a ring of about eight inches in diameter with which she used to operate. I went into the hall, examined their traps, and got possession of the ring, took it around to a blacksmith, who was also a Methodist minister, and asked what he would make one like it for. He said he would do it for four dollars, as it would take a man a whole day to make it exactly alike. At six o'clock I called; the ring was done, and they were so exactly alike that it was difficult to tell them apart, except by a private mark the blacksmith had put on. We took Mrs. Ferris' ring and broke it into four pieces. It was perfectly solid. I put the pieces in my pocket, and put the ring I had had made back where I took the other from. The mayor of New Albany—Adams, I think, was the name—was to have a sitting that night. When the time came the ring was put on a small table about three feet distant from Mrs. Ferris, and Mr. Adams sat in front of her, holding her hands tightly. The lights were turned down, and immediately Adams exclaimed, "Why, the ring is on my arm." On turning up the lights, this was found to be the truth. Another trial was insisted on. The ring was again placed on the table, together with the hoop of a tambourine. Mr. Adams asked Mrs. Ferris' permission to hold her wrists this time, which was granted. The lights were again turned down, and immediately both rings were on his arm. This was sufficient testimony for me, and I consented to travel with them. We did not stay together long, as they used to quarrel and fight so that it was quite unpleasant. Even in the middle of their seances they would fall out, pull each other's hair, and call each other fearful names. Sometimes even when they were both bound and placed in the cabinet, they would fight and butt at each other like goats.

Reporter—Did you ever see "Katie King?" Bro. Wilson—No, I never saw her personally, but I have seen her photographs that were taken in London and here. They are quite different. The Philadelphia photograph shows her to have a coarse face, dressed with short sleeves and low neck, and is thoroughly American-looking. Crookes' Katie King in London has an oval face, with a decidedly Byronic cast of countenance, is very intellectual looking, and is dressed quite differently.

Reporter—Mr. Wilson, I want you to be kind enough, if you will, to explain, in as brief a manner as possible, what is your belief in Spiritualism.

Bro. Wilson—I believe, with Prof. Crookes, that we are surrounded by a psychic force, and in this force continually being photographed, the thought and history of others as well as the medium exist; that this force belongs to the earth's chemistry, human nature forming the battery; that the intellectual part of man has a spirit existence, and reflects itself as a spirit on the mind of a medium; that this force produces psychical phenomena, and forms every portion, or any portion, of the human body as it was when in life form; that it can impress itself on the mind of a subject at a great distance, can receive impressions from the human being also, and that it can approach into immediate rapport with the medium; that the phenomena existing in a revival meeting is identical with the phenomena in the spiritual circle; that the use of the adjective wholly is no warrant, however, that the revival spirit is God *per se*. I will illustrate my meaning by an example. Your more intellectual clergymen are not revivalists, and when they want to get up a revival they send for Brother Hammond, who does it up in shape for them. These revivalists are to the church precisely what myself, Mrs. Parkhurst, Mr. Ferris, Mrs. Holmes, or any of the mediums are to the Spiritualists. All Spiritualists, however, are not mediums, nor are all clergymen revivalists.

Reporter—How is it that mediums sometimes fail in their endeavors?

Bro. Wilson—How do clergymen fail? If the Holy Spirit neglects his duty and permits Beecher to play on Tilton, the ordinary spirit may neglect its duty and allow Mrs. Ferris or Mrs. Holmes to neglect their duty and get into hot water. One great reason that shows the truth of Spiritualism is the fact that there are so many imposters traveling around the country playing it on people. It is only true coin that is worth counterfeiting. A counterfeiter never counterfeits a counterfeit.

Reporter—Do you know anything about these Eddys who are making such a stir in Vermont?

Bro. Wilson—Yes, they are all mediums. The mediumistic faculty is said to be shared by the whole family. A lady I met a few days ago in New York who had just become a believer had attended one of their seances, and this had converted her. She said they produced several forms, among whom was an Indian six feet four inches in height, and the Indian girl "Honto." Before the close of the seance she asked "Honto" to dissolve. On hearing this question the girl walked to the door and fell on her back with a crash that brought all in the room to their feet, and disappeared. On being resolved, the lady asked her if she had not hurt her spiritual body. To which she replied, "Me no hurt very much." She was again requested to dissolve, when she walked towards the door and appeared to catch her foot in the carpet and fell on her face with the same noise. On looking towards the spot where she fell nothing could be seen but a little white puff of smoke arising from the carpet.

This closed the interview, as Brother Wilson said it was getting late and he must rest before his lecture. So, procuring a deadhead ticket for the seance, our reporter departed.

Brother Wilson seems a very fair-spoken, common sense individual, and the whole sense of the interview showed that he was a rather a radical in this Spiritual business, preferring to see with his own eyes before he believes. He is a firm believer that Spiritualism is the coming truth of the day.

Last evening, pursuant to announcement, Mr. Wilson lectured on his favorite theme to a fair audience in Workingmen's Hall, West Main street. The lecture was not of a character to be reported intelligently, being interspersed with mental tests, of which the speaker furnished an abundance. Some of these were satisfactory and others were not. The lecturer, at the conclusion, claimed that in seven-eighths of the cases they were verified; but the verification was not so positive, taken in connection with the several positive failures, as to raise it above the standard of mere guess work, in the opinion of any person not already thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

When the meeting broke up Mr. Wilson was requested to give another lecture this evening, which he consented to do providing a hall could be procured. A gentleman present volunteered to secure McDade's Hall, corner of State street and Vincent place.

REMARKS.—The reporter of the *Union and Advertiser* has made several mistakes in the above report.

No. 1. We did not state that Robert Dale Owen was present at the seance of the Holmeses we were at. What we stated was this: Afterwards Robert Dale Owen was also there.

No. 2. In regard to the daughter of Dr. Noble, of Germantown, we stated that Dr. N. had previously fully identified his daughter—not that the Dr. was in the room with us.

No. 3. My father's beard I stated was shorter than mine, and whiter.

No. 4. That the ladies and gentlemen carefully scrutinized each face, and concluded there was no mask or humbug. And especially was this the case with Dr. Child. My father has told me that he has presented himself several times to our Philadelphia friends.

No. 5. "At this seance Owen interviewed the spirits some time." We emphatically stated no such thing. What we stated was that at a subsequent seance Owen interviewed the spirits.

No. 6. We never referred to or mentioned hair restoratives or any of the advertisements of the *R.-P. Journal*.

No. 7. "And is a leader of considerable capacity." What we said was this, "And is a medium of considerable capacity."

No. 8. "Who was a Methodist minister." We said a Christian minister, etc.

No. 9. "The adjective wholly is no warrant," etc. We said the adjective Holy—not wholly.

We call attention to these mistakes of the reporter, and when we received the paper containing the report we read it in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, Sophia street, Rochester, who were present, and they fully sustain us in our statement.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial.

A STRANGE SECT.

FANATICAL EXCESSES OF GERMAN SETTLERS IN BRAZIL.

One of the German colonies in Brazil has lately been the scene of a fanatical movement which vividly recalls some of the Anabaptist excesses of the sixteenth century. In the settlement of St. Leopoldo a man named Maurer, some years ago, took up his abode. Though so illiterate as to be scarcely able to write his own name, he called himself Dr. Maurer, and professed to cure all—even the most malignant and inveterate diseases, and his pretensions were at first as prosperous as the pretensions of quacks are wont to be. The people gathered around him in crowds and cheerfully bought his nostrums and advice at the extortionate prices he asked for them. But they soon discovered that the dearly bought medicines and counsels did them more harm than good, when Dr. Maurer's revenues ceased to be satisfactory. He seems, however, to have made up his mind that he would derive his living from the stupidity and superstition of his fellow men, and one mode of utilizing them having failed, he presently adopted another. He at once resolved to found a new religious sect. Some of its distinctive features are entire independence of the state, community of goods and women, the uselessness of all school knowledge, no labor, no recognition of laws, and death to all who decline to accept the new religion.

In preaching these doctrines Dr. Maurer was greatly aided by his wife, who, in fact, seems to be the very centre of the new system. She gave herself out as the Christuin, that is, the female Christ, and impressing the people by means of somnambulist paroxysms, she speedily gained over a great multitude of followers. Among others was a man named Klein, who assumed the position of pastor or spiritual guide to the flock. He is apparently a real clergyman who had been driven from different churches for immorality, but by audacity and glibness of speech had succeeded in founding another settlement in St. Leopoldo. He is credited with the suggestion that all the people of the colony should be forced to unite with the new sect, and that those who after joining withdrew from it, should be punished for their infidelity with death and the destruction of their property. Whoever suggested it, the rule was adopted.

Early in the progress of this strange sect a number of educated families in the colony, who foresaw the perils it threatened, warned not only the Brazilian governor of the province, but the authorities in Rio Janeiro, of the necessity of taking some steps to arrest the movement. These warnings, though repeated again and again, were, however, disregarded, until at length the movement resulted in a regular insurrection.

It may be well to explain that the colony of St. Leopoldo consists of the little town so called and of a great number of isolated farm houses lying around it at various distances, from two miles to fifty or sixty. A young man belonging to one of these outlying farms, who had been for a considerable time a member of the sect, left in disguise and betook himself to the town where he found employment as a tailor. One evening, while at work by the light of a lamp, he was shot dead by some one from the street. A few days afterward a more atrocious crime was committed. A small farmer, living about nine miles from the town, who had been driven by threats to unite with the sect, had abandoned it, whereupon his lonely dwelling was one night surrounded and set fire to by a numerous band of his late co-religionists. Of the family, consisting of the husband, wife and five children, the only one to escape was a boy of sixteen, who, though severely wounded as he rushed from the burning house, succeeded in hiding himself in a neighboring wood. Among the murderers was the farmer's own brother. When several similar outrages had been committed, and in response to fresh appeals from the colony, the government at Rio Janeiro ordered a body of troops to proceed to St. Leopoldo, besides calling to arms the able-bodied men of the colony. It also issued an order for the arrest of the leaders of the sect. But these measures did not prevent the burning of thirteen farmhouses, and the slaughter of those who dwelt in them, on the night of the 26th of June, in which atrocity the fanaticism of the sectarists was signalized by outrages offered to the dead.

On the advance of the troops against them, the entire sect became an organized band of robbers, apparently resolved to do all the mischief they could. The band only contains sixty-four men, but the women and even children of ten years are armed and take part in resisting the troops, and all fighting with such fury and pertinacity that in the first battle forty soldiers were either killed or wounded—a result which inflamed the fanatics with fresh enthusiasm and resolution. At last accounts they had thrown up strong fortifications in a naturally strong place in a forest, where they had been joined by a number of Indians disaffected toward the Brazilian government, and where it was feared they might be able to hold out a good while. Among the prisoners taken by the troops was the pastor Klein, who, having instigated the atrocities mentioned above, naturally proved himself a coward in battle by voluntarily becoming a captive. Two members of the sect, arrested as spies in St. Leopoldo, showed great firmness, saying that "people might kill their bodies, but their souls would at once return to the Christuin." By the next mail from Brazil we may or may not hear of the end of the revolt.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

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

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUFFAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

TO OUR READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS: You can make the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK a great success. Again and again you have said to us, "Why do you not give to the public more of your seance tests?" We have always answered, because we have not room in the *R.-P. Journal*. "Well, why not publish them in a small paper, edited by yourself?" We replied, because we are not able to do so; besides we are working for the *R.-P. Journal*, and feel it would not be fair to do so at present. Spiritualists, in every State this side the great plains of the West, the above conversation has taken place. Up to this summer no door has been open for me to comply with your requests. Now there is. And we enter into it, not of our own seeking, far from it, but brought about by one, we at one time believed true and just; now we know him to be anything but what we supposed. This man has denounced us as associated with the infamous doctrine of promiscuity. This is false as hell, and he knows it, and we are prepared to prove it. You have been reading his *ex parte* statements. Many have formed their judgments on his statements. We now ask you to hear our side of the controversy. Therefore we come to you with the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, No. 5, an eight page paper, published in Chicago, at 172 and 174 Clark street. We now have one thousand subscribers, many of whom have paid up, some have not. Let each subscriber send a new one, and thus increase our paper each week, and on the 1st of January, 1875, we will send you the best eight page Spiritual paper in the country for the price, every week.

OUR POSITION ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Question No. 1. Are you in favor of a community life? We answer, no. We fully believe in the monogamic law of marriage, and the family compact or circle, as the only true social relation. We have lived it twenty-seven years with Farmer Mary, the 23d of September, 1874, and expect to live on with her for all time, and so much of eternity as it is possible for us to live under the law governing there.

No. 2. Are you a believer in the promiscuity of the sexes? We answer, no, and in all our speeches, resolutions, or writings you cannot find one word warranting this question or that we advocate promiscuity, or sensualism.

No. 3. Did you ever declare "Moses-Woodhullism," or "Social Freedom germain to Spiritualism?" We answer, no, never. We are but little acquainted with Moses Hull, and far less acquainted with Mrs. Woodhull. We have always been pitted against these people, ever opposing them. As early as 1865-6 we were at variance with Mr. Hull, and we very much doubt if the Hulls—Moses, Elvira, or Daniel, ever liked us. It is true we have met these men at Conventions; Moses twice, and Daniel once. We have ever used them respectfully, and shall always do so. We never saw Mrs. Woodhull but once, and then only for five minutes. We never voted for her, was her bitter opponent, and am still her opponent in all her views pertaining to the social or sexual relations. And if she practices what Dr. Treat and S. S. Jones says she does, we are bitterly opposed to her practices. Jones' charges are met by counter charges, made by unimpeached parties, who say that he believes as they do and practices promiscuity, as they do not. We can't swear to any of these things; they may be true or not; we believe one party as much as we do the other, and condemn the improper practices of either and all.

No. 4. Mr. S. S. Jones, in his paper commencing with March 28, 1874, up to date, charges you with being "a Social Freedomite,"

Free-lover, and a Moses-Woodhullite, and in fact fully identifies you with these people and their practices,—what have you to say? We answer: For thirteen years, commencing in 1860, and concluding in the fall of 1873, there existed between Mr. Jones and ourself the kindest friendship. In the fall of 1865, by the urgent solicitation of Mr. Jones, both by word of mouth and letter, we became the agent of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. For eight years we stood faithfully by this man and his paper, defending him on all and every occasion. In 1873, September, the American Association of Spiritualists held their Convention in Chicago. At this Convention the Woodhull party made a fearful onslaught upon S. S. Jones and his reputation. As a modest, pious, virtuous man, he was held up to the world's view in a peculiar light, the colors were bright and put on with a rough brush, and in no stinted manner (per reports of Convention). Among other things, "It was charged that all his departmental editors were pledged to the Woodhull cause." Mr. Jones demanded through his paper that the departmental editors define their position. He informed us that we must make our bow to the world at his command and say we were not for the Woodhull platform, or for promiscuity. We said we had again and again done so, and thought there was no need of our making any more statements about the matter. He insisted; we declined. Mr. Jones replied, "Mr. Wilson, it is time that every man defined his position, letting the world know just where he stands." Mrs. Wilson was present. Turning to Mr. Jones she answered, with a *vim* in her voice, saying: "Yes, Mr. Jones, I think it is high time that you, as well as every other man, defined their position on this social question."

Mr. Jones winced sharply under this sharp blow from Farmer Mary, and the conversation was dropped, and we went our way. Later came Dr. H. T. Child's statement, the next week came ours. The next week Jones summed up, bragging over his loyal co-workers. Then came the Elgin Convention; the results are history. In December, after the Elgin Convention, we had a long talk with Mr. Jones on this subject, as we have stated it in this article. This was not enough; he demanded that we should denounce all who favored Mrs. Woodhull; we declined to do it. Mr. Jones said, "It must be done, or I shall close your department." We replied, will you allow us the privilege of explaining to your readers? "That will depend upon circumstances," he replied. We then said, Mr. Jones, we will bring this matter to a focus now. If we write for your paper after the 1st of January, 1874, it will be at your request and in writing. We were standing at the time. We separated, and have not seen or spoken to each other from that day to this. In February we received a sharp dunning letter from the secretary of the *R.-P. Journal* Publishing House, demanding of us to close up our account with that establishment. We went directly at it, found due the House the sum of \$5.80. We sent that amount up the last of February or first of March, 1874. In settling up our account we charged Mr. Jones 20 per cent. commission, amounting to several hundred dollars. This commission Mr. Jones repudiates, and wrote us a very bitter and insulting letter, dated, we believe, the 8th of March, 1874. From that day to this Mr. Jones has been our bitter enemy, publicly and privately. He has sued us for this commission, and more. We have determined to let the courts of Illinois decide between us, hence we have held our peace. We say that every charge preferred against us by Mr. Jones is false in fact and theory, and in no case has he stated the truth. We have not, nor shall not abuse Mrs. Woodhull. We do not endorse her views or principles, save in the one belief that man is an immortal being. In everything else we are opposed to her, and have always been, and we hold to-day that the true method to deal with this matter is to out-vote her, take the Convention out of her hands, and thus silence forever this social promiscuity question, so far as Spiritualism is concerned. Had we not charged Mr. Jones 20 per cent. commission on the money collected for his House, there never would have been a complaint against us in the *R.-P. Journal*. We have not abused Mr. Jones or his House, nor do we intend to. If we ever attack him it will be through the courts, not through the papers. Now, readers, believe just which you like. We now propose to Mr. Jones to come before

any court that our attorneys may choose; come without a witness save ourselves and letters that each have written, and we will abide the decision of such a court. Of the Woodhull matter, and our complicity therewith, we ask Mr. Jones to leave the matter to the First Society of Spiritualists, of Chicago, and we will abide by their judgment. We think we are explicit, and for the twentieth time have told the public that we do not and never have endorsed the Woodhull, or Moses Hull, S. S. Jones, or any one else. We endorse the truth wherever we find it, and we refuse to deal in dirty personalities. Our refusal to endorse dirt does not require of us abuse of any one, nor will we abuse individuals.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PLATFORM, AND A FREE PRESS.

THE TIME HAS COME

For the Spiritualists of the world to unite in the defense of our common cause. We are now many, in fact our "name is Legion." Numerically we are strong, but disintegrated, and really weak. Why? Because we are unwilling to carry out the great principles underlying spiritual communion, via universal freedom of speech—the press and the platform. Freedom grants no license to do wrong, but the reverse—forbids wrong, and inculcates the noblest principles in truth, and the truth is always right.

Freedom of speech does not license the speaker to swear, for profanity is offensive and shocks the refined usages of society, hence it is not freedom to profane, but the reverse. It is really a violation of the great and fundamental principles of free speech, for there is no argument in an oath or in profane words, hence every convention, society and community have a right to protect themselves against the use of profane or abusive language.

Freedom, in the social circles of life, does not mean sexual promiscuity, or the right to invade the sacred surroundings of the family compact. It does not grant any right to either husband or wife to ruthlessly violate the sacredness of the family. And any infraction of these rights by any one, whether from outside parties or the members of the family or social circle, is a direct violation of the true principles of social freedom: hence the right of society to protect itself from tyranny and oppression.

Freedom in speech grants no license to a speaker to impose his thoughts on an audience, if they do not desire to hear them. And it becomes the worst phase of oppression whenever any one insists that you or I, or the many, shall hear him whether we wish to or not. Hence freedom means just this: Speak once, and if approved speak again; but in speech be careful to convey thoughts that shall be understood—that shall educate and benefit the masses, and your freedom will be fully established.

Freedom, under the monogamic law of marriage, is as necessary to the happiness of the family compact as the house the family live in, and without perfect freedom between the contracting parties, the home becomes a hell on earth, and one or both the contracting parties slaves. Marriage means simply a special contract, mutually entered into by A and B, and is in form a civil contract, and can only exist during good behavior—is altogether of this world—this life, and has no bearing in its contract form in the spiritual world, or any future life. Hence, whenever the contracting parties are coerced into marriage, their freedom is destroyed, their liberty lost, their rights perverted. Freedom, in the marriage contract, means just this, viz.: the right divine of Andrew and Betsey to live together during life or good behavior, with the full and perfect understanding that at proper and legitimate hours or place they will have and hold sexual intercourse, one with the other. Second, and further, they contract to be faithful to each other, and not to have or hold sexual commerce with other parties. Question, does this contract grant Andrew the right to force sexual intercourse with Betsey? We hold not. And we further hold that forced sexual relations becomes adultery; yea, rape, whenever and wherever enacted, we care not whether it be under the contract of marriage or outside of it. And we further hold that that husband who forces his wife into sexual relations with him, she not desiring, is guilty of rape, and may be prosecuted for rape; and that justice as well as law would sustain the crime as a clear case of rape.

Freedom of speech means this: The right

of any man or woman to be heard, who can get any one to hear them; but to compel John and Mary to hear Kate and Tom is oppression in the fullest sense of the term.

A free platform is the place where principles may be discussed, with due regard to the use of language; hence freedom on the platform grants no license whatever for one sect or creed to impose their views or dogmas on another sect or creed. Suppose a case. "The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists" advertise "a free platform," "and free speech." Does that grant A the right to curse and swear on our platform? By no means. Again, we call a Convention worded thus: "The Spiritualists of Northern Illinois will hold their tenth quarterly meeting in Chicago, on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of January, 1875. Our platform is a free one." Free to whom and what? Certainly not to any abuse of the public good or welfare. Certainly not for the gambler to ply his tricks at cards, nor for the Catholic church to inculcate its dogma of miraculous conception; but free for the discussion of any and all subjects germane to Spiritualism and humanity. The question now comes up, what is germane to Spiritualism? First in place and importance, the social question, in all of its ramifications, whether in the home circle or public departments of life—none more important. We challenge Mrs. Woodhull with inculcating doctrines and principles detrimental to humanity. Shall we rob her of the right of defense? And what place more proper for her defense to be uttered in, than the platform on which she was and is challenged. Second in place, the right of speech. Jamieson and Jones are as far apart as the poles, in all things pertaining to Spiritualism, save that they live. Shall either of these two men be deprived the freedom of the platform, because they are both present at the same Convention? We answer, no; and this comparison holds good in all conventions, whenever and wherever held. Third in place, The Press, Conservative or Radical, is it free? or should it be free? and are correspondents entitled to any respect? or have they any rights whatever? These are important questions and demand most careful attention. Freedom of the Press demands that when any editor or writer attacks any person outside of the editorial fraternity, that the party attacked has the right to answer, and that, too, in the columns of the paper in which the attack has been made. And the exclusion of this right of reply is a violation of the rights of man. The man who controls a newspaper holds a fearful power and agent in his hands with which to do wrong, and the party he attacks is entirely at his mercy, and may be ruined beyond all power of restoration. And yet these newspaper assassins are every day murdering by slow or swift measures men and women that are their peers in every phase of life. These cowardly editors, knowing full well that their victim has no redress, through other papers having no interest in their personal affairs, hence they dare do and say in their papers what they would not and dare not say outside of their coward dens. Hence we have not a free press to-day in America, radical or conservative, Spiritual or Christian, political or scientific. That editor who admits into the columns of his paper an article that reflects on A from B, and will not permit A to reply, is in the precise relation to B that the receiver of stolen goods bears to the thief, or the man that hires the assassin to cut his enemy's throat. When shall we have a free press? Correspondents have rights; rights as important to them as has the editor or proprietor of a paper, and when the correspondent sends a stamped and directed letter for return of manuscript, and the editor refuses to comply with his request, he ought to be prosecuted for obtaining goods under false pretenses, for correspondents are as necessary to editors as newspapers are to the public—hence they have rights, and should be protected.

(To be continued.)

We give our readers in this number the speech of C. W. Stewart, recently given in Pence's Hall, Terre Haute, Indiana. It needs no word of praise from us. Bro. S. is a promising young man, and we believe worthy and pure. He is one of those of whom the *R.-P. Journal* says, beware—one that that paper asked us to exclude from our platform at Elgin. There are two inspirations: one from the throne, the other from the gutter. This speech is from the throne of reason, under the light of inspiration. May angels bless C. W. Stewart, a-n-d—and—S. S. Jones.

EASTERN TOUR, NO. 2.

Tuesday A. M., September 1st, we left by stage for Linesville, Pa., where we held forth two nights. The large schoolhouse was full to overflowing, and our lectures were well received. We gave many fine tests of spirit life, and many were confirmed.

No. 1. To a lady came her mother with words of cheer—speaking of the by-gone time, and the pleasant present and progressive future, of a practical life beyond the stroke called death, of the sweet reunion yet to take place in the summer land.

No. 2. To a man came his wife, fully describing her, giving her age, time of death—in fact, a good history of the past.

No. 3. A spirit woman came who died in child-birth. So fully was she described that identity became a fact.

And thus for two nights we taught, gave tests, and strengthened the hands of our brothers and sisters of Linesville, Pennsylvania. We gave over sixty tests under this electro-nervous force, or spirit control. One test given there could be found no clue to, and this caused more talk than the fifty-nine proven cases. It was this: We said, "There is here with you to-night a boy, about 12 years old, who was drowned in your pond nine years ago," fully describing him. A failure.

We shared the home and hospitality of Brother Filley and wife, a pleasant home; and we met many others, equally generous, who offered us the liberty of their homes.

Thursday, September 3d, we left for New York, reached Rochester at 10½ P. M., where we were met by friend Parkhurst and his charming daughter Genea, by them conducted to their pleasant home on Sophia street, where the true Spiritualist ever finds a joyous welcome. Mrs. Mary Parkhurst is one of our best clairvoyant doctors and healers, and has a large practice in city and country.

On Friday we received many calls and held a reception on Friday evening. Both the large parlors were full. Many old and tried friends were present, and several strange faces. At this reception there occurred one of those laughable incidents peculiar to self-conceited persons. There came into the room a large, well-built man, sixty years of age. He roughly pushed his way through the group of friends around us, grasping our hand with the grip of a Heenan, and exclaiming, "How do you do, Brother Wilson; you do not remember me, but I do you. I met you three years ago, when you gave me three splendid tests, all of which were true. Since then I have become as good a medium as you are, and I guess a good deal better one, as I will show you before the evening is over." We replied, "We do not remember you, but are glad to hear of such development as you speak of and say you possess." "Well, my name is Dewitt, and I am a seer and healer, and we will soon show you our power, sir." "All right, friend Dewitt," turning to others who came forward, accepting and giving greetings. In the meantime the people were seated, with brother Dewitt in their midst. Soon he began to twitch, jerk and tremble, and then, in a slow, heavy voice, said to us, "Sir, you are a native of Ohio; your wife's name was Sarah A. Richardson; her father's name was James G. Richardson, who married Catherine T. Williams, a native of England. They had nine children. They lived and died in Iowa. Your wife is a tall, well-built woman, 57 years old last June. You have seven children by her, four boys and three girls. You were married in Ohio in 1843. There, sir, is a test for you, what do you think of that?" "Well, all we can say is this: I am a native of New York, and married Mary Ellen Emerson, in Chicago, on the 23d of September, 1847. Her father's name was William Emerson; born in Massachusetts near Melrose, and married Lois Newhall, of Reading, Mass. Mrs. Wilson was born in Bangor, Maine. Her father died on his farm near Lombard, Illinois, December 14th, 1854. Her mother died same place, January, 1869, and we gently laid her by the side of her mate's casket. Mrs. Wilson has four children, two boys and two girls, all living, and has had no more." Our great medium was silent all the rest of the evening. We then gave over thirty very fine tests, all of which were approved but three. We shall speak in Rochester this fall or winter.

Saturday morning, September 5th, we left Rochester for New York city, arriving at 8½ o'clock, P. M.

SILENCE is the fittest reply to folly.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

No. 1.

At our seance, Germania Hall, New York city, September 14th, 1874, in the presence of 200 people, we said to a lady: "Madam, we see a story and a half house, once painted but now very much faded. It stands back some three rods from the road. On the right hand, looking east, there are rugged hills; beyond and to the northeast, to the west of the house, and bearing south, is open farm country, well settled; beyond, in the distance, the outline of hills is seen; to the south of the house there are woods, say 100 rods from the house. To the north, from west to east the country looks broken and hilly; to the west and bearing south there is a stream, not over large. The grounds around the house are very pretty, but not cared for so well now as in the past. The little gate, on which you used to swing when a little girl, is broken. The trees are not trimmed as of old; the hand of care is wanting. The house looks lonely, and is closed up; there is an air of gloom all around this once happy home. We see a man walking to and fro before the house; his arms are folded, and he is sad; now he halts and looks up at the house in sadness. This scene is in the past, full ten years ago. He speaks, 'gone, my darling'—and with sudden shock the whole scene vanishes. That man is now a spirit, and stands directly behind you, but a little to your left. He is your father, and says, 'I am not dead, I am not dead; tell my child, my darling one, I am not dead. Oh, my child, darling, why did you leave me? These ten long years you and I have been parted—nay, not all of the time, for since I entered the summer land I have tenderly watched thee, and to-night, blessed, I am with you with the old love, and give you greeting.' Turning full to us, he uttered in clear, unmistakable tones, 'Tell my daughter I am not dead, but live forevermore, and henceforth will watch and guard her on the way to her final home. The past is forgiven, and by and by I will welcome you to our home in the summer land.'"

Thus we saw; thus a spirit spake unto us of his child. We turned to the audience saying, "We close the door against retreat—all we have said is true." The woman wept; the man by her side was weeping, and many eyes were filled with affection's tears. Many had risen to their feet. The woman once, twice essayed to speak, but failed. All the while a silence most respectful was maintained. Mastering her emotion, she said: "It is true, every word. My old home, dear old home! long years ago I ran away from my father and home with my husband, who sits here with me to-night. And my father, my father, on his death-bed sent word to me, 'Tell my child, my darling one, I am not dead,' and then repeated, 'I am not dead, I am not dead!' O my father, my father!" and the dear soul broke down completely, and husband and wife wept together. Yea, and many present were carried back in sweet memory to the hour of parting with the old home and the dear ones of the long, long ago. And all felt "that it was good to be here."

Thus are the dear memories of the past repeated from the future. Thus do the dear ones who love us come from their homes in the summer land, come in and in truth to us in our wandering here in this world of matter and spirit combined.

But what a contrast the following scene presents to the above. It was given on Monday evening, September 7th, 1874, in the same hall. On this evening fully one hundred people went away for want of room, the hall being jammed full.

No. 2.

Turning to a woman who sat near us and on our left we said:

"Madam, may we give you a reading before this audience?"

"Yes, it is what I want! I have visited all the mediums of this city, and get nothing that satisfies me."

"That will do; please say no more. We do not care how much you have failed with others. It is what we have to say that you are to deal with. You will observe what we say, and some

of it will not be very pleasant. Shall we go on?"

"Yes, tell all you see. Tell it all if you can; I am not afraid."

We turned and looked sharply at this woman who had thus dared us to the trial. Two hundred pairs of eyes were turned upon us. The whole audience were excited, feeling that we had found our match. Reader, shall we describe her to you? Your answer echoes on our ear, "Yes." Well, a woman well-built, fully one hundred and forty-five pounds in avoirdupois weight, over five feet in height, round and well-formed. A full head of dark hair, slightly mingled with gray, forehead broad and high, evidencing a large and active brain. Her eyes dark, flashing an uneasy, restless light. The eyebrows heavy and dark, the nose Grecian, large, and indicative of courage; the nostrils expanded, the face broad, full and marked; the lips were firm, resting upon each other with no light force we can assure you—a strange pair of lips, indeed, at one moment exhibiting a marvellous firmness, and then relaxing into an easy expression of love, bordering closely on the sensual. At times you could see a fine set of teeth through the parting lips. The jaw massive, large and masculine; the neck short and stout; the whole head large and well poised on the shoulders, which were broad and stout; the arm of fine length, large and firm; the wrist very round and finely formed; the hand a handsome one, yet possessing masculine strength; the fingers tapering, of fair length—the nail would delight a modern belle.

There, dear reader, what do you think of our pen's picture? and what do you think of the woman we had for our subject? And as we looked at her, she said, "Well, what do you see?" This was spoken with a strong foreign accent, neither German nor French. We were puzzled. What countrywoman is this, we thought.

"What do you see?" she exclaimed.

"A very positive woman; in temperament bilious, sanguine, and nervous; a dangerous woman, and one into whose hands we would not like to be placed, one who can love and kill at sight. A woman of intense passion, loving with a wild, fiery force, and if crossed in that love, dangerous indeed."

She leaned forward, a peculiar fire in her eyes, exclaiming in cutting words, "Am I a devil?"

"No, but a dangerous woman—strong in love, terrible in anger. Will you be quiet, madam, and try to understand us?"

"Oh, I understand you fully, go on; what do you see?"

"We see a man standing with folded arms. He is your father, fully describing him; we see you go away from him at 15 years of age, and from that date to this, your life has been a strange one, every year marked with stirring scenes and events. Some twenty odd years ago, we see you in the midst of a fearful fray. Men and women are fighting for very life; Death is abroad with the fiery brand of destruction in his hand. You seem to me to stand in a barricade, fighting as men fight. I see dead men all around you. It is in a great city, far from here. There is a column or tower in the front ground before you. I see you, you madam, killing men—the picture is gone—it vanishes. I am glad it is gone."

And when the vision left me, the woman was standing, looking sternly at me. After a moment she turned to the audience, many of whom were standing, and, with her jeweled hand outstretched toward them, said in broken English: "All that this man has said is true, fearfully true; from 15 years of age up to this day my life has been wild and strange. I have stood in the storm of battle and fought as men fight. Twenty odd years ago I was in the barricades, and fought our oppressors. Five men I killed with these hands." Then, turning to us, with eyes flashing with the fire of excitement, she said, handing us a ring of great value, "what do you see for me in the future?"

As we took the ring into our hand we felt such a shock as we never felt before. For a moment we seemed to be dissolving, floating; seas, mountains and valleys were beneath us. Strange scenes were passing before us. With a powerful effort we threw off the influence—for we would not like to be under that woman's control. The influence changed. We saw the owner of the ring place something in the hands of a woman. We turned to her and said:

"Madam, you are about to trust another to

a large amount, or have already done so. Attend to it at once, do not delay, or you will lose it all."

As we said this, she said, "Tell me more, go on."

"No, we are done with you."

"Where do you stop? I want to see you; name your price for an hour, and I will pay it."

"No, madam, you cannot have a private sitting with us. We give none. What we say is for and before the public."

Readers, on Monday, the 14th of September, this woman came to our seance the second time, and said, "What you told me of trusting another has come to pass, and I am the loser of \$1,600."

Pleasant Voices.

WORK.

An original essay, delivered before the Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1874, by Miss Carrie R. Perkins; aged 16.

It has ever been claimed that order was heaven's first law; but I am rather inclined to think otherwise. When in the beginning of the world all was chaos, and the elements were at war, it certainly required a vast amount of hard labor to reduce this confused mass to anything like system and order; so I think work can at least demand an equality with the divine law of order, if it does not take the precedence. By work, I do not mean merely the every day duties of men and women, but any effort which brings into use the progressive faculties of either man, beast, tree, or insect. For instance, place a seed in the ground. How Mother Earth labors to provide it with the necessary sustenance, and develop its slumbering powers. Soon a tender green sprout is seen above the ground, and tiny roots are sent down and out into the earth, to gather in its rich moisture and feed the plant above. At the same time the stalk labors and puts forth its branches and leaves, and minute veins traverse every portion of the plant, carrying their burdens of sweet sap. Then buds and flowers greet the eye, and each flower has its work to do. Some may relieve the tedious hours of pain and sickness with their fragrance, and others whisper of the Great Creator to some stricken heart.

Watch the bees' industrious labor, or the birds caring for their young; even the ants and squirrels furnish an example it were well for us to follow. Of course, there are many things we do not see the use of, still everything, from the most minute particles of dust to the grandest creation—man—by work has its influence on the future. And what a blank, monotonous existence this world would be were it not for the necessity of laboring. God's first command to man was "work." The Bible says He placed Adam in the garden of Eden "to dress it and keep it." Of course he meant Adam should work. Instead, Adam dressed himself and lost his Eden. And how much the Adams of to-day resemble him. They dress themselves here—knowing the good and the evil—and lose their Edens in the hereafter. And how hard they will have to labor in the spirit land to regain that Paradise, lost through their disobedience of nature's law. The command God gave to Adam is given to us all at the present day—that we keep our Edens, our homes, pure and fresh; that the insidious tempter, vice, may not creep in and whisper his evil counselings. And our Lyceum is an Eden that we are to care for and cultivate. We must foster, oh, so carefully, the tender plants intrusted to our charge, and for whose growth and beauty we are held responsible; for surely shall our works live after us. But here we can eat of the Tree of Knowledge until we are satisfied, with no fear that the Lord will banish us from our Eden in consequence. What a field for labor is spread out before us! It is the duty of each to see that the little saplings have no cumbersome branches to be roughly hacked off in after-life by the keen edge of bitter experience. We must root out the rank weeds of inharmoniousness, and plant in its stead the roses of love and kindness—the lilies of truth and grace. And there is plenty of work for the little ones to do: efforts to be made to restrain the fretful exclamation and curb the impatient temper; little ministries of love and tenderness, that endear them to all they come in contact with, and so acceptable to father and mother, bur-

dened by their many cares. If there is a lesson to learn, or a duty to perform, do it well, and the promising little plants of to-day shall be mighty trees in the future, that no rough storm of adversity can shake or overthrow.

And how ennobling is work! Who can hesitate, through a false pride, to say he or she works, when God has set the example throughout His kingdom. Go down deep into the center of the earth, where the volcanic element has reigned for centuries, and you will find nature ceaselessly laboring. The little coral insect toils among the rocky ledges in the ocean's bed, and to their exertions are due many of those beautiful sunny islands that dot the Southern Pacific. Old Ocean itself, bearing on its broad bosom its weight of human woe and happiness, gives the sailors their employment, and lashed into fury by the angry winds, or with the billows calm and sunshiny, is continually changing the form of the continents, and connecting one with another, forms a broad band of union between the Old World and the New. The sun's rays give us both light and heat, and bring in their season the ripened fruits and grain with nearly all of the comforts we enjoy. The clouds, the snow, the frost, have each a mission. And the planets, in their never-ceasing revolutions, furnish but another example of God's work. Yet all—the little insect, the mighty planets, the sunshine, and the dew, but obey this immutable law of progression and labor that pervades the universe. The theme is inexhaustible. I might tell you of the progress of civilization; of how men have labored to rear our great cities, and lay this broad network of rails that traverse the country in every direction; of how Fulton and Franklin have labored—one to produce the steamboat, that adds so much to the facility and comfort of traveling, the other the electric telegraph, by means of which thought is transmitted from place to place with the rapidity of lightning.

I should like very much to touch on the great and good work our friend, Mr. Wilson, is doing, but I know his innate modesty will not permit him to be praised in public. Still I must thank him for the great interest he has taken in our society, and the frankness with which he has pointed out our errors, and the means of building up our Lyceum, making us more useful. And last, but not least, the great work of Spiritualism. Our sublime doctrine is doing the mightiest work of all. Lifting up the soul of man from the lurid pit of an eternal hell into which theology has plunged him, and placing him in the fair valley of light. It tells us our friends are *not* lying in the grave, waiting an awful judgment day, but are *living and working* still—still subject to the law of progression; striving to attain a higher sphere of usefulness and happiness, yet always ready to lend a helping hand to mortals here below. It proves that they can still come to us, with the old familiar welcome, touching us with their soft hands, and whispering the same endearing names. It has taken all the terror from death, and added new interest to life. Then let us not be daunted by any obstacle in our path, but by our efforts induce others to come here and learn of our beautiful truths. And let us not again be chided by our speakers for our apathy in as good a work as we have to do, but rather let us try to merit their praise, that others seeing our success may be encouraged to *work* for the advancement of our beautiful spiritual philosophy.

SUNDAY EVENING, NEW YORK, Sept 27, '74.

FRIEND CHISLON: Will wheat advance 5 cents during this month? and will it be safe for me to invest at that figure? JAMES.

MY DEAR CHARGE: I am not able to state positively about that. My opinion is, however, that it will not rise above one-half of that amount—about 2½ before Oct. 2d. Be careful, friend James, about risking much above present quotations.

Your Friend, THOS. C. CHISLON.

The above question was presented to J. V. Mansfield, on the evening of Sept. 27, 1874, in the New Opera House, 1195 Broadway, New York, in a sealed envelope, no address. Mr. M. took the letter to the table of the reporters—two—and gave the answer as published above, in the presence of 600 people, the reporters stating that the answer was entirely independent of any knowledge of the contents of this letter. As a reliable test medium, Bro. Mansfield is not excelled; and is always to be found in his place, 361 Sixth avenue, New York City.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
MRS. PARREY.

MR. EDITOR: S. S. Jones recently stated in the *R.-P. Journal* that Mattie H. Parrey had called at his office and repudiated the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists and E. V. Wilson. This we thought strange, because we knew Mrs. Parrey did not take such positions to repudiate or endorse any one. But when we came to hear her story, we were not surprised when she stated to herself and Mrs. Severance that Mr. Jones had fabricated the story out of whole cloth. We are glad to state that, while Mrs. Parrey does not claim to endorse or repudiate any party or person, she does take a noble, straightforward stand for the principles of radical truth, as she understands them. C. W. STEWART.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
WORK YE FOR THE WELFARE OF WOMAN!

Why? Because until she stands side by side with her brother man, the true progress of humanity will be slow indeed. We do not ask that she be made masculine, any more than days ago we asked that the slaves of America be made white. But we do ask that, like them, she be made *free*. We would not *thrust* upon her the ballot and the duties of an equal political station with her brother man, but we would have her free to accept the one, and by her industry, honesty, capacity, and ability, to obtain and to maintain the other.

We would not say to her enter this or that profession; pursue this or that course of study at college; but we would throw down all the barriers of Old Custom, break all the fetters of that worst of tyrants, Public Opinion, and say to her, you are free? Free to follow the attractions of your own most interior nature. Free to think as high thoughts, free to live as noble lives, and free to obtain as great eminence in education and the professions as your brother. Yea, free to eclipse all his past attainments, if thou canst, and free to help yourself, your brother, your race up higher—onward and still upward!

We would not say, "Yield your bodies a living sacrifice" to your lord and master; but we would say qualify yourselves by obtaining a true knowledge of the laws of your own being, to assist him in leading a purer life—to give him sisterly, motherly, wisely counsel; even as he should thus qualify himself to give you brotherly, fatherly, husbandlike instruction. Neither must domineer or lord it over the other, but hand in hand, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, up the grand mountain of life, journey together.

Each helping all,
All helping each,
Will bring to every soul
The happy reign of peace.

We would have both man and woman realize in the inmost depths of their souls, the sublimity, the holiness, the divinity of labor, when guided by wisdom. And by labor we mean all noble effort in any and every department of man's nature. It has been said that "The good alone are great." We might add that the industrious alone are good, and the wise alone are happy. We would not say to woman, you must go out into the world and grapple with error—working in the pulpit, on the rostrum, or at the writing desk, for the cause of temperance or any of the much needed reforms of the day; but we would leave her free to do so should she be attracted to these fields of labor.

Above all, however, towering grandly higher, delving nobly deeper, and extending almost infinitely wider than any of the truths she should learn, is the mighty one that all the present temperance reforms, peace commissions, and church conversions, are but merely lopping off the branches of the tree of error; while its roots are left to strike deeper and deeper into the soil of humanity; that to truly re-form the race, we must "lay the axe at the root of the tree," by *more wisely forming* each child that is born to the race.

Mothers, would you see no more drunken husbands? Then see to it that you bring no more drunkards into the world. Fathers, would you see no more fallen women? Then see to it that you think pure thoughts, live pure lives, and aid your companion in her efforts to give the world fewer and better children. Make her *indeed* your companion rather than your convenience! Daughters, would you see no more libertines to assail the virtue of woman? Then study Mother Nature's laws and obey them. And oh! do not sell your own

virtue by entering that holiest of all relations, the marriage state, with one whom you do not love, merely because he "has great possessions." Brothers, would you see a millennium dawn in very truth on this earth of ours? Then elevate woman! Give her an equal chance in the race of life with yourselves! Look upon her not as your weaker, your inferior; but as your equal—the half which is necessary to make up your whole—and you the half necessary to her, both making a divine unity.

May woman, with man, unite in earnest, wise efforts to usher in the age of true republicanism, when she shall be regarded by her brother as a "principle of love," and be regarded by her as an embodiment of wisdom—a co-laborer with herself in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Harmony on earth.

Angels bright will cheer us onward,
With their counsels wise and true,
If we only will look upward
And the path of Right pursue.

Each for all, in wise endeavor,
Laboring here forever more,
Till we cross the shining river
To the bright celestial shore.

Where our loved have gone before us
To the beautiful summer land,
Joining still in Labor's chorus,
For the brotherhood of man.

C. W. COOK.

Warsaw, Ill., June 25, 1874.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.
GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER DIRECT FROM HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER II.

A few incidents which transpired prior to the so-called "Fall," which are not mentioned in the Hebrew account.

As I am "orthodox" in sentiment, it is not my intention to controvert the statements of the Hebrew text, but rather to throw light upon some of the darker portions. The earth, before my advent, was an unknown region. No one knew its shape, indeed it was considered a vast expanse of water, extending far into the dark realms of space, without life of man, beast, or vegetable. Nevertheless, I feared not to investigate, for it was my right. When I landed I found the earth in motion; whether it was in motion previously, or whether my own gravity, by the force of its accelerated velocity, had overcome the inertia of the earth, is to me, even to this day, an unsolved problem.

I found here a very dense fog, so dense as to exclude external light. But who in the exercise of a divine prerogative, can long remain in darkness? Wherever I went the friction of my contact with the elements evolved light.

But not long was I alone. I had scarce time to regulate my bewildered senses, when I heard the well-known sound of my father's silver trumpet calling for light. Soon I beheld my father, attended by a vast retinue of my brothers, coming to fulfill his promises to fit up an abode for me. You must imagine the blaze of light produced by such a vast concourse. They landed on a small island, which was overflowed at high water. They immediately set about throwing up a bank of earth, the earth for which was obtained by digging a broad, deep ditch round about the island. Thus was a firmament made, dividing the water, and the ditch becoming filled with water, and encompassing the land in the form of a square, formed four rivers. Feeling gratitude to my father for the pains he was taking in my behalf, and thinking it would add to his happiness to leave him to do his little job in his own way, I set about exploring my estate. As nothing of especial interest to the reader transpired, I will omit the results of my excursion.

On the sixth day after my father's arrival, at the ninth hour, father sent for me, so I returned. My father's face beamed with satisfaction as I approached him. "There, Nicholas," says he, "I have finished the work I promised thee I would do, and now I must return home, for the Sabbath draweth near, that I may rest and refresh myself. Behold my work, art thou well pleased therewith?"

Truly, father and my brothers had done a good work. Before me lay a beautiful garden replete with beds of beets, carrots, onions, and all manner of "garden sauce," berries of various kinds, such as currants, gooseberries, strawberries, etc.; potatoes, corn, all kinds of grain; apples, pears, peaches, quinces, oranges, and all other fruits suitable to eat; flowers of every description. The garden was indeed beautiful, adorned with shade trees, intersected with walks, and shaded with arbors. Indeed, I was amazed on account of the magnitude of the

work, my father, with the aid of my indolent brothers, had performed in so short a time.

"Father," I replied; "you have indeed done a great work, and it pleases me greatly, and I know you must be weary and need rest, nevertheless it seems to me you have not quite completed your work." "Wherefore doth it lack?" "Because there is no one to keep this garden in order." "Wherefore the need; shall it not always remain as now?" "Nay, father, yet three weeks and this garden will be overgrown with weeds." "Indeed, it cannot be so; why sayest thou it?" "Because the germs thereof are already in the soil." "Nay, my son, thou art mistaken." "Indeed, father, I am not; examine the ground yourself." Upon my saying this, father stooped and took some of the ground in his hands, and gazed intently thereon; then turning to me he said: "I see none such here." "Father," said I, "let me adjust these magnifiers to your eyes, that you may see clearly," and so I did. Then said father: "Indeed, Nicholas, thou art right; what needeth to be done?" "Why, father, let the germs come forth, and make a man to clear them from the ground." Father considered a moment and said: "Yea, Nicholas, thou art right, thy plan is a good one; come, let us make a man." And so we made one. "Now," said father, "that we have made a man, I must go home, for it is getting late, and I am very tired." "Nay, father," I said; "stay yet a little while, 'tis yet an hour to the going down of the sun; besides, your work is not fully done." "O, Nicholas, what more would you have me do? Behold the man, according to thy desire." "But, father, do you not consider that the man will be lonesome in the dark hours of the night, for he has no companion; and when faint with labor, in the heat of the day, who shall prepare him food that he may eat; or who shall make for him a garment to cover his nakedness from the cold?" "Indeed, Nicholas, thou has well said, what can I do to grant thy desire, and that it may be well with the man?" "Make a woman for him, a help-mate." When I said this, father bowed his head and said not a word; he raised one hand to his head, as though he would tear his gray locks therefrom, while he struck the ground with the staff which he held in the other. "O, father, why do you not answer me, are you angry because of my request?" "Nay, Nicholas, I am not angry with thee, but I cannot do this thing." "Why not father?" "Of a truth, Nicholas, I have nothing remaining to me, of all my substance, whereof to make a woman." "Then, father, grant me a little assistance, and I will make a woman, for a woman the man must have." "If thou canst do this thing, O my son, I will aid thee, for I perceive that thou art in the right, and it will be well pleasing to me. What shall I do?" "I have here, my father, a liquid called chloroform; wet the corner of your robe therewith and hold it to the man's nostrils, that he may breathe thereof, and I will make a woman." So father did as I wished, and when "a deep sleep" had come upon the man, I took a rib from his left side, and with the rib the larger side of his heart, and of them I made the woman, who has been so renowned as the mother of the human race. [In this connection I will inform the reader that dissection shows the human heart to be divided into four chambers, two called ventricles, of unequal size, and two called auricles, also of unequal size. I took the larger ventricle and the larger auricle, therefore, O, man, woman is more than half right in calling you a *heartless* creature, and you are *just* right in considering her your *better half*.]

ROCKFORD, MICH., CONVENTION.

There will be a three days meeting at Rockford, Ottawa county, Michigan, commencing Friday evening, Oct. 9th, and continuing over Sunday, the 11th. E. V. Wilson and other speakers will be present.

The Rockford Spiritualists are known all over Michigan for their hospitality. Let the people come out and hear the truth.

E. V. Wilson will give one of his wonderful Test Seances on Sunday, the 11th, for the benefit of the Spiritual Hall, at Rockford. Admission 50 cents.

A number of Catholic priests are expected to arrive from Rome soon, as missionaries among the freedmen of the South. A party of Benedictine fathers who came from England some time ago are said to be meeting with success in the conversion of negroes.

THE SPIRIT OF SAMOSSETT.

Mr. T. Warren's Convention of Deceased Ancestors—The Wonderful Performance in the Grove House—A Washington Detective's Useless Handcuffs—Some Music in the Air.

[We clip from the New York Sun the following record of a seance that occurred on Sunday night, the 27th of September, at the Grove House]:

Last evening at half-past 7 a crowd stood in front of the Grove House, in Bleecker street. The door was closed, and a tall man stood guard refusing entrance to all. The rooms, he said, were crowded already, and it was useless to admit the throng to the halls. Inquiry elicited the fact that Mr. T. Warren, a medium from Boston, was about to exhibit some wonderful spiritual manifestations. Mr. Warren's room is small and neatly furnished. It is separated from the parlor in which the audience were seated by folding doors, and over these was hung a red chintz curtain. In the middle of the curtain is a hole about eight inches long by twelve wide, and this hole was covered by a small black curtain, making a kind of trapdoor. The furniture of the room consisted of a bed, a very heavy marble topped table, a washstand and some chairs. But one door communicates with the hall, and this was locked during the exhibition. A small table stood near the curtain, and on this were a guitar, two bells, eight solid iron rings, and two large coils of thick rope. The reporter busied himself during the few moments before the beginning of the manifestations in examining these articles and talking to Mrs. Warren, a very pretty and very entertaining Boston brunette. The things on the table bore his inspection well. All were, so far as he could discover, exactly what they seemed.

The folding doors were thrown open, and Mr. Warren found himself in the presence of about 150 men and women. Some were noisy and disposed to make trouble, but the majority had evidently come in good faith to test the medium's powers. He spoke a few words, insisting upon quiet as one of the absolute conditions of success, ordered the lights half way down, and

WHISKED BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

It was then announced that "Samossett," the Indian who is supposed to control the medium, would bind him to his chair. In about thirty seconds the curtain was drawn back and the medium disclosed. He was seated in a wooden chair, with his head slightly inclined forward. His legs were tightly bound in three places, the bands being joined together by perpendicular cords. His hands were tied together and confined to his lap by a rope which joined the leg bands. Another rope passed over his neck, down in front under the arms, and was made fast to the back of the chair. A committee, of the audience, of which the Sun reporter was a member, examined the bands and the knots. They were apparently as firm and as intricate as human hands could make them. The examination over, the curtain was drawn, and the medium left with himself—and "Samossett."

The little table, with its burden of music and rings, had meantime been moved into the auditorium. The guitar was now passed through the little opening in the curtain, and "Samossett" was requested to play. "Samossett" played. His music, if it is spiritual, is certainly not heavenly. It was a mixture of discordant notes, but still it certainly came from the guitar, which was soon passed back through the opening, the sounds still continuing. The curtain was whisked back, and Mr. Warren was seen in exactly the same position. The bands and the knots had apparently not been tampered with.

A bell was now handed through the opening. It rang for a moment, and was then thrown violently out among the audience. Another bell was handed in, and "Samossett" requested to ring it in the presence of the assembly. It immediately appeared at the opening, tinkled a moment, and then came flying into the room. After each of these manifestations, the medium was shown to the audience, and he was always in the same position, having seemingly not moved.

The eight iron rings were next passed around for inspection. The minutest examination failed to find any flaw in them, and their ring pronounced them solid. These were passed through the opening. A rattling noise was heard inside, and in the twinkling of an eye almost the curtain was drawn back. Mr. Warren was sitting bound as before, and on his right arm, above the cords which bound his hands tightly down, hung the eight iron rings. Again the curtain concealed him from view, and it had scarcely been closed when the rings came flying through the opening.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It was now announced that one lady and one gentleman would be allowed in the room with the medium. The table with the guitar, bells and rings, was placed about eighteen inches from Mr. Warren, and a gentleman and lady from the audience stood near him. This time the light in his room was completely extinguished, the curtain drawn, and the folding doors shut tight. The outer room was as silent as the managers could make it, the light being about half turned down. For a time no sound was heard from the inner chamber. Suddenly the guitar began to sound, quite loudly at first, then more feebly, as if receding in the distance. The bells began to tinkle, and the rings clashed together. This lasted for a minute. All at once there was a loud crash, followed by a

scream. The doors and curtain were opened. There stood the medium, and there stood his companions. The guitar was lying across their arms, and the table was tipped upon the floor, its contents being scattered in all directions. The testimony of the gentleman and lady was, the guitar and bell had floated around the room, and finally alighted on their arms. The guitar had touched the lady's head twice in its erratic course, and spirit hands had clasped her. On these points the reporter was bound to accept their testimony, but what more vitally interested himself, was that his hat, which he had incautiously left upon the marble-topped table, bore unmistakable evidence of rather rough usage, either from "Samossett" or some other agent, natural or supernatural.

Another lady and gentleman were closeted with Mr. Warren and related substantially the same story. Then the professional pride of the reporter was aroused, and he requested a personal interview with the musical "Samossett." The spirit professed his willingness to enlighten the world through the Sun, and the reporter entered the room. He was followed by a very pretty brunette, with long, curling hair. The two were placed in position. The young lady stood upon the feet of Mr. Warren, who was still bound. The reporter stood by his left side. The lady's left hand was clasped in the right of the reporter, and the two rested upon the medium's head. The right hand of the young woman was clasped in the left of the Sun man. The table, as in the previous case, was about a foot and a half to the right of the medium.

These preliminaries settled, the curtain was drawn and the doors closed. The room was in utter darkness. The reporter leaned lightly on the shoulder of the medium, so that his slightest movement must have been detected. He sat there in the dark, muttering unintelligible jargon which is supposed to be Indian. For a moment all was still with the exception of this mutter, mutter. The hands of the young lady began to clasp tightly and more tightly on those of the reporter. Then they began to tremble, and suddenly

HER BODY BEGAN TO QUIVER,

and it was no wonder. The surroundings of that room, the constant expectation of something awful to come, and the vague superstition which will creep into the stoutest hearts at such a time, were enough to shake the nerves of any woman. The reporter opened his eyes wide, and tried to fathom the darkness of that room. But not a gleam of light penetrated from door or window. He could only feel that the medium was still rocking, and his companion still quivering. Suddenly a slight thrill seemed to shoot through his arms and shoulders. It was precisely similar to the shock from an electric battery, and doubtless was the result of contact with two highly electric bodies. Still there was no music and no disturbance. Only the rocking, rocking of the medium, and the quiver, quiver of the young lady.

All at once the medium began to scream. Then he called out, "Lizzie, Lizzie! I see Lizzie! She is standing right by your side, Miss. Do you know her?"

"N—n—n—o," shivered the poor girl. "Eliza! Eliza! That's her name. She's leaning on you now. Her arm is around your neck."

Then there was a long wail, and frightened sobs began to break from the poor girl. Her hands closed on the reporter's with an iron grip, and she cried and screamed as though her very soul was being torn from her. "Oh, it's her, my sister! I feel her! I see her! Oh, take me away!"

The reporter began to feel uneasy. He looked for the spiritual Eliza, but he could see nothing. Every moment this poor girl was liable to fall and perhaps become a maniac for life. He began to mutter maledictions on the medium and the door which it seemed would never open. Luckily the end came soon now, but not too soon for that terror-stricken girl. The music began to play and the bells to tinkle. The instruments did not float, or, if they did, none of them touched the reporter, who is not a highly imaginative man. The inevitable crash came. The table was overthrown, the door opened, and the audience saw this:

The young girl tottered backward while holding the reporter's hand. She shrieked wildly, and tore her hair. She was falling to the floor when the reporter caught her in his arms. The gentleman in attendance upon her took her in charge and laid her upon the floor. She rolled around and screamed for some one to take that arm from her neck. The audience crowded around her, and took away what little air she had. For a few moments there was Babel in the Grove House. At length she was taken to another room by two strong men, and when the seance ended she was as well as ever. Mr. Warren explains the episode on the ground that the young lady is an undeveloped medium.

TWO WONDERFUL COATS.

The performance was continued. "Samossett" kindly untied the medium. He was then handcuffed by a Washington detective, the key of the handcuffs given to one of the audience, and the curtain drawn. Almost instantly his coat came flying over the curtains, and completely enveloped the head of one of the lady spectators. The handcuffs had not been disturbed. Then a coat was borrowed from a young man, and in a twinkling this was fitted to the medium by the accommodating "Samossett." The handcuffs were now taken off, and the coat, which was much too small for Mr. Warren, was drawn off after much obstinate pulling by the owner.

The next and concluding manifestation was

performed with the rings. Two ladies and one gentleman were seated at the table with the medium. On the table were the guitar, a bell, and two of the solid iron rings. The gentleman selected is a pronounced skeptic, Mr. Miller. He took the key of the door in his own possession, and blockaded it with Mrs. Warren's trunk. Then the four clasped hands tightly, and the doors were closed. In about a minute they were opened and the two rings were found on Mr. Miller's right arm. He said to the audience, "Gentlemen, I don't know how it was done, but my hand never left this man's. I felt the rings go over my arms, and I know there was nobody in that room except we four."

Last week a band of beloved Christian women called on the editor of a paper published at Salisbury, Md., and pleaded eloquently and tearfully with him that he should not in any way encourage the circus people who were then giving their exhibition in the town. Circuses were wicked things, they said. They led to immorality and cost money, and kept people out late at night, and were altogether things to be shunned. There was a matinee that afternoon, and the editor was prospecting round the tent in search of items, when, to his surprise, happening to glance up at an old house hard by, whom should he spy on the roof thereof but the same noble women who had wrestled with him in the morning! They were peeping over the walls of the tent and watching the celebrated equestrienne, Mlle. Rosalinda, in her daring horseback act, and listening to the side-spitting jokes of the Shakespearian clown.

Germany has informed France that she must send twenty-five thousand troops to the Spanish frontier to enforce a strict neutrality, or that number of Teutonic soldiers will be stationed in the Pyrenees for the purpose. Bismarck insists that France has not been sincere in her professions, and must change her practice or there will be trouble. France, there is no doubt, will comply.

Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.

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Science.

ORIGIN OF BLOOD CORPUSCLES.—Dr. H. D. Schmidt, of New Orleans, has recently published his observations on this subject. His investigations were directed chiefly to human embryos six weeks old and upwards. He states that the nucleus only of the colorless blood corpuscles is developed into the red corpuscle, and confirms the prevalent opinion that the spleen and lymphatic glands are the permanent blood-formative organs. Dr. Schmidt regards the blood corpuscle as a gland-cell, destined to promote within itself the transformation, into other elements, of certain materials derived from the liquid sanguis, and, when matured, as giving back directly to the "liquor sanguinis," by its final dissolution, its secretion, consisting of its own body.

A CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST.—There is a bird in New Guinea, called the Megapodius, which in the size of its eggs and the manner of hatching them must be considered extraordinary. It is not larger than one of our ordinary fowls, but its eggs are three inches long by two and a half in diameter. It does not attempt to sit on them. A colony of birds lay their eggs together in a large mound, in the hottest part of the year, from September to March, and leave them to be hatched by the sun. The mound is made of sand, loose earth and sticks and leaves, which latter, by their decay, increase the heat. The mounds are wonderfully large, being ten feet high and sixty feet in circumference at the base. The young birds come out at a hole in the top. The mother birds wait on the trees around until their chicks are hatched, and then each leads off her own brood. How each knows its own is a mystery. The eggs are much relished by the natives, but not at all by Europeans. A native of Cape York ventured one day, into a nest for eggs, and while he was exploring the hidden riches of the large mound, the upper part fell in, and he was smothered. He was afterwards found, in the very act of digging—buried alive in a bird's nest.

As previously announced, the Anderson School of Natural History, at Penikese, was opened on the 9th of July for the summer season. The number of students in attendance was large, and found everything ready for immediate action. A great improvement in the general arrangements over those of last year was noted by the visitors, the buildings having been completed and the dormitories comfortably furnished, while the laboratories were well fitted up for their anticipated functions.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who succeeded his father as director, although on the island, was seriously indisposed, and unable to leave his room. Mr. John Anderson, the donor and founder of the establishment, and Mrs. Anderson were present.

Of the corps of lecturers there were at the opening Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Salem, Professors Theodore Lyman, Edward Bicknell, A. M. Mayer, Jordan, and Count Pourtales. Others who arrived subsequently were Dr. Burt Wilder and Professors Morse and Packard. The number of students in attendance was forty-six, of whom twenty were ladies. They represented sixteen States, and were for the most part persons engaged in teaching, and who desired to fit themselves better for their duties. The school closed on Friday, the 25th of August.

DANGERS OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.—Nitro-glycerine is a thick, colorless oil, and appears to be as harmless, to look at, as lard oil or petroleum. Not long since, in Jersey City, a gentleman and lady were taking a moonlight stroll on the heights, in the vicinity of one of the shafts of the new Delaware and Lackawanna Railway Tunnel. The man saw on the ground the glimmer of a small tin tube, picked it up, and slapped it from one hand to the other, when a terrific explosion ensued. His eyes were destroyed, his flesh lacerated, his limbs broken, while his lady companion was terribly injured. It was a discarded nitro-glycerine tube, such as are used in blasting, and is supposed to have been thrown away by workmen at the tunnel shaft. In Parker City, Pa., recently, a young man was carting six cans of nitro-glycerine over a rough road, in a wagon, when, from some cause which will never be explained, it exploded. The man, horse and cart were literally blown to pieces. The man's head and part of his breast were found three hundred feet distant, having been blown over the tops of the highest trees. Fragments of his limbs were scattered in different directions, and his right hand was found half a mile from the spot. Even the horse's shoes were torn from his feet.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE SHOWS.—Leuwen-hoeck tells of an insect seen with the microscope that twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores; through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself, like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Saws and Straus.

HOME AGAIN.

"Come back!" bids care. Sweet Rest, farewell!
This little rosy tinted shell
Is all that now is left to me
Of my glad summer by the sea!

Gay mornings on the sunny sands,
With merry bathers linking hands;
Calm hours of musing on the lone
High cliffs, with juniper o'ergrown,
Strange wild birds flitting to and fro,
And white waves breaking far below;
Long twilight rambles past the brown
Quaint houses of the fishing town;
And moonlight strolls, when low and sweet
A silver sea sang at our feet;
And dark nights, when we watched the far
Faint gleaming of the light-house star:
All, all are over! Stern and strong
Come's Care, and says, "You've staid too long!
Make haste to do a double task,
And for no more gay play-time ask!"

Yet long this shell will speak to me
Of my glad summer by the sea.
[Harper's Weekly.]

THE pen is the tongue of mind.

GUILT will not long hide guilt.

WORK well begun is half ended.

A GREAT "composer"—Chloroform,

BORROW nothing—not even trouble.

THE lawyer's advice—*damnum suum*.

How to keep cool—Hold your tongue.

THE sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

SELF is a poor centre for a man's actions.

THE evening of life brings with it its lamps.

BEAUTY makes virtue shine, and vices blush.

WASTE not—neither time, money nor talent.

CURIOSITIES about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

COMMON kerosene is now said to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism. All you have to do is to touch it with a match.

THREE companions with whom you should always keep on good terms: Your wife, your stomach and your conscience.

SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, says that Eugenie, the late Empress, is perhaps the most bigoted Catholic in Europe.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ is authority for saying that the Adirondack group of mountains is the oldest in the world—the land which first made its appearance above the waters of the great primeval ocean.

THE hopeful offspring of Quiz's landlady got an awful basting, recently, for remarking to the old lady, "You're a papal infallibility dog, ma." She could not see any joke about it—it meant business.—*Cincinnati Times*.

THREE of the most popular *prima donnas* on the European stage are Americans by birth, Patti, Albani and Minnie Hauk. They say in London that Albani is English, and as England has no other *prima donna*, she is a great favorite.

THE LONG BRANCH SWIMMING MATCH.—After several postponements, the International Swimming Match, between J. B. Johnson, an Englishman, and Andrew Trautze, an American, occurred last Friday, not in the ocean at Long Branch, but in Pleasure Bay, about five miles from the town. About five thousand spectators were present.

At 2 P. M. the coast wreckers were afraid to launch a boat. The steamer *Escort*, with an excursion party aboard, appeared off the beach and an effort was made to send a messenger out to her by a lifeboat, to have her act as a stakeboat, but no boat could be got to go. In this dilemma Mr. Laundres, a French athlete, swam out to the vessel on the errand. Next, the *Escort*, tired of waiting, steamed away. Then Johnson and Trautze, the contestants, were taken to Pleasure Bay to swim three miles. The spectators followed as far as able. The start was from off Raccoon Island, near Silver Point, in the Silver River, a branch of the Shrewsbury.

At 4:23 P. M. the word was given by the starter, and Johnson and Trautze dived off the bow of the steam yacht *Kate*, which acted as the stakeboat. Trautze took the lead, swimming with his head well out of water. Johnson was as lively as a kitten. He averaged thirty-three strokes to the minute, and Trautze forty-eight. During the first ten minutes the men held their positions. Then Trautze reduced his strokes to thirty a minute, and Johnson increased his to forty-eight.

At 5:20, when within sight of home, Johnson was swimming steadily at his usual gait, and Trautze making fifty-four strokes to the minute, neck and neck.

The homestretch was a marvel of rapid swimming. Trautze increased his strokes to sixty-nine, while Johnson held on at thirty, but put more force into each stroke, and rose clear of the water every time. Sixty yards from home he resorted to his effective hand-over-hand stroke, and passed Trautze like a flash. In fifty yards he gained at least thirty, some said forty. He came in at 5:34, Trautze making a landing over one minute later. The judges gave the time 1:10:30.

"My b'loved frien's," he discoursed, "de greate'st of all de miraculums am 'bout de loaves an' fishes; dere was five tousand loaves and two tousand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'um all, and de miraculum is dat dey didn't bust."

SPEAKING of Bazaine's wife, who helped him to escape, the Paris Register says: "Such devotedness and heroism will not only serve to elevate still higher, if possible, the character of her sex, but will shed something of romance around one of the most pitiable and humiliating episodes of French history."

"I all'ys keep my lamp a trimmed and a burning agin the bride comes," remarked old Aunt Jude, the other night, in meeting; "and I have all'ys told my Rogers, Mr. husband, I mean, Mr. Rogers, my husband, that these last forty years I have experienced a great change." About five minutes afterward old Mr. Rogers arose and said "he'd been a hear-in' and a tellin' on it, but it was news to him."

"I HAVE much to do, and many things to finish," said Victor Hugo, recently, "and life is passing away from me. My head is full of novels, but shall I ever have time to write them? I am seventy-two years old, and the end cannot be far off. Those who waged those battles with me are all dead; of all of them I alone survive. I feel like a general who, after a battle, sees his army lying slain around him, himself the sole survivor."

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the discoverer of ancient Troy, has been condemned by the Areopagus to pay to the Turkish Government the value of those Trojan treasures which have disappeared, and three Professors of the Athenian University have been appointed as experts to estimate the amount to be paid, by examination of the photographs taken before the treasures were "lost." This is a sharp trade on Schliemann's part, as the archaeological element of value will scarcely enter into the estimate, though it is certainly ten times greater than the gold value.

IN an account of the marriage ceremonies of the Eskimo, given by Dr. Hayes, he says: "The match is made by the parents of the couple. The bridegroom must go out and capture a polar bear, as an evidence of manly courage and strength. He is then told that he can marry, if so inclined, and, like most bachelors, he is, generally, so inclined. He sneaks behind the door of his inamorata's house, and when she comes out he pounces upon her and undertakes to tear her away to his dog sledge. She kicks, bites, screams and breaks away from him. He chases her, and the old women of the settlement come out with frozen strips of sealskin and give her a whack. After running the gauntlet of these old women, she falls down exhausted, and surrenders. The bridegroom then lashes her to his sledge, and, whipping up his dogs, they fly over the frozen snow, and the wedding is consummated."

COAST OF NEW GUINEA.—Details appear in the London *Times* and *Daily News*, of the expedition of H. M. S. *Basilisk*, which has been exploring the northeastern shores of New Guinea. The ship had arrived at Singapore at the end of June, the expedition and the survey of Goschen Strait and the coast from East Cape to Cape Rigny, of the Astrolabe Gulf—about 500 miles—having occupied four months. Lieutenant Dawson was to return on July 15th, by Torres Straits to Sydney, whence he proceeds to Fiji to survey and report upon the harbors and passages. Riche, the island of D'Entrecasteaux, who visited these coasts in search of La Perouse in 1793, was found not to exist now. To the large De Entrecasteaux group the names of Normanby, Fergusson and Goodenough were given by Captain Moresby. The coast was varied in feature, being at times bold and steep, with lofty mountains, at others low and wooded, with off-lying coral banks and dangers. The natives became less friendly as the expedition went westward. Venomous snakes were found, but no wild animals. About 300 miles westward of East Cape the natives were stark-naked, and more debased. Collections of implements, articles of dress, and ornaments were obtained in great quantities; among the former tortoise-shell axes and models of the war canoes. A few botanical and natural history specimens were obtained by the medical officers, as well as a rough vocabulary of the language. At Amboyna (Dutch settlement) the *Basilisk's* officers met Mr. Alexander Macleay, the Russian traveler, who had recently returned from the northwest coast, where the natives had been hostile, and had eventually ousted him. Full of zeal in his work, he had overdone it, and was suffering at Amboyna from scurvy, and afterwards erysipelas. The Dutch medical authorities thought his condition serious when the *Basilisk* left Amboyna. The surveys of the *Basilisk* have opened up a new route to Sydney, which is 280 miles shorter than the shortest previously known route.

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