

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

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

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THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church, I worshiped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray.
The meetin' house was finer built than they were years ago;
But then I found, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back by the door,
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet tongue, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire,
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more,
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'! well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said,
I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it for the lightning of his eye
Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews,
He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews;
And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear;
He told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place,
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation too—
In the dear home beyond the skies, that shine from heaven's blue.
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The face of God's dear servant who preached his word to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory won,
The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run,
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

An Illinois man has come back from Europe quite disgusted because Paris is three times as large as Chicago. The biggest thing they can boast of in Chicago now is insurance rates.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY AND THE POWERS OF FREE LOVE.

BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

Long before the social question was enveloped in the name of Free Love, we had seriously investigated many of its claims, and determined for ourselves, that our social education had been antagonistic to the more perfect laws of nature. Therefore it will not, we are sure, be considered a marvel that we are among the advocates of the principles of this much abused doctrine.

Here let us ask a question. Are any of you free-lovers? You answer, no. But stop and reason with us and we will prove to your own satisfaction that you are.

First, have you ever loved any person? You admit you have. Well, then, will you please to inform us how you came to love that person? Did you take lessons in love, as you would if you desired to learn music, painting, or drawing? did your teacher or guardian ever define its value, or prove its real worth on paper, slate, or board? did they learn you how to add, subtract, multiply, or divide it? did they tell you how to change its value as in weights and measures? have you ever ascertained its size, form, or color? in fact, is it a something that can be learned from teachers, guardians, bibles, books, or creeds? Can the scientists determine its cause, define its power, or measure its height and depth? can he ascertain its quality or quantity? analyze its proportions, and by disintegrations number its component parts? Can the M. D.'s diagnosis it, or the L. L. D.'s explain its technicalities and render to the world a true and lawful statement of its causes and its claims?

Answer us, you who can talk so long and loud of holy marriage laws, of faithful wives and constant husbands; who tell us God, some thousands of years ago, devised those laws and sent them down from Heaven, and ever since their advent to the earth, the duty of mankind has been to enforce those legal claims on love and marriage, and make the world subservient to their decree.

Now, if you know the cause, the justice, and the righteousness of those coercive laws, then act like men of honor, and define the cause of love, and what it is, that you should have the right to legislate upon its claims and measure out its bounds. And, if it is not free, then please inform us who its master is. But if you can't do this to satisfy the hopes and fears of those who wait your stern decree, then let your slanderous tongues have rest—withhold your judgment of the term *free love*, until you hear the evidence of the defense. We have volunteered our services to defend its claims and justify its cause. For well we know it is a child of Mother Nature, who never had a master, and knows no laws superior to her own. Then, love is free by right of birth, and can it be a slave? 'Tis true that men have ever tried to rob it of its liberty, and make it serve their purposes and plans for selfish ends, but how completely they have failed. Now let us change their mode of reasoning and proclaim the truth as taught by nature and her laws, that love has ever been the master and the millions its crouching slaves.

Love of self has made its victim low and

mean in other eyes, has made the father forgetful of his children's needs, and the mother careless of their wants; has built a tyrant's throne in many a home, and robbed its inmates of their natural rights.

Love of power has murdered millions for its cause; has trampled justice under foot, has crushed out wisdom, light and knowledge for a time, and swept whole nations from their native soil.

Love of fame has forced its slaves in thorny paths; has wasted fortunes, sacrificed honor, betrayed friends, and rendered life a barren waste to grasp the hoped for prize.

Love of gold has made the man a miser and recluse, to live alone, and while away the precious time in counting o'er and o'er his shining coin, till death shall rob him of the precious sight.

Love of liberty has made the slave a hero, the coward brave and true, the feeble woman rise from degradation, lift and rags above the oppressor's hand, and brave the world's cold scorn, face danger, hunger, poverty, and even death, in hopes at last to claim that freedom she had only seen in dreams of equal rights.

The love of sex has suffered every woe that men or angels know. There's not a path, however hedged with thorns, but the lover's feet have trod; no road so strange, no gulf so broad or deep, no cliff so high, no mountain top so jagged with rocks, that the lover has not forced his way to learn his coming fate. If disappointment proves his doom, no power on earth can make a wreck so soon. The voice of friends have lost their power to cheer him more, he only thinks of her whose form is pictured in his burning brain; her songs are heard in dreams, and when the hour of waking comes he mourns anew his lonely fate. He shuns society, and coldly passes all companions by, to roam alone, a prey to mental grief. With some, insanity will seize their tottering brain, drive reason from its throne, and drag the victim on, on, on, till time destroys his form, and death relieves him from the life on earth which, since that fatal day, had been to him a night of years. While others, with sullen steps and sure, seek out the cause of all his grief and ends the contest with the murderer's bloody knife. No promise of future power or fame can wrest him from his course, or check the ravages the fire of love has kindled in his aching heart. The powers of gold have no more charms, and fame has not its wonted glory when the object of his love is lost.

Now, boasting men, you who have claimed the right of power to chain the laws of love, come tell us how such grief and woe can come upon our race? If you possess the power to calm those restless waves that bury thousands every year in sorrow's dismal tomb, we pray you tell us where that precious gift lies hid, and why you have kept the world in ignorance so long? Sure, we are not the willing prey of love's relentless laws, and oft would change the law, or its effect, when the object of our love is not within our reach. We would gladly check the hungry longings that feed upon our aching hearts and render life a dreary waste of time. Oh! you silly, ignorant braggots! for eighteen hundred years and more, you have sung that same old tune, 'tis time you stop and

look through other eyes and see yourselves as others see you; but if you cannot do that, then watch the picture while we paint.

Nature, and all her laws and works, are pure as the spirit germ that comes from the bosom of God, or the ocean of knowledge, light and force, whose power sends forth those germs into the womb of Nature, which kindly folds them in its fond embrace while ages roll away into the eternal past. These germs the while attracting atoms to themselves, and thus by slow and constant growth the shining orbs and worlds are formed. And though the years may number millions ere vegetation, animals or man can live upon those new made worlds, though chemical combinations form, combustions throw the mountains high and hollow out the ocean's bed, yet worlds grow on and on, until sufficient maturity at last is reached, and procreation sends forth vegetation, animals and man. Imperfect though they are at first, they are all the verdant worlds can make of them. Perfection only comes through time's progressive laws. The infant boy is not a perfect man, nor the infant world a perfect world.

The perfection and beauty of the vegetable and floral kingdoms, depend upon the soil from which they take their support, the temperature of the climate, the quantity of moisture, heat, light, etc. The more perfect the conditions given, the more perfect results will they produce. So with the animal kingdom, and also the human. It is the human kingdom that we are to consider more closely, the necessities for perfectly natural conditions and the beautiful results such conditions will bring. Man and woman, taken collectively, constitute, or mirror forth a miniature world, in fact, they seem an epitome of the whole universe; and, hence their great necessities and numberless desires to perfect all their faculties, to harmonize their forces, and equalize their functions in their proper uses. Therefore as they possess every faculty, function and quality found in the universe, they must necessarily derive their support from the productions of the planet on which they live. The vegetable derives its support from the earth, the animal from the vegetable, and man from both. Thus it is evident that each ascending production is physically supported from the lower. When we scientifically contemplate those facts we feel that the angel worlds are physically supported from us, that they really feed upon those who live in the physical form. Be that as it may, we will return to our own sphere.

We believe that we possess no faculties or organs that are not useful, and should have proper care and support; if not, they must necessarily grow weak or die, which will render those individuals imperfect in their organizations. When the physical body requires food, nature has so organized each individual that he or she alone can determine when that time is, and how much is required to supply the demand. We wish to be understood in the general or universal sense; that there are perverted appetites we do not deny, but that has little or nothing to do with the principle at issue, and the causes that produce such perversions we will hereafter consider. Therefore, the individual who hungers is the only one who has a right, or can determine the quality or

quantity that must supply the demand, hence he or she is a sovereign in that sphere of action, having supreme control over those faculties; and, so far as man-made law is concerned, has never attempted to sit in judgment or even question the right so to do, but have left the laws of nature to punish for all excesses and abuses according to the crime committed.

We come now to consider the needs of the social faculties; they, too, must have their support, else starvation must come. And let me assure you, here and now, that those persons who are socially starving, who hunger, hunger, with no hope of a supply, are the most wretched and unhappy of all wretched subjects the world has ever produced. They may count their gold by millions, and still they starve and languish for that which money cannot buy. For, the quality that money can buy never satisfies the soul. Why not? Because that love which is the only food that can satisfy the hungry longings of a famished heart was never bought or sold, is not a slave to the money power, but lives as happy and free in the poor man's humble cot, where gold and diamonds never glitter, as in the mansion of the millionaire. And though men have squandered thousands in pursuit of some substitute to satisfy those longing desires, have even legalized houses of prostitution, where countless numbers resort each night to revel in sexual abuse; but can you, can they, can any one, give us any evidence that such men who frequent those houses, or the women who receive them, are among the happy and contented, whose homes are the mansions of peace and rest, where hunger never comes, where hopes grow brighter as time speeds on, and loving arms are ever open to enfold them? No! no! there is no proof, no evidence that such are happy, and yet they number millions, and many of them legally married by the laws of our country. And, while the husband and father tarries at his midnight revel, the wife and mother weeps the bitter tears of loneliness and neglect; her heart is aching with sorrow and her mind goes out in search of some one to love, some one who can satisfy the starvings of her longing soul. Her unborn babe makes up its organization from such conditions, they are transmitted to the child, consequently the organs which will again produce the same results, have a greater supply of food and action, and must necessarily be more fully developed than others; and in after years this child proves to be the personification of the mother's secret life, follows in its parent's footsteps, ever longing, and never satisfied.

Thus one generation after another has come and passed away, and, through the suppression of the proper food for the social faculties that nature so carefully provided, our race has become to a great extent a nation of libertines and prostitutes. The libertines are many of them men of cloth, and very respectable. But the prostitutes, O horror! who can respect one of them? Yet these men who legalize these houses of ill-fame, give as their reasons for so doing, that such houses are necessary for the protection of their wives and daughters, who would be in danger of being insulted if they should chance to walk out in the evening alone.

Now, this reasoning reminds us of the story of Judas, in the Bible. It was necessary that Christ should be betrayed and suffer death, and yet Judas has been cursed by all Christian nations for eighteen hundred years. They never seem to consider if Judas had not betrayed Christ that their means of salvation would be lost, and they left in danger of that burning pit they so often describe. Now, if it is actually a necessity to establish by law such institutions, why not consider these women who answer the demands of said law to be respectable, and even sisters of mercy? Ladies, if these women are fit companions for your husbands, are they not equally so for you? and, in fact, should you not feel under deep obligations to them for the protection they have rendered yourselves and daughters? We really think you should bless instead of curse them. O shame! shame! gentlemen—this is, indeed, a sad acknowledgment for you. Are you not as great a prostitute as the woman whom you visit in yonder house of ill-fame, and pay her your money for services rendered? She is selling her virtues, wasting her health and strength, doubtless to support herself and children; while you are wasting your money and time for what you call pleasures. Now please tell us which of the two is the greatest prostitute, you, or the woman you steal away under cover of darkness to visit? Now, ladies, we advise you to

look after these women who have been your protectors, and are still the bosom companions of your husbands, invite them to your homes, give them seats in your parlors, throw your protecting arms of honor and position around them and shield them from the desperate causes which force dissipation upon them, through which comes filthy diseases that may find its way to your own chamber, and there in disguise mock you for your cold neglect, while you fade away from mortal sight. If they are the companions of your husbands by night, let them be yours by day, and forever cease to draw your robes so close about you when you meet one of these women in the street, so long as you fold a prostitute husband to your bosom through the small hours of every night.

We will now consider the abuses of the present legal marriage law, and the reason the socialists are opposed to its claims. We believe that love is the only true marriage bond. This bond should be the legitimate production of the two who enter the marriage state, and no third person should have any power to say how long said bond shall remain in full force, or when it shall become null and void.

We think we have sufficiently proved that love is a mighty and independent power which legislatures cannot control, and the least attempt to do so is mockery. The love that exists between the sexes, which is the only marriage law, must find sufficient food to support and keep it in a healthy condition, or sickness and death will be the final result, or, supplies must be sought in other directions.

We will first notice the needs of the intellectual faculties. Let two become united through the present marriage law: one is of a literary development; talented, and in every way intellectual, and is more interested in the pursuits of knowledge and science than anything else, save the pleasure and happiness of home and companion. The other is wholly absorbed in any pursuit that will bring the greatest financial profit. Wealth, position, and fame are the objects most loved and most sought for. Now, these are not isolated cases, for we meet such every day, and we never enter such a home but we feel the clashing of the opposing elements. At first they may not be severe, but time soon develops the starved and unhappy condition of that home. The intellectual party feels, he or she which ever it may be, has no companion, though they have the honor of being married and often possess a beautiful and elegant home, and so far as the masses can discover, everything to make them happy. And yet there is a vacancy there which cannot be filled from the meager store of home supplies, and the only substitute is to fill their shelves with useful books and occasionally their house with friends, who can give the much needed substitute; but alas! then comes a tirade from the other side for such waste of time and expenses. And should the intellectual party happen to be the woman, the suffering is much greater, for you all know the limited means the wives of miserly husbands have to make them comfortable, much less happy. Many times the wife is forced to steal the little pittance she is obliged to have, from his pocket while he sleeps, or from his business house or farm, sell the products when he is away from home; and though these wives have often told me they felt conscientious in so doing, for it was honorably theirs as much as their husband's, still they had so great a repulsion of doing anything in a sly, secret way, that it gave them pain to do so. And more than all, the fear of detection by the husband, and the sad results that would inevitably follow, made life a restless sea whose hungry waves seemed ever leaping for their prey. Here again are hopeless conditions for children born in such homes; from such conditions come the miser and the sly, cunning thief. Better that children be born outside of all man-made marriage law, if they can have harmonious conditions, and feed upon pure, free, and happy nourishment drawn from the fountains of love which flow through the mother's body and soul.

We now come to the greatest of all the evils of the present marriage law—the practice and justification of sexual abuse. Here language fails us; we have none through which we can portray the misery, the sorrow, the degradation and crime before the public, which the present marriage law protects and covers with its respectable cloak; but, believing as we do, that there are no subjects which can benefit the present or coming generations that are too

sacred for investigation; no wrongs so deep or dark but should be uncovered and if possible removed. And while we have tried to disrobe ourselves of all false modesty, yet we have an innate delicacy within which shrinks from such a duty as here presents itself before us. You will bear with us while we present evidence, and plead the condemnation of all law that justifies crime.

An inquirer, with whom we have been corresponding, said in one of his letters: "It seems, the main object with socialists, is to do away entirely with all marriage law, and leave the sexes to come together and separate without restraint." And this seems to be the belief of all who oppose us; but we say this is not true. We are only laboring to give to every individual the supreme control over all matters in which no second person can have any possible means of knowing the needs, the uses, or the abuses thereof. We believe that every production of earth brings with it its own constitution of laws, sufficient for its own ultimate perfection. Therefore, every individual must become a law unto him or herself, in all matters over which others can have no power to control. Therefore, is it not plain to be seen that socialists are laboring to secure individual rights? No person should have power to demand of another sexual food. The law of reciprocity is the one which must exist between the one who gives and the one who receives. And if at any time the present marriage law forbids this much needed right which nature has so wisely given, it should be divested of such arbitrary and unnatural power. We do not hesitate to say the specific or conjugal love, that only exists between the sexes, draws most of its life and support from the sexual organs, and when two are rightly mated, no power on earth can separate them, for they will become as it were "one flesh." And no demand will be made that will not be reciprocal. But where they are mismatched, Oh, horror! how our heart sickens for the fate of that wife who is powerless to respond to the demands of her legal husband, if he is exacting in them. For, though love between the sexes, in harmonious and proper conditions bring as it were heaven on earth and angels near, so if otherwise, home is a pandemonium where devils alone can dwell. Still our laws to-day justify the husband to use any means of force if he does not rudely bruise or disable his victim. He may even murder her by slow degrees, while the law holds her in its iron grasp and protects the fiend in human shape in deeds of violence which the brute creation was never known to commit—furnishing the wretched wife no means of escape except through disgrace, though the love she once bore him has long since died out, covered with the pale ashes of cruelty and neglect, or buried in the loathsome grave of sexual abuse. She looks upon the man who calls her wife, who once had promised all that love or wealth could well procure, and then upon her windows draped with richest lace, and then perchance upon her diamond ring—his gift of love—when hopes of future happiness were high and youth's fair bud of promise but half unclosed; but ah! they withered ere they bloomed, and in his stern and cruel hand he holds before her longing gaze the bare and withered stalks.

"Go, wretch!" he cries, "if go you must, but these possessions are all mine; you have no claims on what you leave behind!"

She stops to reflect, but sees no other means of escape, though a trackless future lies before her, she knows a barren waste is behind; to stay is death, to go can be no more. The die is cast, she bids farewell to the living grave of the past, to brave the stormy waves of the future, and exclaims in the anguish of soul, "Oh! marriage bonds where love is not, ye only mock the homes of peace and rest, and stamp the lie on jewels rare and glittering gems which hang suspended from the brow of fame! Who knows the all of thy delusive snares? thy heights and depths of woe? thy crushed and overburdened hearts? thy mispent lives in gilded homes where human forms are but the hideous skeletons of blasted hopes?"

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

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

CHAPTER III.

The Devil Swears Allegiance to the Woman and her Offspring—One More Link Needed to Complete the "Chain of Creation"—The Origin of Calling Friday "Unlucky"—The Devil makes the Link—Vulcan Unexpectedly Makes his Debut, brings News from "Home," Declares the Link Unfit for the Place, and Assists Nick in Making Another—A Word to Darwin—How Vulcan Became a Blacksmith.

I had barely time to finish my work ere the sun bade us good-night. Father was in ecstasies when he beheld the woman, and indeed I had succeeded far beyond my most ardent anticipations. I had done well, considering that I had no pattern to make the mould by. Complain not, my plain-faced daughters, if you are not so comely as you desire. When I made your great mother, I did the best I could under the circumstances. Just think of it! I undertook to do what Jehovah dared not undertake, and succeeded. We had neither of us seen a woman before. I feared lest father should go crazy. For my own part, I swore, by the hand that had made her, that I would stand by her and her offspring, through-out evil report as well as good, to cherish and love.

When father's excessive delight had somewhat abated, he turned to me and said: "Now, my beloved Nicholas, let me depart in peace, for behold, the woman whom thou hast made has consecrated the Sabbath anew."

"O father, I pray let your work be finished ere you depart."

"O my son, let the woman be the fulfillment of all thy desires. What more wouldst thou have?"

I had been critically examining the "Chain of Creation," and found that in order to complete the circle, one more link was needed. Do not criticise too severely, if I seem to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous. I must follow events in the order in which they occurred.

"Father," I said, "there is yet one link lacking to complete the encircling chain of formation."

"Whereabouts, my son, dost thou perceive the lack?"

"Between the man and the monkey," I replied.

"Well, well, my son, I can stay no longer, for it is already the Sabbath; whatever is needed thou mayst put in thyself. I can do no more. I must rest."

So father departed to take his rest, and as I feared so the result has proved. He did too much, that week, considering he was an old man, and not accustomed to hard labor. He went home completely broken down. He has performed no active labor since. So, in a sense, you may say he has rested ever since that memorable Friday night. This is why Friday is called "unlucky"—although Gabriel says: "It is no such thing; it is because you made that most perverse of all beings, woman, on that day." Rather than have any further dispute, I will drop the Friday business for the present, and return to that "link."

At this point I came near making a luckless mistake. While proceeding to form a common link, to connect the ends of the chain, I felt a gentle but firm grasp upon the shoulder. I turned in surprise, when who should I see but Vulcan. I was nearly astounded. Vulcan greeted me with a broad, good-natured grin.

"Why, Vule," says I; "what means this? How came you here?"

At this remark, Vule laughed outright. "Ha, ha, Nick, I'm just in time. What are you trying to do?"

"Well, well," say I, "tell me first what sent you here?"

"Now, Nick, you hold on right where you are, and I will tell you. The old man has got home, and he's not only all beat out, but sick abed, and raving like all possessed. That set the whole house in an uproar. Some of the boys said he shouldn't have worked so hard, and finally we all agreed on that. The old man said 'for all he worked so hard, he didn't get through with the job, but had to leave you to finish it alone,' and said something about your having a link to put in a chain. Michael said 'the old man had no business meddling with that job in the first place; if Nick wanted to raise hell, or anything else, down here in the earth, to let him do it alone, if he thought he was so mighty smart.' And Gabriel said, 'It

had turned out just as he had expected; that Nicholas was always getting up some kind of a scheme that was no good to himself or anybody else; for his part he expected the affair would be the death of Pa.' Zoph said, 'he was glad, for his part, that he staid at home, instead of chasing after that reckless firefly of a Nick; but he guessed Nick was done for now, that woman down there would be the ruin of him.' So I thought, to get clear of such a babble, and not knowing but what I might be of some help to you about putting in that link, I would come down and see you, and I got along just in time."

"How so?" says I.

"Because, don't you see, if you put the ends of that chain together, with that kind of a link, the chain will twist into a snarl that even yourself can't clear."

"Well, Vulc, it is really kind in you to come to my assistance at this opportune moment. I perceive you are right. How shall we make one that will keep the concern in working order?"

"Oh, all you've got to do is to make a double one, what I call a male-female."

"Well, go ahead, Vulc. I can make a male or a female, but I can't make them both at once."

So Vulcan made a *swivel*. We had to work quickly, for things were cooling rapidly.

If the reader wishes any further information in regard to that "link," let him consult Darwin. I've told Darwin all about it; shown him where to find it.

If Darwin should see this statement, and wonder why I hadn't made a better-looking link, inasmuch as I had done so well on the woman, I will state for his information, and to gratify the curiosity of others, that I made the *woman* by daylight, whereas it was almost *midnight* when I got the *link* in.

Having finished our job, I thought I would give Vulcan a title. Says I, "Vulc, how came you to be a blacksmith?"

"Well, you see, Nick, after you cleared out, the old man heard about Mike's giving you that kick, and was mighty sorry; he was afraid you might have got killed by your fall. So he sent for Mike, and wanted him to go and hunt you up, and see if you were all right. But Mike wouldn't go, said he 'didn't care if you were dead, hoped he had got rid of you.' The old man told him it was his duty to go, but Mike said 'if he chased you every time you stubbed a toe, he would have enough to do; if the old man wanted you hunted up, he had better go himself.' Well, the old man felt so kind of bad about you, I took pity on him, and told him I would go and try to find you. The old man was mighty glad to have me go, I tell you. So I came off and found you enjoying yourself hugely, and went back and told him you were all right."

"Why didn't you let me know when you were hunting for me, Vulc?"

"Well, you see, I felt kind of ashamed: to think I wouldn't take hold and try to help you fix up the old house, and I didn't want you to know I was around, then."

"You haven't told me yet how you came to be a blacksmith."

"There, Nick, you'll be Nick just as long as you live, won't you?" You was always in a hurry, and never could be satisfied unless you could have the whole of anything at once. When I found that the old man was coming down here to help you along a little, I asked him if I might come too and help. He said I might. So, just as soon as the boys found I was a coming with him, they most all of 'em set out that they wanted to come, too. So the old man let all come that wanted to. Well, you see when we got here we found we had got some digging to do, and no tools to do it with. The old man didn't know what to do then; but I told him I would make 'em all the shovels they wanted. 'You can't make a shovel, Vulcan,' says he. 'But I can, though,' says I. 'Well, make 'em, then,' says he. So I made them."

"Well, how came you to know *how*? That's what I want to know."

"There it is again, Nick. You are in such an everlasting hurry. 'How came I to know how?' Well, I'll tell you. One day I was down to the fishpond, and I saw a bird scale close down to the pond, with a worm in his mouth; and pretty soon a fish jumped up and tried to catch the worm from the bird's mouth. The bird let go the worm and caught the fish. So, thinks I, I'll have some fun (you know, Nick, I always liked fun). If I can only get some worms, I'll catch some fish. So I went

and got the fireshovel, and dug some worms, and I had a jolly good time catching fish, all but one thing."

"Why, I expected by this time to hear how you made a shovel, instead of borrowing one from the kitchen fire."

"There, Nick, do have patience. The world wasn't made in a minute; neither can I tell the whole of this story in less than a minute. As I was telling you, I had a first rate time fishing, only one thing."

"What was that," I asked. "Don't be longer in telling that story than the world was in making."

"What was it?" Why, I broke it."

"What did you then?"

"Well, you see, I knew that if the old man found out that I broke that 'ar shovel I might get a trouncing. So I made up my mind that I must mend that shovel somehow, by hook or by crook."

"Well, how did you mend it? That's what I want to know."

"I welded it, to be sure."

"I don't know any better now than I did before."

"Well, I thought if I told you too much at once you wouldn't be so well off as you calculated on. Now you keep still, and let me tell the story, if I'm agoin' to. You see, one time 'Polyon set our pewter teapot too near the fire, so that it started to melt. I saw what was up, and snatched it away, and where it melted it stuck to where it wasn't melted, when it came to cool. So I concluded if I could just heat that old shovel hot enough to start it a little, I could stick it together. I tried it, and found that when I got it about as hot as the fire, I could shape it just about any way I was a mind to, and it would stick together real solid. That's the way I learned how to make a shovel; and now, Nick, if you want a blacksmith, I'm ready to hire out."

Pleasant Voices.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

BACKBITING AND SLANDERING.

Though not given to the reading of poetry, I think it was Tennyson who wrote these lines:

And the parson made it his text that week,
And he said likewise
That a lie which is partly the truth
Is ever the blackest of lies.
That a lie which is all a lie
May be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part of a truth
Is a difficult matter to fight.

The weakness and wickedness of human nature is nowhere exhibited in darker lines than in efforts made by those "down in reputation," to drag others down to their own level. No libertine—no male prostitute has faith in women. This lack of faith tells its own tale of social wickedness. And when bawds, brazen hussies, Jezebels of the Spiritual dispensation become pretty thoroughly known to their sisters who believe in the purity of the family relation, they start out, buzzard-like, for filth to hurl at such as, innocently thrown into their society for a time, *know* their real lives! What a mission for woman, hunting for immorality—searching for imperfections and impurities. "Mrs. A is a prostitute." She does not—*dare* not deny it. But it is hinted or insinuated that several others of her sex are given to "easy" lives, and lo! Mrs. A is happy; brass goes up at once in the market.

All this is preliminary to the following article, which I cut from the *American Spiritualist*, written by the Rev. J. O. Barrett. Sincerely do I wish that more of my sisters had some of the sterling womanly qualities that characterize Emma Hardinge Brittan. Here's what Mr. Barrett writes:

Spiritualism is now widely known, and Spiritualists occupy sufficiently responsible positions, socially and politically, to claim the confidence and respect of all intelligent communities; accordingly, justice demands that they assert and maintain their rights. If slandered, they should compel vilifiers to pay for the luxury of their wickedness.

While that noble woman, Emma Hardinge, was recently lecturing in Chicago, a prominent Universalist clergyman, preaching in the city, made certain villainously vicious statements to Mrs. Dr. Avery, touching the moral character of Mrs. Hardinge, who when very justly informed of the same by her friend, addressed a note to the reverend gentleman, at the same time engaging her attorney to proceed with prosecution. The result was—excitement, a speedy "call," and a most humble, pleading apology on the part of the Universalist min-

ister. Was not Mrs. Hardinge *too lenient* in letting him off with an *apology*?

Mr. Peebles has two written apologies from Universalist clergymen, and one from a Unitarian minister, asking pardon for reporting "hear say" statements that were utterly false. A few weeks before leaving California in 1862, he compelled a Roman Catholic devotee to sign a paper, confessing that he had libeled him.

Engaged upon J. M. Peebles' biography, with packages of documents in our hands, we write *what we know*.

Inquiry—Should slanderers be let off with mere apologies? We are acquainted with one individual, at least, who would not permit any such trifling with right and justice. A few examples in this direction would be most salutary upon the priesthood and others, teaching them to not "bear false witness." No mortal shall with false tongue or filthy fingers, touch our reputation; it is too dear—our Spiritualism too precious.

The above, written by Mrs. H., one of the oldest and most substantial Spiritualists in New York, is worthy of deep consideration. The envious, jealousies, and vituperation so common, are among the proofs that we are living in degenerate times; at least, in this respect. To tattle, or to listen to the tattling "small talk" of others, is a silly use of time; and to carry it further, each exaggerating the original irregularity, is an occupation beneath contempt. Speak good of others, or nothing!

J. O. B.

REMARKS.—The above communication came into our hands when we were in high favor with the *R.-P. Journal*, and was marked for publication in the Frontier department of that paper, and rejected by the editor, S. S. Jones. Reason: "It reflects on me, and sustains Mr. Peebles." This is but one "of the ways that are dark" in the mysteries of journalism.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Much has been said of these two qualities in human nature. Society smiles approvingly upon him whom the world calls "good." His stream of life has been unruffled by the tempestuous waves of temptation, and the right hand of fellowship is extended in the cordial grasp of fraternity to him. Flowers of prosperity strew his pathway, the sunlight is ever golden along its green isles, and no shadows of adversity e'er mar his life's journey; his skies are ever cloudless and balmy breezes fan his cheek—while he, in the exaltation of self-approbation, says to the evil doer, "Get thee behind me; I am more holy than thou."

While on the other hand—this evil doer, what is he? The despised of men. Cradled in the bed of misery and want, his parents' life a record of crime, brought up by a system of education whose tendencies develop the inherent evil in him; with scorn, oppression, and want the incentive, he plunges into a whirlpool of crime which awaits him at every footstep. Thus, with no bright hopes of the future to lighten his darkened pathway, he feels that the hand of every man is against him, and becomes hardened and careless of the world and thinks only of self-gratification. Governed by the worst passions of his nature, he becomes inured to crime, till at last in a moment of madness his hands are dyed in the blood of a fellow-creature, depriving him of the God-given boon of life and blackening his own soul with the terrible deed.

Society recognizes the enormity of the crime, and in righteous indignation demands its punishment, and thus this poor life, so clouded by unhappy influences, is choked out before a jeering crowd, no better than himself, to appease an outraged human law, said law having originated in the barbarisms of the past, whose highest moral sentiment was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Thus the calamity of his birth culminates in a violent and untimely death, and unbidden entrance into spirit life—illustrating the changeless law of cause and effect.

Now let us examine these qualities. What is goodness? We say a person is good because he transgresses no law of morality, and a person is evil because he does transgress these laws. All good is comparative. We know of no one so good but there is some one better; and of no one so evil but somewhere in his heart there exists a germ of goodness, like a jewel hidden away in the rough rock, needing only the hand of the skilled lapidary to bring forth its brightness.

There can be no good without her darker sister evil. That is, good is good by contrast with evil. And looking at it from this stand-

point, I am persuaded that evil in itself would be better to be called ignorance. The doers of evil are those who are ignorant of the laws that govern them, and therefore, in gratification of selfish desires, pervert that which is good. Thus the desire to acquire comfort, luxuries and elegance, to adorn our surroundings, becomes greed in the hands of the miser who counts his ill-gotten gains. Self-preservation becomes aggressive in the midnight assassin. The mighty power of speech is the two-edged sword from the lips of the slanderer, and the divine gift of love is lost in the fires of sensuality.

Thus I might go on to an unlimited extent, tracing good from its undeveloped conditions, but want of time and space forbid.

Good and evil are co-existent, therefore one cannot exist without the other. The ascent from evil to good thus forming the law of progression, which must be as eternal as time, and forever tending to perfection.

Can progression be made more rapid than it is? If so, how?

In answer to this query I should say, yes; by the creation of laws made to prevent crime, rather than punish it. I would abolish the use of alcoholic beverages, tobacco and opium, for these weaken the powers of the mind.

By educating the masses to live according to the pure and simple laws of nature, I would teach them their individual responsibilities and the impossibility of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, for each must be the saviour of his own soul.

I would build halls for innocent amusement instead of prisons and houses of correction; and institutions for well-paid labor rather than poorhouses. I would abolish the false value set upon money, and let intellect and true worth be the standard of respectability.

With these reforms I think progression would be more rapid, the poor would be elevated to a higher sphere of thought and action, the inducements to crime would therefor be less, and society bettered in every way. The future would no longer be regarded as a dark, unfathomable cloud, but would shine forth like a bright light before them.

As a proof of my position, in reviewing the history of the past I find that the races have grown more liberal, wiser and better every generation. And with the grand work of Spiritualism to aid and guide them, they would soon reach the long sought for goal.

And thus eternal progression, like Jacob's ladder, shall touch the earth with its feet, while its upper rounds shall be bathed in the silvery light of the spirit spheres; and the evil-doer, though as black as night, shall become purer and brighter as he climbs each ascending round, and angel hands will welcome him through the starry portals of the summer-land.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

COMPARISONS.

It stormed out-doors, and I was full of wrath in-doors. It thundered and I raved. It lightened and I swore. Nature in convulsion, and I in wrath. The one epitomised the other. God was in each—did it please him? Who can tell?—not I. The sun shone forth in glory, and I smiled. The clouds had dissolved into mist and on the wings of the wind flown away; and love returned into my soul, and wrath fled before it; and the white-winged dove of peace came and folded her wings of charity around my soul-thought, and peace was restored and my home was happy. Is it not true of all—that we reflect whatever we come in contact with?

A dog-fight is on hand, and every one in the least degree related to the dog will run to the fight; and woe betide the poor lamb of peace who alone may be found in the way or company of this dog community.

A man falls from virtue, and woman smiles, blushes a little, whitewashes him, and kiss all around. Why? Because there is more attraction for man and his nature in women than for woman. Women need men more than they do women.

A woman falls from virtue, and women blackwash her, and they kick all around. Why? Because it is a weak point in their nature to cast off all and everything pertaining to themselves, and then they do not want woman as badly as they do man. The negative seldom if ever attracts the negative.

And these correspondences are found throughout nature's laws. Who is to blame? Will some holy man rise and explain?

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 24, 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, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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TO OUR READERS.

Again we come before you with No. 6; and our report is "All is Well," and the outlook good. Yea, we feel far better than any paper ever published in the United States, for the time we have been before the people. Driven as we have been into being an editor, and forced to publish a paper, we determined to give the Spiritualists of our country one that they would not be ashamed of. How well we have succeeded we leave our readers to judge, and the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to testify.

And now, dear reader, we ask you to remember us; let each subscriber send us one new subscriber each week and you will confer a solid blessing; one that will come back to you freighted with tokens of respect clothed in words of cheer.

We are proud of our last number, every word of it is a gem; and words that you can read without a blush; a paper you can place in the hands of your children, or leave on your center table for your neighbors to read, and feel that they will not blush when they peruse it.

No. 6, this issue, is the best of all. The lecture by Mrs. L. E. Drake is a good effort, worthy of a place in any paper. And here let us state, and you can rely on the statement, there has never been uttered a speech on our platform of a more ultra character than this one by Sister Drake. Read it, and answer it. The columns of our paper are open for any one to reply. The replication must not be longer than this lecture; must be respectful in language, and the writer must know what he is writing about. Who will reply to Mrs. Drake? We wish we had Mrs. Dr. Severance's lecture on "The Education of the People, and especially on Children." We will willingly give it a place.

Our convention came off on the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of October, and was a grand success. And yet those professing to be pure Spiritualists stated to people from Vermont, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Nebraska, on Saturday and during the convention,—"and that, too, when asked by these parties: 'Are there any Spiritualist meetings in this city to-day or to-morrow?' 'No, there is not.' 'Are there no speakers here?' 'No, there is not a speaker of any note in the city.' 'But is there not a convention now in session in this city?' 'No, there is not.' 'Well, can you inform us of any good mediums in the city, that we can call on?' 'No, there is but one reliable medium in the city, and that is Mrs. Wood.' And these statements in the main were made before our convention, at its late session. As to mediums in Chicago, we wish it distinctly understood that there are no better mediums in the world than we have here in Chicago. We refer you to the list of mediums in our advertising columns.

And now, readers, we took over one hundred subscribers last week, that is, from September 26 to October 4. At this rate our paper is a fixed fact.

Come, then, to our help; send up one subscriber each week, at least, and as many more as you can, and we will send you a paper in the interest of Spiritualism, and the friend and champion of the speakers and mediums.

All speakers and mediums wishing to advertise in our columns, will send up their names. Always address us at

LOMBARD, Dupage Co., Ill.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND PATRONS.

We call your attention to the fact that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is a reality, and promptly on time. We have invested largely in this paper, and it is going to be a live institution.

We now need your help. Will you give it?

Send us subscribers. Urge your friends to take our paper. We are paying cash for everything. No trust for us unless you trust us with your subscription. Over one thousand subscribers have already enrolled their names as Spiritualists at work, and they are in earnest. We want ten thousand more this year and during 1875. Come to our help. 13 numbers for 50 cents; 26 numbers for \$1, and 52 numbers for \$2. And any donation made for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK will be religiously devoted to the cause for which it is donated.

"Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,"
But a true child of promise from the summer land.

Waiting for your recognition and material aid, our future is in your hands. Let each five numbers in the future increase with subscribers as the past five have, and our effort is a success.

Address us at Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

MRS. E. PARREY'S

Seance for Materialization, at 237 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

We were one of thirty who attended this lady's seance for materialization of spirit hands and faces. It was a cabinet seance, or manifestation, and this is what occurred:

First—We voted that Mrs. P. might enter the cabinet alone and untied, simply taking her word for her good behavior, and thus she took her place.

Second—Mr. Williams, the manager of the room, laid down the law, "which must be rigidly observed," and it was.

Third—Mrs. P. filled her hands with rice, after taking her seat in the cabinet; and then the door was closed.

Fourth—Raps were heard in the cabinet, on the front side, but inside; hands began to appear, first the ends of the fingers, then the whole fingers, part of the hand, then the hand, and then the wrist, and last, the arm up to the elbow. The fingers, hand, wrist and arm were always alike, and seven times out of ten the right hand and arm, the balance of the time the left hand and arm. These hands and arms were as like Mrs. Parrey's as well could be; the third hand never appeared, nevertheless we offered five dollars to see the right hand of Mrs. P. at the same time the spirit hands appeared.

Fifth—Faces came to the aperture as follows: We describe as we saw them. 1st. The face of a man with a gnarled, knotty beard, looking more like wool in tags, frosted, than hair; the face looked like a mask, with slight resemblance to Mrs. P.; this face appeared several times. 2nd. A male face, dark hair and eyes, hair short, with a short, heavy black beard. We noticed a stiff, mask-like appearance to this face, the beard was stiff and heavy, and in a straight line from ear to ear, touching the nose at each corner of the nostril, and covering the upper lip; no mouth seen; the eyes fixed in a stare and motionless. 3rd. A male face, apparently thirty-five years of age, very fair, with moustache short and stiff on upper lip; hair brown and combed back. This face had a striking resemblance to Mrs. P., and was clean shaved save the upper lips. These two faces appeared several times, and were, with No. 1, the only male faces that appeared.

Then came the female faces, as follows: always with head wrapped up in a white cloth that hid the hair, ears, neck and under the chin. They were so near alike that the description of one covers the five that appeared, and all of them bore a striking resemblance to Mrs. Parrey; the parts of the face seen were like hers. No. 4, of the female faces, bore a very slight resemblance to Farmer Mary's sainted mother, but was not her. No. 5 reminded us of a dear sister-in-law, whom we last saw thirty-two years ago, but it was not her. There were three faces seen purporting to be males, and one imperfectly seen. There were five or six female faces, making ten or eleven faces seen, all told; and, with two or three slight distinctions, they were all very like Mrs. Parrey. There were only two hands and arms seen, and they were one and the same, and as like the fingers, hands and arms of Mrs. Parrey as well could be; and nothing occurred that Mrs. Parrey could not do as she was seated in the cabinet.

We advise all who are curious in these things to investigate for themselves. Mrs. Parrey says she is an honest widow, and poor. If her phenomena is a trick, it is a clumsy one; if true Spiritualism, it is but the A, B, C of a great work now in its embryo; hence, should

be carefully analyzed. We will suggest, however, to Mrs. Parrey, the propriety of two or three simple tests. 1st. Sit side or back to the door of the cabinet, with a rope around the body, and the ends of the rope outside the cabinet. 2nd. A cord tied to each index finger, with small stand for hands to lay on, and these cords held by a committee of two outside, cords not connected at all, and then the slightest movement of the hand would at once be detected. Be wise, Sister Parrey, and all will be well.

THE FACTIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

First—Spiritualism is the religion of humanity, devoted to the culture of the sensate or intelligent part of man.

The youngest member of the great family of religionists, now fully entered upon adulthood, Spiritualism, in its turn, becomes the name of a family already numbering millions; and yet these millions are scattered all over the habitable globe. Here in America we have no head or leader; we are a disintegrated family, or people, all believing one thing (yea, we know), that man is an immortal fact. And yet we lack a leader. Why? The question is unanswered. Is it answerable? Will some of our writers reply? In a future article we will give our views.

Second—Spiritualism, to-day, is divided and subdivided into factions, and these factions may be summed up as follows: 1st. Those who believe in Spiritualism for gain; the mercenary element. Their first inquiry of the sainted father or mother is, "Can you find me an oil well, coal bed or gold mine? Tell me how to make a fortune." Too lazy to work and earn a fortune, but ready and willing to accept one at the hands of their spirit friends, with large promises of what they will do when their fortune is made. Unfortunately, these promises have never been kept, even by those who have grown rich through spiritual communications. Again, only think for one moment of a spiritual medium selling or finding a gold mine worth millions, for five dollars! Bah! Which the greater fool, or knave: he that takes the fee, or he that pays it? 2nd. Those who use Spiritualism as a healing force, and their "name is legion." These people are divided as follows: 1st. The quacks or humbugs. 2nd. The honest and practical healer, Spiritual physician.

We fully recognize and endorse the power of spirits, and the ability of spirits to heal the sick; but this power depends as much on the human side, of the line dividing time from eternity as it does on the Spiritual, or spiritual life. We divide this class of Spiritualists as follows: 1st. The intellectual man or woman well educated in materia-medica, anatomy, botany and chemistry; practice is also a desideratum. Intuition and media-ship, with power to heal by laying on of hands cannot be other than a blessing. 2nd. Those who are developed as healers outside of a medical education, many of whom we know. With this class of healers we are fully in sympathy, and hold that they are not only blessings to us of earth-life, as healers, but as evidence of a power sensate, intelligent and immortal. These two classes are generally reasonable in their charges, and practical as doctors, and promise less and do more.

The third class, a class of charlatans always ready to promise anything you desire, can prescribe for anybody and anything; promise to heal any case of sickness that comes to hand, are compounders of medicine, and fearfully extravagant in their charges. No. 1. A woman who can hardly write her name, compounds tobacco antidotes, at two dollars a box, (first cost not beyond twenty-five cents,) warranted to cure every time when directions are followed, viz.: throw away your tobacco and never use any more; wash out your mouth with our lotion for teeth and foul breath (price four dollars a bottle, first cost fifty cents); fix your mind upon yourself repelling the desire, and when the desire is getting too strong for you, take a little of our antidote into your mouth, and by following our directions we will warrant a cure every time. This class of mediums are usually surrounded by a band of spirit chemists, bound in sheep, which can be bought in any medical bookstore. These spirits materialize readily, and are to be seen standing out as bold as life, on the tables of these mediums. They are great on hair lotions, tobacco antidotes, fits and corns. A fourth class—mysterious beings who are on the wing always—have any amount of certificates of wondrous cures, a thousand

miles away, and never one in the place where they are, on which to put your hand.

Third—The Socialistic Faction. This faction are usually led by men who are constantly receiving revelations in regard to: 1st. Civil government. 2nd. Political and financial economy. 3d. Social life, etc. Everything is wrong, and everybody in error with this faction, save themselves. They are always ready to undertake the management of the Nation, the State, the city and the family; they know all about money, and are ready to pay off the national debt in six months, and make every family happy in the country. And yet this class of reformers have never been able to take care of themselves. They are usually bankrupts in everything, and more especially in finance and family. And woe betide that community, society, family, or man or woman, that one of these harpies enters into or gets hold of.

Fourth—A faction that are eternally looking after God, and never after themselves. This faction are usually illuminated idiots. The affairs of men are too trivial for their attention; they aspire to the direction of the Infinite; they cannot be told anything; they never tell anything; they cannot be led, they never lead, or, if they undertake it, "it is the blind leading the blind," and as a result you always find them in the ditch. Our Societies have been disturbed by this class of reformers again and again; yea, frequently broken up. They are never satisfied, and were never known to do a thing for the good of Spiritualism.

Fifth—A class of men and women traveling through the country—idlers, who are big with an idea; will live with you so long as you please to board and clothe them; will share anything you have, from your wash basin to the wife or husband, never or seldom willing to share your labor or help earn their bread and butter. They have decided views, and are fully persuaded in their own minds that all property should be equally divided with all of the people. It is pleasant to think that there are more men in this faction than women, and that the women are more willing to work, thus in part earning their living, than the men are.

Sixth—A faction of men and women, some of whom are mediums and some not, who are completely absorbed in the physical phenomena, the ringing of a bell, the tilting of a table, the tiny raps, are of more importance to them than the grandest sermon ever yet spoken. Thousands and thousands of money is paid annually by one part of this faction to the other part, for physical phenomena, and this is readily accounted for. These people are hungry for evidence outside of theory, and are willing to accept any demonstrative phenomena.

Seventh—A faction who have become gorged with test, theory and phenomena; are satisfied of a future existence, in fact know that they live after the stroke called death. They do nothing for the cause. Their answer is prompt, "I am satisfied, and I have paid for my satisfaction; let others learn as I have."

NOTICE.

MRS. L. E. DRAKE, of Plainwell, Michigan, informs us she has decided to take the lecture field in favor of Progressive Spiritualism. *Pure Spiritualism* having become somewhat fossilized, we believe it is time for all progressionists to rally to the support of all lecturers and mediums who are ready for work. We are personally acquainted with Mrs. Drake, and can recommend her to any society as a true woman. Address her at Plainwell, Mich.

DR. J. H. SEVERANCE, of Milwaukee, lectures on the Education of the People, and especially children, and believes in the monogamic relation of marriage as the highest form of life, but holds this fact self-evident, that love, pure, true and undefiled, must be the basic foundation of every true marriage, or there is no marriage.

CHAS. W. STEWART, Terre Haute, Ind.; a thinker, and may be considered a Materialistic Spiritualist, an able and logical speaker; ready to work anywhere, and in any part of the country.

CEPHAS B. LINN, Sturges, Mich. As true as steel, and can be trusted. Wears the shoulder straps of no party or person.

P. B. RANDOLPH, Toledo, O. The most remarkable man of the age, as writer, seer speaker and one who deals with the dead.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL, No. 409 W. Randolph st., Chicago, Ill. A true, good and faithful man; a blessing to humanity.

Keep these people at work; heed not the hue and cry of those who throw dirt for a living.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS

Now in session in this city is a grand affair, and worthy of American women. It closes to-day, October 17th, and has been a great triumph of order, system and womanly rule. Our soul is larger, our nature improved, and we are better prepared for the work before us, through listening to these noble women in their soul-work of love for woman. No abuse, no personalities, and yet no shrinking from their self-imposed task of redeeming woman from ignorance and serfdom. The papers read were eminently calculated to instruct women in the great duties of life. The one by Miss Alice LeGyt, of England, on "Fallen Women," is so worthy the attention of every woman that we shall publish it in No. 8 of this paper. Pre-Natal Influences, by Dr. Mary Safford Blake, of Boston, should be read by every woman and girl in the land. We will give it a place in No. 7. Read it by all means. Other papers were read, and speeches made, worthy a place on every centre-table in the land.

God bless these noble women and their efforts for their sex, and let humanity speed the day when they shall have all they ask for—perfect freedom to control themselves, as well as ownership of their persons and their earnings. May this congress of women hold a thousand sessions, and may we hear them in each session. Selah!

CHICAGO NOTES.

The Spiritualists of Chicago state that S. S. Jones, Esq., editor and owner of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, has never attended their meetings but once in all the years he has lived in Chicago, and has never been seen in the Children's Progressive Lyceum since the memory of the Oldest Member. The time he did attend the meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists was to hear the editor of the *Frontier Department*.

Cephas B. Linn spoke on Sunday, the 11th inst., morning and evening, before the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, to large and intelligent audiences; and so well did he please the Spiritualists of our western metropolis that he has been engaged for the Sundays of December next. This is as it should be. Brother Linn is worthy, let him be kept at work.

Chas. W. Stewart, of Terre Haute, Ind., and P. B. Randolph, of Toledo, O., debated the question, at 2½ o'clock P. M. Sunday, the 11th, at Grows' Opera Hall, viz.:

There is no God—Chas. W. Stewart.

There is a God—P. B. Randolph.

We have not heard results, and guess God has not; but while we love both these brothers our vote is for a Creative First Cause, commonly called God.

Mrs. Paulina W. Stephens, of Sacramento, Cal., gave a seance to a good audience on Monday evening, the 12th inst., during which she gave many fine tests of spirit life. She is a good test medium, seer and speaker, a rare combination of talents to be found in one mind, and held her audience for two hours spell bound with her wonderful gift. Mrs. Stephens is the only sister of the editor of the *SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, as well as the youngest of our father's family. Angels accompany her to her home. And Spiritualists, we bespeak for her a warm reception wherever she goes.

Brother Samuel Maxwell will occupy the platform of the First Society of Spiritualists, Grows' Opera Hall, No. 517 West Madison Street, on Sunday morning and evening, October 18, at the usual hour.

Sister Amelia Cobby, accompanied by sister Smith, the sweet singer and guitarist, will occupy the platform of the Society, Sunday A. M. and evening, October 25. Let the Spiritualists come out and hear these sisters. All our mediums are hard at work and are worthy. Should we not be thankful for these angel missionaries.

Primary Council, No. 1, of U. A. of S., meets every Sunday, at 3 o'clock P. M., corner VanBuren and Franklin Streets.

FISHER DOHERTY, Esq.,

Spirit Photography, 333 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

We called on this gentleman yesterday for a sitting, but the light was not good, and we had no sitting. Our sister, Mrs. P. W. Stevens, of Sacramento, Cal., called on him the day before, in company with Farmer Mary, and had a sitting. Result: There came out the form and face of a man, well defined; The features are

open, eyes large, hair laying loose over the head; the lower portion of the face, that is, below the mouth, was covered with a thin beard, the mouth a little large, lips slightly parted, the nose large and Grecian in form. This spirit man was photographed as standing behind Mrs. Stevens, and has been in the spirit world some twenty years or over, and was recognized at once as Mr. Kinzie, of Mercer Co., Ill., the first husband of Mrs. Stevens. When Mrs. S. placed the picture in our hand, asking if we could tell who it was, we replied at once, "Mr. Kinzie, your former husband."

We last saw Mr. K., in the form, in 1850, twenty-four years ago last June. We consider this a fine test, and that it establishes Brother Doherty as a medium for photography. We advise him to call on Henry J. Newton, Esq., of 128 West Forty-third street, New York. We think it will be for his interest.

E. V. WILSON'S APPOINTMENTS,
For October and November, 1874.

We speak in Davenport, Iowa, on the 25th of October, inst., Sunday, at 10½ A. M., and 2 P. M. We will give a seance at 7¾ P. M., in Hill's Opera House. Admission 25 cents to each meeting. The doors will be open three-quarters of an hour before seances begin.

We lecture in Grows' Opera Hall, 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., on Sunday, Nov. 1st., at 10½ A. M. Admission, 10 cents. We will lecture and give tests at 7½ P. M. Admission, 25 cents.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 6th, 7th and 8th, we will speak at Grand Rapids, Mich., at Luce's Hall; a three days' meeting, commencing on the evening of the 6th, at 7½ o'clock. The friends in the vicinity of Grand Rapids will observe the date, and govern themselves accordingly.

We expect to speak in Pierson, Mich., on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, evenings, Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th—four lectures. The friends will arrange according to programme and conversation had at Rockford. Will Bro. McConnell write us at once, on reading this notice.

We can speak in Lowell, Nov. 12th, 13th and 14th, (as per conversation with the friend at Rockford, Mich.) Will they arrange for this course? Please write at once.

Direct to Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

THE ROCKFORD (KENT CO., MICH.)
CONVENTION

Came off on Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th inst., and was a grand success in every feature, notwithstanding it was rainy and windy all the time of the convention.

We were engaged, on the sole responsibility of one or two persons at Rockford, last July for this meeting. And while some were fearful the convention would be a failure, because of our free love proclivities, as reported by the *R.-P. Journal*; and, hence, the society, would be heavily taxed to pay a high priced speaker. There was a goodly number present at all our sessions, and funds were freely offered for the support of the meeting; hence, instead of taxing the Society of Spiritualists to pay us, the receipts of the convention exceeded the expenses some \$35.00. People came from thirty and forty miles away; and we received many calls to speak in Michigan, which we will fill in November or December.

We commend the Spiritualists of Michigan to all true men and women for their generous hospitality and freedom of thought. Those who had believed in the R.-P. J., and they were few indeed, as well as those who were possessed of nobler views came to us and gave us the right hand of friendship. Many stating when our time is up for the *R.-P. Journal* we shall stop that paper. This we objected to most emphatically; but we urged all to take both papers and compare the contents, and we had no fear for the result.

We took twenty-four subscribers at Rockford, and have taken, in all, from the first to the twelfth day of October, eighty-seven. And if we are well, we expect our number to reach 2,000 subscribers on the first day of January, 1875.

We met T. H. Stewart, of Kendallville, Indiana, for the first time; and we were pleased with him. A worker, and true as steel. One whose whole soul is in the work, and not in the interest of the Pope or any clique. We have invited him to be our next quarterly meeting of the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists.

May the angels ever guide our brother in the way that is beautiful and true. We shall speak in Rockford again next year.

THE NINTH QUARTERLY MEETING
OF THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS
ASSOCIATION OF SPIRIT-
UALISTS

Came off in Grows' Opera Hall, on Friday, October 2d, and continued over Sunday, the 4th, Dr. Juliett H. Severance presiding in the absence of Dr. O. J. Howard, who was tenderly and faithfully watching by the side of a sick wife and mate, with whom he has lived for over a quarter of a century.

At our first session there were present sixty-nine delegates from the city and country, and each session increased in numbers until every seat in the body of the hall was full. The State at large was well represented, and many from other States were with us. And many others in the city who would have been at our Convention, but for certain false statements made them by parties who have never spoken the truth of our Conventions since the one at Rockford in 1873.

The usual form of services were carried on, viz.: Conference one hour each session, save Sunday, followed by two or three speeches. The speakers were all of them chaste in the use of language, and their subjects were chosen with direct reference to the wants of the day and time in which we live.

The speakers were Mr. L. E. Drake, of Plainwell, Mich.; Dr. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee; Cephas B. Linn, of Sturges, Mich.; C. W. Stewart, of Terre Haute, Ind.; P. B. Randolph, of Toledo, O.; Dr. S. Maxwell, of Chicago, Ill., and E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill. Well and faithfully each done their duty, and all gave satisfaction, the large and very respectful audience frequently approving of the thoughts advanced. Their themes were as follows: E. V. Wilson, on the Religious and Affectional; Dr. Maxwell answered questions under the influence of Dr. Gordon, a spirit. Dr. P. B. Randolph's speech was made up of everything under the sun, in it, around it and above it. He was wild, eccentric, dramatic and farcical. It was grand, sublime, ludicrous, nonsensical. He danced and marched to and fro. We never saw a more extravagant display of nature. He was at times the Dancing Dervish, the sullen Moor, the dandy Frenchman, and the stubborn Englishman. Bro. Randolph took the platform expecting to make a great speech, in fact, a grand effort; he had spoken five or ten minutes when he was seized with a strange and wild influence and lost all control of himself. Many condemned him, we do not. Was he any more to blame than the man in the tombs possessed of a legion of demons? We hold not. What a contrast this speech of Sunday with the one he made on Saturday: the former simply sublime and full of pathos that brought tears to the eyes of two-thirds of all present, and the reconciliation that took place between Bro. R. and his bitter enemy moved every soul in the house at the time to respect him. Try again, brother, you are plus yet in the good and the beautiful, and they who cannot recognize our media as instruments in full attune on which any discordant soul can make a noise, have no right to condemn. Besides you are all right, Bro. Randolph, for did not Bro. Jones welcome you back to pure Spiritualism last spring, in the name of the angels and the Spiritualists of America? So try again. Chas. W. Stewart dwelt at length on his hobby, "Science," denouncing religion and a belief in a personal God, in no stinted measure. We think our brother would impress the people more fully and have a better influence if he would use the word "theology" instead of "religion." As to his logic and argument he is grand, and always interesting. Cephas B. Linn spoke in his best humor, always good, but never better than during our Convention. Dr. Severance's lecture on the education and culture of the people, and especially of children, was of the right sort, and at the right time, and all approved of it. We heard several complain of her lecture on the social question, not that it was not pure and chaste in thought and in intent, but that they had heard it before. Well, come and hear it again, and answer it.

Mrs. L. E. Drake lectured on the social question. We present the lecture in full in this number of our paper. It is a woman's defense of what she deems her just right, and a noble appeal to men and women to lead a better life in this world, that they may be angels of purity and truth in the spirit world. If our sister could speak these brave thoughts without notes, it would be much better for her. On Sunday night E. V. Wilson gave one of his seances for mental phenomena, and while it was a great success, we think we have known him to do much better on former occasions. At the conclusion of this seance Mrs. Suydam came forward and gave the "Fire Test," under spirit control. Mrs. S. may be considered mistress of fire, for in the presence of over 300 people she bathed her naked arms, hands and face in flames of fire. We commend her to the world as having no superior in this department of spiritual phenomena. Our audience was somewhat reduced by the fee of fifty cents at

the door, and the free list was small. Our Convention sense of the organization, live Convention with a free you our pre-erment at large list of the first Sp

We, the order to fo to attain a the general laws of adopt this the following constitution:

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists.

ART. II.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and a board of five Directors.

ART. III.

Any person may become a member of this Association by subscribing his or her name to this constitution.

ART. IV.

The election of officers hereafter for this Association shall be annually, at the meeting in June, to be held on the second Friday, Saturday and Sunday, of each year. The person receiving the highest number of votes cast for any office, shall be declared elected, and shall hold the respective office for the ensuing year and until a successor is elected.

ART. V.

A fee of one dollar will be exacted annually from each member of this Association, as a prerequisite to the right to vote in this Association. The financial year to commence June 1, 1874.

ART. VI.

Our platform shall be free and minorities shall be entitled to a respectful hearing in this Association.

ART. VII.

The meeting of this Association shall be as nearly as practicable quarterly, annually, and the President and Secretary shall give due and timely notice of when and where such meetings are to be held.

ART. VIII.

The officers of this Association shall have control of the finances, and at each meeting the President shall appoint a business committee of five person, members of this Association, whose duty it shall be to give direction to the business of such meeting and provide for defraying the expenses of the same.

ART. IX.

This Association may at any meeting adopt such by-laws as may be necessary for the harmonious working of the society.

ART. X.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of this Association, by the decision of three-fourths of all the votes cast.

By-laws of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, adopted at their ninth quarterly meeting, in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, 1874.

SECTION I.

The President or Secretary of this Association shall cause to be filed with the recorder of Cook county, and State of Illinois, an affidavit according to the form laid down in section 36 of an act entitled an act concerning corporations, enacted by the people of the State of Illinois represented in the General Assembly, and approved April 18, 1872, and in force July 1, 1872, within twenty days after the adjournment of this Convention, when this society shall be a body corporate and politic, with all the rights and privileges of a religious corporation under said act.

SEC. 2.

Our meetings shall be governed by parliamentary usage.

SEC. 3.

The officers of this Association are each hereby empowered to receive such donations as may be made for the use of this society, which donations shall be applied by the Directors for the use of the society, according to the direction of the donor.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The Spiritual movement having reached its practical stage, and owing to the free expression of reformatory ideas, there has arisen dissension and misunderstanding in our ranks,

Resolved, That we believe the monogamic relation in marriage is the highest social condition of humanity, because most conducive to happiness; and that only by the exercise of individual freedom can humanity be brought to the plane where mutual love shall be the ruling power in the domestic economy.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
COOK COUNTY, }

I, E. V. Wilson, do solemnly swear, that at a meeting of the members of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, held in Grows' Opera Hall, in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, and State of Illinois, on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1874, for that purpose, the following persons were elected Directors, viz.: Dr. O. J. Howard, Hiram Bidwell, Mrs. J. H. Severance, Mrs. Helen Rogers, E. V. Wilson, and said society adopted as its corporate name, "The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists," and at said meeting this affiant acted as Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this day of October, A. D. 1874.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.
E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

injury except a
Free hand was a
The
"two days
Since
Our
My

The Spiritist Romance of a Rose.

By a hundred years ago
 CHICAGO, the Count de Rochambeau—
 against the British crown—
 Washington in Newport town.

"I was the month of March, and the air was chill,
 But bareheaded over Aquidneck Hill.
 Guest and host they took their way,
 While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
 Ranged three deep in glittering line;
 And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
 Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
 And from street to street the Newport people
 Followed and cheered with a hearty zest,
 De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
 And out of the windows smiled and sent
 Many a coy admiring glance
 To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
 Kissed a rose and flung it down
 Straight at the feet of the Rochambeau;
 And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
 And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
 Of the daring maiden where she stood,
 Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
 The marshal of France wore a faded rose
 In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
 For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
 The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
 At least or at church, or along the street,
 For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, and day after day,
 Was speeding farther and farther away
 From the fatal window, the fatal street,
 Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat.

A throb too much for the cool control
 A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
 A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
 Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
 Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
 He swore, this old colonial squire,
 That before the daylight should expire

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
 And her dangerous heart, and her beautiful face,
 Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
 Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursed Frenchman, high or low,
 And so while the Count de Rochambeau
 In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
 And awaited the giver hour by hour.

She was sailing away in the wild March night,
 On the little deck of the sloop Delight,
 Guarded even in the darkness there
 By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after a brig bore down
 Into the harbor of Newport town,
 Towing a wreck—"twas the sloop Delight;
 Off Hampton rocks in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,
 And all on board of her, full in view
 Of the storm-bound fisherman over the bay,
 Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
 He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
 Then "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "so my fine
 romance,
 From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE OUTLOOK.

We often hear Spiritualists complaining that the reform movements do not progress rapidly enough, and that so little is being accomplished in the way of instituting a new order of things, that there is not much to encourage those who have enlisted in the army of radical reform.

Looking upon the subject from a merely superficial standpoint, this would seem to be correct, for we are all of us too apt to measure the works of the Infinite by our own finite capacity, and gauge the eternal ages by the measurement of our fleeting days and years.

But this is not a correct view of the matter. We ought to recognize the great law of evolution as much in mental and moral progress as in physical progress, for as man's mental nature is as much the result of law and force as his physical nature is, it follows that any degree of advancement in the mental or moral nature must be brought about by selection, just as much as in the physical department. According to Darwin no point can be observed where a hiatus was made, and the lower instantaneously became the higher. But the result was attained by a little improvement here and a little there, now the changing of a bone, now the correlated variation of a muscle, produced by a change of posture, and this change operating upon the entire structure, by correlated development, the whole being was modified and the higher form evolved from the lower. Not in any single instance, but by the changes of form thus wrought being handed down from parent to child, until ages rolled away ere the greater change was reached through the union of the smaller ones.

And do we not here learn a lesson of patience? If mother Nature was forced to wait a thousand ages ere her materials were suffi-

ciently modified to form a world, and then another thousand ere that world was advanced enough for the crudest forms of animal and vegetable life, and then by patient waiting on the "mills of the Gods," she at last brought the human being, can we not afford to labor and wait for the evolution of a higher manhood and womanhood through the process of intellectual development?

Each step, each movement in this direction is cumulative in its nature, and no thought, word, or deed that is founded upon a principle of truth can fail of its result.

We are working for the ages of the "to be." We are the laborers upon the temples of the Gods, and all we need desire is that we do our work well, and trust to the power of Infinite Law that will place the stone we prepare by our individual effort in the wall where it will serve best to complete the structure. Let patience have here perfect work, remembering that

"No pent up Utica confines our powers,
 For the whole boundless universe is ours."

C. W. STEWART.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

PSYCOMETRIC READING.

BY M. M. TOUSEY.

Editor Spiritualist at Work:

DEAR SIR—Will you please give place to the following statement, which, in justice to the skeptical world that is everywhere athirst for a knowledge of the principles and the powers of Spirit, no less than to Brother Tousey, should be made:

The second Sunday of this month (July), Dr. M. M. Tousey, of Versailles, N. Y., spoke before our meeting at Hemlock Hall, with the understanding that he was to delineate character and condition under the psychometric law, with the most thorough test conditions that could be devised. We therefore appointed a committee to receive such articles as might be handed in for the purpose. These articles were all securely wrapped in paper, numbered, and a duplicate number given to the owner of each to facilitate recognition and prevent mistakes, and laid upon the desk in front of the speaker. Besides the number there was no mark or sign that could give a clue to character or ownership even. Eight or nine different articles were presented, and only one withdrawn at the close of the meeting without having been examined.

One by one these articles were held in the left hand of the operator, and the leading traits of character, with an outline of the physical condition, were correctly given.

In one case a gentleman who was a thorough skeptic, and chairman of the investigating committee, presented a pair of gloves, done up separately and numbered like the rest, no one in the audience knowing it but himself. These were taken in succession, and different but corresponding traits of character given from each that were easily recognized, the subject admitting the same to the audience, and saying that he had "received more than he ever expected to." In most instances we were informed from which side, in the line of parental or hereditary transmission the qualities named were derived. At the close of his very interesting discourse, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, a vote of thanks was moved and carried unanimously, embracing, as the mover said, the entire approval and indorsement of the meeting, so far as the delineations of character were concerned, and an invitation to come again. And we think it no more than just to Brother Tousey for us to make this public and official announcement of our high appreciation of his varied, peculiar and remarkable gifts, hoping that others may be induced to secure his services and enjoy a treat similar to the one served out to us.

We cordially recommend him as a man and a brother, no less than as a speaker and a psychometrist, to those needing such services as he can bestow.

J. R. PARKER,
 Chairman Semi-monthly Meeting of the Friends
 of Human Progress of North Collins, N. Y.
 Angola, Erie Co., N. Y., July 29, 1874.

[We know Brother Tousey, of Versailles, N. Y., and a truer man, or one better calculated to advance our cause, viz., true Spiritualism, there is not in the land. Keep him at work. Brother Tousey acts as our agent for the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.—ED.]

Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.

From the St. Paul Dispatch, Oct. 5th.
 A MINNESOTA MYSTERY.

Spiritualism, and the various manifestations associated with or belonging to it, has, within the past few years, gained many firm believers, and also attracted much consideration from thinking people, who, while not believing, perhaps, have been free to acknowledge not only their surprise but inability to intelligently account for the same without accepting the belief that the "mediums," as they are termed, are but the instruments of some unknown and invincible power, whose will they do. Of the many wonderful and incomprehensible manifestations occurring in this country perhaps the "window picture," appearing some months ago in the front window of a house in San Francisco, has attracted the most attention.

It belongs to Minnesota to now present a "mystery" of much the same general nature, water instead of glass being used in the production of the pictures.

Before proceeding to a description of these pictures, it is well to state that the "medium" is a resident of New Ulm, where she has resided for several years, who, for convenience (as she does not wish public notoriety), we will designate Mrs. B. Mrs. B. is probably about 33 years of age, with a good figure, black hair and eyes, intelligent and pleasing features, modest and retiring disposition, married, and highly esteemed at her own home, and where known elsewhere.

About two years ago, when recovering from a fit of sickness, she imagined that she could see innumerable faces peering at her from the walls of her house, which, by the way, had been but recently plastered and was drying in what in artist parlance might be termed lights and shades. She mentioned the circumstance to her husband and friends, who supposing she was delirious paid no attention to it, until the drying process produced the faces so plainly that all could see them at a glance. Several of our citizens have seen this room, and describe its appearance as most wonderful, particularly one corner in which is, they say, a perfect and almost life-sized portrait of George Washington, while other faces and forms of both sexes can be seen all over the wall.

It is claimed that from a glance it is apparent that this peculiar formation, or creation, is not the drawing of pencil or brush, as no marks or colors are to be seen, but simply shadows which, when observed through a powerful glass, seem to penetrate entirely through the plaster. The lines and angles are said to be perfect, and could not have been produced upon this rough surface by chemicals.

A short time after, Mrs. B., after washing her hands, noticed a face forming of the sediment in the water in the bottom of the bowl. Watching the formation until it was complete, all the outlines and features being produced, the attention of her husband and friends of the family was called to it. So strange was the circumstance and so striking the picture that the bowl and contents were left undisturbed for some time, but finally the water was agitated, thus destroying the picture. Mrs. B. then moved, as she terms it, by an irresistible impulse, began to agitate the water, dipping her fingers in and out, and slowly moving them across the water, and in a few moments another face was formed. One experiment followed another, until she found that she was able to produce a picture almost as desired, with now and then a failure, however. Many of the pictures thus produced, it is asserted, have been recognized as those of residents of the town in which she resides, and so striking the likeness that children have at once recognized them.

Last week, Mrs. B., returning home from a visit to friends in Lake City, stopped a couple of days in this city, and Friday evening, at the earnest solicitation of some of those who had heard of her wonderful gift or power, or whatever you may call it, she consented to give a private "sitting" at the residence of Mr. M. C. T. Flowers, father of Gen. Flowers, adjutant general of the state. Appreciating the enterprise of *The Dispatch*, a reporter was invited to be present. Of course, the invitation was accepted.

Reaching Mr. Flowers' residence on the evening named a little after 8 o'clock, the reporter found a little gathering of some fifteen persons enjoying themselves in social converse, to which he was soon made a party. Naturally this was pleasant, but being after an item the reporter was anxious for the "manifestations," and was considerably disappointed to hear that Mrs. B. was not feeling well, and would not, perhaps, be able to produce any. She said, however, that she would try the experiment. According a common washbowl was produced, into which was poured about a quart of rain water, having the sediment usual after standing a week. The company present then formed a circle, while Mrs. B. commenced agitating the water by dipping her fingers into it and passing them back and forth over the surface. Probably some ten minutes was passed in this way, when she desisted, and looking into the bowl a clearly defined human face appeared on the bottom. The face was life-size, of a man apparently from fifty-five to sixty years of age, a little bald, prominent features, a heavy mustache, and a clean chin. So distinct was it that look at it from which direction you would, there it was standing out in bold relief, the one striking feature.

Satisfied with looking at this, the water was disturbed, and the formula of forming a circle while Mrs. B. manipulated the water was again gone through with. A few moments and Mrs. B. said the effort was a failure, several faces trying to appear at the same time. She then

went on to say that the portrait of three spirit men were before her and trying to appear in the water. She described their personal appearance in such a manner that led those present to say they were the likenesses of Messrs. Esch, Zenizius, and Hancke, members of the Musical Society, who have died during the last year. An examination of the water under her direction, showed lines which might have been the outlines of human faces, but they were too indistinct for the reporter to recognize.

Once more the water was disturbed and the previous formula gone through with, this time resulting in the production of a distinct picture of a little curly-headed, round-cheeked, laughing-eyed boy from eight to twelve years of age.

Several more experiments were made, but the above were the most successful, and certainly were surprising.

Mrs. B. has another "power," but the reporter did not see an exhibition of it, she being too unwell to undertake it. It consists of drawings when under the "influence," in midnight darkness, of portraits of the dead. Several of these portraits were shown, and drawn or not, as claimed, in the dark, they showed remarkable skill in the use of the pencil and an artistic eye.

Another feature, and a most remarkable one if as represented, is the production of faces by shaving pencil lead upon a piece of pasteboard, then enclosing it in a box for a few moments, when the dust will have formed well and defined faces. A picture thus produced, as claimed, containing fifteen or twenty well defined faces, on a piece of pasteboard a half inch wide by an inch long, was shown the reporter, and like the portraits alluded to above, their production is, if not mysterious and unexplainable, something wonderful and particularly artistic, on which *The Dispatch* will not attempt to decide. The facts as they appeared to and were told to our reporter are given above, and our readers can dispose of them as suits them best.

We are well acquainted with Mrs. B., the lady referred to in the above statement, and can vouch for her mediumship. It is a wonderful phase, and we know of no other medium who possesses this peculiar gift. We shall be in New Ulm in November, and will then report in full this marvel in Spiritualism.—ED.

A STRANGE DREAM FOR A TEMPERANCE MAN.

The editor of the Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph*, himself a trustworthy man, in the issue of his paper for last week, tells the following:

On Monday last we called on Mr. John Fitzgerald, the well-known temperance lecturer (living on Bank street), who is confined to his bed, quite feeble, but still able to converse briefly with friends who call. At this interview he related to us a remarkable experience, for so we will call it, through which he passed on Saturday morning, 19th ult., the day upon which the fire occurred at Fall River, Mass. Mrs. Fitzgerald had arranged her husband for his morning nap, and left to enter the stable, at the rear of the house and attached thereto. Almost as soon as she had passed the building she heard the cry of "fire" in tones so startling that she rushed back to the house in the greatest alarm to hear her husband repeat the cry in tones as loud as the first—all the more startling to her as for several days he had not spoken above a whisper. He was evidently greatly excited, catching at the bed-clothes and attempting to get out of bed, saying he must have his clothing. Mrs. Fitzgerald asked her husband, "What does this mean?"

"Wife," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "there is a fire in a factory in Fall River, Mass., in the upper story, the mule room; I see the sparks flying from the machinery as sparks fly from a grindstone when men are grinding their tools, and the factory is full of women and children. I see it all."

Mr. Fitzgerald remarked that his wife must tell us the rest, which she did substantially as follows, put in as brief a form as possible, as our only object is to make a plain recital of what we heard in the course of conversation: Mrs. Fitzgerald then went on to remark that her husband all the time was endeavoring to get up from his bed to escape the fire, saying that it was near to him, and he must assist the poor people—close that door into the entry, an old sailor, he could rig a better ladder than that—splice this, splice that—don't jump from the windows (this expression oft-repeated), for it is only a choice of death between fire and being crushed upon the pavement—to the firemen, why do you do this, and why do you do that—see those poor women and little children filling the room, and yet the laws of Massachusetts forbid the employment in factories of children under a certain age. Mrs. Fitzgerald was alone with her husband, and exerted her utmost to keep him in bed. It seemed to her almost an age, but she took no note of the time. All at once Mr. Fitzgerald fell back on the pillow and said: "It is all over; the roof has fallen in, and those poor people are burned." After that he was completely prostrated; and Mrs. Fitzgerald for some time feared that he would not recover from the shock.

Mr. Fitzgerald said he never thought of looking at his watch, but that he saw the fire in the morning, somewhere from 7 to 9 o'clock. It was not until Monday that Mrs. Fitzgerald heard of the fire, and not until Tuesday, 22d, that she got a paper containing an account of it. This she read to her husband. He several

times stopped her, and told her what was to come in the newspaper account, as "he had seen it all." Subsequently, Mr. Fitzgerald repeated somewhat, and said: "I saw the fire but somehow I could not tell the building, and it must be a factory put up since I was acquainted with Fall River." He has often lectured there.

Above are the statements as given to us, and all we vouch for is a correct rendering of them. We offer no explanation of them, but it is due to Mr. Fitzgerald to say that he disavows all belief in spiritual manifestations, and finds it marvellously strange that such an experience should befall him. Mrs. Fitzgerald is equally decided in her belief, and remarked to us that the scene in that bedroom had reality enough for her, without seeking an explanation of its strange features. Mrs. Fitzgerald, like her husband, lectures upon temperance, and both told us the story free from excitement, with an evident determination to avoid every expression that could impart to it a supernatural air. It was a plain recital of the events of the morning. To those who do not know the parties we have only to add that they are entitled to belief as speaking at least what they hold to be the truth.

DISCUSSION.

The following agreement has been entered into between D. B. Turney and myself, to hold in the columns of this paper a discussion as named below. We held in December last a discussion with Prof. Hughey, a noted Methodist divine, who came to Greenville as the Goliath of Methodism. The people thought he admitted too much, thereby damaging his cause; hence Bro. Turney takes up the glove. He is a true, good man, and one worthy of our pen. The discussion will commence in No. 6 of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and continue for several months.

GREENVILLE, ILL., June 27, 1874.

We, the undersigned, agree to discuss through the columns of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, in twelve articles each, the following propositions:

First—

Resolved, That the Bible—"King James' version,"—sustains and parallels Modern Spiritualism in its phases, phenomena and teachings.

Wilson affirms and Turney denies.

Second—

Resolved, That Jesus Christ was and is God in every essential, infinite and eternal, through whom alone man can be saved.

Turney affirms, Wilson denies.

The discussion to commence in No. 6, Vol. I; each letter not to exceed in length two columns of printed matter.

We agree to be governed by parliamentary rules in this controversy.

E. V. WILSON, Lombard, Ill.

D. B. TURNEY, Greenville, Ill.

In answer to the first of the above Resolutions, we say:

The Bible—"King James' version"—a book of many scripts; written at sundry times in the past, by men of the Hebrew race, claiming to be under the influence of God, the Lord, the Holy Spirit, and Angels; also, by the Devil and his angels, as well as evil and familiar spirits. We deny the right of these mediums of the Hebrews to draw a line between the character of their spirit influences, declaring either to be good or bad, but concede they took place, and are of the same type and phase as Modern Spiritualism. Hence, the Bible, "King James' version," sustains Modern Spiritualism in its phases, teachings and parallels.

Second—This resolution binds us to use only the Bible—"King James' version"—on the one side, and Modern Spiritualism and its phenomena on the other side.

Third—Modern Spiritualism teaches that man is an immortal creature, or being; that death is but a change of base, or life; the leaving one form, the Material, for another form, the Spiritual, and that he is the man continued.

Fourth—That, as a normal or material man, he has certain habits and peculiarities by which he is known to his neighbors and friends; among which may be mentioned color of hair, eyes, the voice, his form, his food, likes and dislikes. When he calls upon a friend he makes known his presence by knocking at the door, or ringing a bell, etc., and is heard and recognized. Hence, as an immortal, he retains these habits and peculiarities, and they must be brought out in bold relief on his return after the stroke called death, in order to be identified.

Fifth—Spiritualism teaches that man's future condition, or life, depends on his present life. If he has been a good man here, so will he be a good man hereafter. If he has been

an evil or bad man here in this life, he will commence the other, or Spiritual life, a bad or evil man.

Sixth—All rewards or punishments in the future life must depend on the memory or record of the present life.

Seventh—That good and evil are co-existent, have always been, always will be; and the one, as well as the other, are of God; hence, evil is undeveloped good.

Eighth—All knowledge of a future existence is of man, and dependent on the brain of man, or the soul, or sensate creature, through which all intelligence must come; hence, every statement in the Bible depends on the voice, eyes and ears of men and women for proof. So, in Spiritualism, every statement from spirit-life must come to and through a man or woman, and not otherwise.

Ninth—In Spiritualism, under spirit control, we heal the sick, the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, the dead are raised, and evil spirits are cast out. Voices are heard, hands are seen, things without life give sounds that are intelligent. Our mediums speak in unknown tongues, they prophecy, and the secrets of the heart are made known. Doors open, ponderous matter is moved, men and women are bound and unbound. Our mediums speak with their eyes open, and their eyes shut. Our cabinet manifestations are literally repeated from the Bible.

Tenth—That the Bible sustains the fact that years after a man has passed through the stroke called death, he returns and manifests himself from a world or life called the spirit world or future life.

Thus, Mr. Turney, we define our position, claiming: 1st. That Spiritualism is natural, and the result of law. 2nd. That it is paralleled and sustained by the Bible. 3d. That the only mouth-piece or word of God, angels or spirits of just men made perfect, or unjust men in their imperfection, is man or woman. *Ergo*, there is a mutual reciprocity existing between the spirit world and our normal world, and that the inhabitants of either are dependent on each other for whatever either kingdom or world may know of the other. 4th. That God is a spirit, or law, or principle, and not matter; hence, is ever present and omnipresent. And everything in this normal world, whether it be a blade of grass, or a tree, an insect or bird, a worm or beast, an ape or a human being, is but a phenomena of the spirit or creative law.

We do not teach that Spiritualism has come in this age, to destroy the purity of the Bible, but rather to support it; and yet we feel that the evidence of our mediums are as worthy of acceptance as that of the mediums of the Hebrew race. We do hold that the influence of Spiritualism is better calculated to hold men and women back from vice than the conclusions of the Bible. That a religion based on knowledge is preferable to one rested in belief.

(To be continued.)

FROM NEW YORK.

Editor of the Spiritualist at Work:

The following is a copy of a letter which I have sent to the *Banner of Eight* for publication:

The month of September closes, and with it the engagement of Bro. E. V. Wilson. It was in every respect a brilliant one. When he commenced his second engagement with us he went to work very earnestly, and the result is that we have had as good a month, financially, as any within a year. We have made a change in our place of meeting from Robinson Hall to the New Opera House, on Broadway, between 28th and 29th Streets, which gives great satisfaction to the congregation. The attendance during the month was large and appreciative. On Sunday evening, September 27, Bro. Wilson gave a test matinee; assisted by Bro. J. V. Mansfield, the renowned test writing medium, for the benefit of our society, which lasted nearly three hours. Bro. Wilson giving score upon score of tests, in rapid succession, to the skeptical strangers who sat motionless in the vast audience, from whence could be heard words like the following: "Wonderful," "Prodigious," etc. Out of all the large number of tests given by Bro. Wilson it is remarkable to say that not in one case did he fail in being recognized. Most of your readers are so familiar with the character of said tests that a minute description is scarcely necessary. Suffice it to say that fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands,

and wives were so closely described as to be recognized beyond any doubt.

After Bro. Wilson came Bro. Mansfield, who was handed, by a stranger, a note in a sealed envelop, which Bro. Mansfield only touched, when he took a piece of paper from the reporter's table, beside him on the platform, and immediately wrote an answer and signed the name of the spirit in full. The surname of the spirit was not mentioned in the question at all. This was undeniable evidence to strangers who composed two-thirds of the audience. A number of other tests were given, after which the meeting adjourned. The total receipts of the day were nearly three hundred dollars.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum came in for a good share of Bro. Wilson's attention, for he was present every Sunday afternoon to witness the exercises, much to our satisfaction, and always had a kind word and generous purse for all. On a number of occasions he gave handsome prizes to be competed for by the scholars; and during his first engagement, last May, he gave a matinee that netted nearly one hundred dollars, for a library for the children. All of this good work we gratefully acknowledge at the hand of our good friend. We wish him success.

J. A. COZINO,

Sec'y Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

New York, Oct. 9, 1874.

IOWA SCANDAL.

Iowa has a remarkable scandal, too, and the principal parties involved are a clergyman and a weak woman. Early in June last, we are told by the *Chicago Tribune*, the Rev. Frederick Hahn, of Lisbon, was married to Miss Emeline Huffer, the parties having been engaged to be married over four years. In August Mrs. Hahn became a mother. The church investigated the matter, and expelled both the clergyman and his wife on the assumption that they must have been unchaste before their marriage. On the 4th of September Mrs. Hahn put in writing, addressed to her husband, a "statement" of the whole case. The truth of this statement she affirms by an affidavit. She declares that, though he knew of her love for and engagement with Mr. Hahn, one Rev. A. J. Culver persisted in asking her to be his wife. That her grandfather and grandmother, and the Rev. E. F. Wells and wife, and various other persons, had labored with her continuously to induce her not to marry Hahn, and to marry Culver. That in the fall of 1873 Culver came there to hold meetings, and was told by her grandfather to board with her mother that he might be on the spot to prosecute his suit. That Culver did come to board with her mother, and one night came home late from meeting, and asked for supper, and when she was about to leave the room, Culver seized her, and in spite of her resistance accomplished his purpose by force. He told her that she should not marry Hahn, and told her what her grandfather would do if she married him. By threats and other talk he induced her to keep the matter secret, but she nevertheless refused to marry him, and subsequently married Hahn. This statement is a long one, and is crowded with hysterics. We have room but for these extracts:

"Oh! oh! Rev. A. J. Culver is preaching the gospel, and now a week ago I came very near losing my poor soul through him. If it had not been for you, my dear husband, I would be no more on earth; and where, oh! where would my poor soul be to-day? I thank you and my Maker. I cannot be thankful enough to you for praying for me and doing as you did to get me reconciled again, and fight against the enemy that was trying to destroy my soul."

Those are the ones that said more or less to me about marrying A. J. Culver when they knew you and I were engaged; but oh, they thought he was a big preacher and would make a bishop some day. All such talk was put in my ears, and they tried every way to get me against you and have him, and so they went on all the time.

What good are some preachers doing nowadays? Are they all trying to do good, and do to others as they wish to be done by? And are they trying to save souls for heaven or hell?"

We are reluctantly obliged to give it up.

BISHOP LEE AND HIS SON.

A private letter from Davenport, printed in the *Boston Transcript*, relates the following curious circumstance in connection with the death of the late Bishop Lee, of Iowa:

"We have been very anxious the last two weeks, over the illness of Bishop Lee, which terminated in his death on Saturday morning. The whole community are saddened by the event. Some two months ago he got up in the night and took a bath, and on returning to his room he made a mistake and stepped off a long flight of stairs, and landed at the foot with a tremendous crash, as he was very heavy, weighing over two hundred pounds. It aroused the whole family, and Mrs. Lee and Carrie sprang from their beds, and lighting each a candle, went to see what had happened, and found the bishop lying on the floor of the entry. He got up, however, without aid, and

seemed to have received no injury except a few slight bruises, though his right hand was a little lame.

"Mr. H. and myself called on him two days after, and while telling us of the circumstances of the fall, he mentioned this coincidence: He had a letter in his hand, which he had just received from his son Henry, living at Kansas City. His son wrote: 'Are you well? for last night I had a dream that troubles me. I heard a crash, and standing up said to my wife, 'Did you hear that crash?' I dreamed that father had a fall and was dead. I got up and looked at my watch, and it was 2 o'clock. I could not sleep again, so vivid was the dream.' And it made him anxious to hear from home."

"The bishop said he was not superstitious, but he thought it remarkable that Henry should have had the dream at the very hour of the same night that the accident occurred. The difference in the time there and here is just fifteen minutes, and it was quarter past two by his watch, making it at the same moment. It was as if he had actually heard the fall. And the fall finally caused the bishop's death. His hand became intensely painful, and gangrene set in, which, after two weeks of suffering, terminated his life. We are none of us Spiritualists, as you know, but surely facts like this must go far to make us realize that there is a basis of truth for their hypothesis of spiritual faculties resident in man. How did Henry Lee become cognizant of the accident to his father?"

GIVE WOMEN THE PULPIT.

The *Times* has, on one or two occasions, enforced its suggestions by appropriate arguments, that the only remedy for Beecherism is to be found in turning pulpit ministrations over to women.

It may be urged against this suggestion that the difficulty now complained of as resulting from pastoral visits would simply be shifted, so far as the blame is concerned, from one sex to the other. It may be asserted that if women should have the opportunities of a Beecher, they would probably do no differently from what he has done. The *Times* cannot admit any such probability, or even possibility. There would be against any such probable result the purity of the sex. There is the further reason to doubt that female pastors would descend to Beecherism, that there would be lacking opportunity.

This matter of opportunity is very much in the solution of this problem. It, and not premeditation, will account for a majority of cases in which women have fallen, and preachers have been the cause. There is the home—eminently favorable for "nest-hiding," there is the absence of restraint, such as proceeds from the presence of others, the occupation of business, the liability of constant interruption. All these constitute the fatal opportunity—something which would not occur were the visits paid to the place of business of the parishioner, and which would be done were women our pastors. If, however, the lady pastors should elect to make their visits under the same circumstances that they are now made, that is always to the home and during the absence of the head of the family, no harm could result, for very obvious reasons.

At the present day, it is women who are religious. If there be any such thing as vital piety, it is found among them. The religious professions of the male sex are mainly nominal in their character. The piety of the great majority of men is something which they bring out on Sunday, but which they have no use for, and which they make no claim to possess during the remainder of the week. Such being the case, it is eminently the case that, in the matter of religion, of appreciation, of sympathy, it is only women who can properly minister to women. What to men is a simple habit of thought, of belief, of duty, is to them a profound, a sincere conviction. They have ten thousand trials, difficulties, sufferings, aspirations, which only their own sex can understand; and which, in many instances, are not proper to be communicated to the opposite sex. A woman can secure from a woman a deeper and more appreciative sympathy than from a man; and especially so in religious matters, concerning which few men have a pervading experimental knowledge.

There are innumerable other reasons, apart from the delicacies and difficulties of the pastoral relation as it now exists, why women should occupy the pulpits. One of them is, that the world is full of women anxious to work and capable of working, who can find nothing to do. Thousands of hulking, bearded incapacities fill our pulpits, whose true vocation is a situation at the tail of a plow, and who now keep from earning a livelihood the same number of women, who are vastly better calculated than they to break the bread of life to famishing sinners. Thus, not only would the admission of women to the sacred desk relieve us of the perplexities of the problem of Beecherism, but it would solve the difficulties, or the great proportion of them, connected with the proper employment of women. Many a woman now drifts to the bad just because she has nowhere else especially to go to; because there is not afforded her a definite, fixed purpose in her life. Give woman the ministry, and there would be at once opened a vast field of employment in which she could find abundant and congenial occupation.—*Chicago Times*.

It is estimated that three million dollars worth of grain has been destroyed by locusts in southwestern Minnesota.

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. 3.

On the 14th of September, 1873, at Germania Hall, there stood in the rear of the room a woman, who held out a ring to us. As we went down the hall to take it we felt a peculiar influence, as of one in great distress. We took the ring in our hand. We said: "Madam, there is a terrible death connected with this ring, and far, very far, from here. We feel a sharp, sickening sensation; it is like the piercing of a sharp stiletto through the vital organs, and then the pain spreads all over the whole system; like a burning fire it seems to consume me. O! it is terrible, this burning, consuming pain; and all the time we feel that another one—a dead body—is resting on us, and in our arms. This is twenty-two years ago. There is a man here with this ring, from the spirit-life; he whispers words of sweet consolation for you."

"What are they?" she cried.

"They are, 'Peace, dear wife, joy I give you from spirit life; rest, weary one; from my home beyond the dark and turbid river, with love I greet you, dear mate of mine; all is well, no more the bitter tear, no more the terrible pain; I am at rest; ere long thy weary soul shall cast off this material casket for one of spiritual, pure and divine. Fitting you for your home in the summer land."

We then handed her the ring, saying, "Please tell the people how much of this is true."

She answered, "I am a stranger to all in this house; and yet some of you may remember my husband in the long ago. I am the widow of the late Hon. Mr. Alden, who was appointed minister to one of the South American States twenty-three years ago. Twenty-one years ago last summer he died in my arms, of black vomit, in South America. When I laid him down I was covered with vomit. The next day I was taken with the vomit, and felt all the terrible pain and torture this man has so vividly described, and what he says is strictly true."

No. 4.

To an old man who gave us his cane, after holding it a little while, we turned to him, saying, "There is a sick woman connected with you, and you are mistaken in regard to what is the matter with her. We hold that she has a cancerous tumor of the womb, and that she is being treated for a tumor of the ovary." A Dr. present asked: "What are your reasons?" We gave them. The husband—also a doctor—differed with us in regard to the disease, but agreed with us in regard to the symptoms. On Monday evening, the 21st, the husband came again, handing us a ring. This time we carefully examined the case, pronouncing it a well-defined cancerous tumor of the womb, giving full particulars, all of which were approved.

No. 5.

A woman in black: There is with you a spirit child. We see you in the past; it is ten long years ago or more; you are in trouble, sorrow and pain; you have passed through the fiery trial of adversity, and are now alone, dependent on yourself. Second. In this trial of the past, we see you laying on a bed, pale, sick; we see a man (fully describing him) who takes a child in his hands from you, and tosses it up thus, and comes near throwing it over his head, and disappears from our sight. What do you know of this?

Answer: It is all strictly true, save one thing, the man with the child; I know nothing about it.

On the next Monday evening this woman told us that at the time we described this man as throwing a child over his shoulder—say ten or twelve years ago—she was sick, gave birth to a child that was dead, and that the man we saw was her husband, who took the child away for burial, and that in passing out of the house—having other things in his hands—he came near dropping this child, and in the manner we described.

To gorge themselves with roast clams after preaching prohibition all day, is what they call temperance in Connecticut and Rhode Island. —*Winsted Press.*

Saws and Straws.

A watch-word—Tick.

NATURE's tailoring—Potato patch.

AN awful swell—The cheek after a tooth-ache.

MOCK-turtle—Kissing before company and fighting afterwards.

THE most steadfast followers of our fortunes—Our creditors.

AN Irishman called his pig Maud, because it came into the garden so.

A NEBRASKA paper tells of a flock of wild pigeons numbering 4,325,764. Close figures.

THE genius who is to invent a practical substitute for work has not yet been born—and never will be.

A VERMONT advertiser "unprecedented, unparalleled, unapproachable, unadulterated confectionery."

THE man who went to sleep on a railroad track, found his rest was a good deal broken—and his leg, too.

A MISSOURI agriculturist tells a story of his having corn thirty-three feet high, and expects the public to give ear to it.

"BUCKLE, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help bein' dood. I dot a 'tiff neck."

THE London critic says that these Hamerican hactars karn't pwnounce Hinglish, you know, to save their hize, 'ang 'em!

THE best way for a man to acquire a fine flow of language is to stub his toe against a raised brick.

A WESTERN lady has found her truant husband by a dream, but a great many husbands go where their wives never dream they are.

THE way one Cincinnati editor takes to call another a liar is this: "He is prone to impart an unhealthy swelling to the truth."

THE longest un-compounded word in the English language is "Honorificabilitudinit," having twenty-two letters and eleven syllables.

"I'm not much for shtump spakin'," declared a Hibernian candidate; "but for honesty, and capacity and integrity I hate the devil."

AN ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her, if she had religion. She replied: "I have slight touches of it occasionally."

"LORD, what a cow!" was the approving remark of a teetotal judge of Vermont, after swallowing a potent punch which had been offered to him as a glass of milk.

A DELAWARE man was found untying another man's mule at midnight, and two men made him kneel in the barn and pray for seven straight hours.

A New Jersey clergyman says there are about twenty different kinds of religion, but a man who won't wash and shave and put on a clean shirt can't enjoy any of them.

Burlington Hawkeye: "A man on South Hill put up his stove yesterday, and it will take a six months' revival to get him half as far back on the road to Heaven as he was Thursday night."

Says *The Detroit Free Press*: "The Rev. Mr. Place announces that the Lord will hold every man responsible for each insect that he kills. And we saw a man buying a pound of bed-bug powder this very morning!"

A DARTMOUTH, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased.

Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-bus—two girls kissing each other. Omnibus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bust—a general kiss. E-pluri-bus-unum—a thousand kisses in one.

Pere Hyacinthe seems to agree with Mr. Disraeli as to the coming of a great war. In a speech he delivered at Geneva lately he said he "saw in the horizon war raising its hideous head—international war, civil war, religious war."

AN old place, usually referred to in the papers with an "h" and a dash, and occasionally an "l" after it, has been superceded. When a man gets mad nowadays and wants to travel the full length of the expression, he says, "Go to—Brooklyn!"—*Sentinel.*

Some of the old Shoalers still live at the Isles, and one of them, eyeing with critical eyes a pretty little yacht that was moored at Star, one day last year, spied its name, Psyche. Spelt the old man slowly, "P-s-y-c-h-e. Well, if that ain't the durndest way I ever did see to spell fish," said he.—*Boston Globe.*

A profane gentleman was heard to say, after reading the "protest" and "complaint" offered at the Monday meeting of the Chicago presbytery, that there was more candor in that body than in any political caucus he ever heard of. We take the occasion to rebuke this sacrilegious man of the world, both for his profanity and his ignorance. He don't know the first principles of an old-fashioned, true-blue Presbyterian "pursuit of heresy."—*Times.*

The latest definition of a "paroxysmal kiss," is one that is "battered with soul-lightning."

A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his uncle, who is an insurance agent.

A WESTERN farmer complains that a hook and ladder company has been organized in his neighborhood. He states that the ladder is used after night in climbing into his chicken house, after which the hooking is done.

Garibaldi is represented as being in destitute circumstances, frequently suffering for the necessities of life. Victor Emmanuel is indebted to the hermit of Caprera for his crown, and it would be the basest ingratitude if he should allow his benefactor to suffer.

A California paper has the following: "An earnest soul who was offering up a prayer in a meeting held not a thousand miles from here, delivered himself as follows: 'A man can't afford to lose his soul. He's got but one, and he can't get another. If a man loves his horse he can get another; if he loves his wife, he can get another; if he loves his child, he can get another; but if he loses his soul, good-bye, John!'"

The Burlington Hawkeye tells this mournful story: "Yesterday morning a noble youth up on North Hill was discovered by his pastor, engaged in manual exercise at the wood pile. The good man expressed his wild amazement. 'Oh, sir,' said the noble young man, 'have you not heard? My mother is dead.' And while he sat down on the chopping-block and buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud his pastor consoled him, saying that it was indeed hard. 'Hard? hard? said the youth, 'I should say hard! Look at them hands!'"

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