

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK

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

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[We copy the following fair report from the New York Sun.]

The World of Spirits.

ASTOUNDING WONDERS THAT STAGGER BELIEF.

The Marvellous Mediums of Chittenden—Spirits that Assume Tangible Forms, that Speak and are Felt—A Spirit with a Beating Heart—Burning Water and a Spiritual Washwoman—An Occult Power.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., Sept. 2.—The scene of the objective phenomena known as the Eddy manifestations is a gloomy farm house on the turnpike that runs north from Rutland, through a valley skirted on both sides by ranges of the Green Mountains. The distance from Rutland is seven miles, and the nearest Post Office Chittenden Rutland county. To reach it from New York one takes the New Haven and Hartford and Springfield Railroads to Springfield, and the Connecticut River and Vermont Central roads to Rutland, whence conveyance is by wagon to the Eddy homestead. The visitor can also reach Rutland by way of the Hudson river and Troy. The expense is \$10, besides meals—\$8 for a ticket from New York to Rutland, and \$2 for the wagon ride. The house was built nearly a century ago, stands close to the road, and is shaded by several trees, whose dense foliage, shutting out all sunlight, makes the dark brown structure appear more sombre and inhospitable. It is furnished in the plainest manner, the floors all bare, the chairs of wood, the dining tables of planed boards, knocked together like those commonly seen at picnics and camp meetings, the walls without decoration, and nowhere any evidences of luxury, barely of comfort. A wing at the back holds the dining room a small kitchen and pantry below, and overhead is the circle room, or

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

as some would call it. This is an apartment of 48x16 feet, with three windows on each side. At the west end is a raised platform the width of the room, about two feet high by four broad, reached by three steps of about ten inches rise. Between the kitchen chimney, which is in the middle of the right hand wall is a small cupboard or closet, lathed and plastered, with a very narrow door, six feet and one inch high, opening from the platform, and a single window for the purposes of ventilation. This closet is the "cabinet" in which the medium sits. A light hand rail runs from side to side of the room at the edge of the platform.

THE MEN OF MYSTERY.

The mediumistic faculty is said to be shared by the whole family or Eddy children, originally twelve in number, but now reduced at the homestead by marriage and death to five—three sons and two daughters. It will interest Dr. Elam, Mr. Upham, Mr. Wallace, and other students of psychology and hereditary transmission of traits, to know that the great-grandmother on the female side was condemned to death at Salem in 1694, for "witchcraft." She escaped the gallows, however, by being rescued from the jail by her friends. As nearly as I can discover by inquiry from others than the parties interested themselves, the phenomena, accompanied the children through their school days and being misunderstood by their parents, were the occasion of their getting many sound whippings to "lick the devil out of them." The grandmother was a "foreseer," and the mother was also, like the Goethes, Pietro, Allighieri (the son of Dante), Cazotte, the Highland gude-wives, the Danish seers, and hosts of others in various parts of the

world, subject to previsionary warnings of events to come, and she ultimately became a believer in Spiritualism. But old Mr. Eddy, the father was a tough knot, and complacently assigned a diabolical agency to whatever he could not pronounce humbug.

While still small children the Eddys were in the habit of going to a neighbor's house to see the queer things that happened in circles (just as the Paris and Proctor girls went to sit with Titubae in Salem, before the witchcraft tragedies were enacted,) and they suppose that other people than themselves were the mediums. But after awhile the same things occurred in their presence at home, and then followed the paternal trouncings referred to. Until about a year ago the phenomena following them are said to have comprised only rappings, playing on instruments, bell ringings, the show of hands, the tying and untying of knotted cords and unlocking of handcuffs, mysterious voices, and the lifting of their bodies to the ceiling of the room or public hall in which they chanced to be exhibiting; but since then, at their own home and elsewhere, forms, apparently of spirits have been "materialized," like that of "Katie Kling," have walked, talked, produced spectral lights, and woven ghost-cloth in the presence of great numbers of people.

SUSPICION ALLAYED.

There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers look more like hard-working, rough farmers, than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make newcomers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. The house is dark, rough, and uninviting, the appurtenances of the rudest, the astounding stories of what the Eddys do, excite suspicion and invite distrust, and it would not be strange if a majority of persons attending only one "seance" should leave, as did a gentleman who came here with me, persuaded that it was a colossal humbug. I thought about as much myself at first, and it was not until a second and third opportunity had been afforded me to enter the circle room, to inspect the cabinet before and after the performances, and I had informed myself from perfectly trustworthy sources as to their antecedents, that I became willing to put my name to this tale and say that, whatever the source of the marvel may be, it is certainly not the chicanery or legerdemain of a pair of experts, thaumaturgists. It is sufficient to leave each to form his own doctrines and join with Cicero, who in describing the different kinds of magic says: "What we have to do with is the facts, since of the facts we know little. Neither are we to repudiate these phenomena, because we sometimes find them imperfect." Perhaps Mr. Varley or Prof. Crookes or some other savant may in time give us a name for the new force that is responsible for the phenomena already proven not to be the results of either electricity or magnetism, singly or in combination. Perhaps this discovery may help Prof. Tyndall out of the materialistic slough in which he seems to be floundering.

VISITORS.

The visitors to the Eddy homestead during the past year exceeded several hundred in number, and hail from every section of the country. A very rigid scrutiny has to be undergone before admission to the house is obtained, more than forty persons having been rejected last week. The brothers say their choice is made under spirit impression, and that it is as easily and more satisfactorily

made from a letter than from a sight of the applicant. They do not like the business of mediumship, are anxious to sell their farm and quit, do not want visitors, and shrink from new acquaintances, and if "the spirits would let them never would, hold another circle." It is sheer folly to come to their house on the chance of being admitted if time and money are any object, communication in all cases being preferable. They can get no servants to live in the house, and so have to do all the housework—cooking, washing, and everything—themselves, and as they charge nothing for seances, and but \$8 per week for board, there is small profit and much work in taking boarders. They say they sit for the pleasure of others, not for their own, and if people do not choose to comply with their rules they can stay away. They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule are not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has among a simple minded, prejudiced people, and not to any moral turpitude on their part. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world.

I have been thus particular and circumstantial in preface because the data are necessary to enable the intelligent reader to judge both as to the credibility of this narrative and the thoroughness of the narrator. Many points noted in my memorandum book as throwing suspicion upon the Eddys I omit because, upon sifting them, I found there was an easy explanation, and I cheerfully admit that my impressions of the brothers, as to their honesty in the matter of the manifestations as well as their personal worth, have steadily improved since the first day. I am satisfied, moreover, that they have not the ability to produce them if they should try, which they do not, nor the wardrobe nor properties requisite to clothe the multitude of forms (estimated at over 2,000) that during the twelve-month last past have emerged from the cabinet and stalked the narrow platform.

THE GATES Ajar.

My narrative will be confined to appearances of material, or "materialized" forms, as the reader chooses, little or no account being made of the class of minor phenomena such as have been witnessed by vast numbers who have attended the exhibitions of the Davenport brothers and other like mediums, and which the Eddys show both in dark and light circles in great perfection. After seeing what one sees here, the "hands" of the Davenports, the "masks" of Slade, the "busts" at Moravia, and the shadowy hands that so puzzled Brougham and Sir David Brewster may be regarded as trivialities, worthy of no more than a passing mention in any future treatise on these mysteries of psychology.

The circles here begin at 8 o'clock P. M. every day but Sundays, when none are held. The visitors assemble in the circle room, which has been kept locked all day (another cause for suspicion to the skeptics, but accounted for by believers on the ground that each person sheds a certain magnetism, aura, or something about him which tends to pollute the electric atmosphere of a room, and that is prejudicial to the best exhibition of these phenomena), at half past 7, and spend a half hour in dancing, singing, or otherwise to promote harmony and cheerful feeling in all present. They are then invited to seat themselves on the benches, and William Eddy hangs a thick shawl over the door of the cabinet, which he enters, and sits on the chair. The lamp is turned down until only a dim light remains; the sitters in the front join hands; and a violinist, placed at the extreme

right of the row and nearest the platform plays on his instrument. All is then anxious expectation. Presently the curtain stirs, is pushed aside, and a form steps out and faces the audience. Seen in the obscurity, silent and motionless, appearing in the character of a visitor from beyond the grave, it is calculated to arouse the most intense feelings of awe and terror in the minds of the timid; but happily the idea is so incomprehensible, the supposition so unwarrantable, even absurd, that at first most people choose to curiously inspect the thing as a masquerading pleasantry on the part of the man they saw a moment before enter the cabinet. That the window of his closet is twenty feet from the ground; that no ladder can be found about the premises; that there is no nook or corner of the house where a large wardrobe can be stored without detection; that the medium totally differs in every material particular from the majority of the phantoms evoked; that the family are barely rich enough to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, let alone a multitude of costly theatrical properties avails nothing, although everybody can satisfy himself upon these points as I did. The first impression is that there some trickery; for to do otherwise is to do violence to the world's traditions from the beginning until now. Besides which, the feeling of terror is lessened by the apparition being seen by each person in company with numerous other mortals like himself, and the locked hands and touching shoulders on each side soon beget confidence. If the shape is recognized it bows and retires, sometimes after addressing words in an audible whisper or a natural voice as the case may be, to its friends sometimes not.

THE CURTAIN LIFTS.

After an interval of two or three minutes the curtain is again lifted, and another form, quite different in sex, gait, costume, complexion length and arrangement of hair, height and breadth of body, and apparent age, comes forth: to be followed in turn by others and others, until after an hour or so the session is brought to a close, and the medium reappears with haggard eyes and apparently much exhausted. In the three seances I have attended, I have seen shapes of Indian men and women, and white persons, old and young, each in a different dress to the number of thirty-two; and I am told by respectable persons who have been here a long while, that the number averages about twelve a night. The Eddys have sat continuously for nearly a year, and are wearied in body and mind by the incessant drain upon their vital force which is said to be inevitable in these phenomena. For want of a better explanation, I may as well state that they claim that the manifestations are produced by a band of spirits, organized with a special director, mistress of ceremonies, chemist, assistant chemist, and dark and light circles operators. The director is an unknown spirit of high intelligence, the mistress of ceremonies in William Eddy's circle, a Mrs. Eaton, who died about two years and a half ago in central New York; the chemist, a very aged white woman, calling herself "The Witch of the Mountain;" the assistant chemist, an Indian girl named Honto; the light circle operator, a sailor named George Dix; and the mistress of the dark circle, a little Italian maiden calling herself "Mayflower," who is assisted by Dix and a number of others. I saw of these, Mrs. Eaton Honto, and the Witch of the Mountain, and heard them, and Dix and Mayflower also speak. The two last named did not appear to the eye but spoke in a dark circle. Mrs. Eaton is a little old woman, dressed in a grayish calico dress (or some stuff that looked like that fabric), and a long check apron. Her voice is loud and strong but more like a man's falsetto, and the first evening before I had

seen her I fancied it was William Eddy himself, and was much annoyed at the apparent cheat. Honto is about five inches high, a well-made, button girl, of dark complexion, and with long black hair. She is very agile and sprightly in gait, graceful in movement, and evidently a superior person of her class. At my second seance, she in my presence reached up to the bare white wall and pulled out a piece of gauzy fabric about four yards long, which parted from the plastering with a click, as if the end had been glued to it. She hung it over the railing to show us its texture, and then threw it into the cabinet. At either end of the platform she plucked, as if from the air itself, knitted shawls, which she opened and shook, and passed behind the curtain. Then descending the steps to the floor of the room, she pulled another from under Horatio Eddy's chair, where I had seen nothing but the bare floor a moment before. Then returning to the platform, she danced to the accompaniment of the violin, after which she re-entered the cabinet and was gone. Let it be noticed that this creature had the shoulders, bust and hips of a woman, a woman's hair and feminine ways, and that she was at least four inches shorter than William Eddy, who measures 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 175 pounds.

THE BEATING HEART.

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland certifies that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin as substantial and lifelike as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Marryatt Ross-Church was permitted to feel "Katie King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third seance the same old lady being present, Honto called her up, and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed, as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as a partner. Little Mayflower, whom, as I have said, I did not see, but whom I felt and heard talk and sing in a dark circle favored me with her history. She says that she had been dead about a century. She is of Italian parentage, her parents settling in the wilds of Canada, being murdered by Indians, and herself made captive and adopted into the tribe. She only lived to the age of eleven and, therefore, according to the laws of spiritual intercourse, is obliged to appear as a child whenever she approaches us. I held quite a long discourse with this charming little creature, whose voice is sweet and sympathetic, who improvises verses upon any subject given on the spur of the moment, like an expert Italian improvisatore, and who plays upon the mouth harmonium in a truly ravishing manner. *The child came and stood at my knee talking to me the while, and playing on the guitar that she rested upon my lap.* I make this statement unqualifiedly because, although it was dark and I saw nothing, her presence was palpable to at least two of my senses, both as the time preternaturally acute. I can at least vouch that this phantom was neither of the Eddy Brothers, if I doubted the genuineness of any of the rest, which I now do not.

A STRANGE MEETING.

One of the most amazing sights I have beheld in this memorable vacation visit was the appearance of an aged lady, clad in white, who emerged from the cabinet, called her son to her, met him near the steps, put her arms about his neck, kissed him so audibly that every body in the room could hear it, helped him clear across the platform to the chair, one arm over his shoulder, and the other hand holding his hand, whispering some private matters in his ear, and again embracing him before retiring into the cabinet. The gentleman, a Mr. Pritchard of Albany, says he saw every wrinkle in his mother's face, the color and sparkle of her eyes, the color of her complexion and hair, and every detail of her dress to the very ribbon in her old-fashioned cap. Fancy, for one moment being witness to a meeting between a son and his mother, who comes from beyond the grave to see him after a lapse of several years! The same thing occurred to him before, and on that occasion his mother having apparently overstayed her time and exhausted the force, whatever it may be, that materializes her body turned suddenly to leave him.

DISSOLVING SPIRITS.

As she receded toward the curtain, she began to sink to the floor, "as" to use Mr. Pritchard's own words, "a piece of butter would melt down if placed on a hot plate," and having barely strength to push aside the shawl, she dwarfed until she was not above eighteen inches in height, when her son finally lost sight of her. Once Mr. Pritchard saw a like catastrophe happen to Honto, who ventured too far away from the cabinet, and entirely dissolving before she could retain it. As a

further evidence, if any should be required, that William Eddy and the Indian girl are not identical, I again quote Mrs. Cleveland, whose word none who know her will dispute, and who says that once, when on the platform at Honto's bidding she grasped her by the hand, and chancing to pass the other hand along Honto's arm, she found, to her horror, that it was only partially materialized, the hand alone being perfectly solid.

RECOGNITIONS.

Of the thirty-two spirit forms I have seen more than three-fourth were recognized by persons present as near relatives. The first evening, my eyes not being accustomed to the light, nor my powers of observation trained to watch details, the spectral shapes came and went in a confusing manner; but the second and third seances found me prepared to scrutinize the phenomena with more deliberation. The reader will please remember that owing to my inhospitable reception, the suspicions excited by the place and its surroundings, and the astounding claims put forth by the spiritual press as to the Eddy manifestations, I was on the alert to detect fraud and expose it. As a phantom came into view I observed its height against the door-jamb, its probable weight, its movements, apparent age, style of wearing the hair, and beard of a man, the nature and elaborateness of its costume, and the external marks of sex, as regards form—all the while having in mind the square, Dutch build and heavy movements of William Eddy. I saw men, women and children come one after another before me, and in no one instance detected the slightest evidence of trickery. Among the remarkable tests of identity coming under my notice, was the appearance of a young soldier of about twenty years of age, the son of Judge Bacon of St. Johnsbury, Vt., whose death occurred under painful circumstances in the army, and whose name or existence even had not been mentioned by his father to any person about the place. The spirit was clothed in a dressing gown, light trousers, and a white shirt with a turn-down collar. He was instantly recognized. The night that Mr. Pitchard was sitting on the chair, two of his nephews, dressed differently, wearing their beards in different ways, differing in height and appearance in a marked degree, stepped forth and shook hands with him. I sat within five yards of them and saw them with entire distinctness.

A LOCK OF THE WITCH'S HAIR.

At my last seance the old "Witch of the Mountain," a withered old hag, with tottering gait and snow white locks, came out, sat in a chair, called up several of the audience to shake hands with her and receive tokens of her friendliness, and after making Judge Bacon feel the length and silkiness of her hair gave him leave to pull out a lock as a keepsake, which he did, and I saw the hair in his possession. This old woman is credited with the performance of a sort of miracle, of which I think I was almost the sole witness. William Eddy does most of the housework, about the place—even to the washing—and very frequently goes about chattering an Irish brogue, and acting like one of those model servant girls, whom somebody describes as "steam engines in petticoats." At such times he is supposed to be obsessed by the ghost of a servant girl, one Ann Cuddy, an honest sort of creature, who departed this life at Cleveland some years since. Yesterday William was washing in the yard, the kettle for boiling the clothes hanging over a chip fire near by. For want of something better to do at the moment, I gathered a few chips and was mending the fire when William, or perhaps we might rather say "Ann," using his vocal organs, said to me: "Shure, any fool can make a fire with wood; I'll show yez how to make one burn with water!"—and dipping some water out of the horse trough close at hand, he flung it upon the flickering fire. Immediately the cauldron was enveloped in a great blaze as if he had poured alcohol or oil upon the embers, and every piece of fuel was kindled. Recovering from my surprize, I laughingly said that any fool could do that, and flung some of the self same water upon the fire, effectually putting it out. I leave Mr. Paine, the water-gas man, to explain how water poured upon a weak wood fire can be made to serve the purpose of kindlings. I am told that the "Witch" has frequently done this trick before, besides other things in the circles equally remarkable. She gave warning yesterday morning that at a certain hour and minute William's spirit would leave his body, go to the other world, and return in exactly thirty-two minutes. At the time prescribed William, sure enough, went into a trance, his body became as cold as marble, the skin turned livid purple, his tongue black and protruding, his eyes glazed, and he presented every appearance of a corpse. But at the expiration of the allotted half hour he came to himself and wept bitterly at being recalled from what he described as a scene of celestial joy. Of course this species of cataleptic vision is common enough, and I should not think it worth mentioning but for the pyrotechnic experiment of the ancient wizard, and her appearance in propria persona the same evening at the regular circle.

AN UNCANNY VISITOR.

If your readers have not already had their

fill of marvels, let me tell them a story that I had from Mrs. Cleveland's own mouth. Since I read the "Castle of Otranto" and Lewis's "Munk," I don't recall anything more uncanny. One evening the old lady was sitting in the house alone, reading, when there came a single loud rap on the front door. She went and opened it, and saw a man standing there, dressed in dark clothes and a white hat, and carrying a small black box or trunk under his arm. Over his face he held a napkin, behind which he addressed Mrs. Cleveland and asked a night's lodging. His mysterious behavior excited her suspicions that he was some escaped lunatic, or perhaps a tramp who might be disposed to rob her, so she refused his application, and he moved off toward the Eddy house, with the warning remark that it was too bad to turn a man away on such a winter night as that to perish. Presently Horatio Eddy came running over to say that a man had walked into their house, scaring the family as they sat together in the living room by his abrupt appearance, and being refused shelter had passed on down the road. While the two were conversing, there came another loud knock at the door, and this Horatio and Mrs. Cleveland went to see who it was, the former carrying a kerosene lamp. Upon opening, they saw the same person standing there, and as he was repeating his application for shelter, Horatio let the lamp-light shine full on his face, now uncovered, which was hardly larger than a large man's fist. Being again refused admittance, he flung the little trunk up into the air and caught it, and walked off rapidly toward the Eddy's again. Horatio followed him up, saw him enter, go into the sitting room, put his hand on his sister's shoulder, causing her to scream, and then moving toward the back door, suddenly sank through the floor! It was a materialized spirit, and his appearance, attested by several witnesses, shows that a diabolical atmosphere apparently surrounds the family and homestead.

THE AIR FULL OF THEM.

A person visiting here feels the whole air alive with phantoms, and he can neither walk the road at night, nor retire to his room without feeling the possibility that some horrid shape may leap from the ground before him and address him in sepulchral tones. The story goes that one night last winter, after every one had retired, a band of spooks amused themselves by taking the musical instruments from the circle room and serenading each sleeper in turn. A pleasant house, truly, for a strange family to move into!

MR. PRITCHARD'S EXPERIENCE.

The gentlemen of whom mention has been previously made is Mr. E. V. Pritchard of Albany, a retired merchant, whose credibility must be well known in that city at least. He came to the Eddys' in May, expecting to remain only a few days, but his experiences have been so satisfactory that he is still here. He first saw the spirit of his brother's son, who was killed in the army, and afterward his mother, his sister's husband, two of her sons and one son-in-law, and his brother's son. He has seen four or five female spirits carrying children in their arms, and setting them on the floor, leading them about by the hand. He has seen the children in some cases clasp their arms around their mother's neck. Once an Indian woman brought in her papoose, swaddled in the Indian fashion, and he heard it cry. An Indian girl brought in a robin perched on her finger, which hopped and chirped as naturally as life.

Readers of history will recollect that one of the principal evidences of witchcraft alleged against poor Mrs. Mourse, and others of the Salem victims, was the declaration of Tituba, Abigail Williams, Ann Putman and other "Afflicted Children," that the prisoners had birds perched upon their fingers, or sitting on their shoulders and whispering in their ears. In fact, the similarity between the occult occurrences of 1694 and those of our own time is very remarkable and suggestive.

Mr. P. saw a mother spirit walk to the front of the platform and hold her babe over the railing toward the audience, so that they could see it kick its little legs, move its arms, and hear it crow. Again, on another evening three little girls, apparently four, six, and eight years of age respectively, stood side by side in the door of the cabinet, and the eldest calling to her mother in the audience, spoke her own name "Minnie." No William Eddy in this instance, surely. Mr. Pritchard has heard the spectres speak in all voices, from the faintest whisper to a full, natural voice. As regards costumes, he has seen the forms clothed in what appeared to be silk, cotton, merino and tarlatan, soldiers in uniform, one navy captain in full uniform and wearing his side arms, women in plain robes and richly embroidered, Indian warriors in a great variety of costumes, some barefoot and others shod in moccasins. Once a pipe was lighted and handed to Honto, who walked about smoking it, and at each whiff her bronze face was illuminated so that every lineament was shown. She came and smoked in his very face to give him a perfect view of her own.

STATEMENT OF JUDGE BACON.

Out of the mass of testimony I have noted in my memorandum I will only quote in addition what Mr. Bacon says, as this, added to

what has preceded, should suffice to at least clear William Eddy from the suspicion of producing the phantom shapes by change of voices and dress. John Bacon, ad of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is an associate Justice of the county court of Caledonia county. He came here August 22 to see the spirit of his father, who died forty-eight years ago. Recognized him by his shape. The form was dressed in dark clothes with a standing shirt collar and white shirt. He was bare-headed. Standing erect, he towered to the height of six feet one inch, and called his son by his Christian name, speaking in his familiar tones. His breathing was distinctly perceived in the act of speaking. Besides him the Judge has seen one sister, fifty-three years of age at the time of her decease, and another of only three years; his wife's father and mother (the latter wore a light dress and a white cap; she is a very short woman, not above five feet in height); and finally her own son, whose death has elsewhere been alluded to. By actual count kept he has seen sixty-six different spirits to date.

The reader will not fail to perceive that beside the doings at this Vermont house of wonders, the narrative of "Katie King," about which two hemispheres have been set agog, appears quite tame and uninteresting. Here in this out-of-the-way nook in the Green Mountains, in the house of plain farmers, unprovided with machinery, chemicals or other apparatus, or costumes, not less than two entire regiments of shadowy forms have come back from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to strut their brief while before the view of mortals, and hundreds of families admit received tokens of the departed. After this the daimon of Socrates, the imp of Wesley, the spectral visitors of the bookseller Nicolai, the banshees which follow certain houses, the prank-playing polterpeists of Germany, seem worthy of more respectful attention than we have been willing hitherto to accord them. Who shall now pronounce impossible of realization the prophecy said to have been made through raps long since, that in time the spirits will materialize themselves so as to be able to address audiences from the public rostrum, as though they had never tasted death? With "Katie King" standing for her photograph, and the Chittenden ghost walking the highway with his box under his arm, it does seem as if the gap remaining is not much too wide to be spanned in our way.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

Every lover of babies will be delighted with these beautiful thoughts called "Baby Castle." "God bless the little ones!" how we love them. The darlings! And the best thing Jesus ever said was suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

What is a house without a baby? Will some crusty old maid or bach, tell us? We want to know—

Baby Castle.

Baby owns a tiny castle
On the carpet plains of home,
And its walls are woven willow,
Fine within, from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
Downy couch where baby dreams,
Laces, too, where faintly glimmer
In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby,
And it's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
"He's the king of Baby-land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
When old puss would slyly creep
Over guarded moat and turret
Just to curl herself to sleep.

All is still in baby's castle,
Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, now the rogue is napping;
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are 'roundous;
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you, darling
Every where your feet may go.

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
And she watches all day long,
When his babyship would slumber,
Then she sings a loving song,
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of baby,
Bears him joyfully away!

LEARNED JAVA BIRDS.— The Baltimore American gives the following account of a troupe of trained Java sparrows and paroquets now exhibiting in the streets of that city: "When a suitable place is found, a circular table is opened and the birds are all turned loose upon it; they manifest no fear at the crowd, and do not offer to escape. The performance consists of ringing bells, trundling small wheelbarrows, dancing, swinging each other in small swings, an excellent imitation of a trapeze performance, and a number of other equally interesting tricks. The most wonderful part of the performance, however, is done by a paroquet. This bird walks to the centre of the table, and, after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and any one in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell-rope and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception, the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses to strike more.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK

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

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[We copy the following fair report from the New York Sun.]

The World of Spirits.

ASTOUNDING WONDERS THAT STAGGER BELIEF.

The Marvellous Mediums of Chittenden—Spirits that Assume Tangible Forms, that Speak and are Felt—A Spirit with a Beating Heart—Burning Water and a Spiritual Washerwoman—An Occult Power.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., Sept. 2.—The scene of the objective phenomena known as the Eddy manifestations is a gloomy farm house on the turnpike that runs north from Rutland, through a valley skirted on both sides by ranges of the Green Mountains. The distance from Rutland is seven miles, and the nearest Post Office Chittenden Rutland county. To reach it from New York one takes the New Haven and Hartford and Springfield Railroads to Springfield, and the Connecticut River and Vermont Central roads to Rutland, whence conveyance is by wagon to the Eddy homestead. The visitor can also reach Rutland by way of the Hudson river and Troy. The expense is \$10, besides meals—\$8 for a ticket from New York to Rutland, and \$2 for the wagon ride. The house was built nearly a century ago, stands close to the road, and is shaded by several trees, whose dense foliage, shutting out all sunlight, makes the dark brown structure appear more sombre and inhospitable. It is furnished in the plainest manner, the floors all bare, the chairs of wood, the dining tables of planed boards, knocked together like those commonly seen at picnics and camp meetings, the walls without decoration, and nowhere any evidences of luxury, barely of comfort. A wing at the back holds the dining room a small kitchen and pantry below, and overhead is the circle room, or

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

as some would call it. This is an apartment of 48x16 feet, with three windows on each side. At the west end is a raised platform the width of the room, about two feet high by four broad, reached by three steps of about ten inches rise. Between the kitchen chimney, which is in the middle of the right hand wall is a small cupboard or closet, lathed and plastered, with a very narrow door, six feet and one inch high, opening from the platform, and a single window for the purposes of ventilation. This closet is the "cabinet" in which the medium sits. A light hand rail runs from side to side of the room at the edge of the platform.

THE MEN OF MYSTERY.

The mediumistic faculty is said to be shared by the whole family or Eddy children, originally twelve in number, but now reduced at the homestead by marriage and death to five—three sons and two daughters. It will interest Dr. Elam, Mr. Upham, Mr. Wallace, and other students of psychology and hereditary transmission of traits, to know that the great-grandmother on the female side was condemned to death at Salem in 1694, for "witchcraft." She escaped the gallows, however, by being rescued from the jail by her friends. As nearly as I can discover by inquiry from others than the parties interested themselves, the phenomena accompanied the children through their school days and being misunderstood by their parents, were the occasion of their getting many sound whippings to "lick the devil out of them." The grandmother was a "forescer," and the mother was also, like the Goethies, Pietro, Allighieri (the son of Dante,) Cazotte, the Highland gude-wives, the Danish seers, and hosts of others in various parts of the

world, subject to previsionary warnings of events to come, and she ultimately became a believer in Spiritualism. But old Mr. Eddy, the father was a tough knot, and complacently assigned a diabolical agency to whatever he could not pronounce humbug.

While still small children the Eddys were in the habit of going to a neighbor's house to see the queer things that happened in circles (just as the Paris and Proctor girls went to sit with Titubae in Salem, before the witchcraft tragedies were enacted,) and they suppose that other people than themselves were the mediums. But after awhile the same things occurred in their presence at home, and then followed the paternal trouncings referred to. Until about a year ago the phenomena following them are said to have comprised only rappings, playing on instruments, bell ringings, the show of hands, the tying and untying of knotted cords and unlocking of handcuffs, mysterious voices, and the lifting of their bodies to the ceiling of the room or public hall in which they chanced to be exhibiting; but since then, at their own home and elsewhere, forms, apparently of spirits have been "materialized," like that of "Katie Kling," have walked, talked, produced spectral lights, and woven ghost-cloth in the presence of great numbers of people.

SUSPICION ALLAYED.

There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers look more like hard-working, rough farmers, than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make newcomers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. The house is dark, rough, and uninviting, the appurtenances of the rudest, the astounding stories of what the Eddys do, excite suspicion and invite distrust, and it would not be strange if a majority of persons attending only one "seance" should leave, as did a gentleman who came here with me, persuaded that it was a colossal humbug. I thought about as much myself at first, and it was not until a second and third opportunity had been afforded me to enter the circle room, to inspect the cabinet before and after the performances, and I had informed myself from perfectly trustworthy sources as to their antecedents, that I became willing to put my name to this tale and say that, whatever the source of the marvel may be, it is certainly not the chicanery or legerdemain of a pair of experts, thaumaturgists. It is sufficient to leave each to form his own doctrines and join with Cicero, who in describing the different kinds of magic says: "What we have to do with is the facts, since of the facts we know little. Neither are we to repudiate these phenomena, because we sometimes find them imperfect." Perhaps Mr. Varley or Prof. Crookes or some other savant may in time give us a name for the new force that is responsible for the phenomena already proven not to be the results of either electricity or magnetism, singly or in combination. Perhaps this discovery may help Prof. Tyndall out of the materialistic slough in which he seems to be floundering.

VISITORS.

The visitors to the Eddy homestead during the past year exceeded several hundred in number, and hail from every section of the country. A very rigid scrutiny has to be undergone before admission to the house is obtained, more than forty persons having been rejected last week. The brothers say their choice is made under spirit impression, and that it is as easily and more satisfactorily

made from a letter than from a sight of the applicant. They do not like the business of mediumship, are anxious to sell their farm and quit, do not want visitors, and shrink from new acquaintances, and if "the spirits would let them never would, hold another circle." It is sheer folly to come to their house on the chance of being admitted if time and money are any object, communication in all cases being preferable. They can get no servants to live in the house, and so have to do all the housework—cooking, washing, and everything—themselves, and as they charge nothing for seances, and but \$8 per week for board, there is small profit and much work in taking boarders. They say they sit for the pleasure of others, not for their own, and if people do not choose to comply with their rules they can stay away. They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule are not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has among a simple minded, prejudiced people, and not to any moral turpitude on their part. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world.

I have been thus particular and circumstantial in preface because the data are necessary to enable the intelligent reader to judge both as to the credibility of this narrative and the thoroughness of the narrator. Many points noted in my memorandum book as throwing suspicion upon the Eddys I omit because, upon sifting them, I found there was an easy explanation, and I cheerfully admit that my impressions of the brothers, as to their honesty in the matter of the manifestations as well as their personal worth, have steadily improved since the first day. I am satisfied, moreover, that they have not the ability to produce them if they should try, which they do not, nor the wardrobe nor properties requisite to clothe the multitude of forms (estimated at over 2,000) that during the twelve-month last past have emerged from the cabinet and stalked the narrow platform.

THE GATES AJAR.

My narrative will be confined to appearances of material, or "materialized" forms, as the reader chooses, little or no account being made of the class of minor phenomena such as have been witnessed by vast numbers who have attended the exhibitions of the Davenport brothers and other like mediums, and which the Eddys show both in dark and light circles in great perfection. After seeing what one sees here, the "hands" of the Davenports, the "masks" of Slade, the "busts" at Moravia, and the shadowy hands that so puzzled Brougham and Sir David Brewster may be regarded as trivialities, worthy of no more than a passing mention in any future treatise on these mysteries of psychology.

The circles here begin at 8 o'clock P. M. every day but Sundays, when none are held. The visitors assemble in the circle room, which has been kept locked all day (another cause for suspicion to the skeptic,) but accounted for by believers on the ground that each person sheds a certain magnetism, aura, or something about him which tends to pollute the electric atmosphere of a room, and that is prejudicial to the best exhibition of these phenomena, at half past 7, and spend a half hour in dancing, singing, or otherwise to promote harmony and cheerful feeling in all present. They are then invited to seat themselves on the benches, and William Eddy hangs a thick shawl over the door of the cabinet, which he enters, and sits on the chair. The lamp is turned down until only a dim light remains; the sitters in the front join hands; and a violinist, placed at the extreme

right of the row and nearest the platform plays on his instrument. All is then anxious expectation. Presently the curtain stirs, is pushed aside, and a form steps out and faces the audience. Seen in the obscurity, silent and motionless, appearing in the character of a visitor from beyond the grave, it is calculated to arouse the most intense feelings of awe and terror in the minds of the timid; but happily the idea is so incomprehensible, the supposition so unwarrantable, even absurd, that at first most people choose to curiously inspect the thing as a masquerading pleasantry on the part of the man they saw a moment before enter the cabinet. That the window of his closet is twenty feet from the ground; that no ladder can be found about the premises; that there is no nook or corner of the house where a large wardrobe can be stored without detection; that the medium totally differs in every material particular from the majority of the phantoms evoked; that the family are barely rich enough to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, let alone a multitude of costly theatrical properties avails nothing, although everybody can satisfy himself upon these points as I did. The first impression is that there some trickery; for to do otherwise is to do violence to the world's traditions from the beginning until now. Besides which, the feeling of terror is lessened by the apparition being seen by each person in company with numerous other mortals like himself, and the locked hands and touching shoulders on each side soon begot confidence. If the shape is recognized it bows and retires, sometimes after addressing words in an audible whisper or a natural voice as the case may be, to its friends sometimes not.

THE CURTAIN LIFTS.

After an interval of two or three minutes the curtain is again lifted, and another form, quite different in sex, gait, costume, complexion length and arrangement of hair, height and breadth of body, and apparent age, comes forth: to be followed in turn by others and others, until after an hour or so the session is brought to a close, and the medium reappears with haggard eyes and apparently much exhausted. In the three seances I have attended, I have seen shapes of Indian men and women, and white persons, old and young, each in a different dress to the number of thirty-two; and I am told by respectable persons who have been here a long while, that the number averages about twelve a night. The Eddys have sat continuously for nearly a year, and are wearied in body and mind by the incessant drain upon their vital force which is said to be inevitable in these phenomena. For want of a better explanation, I may as well state that they claim that the manifestations are produced by a band of spirits, organized with a special director, mistress of ceremonies, chemist, assistant chemist, and dark and light circles operators. The director is an unknown spirit of high intelligence, the mistress of ceremonies in William Eddy's circle, a Mrs. Eaton, who died about two years and a half ago in central New York; the chemist, a very aged white woman, calling herself, "The Witch of the Mountain;" the assistant chemist, an Indian girl named Honto; the light circle operator, a sailor named George Dix; and the mistress of the dark circle, a little Italian maiden calling herself "Mayflower," who is assisted by Dix and a number of others. I saw of these, Mrs. Eaton Honto, and the Witch of the Mountain, and heard them, and Dix and Mayflower also speak. The two last named did not appear to the eye but spoke in a dark circle. Mrs. Eaton is a little old woman, dressed in a grayish calico dress (or some stuff that looked like that fabric), and a long check apron. Her voice is loud and strong but more like a man's falsetto, and the first evening before I had

seen her I fancied it was William Eddy himself, and was much annoyed at the apparent cheat. Honto is about 5 feet 5 inches high, a well-made, buxom girl, of dark copper complexion, and with long black hair. She is very agile and springy in gait, graceful in movement, and evidently a superior person in her class. At my second seance, she in my presence reached up to the bare white wall and pulled out a piece of gauzy fabric about four yards long, which parted by the plastering with a click, as if the end had been glued to it. She hung it over the railing to show us its texture, and then threw it into the cabinet. At either end of the platform she plucked, as if from the air itself, knitted shawls, which she opened and shook, and passed behind the curtain. Then descending the steps to the floor of the room, she pulled another from under Horatio Eddy's chair, where I had seen nothing but the bare floor a moment before. Then returning to the platform, she danced to the accompaniment of the violin, after which she re-entered the cabinet and was gone. Let it be noticed that this creature had the shoulders, bust and hips of a woman, a woman's hair and feminine ways and that she was at least four inches shorter than William Eddy, who measures 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 174 pounds.

THE BEATING HEART.

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland certifies that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin as her usual and lifelike as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Marryatt Ross-Church was permitted to feel "Katie King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third seance the same old lady being present, Honto called her up, and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed, as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as a partner. Little Mayflower, whom, as I have said, I did not see, but whom I felt and heard talk and sing in a dark circle favored me with her history. She says that she had been dead about a century. She is of Italian parentage, her parents settling in the wilds of Canada, being murdered by Indians, and herself made captive and adopted into the tribe. She only lived to the age of eleven and, therefore, according to the laws of spiritual intercourse, is obliged to appear as a child whenever she approaches us. I held quite a long discourse with this charming little creature, whose voice is sweet and sympathetic, who improvises verses upon any subject given on the spur of moment, like an expert Italian improvisatore, and who plays upon the mouth harmonicon in a truly ravishing manner. *The child came and stood at my knee talking to me the while, and laying on the guitar that she rested upon my lap.* I make this statement unqualifiedly because, although it was dark and I saw nothing, her presence was palpable to at least two of my senses, both as the time preternaturally acute. I can at least vouch that this phantom was neither of the Eddy Brothers, if I doubted the genuineness of any of the rest, which I now do not.

A STRANGE MEETING.

One of the most amazing sights I have beheld in this memorable vacation visit was the appearance of an aged lady, clad in white, who emerged from the cabinet, called her son to her, met him near the steps, put her arms about his neck, kissed him so audibly that every body in the room could hear it, helped him clear across the platform to the chair, one arm over his shoulder, and the other hand holding his hand, whispering some private matters in his ear, and again embracing him before retiring into the cabinet. The gentleman, a Mr. Pritchard of Albany, says he saw every wrinkle in his mother's face, the color and sparkle of her eyes, the color of her complexion and hair, and every detail of her dress to the very ribbon in her old-fashioned cap. Fancy, for one moment, being witness to a meeting between a son and his mother, who comes from beyond the grave to see him after a lapse of several years! The same thing occurred to him before, and on that occasion his mother having apparently overstay her time, and exhausted the force, whatever it may be, that materializes her body turned suddenly to leave him.

DISSOLVING SPIRITS.

As she receded toward the curtain, she began to sink to the floor, "as" to use Mr. Pritchard's own words, "a piece of butter would melt down if placed on a hot plate," and having barely strength to push aside the shawl, she dwarfed until she was not above eighteen inches in height, when her son finally lost sight of her. Once Mr. Pritchard saw a like catastrophe happen to Honto, who ventured too far away from the cabinet, and entirely dissolving before she could return. As a

further evidence, if any should be required, that William Eddy and the Indian girl are not identical, I again quote Mrs. Cleveland, whose word none who know her will dispute, and who says that once, when on the platform at Honto's bidding she grasped her by the hand, and chancing to pass the other hand along Honto's arm, she found, to her horror, that it was only partially materialized, the hand alone being perfectly solid.

RECOGNITIONS.

Of the thirty-fourth were recognized by persons present as near relatives. The first evening, my eyes not being accustomed to the light, nor my powers of observation trained to watch details, the spectral shapes came and went in a confusing manner; but the second and third seances found me prepared to scrutinize the phenomena with more deliberation. The reader will please remember that owing to my inhospitable reception, the suspicions excited by the place and its surroundings, and the astounding claims put forth by the spiritual press as to the Eddy manifestations, I was on the alert to detect fraud and expose it. As a phantom came into view I observed its height against the door-jamb, its probable weight, its movements, apparent age, style of wearing the hair, and beard of a man, the nature and elaborateness of its costume, and the external marks of sex, as regards form—all the while having in mind the square, Dutch build and heavy movements of William Eddy. I saw men, women and children come one after another before me, and in no one instance detected the slightest evidence of trickery. Among the remarkable tests of identity coming under my notice, was the appearance of a young soldier of about twenty years of age, the son of Judge Bacon of St. Johnsbury, Vt., whose death occurred under painful circumstances in the army, and whose name or existence even had not been mentioned by his father to any person about the place. The spirit was clothed in a dressing gown, light trousers, and a white shirt with a turn-down collar. He was instantly recognized. The night that Mr. Pritchard was sitting on the chair, two of his nephews, dressed differently, wearing their beards in different ways, differing in height and appearance in a marked degree, stepped forth and shook hands with him. I sat within five yards of them and saw them with entire distinctness.

A LOCK OF THE WITCH'S HAIR.

At my last seance the old "Witch of the Mountain," a withered old hag, with tottering gait and snow white locks, came out, sat in a chair, called up several of the audience to shake hands with her and receive tokens of her friendliness, and after making Judge Bacon feel the length and silkiness of her hair gave him leave to pull out a lock as a keepsake, which he did, and I saw the hair in his possession. This old woman is credited with the performance of a sort of miracle, of which I think I was almost the sole witness. William Eddy does most of the housework, about the place—even to the washing—and very frequently goes about chattering an Irish brogue, and acting like one of those model servant girls, whom somebody describes as "steam engines in petticoats." At such times he is supposed to be obsessed by the ghost of a servant girl, one Ann Cuddy, an honest sort of creature, who departed this life at Cleveland some years since. Yesterday William was washing in the yard, the kettle for boiling the clothes hanging over a chip fire near by. For want of something better to do at the moment, I gathered a few chips and was mending the fire when William, or perhaps we might rather say "Ann," using his vocal organs, said to me: "Shure, any fool can make a fire with wood; I'll show yez how to make one burn with water!"—and dipping some water out of the horse trough close at hand, he flung it upon the flickering fire. Immediately the cauldron was enveloped in a great blaze as if he had poured alcohol or oil upon the embers, and every piece of fuel was kindled. Recovering from my surprize, I laughingly said that any fool could do that, and flung some of the self same water upon the fire, effectually putting it out. I leave Mr. Paine, the water-gas man, to explain how water poured upon a weak wood fire can be made to serve the purpose of kindlings. I am told that the "Witch" has frequently done this trick before, besides other things in the circles equally remarkable. She gave warning yesterday morning that at a certain hour and minute William's spirit would leave his body, go to the other world, and return in exactly thirty-two minutes. At the time prescribed William, sure enough, went into a trance, his body became as cold as marble, the skin turned livid purple, his tongue black and protruding, his eyes glazed, and he presented every appearance of a corpse. But at the expiration of the allotted half hour he came to himself and wept bitterly at being recalled from what he described as a scene of celestial joy. Of course this species of cataleptic vision is common enough, and I should not think it worth mentioning but for the pyrotechnic experiment of the ancient wizard, and her appearance in regular circle.

AN UNCANNY VISITOR.

If your readers have not already had their

fill of marvels, let me tell them a story that I had from Mrs. Cleveland's own mouth. Since I read the "Castle of Otranto" and Lewis' "Monk," I don't recall anything more uncanny. One evening the old lady was sitting in the house alone, reading, when there came a single loud rap on the front door. She went and opened it, and saw a man standing there, dressed in dark clothes and a white hat, and carrying a small black box or trunk under his arm. Over his face he held a napkin, behind which he addressed Mrs. Cleveland and asked a night's lodging. His mysterious behavior excited her suspicions that he was some escaped lunatic, or perhaps a tramp who might be disposed to rob her, so she refused his application, and he moved off toward the Eddy house, with the whining remark that it was too bad to turn a man away such a winter night as that to perish. Presently Horatio Eddy came running over to say that a man had walked into their house, scaring the family as they sat together in the living room by his abrupt appearance, and being refused shelter had passed on down the road. While the two were conversing, there came another loud knock at the door, and this Horatio and Mrs. Cleveland went to see who it was, the former carrying a kerosene lamp. Upon opening, they saw the same person standing there, and as he was repeating his application for shelter, Horatio let the lamp-light shine full on his face, now uncovered, which was hardly larger than a large man's fist. Being again refused admittance, he flung the little trunk up into the air and caught it, and walked off rapidly toward the Eddy's again. Horatio followed him up, saw him enter, go into the sitting room, put his hand on his sister's shoulder, causing her to scream, and then moving toward the back door, suddenly sank through the floor! It was a materialized spirit, and his appearance, attested by several witnesses, shows what a diabolical atmosphere apparently surrounds the family and homestead.

THE AIR FULL OF THEM.

A person visiting here feels the whole air alive with phantoms, and he can neither walk the road at night, nor retire to his room without feeling the possibility that some horrid shape may leap from the ground before him and address him in sepulchral tones. The story goes that one night last winter, after every one had retired, a band of spooks amused themselves by taking the musical instruments from the circle room and serenading each sleeper in turn. A pleasant house, truly, for a strange family to move into!

MR. PRITCHARD'S EXPERIENCE.

The gentlemen of whom mention has been previously made is Mr. E. V. Pritchard of Albany, a retired merchant, whose credibility must be well known in that city at least. He came to the Eddys' in May, expecting to remain only a few days, but his experiences have been so satisfactory that he is still here. He first saw the spirit of his brother's son, who was killed in the army, and afterward his mother, his sister's husband, two of her sons and one son-in-law, and his brother's son. He has seen four or five female spirits carrying children in their arms, and setting them on the floor, leading them about by the hand. He has seen the children in some cases clasp their arms around their mother's neck. Once an Indian woman brought in her papoose, swaddled in the Indian fashion, and he heard it cry. An Indian girl brought in a robin perched on her finger, which hopped and chirped as naturally as life.

Readers of history will recollect that one of the principal evidences of witchcraft alleged against poor Mrs. Mourse, and others of the Salem victims, was the declaration of Tituba, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam and other "Afflicted Children," that the prisoners had birds perched upon their fingers, or sitting on their shoulders and whispering in their ears. In fact, the similarity between the occult occurrences of 1694 and those of our own time is very remarkable and suggestive.

Mr. P. saw a mother spirit walk to the front of the platform and hold her babe over the railing toward the audience, so that they could see it kick its little legs, move its arms, and hear it crow. Again, on another evening three little girls, apparently four, six, and eight years of age respectively, stood side by side in the door of the cabinet, and the eldest calling to her mother in the audience, spoke her own name "Minnie." No William Eddy in this instance, surely. Mr. Pritchard has heard the spectres speak in all voices, from the faintest whisper to a full, natural voice. As regards costumes, he has seen the forms clothed in what appeared to be silk, cotton, merino and tarlatan, soldiers in uniform, one navy captain in full uniform and wearing his side arms, women in plain robes and richly embroidered, Indian warriors in a great variety of costumes, some barefoot and others shod in moccasins. Once a pipe was lighted and handed to Honto, who walked about smoking it, and at each whiff her bronze face was illuminated so that every lineament was shown. She came and smoked in his very face to give him a perfect view of her own.

STATEMENT OF JUDGE BACON.

Out of the mass of testimony I have noted in my memorandum I will only quote in addition what Mr. Bacon says, as this, added to

what has preceded, should suffice to at least clear William Eddy from the suspicion of producing the phantom shapes by change of voices and dress. John Bacon 2d of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is an associate Justice of the county court of Caledonia county. He came here August 22 to see the spirit of his father, who died forty-eight years ago. Recognized him by his shape. The form was dressed in dark clothes with a standing shirt collar and white shirt. He was bare-headed. Standing erect, he towered to the height of six feet one inch, and called his son by his Christian name, speaking in his familiar tones. His breathing was distinctly perceived in the act of speaking. Besides him the Judge has seen one sister, fifty-three years of age at the time of her decease, and another of only three years; his wife's father and mother (the latter wore a light dress and a white cap; she is a very short woman, not above five feet in height); and finally her own son, whose death has elsewhere been alluded to. By actual count kept he has seen sixty-six different spirits to date.

The reader will not fail to perceive that besides the doings at this Vermont house of wonders, the narrative of "Katie King," about which two hemispheres have been set agog, appears quite tame and uninteresting. Here in this out-of-the-way nook in the Green Mountains, in the house of plain farmers, unprovided with machinery, chemicals or other apparatus, or costumes, not less than two entire regiments of shadowy forms have come back from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to strut their brief while before the view of mortals, and hundreds of families admit received tokens of the departed. After this the daimon of Socrates, the imp of Wesley, the spectral visitors of the bookseller Nicolai, the banshees which follow certain houses, the prank-playing poltergeists of Germany, seem worthy of more respectful attention than we have been willing hitherto to accord them. Who shall now pronounce impossible of realization the prophecy said to have been made through raps long since, that in time the spirits will materialize themselves so as to be able to address audiences from the public rostrum, as though they had never tasted death? With "Katie King" standing for her photograph, and the Chittenden ghost walking the highway with his box under his arm, it does seem as if the gap remaining in our way.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

Every lover of babies will be delighted with these beautiful thoughts called "Baby Castle." "God bless the little ones;" how we love them. The darlings! And the best thing Jesus ever said was suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. What is a house without a baby? Will some crusty old maid or bach, tell us? We want to know:—

Baby Castle.

Baby owns a tiny castle
On the carpet plains of home,
And its walls are woven willow.
Fine within, from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
Downy couch where baby dreams,
Laces, too, where faintly glimmer
In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby.
And it's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
"He's the king of Baby-land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
When old puss would slyly creep
Over guarded moat and turret
Just to curl herself to sleep.

All is still in baby's castle,
Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, now the rogue is napping;
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are round;
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you, darling
Every where your feet may go.

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
And she watches all day long,
When his babyship would slumber,
Then she sings a loving song.
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of baby,
Bears him joyfully away!

LEARNED JAVA BIRDS.—The Baltimore American gives the following account of a troupe of trained Java sparrows and paroquets now exhibiting in the streets of that city: "When a suitable place is found, a circular table is opened and the birds are all turned loose upon it; they manifest no fear at the crowd, and do not offer to escape. The performance consists of ringing bells, trundling small wheelbarrows, dancing, swinging each other in small swings, an excellent imitation of a trapeze performance, and a number of other equally interesting tricks. The most wonderful part of the performance, however, is done by a paroquet. This bird walks to the centre of the table, and after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and any one in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell-rope and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception, the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses to strike more.

A Friendly Letter.

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

The first and second numbers of your welcome paper, have been received, and we greet this new-born worker with our soul truth. May God and his good angels prosper it. That Brother E. V. Wilson's name appears as one of its editors is sufficient guarantee that it is in earnest, and means business. That it will not descend to vindictive personalities as some of our papers have, and are still doing, we feel assured. We personally know our venerable Brother Wilson, and we fully believe that his whole life backed with his great energy, together with his mediumship, are given and devoted to the cause of true Spiritualism and humanity.

In December 1873, Brother Wilson gave a course of four lectures, to the great satisfaction of all liberal-minded people. In each lecture he threw down the glove to any clergymen in good standing that might choose to take the issue with him. But they were silent as the grave until the close of the last lecture, when a Baptist clergyman having more confidence in his cause than the other ministers present, desired to make a few remarks, which resulted in an arrangement for a discussion to be held in this city on the 29th, 30th and 31st of December, 1873.

The church people were not satisfied believing Mr. Barber, (the Baptist minister wholly incapable of meeting and defeating this giant in Spiritualism. They, therefore made up a purse of fifty dollars, and sent Prof. G. W. Hughey, one of the leading men of the M. E. Church, in southern Illinois, to meet Mr. Wilson. Prof. Hughey is a man of great natural abilities, a fine orator and scholar, besides being a well-trained and sharp debater. The largest church in the place was secured for the discussion and was filled at each session. The question discussed was as follows:

Resolved: That the Bible, King James' version sustains and parallels Modern Spiritualism in its phases, phenomena and teachings. Result, one grand triumph for Spiritualism.

Brother Wilson was with us again in the latter part of June last, holding a three days meeting. One of the ministers who heard the discussion last winter not being satisfied with the result, came forty miles to hear him and to make an arrangement by which he could try his hand, and no ways loth to test the truth, Brother W. opens the way.

His discussion will be carried on through the columns of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. W. M. E.

Greenville, Ill., July 26, 1874.

Editorial Etiquette.

MR. EDITOR:—Without any desire to get up a question and answer department in the columns of your excellent paper, I would like to raise a question as to the rights of correspondents. Some time ago I addressed a communication to an editor who claims to be a leader in reform. I took the precaution to send along with it an envelope post-paid and directed, with a request that if the MS. was rejected that it should be returned. The paper has appeared regularly since the communication was mailed, there has been no account of any mails having been lost since. A subsequent letter written to the editor on the subject (which has had ample time) remains unnoticed, and the MS. has neither been used nor returned. In the absence of other evidence, the most probable view in this case would be that its non-appearance was due to P. O. discrepancies. But I have since learned that my experience has been identical with other correspondents with the same editor, under similar circumstances. Can you not, Mr. Editor, induce some humanitarian to organize a society for the promotion of editorial etiquette? As your paper is devoted to all kinds of reform I thought I might be permitted to ask thro' its columns if editors are not discourteous and unjust in destroying articles when return postage is paid, and the articles may be of value to the writers, and find expression elsewhere. It is not expected editors will return manuscripts at their own cost, but when the postage is paid and a polite request made to return if rejected, it shows a wanton disregard both of courtesy and equity.

This is not seeking but suppressing the truth, and is in itself grossly unjust, and illy becomes any reform paper or editor.

D. D. W.

Sugar Loaf, Colorado.

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Selections.

Beauty and the Bath.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Beauty is power. Wealth works wonders and learning, rank, and position have their influence, but the scope of each is limited. There are doors which even your golden key cannot unlock, and for which learning, rank, and position furnish no 'open sesame,' but beauty needs but to touch them with the rosy tips of her fingers and they turn on their hinges with a sound like music. Vain, when she appears on the stage of action, is the prowess of the warrior, the astuteness of the diplomatist, the prestige of the monarch. She handles the bankers, gold and the prince's jewels, and is in her own right Queen of Hearts, if not of diamonds. The ignorant and the learned, the civilized man and the savage, are alike her willing slaves. Wealth is a canker and a care, learning a plausible cheat, wit a bauble, and rank an empty name, but
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
—a joy to the beholder, and doubly a joy to the possessor.

The severe practicalist may scoff and the austere moralist cry "vanity," but beauty is not thus to be put down. It is from God, and it is one of his appointed ministers of grace—a divinely ordained instrumentality for the elevation of mankind. If it sometimes proves a curse, it is through its abuse, and against that no physical or mental endowment is proof. Those wonderful pagans, the art-loving Greeks of old, were not far from right when they placed beauty next to virtue and made it an object of worship; and the Frenchman who wrote a book to

show that it is the duty of pretty women to look pretty, only enunciated, in his French way, a great truth. It is the duty of pretty women to look pretty, and the duty of all women, and men too, to look just as well as they can. As high motives may be brought to bear here as in the acquisition of anything else. The more attractive one is, personally, the more good he can do—the more happiness he can confer on those around him.

Our personal appearance is much more within our control than is generally supposed. If health of body and brain and heart—if physical symmetry and vigor, mental soundness, cultivated tastes, good temper, and affectionateness—are attainable conditions, then is beauty not beyond the reach of man and woman; for it is, rightly understood, but the external sign and symbol of these internal qualities.

Is there a lack of symmetry of body? A judicious exercise of the parts imperfectly developed will bring them out, and secure the proper balance. Is there deficient vitality? There are hygienic agencies by means of which it can be increased. Are the features coarse and heavy? Mental culture will refine and enliven them. Is there an unpleasant expression of countenance? There is, then, some *wrong feeling* lying behind it. You must get rid of that. Is the complexion bad? In that case there is something not as it should be about the vital system. The functions of nutrition, secretion, circulation, and excretion are imperfectly performed, and you must hasten to restore the normal action of their organs; and this brings me to the point to which I wish to direct the special attention of the reader.

It is in complexion that Americans, and especially American women, fail most signally. "Your ladies are very pretty," Fredrika Bremer said, "but too pale! too pale!" This is what every foreigner thinks, if he does not say it; and our own people we are glad to know, are beginning to be of the same opinion.

"A soft, smooth, transparent, and delicately-tinted skin," Sir James Clarke says, "is the barometer of health and soundness of the individual, and the most indubitable sign of beauty."

Our girls are often well-formed, and their features are finely cut and expressive, but they too often sadly lack the clear complexion and the ruddy glow which is one of the greatest charms of the female face. If they have not too much of the lily, they certainly have too little of the rose. Would you, fair reader, know how to remedy this defect? I will tell you, and, important as he secret is, it shall cost you nothing.

The fair cheek owes its roseate tinge to the bright arterial blood. Without pure blood and an active circulation there can be no beauty of complexion. To have the necessary quantity of healthy blood three things are necessary: wholesome food, to supply the material; a good digestion, to assimilate it; and pure air, to furnish the vitalizing oxygen. The last-named condition, though all-important, is generally left out of the account; but good, bright, vitalized blood is impossible without pure air and such physical condition as will enable it to come into contact with the circulation through the lungs and the skin. Both of these are breathing organs. Close either of them and we die. Most people have a sort of conception of the utility of the lungs and the necessity of breathing; but few have any idea that the skin is of any earthly use, except to serve as a covering for the muscular fibres which lie beneath it. If they have heard of its seven millions of pores, they have no adequate conception of their use. They do not know, what has been shown by actual experiment to be the fact, that an animal whose skin has been covered with a tough varnish, so as to entirely exclude the air, will die in three hours, the lungs being in a healthy action to the last!

But the skin is an excretory as well as a breathing organ. It is estimated that twenty ounces of effete matter is exhaled by the skin of an adult person in twenty-four hours. Calculate, if you can, the evil consequences of obstructing this human drainage. How this drainage is obstructed let

that distinguished physiologist, Erasmus Wilson, tell. He says:

"The scarf skin is being constantly cast off our bodies in the form of minute powdery scales; but these, instead of falling away from the skin, are retained against the surface, by the contact of clothing; moreover they become mingled with the unctuous and saline products of the skin, and the whole together converted into a thin crust, which, by its adhesiveness, attracts dust of all kinds, soot and dust from the atmosphere, and particles of foreign matter from the dress; so that in the course of a day the whole body becomes coated by a pellicle of impurities, and thus foreign matters, such as poisonous gases, miasmata, and infectious vapors, find upon the skin a medium favorable for their suspension and subsequent transmission into the body."

Is it not a wonder that some of us do not die almost as suddenly as the pigs and dogs whom our zealous experimentalists have varnished? Is it strange that the complexion fails, that the poverty and impurity of the blood manifest themselves in pallor, sallowness, and unsightly pimples?

Active exercise, or labor in the open air, promoting friction and perspiration, may keep the pores of the skin in tolerable working order, without other appliances; but where this is wanting, as is the case with ladies and persons engaged in sedentary employments, the cutaneous blockade is pretty efficient, and health and good looks suffer accordingly. A daily sponge-bath or hand-bath with cold water, followed by friction is an excellent thing for those who have the physical stamina to profit by it, and the courage and perseverance to practice it; but there are thousands and they the very ones who are suffering most from the inactivity of the skin and the excretory system generally, who cannot safely practice cold bathing. An occasional warm bath, judiciously applied, may benefit such, but this has its dangers too, and must be sparingly indulged in. The true desideratum—the one thing most needed in all our cities and towns, and in every ward of each—is the real Oriental bath—the grand renovator, cosmetic, and rejuvenator of the human race!—*The Ladies Own.*

How Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were Separated.

[London Correspondence of the Arcadian.]

Your readers may have heard of the grand amateur performances given in 1859 at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the Douglass Jerrold fund. Dickens, Collins, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon and many other celebrated writers took part. The ladies' characters were interpreted by professional actresses. Among these was Miss Ellen Ternan. She was then a fresh, pleasant-looking girl, not especially pretty, but possessing a good figure and an extremely agreeable manner. If ever the German poet's doctrine of elective affinities was proved to be true, it was when Dickens and Miss Ternan met. It was evident to nearly all of us that the two were mutually infatuated. Dickens was constantly at her side, though his manner was carefully guarded. Mrs. Dickens was with the party, but she did not appear to notice the intimacy. Very soon after these performances, Miss Ternan, at Dickens' wish, left the stage. His affection for her was said to have been purely platonic, and I have never met any one who was disposed to dispute this belief. But, nevertheless, it was this intimacy which was the final cause of the rupture between Dickens and his wife. For many years prior to 1859 their mutual relations had been anything but happy, although I do not think that Mrs. Dickens had previously had any well-grounded cause for jealousy. A short time after the party returned from Manchester, Mrs. Dickens went into a fashionable jeweller's at the West End, where she was in the habit of dealing, and was asked by one of the firm, who knew her well, how she liked her new bracelet. She said that she did not understand him, as she had not received any such article. The gentleman then explained that it was one Mr. Dickens had ordered for his wife, with a likeness and some hair in it. This, of course, opened Mrs. Dickens' eyes, and a separation speedily followed.

The Spiritualist at Work.

Frontier Department,

E. V. WILSON, Editor,

LOMBARD, ILLS.

WHERE COMMUNICATIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT
MAY BE ADDRESSED.

Explanatory.

TO OUR READERS.—After an unavoidable delay, we come before you with another number of our paper and with a new programme to announce. A short explanation is probably due you, for the irregularity with which our paper has visited you.

During the past winter and spring, Mr. Wilson solicited subscribers to a paper to be called THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, an eight-page paper about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, devoted to Spiritualism. Terms, \$2 per year, payable on delivery of No. 1, Vol. 1, and to appear on or about the first of July. On the 1st of June, E. V. Wilson had taken seven hundred actual subscribers who had obligated themselves to take his paper. On reaching New York, in May, he conferred with D. M. Bennett, of *The Truth Seeker*, stating the number of subscribers he had taken, and that he had the promise of several hundred others, who had said "Brother Wilson whenever you publish a paper put my name down for a copy for one year, send me the paper and I will send you the money." Mr. Wilson made a note of these names, and they now number over one thousand. On these statements and promises, we entered into an agreement to publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, a sixteen-page paper instead of eight, and at \$3 in place of \$2. And our paper appeared on the 1st of July. In this we made a mistake. Our subscribers who had promised to pay did not keep their promise on account of the change in size. Our paper, as we observed, was a sixteen-page and not an eight-page paper. It was published in New York and not in Chicago. Therefore, not according to the contract you signed. Subsequent to the 1st of June and up to the 8th of August, Mr. Wilson took 300 subscribers personally who have paid from fifty cents to \$5 each, besides Mr. Bennett has received some 200 subscribers by mail, making over 1,100 subscribers. Of those who subscribed before the 1st of June, not one in twenty have paid up their subscription. Why? because we published a better paper than we agreed too. Is that just?

We this week, send you an eight-page paper, and after this issue D. M. Bennett retires from the paper and its management.

It will hereafter be published in Chicago, Ill., an eight-page paper, once in two weeks, until the 1st of January, 1875. After which date Brother Wilson intends to publish it every week.

E. V. Wilson assumes all responsibility towards subscribers, and holds himself personally answerable for the payments they have made; every subscriber will receive the number of papers subscribed for, or the money will be returned.

It is hoped all who subscribe and have not paid, will not hesitate longer to do so, and that all will feel a lively interest in the future success of the paper. Until further notice, address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

D. M. BENNETT,
E. V. WILSON.

A Parting Word.

In taking my leave of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, I embrace this opportunity to express my kindest wishes both for its readers and for the paper itself. When I joined Mr. Wilson in the enterprise of issuing it, it was done under expectations that have not been realized. Want of money, has been the principal difficulty. Without a plentiful supply of that necessary article it is impossible to continue to issue regularly a paper containing so much reading matter as the first three numbers of this paper contained.

There did not seem to be such appreciation or such cordial support from the Spiritualists of the country as I hoped for.

A limited number responded with be-

coming liberality, but the list was not as extensive as could be desired.

It has occurred to me also, that I am not just fitted to fill the editorial chair of a Spiritualistic paper. I have not been specially identified with Spiritualists and am comparatively unknown to them.

I am conducting another paper, *The Truth Seeker*, which seems to be sufficient to occupy my time and ability, and is also amply able to use up all the money I can become possessed of.

My field seems to lie more directly in the line of anti-sectarianism, anti-priestcraft and in opposing the superstitions and absurdities that sustain the churches of the day. I aim to be outspoken and unfaltering in this direction, and it is my wish to benefit my fellow-men by helping to show up the falsity and worthlessness of the old creeds and dogmas.

I will be happy to send *The Truth Seeker* to all the friends of Truth and Progress, who feel like investing \$1.75 per year for a sixteen page semi-monthly which aims to deal sturdy and efficient blows at falsehood, bigotry and hypocrisy and to help advance mankind in the path of mental freedom, science and truth.

I part with Brother Wilson in the kindest friendship. I certainly wish him much success in conducting the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK

It is an arduous undertaking and requires the aid and support of a large number of patrons and friends. I hope these will not be found wanting. I hope the paper will be prosperous, that thousands of willing readers will cheerfully contribute to its support. I trust it will soon have a large circulation and that it may be able to do a great amount of good.

I wish to see Brother Wilson sustained and supported in his commendable efforts to advance the cause of Spiritualism and in spite of the malice and unfriendliness which is extended to him from certain directions. This seems to me cruel and uncalled for. I believe Brother Wilson to be an earnest, pure-minded and honest worker in the cause to which he has devoted his life. May he meet his just reward.

Now kind friends, wishing you useful and happy lives here, and a pleasant passage "over the river" and a hearty welcome in that better land,

I fraternally bid you farewell.

D. M. BENNETT,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

To Our Readers.

Friends with this paper No. 4, we assume the full control of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Holding ourselves responsible for every dollar paid in by our subscribers, we intend to take the paper to Chicago as originally intended, and No. 5 will be published there.

We send you this week an eight-page paper, full of rich and sparkling truth. And we intend to make it a Spiritual paper indeed. We published this paper on the promise of 700 persons directly and several hundred indirectly, who agreed to send us two dollars each. We sent you a better paper than we promised;—in this we made a mistake, and you had a right to throw up your contract with us.

We now send you an eight-page paper such a one as you contracted for, (No. 4.) and two weeks from the date of this number, we expect to send you from Chicago No. 5, trusting in the meantime that you will remember us and send us your subscription price for the paper.

Spiritualists of America, we ask you to come to our help; send us facts of spirit tests, anything in the interest of Spiritualism, germane to its great truths.

We shall not follow the lead of any one person, faction or party, we will not stoop to flings or bitter personalities. It shall be our business to deal with Spiritualism and its grand scheme of progression here and hereafter.

Readers, from the the 5th of June up to the 1st of August, we took three hundred subscribers, from then until now, we have taken two hundred, five hundred in all, who have paid us from fifty cents to three dollars each, which stands to your credit. Each of you will receive fifty-two eight-page papers for every two dollars paid in,

twenty-six papers for one dollar, and thirteen papers for fifty cents. If those of our subscribers who said they would take an eight-page paper, will pay their subscription, (two dollars) the publication of our paper is secured. Will you come to our help?
E. V. WILSON.

To The Spiritualists of The West.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their Ninth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 2d, 3d and 4th, 1874. The meeting will be called to order at 10½ o'clock A. M. on Friday the 2d, and will close Friday evening the 4th. All are invited to come.

You will remember that our constitution is to be revised and voted on. Also that the Association will consider the calling of a state Convention, to meet in Chicago in January, 1875. The Spiritualists of Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana contiguous to Chicago, are respectfully invited to attend. Every attention will be given to their wants, that it is possible for us to give.

Good speakers and Mediums will be in attendance. Come then one and all to our Convention, see and hear for your selves. Bring with you baskets of provisions, blankets, comforters and buffalo robes.

The Spiritualists of Illinois are respectfully requested to send to the Secretary of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, their views in regard to this matter of a State Convention to meet in Chicago. Do not let the bitter Spirit of any party or parties deter you. The time has come for us to be united.

Then let every one who loves Spiritualism, come up to Chicago on the 2d, 3d and 4th of October, 1874, for we shall have a grand time.

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

Free Love vs. Free Lust. What are They?

Free Love is good-will on earth toward all humanity. Free lust is an evil spirit full of ill-will towards everything good and pure.

Free Love stoops to the fallen—takes them by the hand and lifts them up, and in gentle words saying be free, come forth from the thralldom of sin you are in. Love is yours in deed and in thought. It is a Redeemer whose counsel is peace.

Free Lust vaunteth purity, and stingeth to death. It "nest-hides" in the livery of heaven and clothes its deeds in the sacred garments of piety and religion.

Free Love walketh forth in the broad light of day, is not forked-tongued, ever speaketh the truth and knows no guile.

Free Lust robs woman of her rights, leaves the wife at home in sackcloth and ashes, robs its mistress in silks and fine linen, while the true woman and wife may weep the hours of night away in the bitter thoughts of neglected love.

Free Love builds up a paradise on earth, makes the family circle a heaven, ornaments society and honors God.

Free Lust creates a pandemonium on earth, makes of home and the family circle a hell.

Under the rule of Free Love the husband and wife are equals; all their conversation is joyous, and their ways are ways of peace—the singular pronoun is not used, the plural takes its place—wants are anticipated, desires are gratified and happiness is the result, and purity the reward.

Under the rule of Free Lust, the wife is a serf, and the husband a brute. Nay I will not say that, for the brute is superior to the Free-luster for the luster is a demon incarnate, he wears the guise of an angel, and prates loud and long about purity and carries within a heart that is devilish.

In the house where Free Love rules, the family are joyous, and children are perfect in form and temper. The wife and husband are one. The father and mother are not divided. The parents and children are in harmony with each other, and Truth, Charity, Fidelity and Trust form a throne on which sits the King of Peace, ruling

over a kingdom of soul—worth and happiness dwells there.

In the house of Free Lust the reverse of love is the result. The man called father and husband frequently has three or four wives, and they are conspicuous for their sad look. The front teeth of No. 1 are gone, disappeared before a blow from the hand of a free luster who in mad jealousy, charges her with sexual commerce, that he may hide his own adulterous acts. No. 2 is the mother of two or three children all unwelcome; she is obliged to take in washing for a living. No. 3 is discarded and finds herself ruined in health, body and mind, an outcast, while he, the free luster is basking in the charms of another victim. I know of several such, one of whom is traveling through the country, throwing dirt and spitting slime, in the name of pure Spiritualism. What is the difference between this man who wheedles young girls into marrying him and tires of them, casting them off for other victims, and that man, who boldly defies the law, rejects the marriage contract, lusts when and where he pleases, and changes his lust at will, to whom he may? This sexual commerce, is not love, pure, free and sacred. I know such an one who shouts loud and long against Free Love, and is now living with his fourth wife, two or three of whom are living, all sad and weary of life.

Another Free Luster leaves the loyal wife of his youth for the charms of a wanton female luster; leaves the once sunny home of wife and children to bask in the arms of a harlot. Of such, I know one who says: "Put your mark for purity, high up on the tower of public opinion; preach purity and do what you please in the shades of night and behind the curtain of darkness." Another Free Luster I know, whose wife is but the skeleton of the once beautiful girl he took to his arms in his youth. To-day she is heart-broken, sad and alone; robbed of her child, an outcast and without a home, while he is living in plenty if not in opulence, basking in the arms of the wanton that stole him away from his wife.

Free Love, the house-angel of peace, woman's only hope and man's only redeemer from the hells of assignation and lust, the wife's shield of protection under whose rule the true monogamic law of marriage can be found. There are no unwelcome children in Free Love, and all welcome children are beautiful in form and mind, and are of love—God is love, Free Love—free to every soul, under the sun.

The "Morning of Light" in Free Love, is the golden sunshine of hope and joy, and the noon thereof is the rich fragrant summer of satisfaction, and the evening, the full golden sunset of nature's laws, in harmony with the deeds of true men and women.

Free Love teaches man to honor and love woman, to build around her a wall of protection, yet leaving the gates open for her to go in and out at will. It lays fortune, honor and life at her feet, saying take it, it is thine, and henceforth you and I are queen and king; in our home we rule over loving subjects who are bound only in the silken cords of affection, and yet they are stronger than links of iron and swivels of steel. We are one in love and need no man-made laws to bind us together; we are bound by a tie innate in our being.

Free Lust is a tyrant, an avaricious task master, ever suspicious and jealous, binding its subjects in sorrow and shame, leaving them in the castle of despair, to waste and pine in sorrow and grief. Free Lust is a coward, and all cowards are merciless knaves. It turns the lock of suspicion on its own subjects, incarcerating them in the castle of treachery, while it goes "nest-hiding" in the unprotected houses of its neighbors, and when detected in its vile deed like a Glendinning, it seeks to shelter itself behind the altar of the church, and under the hypocrite's cloak of piety, by traducing the character of his victim.

Free Love, on the contrary, walks down the highways and byways of time, hand in hand with the bride of its soul in full harmony with all truth. Its house is an Eden of flowers, in which stands the tree of knowledge of good and evil, as well as the tree of life without the serpent of passion. Its life is guileless, and its works are good,

and all its fruit the fruit of pure and holy love.

O, Free Love! sweet child of heaven—the true monogamic law in full force on earth as it is in heaven. They that live in its truths are baptized in the river of life, and are the true children of Nature—and “Nature is God;” “God is love,” and His love is free to all. Marriage is the only true state of social life; and in marriage, love must rule, or ruin is the result.

On the Road To New York.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25th, 1874. We left our home, Farmer Mary and the darlings, for our New York engagement. At 10.15, p.m., we pulled out of the Lake Shore and Southern Michigan Depot in the Mail Train for the East, via the old route. This is a slow train and we advise our readers to take the five o'clock p. m. lightning express by the air line road, it is swift, sure and smooth.

At 2 p. m. we reached North Amherst, Lorain county Ohio, here we gave two lectures to full houses, and one seance, at which we gave many fine tests, of spirit life.

No. 1. There came before us an old man seventy-five years of age or over, fully describing him, and with him his son, a middle aged man. The old man had been some time in spirit life. The younger one but a short time. We went into a minute description of each, and they were at once recognized as the Ormsby Father and Son.

No. 2. To a lady came her husband, giving date of death, age at time of death, and otherwise fully identifying the dear one. All of which was fully recognized.

No. 3. To Mr. R., we see with you a woman, (fully describing her in every particular,) then saying to Mr. R., we have been told that your wife is here in this house, and yet we say, if we saw this woman with you in life, we would unhesitatingly say she was your wife. After questioning us for a few moments, he said, “That is pretty good guessing.” “No sir, it is history!”—“Yes, it is.”

No. 4. Mr. W. This reading was most complete and gave a deal of satisfaction. Thus, for two evenings and one afternoon we preached the Truth as it is in Spiritualism, and the spirits came and gave us words of cheer from their homes in spirit-life to the dear ones on the shores of time.

On Friday morning, the 28th, we left for Monroe Centre, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Arriving at 4 o'clock, p. m., tired, dusty, and hungry, we found comfort and rest at the pleasant home of Brother Gillett. At 8 o'clock, we were before a fair audience speaking the logic and Gospel of Truth. And all day Saturday and Sunday we taught the people with argument, logic, philosophy and tests—the beautiful truths of spiritual progression.

We were ably assisted by Brother O. P. Kellogg, of East Trumbull; Brother K. is a tower of strength in this part of the Buckeye state, and has a circuit of many miles, reaching from Toledo to Titusville Pa., and from the Lake to Columbus the capital of the State. He is kept constantly at work speaking at political meetings, for the Grangers and to farmers' pic-nic meetings, and every Sunday for the Spiritualists of this section of the country. He has a license from the county, or Judge of the Probate Court, to marry people, and does more of this kind of work in this section, than any minister in the country; so, what with speaking, marrying, and attending funerals, Bro. K. has all that he can do. He is loved by his people and is deserving of their love. He is Farmer, Preacher and Politician, and few are better known in northern and eastern Ohio than Bro. O. P. Kellogg. Long may he live in the midst of his people and forever in their memory, as a true, good man.

The people came from thirty miles around Monroe Centre to hear us speak. The house was crowded, every available seat being full. The audience were attentive, earnest and true, a noble class of men and women, earnest in their Spiritualism.

We gave many fine tests of spirit life at Monroe Centre, of which the following are worthy of a place in the columns of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

No. 1. To Mr. Gillett. There is with

you a young man, (fully describing him), he passed away years ago as a boy, and is now a young man in spirit life. This spirit is your son.

Mr. G. was much affected, and did not reply, but the wife of Mr. G., and mother of spirit as well as his sister were in the room and fully identified the spirit.

No. 2. Mr. Thompson. There is with you a young man—(fully describing him), who was killed twenty two years ago last spring by a tree, or the fall of a tree in the woods.

Mr. T. stated: “You are right. It was sugar time, in the Spring, twenty-two years ago. It was a still day, and the tree had lodged and not leaving the stump the young man passed under the tree and as he did so, it slid off and crushed him to death.”

No. 3. To a man, (we believe his name was Carmichall, of Cherry Valley, Ohio), we said, we feel as if standing in a place where, being in great danger, it is as if a great force of ponderable matter was moving us on and forward to death. We see a mountain with woods to the left and running up on to the right, there is a river and a rock or cliff projecting out over it. All at once we are thrown aside as with a great force, and are thus saved from death—This was on the 14th of June twelve years ago.”

—Ans. Mr. C. said, after reflecting some time, “it was at Sand Mountain in Tenn. I came very near being run over the rock with a heavy cannon and barely escaped death.”

No. 4. To a gentleman, name not known. There is with you a woman of medium height, weight 140 lbs., complexion fair, eyes full, and in color hazel-blue, hair brown. age, about thirty years, has been in spirit life many years. This woman, we believe to be your wife when in earth life, and now your guardian angel, and when in earth life, true and faithful as woman can be. Will you state how much of this is true. He answered. “She was a true friend and companion and was my wife in the long ago.” Thus, dear readers, our work goes on and we are continually giving these tests. We gave sixty at Monroe Centre and only three of them were denied.

Monday, Aug. 31st, we rode over to Pierpont, Ohio, and lodged with Brother Thompson, who is a good and true Spiritualist, a living demonstration of the power of spirits, to heal and raise up from death, unto life. Sister Thompson, has fine mediumistic powers, is a leader of considerable capacity. Tests on tests are to be found all over the country, and ought to be laid before our people, but our papers are filled with spleen and bitter personalities, hair restoratives, tobacco antidotes and bitters for all who do not bow at the shrine of some editor, and do his bidding.

While at Brother Thompson's we gave the following fine tests to a young lady not a Spiritualist. Turning to her, we said, there is with you the spirit of an old lady, she is your grand-mother, then gave a minute description of her in every particular stating age and time of death, and she was fully identified. Soon we saw by her, a brother and described him to her, giving age, time of death, etc. This young lady is not a Spiritualist, but on receiving these communications, said to her friends; “if this man, a stranger, can see these things and describe them, not knowing any thing about me, there must be some truth in Spiritualism; but I don't understand it.”

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.—An eight-page paper devoted to Spiritualism, and whatever concerns the welfare of humanity. This paper will be published hereafter in Chicago, at the rate of \$2.00 for fifty-two numbers, and at the same rate for less numbers. We hope to be able to enter upon our weekly issue on the first day of January, 1875.

N. B. There will be no Club rates, and no alteration from our terms. Those parties who subscribed for the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and *Truth Seeker*, at three dollars a year for the two, can select which paper they will have after the year is up; we shall keep every contract entered into by our late associate, D. M. Bennett—whom we part with in the best elements of friendship.

What I Heard About Spiritualism.

“Good morning Mr. W., how do you do? Welcome to our home. Come in?”

“Good morning back again; I am well, very well, trusting to find you in health and happiness,” he replied.

“But here is my help mate Farmer Mary, and our boy baby, Master Willie—well we are glad to see you and bid you welcome. Come in and be seated. Have you read the news this morning in regard to the wonderful phenomena occurring at Mr. G.'s house through the Polish girl with an unpronounceable name, that they have dismissed her and she has gone home, and her father is whipping and mauling her because she has a devil.”

“Yes, we have read all about it, and think it shameful in these days of progress, science and education, that there are those so low down in the animal scale of life who will resort to the whip and force as well as abuse in order to get rid of what they cannot help or that that this poor girl has no manner of control over.”

“Well, what can be done about it? Mr. B. has been here this morning, and wanted to see you, and is looking for you now, what shall we do?”

“Well, we advise you to get possession of this girl and deal with her gently and develop her mediumship into something tangible, and you will find in this Polish girl with an unpronounceable name, a jewel of rare lustre.”

“Yes, no doubt she is a medium of fine qualities, but what good can come out of dancing chairs, rocking tables, flying dishes, opening doors, sliding pails of water, upsetting slops, etc., etc. Why don't they do something that is practical?”

“Well, my friend, you are running on at a fearful rate, let us have time to think. Why is it that the British people are accomplishing so much, exploring the world, settling colonies, building up nations, etc. while Spain is playing hobs? Is not the Spanish race to-day, in physical life the very counter part of this influence in spirit life, while these spirits upset pails of water, break dishes and raise Ned generally with furniture, thus destroying the peace of the household? The Spanish race are breaking heads, cutting throats, tearing up railroads, burning cities, and destroying the peace of nations generally. We will give you another illustration. We once heard of a man who had an important matter on hand, requiring the prompt attention of a certain Judge who was holding court. The man made several attempts to get speech with the Judge, and failed; finally he cast his eyes over the crowd before the court, selected a man that he thought he could handle, walked up to him and knocked him down. The court of course was in a hub-bub at once, the man was promptly arrested, court suspended for the time, the offender taken before the Judge, and when the Judge asked the prisoner “why he knocked this man down,” he answered, “I wanted a hearing, and have here a matter of vast importance interesting the community at large as well as the court, involving your interests, and could not reach you save by this means, hence I knocked this man down, and am before you with this matter.” Just so my friends the spirit world has sought the ear, the attention of humanity failing to gain a hearing through their sensitive nature.

Hence the appeal to the animal through force or the physical nature, they throw mankind on the defensive, thus attracting attention and a hearing they could not get otherwise. The case is an important one. We are all interested in it. Is there a hereafter? does man live after the stroke called death. Christianity believes it, teaches it, but gives no proof. Spiritualism proves it, and if impressions, intuitions, and appeals to the sensitive and refined faculties will not accomplish the desired result, then we say “go in,” spirits, bang the doors, upset the tables, slop-pails, break the dishes, and raise Ned and Bob too, if it be required, do anything, no matter what, so you command the attention of humanity, and break this old theological shell that we have been living in. Let us get out of the Hebraic idea that the dead know not anything.”

“Go to the door Mr. B. the bell rang.”

“Good morning, come in,” turning to the new comer.

“Brother B.,” said Brother W., “this is our friend Dr. B., who is interested in the subject of Spiritualism.”

Dr. B., “Yes, and the mischief of it is, when it once takes hold of a fellow, it won't let go, it holds on, it knows no bars, stops at nothing, enters into every department of life, has no respect for parties, rules or former opinions, it moves into every relation of our being.”

“True, Dr., why should it not, every part of humanity is represented in Spirit life, and what ever the man or woman could do in this world they can do in the Spirit world. Death does not destroy, but continues. But, Dr. what was it that first attracted your attention to Spiritualism? will you tell us?”

Dr., “Yes, only I do not wish any names I may mention, used in public. You see it was in this wise, I am an Episcopalian, and have a brother-in-law who is a member in high standing and influence in the Episcopal church. This brother-in-law married my wife's sister, and has a grown up family. Not many months ago he returned from a foreign country, where he had been as a missionary. After a visit with us he left with his family for New York City. It was on Friday morning and the next Monday morning about 10 o'clock I received a telegram from New York—“Ma is dead”—It was signed by her daughter. This is all the dispatch contained. I hardly knew what to do; I was unwilling to take the message to my wife, and yet knew I must.

Mr. W., my friend, who was in my office at the time, said to me, “if I was in your place, I would go and see Mrs. Wright, the Spirit medium.” I answered, “when I consult one of that sort of people on such a solemn subject as this, I will have a guardian appointed to take care of me and look after my affairs.” “No matter what you will do hereafter,” said my friend W., “it is what to do now; you have an important telegram, with no particulars. Go to Mrs. Wright and see what she can tell you.” “I left the office, and somehow, I cannot tell why, but something prompted me to go and see this medium, and before I was aware of the fact, I was at the door of her home. I had never seen her nor did she know anything about me. I rang the bell, was ushered into a pleasant room. Soon there came into the room a pleasant woman who said: “What can I do for you?”

“That is just what I want to know; what can you do for me?”

“Do you wish to communicate with the Spirits?”

“Yes! that is it.”

“Very well, I will sit for you, and whenever I give a name you identify, say yes, this is all that is required of you.”

“And now comes the strange part of the whole matter. She sat down, and was soon in what they call a trance. After a little, she turned to me and said.”

“I see standing with you a woman.”

Fully and minutely describing my sister-in-law, giving age; in fact every particular, saying her name is Amy Elmira Mattison.

“Yes,” I answered.

“She died five hours ago, from mineral poison, at No. 374—street, New York City. She pricked her finger, the index finger of the left hand with a pair of shears, this produced paralysis of the brain, and she died at once.”

“Who was present?” I asked, very much excited.

“The Rev. Mr. M., her husband, Dr. D., Dr. G.—her daughter, Mr. B., and two ladies. They have written you, and her daughter Mary telegraphed you this morning “Ma is dead. Mary Mattison.”

“Thus sir, I became a Spiritualist. Every word this woman of Milwaukee said unto me was literally true, forestalling mail, and subsequent fact knowledge. How can I believe otherwise? And it has not stopped here thus, but evidence has set others to thinking, and to-day many of my personal friends are Spiritualists or on the road to be Spiritualists.

Thus the work goes on, halting at nothing; purifying alike the gutter and the throne. It has been said of old that ‘God

and one makes a majority.' Spiritualism is that majority. It is found in every community. Go where you may, Spiritualism is there. The Spirits are at work."

"Brothers, sisters, let us join hands and sing the song of peace over the grave of discord and enmity. Let us forget the bitter spirit that is now dividing us; why need we stone each other or abuse each his brother? God made them all, and the mold in which they were cast could not bring forth aught else than it did; are they to blame? There is no such thing as forgiveness; the worst feature in human nature, is the scape goat. Let every one pay the penalty of the violated law, and we will soon reform the world. There are to-day several papers published in the interest of Spiritualism. Seven tenths of all these columns contain bitter spleen, personalities the rule, good will towards all men the exception.

Let us change this state of things, and inaugurate a new rule of action. God is love, and it is free to all. God is a Spirit; let this spirit of love be our guide, and we will have more of the spirit of harmony and truth with us, and less of that spirit that creates discord. Who will set the example?"

[Note: In the test statement in this article, the names are fictitious, everything else real.—Ed.]

Iowa Experiences.

DEAR READERS.—We herewith present you an account of a meeting held in Iowa, in 1872. Many of these statements appeared in the *JOURNAL, Frontier Department*, and retain all the elements of Truth, they then had.

Friday morning, September 27th, 1872, found us at the pleasant city of Davenport, Iowa, on our way to the West—this time we were bound for Snake Hollow or Creek, to give four lectures and stop over Sunday. Well, readers, we had a good time. It rained, and was very muddy nearly all of the time; soil was free, and stuck to us, and the rain came down just as easily as you please, and in liberal quantities, and there in that country place we found the Lord and his angels on hand to help us, and the power was with us, and so were the people. Bless their good souls, how they did come out in the rain and through the mud, even from fifty miles around. The Millers, Sandfords, Farleys, Hendersons—all workers, seers, speakers, teachers, and healers—carrying out the commands of our Elder Brother after his death and return to the walks of his material life. "And he said unto them, go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. What a contrast is presented between this text and one from Matthew, 10th chapter, 5th and 6th verses: "These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach." So the church preaches to the Christian the Christian's narrow creeds when in the form, but once enfranchised, they behold the magnitude of the Gospel of Spiritualism, and preach it to every creature.

While at this meeting we gave many fine tests of spirits present in our midst—something over a hundred, of which the following we deem of sufficient interest to lay before our readers:

NUMBER 1.—"There is here in the house a spirit—once a man. He died within the year. No one here knows of his death. He died far from here. He says he has a wife in this house, and if we will describe him, she will recognize him, and acknowledge him." We then fully described the spirit.

After the meeting a young woman came to us and stated: "I married the man you have described, and he left me some three years ago, and the last I heard of him he was in Kansas, sick, and that was a little over a year ago, and I have good reasons for believing him dead. The description of the man is correct." One feature of this is, that there were none in the house that knew of this woman's marriage.

NUMBER 2.—A soldier from the army of immortals, who lost his life in the service

of his country, came as a spirit. We identified his brother, father and friends, and was so minutely described that he was at once fully recognized by many.

NUMBER 3.—A Mr. Farley came with a young girl with him. They were singing side by side. A spirit woman came and stood with them and joined in the singing, frequently caressing them at the same time. We were much affected by the beautiful vision. We called attention to the fact, carefully describing the spirit, which proved to be Mr. Farley's daughter, as did the one in the form. They were sisters. This vision was seen by two others. Mediums in the audience agreed with us in every particular.

NUMBER 4.—Then there came a man through the house who committed suicide by shooting himself—he was a doctor—we fully described him, giving the time of death as well as identifying many that he knew and who knew him when in the form.

We had a grand good time notwithstanding the storm and mud. We like mass-meetings—the coming together of the people, the scattering broadcast the best talent of our numbers, both in regard to our speakers as well as our mediums. We met many at Snake Creek, and English River, that we liked—men and women of merit and worth—and long shall we cherish the pleasant memories of the meeting.

Monday, September 30th, the sun came up out of the East as bright and warm as if there had never been a cloud, and all nature was joyous, and we felt the Divine influx! After bidding adieu to our friends, we left for Iowa City—riding eighteen miles in an open wagon. We reached the Hawkeye House, kept by Dr. Sandford and his good and executive, practical wife. He is a healer as well as a doctor, and has a mediumship approaching nearer our own than any man or male medium we have ever met. The Doctor has been appointed Missionary-at-Large for the State of Iowa, and ought to do a great and good work. We spoke in Iowa City—three lectures—commencing on Monday evening, October 2nd. We gave in these three meetings fifty tests, many of them of that kind that marked them as complete triumphs of spirit power to demonstrate an existence beyond the grave. We here present our readers with a few of them.

No. 1.—Mr. H—, a Methodist (as we learned)—we gave three very important incidents in his life, the first, nineteen years ago; the second, thirteen years ago; the third, when seventeen years of age, the drowning and rescue. We then turned to the audience, saying: "You may wish to know who told us; for we have been told, not, however, by any friend of his in the form, but by two spirits—one was his wife, the other his sister, who are in the Spirit-world." We then described the sister accurately.

No. 2.—To a Lady: "There is with you a spirit woman—her name is Mary. She is lame in the left leg"—we gave her age—"and she calls you her daughter." The woman's eyes filled with tears as she replied, "Yes, it is my mother; she was lame in the left leg, and her name was Mary."

No. 3.—Turning to a well-dressed and intellectual looking lady, we said: "There is a most extraordinary phenomenon with this woman; and while we are going to describe a most remarkably diseased body and condition, we frankly say that the lady's whole appearance gives the contradiction to our statement—first, Madam, we see a spirit woman, (fully describing her); second, we see the upper stomach of a woman open—the breast bone or plate skillfully turned up or back; the abdomen is opened, and the contents of the upper stomach are exposed. Please observe, there is on the wall of the chamber of the stomach a little to the left of the spinal column directly back of the heart, and yet a little to the left of the heart, a very ugly looking lump of matter—it is attached to the wall of the chamber; it is hard, of a dark color, and as large as your fist or larger, pressing against the heart, throwing it out of its natural place, or rather crowding it for room, affecting the ventricles of the heart, causing palpitation as well as violent spasmodic action

of the upper left valve of that organ. The left lung is also affected." Other minor difficulties were pointed out. "And now, Madam, while you present a thorough healthful face and condition, we see this phenomenon with you, and so locate it—will you reply, telling us what of it is true? Please remember that we see it outside of you, as if on a dissecting table, and we see you standing by the table, and this spirit woman is with you.

The lady answered, "You are entirely mistaken so far as my health is concerned. I am thoroughly healthy; not an ailment about me. Will you describe the spirit again?"

We did so. "Can you get her name?" she asked.

"Her name is Lena or Lana." (We are not quite certain that we have given the correct name here in this writing.)

"Can you tell us how long ago this dissecting operation took place?"

"Five years ago."

"Did you say that you saw us if at the dissecting table?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell us what caused this trouble or difficulty you described?"

"Yes; it was caused by a hurt from a fall on to a hard substance, or by the fall of heavy ponderable substance, such as a stick of timber, and we think it occurred on the water."

"Can you tell how long ago this occurred?"

"We believe it was nine years ago."

"Do you see the spirit now?"

"Yes; she is standing near you."

Do you see any special mark on her face?"

"Yes; there is here at the outer corner of the right eye a birth-mark it is about the size of a silver five cent piece, and there is a very white line through the centre of it."

"That is enough," said the lady. "It is true—all this took place, and in all the essential points the statement is correct."

A VOICE—"How about the name?"

LADY—"That is correct."

A VOICE—"Was it on the water?"

LADY—"Yes; and it caused by the fall of a spar. The lady was my friend, and I cared for her in her trials, and was present at the dissecting table when the examination took place."

This lady was Mrs. Dr. O'Leary, and the people were very much surprised, murmuring among themselves, asking how can these things be, save that spirits do come back and tell us?

Monday, October 7th, found us on the cars bound for Minnesota, stopping over four nights at West Mitchell, Iowa, giving lectures and tests. There is a fine interest here, many are anxious for the truth as it is in Spiritualism.

Saturday, October 12th, we reached Minneapolis, Minn., gave three lectures and a seance. We gave many fine tests. Pointing to a lady we said: "With this lady we feel as if falling from a horse or carriage. We hear the sharp rattle or clatter of feet as of a horse running. We stop suddenly; we feel a fealful concussion. We lie in coma. We arise another man,—changed in every feature. The youth we felt is gone; we are old and infirm." Here some dates and minor incidents were given. The lady arose, saying, "Every word given by this man is true. He has described the runaway, the fall and the shooting of my husband."

The Mission of Christianity.

BY WARREN CHASE.

[We reproduce from the *Present Age* the following because it is so good that it will bear repeating.]

Christianity is justly claimed as the religion of the heart, by which writers and speakers generally mean a religion of love, charity, benevolence and veneration, and not of reason, judgment and intelligence. Its mission among men has been to soften the cruel injustice of the Jewish devotees of Jehovah. The Jewish religion was a blind submission to arbitrary authority in sacrifices and penance. Disobedience was the great crime. The vilest of passions and the most severe cruelty have no compari-

son in criminality to disobedience to the authoritative commands of Jehovah. David's disobedience in numbering the Children of Israel, fell with a terrible force on the innocent soldiers, while his wicked dealings with Uriah opened the channel for a Messiah. Jesus taught love and forgiveness, and pardoned all that were brought to him as examples of sinfulness. His followers have left in him all power of forgiveness, and while they never forgive the unbelievers, they still claim for him power to forgive all, and while they rarely have any love for one another, they call out all they possibly can for Jesus, who is the Christ, and their great central object of all love, and as they claim, worthy and deserving of all love, so there is none left for man. To love God is better than to have no love, and to keep this best and most holy passion stifled and suppressed; but to love man would be far better than love God or Jesus. Our love would do some good and be of practical value if bestowed on our fellow beings; but bestowed as the Christians direct it is only valuable in expanding love in the soul. It is like developing muscular strength by simple exercise instead of productive labor. It is in its effects all wasted. God does not need it and we do. In so far as Christianity has cultivated the love of the soul it has done good service. There was surely need of its expansion, and perhaps this mission of Christianity necessarily preceded the era of love to man. The Catholic Church excels the Protestant in the development of love, since she presents the beautiful virgin mother of God and her little child as objects of love. The heart must indeed be hard that does not love such beautiful pictures and the persons they represent, whose characters were presented perfect as the pictures are. Love God with all your heart is the Christian command, and your neighbor as yourself, but you are strictly forbidden to love yourself at all, and hence you are released from all love to the neighbor and required to give all to God. Christianity is certainly an improvement on the system of the old Jewish nation, but Spiritualism is an equally important improvement on Christianity in bringing the love of heart, back, and pouring it out on our own race, where there is so much need of it. Christianity has created a vast amount of love, but made it all foreign in its expression, and hence of little value in improving the condition of the world; but since it is created, and hearts are now born full of love, it is our mission as Spiritualists to turn towards our race, and thus do as Jesus did to those he blessed and forgave. Love to God is Christian religion; love to man is Spiritual religion. The former is nearly through its mission—the latter, just begun. The former can do but little more for man, the latter can do much. The unseen world will aid us in our work more than it has the Christian, and no doubt it has aided them when their's was the best religion on earth.

The Statement of a Spirit.

We call the attention of our readers to the following communication, or rather conversation with a spirit. We do not vouch for all he may say or has said to us, but we feel that there is a good deal of truth in that which he says.

The conversation has taken place at different times and in various places. We give these statements many of them from memory, and some of them from notes taken at the time.

No. 1. When a boy only ten years old, we owned a steel-trap for catching muskrats. We valued it very highly, considering it the nucleus to a fortune.

One night, in the fall of the year, we thought that an old man came to us and said, "My boy, you have not been very lucky this season in taking rats or mink."

"No! I have not."

"Well my lad, if you will follow my advice, I will take you where you can catch seven rats and two mink; will you do it?"

"Yes, I will."

"Very well. To-morrow night you go over to the rusty-coat apple tree that stands on the bank of the creek, (the Oneida Creek) and go ten steps down the creek, taking as long steps as your little legs will let you, and then turn sharp to the left, go down the bank to the water's edge and you will find signs of rats. Set your trap there and you will take a fine rat every night for seven nights, and then you will take two-

mink, after which you will not take anything more."

In the morning we went over to the rusty-coat apple tree, measured off the distance, went down to the waters edge, found the signs of rats, set our trap and caught a rat for seven nights in succession, and two fine old mink.

How will we remember that old man as we saw him in our sleep; we have met him many times since, there is no change in him either in looks or apparel, the same grand look, long white hair, the clear blue eyes, large roman nose, massive jaw, fine full set of teeth. He was about six feet in height, and in physical life as we estimate men, we would put him down at 180 pounds in weight. When a boy, he always came to us in the night, or after we had retired for the night, and usually by a dream. Now we sometimes meet him in the day time, and since our guide, Dr. Roberts has become our familiar, we have seen less of the old friend of our boy-hood.

During the winter of 1831, we built ourselves a net, then called a flat-net, it was eleven feet square, bound with a small rope and hung on two buoys; and we sat it or raised it with a spring pole. We had done all this unbeknown to our father, who was opposed to our fishing propensities. And as fishing-time approached, we were in a quandary how to set our net, for we could not do it alone. We consulted our dear good mother, who said she would intercede with our father for us. She did so, and father was angry to think that we should dare to build a net and get up a rig that had cost us several dollars without his consent, and threatened to take it away and sell it and punish us if we made any complaint.

The time came for fishing, we were bound to use the net; we went to father and asked him to help put the net into use, this was in the afternoon of Wednesday, in April, 1831. After reproaching us for doing any thing without his consent, he said if we would be good boys, David, Jacob and I, that he would help us put our net into the water to-morrow. That night we went to bed in high glee; how long we had been a sleep we know not. But this we know, our old friend was with us again, this time it was not a dream, we were wide awake. After looking at us a few moments, he said, "you are ready to go fishing?"

"Yes!"

"Well, if you put your net into the eddy at the foot of the island on the Batsford place, below the flood jam by a butternut tree you will catch a great many fish. Now remember what I tell you, if you get your net ready to use by six o'clock to-morrow night, besides a great many other fish you will catch \$32 worth of pike, and on Friday morning there will come a man who will buy your pike and pay you \$32 in Spanish quarters. Now go to your father in the morning and tell all that I have told you, and say to him that if he will help you get your net ready to spring before the clock strikes six, you will give him these pike, and if you do not take these pike, and the man does not come and pay the \$32 in Spanish quarters, that you will give up fishing and sell the net."

In the morning we went to father and told him our dream. Father laughed, saying, "I will take you at your word, and this fishing business will be closed up after to-morrow night." The morrow came; we gave father little peace until the net was ready for use.

At six o'clock we sprang the net and had on it many fish, besides thirteen fine pike. We continued taking fish all night, and on Friday morning, David Prime came and bought our fish, paying us \$32 in Spanish quarters for them. It was a dream, we wish we could have as successful one about our paper.

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And now readers, our hopes for life are centered in this paper come to our help—Let us make it a jewel indeed.

THE HATHEN OF THE HEATH.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this great work just now being issued. It is from the pen of WM. McDONNELL, Esq., author of EXTER, HALL, etc., etc.

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Answers to Correspondents.

M. B. C., of Marshallton, Pa., writes: I am somewhat disappointed in your promise of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for upon receipt of a first copy, I found you had "gone back" on your promise, to publish a paper about the size of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* at fifty cents less or two dollars fifty per year but instead of this you announce in No. 1. \$3.00 per year. In No. 2. you advance the rate to \$3.50 per year. If this is your manner of doing business, I prefer not to be a subscriber* * * *

Our Brother is mistaken altogether in his calculations, we promised to publish an eight page paper size and form of *Harper's Weekly*, for \$2.00 a year, or a paper of the size of the *R. P. Journal* at \$2.50 per year. After the publication of No. 1 it was deemed advisable to publish our paper once in two weeks; a sixteen page paper—fourteen pages of clear reading matter.

Now let us compare the *Spiritualist at Work* with the *Religio Philosophical Journal*; that is the reading matter—not the advertisements. In the *R. P. Journal* of Aug. 1st, there are twenty-five columns of reading matter nineteen inches long by two and a half inches wide, equal to one column of reading four hundred and seventy eight and a quarter long inches long by two and a half inches wide. In No. 2 of the *Spiritualist at Work* there are fifty eight columns of reading matter fourteen and a quarter inches long by two and a half inches wide, or a column of useful reading 348 inches in length more, more than in the *R. P. Journal*. Hence we give our readers in 26 numbers of our paper a column of solid reading matter 25482 and a half inches long for two dollars—while in the *R. P. Journal* the reader pays three dollars for a column of reading 24,869 inches long, same width in 25 numbers. The comparison is marked; and we trust the quality is also in favor of our paper. We are aware "comparisons are odious" but we will merely ask our readers to judge between what we have presented them in the four numbers already issued of the, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and the average matter given the readers of the paper named, and we believe they will consider this really the cheaper of the two. And we now say to our readers, if you will send us, 10,000 subscribers at \$2.50 each, we will publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK once a week, for as long as you choose to sustain it at that price, giving you fourteen pages of reading matter exclusive of advertisements, and in which no personalities shall appear.

WM. R. MACKAY—*Davenport, Iowa*, writes: * * * "There shall be no stone unturned by me for the good of your paper."

THANK THE BROTHER.—We need the help of every earnest soul, and will try to give compensation in full. If all will manifest the same spirit you do, our paper would now be a weekly.

WM. M. EVANS.—*Greenville, Ill.*, writes: "Your Lectures gave great satisfaction, and utterly dispelled every vestige of prejudice the, *R. P. Journal*, had created against you—that paper is as dead here as a last year's revival, both in the spiritual church, and out of it. It has no friends here—** Friends here all send you greetings. God bless you and Farmer Mary"—* * *

Pleasant words spoken in friendship are like pearls, they not only beautify but bless. We thank the brethren and sisters of Greenville; we know them, and the truth abideth with them. The bitter attack of the, *Religio Philosophical Journal* upon us, results as above. When the truth is fully known, that we have never spoken ill of this paper or its editor, nor shall we. We certainly never shall be friends again with Mr. Jones or his paper. We advise the public to read it by all means, believing as we do, that the best way to get rid of an enemy is to let him kill himself.

D. B. TURNER.—*Greenville, Ill.*, informs us our compositors in the office of "THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK" have taken an unauthorized liberty with his suggestion

in the article of our argument for a discussion, that they put the prefix, "Reverend before his name." He says, "I did not and never do, place the prefix before my name, I sign myself plain—D. B. Turney."

We are glad our good Methodist Brother, resents the "prefix" Rev., and only wish the reformed ministers in our ranks, would go and do likewise.

But they do like to sign the prefix "Rev." For our part, we feel that there is no honor in the use of this prefix; we will shoulder the blame, for, according to the best of our memory we used the odious prefix to friend Turney's name; we promise, however, not to do so again.

B. F. DUBOIS.—*Philadelphia*, says: I like your paper first rate.

We will you may Brother for it is all we promised and more, and we thank you for meeting your subscription promptly. If all our subscribers who promised us two dollars, or three, had kept their promise; our paper, to day, would be placed in funds. We shall not complain for when they subscribed the *R. P. Journal*, had not spewed; but now that it has, it will take its readers sometime to wash and purify themselves.

AUSTIN KENT.—*Stockholm N. Y.* You shall have THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK while we have anything to do with it, we have paid for many a subscriber to the, *R. P. Journal* who were better able to pay for it then you are to pay for this. We only wish we were able to make you well.

(Several letters remain to be answered.)

SAINT PAUL, MINN.—M. T. C. Flowers writes.—In the *Journal* of Aug. 16th, appears the following over the signature of Jesse H. Lover, of Stillwater, Minn. "In his manifesto" (meaning E. V. Wilson's), he fails to explain why he took the part of a professed free-lover, in Minn., "even to the dividing asunder of our state association." The above quoted remarks would not be worthy of a passing notice, where it not that its publication places the Minnesota State Spiritual Association in a wrong position. It will be news to the large mass of Spiritualists, who assembled a little less than one year since, in annual convention at Minneapolis, to learn through this Stillwater brother that our state association has been divided asunder, by the free-love action of E. V. Wilson. It is a well-known fact that our State Association, was never in so flourishing a condition as at the present time. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the Stillwater Brother above referred to, but so far as I know there has been but one withdrawal from our State Association in the past two years (there may have been more but I do not bring them to mind), and the party withdrawing was disgusted with the association, for the simple reason, that he was not elected President at the annual convention some two years since. As to E. V. Wilson, he possesses very little influence with the mass of Spiritualists of Minnesota at this time. We are making extensive preparations and arrangements for our forthcoming annual convention. We have engaged Prof. T. B. Taylor, as one of the speakers, and expect K. Graves and others: we are also making arrangements to have a medium for materialization. Mrs. Weeks, the fine Chicago test medium, has just arrived in our city and will remain until after the convention, where she will be in attendance.

We clip the above from "Voices from the People" of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, Vol. 16. No. 25.

We now make a clear statement of facts. Jesse Soule, of Stillwater, Minn., was ambitious of being President of the Minn. State Association of Spiritualists in 1871-2. We were present at the annual meeting of the Association on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of October, 1872, at that Convention. A Ring had been formed to put Jesse Soule into the President's chair. Mrs. Welch, of St. Paul, informed us of the fact. We went to the Committee on election of officers, and inquired into the matter, and found it as stated by Mrs. Welch. We suggested that two candidates be put forward and nominated, M. T. C. Flowers, of St. Paul, and he was elected President of the Minn. State Association of Spiritualists, to the complete exclusion of Mr. Soule, who, received some 10 or 12 votes only. Mr. S. was very angry and left the Convention with drawing entirely from the State Association. Mr. Flowers we believe has since held the office of President of the State Association of Spiritualists. In regard to the fact of our association with, or in our taking the part of a professed Free-lover in Minn., we can only and openly say that

we took the part of Mrs. Welch, M. T. C. Flowers, Father Bangs and the State Missionary, Brother Potter. As to our popularity in Minnesota. we can only say, we have spoken in many places in Minn., always having paying houses. At both Conventions we attended in Minn., (of the State Convention), we received the sum of \$100 for the two Conventions. We gave the Conventions two seances that netted them \$118. We contributed \$10 to the Convention's expenses, besides. We have calls to speak in various parts of Minn., this coming fall, which will establish the fact of our popularity in Minnesota. At our late visit to Minneapolis, in July last, notwithstanding Saturday night was a failure, through a fearful thunder storm we took fifty-two dollars on Sunday, besides being urged to attend the State Association in September.

From a Friend.

I am pleased beyond measure with the combined title of your papers: THE TRUTH SEEKER and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Such appellations are expressive of great meaning to Liberalists and Freethinkers. That significant bible question, "What is Truth?" can now be fully answered in your columns on all subjects, Religious, Political or Social.

We do not believe in an isolated independence or individual liberty, in an absolute sense. There is not an independent being in the universe much less two, independent beings, God and man, or mankind as some theologians tell us, "their bible teaches"; our bible is nature, with her laws which makes everything dependent in the universe. As no two beings in our world are precisely alike, phrenologically or physiologically, no two will be the same intellectually; hence, as true belief rests wholly on knowledge, no two of the human race can believe alike in an absolute sense on any subject, hence, believing is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and grows out of knowledge. *Truth Seekers* should embrace every man, woman and child; each should be an investigator after truth, scientific truth, the whole truth and as to us "Spiritualism is the science of sciences," the great philosophy of nature or what may be termed the *Supernatural*.

The supermundane forces are only the mundane forces continued in a higher degree. Nature is ever the same, an eternal principle. Nature was yesterday, is to-day and will be to-morrow, is the same law continued without cessation. There is nothing new under the sun—that which has been may be; all things are ordered right and sure.

A Spiritualist at work is truly one who works by spirits' aid, guidance and direction. Who can say we are independant from spirit control in any thing we do or say? We work for the spirits when we work for humanity; our religion is the religion of humanity and for humanity's sake. But we mean business as Spiritualists in all we say or do for mankind here, as in cycles beyond, where spirits dwell, we are on the defensive as soldiers in the spiritual army, but we have been conscripted by the spirit world for a principle to show what is truth, a glorious future of immortality to the human race; that they can and do return to these mundane shores, and press others as mediums and workers, to show what old theology and materialism has failed to do.

Our crew on board are all homeward bound and soon we will cast anchor on the other shore, and greet our fellow kindred who are helping us to conquer and to save. Hoping for your success, I remain, yours truly, A LOVER OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH. *Kendallville, Ind.*

Reply to A. B. Church.

I believe it is generally conceded that unbalanced beings, or conditions of being are unhealthy ones in the same ratio of loss of balance. What is there to balance a Supreme being if one exists?

You ask if my thinking powers will not be Supreme over my body, after leaving it, and request an answer yes, or no, without comments. I was not aware that it is customary for those who ask questions to dictate answers, but am willing to gratify you. My answer is no, I have no more control over my body after leaving it than you have over the old clothes you wore out in childhood, or the material that constituted your body at that time.

As asking a question presupposes an answer, please give yours to it, and I will not object to the evidence you have to sustain it, as I think truth and explanation should not be limited. Yours truly, J. TINNEY. *Westfield, N. Y., August 12th, 1874.*

Poetry.

(For The Spiritualist at Work.

Progression.

BY DR. C. D. CRIMES.

Oh! what is the past, with its follies unfold. Its rivers of blood, and its treasures of gold; Its blunders of age, and its blunders of youth; For what I am after, is more of the truth. Oh! what is the past with its triumphs, said I? I will not be chained, by the read side to die; Then pull off the fetters, and tear up the creeds; I will have some higher, some holier deeds. "Tis round," said Galileo, "rolling along; Don't say the Earth's flat, in your schools you are wrong." Impression him they did; but when out of their grooves. Then again did he say; "it is round, and it moves." Then put on your thumb screws, and lay on the lash. Truth's lightnings are quick, and for ever will flash All over the world, to the aged and youth. Who, then will to work and bring out more of truth? Would you chain up this progress, with fetter and creed, And crush out the truth with an ignoble deed? You never can prosper in age, or in youth, And e'er find a niche in the temple of truth. Oh! what is the past, with its errors to me; It is something ahead, that I now wish to be; For I never will try to rub out the past, The pattern to which I would fain be at last. Oh! what is the past with its errors laid by. 'Tis something ahead, for which, now I would try. For something I'd labor, in age, as in youth. To fill up that niche, in the temple of truth. KALAMAZOO, MICH., Sept. 5th., 1874.

Nearer Still to God.

BY DR. C. D. CRIMES.

It has been found in demonstration; That in this state of sheer probation; We cannot prove tis up or down; We cannot prove tis white or brown; We cannot prove tis me or you; We cannot prove tis false or true; And we know well by steps we're trod, There's nothing seen this side of God; But, we can scan close to the mark, And never be entirely dark, And scoring these new truths we find, While going toward th' Infinite mind. As alps on alps, and alps arise; New visions come to feast our eyes; New themes arising from the old; New wonders coming, yet untold; New truths unfolding from above; New scenes presented for our love; Visions of beauty, that unroll; New stories of joy to feast the soul; New founts are springing from within; New thoughts that lead us on to win; New conquests ever round us throng; New interests that the strife prolong; New steps to be forever trod; That lead us nearer still to God.

The Moneyless Man.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth Where charity dwelleth and virtue hath birth? Where bosoms to mercy and kindness shall heave. And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive? Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor, Shall bring some kind angel to open the door? Go search through this wild world wherever you can, There is no open door to the moneyless man. Go then to your halls where the chandelier's light, Drives back in its splendor the darkness and night, Where the rich hanging velvet with shadowing folds, Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold, And the mirrors of silver take up and renew, In long lighted vistas the wildering view. Go there in your churches, and find if you can, One welcoming smile for the moneyless man. Go then to your church, whose cloud-reaching spire, Gives back to the sun the same look of red fires. Its arches and columns are gorgeous within, And its walls seem as pure as the soul without sin. Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and great In the pomp and pride of their worldly estate.

Walk down in your churches, and find if you can Who opens a pew to the moneyless man. Go look at your judge, with his long, flowing gown, With the scales wherein law weigheth quickly down; See him frown on the weak and smile on the strong. See him punish the right while he justifies wrong; And jurors whose lips on the Bible have laid, To render a verdict they've already made; Go there in the court house, and find if you can, Any law for the cause of the moneyless man. Go then to your bank, where mammon has hold, His hundred of thousands of silver and gold, Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor, Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore. Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay. Till your limbs have grown old and your hair turned grey. And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan, That has money to lend to the moneyless man. Go then to your hovel, no raven has fed That wife who has suffered so long for some bread; Kneel down by the coffin and kiss the damp frost From the lips of the angel your poverty's lost; Then turn in your going upward to God, And bless while it smite you the chastening rod, And know that when done with this life's feeble span, There is mercy above for the moneyless man.

Science.

THE medal of the Copenhagen Society of Sciences for the best essay on the spectra of planets, has been recently presented to DR. VOGEL, director of the private observatory of his Excellency VON BULOW, at Bothkamp, near Kiel. The essay was considered by the society as in every respect a most excellent one, and was rewarded not only with a golden medal, but with a sum of money of equal value.

CANARY ISLANDS.—The recent discovery in one of the Canaries of a Lybian inscription, such as hitherto been found only in Numidia, has called forth some remarks from M. Faidherbe on the ethnology of the Canarian group. The writer believes that the population of the Canaries may be referred to Oulofs, or West African blacks, to African Lybians, and probably to Phoenicians, besides a later intermingling with Europeans; and it is to the agency of Phoenician traders that he ascribes the knowledge of the Lybian characters and the practice—whose prevalence is amply proved—of embalming the dead, and reducing them to the state of mummies, in which condition they have been found among the natives of these islands.

HABITS OF THE ALLIGATOR.—A Southern naturalist has made some observations on the habits of alligators. Among them he records the following: "That alligators swallow their young I had ocular demonstration in a single case. I was engaged in making a survey on the banks of the Homochitto Lake, near the Mississippi River. The day was warm and sunny, and as I halted near the margin of a pond, nearly dried up, to pick up some shells, I started a litter of young alligators that scampered off yelping like puppies, and retreating some twenty yards, to the banks of the Lake Homochitto, I saw them reach their refuge in the mouth of a five-foot alligator. She evidently held her mouth open to receive them, as in single file, they passed in beyond my observation. The dam then turned slowly around and slid down beneath the water, passing into a large opening in the bank, beneath the root of an ash-tree. Doubtless this refuge is temporary, and the young are released at their own or their mother's pleasure; the descent being but partial, in no way reaching or interfering with the process of digestion."

THE CAVE OF CACAHUAMILPA, IN MEXICO.—At the recent scientific convention at Hartford, Mr. Porter C. Bliss, late Secretary of the American Legation in Mexico, gave an account of two visits made by him to what purports to be the largest cavern in the world, consisting of a series of broad and lofty halls extending upon the same level for 6,000 metres, with numerous lateral passages extending still further to an immense distance into the heart of a lofty range of mountains. It abounds in colossal pillars and mammoth stalactites and stalagmites of fanciful forms, such as organs and fountains. Underneath this cave, at a level of two or three hundred feet lower, the mountain is traversed by two rivers of considerable size which enter the mountains half a mile apart, and after flowing nearly parallel about five miles, emerge forth a single river, which is one of the chief affluents of the Mexicala. The orifices in the solid rock from which these rivers proceed were described as being large enough to admit the Hartford State House. Fragments of timber are frequently floated through the mountain, but these subterranean river-beds have never been explored. Thousands of bats and nocturnal birds make their abode in the mouths of these caves.

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