





New York Department.

BY E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper taken by E. D. Babbitt, D. M., No. 5 Clinton Place, N. Y.

Words to an Orthodox Sister

DEAR SISTER:—You think I have a tendency like other reformers to go to extremes. Truth itself ever seems extreme to those who dwell on one side of a cleft. What could be more extreme than to say there are three infinities in this universe—a mathematical absurdity; that justice requires that God should send to endless punishment his own poor weak children surrounded by temptations and devils, just because, in their unripeness, they have erred during this brief moment of life; that God made a devil, just as though perfection could produce imperfection, or at least he made an angel who was so imperfect that he turned into a devil; that God made man holy in the Garden of Eden, and yet this holy being commenced sinning immediately, and because he thus sinned, although inheriting the nature God gave him, he is doomed to eternal death; that finally God slightly remedied the imperfect and sinful being by having Jesus die, and thus saved a few out of many, while the Devil being most active gets the great majority of mankind, etc., etc. The time will come when my dear sister will wonder that she could ever have stood upon such extreme ground, which makes a mockery of justice; which contradicts nature; which blasphemously calls divine that which violates all logic and which has thus far proved such a failure as compared with satan's success.

It fills you with wonder, too, that disbelievers in the Bible "accept its most important revelations about God and the immortality of the soul, as if they had authority for any such belief aside from the Bible." It amuses me to see how you have the same simplicity of belief, the same ignorance of the world's history that I formerly had.

Did you not know that the Rig Vedas are older than any part of our Bible, and constitute the inspired Bible of the Hindus and are far more extensive than our own? Did you not know that their description of God is grander and fuller than that given by our own Bible? Even the great Christian scholar, Sir William Jones, admits they were written a century before Moses, and that the Bhagvat Geeta was written 3,000 years B. C., or fifteen centuries before Moses. Did you not know that the immortality of the soul was taught and demonstrated by many of the seers and sages of antiquity and by religions which are older than Christianity, while the Old Testament does not demonstrate immortality, and only a part of the Jews to this day even believe in immortality. Did you not know that the five Buddhist commandments are much more comprehensive and practical than the ten commandments of Moses? Did you not know that love to enemies was taught more forcibly by Buddha, nearly six centuries before Christ, than Christ himself taught it? Did you not know that the Golden Rule, has been enunciated in every possible form centuries before Christ? Did you not know that the Zendavesta, which is the Persian Bible, written not far from 1,000 years B. C., gives an incomparably more rational account of man's future state, than any thing in the Old or New Testament? Did you not know that Pythagoras, nearly six centuries before Christ, described God more sublimely and correctly than our Bible has done? Did you not know that the idea of the Trinity, was not thought of by the Christian Church until the second century after Christ, and then it was initiated from Plato's theory of the Trinity? Did you not know that the books of the Old and New Testament, never pretended to be infallible, that they were changed in multitudes of places by Origen, Eusebius and the early fathers who were interested in promulgating certain tenets and who declared it right to practice deception, if thereby the glory of God could be enhanced, and justified themselves by quoting St. Paul, Rom. 3:7, "For if the truth of God hath much more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why am I also judged a sinner?" Did you not know that there were 130,000 different readings in the Greek New Testament, that the translators and compilers had to choose from, and that the choice of the present books of the Bible and canonizing them as sacred and infallible was done by a set of discordant, quarrelsome Bishops under the direction of the murderer Constantine, while great numbers of books of equal authority were rejected? Did you not know that all religions, or nearly all, "have their Saviors born of a virgin, predicted by prophecy, attended by miracle, borne to Heaven without tasting death and with promise of return?" The very name of Buddha, means "good, the word, or God. He was called the Savior of men, was resurrected, makes intercession for mortals, and was the prototype of Christianity in nearly all respects. To this day the Buddhists have nearly one hundred million more members than Christianity.

You hint at the fruits of Christianity. Only for three or four centuries has Christianity excelled or even equaled other religions; in other words only since the printing press, the steam engine, and gunpowder have been sprung upon us with their mighty agencies of development, such as commerce, war, education, etc. Up to the 15th century which closed what historians term the "midnight of a thousand years," the church world was far less enlightened and moral than the Pagan world. For centuries nearly all science was in the hands of the Mohammedans. Christendom received its scientific knowledge and its chivalry from Mohammedan Spain. In Europe the friction of nation upon nation, finally developed the energies of men. In Asia, as physical geographers declare, the nations are isolated from each other by oceans and mountain ranges, and hence lack something of the energy which commerce and war develop. Numerous eminent authorities, however, as testified by Johnson's great work of Oriental Religions, have declared that many of the communities of India show a better record, with reference to their kindness in their social intercourse, and justice in their dealing with each other.

Does my recital of these facts, make you sad, my dear sister? Is not truth supremely beautiful, the very child of Heaven? Must our piety forever run away with reason? Must we credulously believe things because we were taught them, just as Mohammedans do; just as the Brahmins do; just as the Hottentots do? Are not God's inspirations eternal and universal, given to all nations and at all times, instead of merely to a small ignorant nation like the ancient Jews? The Jewish Seers generally thought they received their communications directly from God. So does many a Seer now-a-days. Does that make it so? Let us not swallow all kinds of absurdities because we are told to, or because ingenious men can write large volumes, and frame many plausible excuses for doing so. And do not say how sad it is that my own and tears down our belief in the Bible, but rather say how sad it is that he has had just occasion to tear down so much that has heretofore seemed to be sacred, and

how joyous it is that he has discovered broader fields of truth and sweeter paths of inspiration which lead upward to God himself. What the world is dying for is more truth, more real religion, more knowledge, more love, and broader conceptions. You find, you say "as far as your experience goes that the Bible and the religion of the Bible fill the wants of humanity in all its phases." I am sorry your experience of mankind is not more extensive. Are you not aware that murder, lust, theft, deception, passion, selfishness, drunkenness and secret vice run riot even in the best Christian communities? What does the Bible tell us about ante-patal conditions which physiologists admit are much more important for reforming the race than are all post-natal educational influences? What does the Bible tell us about the causes of licentiousness, liquor drinking, etc., which lie in diseased amativness, diseased pneumogastic nerves, and perverted physical organs? How shall we ever reach the causes of things until we stop leaning upon some supposed infallible book, or infallible man, and learn to develop our own souls, learn to feel that we ourselves are divine incarnations of the Infinite, capable of expanding until we become angels, archangels and Gods? Dear Sister, I do not wish to tear down but would build up a structure as much higher than Orthodoxy, as the sky is higher than St. Peter's Cathedral; a structure resting upon earth and reaching to Heaven, not built with human hands. I would cherish all inspirations and the truths of all Bibles and the divine teachings of nature itself, which is certainly God's book, and I have written you this long letter because this broader eclectic, and cosmopolitan religion takes in all humanity, and gives a higher joy and a greater exaltation to the soul. In closing I would say as did Jesus: "All scripture given (not is given) by inspiration is profitable for doctrine, etc.," and this scripture is written more or less in all ancient and modern records in earth, and sea and sky, in short in the whole universe of God, and it is blasphemous for me to be so blind to all these glories of the divine hand that I can see truth only in one little book.

Biography of Jonathan Koons.

[We propose to publish several articles and biographical sketches from the pen of Jonathan Koons, written in the early days of spiritualism, and which first appeared in the Lockport (Pa.) Medium. Several of Mr. Koons' children were physical mediums, and manifested at his Spirit Rooms, in Ohio, were of the most startling character.—BRITON JOURNAL.]

EDITOR MEDIUM:—In my last letter, I gave you a biographical sketch of my temporal career, to the date of my marriage, and concluded with a glance from that time to the present. I am now about 45 years of age, surrounded with a family of nine children, one daughter and eight sons, and an orphan female (adopted), making in all ten living members under the guardian care of myself and wife. In addition to the aforementioned, we also enter the obituary of a beloved daughter, aged 19 years and 8 months at her decease. She departed this life Sept. 1st, 1851, and on the ensuing day, before her remains were removed from our residence, the birth of a son supplied her place and number of living members. This was a trying moment! The deceased was a promising bright, intelligent youth, who had won the affections of all her acquaintances by her modest deportment and good humor. Her decease was an enlargement of the heart, which inflicted the fatal blow in defiance of all medical skill, which was faithfully administered. What rendered the occurrence more trying than otherwise, was my scepticism relative to the immortality of the soul, which, with myself, had been a subject of doubt for some years. Fearing that this would be our final separation, and the blotting out of all her mental functions and sensitive powers, I viewed death as the final destroyer and extinguisher of all our physical charms, sorrow and pleasures. In this state of mind, I was prevailed upon to consent to the formal ceremony of a funeral discourse. I accordingly dispatched a friend for a clergyman, with instruction to employ the first one he met, without regard to his disciplinary profession. My friend returned without success. Inquiry was made why he returned without a clergyman? The reply was, that three "preachers" were solicited, of different denominations—all strangers to myself—each in turn drew the religious and temporal history of my family from my friend; and finding we were not members of their respective orders, they all denied their service, under some feigned excuse, none of which, however, justified their denial in our judgment. Had the examination of my family history been omitted by them, their excuses would have been received. But as the case stood, I could not consider them faithful stewards in the discharge of their professed duties, under the example of him, they pretended to serve and obey. This course of procedure on their part, inspired me with a desire to scrutinize the subject of Christian sects more closely than ever. Accordingly brought myself in contact with Christian professors of different denominations upon all suitable occasions; but I soon found they all walked within the circle of another man's faith and reason, by which they subjugated their own reasoning powers to a state of abject mental slavery. I took pleasure in demanding the evidence of their faith, by requiring the "signs" that were to "follow them that believe," hoping thereby to receive the evidence so essential in establishing the claims of man's immortality; also to establish by unimpeached evidence, the existence of an individualized personal sovereignty, who is exercising an absolute lordship over all nature, without restraint or coercion, by any other acting force or power, to the full extent of his imputed catalogue of Deific attributes. The first demand was universally waved, under a plea that the day of miracles was past. On demanding when, and upon what occasion the gates of Heaven were closed against its divine gifts and blessings upon suffering humanity; and also to know at what period those "greater things" by the believers were performed, that exceeded the acts of Christ, I was at once repulsed with the strong argumentative popular Christian epithet of "infidel!"—that cowardly weapon which is so liberally applied as a war club, in subjugating reason to the throne and mercy seat of a frozen plasmatic idealism! When the latter demand was made for the establishing of a personal sovereignty, those professors, as a matter of custom, took reference to the Bible, by which they offered to establish their claims, as before specified. This sort of evidence gave rise to another demand, which called for an explanation of Bible authority. This again, as a matter of custom, was waved with a plea that the author of the Bible himself is a mysterious being, and operates in a mysterious manner; that all the dripping avails of his plastic hand, are a mysterious production; that he is the center of all wisdom, mysteriously diffused throughout his illimitable field of creation, that his universal perfection embellishes the universe from center to circumference—except man and the Devil! They are poor depraved, knaves and fools! Having fell from their first estate, the image of their Creator, and become worse than fools, which ren-

ders it unlawful to call each other fools, under the pains and penalties of perjury, which is awarded with the capital tortures of an eternal confinement within the limits of a "bottomless pit" of sulphurous flames!!! Hence the conclusion is, that the Bible and its author is a mystery,—and sets forth the duties of man in such a plain, simple, mysterious manner, that the "way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein," a very appropriate conclusion, thinks I, provided the junction upon man's better reason, with its inscribed penalties were waved by a more philosophical mode of reasoning; then I would not object to calling the systematic arrangements of nature a mystery; otherwise, I must confess the whole theological fraternity, in all its practical forms, ceremonies and pretended faiths, to be a mysterious, fearful, dark labyrinth, to all those who are drawn into its dark vortex.

Thus you, perceive, I battled my course through years of hopeless doubts, turning up as it were, every pebble that lay in my pathway, as my last effort, an attempt of discovering an index to true knowledge, having suspended all hopes of reconciling man's natural and true relation to the primeval cause of all causes and effects. And my researches were not left without a rich and bountiful reward in the discovery of a multiplicity of Geological indices, that directed my observation to undeniable facts, relating to the sovereign principles of nature, and her own self-enacted laws.

During the course of my investigation, the animating music of the feathered warblers, the murmuring rills that rippled along the base of huge mountains, their winding and serpentine courses through massive piles of craggy rocks glittering with volumes of fossil incorporations through which their murmuring music could be heard, coursing their way quietly along in the direction of their mother ocean, actuated by centripetal forces; the flowers and foliage that adorned hill and dale, the gentle whisper of an evening zephyr and the ethereal canopied and electric streams, under the display of the tempestuous elements, the terrific effects of which were soon restored by the tender caresses of a gentle calm, exposing to view the magnificent display of the sparkling heavens, all of which were my daily monitors and preceptors, under the scholastic discipline of which, nature's laws seemed to unfold her vicissitudes to my understanding, leaf by leaf, section by section, period by period, and age by age, viewing, contrasting, and theorizing, until my discomfited and aspiring soul found a blissful abode, far beyond the power and influence of sectarian sarcasms and mysterious theologies. I would have the reader understand, that my investigations were not confined to physical entities alone, but also to supernal states of existence.

During my investigation of the last named subject, I considered myself friendless, and alone for a season. Professed Christianity had already consigned my destined lot to the devouring influence of Satan—their capital stock in banking theology,—and had nothing to expect at their mercy, except persecution, ridicule and even slanderous exaggerations, and derogatory promulgation. The fat was in the fire as soon as the news was spread abroad, that the spirits of the departed friends, were corresponding with their survivors on earth at my residence. The neighboring pulpits sent forth their anathematizing peals upon us, that are rarely paralleled by a Roman Inquisition. All that remained lacking was power to exercise their vindictive spirit. We were threatened with mobs, and it is said the balls were moulded for the purpose of assassinating myself and oldest son. The configuration of my barn, containing the avails of a year's labor, however, stood firm, and I pursued my investigation unmolested. It appeared, however, that the insatiable propensity of the enemy for prolonging and extending their own mysterious enormities, sought occasion to deter all within their power and influence from joining us in the investigation of this "alarming" phenomena. But in defiance of their efforts, thousands rushed forward and enlisted in the cause. My experience has torn away that mysterious gateway, that opened so narrowly into the realms of supernatural entities, and has exposed its mysterious windings so tangibly to my senses, in unmistakable modes of operandi until all its mysterious horrors opened into glowing prospects of man's real existence in a spiritual form, a brief history of which will be summed up in another article.

In the early part of my life, it was not unpopular for friends and acquaintances to join in the relation of remarkable 'ghost' and 'witch' stories, many of which were said to have occurred under the speakers own observation. These were listened to attentively, with a sort of reverential awe, and were generally believed. Many of these occurrences, as was claimed, took place within my father's family and circle of friends. This inspired me with a sort of fear and desire to see a 'ghost' or 'spook' as the Germans denominated a spirit, although I can not positively say that my desires were granted until recently, notwithstanding I have a catalogue of singular occurrences to relate of my own experience and observation, that could not easily be associated to any other cause except spirit agencies; and this presumption has been fully verified recently by a repetition of the same and similar occurrences, which we know to be the productions of spirit agencies. The investigation of this all-absorbing subject of spirit manifestation, has brought the illustration of many remarkable occurrences home to my understanding, that formerly were wrapped up, in the mantle of church mysteries and were kept there under certain conditional restraint, which were looked upon with a sort of reverential fear and awe, not knowing exactly to whom the ascription was due,—which to Caesar, God or the Devil. But truth is about being disrobed of its mysterious mantle, and made to shine more bright than the refulgent beams of a noon sun.

In my next, I expect to retrace the history of my life, and glean therefrom matters and facts relating to spiritualism.

Yours as ever, FRANKLY  
JONATHAN KOONS  
Milford, Athens Co., O Dec 20th, 1855

WHO ARE THE HEATHEN.

Fetich Worship by Civilized Men and Women—And Good Sense Manifested by Some Barbarians.

Who are the heathens? I can not tell. I'm in a quandary. There is so much superstition and fetich worship among Christians, so much high mindedness and true nobility among pagans; so much barbarism and cruelty among the civilized, and so much self denial and honest bravery among the barbarians, that it seems to me "all a muddle." An uncivilized African, or an American Indian wears in his belt a shell or stone made holy by the prayers or incantations of his "Medicine Man," and the enlightened European carries in his pocket a prayer book or New Testament, ostensibly for the same purpose, "to keep evil spirits away." Both have a sort of faith in the potency of their amulets, either vague and shadowy, or firm and full as the case may be. The

savage may never look at his shell, and the Christian may never read his book, but each feels as if there were something virtuous and protecting in having it about him.

A few years ago I was visiting a friend who lived in—well, let us say, Egypt (not out of the United States of America, however), where there were a series of religious (?) meetings in progress. A lively and wide-spread interest had been awakened in the community, and large congregations nightly assembled to listen to the preacher's exhortations, and join in his prayers and songs. Between the church and my friend's residence was a ravine, perhaps half a mile in width, and across this, night after night, the songs of the worshippers and the shoutings of the exhorters were borne to our ears. Often as late as 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, the air of the soft summer night was filled with a confused medley of sounds which might have come from a demoralized lunatic asylum.

"Is this worship?" thought I. "Are these people really doing service to God in their hearts?" I became inflamed with a desire to go and see. My friend objected. She said it was a kind of religious dissipation, which seemed to her sacrilegious. But my curiosity was strong, and she finally yielded to my solicitations and accompanied me thither. We found a decent and comfortable church building, well filled with old and young, mothers, with nursing babies, and children who ought to have been in bed, and people of all classes. The preacher, a big, burly man with stentorian lungs, was in the full tide of exhortation, while the people encouraged him with cries of "Amen!" "Bless God!" etc. He grew more and more vehement, wildly tossed his arms and beat his desk, shouting, denouncing, and entreating, while the people answered with louder and louder ejaculations, until everybody seemed to be screaming at once. Some were praying, others weeping; some beseeching their friends to flee from the wrath to come, and all gathering excitement from their religious frenzy.

Suddenly, a woman arose screaming above all the din, clapped her hands loudly, and fell down in a fit. Her friends gathered around her, praying and singing, while the preacher went on with his exclamations. Another woman jumped up shouting "Glory Hallelu Jah!" and ran up and down before the altar, seizing the deacons and elders, embracing and kissing them in a transport of religious fervor. A hymn was started, in which everybody joined, while the preacher went up and down among the audience trying to raise them to a still higher pitch of enthusiasm. I, also, moved by sympathy, added my voice to the universal hallelujahs; but the tumult around me was so great that I was utterly unable to hear it. No words can describe the scene; yet all this was in the name of religion. They said they had a powerful awakening, and God had manifested himself among them. I believed the worshippers were sincere, and respected their sincerity.

On another occasion, I chanced to be in Minnesota, on the reservation of the Winnebago Indians, and hearing they were going to have a "medicine dance," obtained permission to go and see it. This is one of their solemn religious rites, and is not what its name would seem to imply to English readers. Their medicine man is a sort of priest, a prophet, and is revered among them accordingly. The lodge, or teepee, where the dance was held, was a bark covered wigwam, much larger than the ordinary family teepee. In the center, a fire had burned down to coals which cast a faint and smoky light on the rows of dusky figures seated in decorous and solemn silence on blankets and skins around the sides of the lodge. Presently, an old man began to speak in grave, low tones, and after a short address, was followed by one or two others of the elder men. I inquired of an interpreter what they were saying. He replied: "He is telling the Indians about the Great Spirit of all who is watching over them, and waiting for them in the happy hunting grounds. He tells them not to displease him, but to lead such lives as will bring them to his country of green woods and running water. They must keep their hearts good; the young men must be brave and enduring; must restrain themselves and hearken to the advice of, and be silent before, their elders."

After these words of wisdom, he took from his pouch some leaves of a fragrant plant, which he strewed over a shovel of coals brought by a squaw, with low murmured words of prayer or blessing. This was reverently carried about like the censers of incense by the Roman Catholics. They the audience rose to their feet and joined in a slow and solemn dance around the central fire, to the wild, quaint, pathetic music made by the voices of the squaws. When it was finished there was more incense burning, followed by more good counsel from the chief medicine men, to which all listened in respectful silence. After another song and dance the people withdrew in a quiet and subdued manner.

Such is the picture which remains in my mind of what I should call a Winnebago prayer meeting. It seemed to me quite as plausible, and much more decorous than, the one I first described and in which I participated. Now who are the heathens? To whom shall missionaries be sent? I confess I don't know.

Chicago, May 28th, 1875.

"The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors."

A CARD FROM THE AUTHOR.

Since the offer of a reward for any "serious" error or "blunder" that may be found in the above named work, the author has received letters from various parts of the country, by which it appears several errors, have been found, but they are all mere verbal inaccuracies—typographical errors mostly. The author himself has found more than fifty errors of this character, but he does not consider them "serious errors." No error can be considered "serious" unless it involves some moral principal or seriously perverts the sense. And it is believed no error or "blunder" of this kind can be found in the book viewed with the explanation the author has offered, unless except the declaration on page 85, that "Christ is God," found in a chapter written for the special purpose of proving he was not God, and which cites a hundred facts to prove it. But the error is easily detected, being a quotation from Scripture, and hence not considered serious. And it is presumed with the explanation now offered the critical reviewer himself (who appeared in the JOURNAL of May 16th) will now admit that no serious "blunders" are charged against the book unless the innocent mistakes of the copy and type setters are to be considered such, who are liable in badly written manuscripts to mistake "knees for eyes."  
K. GRAVES.  
N. B. No reward for typographical "blunders."  
Richmond, Indiana, June 7th.

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THE RE Is no other Paper Like It in the World! The Second Volume of the Summerland Messenger. Commenced with the Dec. (1874) No. and is enlarged to 16 pages. This No. contains the opening chapter of Spirit-Dickens's New Story "BOCKLEY WICKLE HEAP," together with the usual variety of interesting miscellany, under the heads of Summerland Whispers, Mother's Department, Children's Department, Foreign and Domestic Notes, relating to Spiritualism, Poetry and Short Stories, especially adapted to the Family Fireside. Back numbers can be supplied to subscribers until further notice.

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INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. BY D. D. HOME. "Instead of being a superstition itself, as they may be disposed to think it, they would find it the explanation and the extinguisher of all superstition."—Dr. R. Chambers.

All Spiritualists and Investigators will hail with delight, another volume from Mr. HOME. Although a continuation of the first series issued some years since it is complete in itself. In his Preface he says: "About three years since I presented to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1863. During the years that have since elapsed, although many attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truths of Spiritualism, its opponents have not encroached on the word of evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867, and 1868, in consequence of the suit 'Lyon vs. Home,' which most probably was the indirect cause of the examination into Spiritualism by the Committee of the Diocesan Society, whose report has recently been published. Coincident with and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence, by Lord Adair, now Earl of Dunraven, an account of which has been privately printed; an examination, especially scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.' I now present the public with the second volume of 'Incidents in My Life,' which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

CONTENTS. Preface. Introduction. Reviews and Replies.—Letter to "Times."—Sir David Brewster's Examination.—Letter and Testimony.—Dr. Elliottson.—Prophecy Incidents.—Expulsion from Rome.—Discussion in House of Commons.—Sturgeon, the Medium.—Mr. Robert Browning.—Fancy Portraits. —Nico, America, Russia.—The Double Seances in London. —Lectures.—Notice in "Star."—Falsehoods in "All the Year Round." —Spiritual Athenaeum.—Identity.—Guardians of Strength.—Spirit Mediumism. —New Manifestations.—Elongation.—Voices.—Performance.—Imagination and Compression.—Handling of Mrs. Chaffin's Spirit.—Mrs. Lyon's Affidavit in support of the Bill. —My Answer to the Suit. —Mr. W. M. Wilkinson's Answer to the Suit. Price \$1.50, postage 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the office of this paper.



Books Received.

SHIFTLESS FOLKS. An undated love story, by Christabel Goldsmith. 15mo. cloth, 54 pp. price \$1.75. New York Geo. W. Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co.

A WOMAN IN ARMOR. By Mary Hartwell. 15mo. cloth, 300 pp. price \$1.50. New York Geo. W. Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, an effort to teach people the principles of vital magnetism. By Andrew Stone, M. D. 8 vo. cloth 542 pp. Illustrated. Troy N. Y.

JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Vol. IX, No. II. Wm. T. Harris, Editor. St. Louis.

New Music.

WHEN I GO. Sacred song. Words and music by Mrs. A. Van Bicorn. New York. Published for the author by W. A. Pond & Co., 47 Broadway, N. Y.

This is a song that will appeal closely to every Spiritualist; it is appropriate for seasons or the parlor, and deserves to be widely known.

THE WAR BEGUN.

A Man Threatened with Death for Expressing his Opinion.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Hearing some months ago, that Dr. P. B. Randolph was in Virginia City, Nev., the Liberalists and the Spiritualists of this valley got up a subscription to pay the expenses, and sent for him to come and deliver a course of lectures.

He came soon after, and gave ten lectures, which were well received by the majority of the people who heard them; but a few of the Orthodox who had been persuaded to hear the lectures, were very much displeased with the ridicule and sarcasm he hurled at their false God, Devil and Hell, trying thus to show them a better and higher view of man's immortal destiny, than old theology has ever presented.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—Dear Sir—Having listened to your grossly sensual and insulting language last Sunday, we, the citizens of this place, do hereby solemnly warn you to delay no longer than thirty-six hours in removing your polluted and polluting carcass without the limits of this township; and if any "Nay" is indulged in, Old Cañon will be under the painful necessity of rowing a defunct [a word too insulting to copy] over the dark and turbulent waters of the river city.

"P. S. Okey." Here then is a man threatened with death for a crime or misdemeanor, but simply for proclaiming the truth as he sees it, and as it has and is being proclaimed by the angel messengers from the better land.

I sent back a reply, as Dr. Randolph was my guest, stating that whoever were the authors of such an uncalled for attack upon a peaceable stranger, who had come among us by invitation, that they might rest assured his departure would not be hastened for one hour, and that it was too late in the day to persecute any one for opinion's sake.

My husband being absent from home at the time, and wishing to save the Doctor from further insult, I sent him upon a good horse to the house of a friend some ten miles distant, near where he was to lecture on the following Sunday. It being near night when he started it became so dark he lost his way, and wandered around not knowing which way to go, when he saw before him a shadowy form of a man which kept on before him, the horse following it as if being led; but he knew by the bog and ditches that he was not in any road, and gave himself up to his partially visible guide, who disappeared on coming up to the door of a cabin some two miles from the road, and about the same distance from the house of the friend he was in search of.

On his calling out to the inmates, telling them he had lost his way and wished to go to Mr. J's, the man himself came to the door and kindly welcomed him; and when the doctor told him how he came there, he was greatly surprised, and said, "that he had come over a road that one could not well ride in the daytime, let alone on a dark night." Thus we see, the stranger had friends on the other side who are ever ready to assist us when needed; then what are our mortal foes, when we can rely upon immortal friends?

Dr. Randolph and myself both gave a lecture at the school house there on the following Sunday. Some, who love popularity more than truth, did not attend, but truth is mighty and will prevail and those who think to stay the wheels of progress, will find they must move on, or be crushed beneath them, for the command has been given forth to the world in thunder tones by Heaven's ordained messengers: "Onward and upward or perish forever."

This is a law of nature from which there is no escape. Once more must truth grapple in a death struggle with error, then will be brought about, "The good time coming." L. HURONSON. Owen's Valley, Cal., May 25th '75. P. S. Dr. Randolph has now gone to Los Angeles.

Letter from J. H. Mendenhall.

BRO. JONES.—As a notice was given through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of a discussion to take place at the Lyceum hall near Camden, Jay Co., Ind., between Dr. S. A. Thomas, a Spiritualist of said place, and the Rev. Mr. Hammon, of the Campbellite faith, of Ft. Wayne, I send you by request the following brief account of the said convention, which you will please insert in your columns, that the people may see where stands Orthodoxy when compared with Spiritualism. I am sorry to have to say, the anticipated discussion did not come off. Previous to the time appointed (June 1st, '75), the Rev. Mr. Hammon, as I am informed, wrote to the Doctor, that he would not be able to attend said convention as he had agreed to, for reasons, I believe, but meagerly expressed. The Doctor informed me that he had received "intelligence from good authority, that the people of the church for whom the Reverend labors, were doubtful of his abilities to meet the demands of the occasion, and that this is the reason why he was unable to make his appearance. If this information is incorrect, the Reverend can have the right of adjusting it at any time by redeeming his promise in discussion.

Orthodox ministers are becoming sensible of the "sandy foundation" upon which they stand, and many of them having been "weighed in the balance," have ascertained wherein they are lacking. I did not arrive at the lyceum hall in time to hear the Doctor

make his two hour's speech on the morning of the convention, but am credibly informed, he gave ample evidence of his ability to do justice to the cause of Spiritualism. The weather was quite stormy and the farmers being in the rear with their agricultural demands, made it somewhat inconvenient for carrying on the purposes of the meeting extensively; nevertheless we did the best we knew. Bro. Thomas having retired from the convention after his lecture, your humble correspondent gave two lectures on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," to appreciative audiences. Also, by invitation, I lectured Friday evening in the town of Camden on the same subject; audience fair in numbers, and manifested more than ordinary interest in our cause. A slight disturbance, however, near the close of the meeting was occasioned by an ought-to-be gentleman, resulting in his paying to the proper authorities a reasonable tuition in the form of a fine for his experience. Though sorry to say such an occurrence took place, yet it is pleasant to know the majority of the citizens of the beautiful little town of Camden, have an appreciative sense of justice respecting our rights as citizens, as well as to manifest a degree of liberality in sentiment.

Allow me to say in conclusion, that I there formed the happy acquaintance of Dr. S. A. Thomas, and shared largely his friendly hospitality; and judging from my stand-point, I pronounce him one of nature's well put up men, possessing large mental caliber with physical force combined, which is so essential and never fails to enable its possessor to drive his undertakings to a successful end. The Doctor is a Healer and a practical physician of thirty years standing; he is a debater and a lecturer, and asks me to say for him with this report, that his services can be had in any of these departments for fair and reasonable remuneration.

Cerro Gordo, Ind. J. H. MENDENHALL.

Practical Free-Lovers.

It is not generally known that there in this country a practical illustration of Victoria Woodhull's shly social theory. A certain tribe of the Red Digger Indians apparently represent in the matter of the marriage relation, her ideal type of a high civilization. The writer was a witness to the following and forbears to draw on his imagination for a single detail. It was in California, in 1846. We were told that on February 14th, or at a time nearly corresponding by the moon, every grown up person of the tribe customarily changed husband and wife. Interested but incredulous, we repaired to the central wigwam of the Digger Indians and found here in full blast a perfected vision of a free-lovers' community. The scene of the social phenomena in question was on the banks of Feather River, four or five miles south of Marysville. All the Indians in the tribe to the number of five or six hundred, assembled on the day appointed. The Indians took one part of the ground, the squaws another. The first thing in the order of exercises was a grand feast, in which bread and soup were the staples. The bread was made from ground acorns, wrapped up in green grass and baked in the ashes. The soup was made from the same materials and served in willow baskets, made tight with gum, and holding nearly a bushel. From one basket seven or eight at once partook, eating with the palms of their hands. At a given signal, after the feast, the braves and squaws came together in the arena and commenced the duties of the day. The braves did the choosing and the squaws the accepting, although the choice in most cases seemed to be reciprocal.

Everything went on quietly and orderly. As soon as a consort was found and arrangements made, the couple walked away from the crowd a few steps, or perhaps a hundred yards, sat down on the ground, and had a domestic chat. The family always belonged to the squaw and went with her to the new husband, in which case the talk turned on the size of the family which the woman brought to her new lord and how many squaws she could gather, while the braves recounted his deftness with the bow or perhaps how many quarters of venison he could eat at a single sitting. None were allowed the same companion two consecutive years. Two squaws the best dressed and comeliest of them all, seemed to object to this strange and unnatural relation. They went through the crowd independently, ladylike. We had no means of knowing of this to a certainty, but supposed from the movements that they refused to put up with their dusky consorts. Long before evening closed in, all, excepting these two, had assumed for twelve months longer their new and grave marital relation. J. A. W.

Take Notice.

I to-day write to the Spiritualist at Work as follows: "I see by your paper of June 5th, under the head of 'anniversary meeting,' the following: Semi-annual meeting of the State Convention of Michigan, June 26th and 27th, at Kalamazoo. I would like to inquire whether this announcement is from mere hearsay, or by official direction? Of course I can have no knowledge of what the President or the Secretary of the State Society may have authorized; but I have a knowledge of some correspondence in regard to having the meeting at Kalamazoo. The matter was left discretionary in the hands of our officials of the State Society, who consulted the friends here on the subject, whose wishes it was understood was to decide the matter. The reply was to the effect that we have been ever willing and anxious to cooperate with others in advancing the cause when we can do so without seeming to endorse such principles as we abhor. At the last State meeting it was resolved that we in future decline to resolve one way or the other, on the so-called social question. It was also proposed to resolve that we rescind the resolutions passed heretofore; this was violently opposed, and was amended so as to be spread upon the records, and was so passed, and as we view the present status, we (i. e. the State Society,) by the record still endorse all the doctrines of Mrs. Woodhull on the social relations," also desire the entire abrogation of all man-made marriage laws, leaving the sexes free, etc. Now the fact that those who forced these doctrines on the State Society, are, so to speak, played out in Michigan, and have left the state, does not expunge the record, and we here prefer to have the State Society meet with us after such action in good faith has been taken, and our record stands as it was. Such was our reply, copy if you please. I must conclude this notice was not officially authorized. Am I mistaken? G. W. WINDLOW. Kalamazoo Mich., June 7th, '75."

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1875.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION.

Light and Phosphorus and their Attendant Phenomena.

The philosophy of light and its attendant phenomena, is exciting unusual attention at the present time. As one glances at its various sources,—the sun, fixed stars, meteors, those planets which have not cooled below the point of redness, terrestrial objects in a state of incandescence, and bodies formed of sublimated phosphorus, extracted from the physical organization by the aid of spirits,—he sees at once the importance of the subject. The fact that light in a homogeneous medium, is propagated in straight lines, and that it requires time for its propagation; that when reflected or refracted it undergoes a modification termed polarization; that when decomposed it presents a variety of colors, and that certain colors seem to stimulate vegetable growth while others exercise no appreciable influence; that when brought to a focus by a convex mirror it has the property of burning like fire, or separating the particles of matter which compose a body, defined as motion—all these peculiarities of light have engendered the attention of scientists in all ages, but it remained for the 19th century to crown the efforts of the past in unfolding its peculiarities more fully. Prof. Crookes, one of England's most profound thinkers, and who is not afraid to grasp truth under whatever garb it may appear, has been able, through the aid of spirits, to demonstrate the fact that light is a motive power. The London Daily Telegraph, speaking of Prof. Crookes' experiments says, "But it will be justly objected that the candle radiates heat as well as light, and meeting that Mr. Crookes exhibited an arrangement wherein four discs of pith upon cross pieces of straw, delicately balanced on a point in the exhausted bulb, were subjected to light from which the heat had been sifted away by a screen of alum. When the light thus purified fell on the blackened side of each disc it drove it more and more rapidly round, but had no such effect upon the white sides of the pith. So perfectly can this mechanical force of light be measured that the lecturer circulated a card containing the rates at which different mediums of light at different distances would drive his fairy mill. At twenty inches one candle takes 182 seconds to move the vane round, at five it accomplishes a revolution in two seconds; but diffused daylight sends the little vanes spinning in less than two seconds, and full sunshine drives them merrily along yet more quickly."

Thus we find in the light that proceeds from various illuminated bodies, a motive power, the operations of which will open for exploration new fields in the natural world, and which will, no doubt, lead to prolific results. It is a fact, which advanced Spiritualists will admit, that the new discoveries made from time to time by inventive genius, are only reflections of principles thoroughly understood in the Spirit-world, and which are made known when humanity is ready to receive them.

The knowledge of spirit-chemists is far superior to that possessed by the chemists of earth, who have done so much for humanity. They can go direct to the physical organization of a medium and those comprising a circle, and eliminate therefrom a self-luminous body, which can render a materialized spirit visible in the darkest room. At one of the circles of W. T. Church, one who was present wrote, "The room is most beautifully illuminated by an improvised light, as brilliant and dazzling as mortals eyes have ever beheld, and the loved ones are as plainly visible as ourselves, and they converse as freely and familiarly with us as if actually flesh and blood. Their hands in ours, the warm breath upon one cheek, and the sweet kiss of affection with which they often greet us, are quite as palpable as those of our dearest earthly friends."

If spirits can illuminate a single room, through the instrumentality of a phosphorescent vapor extracted from a circle, is it not possible that the time is not far distant when a whole city may be illuminated by the same means? The little phosphorescent spark that meanders around a circle, reminding one of a dazzling meteor flitting athwart the sky, is prophetic of a time when a new light will be given to the world. When Morse sent his first message as an experiment in Washington, it was prophetic of the submarine telegraph, and of a net work of wire in all parts of the civilized globe. As a little spark can spread a destructive flame, so can one little phosphorescent light lead to discoveries that will, perhaps, illuminate the world. Prof. Crookes' discovery is important in itself, and as it is claimed by many that our coal fields are derived from the sun's rays, may not this reservoir of heat, the sun's rays, be used as a gigantic motive power?

From the London Telegraph, we learn that the Professor "thoroughly exhausts a tube with a bulb at its end, and in this bulb he mounts upon a delicate pivot one of his little vanes, constructed of glass or straw cross-pieces, with a disc of pith at each of the four extremities. One face of each disc is blackened, and the fairy mill, though not weighing so much as a gossamer, rests quietly enough while in the dark. He moves it into the light, so that the ordinary rays of day may fall upon the blackened faces, and obedient to some mysterious impulse, the arms begin to turn. If the sun breaks out, and shines upon the apparatus, the fairy mill whirls round with such energy that the eye can hardly follow its gyrations; and this effect is very little altered if an alum plate be interposed, so that no heat rays pass along with the light. To see these vanes racing round inside the glass, from no visible cause, is one of the most extraordinary surprises which Science has afforded, and, as we have observed, she has puzzled herself this time, for no one can yet tell why the phenomenon occurs. Since blackened surfaces absorb light, and whitened ones reflect all the rays, one would have imagined that, however the light may act, it must repel the white and not the black sides of the discs; yet the contrary is the case. Faster and ever faster spins the tiny mill in its vacuum, till sometimes it actually whirls itself off the pivot altogether, tumbling over with its intensely excited speed, and uncommon dexterity is required to replace the capziled vase upon its centre. Put a hat over the magical machinery, and it stops—only to resume its circular dance as soon as the light catches the dark side of the pith again. Hold up the alum screen which sifts out all heat-rays, and the dance is somewhat slackened; but green or blue glass calms down the excited little machine to a more sober revolution, and yellow or red glass quickens it again to a more lively waltz. If a cloud passes over the face of the sun while it is spinning in full daylight, the invisible fairy miller becomes melancholy, and twists the machine very lazily; but let the cloud go by, and the bright-beam glitter again, and forthwith in an instant the mysterious power is all alive, the discs rotate faster and faster, the eye can hardly catch sight of them as they fly round, and if the sunlight lasts, the hilarious little miller tumbles himself off his perch altogether with his ecstasy of speed."

One can judge somewhat of the importance of Prof. Crookes' discovery by reading the Telegraph's description, but he can hardly imagine, perhaps, the grand results it will lead to.

According to Human Nature, the phosphorescent lamp was first brought into use by the ubiquitous John King, at the seances held by Herne and Williams in England. Commencing with phosphorescent sparks or flashes of light, he finally was able to manufacture a lamp which he could use temporarily to show his features in a dark circle. John King, Katie and Peter, spirits that seemed to be always present at the circles of Herne and Williams, were accustomed to eliminate phosphorus; rub their hands and faces with it, and thus render themselves plainly visible to all present. Human Nature, however says that King devised means of consolidating this luminous substance in the form of a cake, which he carries in his hands and uses as a lamp or source of light. This marvelous work is produced and exhibited in the dark, and under strict test conditions. The medium is tied securely in the cabinet, and the sitters occupy positions in the circle outside, holding hands firmly. In a few minutes John King comes to the door of the cabinet, his approach being heralded by rays of light which stream from every fissure. He sometimes walks right out into the circle, holding his lamp up to his face, which he places within a foot of the faces of observers, and thus showing himself distinctly to those who may be present. The light is so strong as to diffuse a phosphorescent glow over the whole company, rendering them all distinctly visible.

At the seances of Bastian and Taylor, phosphorescent lights are often seen floating about the room; the same phenomenon frequently occurs in the presence of Maud Lord. It is well known that there are phosphorescent animals, so-called because they have the faculty of emitting a luminous fluid. They differ very much from the electric animals, and their power is so great that they frequently render vast tracts of the ocean beautifully luminous. The glow worm, the phosphorescent sea-pen and the pyrosoma take rank as the most wonderful of the self-luminous species. Of course, man being a microcosm of the universe, has within his organic structure every known element in existence. The phosphorus of his system, it is claimed, is amply sufficient for making 5,000 matches. The chemists of the Spirit-world can to a certain extent eliminate it from the body of the medium and use it for the purpose of rendering their hands or faces

visible. How easy it is for the chemist to convert steam to water; water to snow-flakes, or ice. He then can reverse the process and place the same amount of steam back in the boiler again. The phosphorus of the medium is distilled, as it were; eliminated from him, and then re-absorbed when it has accomplished the purpose designed by the spirits. It can be used on each succeeding evening, and not a particle lost, only as its power is exhausted in the system of the medium. It is re-absorbed, sponge-like, after being used by the spirits. It is the same precisely with other material used in making themselves visible. It is so exceedingly sublimated that it is re-absorbed by the medium at once. The spirit, no sooner forms for itself a material organism and leaves the medium, than it commences to disintegrate—disintegrate—the same as a snowflake in the hot sun. As mist, when not a breath of air is stirring, rising from a pool of water, moves sunward, so does the dematerialized particles of matter taken from the medium, return at once directly to him the moment the spirit is done using them. These particles are charged, as it were, with the life of the medium, and return to his body as naturally as iron filings are attracted towards a magnet.

Phosphorus seems to act an important part in physical manifestations. The chemists of earth extract it from bone earth, by a process contrived by Scheele. It is purified by carefully melting it under water, and straining it through a piece of chamois leather. Spirits, however, require no such process as that. The human system is their laboratory and they go there for material to carry on many of their experiments. Mind is superior matter. The stomach can digest food, but spirits can carry it through the process of digestion equally as perfectly with the aid of their advanced chemistry. Mind is superior to the stomach, liver or lungs, and can do whatever they can, and much more. Mind being superior to matter, and able to control it, can eliminate from the human system a body which spirits can use temporarily. This is accomplished by a process of sublimation, by which the material required seems to rise forth from the medium and then is collected and used. This sublimation is the grand secret of physical manifestations. Those spirits who understand the process, are the only ones who have charge of physical mediums. For example, take a block of ice; it can be transformed to water; then converted into invisible gases. In a twinkling the invisible gases can be re-united, and water is the result, which can be changed into a block of ice. A process of sublimation takes place in the body of the medium, and portions of it rises therefrom like mist, and can be handled with the same ease by the spiritual chemist, that one of earth can handle water. This sublimating process can continue until the entire body of the medium disappears, the same as water disappears when converted into gases, and can be re-united as readily. If the spirit chemist so desired, the body could never be re-united, and a complete "translation" could be effected.

Take a block of wood, for example; the particles of matter composing it, are held together by attractive forces—held together, as chemistry says, by "attraction of cohesion." Fire applied thereto destroys that attraction, and the particles composing it are liberated, but not destroyed. They can not be united again, from the simple fact that the particles are so sublimated, that the chemist can not manage them. Take a block of ice, for example; apply a fire thereto; and the particles composing it separate—expand—finally forming steam, which can be retained, and by a direct opposite course the application of cold,—the opposite of heat—be returned to its original solidified condition. We will carry our demonstration a little farther. Water may be separated into invisible gases, that are not so attenuated or sublimated that they can not be retained, and then they may be united, forming water again. Now when the block of wood is dissolved by heat, the result is so sublimated, so attenuated, so exceedingly elastic, that it can not be retained in a retort, a boiler, or glass jar, therefore it can not be brought back to the original block of wood. The chemist of Spirit-life can cause a block of wood, or the physical organization to disappear, the same as the chemists of earth can a block of ice (into gases), and they can return each to its original state, the same as the chemist can the gases, to the original block of ice.

Phosphorus is one of the most important constituents of the human system. In the soft lambent light emitted from it, the materialized spirit can bask, without danger of dematerialization or bad effects arising therefrom. The phosphorus extracted from bone earth by the chemist will not emit the same lambent light that it does eliminated from the system by the spirit-chemist. The latter does not burn, but simply "glows" in its native purity, and out of that a spirit lamp can be made, which is capable of "glowing" a whole room. The light proceeding from that glow would possess no motive power like the rays of the sun, nor is it productive of warmth. It is the nearest approximation to spirit light, as observed by the spiritual eye, that any substance of earth possesses.

A Million-Dollar Church.

"A correspondent of one of the religious papers says that, lot and house together, the new Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York cost one million four hundred thousand dollars. This is very probable. The lot must have cost that little extra, and thus the house alone is left to wrestle with the simple million, with the glory or reproach of that sum. Men and newspapers that live under the shadow of this magnificent temple and sustain relations of friendship with the distinguished pastor do

not perhaps feel willing to say but loud what they think of the costly sanctuary. It is not pleasant to utter one's whole mind regarding persons with whom we are to dine at times, and from whom we receive only kind words. We are so far away from the simple presence of these temple-builders that we can utter our mind without being guilty of base ingratitude or social impoliteness. Hence we can say freely that that million-dollar church is a form of disgrace to the denomination that erected it. The moral condition of society was not such as to justify such an investment of money in stone and walnut and glass. The condition of the cities is about the same East and West, and taking this city as a specimen, and arguing across to New York, we state that there are around New York churches and mission schools that are each Sunday gathering together seven or eight hundred persons in barn-like buildings where they are taught by Sunday school teachers who tax themselves heavily to buy a few books, or are addressed by clergymen whose salaries are so low as to keep their homes full of actual want or anxiety. But the matter is too plain to demand or even excuse argument. The poor of the land are slighted, are sacrificed, by all such outlays of money. The day when the gospel will come to them is once more postponed."

The above is the language of the Alliance, a paper published in this city, devoted to the promulgation of the gospel. Viewed in that light by an expounder of the Bible, and condemned by him, what opinion will "heathens" entertain thereof, those who do not believe that the Bible is the infallible Word of God? Of course they will regard the transaction as of the most ungodlike character, destitute not only of religion, but of average morality and common sense. In New York City, where squallid misery exists in all of its naked deformity, and where poverty with its numerous stings renders life miserable to thousands, it is there that ostentatious display manifests itself in the pulpit, and a mockery is made of pure and undiluted religion! That religion which commands or induces an outlay of \$1,000,000 for a single church, is a deep rooted curse.

A useless expenditure for religion, is only a systematic robbery of the poor of that which of right belongs to them! "Belongs to them," did we say? Yes; for religion is founded on practical benevolence, and when it adopts extravagant notions and makes useless outlays, it is depriving the poor and "God-forsaken," as it were, of that which could have been given to them. When we say, then, that ostentatious display in religion is robbery of the worthy poor, nearly as culpable as the conduct of a highwayman, we state what will be recognized as a truth. It makes but little difference whether a religious denomination robs us of \$1,000, which we intended for benevolent purposes, or expend \$1,000 which could have been used to relieve the wants of the poor. In both cases the destitute are deprived of what they would, perhaps, otherwise have had. Again this extravagant ostentatious display, is the manifestation of a wicked, covetous, proud spirit! Why? Because a body of religious devotees will submit to waste in extravagant expenditures, what they will not give in deeds of benevolence. What is appropriated for a magnificent church edifice, is so much lost to the world, and if not lost that way, it would be hoarded up, perhaps, and never be appropriated to relieve the wants of the distressed, in a truly Christian spirit. The man who will allow apples in his orchard, to lie on the ground and freeze, rather than give them to the poor, is a very near relative, to those wealthy church members, who will waste money in extravagant outlays, but who will not give it to assist those in indigent circumstances.

The Evangelist Moody and the Prophet Chauncy.

A few weeks before the great Chicago fire, the Evangelical Christian ministers held a convention in Chicago. Before the meeting proceeded to their regular business one morning they engaged in a season of prayer.

Chauncy Barnes, a Christian Spiritualist, who is a devout believer in prayer and the intercession of saints, as well as in the stoning blood of Christ, was at that meeting. He with the other clergymen believed himself powerfully moved by the holy ghost. In that frame of mind he fell upon his knees and most fervently implored the throne of grace, in behalf of the ministers assembled.

He earnestly invoked the Divine power to open their eyes to the impending catastrophe that awaited not only the blind devotees, but the equally blind ministers who assumed to lead them. He said emphatically that the blind were leading the blind. As he waxed warmer in fervency, he warned the blind leaders, and told them that he then saw the destroying angel hovering over the city, ready to apply the torch that was soon to reduce the palatial residences, the churches and business houses to black desolation. Bro. Barnes was full of the gift of prophecy and gave it utterance in true orthodox style.

What was the result? The Evangelist Moody, chief of the meeting, spouted the truth of the prediction and called upon the brethren to drown his voice by the old dodge, singing. The audience obeyed his command and sang to the top of their voices, but the inspiring angel would not down at such a bidding. Barnes' voice was heard in tones of thunder, loud and distinct, imploring the clergy to "flee from the wrath to come." Moody seeing that singing could not silence the supposed demon in Barnes, rushed to him, threw an arm around his neck while he placed a hand over his mouth and forcibly closed it. The preachers then joined with Moody and rushed upon their prophet and forcibly snaked him out of the old stone church, and delivered him over to the police for imprisonment.

During all this scene Barnes' prayers ascended upwards, invoking high heaven to "forgive them for they knew not what they were doing."

When his mouth was held by Moody as in a vice, so that no audible words could be uttered, with outstretched arms and appropriate gesticulations of his fingers he continued to pray for their eyes to be opened, that they like himself, might see the destroying angel.

The police released him immediately, saying that they found naught against the man, that if justice demanded the imprisonment of any one, it surely was not old father Barnes.

Such was the treatment of the Chicago clergy, led by the great revivalist Moody, now in England, to a prophet of the Lord they profess to worship, but a few weeks before the fulfillment of the prophecy by the great fire in this City of Chicago.

How very like the conduct of the Pharisees and hypocrites who stood in high places, and stoned the prophets of old, was the conduct of Moody and his brother ministers of the orthodox churches.

What is He?

The Virginia City (Neb) Chronicle gives an account of the exploits of the "Balamander Pipe King," a negro by the name of James Dixon. It appears from that paper that he gave at Virginia City an exhibition of his remarkable powers. He applies red-hot irons to his face, arms, legs, and seems rather to enjoy the sensation. He began his performance by sprinkling some resin over a quantity of oakum, on a tin plate, and then setting the mixture on fire. When it was in full blaze he cut the oakum into small pieces, and chewed it by bites until the flames were extinguished. While the Balamander was taking his meal of fire, an iron rod, with a flat crescent-shaped blade, was being heated in a small furnace, such as is used by travelling tinkers, and when he drew it out its heat was intense. He drew the red-hot blade up and down his arms and legs and across his face, after which he licked it with his tongue until the blade became as if just plunged into water. A cylindrical tube, about six inches in length, and a six pound cannon-ball were next heated, and the Fire King pushed them over the floor with his bare feet. The size of the scorching hoofs, and the smell with which it was accompanied, makes it desirable that this portion of the performance be witnessed at some distance from the odoriferous African. Next he melted some lead and poured the melted metal into his mouth, and the next moment ejected it hard and cold. To show that his internal arrangements are as fire proof as his external, he boiled some sweet oil and drank of a cup with evident relish, his eyes turned upward in apparent ecstasy. In conclusion, he heated several strips of flat iron at one end, and holding the cool end of the strips he bent the ends into the form of a poker, first with one foot and then with the other, and straightened them again with his hands. The cracking of the burning flesh and the smoke arising from his hands and feet sends a thrill through one.

If Dixon uses chemicals to prevent the fire from reaching his flesh, he does it so cleverly as to blindfold the shrewdest observer. Noticing a shade of sadness on the man's ebony visage, the reporter asked what great grief oppressed him. He smiled and replied: "Oh, nuff'n much, s'ry; on'y sometimes I feel bad on 'count 'o havin' no whiskeys, 'kase I would jes' like to enjoy de luxury 'o shavin' myself wid a red-hot razah!"

Is Dixon protected by spirits, or has nature made him with an organization that can withstand the effects of fire?

Thoroughly Petered Out.

Wilson's free-love, social-freedom meeting just held at Grow's Opera House was a total failure. None but free-lovers, and very few of them, lent their presence. No new aspirants for offices could be found, hence they re-elected themselves for the fourth time, as their own successors. A more disheartened set was never seen than the few who had to foot the bill for the use of the hall.

Ever since the Eign meeting, where Wilson and his whole free-love crew were ignored by the Spiritualists of Northern Illinois, their meetings have been holden at Grow's Opera House in Chicago, and every meeting has been smaller and beautifully less, until it has dwindled down to zero.

The Hulls, the Goyts, the Jamiesons, the Lynns, have all slunk away, and with them have departed the blowers and strikers, the "great egotist" excepted, which constituted stock in trade.

Chauncy Barnes almost alone came up to the work from abroad, but on the second day announced to the vacant benches that there was no glory to be divided betwixt such distinguished individuals as himself and E. V. Wilson, and that if there was any, he (Wilson), was welcome to it, and thereupon Barnes, vacated the ranch, taking the left center and right wing along with him to the City Hall, where he lectured to the admiration of his followers, a full report of which appeared in the Monday morning's Inter Ocean, while Wilson's Sunday meeting was beneath the notice of any of the daily papers.

Thus has come and gone the last meeting of the "Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists." For over two years, Wilson has labored to get the Spiritualists of some town in Northern Illinois to endorse him by consenting to a meeting being held in their town. But not the least endorsement could he get; consequently Grow's Opera Hall in Chicago, the quarters which were open to the great Woodhall free-love meeting, alone could be had. The Spiritualists of Chicago, save the meeting the cold shoulder, while the Spiritualists over the country generally, scorned the impudence of the few who held it out, as a meeting of an Illinois Association of Spiritualists.



Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 534 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

[For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the JOURNAL furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

THE ANGEL VISITANT

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Did I dream, when I thought that a paradise bird Sang a song far the sweetest I ever had heard? That it fell on my ear a melodious strain? That my soul drank it in, as flowers drink the rain?

An angel of love, hath come from above, And would tarry a while at thy board; O ask him to stay, nor drive him away With an unkindly thought or word.

From morning 'till night, a song of delight, Shall echo throughout your home, And over you all, a blessing shall fall, From Heaven by the Angels born.

And every gift, a shadow shall lift, From off the heart and the brow, 'Till the winter of life, with blessings rife, Shall crown your head with snow.

'Tis safely to guide you over life's tide, To that Heaven of infinite rest, Until each shall land on the golden sand, And there join the loved and the best.

The song filled my soul with a magical thrill, And its cadences holy, are lingering still, For I know that the Angels have answered my prayer, And I feel in my heart, 'twas my child that sang there.

THE RIVER PATH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

No bird-song floated down the hill, The tangled bank below was still; No rattle from the birchen stem, No ripple from the water's hem.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom; With them the sun's rosy bloom; While dark, through willow vistas seen, The river rolled in shade between.

We paused, as if from that bright shore Beckoned our dear ones gone before; And stilled our beating hearts to hear The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night; The hill swung open to the light; Through their green gates the sunshine showed, A long, silent splendor downward flowed.

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near The river dark with mortal fear, And the night cometh chill with dew, O Father—let Thy light break through!"

"So let the hills of doubt divide, So bridge with faith the sunless tide! So let the eyes that fall on earth, On Thy eternal hills look forth; And in Thy beckoning angels know The dear ones whom we loved below."

DANIEL BARR, OF HARRISBURG, PA., TO HIS FATHER. I think I shall be able to do better than that friend, because I have talked with father many a time. God bless him. Say to father and the dear good mother at home, that Danie is happy now, and if you understand what true happiness means, you know that I am away from the temptations of life. I am in a world where I am now a man, and am appreciated and understood, and I don't have those around me that would lead me to those things that bring sickness and pain. Just say to dear father that Danie will do all he can to aid his brothers, and also to help dear Mary to know that father's religion is right. Dear mother in Spirit life is with me, and little Susie has been one of the bright teachers that has led me through many a pleasant garden in Spirit-life.

heard so much about Spiritualism, though I did not pay much attention to it. Sometimes we do things in your world that we do not understand ourselves why we do them. I see that in the path that is now before me to walk in, I have such good spirits around me that my life is one of sunshine, thank God. I am a very happy spirit now. Father can understand that, and while he lives, tell him that there are gathered around him some of the best spirit friends who remember his perseverance in regard to true principles. Tell him we want him to go on. His name will live, and the many spiritual guides of the mediums that he has welcomed to his home, will help him in this life, as well as in the world where he now is. You understand father has kept a kind of a depot for mediums, and sometimes he has got into hot water. Tell him to go on, follow out his impressions, for his heart is right. I am so happy in Spirit life, that I do not care much to return to earth, for fear that I shall get into some of the old conditions that are not desirable. Nevertheless, whenever father or mother calls me I shall always try to respond. Please say to Robert to be of good cheer. Do as we want him to do. We shall then be with him to help him walk hand-in-hand with father, and try to aid him in the autumn years of his life, and when he joins us here we shall understand each other better than we did in this life. Tell father that dear mother is a beautiful and radiant spirit. God bless her; she is preparing a home for him when he comes here. Little Susie will be one of the brightest stars that shall lead him through the darker valleys of this life until it meets us in the home of the angels. Tell dear father that I have many thanks to send him, and whenever any medium stops at our home I will always try to respond. I was often weary of this life, and when I entered this better world I rejoiced that I was free from certain clouds that would sweep over me. We are all together now friends and relatives. I often try to whisper in father's ear, and sometimes I succeed. Dear noble man, you have been true to your children, and we will be true and better to you when you meet us here where we can understand each other better. Dear mother at home, you have often aided me, and I love you very much; you understood me better than any one else. I shall come and sit in the old chair, and sometimes you will feel my presence.

Angel Presence.

BY H. T. TREGO.

How beautiful the presence of the angels to the spirits of earth. How joyous the tidings they bring; with silvery voices whispering soft and sweet as the gentle murmur of the summer winds, they bring to the aching heart words of comfort to cheer. With notes of sweet harmony they sing, be of good cheer thou child of earth, thy life shall not away be sad, for we shall teach thee of the resurrection and new birth. We will surely make thee know that thou art a child of God, that he doeth all things well, that in him and through him thou shalt be relieved of all thy sorrows; that from every sorrow there is a lifting up of the soul out of the dimness of the past. Seek and ye shall find. With angel hand the door is opened, and the resurrected spirit born into newness of life. So you will look back upon your past sorrows as the greatest teachers of your life. Then be of good cheer, the good angels are with you; they walk by your side; they go before you and point out the unerring way; they surround you on every side, and when you are advancing towards a deep precipice, that may engulf you, their gentle whispering voices call you back. "Thus far, no farther." Though you may not see these spirit forms, they are so transcendently perfect that the physical eye can not oft discern them, yet you can feel their loved natures around you, and be certain of their divine presence, only tune the chords of your own nature to harmonize with theirs.

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on their scarlet capes and their gilded coaches. The cardinals, in the hot days of an eventful summer, watched as inquisitors over the clamorous Council, and enforced the utter suppression of Protestant thought in papal Rome. The German victory struck down the hideous oligarchy; yet it can not be doubted that should the papacy ever recover its rule over the hapless city, new sessions of the Roman Inquisition will be held, new atrocities committed, and Cardinals M'Clokey and Manning may be summoned to sit in judgment on the Protestant ministers who now preach under the walls of the Vatican, and fulfill the oaths they have taken to persecute heretics until death.

It is, indeed, remarkable that intelligent Roman Catholics have not long ago demanded the suppression of this odious oligarchy, and committed the election of the popes to the will of their whole Church. There seems no good reason why the usurpations of Nicholas and Alexander should be suffered to repress the rising humanity of the most numerous denomination of Christians. Still more remarkable is it that any American should consent to wear the crimson robe that has ever been conspicuous in all the labors of the Inquisition, and in every murderous assault upon liberty of conscience and of thought. From the tortures and the flaming sword of the College of Cardinals or its imitators in England our fathers fled to the New World. The Huguenots, the Dutch, the Puritans, had all felt the sting of spiritual despotism. Their enemies have pursued them over the ocean; and once more the old conflict is begun in our midst between the Roman Curia and the friends of progress and of knowledge. Political Romanism is always the same. Its Mannings and M'Clokeys do not dare to assert that it has ever changed. Corrupt Democratic politicians and some recreant Americans may pretend that it has lost its sting. "But no priest nor cardinal nor pope has ever ventured to depart from the fearful faith of Caraffa and the Roman Inquisition. Our Democratic party leaders have sold themselves to Rome. The Catholic Telegraph has promised them in Ohio "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote," so long as they prove docile and obedient. In New York they have no other reliance than the papal support. But what opinion the American people have formed of the designs and character of the Roman Curia and its transatlantic servants will probably appear plainly in our future elections.

CATHOLICISM IN OHIO.

The issue between the Catholics and the public schools, which is growing in gravity and prominence in all the States, appears to be nearest a head in Ohio. It is likely to have considerable to do with this year's gubernatorial campaign, a fact that will add a new feature of interest to an election which for many reasons will have great political significance. The Democratic party in Ohio has concluded a close alliance with the Catholic party, and for the sake of its votes it will sacrifice the public schools to the priests. The Republican party on the other hand stands where it only could stand consistently, upon the platform of the inviolability of the school system. Judge Taft, who was considered as likely to be the re-

publican candidate for governor as anybody, has recently been interviewed on the school question and has declared himself unalterably opposed to any change in the school system on religious grounds.

JOHN COLLIER, the popular English lecturer, is now arranging a Western tour, and would be glad to hear from societies anywhere between New York and San Francisco. He would be glad to stop some time in Chicago and vicinity, also to attend any Western camp or grove meetings. Mr. Collier is a radical speaker and fine elocutionist, and is well commended by the English and American press. Letters will be promptly answered, if addressed Lock Box 157., Springfield, Mass.

WILD CAT FALLS.—A Convention of Spiritualists. This beautiful summer resort, situated on the picturesque Susquehanna, above Columbia, Pa., is to be the home of the Spiritualists for some days during the summer, they having applied for the grounds to hold a convention. It is expected that most of the prominent Spiritualists, Liberals and Free-thinkers throughout the United States will be present on the occasion.

Mrs. E. T. TREGO having lectured with marked success at Brownstown, Ind., the Banner of that city tries to weaken the good effect thereof by abuse and denunciation. Mrs. Trego is doing a good work, we have no doubt.

Excursion.

Spiritualists' Grand Union Excursion to Atlantic City. Tickets \$1.50; good to go or return on the following days: June 24th, 26th, 28th, 30th, and 31st. The proceeds are to be applied in aid of a suitable headquarters for mediums and Spiritualists during the Centennial celebration of our National Independence.

For tickets and all information call on or address J. H. Rhodes, M. D., (Manager), 918 Spring Garden.

N. B. Be sure and get your tickets before the day of the excursion. All tickets not used will be taken back and the money refunded.

J. H. RHODES, M. D. Philadelphia, Pa. Grove Meeting. The Spiritualist Society of Battle Creek, Mich., will celebrate the yearly anniversary of their society, by holding a Grove Meeting at Gogswic Lake, June 27th. Mr. Fishback, of Gogswic Lake, June 27th. Mr. Fishback, of Gogswic Lake, June 27th. Mr. Fishback, of Gogswic Lake, June 27th.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notice for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Sister ROSA A. HARRIS passed to a higher life, Dec. 15th, 1874, aged 22 years. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Barnes, of Bradville, Grant Co., Wis. A lady of fine character and firm principles, a believer in the beautiful phenomena of the Spiritual faith. She passed from this sphere of labor beloved by all.

Passed to spirit-life at eight o'clock P. M., May 15th, 1875, RICHARD H. CARTER, (formerly of Lynn, Massachusetts), from his home in Decatur, Illinois, in the sixty-first year of his life.

Brother Carter was a firm believer in our most glorious faith, and died as he had lived, rejoicing in its truths. He leaves a widow, who mourns not as those without hope, for already she and others of the family have received messages of comfort from the other shore. The funeral services were conducted from the Universalist Church, by Mrs. M. A. Fullerton, of Lowell, Michigan, assisted by the Pastors of the Universalist and Methodist Churches. The first funeral conducted by a Spiritualist in this city, with the thousands of inhabitants. Mourning friends be comforted, for in death his faith was most triumphant. Our Brother has ever been a constant reader of the Spiritual Papers.

Business Notices.

The purest article is the cheapest in the end. Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Phil.) is perfectly pure, snow-white, and preserves clothes washed with it. Be sure and try it.

The Wonderful Healer, and Clairvoyant—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. The placing of her name before the public is by request of her Controlling Band. They, through her organism, treat all diseases and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed. Mrs. Morrison is an UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT.

From the very beginning, hers is marked as a most remarkable career of success, such as has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. Morrison, becoming entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Band, and taken down by her Secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize), combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Diagnosing diseases by lock of hair, \$1.00. (Give age and sex). Remedies sent by mail prepaid.

SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 102 Westminster St., Box 2519, v18.12.13.

Old Cancerous Sore of Five Years' Standing Cured by a Spirit Prescription. A. H. ROBINSON—MEDIUM—CHICAGO—I wish you to make an examination of my head and try and see if you can give me any relief. I have a sore on my left temple, which came about five years ago, and is now getting in to the edge of my eye brow. Some physicians,

think it a cancer and others the reverse. I am a man in my thirty sixth year, have been under the treatment of several different physicians, both in California and in the eastern states, but have derived no benefit. My head did never pain me until I had the sore cut out in San Francisco last year; since then I have something like neuralgia in my head at times, and more frequently darting pains from one temple to the other.

Enclosed please find three dollars with lock of my-hair. If there is anything that you wish to know that I have not stated here please let me know in answer, and you will oblige. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Yours with Respect, LEWIS C. POLLARD. Los Nietos, Cal., Oct. 3rd, '74.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed and prescribed for, the case, and the results will be seen by the perusal of the following letters.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.—Enclosed please find lock of hair and two dollars. I have derived more benefit from your medicines than any that I have ever taken. My head is very near well and I believe you will succeed in curing it. I have not taken as good care of myself as I ought to, but will do the best I can in the future. If you succeed in curing me it will be a great help to you, as all the doctors here have failed. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Yours with Respect, LEWIS C. POLLARD. Los Nietos, Cal., Dec. 9th, '74.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.—I write to you again and send lock of hair. My head is well but I think I would do well to continue your treatment for some time yet, to prevent its coming out again. Hoping to hear from you soon, I subscribe myself, Yours with Respect, LEWIS C. POLLARD. Azusa, Cal., May 29th, '75.

A Spirit Physician Materializes and Cures His Sick Patient. Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago.—Will you please send me some magnetized papers. I had them once before and they acted like a charm. They seemed to retain their power until they were worn in pieces. There was a very large, tall, broad shouldered Indian with me all the time I wore them. I was impressed that he was one of, and sent by, your band. One night when I was in fearful distress he commanded me to lie down on the bed. I was walking the floor and thought I could not, but when I could resist no longer, I threw myself on to the bed. He knelt on the floor beside me and looked me straight in the eyes. I closed my eyes, and in an instant I was totally unconscious. The next morning when I awoke I was lying flat upon my back (a position I never take in sleeping), the clothes drawn nicely and smoothly over me. I thought first I had awakened in the Spirit-world, I was so free of pain. Yours respectfully, MRS. S. I. PACK. Topeka, Kan., April 13th, '75. Box 651.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The above named sure remedy for the appetite for tobacco in all its forms, is for sale at this office. Sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of \$3.00. It is warranted to cure the most inveterate user of the weed, when the directions on each box are followed. News-pers and quacks will tell you that this antidote is made from gentian root. It is false. Gentian root is no remedy for the appetite for tobacco, but it is injurious to health to use it. Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote tones up the system and restores it to its normal condition, as it was before habituating the hankering desire for a poisonous weed. It is a remedy presented by a band of chemists in spirit-life, and is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless. This House will pay any chemist one thousand dollars who will, upon analyzing this remedy, find one particle of gentian root or any other poisonous drug in it. Address: HARRISBURG PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARING HOUSE, Adams Street and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill., either for wholesale orders, single boxes or local agencies.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to say and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years. LORENZO MEXNER. I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco. DAVID O'HARA. I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire or hankering for it. F. H. SPARKS. I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it. G. A. BARKER. Oswego, N. Y. Mr. R. T. WYMAN, of Waukegan, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and that he is entirely cured of all desire for the weed. Indeed he had two dollars. Please send me a box. D. H. FORAM. Oshkosh, Wis. For sale at this office, \$1.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail, and delivered by Express. Publishing House, Adams and Fifth Avenue, Chicago. Agents wanted, to whom it is supplied for twelve dollars per dozen, but the cash must accompany each order.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON; Healing Psychometric & Business Medium.

CORNER ADAMS ST., & 5TH AVE., CHICAGO.

MRS. ROBINSON, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly; and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the latter is to be sent along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit-guides are brought as rogues with a sick person, through her mediumship they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the positive and supplies forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and is an internal or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any change that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter, as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but in psychometry and business mediumship.

Tariffs.—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$5.00; each subsequent one, \$3.00. Psychometric Determination of character, \$5.00. Answering business letters, \$2.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

Be careful, all charity applications, to insure a reply, must contain one dollar, to defray the expenses of postage, and to insure promptness.

Mrs. Robinson's name is never given as price of stamps to any one. If postage is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee; and same above stated, must be strictly complied with, or no notice will be taken of letters sent.



NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

Twenty-five Years' Practical Experience. Largest Net Surplus of any Agency Company in New York. CASH ASSETS, \$1,500,000. INVESTED IN UNITED STATES BONDS, over \$800,000. The Record of this Company in the Chicago fire and throughout the West, while one of the four Companies forming the late "Underwriters' Agency," is well and favorably known. Agencies at all prominent points throughout the United States. BEVERIDGE & HARRIS, Managers, Western Dept., 116 and 118 LaSalle Street, Chicago. DAVIS & BEQUA, Agents, 153 LaSalle St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED. We announce two new splendid-selling books, and offer better terms to Agents than any other house in the W. & P. Circulars; address C. H. BRADY & CO., 153 Clark Street, Chicago.

\$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address Excelsior-Mrs. Co., Buchanan Mich. v18.04.

NOW READY, Col. Olcott's Great Work, People from the Other World.

CONTAINING Full and Illustrative Descriptions OF THE WONDERFUL SEANCES Held by COL. OLCOFF with the Eddys, Holmeses, AND Mrs. Compton.

The author confines himself almost exclusively to the phenomenal side of Spiritualism; to those facts which most elevate it sooner or later to the position of an established science. He says to the world: "Here are certain stupendous facts, admitted by many thousands of intelligent persons in all ages and countries, but never by so many as at the present time. I have availed myself of my opportunities to investigate them, to weigh, measure, test, and probe them, as far as it was possible to do so. The result is the irrefragable proof of the occurrence of certain inexplicable phenomena, repudiated for the most part by leading physiologists, but which are nevertheless thoroughly well established as facts, and which must sooner or later revolutionize opinion on a variety of questions relating to the nature of man." The work forms a large 12mo volume of 492 pages, and is freely

Illustrated with some Sixty Engravings, Consisting of Portraits, Groups, Landscapes, Interiors Diagrams, Fac-Similes, &c., all of which add greatly to the interest of the text. The style is animated, frank, engaging; and a cumulative dramatic interest is given to the narrative of events by the literary skill manifest in the preparation. Still there is no attempt at sensationalism. A reason is given for everything; and often the stories of their past lives, got from the Eddy family, though necessarily such as the author could not verify, have their fit place and bearing in the general narrative, and afford interesting matter for psychological speculation.

The Work is Highly Illustrated. In Fine English Cloth, tastefully bound..... \$2.50 gilt edge..... 3.00 Half Turkey Morocco..... 4.00 POSTAGE FREE. For sale wholesale and retail at the office of this paper.

SPIRITUALISM AS A SCIENCE. A Trance Address, DELIVERED By J. J. MORSE, Trance Medium, London, Eng. REPORTED BY BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' UNION. Price, 5 cents each; or \$2.00 per 100.

Principles of Nature: DIVINE REVELATIONS, and A Voice to Mankind. By A. J. DAVIS.

Thirty-second edition, just published with a likeness of the author, and containing a family record for marriages, births and deaths. This is the first and most comprehensive volume of Mr. Davis, comprising the basis and ample outline of the Harmonical Philosophy. It is a work of unprecedented character, the author being exalted to a position which gave him access to a knowledge of the structure and laws of the whole material and spiritual universe. It treats upon subjects of the profoundest interest and most unapproachable importance to the human race. Its claims are confessedly of the most startling character, and its profound disclosures with the phenomena attending them, are in some respects unparalleled in the history of psychology.

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Principles of Nature: DIVINE REVELATIONS, and A Voice to Mankind. By A. J. DAVIS.

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CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

FOR SALE BY THE Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

All orders, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'An Hour with the Angels', 'Astrological Origin of Jehovah-God', and 'The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science'.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Why I am a Spiritualist', 'The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science', and 'The Devil and His Maker'.

Advertisement for 'The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science' by John W. Draper, M.D., featuring a detailed description of the book's content and pricing.

Advertisement for 'List of the Complete Works of Andrew Jackson Davis', listing various titles such as 'Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations' and 'The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science'.

Advertisement for 'Commercial Hotel' and 'The Debatable Land' by Robert Dale Owen, including details about the hotel's location and the book's content.



HOW I MADE \$70 - The first week, and am now averaging \$25 in a day's business.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit-Pre- scription.

EDITOR JOURNAL: For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement.

Mr. Smith inclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

Mr. Robinson diagnoses the case and furnishes the Restorative complete (sent by express or by mail) on receipt of a letter in the handwriting of the applicant or a lock of hair.

SAFENA - ON THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION.

In Mental Science the world has had a surfeit of worthless speculations. It now seeks and needs exact and positive knowledge, such as guides the Astronomer, the Mechanic, the Chemist, or the Physiologist.



The Roses.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Ha, ha, ha! laugh out the roses
In the sunny garden places!
Ha, ha, ha, my soul gives greeting,

Sweet, oh, sweet! I can not wonder
That all gazers pause before you,
And the winds kiss your fragrance

You are beings of the present,
Drinking all bright things about you,
Yet Heaven's lilies would be lone some

I would almost be as you are
Beautiful, unthinking roses,
Yielding life as fragrant incense

But the same great God who made you
Only miracles of beauty,
Fashioned me for strong endeavor

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

A Distinguished Author Cites Three
Hundred Remarkable Cases to
Prove They Have.

Man and Beast is the title of a volume by
the Rev. J. G. Wood (Harpers), written as
avowed by the author, to show that the lower
animals possess those mental and moral
characteristics which in human beings are supposed
to belong to the immortal spirit and not to the
perishable body.

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avowed by the author, to show that the lower
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characteristics which in human beings are supposed
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perishable body.

Beginning with instinct and reason, the
author finds it easy to prove that much that is
attributed to instinct in animals is really the
deduction of a conclusion from logical
premises, as the actions which in man are admitted
to be the results of reason.

With them, as well as with ourselves,
reason often conquers instinct, especially in the
case of those animals which are domesticated,
and so develop their reasoning powers by contact
with reason of a higher quality than their own.

The following anecdote shows the
power of reason over instinct in this manner:
A cat of ours once showed great self-denial.
She was a terrible eater of small birds, chickens,
etc., and therefore, when on one occasion she
was found to have passed the night in our
aviary of doves, great was the alarm.

Here the two faculties of memory and
reason were displayed most unmistakably. If a
dumb man had acted as that cat did, we
would have wondered at his ingenuity in communicating
his ideas without the aid of speech.

seen the knocker used, had noted the result,
and had followed the example, using his nose
in lieu of a hand.

To illustrate the language of animals, which
Mr. Wood very properly divides into that of
language of gesture, of the eye, and of sound,
he begins with the insect world:

Looking at the nervous system of insects, in
whom there is no definite brain, but merely a
succession of ganglia united by a double nervous
cord, many physiologists have thought
that reason could not be one of the attributes
of the insect race. Yet nothing is more certain
than that they are able to converse with each
other and communicate ideas; this fact
showing that they must possess reason.

The insect had evidently reasoned with itself,
although the piece of egg was too heavy for
one wasp, it might be carried by two; so it
went off to find a companion, told it the state
of things, and induced it to help in carrying
off the coveted morsel.

Many anecdotes of the performances of ants,
absolutely startling in their resemblance to the
customs of human civilization, are also related
by Mr. Wood. Omitting these and numerous
incidents showing the knowledge and use of
language of some kind, not only between
animals of like genera and species, but also
between those of diverse natures, we come to an
incident related to the author by the late Rev.
Cesar Otway, who produced vouchers for the
exact truth of the story.

"A gentleman of property had a mastiff of
great size, very watchful, and altogether a
fine, intelligent animal. Though often let out
to range about, he was in general chained up
during the day.

On a certain day when he was let out he was
observed to attach himself particularly to his
master. When the servant came, as usual, to
fasten him up, he clung so determinedly to his
master's feet, showed such anger when they
attempted to force him away, and altogether
was peculiar in his manner, that the gentleman
desired him to be left as he was.

With him the dog continued the whole day
and when night came on, still he stayed; and
on going to his bed-room the dog resolutely
and for the first time in his life went up with
him, and rushing into the room, took refuge
under the bed, whence neither blows nor caresses
could draw him.

In the midst of the night a man burst into
the room with a dagger in his hand, with
which he attempted to murder the sleeper.
But the dog dashed at the robber's neck, fastened
his fangs in him, and so kept him down
that his master had time to call for assistance
and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be
the coachman. He afterward confessed that,
seeing his master receive a large sum of
money, he and the groom conspired together
to rob and murder him, and that they had
plotted the whole scheme together, leaning
over the dog's kennel.

From Bennett's "Wanderings in New South
Wales" Mr. Wood quotes a story of two
'mandarin' ducks. These birds in China
are exceedingly valuable. It seems that they
are so proverbial for their conjugal fidelity
that in the marriage ceremonies of that country
a pair of them are carried about as emblems
of the love which ought to animate the
married couple. Mr. Bennett's story is as follows:

"A mandarin drake was stolen one night from
Mr. Beale's aviary, along with some other
birds. The mate of the drake, the duck, was
left behind. The morning following the loss
of her husband the female was seen in a most
disconsolate condition. Brooding in secret
sorrow, she remained in a retired part of
the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she
had just sustained.

restoration. Being let out of the cage the
drake immediately entered the aviary, and the
unfortunate couple were again united. They
quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and
are then supposed to have related all their
mutual hopes and fears during their long
separation." As for the unfortunate widower,
who kindly offered consolation to the duck
when overwhelmed with grief, she in a most
ungrateful manner, informed her drake of the
impudent and gallant proposals he had made
to her during his absence. It is merely
supposition that she did so; but at all events
the result was that on the day following his return
the recovered drake attacked the other, pecked
his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many
other injuries as to occasion his death in a few
days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet
with a premature and violent death for his
kindness and attention to an unfortunate lady
becoming a victim to conjugal fidelity.

These birds acted very much as human
beings would have done under similar
circumstances. Here was conjugal love affected
by sudden and violent separation; sorrow for
the lost one; joy in reunion; jealousy at an
attempt to steal the affections of a wife; and
revenge taken on the offender. There was also
the power of language, as without a very
definite language of her own the duck could
not have communicated to her husband which
particular drake had attempted to take his
place in his absence. Mr. Wood suggests that
the plot of a powerful drama might be
constructed from the story, and we do see why
it might be woven into a Duck and Drake
Enoch Arden story with a different and more
humanly natural ending than Tennyson gave to
his poem.

The argument in the last chapter upon the
future state of man and beast is consoling to
those minds that are not satisfied with the
apparent want of recompense in the existences
of this world. It is argued that although the
earthly eye can not see spiritual objects, still
the spiritual eye has at times given such potency
to the material optic organ as to enable it
to see spiritual beings, in the same way that
Elisha's servant's spiritual eyes were opened
so that he was enabled to see the hosts of
spirited beings by which the place was surrounded.
Appealing to those who are believers in the
literal text of the Bible, he cites the story
of Balaam's ass to prove that animals were
endowed with this spiritual vision as well as
human beings, and further argues that "unless
the story be completely false the animal
possessed a spirit and saw with the eye of that
spirit; and if that be granted, I do not see how
any one can doubt that the spirit which saw
the angel partook of his immortality." He
then gives an incident communicated to him
by a lady, in which she relates a personal
adventure which bears a singularly close
resemblance to the Scriptural story of Balaam.
At the time of the occurrence the lady and her
mother were living in an old chateau in
France.

It was during the winter of 18— that one
evening I happened to be sitting by the side
of a cheerful fire in my bedroom, engaged
caressing a favorite cat. She lay in a pensive
attitude and a winking state of drowsiness
in my lap.

Although my room might have been without
candles, it was perfectly illuminated by the
light of the fire. There were two doors—one
behind me, leading into an apartment which
had been locked for the winter, and another
on the opposite side of the room, which
communicated with the passage.

Mamma had not left me many minutes, and
the high-backed, old-fashioned chair which she
had occupied, remained vacant at the opposite
corner of the fireplace. Puss, who lay with
her head on my arm, became more and more
sleepy, and I pondered the propriety of
preparing for bed.

Of a sudden I became aware that something
disturbed the equanimity of my pet. The
purring ceased, and she exhibited rapidly
increasing symptoms of uneasiness. I bent
down and endeavored to coax her into quietude,
but she struggled to her feet in my lap, and
spitting vehemently, with back arched and
tail swollen, she assumed an attitude of mingled
terror and defiance.

The change in her position obliged me to
raise my head, and on looking up, to my
inexpressible horror, I then perceived that a
little wrinkled, hideous hag occupied mamma's
chair. Her hands were resting on her knees,
and her body was stooping forward so as to
bring her face in close proximity to mine.
Her eyes, piercingly fierce and shining with
an overpowering lustre, were steadfastly fixed on
me. It was as if a fiend were glaring at me
through them. Her dress and general appearance
denoted her to belong to the French bourgeoisie,
but those eyes, so wonderfully large,
and in their expression so intensely wicked,
entirely absorbed my senses, and precluded
my attention to detail. I should have
screamed, but my breath was gone while that
terrible gaze so horribly fascinated me; I could
neither withdraw my eyes nor raise from my
seat.

I had meanwhile been trying to keep a tight
hold on the cat, but she seemed determined
not to remain in such an ugly neighborhood,
and after some desperate efforts succeeded in
escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables
and chairs and all that came in her way, she
repeatedly threw herself with frightful violence
against the top panel of the door which
communicated with the disused room. Then
returning in the same frantic manner, she
furiously dashed against the door on the opposite
side.

My terror was divided, and I looked by
turns, now at the old woman, where great
staring eyes were constantly fixed on me, and
now at the cat, was becoming every instant
more frantic. At last the dreadful idea that
the cat had gone mad had the effect of
restoring my breath, and I screamed loudly.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

The Miracle Club.—Protective Committee.

BY J. F. SNIPES

DEAR JOURNAL.—The still small voice is
still heard loudly in this city, and one of the
greatest mysteries of all spirit mysteries to the
unbeliever is, how spirit philosophy and facts
thunder their influence so silently and thoroughly
without the aid of the detonating religious
gunpowder of "revivals;" but the truth is,
we are not dead, do not believe in death,
and need no revivification; we begun life, and
could not help it; we know we shall live here-
after, and can not help that, and would not if
we could; although many who doctor divinity
as a business pretend to furnish the proof of
immortality, yet oppose the only proof, and
fight it as an enemy.

We note two important measures in this
city: The first is the "Miracle Club," under
the directions of Col. H. S. Oloott, the patient
and indefatigable investigator, lawyer and
critic. The second is the "Protective Com-
mittee," designed for the protection of the
public against fraudulent mediums, and a better
defense of honest mediums against the assaults
of a dishonest public.

The object of the
MIRACLE CLUB
is the perfection of the phenomena of materi-
alization through the mediumship of a brother
of a prominent gentleman of this city, so that
opportunity shall be afforded the scientific for
a full and satisfactory observation and conclu-
sion. The club is at present restricted in
numbers and quality to a select few, including
one or two lawyers, and a well known clergy-
man, who as I am informed by the Colonel, at
a recent sitting, under full gas light, without any
cabinet or curtain, or other appearance what-
soever, were greeted with

CLEAR FULL LENGTH
materialized forms of deceased friends of the
sitters, which suddenly appeared in their midst
as La Moine and Elias!

Col. O. is not a man inclined to exaggeration,
but rather to an underestimation of his
facts. He showed me a letter recently re-
ceived by him from the eminent English Sci-
entist, Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., in which
the distinguished gentleman echoes the opinion
of many others that the conclusions to
which the Colonel arrives in his public pre-
sentation of the facts as manifest through the
Eddy mediums, are unusually cautious, and
that the facts themselves warrant a much more
decided and unequivocal acceptance and ac-
knowledgment as proof of their genuine spiri-
tual character.

The warm weather permitting, the club will
meet regularly during the Summer for develop-
ment, certainly in the fall, after which lib-
erty will doubtless be afforded the public to
prove the testimony of the present witnesses.

The Protective Committee is composed of a
few gentlemen and ladies of more or less influ-
ence and talent, the services of the ladies be-
ing necessary for critical examination of lady
mediums.

All public or private mediums, representing
all phases, visiting New York, or resident
therein, are invited to call upon the Presi-
dent as per address below, or afford the com-
mittee opportunity to visit them at such time
or times as may be convenient (Sundays and
evenings preferred), for a fair and patient ob-
servation of their mediumship under favorable
conditions, the committee furnishing facilities,
the results to be faithfully recorded for open
reference; if agreeable, published.

Although, perhaps, somewhat better informed
of the laws of spirit action from personal ex-
perience than the general public are supposed
to be, the committee are just as much interest-
ed as they are in the demonstration of the
truth, and the suppression of falsehood; and
it is believed that mediums desiring valuable
certification, and knowing themselves to be
honest, will not object to test examination, but
will cheerfully avail themselves of the public
endorsement of this committee, whose only
aim is to serve the ends of spiritual science, the
most sacred feelings of the human heart, private
justice and public good.

The following is the Committee's card:—
"It being quite well known that there is at
this time, throughout the country, a great
waste in spiritual manifestations which are
frequently exhibited before illiterate and unap-
preciative audiences, the Spiritualists of New
York City, desiring to make the most of these
God-given truths in a moral and intellectual
way, have, after due notice, elected a standing
Committee to receive and introduce genuine
mediums to their Societies, and assist them at
their public seances by preserving order, and
applying necessary tests against imposture.

"We, the Committee, therefore send forth
this invitation to mediums who desire to inter-
est and instruct the people with either phys-
ical or intellectual manifestations, to meet with
our Societies in this city, and they shall be
provided with halls, cabinets, and such other
things as may be necessary for their illustra-
tions of spirit power.

DR. J. B. NEWBROUGH, Chairman, 128 West
Thirty-fourth Street.
E. D. COLVER, Secretary, 114 Nassau Street.
J. F. SNIPES, Ass't. Sec., 87 Leonard street.
H. J. NEWTON, 128 West Forty-third Street.
E. P. MILLER, 41 West Twenty-sixth Street.
MRS. JEWETT.
MRS. LANE, and others, all of New York."

A Sample of the Kind Words that
reach us from the Press.
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is
another paper devoted to Spiritualism and
published in Chicago, by S. S. Jones. It has
an extensive circulation and is conducted with
spirit and enterprise. From this office another
edition of *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*
is soon to be issued. Dr. N. B. Wolfe, a
former resident of this place, is the author of
this work, which has had an extensive sale in
this country and in Great Britain.—*Weekly
Courier, Columbia, Pa.*

dents in the lives of strangers, and describing
with exact test certain departed spirits, is
unequaled by any test medium in the Western
States. He will stand upon the rostrum an
hour at a time and give accurate descriptions of
spirits, that he never saw or heard of, to the
utter astonishment of friends and acquaint-
ances of the spirits.

Brother Juckett in his quiet, unassuming
manner will relate incidents in his own re-
markable experience, which is deeply inter-
esting to an audience. Every utterance of his
carries upon its face the semblance of
truth. He makes no unnecessary display and
no pretension to anything but absolute truth-
fulness.

Thanksgiving.

The Governor of a Western State proclaims a
thanksgiving because the rains have destroyed
the grasshoppers.

After the terrible ordeal through which the
people of the West have passed the last two
years, it is difficult to say why they should
be thankful, and for what granted favor. If they
have sinned and the grasshoppers were sent as
punishment, because the rain washed them
away and thus thwarted God's purpose, is no
reason for being thankful. He will breed
another swarm as soon as he is able.

Is it not quite time for this boah to be abol-
ished? Is it not time the State ignored the in-
fluence of the church, and ceased to pander to
the fetid worshippers who still are blindly
ignorant?

Those who think, know that events take
place by the unerring process of law, and
while they give an inclination of the head at
prayer, they laugh at its claim to efficacy.

JUNE 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th there will be
a meeting of Liberals at Porter's Picnic
Grounds, Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. The Rev.
Samuel Watson will represent the Spiritualists
there. The Committee who send out a circular,
say:

"The spirit of the meeting last year was
very fine. The utmost harmony prevailed.
Each speaker gave his thought in his own way,
to suit his own conviction. We anticipate the
same harmony and delightful spirit for this
year. The meeting is in the interest of the
Liberal Faith, yet will be unsectarian. Each
speaker is expected to give his own best
thought and conviction, and in a kind, cour-
teous, and Christian manner. Good will and
fellowship will be cultivated, deeper fraternal
feelings will be sought after. The fundamen-
tal ideas of the Liberal Faith will be urgently
inculcated. Working in this broad and fraternal
spirit and with this object in view a great
good may be done. Whatever is sectarian and
sectional and all party spirit will be put aside,
and there will be a grand union of hearts and
hands in brotherly love. The great truth con-
cerning God and human interest will be reaf-
firmed with strong emphasis."

Nearly all the liberal clergy in the West
will be there.

B. F. UNDERWOOD's address during the pres-
ent season is Thorndike, Mass.

COMMON SENSE, of San Francisco, Cal., has
suspended.

The illustrated account of Bastian and Tay-
lor's seance, on first page, will be read with
deep interest.

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of Lake and Madison sts. Gives magnetic treatments;
Magnetic, Medicated and Vapor baths. [1875] 12

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tal and Spiritual condition, giving past and future events.
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