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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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THREE NIGHTS AT MOTT'S. Spirits Appear, are Seen and Recognized.

Pertinent Questions Asked and Answered.

I arrived at Memphis, Mo., the home of Mr. Mott, on Saturday, the 21st day of August; but as he had been giving seances every night for some time, none was given to-night as he required rest. I found here, however, a Mr. Wm. Harvey, of Charleston, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. J. South, and Mrs. Dr. A. H. Kellogg, sisters, from Jacksonville, Ill. These three had been present at two seances, and Mr. Harvey, although he had seen several forms claiming to be relatives of his, was still waiting for further evidence before he was ready to say he was convinced of their identity. These two sisters are intelligent and cultured ladies, capable witnesses, who can have no possible motive in saying to the world, "We saw and conversed with our departed friends," when the reverse of this is true. They came here entire strangers to Mr. Mott and all connected in any manner with his seances. Said they, "We managed it so that the people here should know nothing about us or our affairs." At the very first seance he attended, Mrs. South's husband,

Mott, eight persons. As the cabinet, seance room, and degree of light have so often been described, I need not mention these. As usual, Gen. Bledsoe was the first spirit to appear. After being introduced to each member of the company, he retired and another form appeared at the aperture calling for John Lane. Mr. Lane is a young man from Charleston Co., Mo. On going up to the aperture he says he saw his brother as natural as he ever appeared in earth-life. And every person there present will bear testimony with me of the emotion exhibited by this young man on being thus brought face to face with his brother, whom he now knows is "not lost" but only "gone before." Both brothers were so overjoyed at the meeting and the mutual recognition that they completely "broke down," in weeping tears of joy. The one yet in earth-life, we both saw and heard weep, and all could distinctly hear the weeping of the spirit brother behind the curtain which separated the two. M. L. held a conversation with his brother as soon as he became calm enough to do so, in which he related events of which only they two present knew, as Mr. L. came here an entire stranger to Mr. Mott, who knew nothing of him or his brother.

The next spirit who appeared was a brother of mine, who passed to Spirit-life some five years since. The materialization was good so far as materiality is concerned, for I distinctly beheld the person and heard him speak (whisper) to me, but I could not identify the features nor understand the name he gave me. Still I am satisfied it

was my brother, from what will appear in the sequel of this seance to be shortly related. Following my brother came Mrs. Kellogg's brother calling for "Sis," meaning Mrs. K., a pet name by which he addressed her in the familiar home life of earth. On her going to the aperture, he said, "I would like to talk with you, but there is a Mr. Chambers here who wants to see his wife, and I will retire for him." In a few moments Mr. Chambers appeared at the aperture and called for my wife (formerly Mrs. Chambers). On stepping up to the aperture she fully recognized her former husband, Mr. I. W. Chambers, who passed over some ten years since. Together, she and myself held quite a lengthy conversation with him, chiefly pertaining to domestic affairs. Mr. Chambers also requested me to be good to his wife and his son Willie, and to treat him as I would a son of my own, after which he bid us good night and retired.

Perhaps I ought to state here that my wife had taken a bouquet of flowers from our home which she had left at Mr. Pitkin's where we were staying, forgetting to bring them to the seance room. He called for these, saying they were pretty, and especially admiring the yellow ones. This proves to us that spirits know what we are doing at any time, and that this could not have been Mott in a mask talking to us, for Mott knew nothing of this bouquet.

After a few moments spent in singing, Wm. Harvey was called for. It will be remembered that this is the gentleman who had been here during several seances and who was not yet satisfied as to the identity of those claiming to be his spirit relatives. But to-night after beholding and conversing with the spirit who called him, he said to me, "I'm fully satisfied that I saw and conversed with my first wife."

MY FIRST WIFE, who passed away ten years since." After this, L. McFall, of Memphis, Mo., was called, and he says he saw, as he has seen heretofore, his mother's uncle, with whom, to-night, he held a lengthy conversation. He asked, "Did you bring me that apple?" The young man said, "Yes," and producing an apple from his pocket he handed it to his uncle, who quickly took it into the cabinet where it was found at the close of the seance.

Soon after this spirit retired, came Dr. South who held a long conversation with his widow and her sister, and who was as fully recognized as he had been heretofore. Said Mrs. South to me, "O! I'm so glad I came here, and have seen and heard these things. Henceforth I shall never think of death as I have been accustomed to do in the past." Said I, "Captivity is now led captive." "O! Death where now is thy sting?" "O! Gravel where now is thy victory?" To which she bowed a soulful amen. This evening these sisters from Jacksonville, also beheld and conversed with their mother, and the conversations with their friends who are in Spirit-life were so sad, sentimental, ghostly ones, but rational, cheerful, and homelike, even to passing the old-time jokes of the family, the spirits laughing so audibly as to be heard all over the room.

The materializations for the evening were now brought to a close by the voice of Hivens, who was heard to say in broken English, "Wahstsch de matter now?" The door of the cabinet was opened by Mrs. Mott and the medium was found sitting in the chair totally unconscious. Mott, for the time being, was transformed into Hivens, or rather the latter was using the physical organism of the former to communicate his (Hivens') thoughts. Several of the party conversed with Hivens, he giving them further proofs and information of their spirit friends. I told him my name, and asked if any of my spirit friends were present to-night. He replied, "Your brother James Cook was here. What's the matter with his lungs? His breast is all sunk in. Why did they tie him with those ropes? That was too bad! He wouldn't have hurt any one. He says his keepers treated him shamefully, put him in a cage like he was a beast. Why did they strike him and knock him down? He would hurt nobody." As Hivens passed here, I asked him if he saw anything peculiar about my brother's mind. He said, "Yes, his brain is part gone and he is kind of wild looking."

Now I am positive that neither Mott nor anyone present, except my wife and I, know that I ever had a brother as all-much less that his name was James and that he died an inmate of an insane hospital; or that his death was caused as the hospital Superintendent wrote me, "by his gradual stuffing up of his throat with phlegm which he was unable to expectorate." Neither did any present except myself and wife know that my father and brother, both still in earth-life, tied him with cords during his ravings one night. How the keepers in the asylum treated him, I know not, but the other facts I do know, and as Hivens related them so accurately, in his inimitable way, which must be seen and heard in order to be appreciated, it is

EVIDENCE CONCLUSIVE to me that the materialization which I saw, and failed to identify, was none other than that of my brother James, as Hivens said it was. And added he, "He was mad because you didn't recognize him."

The seance now closed, all present being satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations and of the absolute reality of their dear departed across that "narrow sea" which divides their blissful land from ours; but which, thank God is navigable.

SECOND SEANCE. The company being seated, singing commenced as usual and after a short time, Gen. Bledsoe was again the first to appear. As I sat next to the cabinet I was the first to bid him good evening. I then asked him if he could touch me, "Yes," was the reply, and he reached out between the curtains and touched me on the forehead. The touch was felt by me as tangibly as I ever felt the touch of mortal hand, and rather more forcibly, as though it had to be hastily done. I then asked him if he could shake hands with me. He replied, "There is no substance in my hand. My body is vapor. It is the essence of the medium's body." I asked him if he meant that it was composed of substance so refined, so rarified that it was not substance in the ordinary acceptance of that term. "Yes," said he evidently gratified that I comprehended his meaning. As I had lately seen an account of shooting a materialization in St. Louis, I asked the General if 'twould hurt either him or the medium

TO SHOOT A BALL through the form I saw before me. "No! said he; has any one here a pistol who may shoot me?" And so eager was he that I should make the experiment that those in the farther part of the room heard him urging me to do so. Then asked him if his spirit was enveloped in the materialized form which I saw. "Yes," said he, "the spirit is in the centre of everything," and those present will remember the characteristic illustration which he gave of this. "Then," said I, "is the 'invisible' which is the real reality; the out, the visible—is really the shadow; the evanescent, the perishable." "Yes," said he. I then asked him if the spirits who were materialized, went into the cabinet before the door was closed. "No! many of them are out there with you now," he replied. "Then, how the door being shut, can they get into the cabinet to materialize?" I asked. This seemed to him a strange question and I heard him laughing as though at my ignorance for asking it, but he replied by exclaiming, "God God, man! how does water get

THROUGH THE GROUND?" "Suppose your wife was in the north room of this house," said he, "and you standing here should concentrate your mind upon her to the exclusion of all else, your mind, your thought, would be there present with her." "Ah! 'tis the spirit; that inward invisible principle, that real reality which can enter the cabinet, the doors being shut," said I. "Yes," he replied, "evidently much pleased that I comprehended him. And I must say that I never before so fully realized how potent matter must seem to a disembodied spirit; even as a sponge would appear to us when viewed through a powerful magnifying glass. 'I would seem that we could crawl right into the holes in it. Among other things, the General then said, 'I am a Southerner, and true to my colors.' To which I replied, 'General, I don't believe in disunion; I think it would be better to see all the States and all the nations of the earth too, closely united into one—a grand Brotherhood of Man.' 'Yes,' said he, 'that's the way I feel when I'm in the spirit, but when I materialize, as I have done now, I take on the conditions of earth-life and am a Southerner, true to my colors.' 'Then,' I replied, 'over there is a spiritual equality, one is not deemed better than another.'

ONLY MORE DEVELOPED. more highly cultured." "Yes," was the response. From the above, it will be seen that this form, which was so eager to have me try the experiment of shooting him, was able to converse on subjects requiring no ordinary degree of intelligence and of wit. Mr. Mott will know nothing till he reads this article. On bidding the other members of the company good evening, the General retired and the brother of Mr. Lane appeared at the aperture, being even more fully identified than the evening previous, as the gentleman was more calm and able to converse with his brother who had returned not from, but to the shadow-land earth. Mr. L. also saw his mother, but as she passed over when he was quite young, he was unable to identify her. A Mrs. Terrill, of Memphis, Mo., was soon

after called for and on stepping up to the aperture she says she beheld the face and form of her husband who passed on in March last. She had seen him at Mott's seances on two former occasions, and this time she had brought her young babe with her agreeable to a request of his, so that he might see it while in his materialized form. I did not get what was said between the living and the (so-called) dead, but after the seance Mrs. T. assured me she knew it was her husband with whom she had conversed and her face was beaming with joy at the knowledge. After a short interval spent in singing a face appeared at the aperture saying, "Charlie." Mr. Lane, thinking he said John, went to the aperture, but on seeing that the spirit was not for him, he resumed his seat. Mrs. Mott then went up and inquired, "Whom do you wish to see?" The reply came, "I want to see Charlie." As I happened to sit nearest the door of the cabinet, I heard the call and recognized the familiar tones of my brother. Mrs. Mott asked if there were any person present named Charlie. I said that it was my name. Bear in mind that she and Mr. Mott only knew me by the name of O. W. Cook or Mr. Cook. On my going to the aperture the curtains were quickly parted and if I ever saw my brother James,

I SAW HIM PRESENT. As he parted the curtain he struck out forcibly toward me, as I have seen him strike out his first hundreds of times. The motion was perfectly natural and aided me greatly in identifying the materialization as that of my brother. After holding quite a lengthy conversation with him during which he told me a secret which no other person in earth life except my brother in Wisconsin knows. He requested me to have mother come down here saying, "I want to see her" and he was gone.

Great heaven and can it be That I have seen and talked with thee? Thy old familiar tones have heard And got from thee a brother's word? Ah, yes, henceforth from this I certain know Thy form art gone from earth below To better life beyond the bourne, And so for thee I'll never mourn. But thank our God whose boundless love, Has granted thee thy self to prove.

Mrs. Dr. South and her sister, Mrs. Kellogg, were called for shortly after my brother retired, and they went to the aperture where they saw and conversed with Dr. South, their brother "Dan," and their mother as they have done at every seance which they have attended here. They told me "all three were conversing with us at once, and we saw Dr. South and mother both at the same time." I could not but feel that "it is good to be here," and while Mrs. South was conversing with her husband I heard her say, "O, how nice this is!" Her soul was indeed made glad at the meeting with the angels, and she, like hundreds who have been here before her, realized the truth of immortality and experienced the fulfillment of the promise, which long ago was made, and the angels do indeed "walk before our eyes." The face of a woman next appeared at the aperture calling for Mr. Harvey who went up and held a conversation with her. He says he is fully satisfied that he saw his first wife, who told him of events which occurred in her earth-life that are known only to those two, and at his mental request to do so, she reached out and touched his hand, this being as near as she could come to shaking it. Mr. Harvey, who is an Englishman, has seen while here, his mother with her

OLD ENGLISH CAP on, his wife and two daughters; and he goes away fully convinced of the genuineness of Mr. Mott's mediumship, and of the truth of materialization. Soon after Mr. H. resumed his seat, another face appeared at the aperture calling for my wife. On going there she says she saw Mr. Chambers, even more plainly than she had before done, and that he looked still more natural, even to the expression about his mouth. He reached out and touched her hand for the purpose of shaking it, and then said, "You brought my bouquet to-night," and he expressed a desire for it. She handed it to him together with an orange. They were both instantly taken, one with each hand, into the cabinet. I think every one of the company heard him swinging the bouquet all around in the cabinet, as though to

SHAKE THE FRESHNESS FROM THE FLOWERS. After a time the flowers were thrown out on my head, and the orange was found on the floor inside the cabinet, at the close of the seance. The voice of Hivens was now heard, it being the signal for opening the door of the cabinet. When this was done, Hivens gave several of us excellent tests, which, if possible, enabled us even more fully to identify the persons who had materialized. This is the last night which Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. South and Mr. Harvey are to remain here, and they all assure me that they go away with a new impetus to go forward in the labor of living good lives, since they now fully realize the immortality and responsibility of man; and that the eyes of their loved ones are ever on them. "Truly they have been 'led beside the still waters,' and 'fed in living pastures.'"

evenings I have spent here, and it is so characteristic that I think I should recognize it in any crowd I might meet. To-night I again held quite a lengthy conversation with the General, and among other things I asked him if spirits do not possess a body, which is as tangible to them as was their physical body in earth-life. He replied, "More so; we think more of it." He also told me, "We have purer laws here than you do on earth. If a person does wrong he is punished by nature's laws. One man

DON'T PUNISH ANOTHER. as on earth. Here punishment comes in the nature of things—like effect following cause—and it can not be escaped. It is not extrinsic as though coming from without, from our arbitrary God, but it is intrinsic." "And," added he, "it would be better if men would so teach on earth, and dispel the dogmas of arbitrary external hell-punishment, and vicarious atonement, teaching in their stead that all are responsible for their own actions, and can in no way escape the consequences (effects) of them."

After giving each one of the company a chance to see and converse with him, Mr. Bledsoe retired and a boy's face appeared at the aperture, and asked for his mother. "Mr. H. G. Hildreth and his wife from Troy Mills, Mo., then went to the aperture and say they saw their son Eliza, who passed on seven years ago, at the age of fifteen. They told me he looked as natural as he ever did in earth-life, and that he conversed with them about home matters of which no one else here knows. He then called for his little brother—a lad twelve years old, who up to this time had remained seated. The little fellow went to the cabinet, and although he was but five years old when his brother passed on, he still remembers him, and I could not convince him that he did not see Eliza to-night." He said, "I knew him as soon as I saw him." Eliza told the little boy to be good—to always tell the truth, and to take good care of father and mother in their old age. It was indeed an affectionate "family meeting," and I saw Mr. Hildreth wiping his eyes after he had taken his seat. Can it be that this angel communion, which long ago fell to make the world better, by elevating mankind to a knowledge of the better things, and by inspiring them to live better, purer, holier lives?

The next person who appeared at the aperture was a Mr. Porter, who, I learned from Mrs. Mott, had, in earth-life, been a lawyer in Kirksville, Mo. She said, "He has been here often." As he appeared to-night, he was a fine looking man, and his materialization was very perfect. He put his head and the upper portion of his body clear out into the room, and it appeared so plain, so material that I really thought he might open the door of the cabinet and walk out, which I requested him to do; but although the latch of the door was distinctly heard to click, he did not succeed in doing so, but I am informed that he has on several previous occasions. However, everyone present to-night must have plainly seen him, as his body was nearly, though not quite,

AS DISTINCTLY OUTLINED as any of ours. Not having any relatives present, Mr. Porter soon retired, and almost instantly appeared the face of a woman with a white handkerchief over her head. The contrast between two persons could hardly have been greater, and there certainly was not time for Mr. Mott to transform himself from the form and features which Mr. Porter exhibited to those of this lady, even if he had such a disposition. She called for Mr. Delap, who went to the aperture, and had a joyful recognition of his wife who passed away two years since at Leon, Decatur Co., Iowa, where her husband, Rev. J. Delap, was then preaching the "Gospel" as he understood it. He then came here as a skeptic as regards Spiritualism, but he told me that now no language could too boldly express his entire belief—may, his knowledge of its truth.

I saw my wife and talked with her to-night as certainly as I ever did in her earth-life," said he. I should add that Mr. D. has previously spent three weeks investigating here at Mr. Mott's. To-night, he had brought his daughter, a young lady of some twenty years with him, and when she went to the aperture and for the first time since her death, beheld her mother so life-like, "O, ma!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears in her emotion. We also distinctly heard the mother weeping in the cabinet. A conversation ensued between the three, the mother patting and stroking her daughter's face and head. Who could not rejoice at such a reunion? They were together the living and the dead—rather the alive!

Shortly after Mr. Delap and his daughter were seated, my brother James appeared at the aperture and once more I had the joy of hearing his familiar tones, and of realizing that he was "with me as of yore." As he was a "Mason" in earth-life, I asked him to give me the grip of a Master Mason. He said he couldn't materialize well enough for that, but he gave me the name of this grip, which Mott could not possibly have done, as he knows nothing of masonry. Among other things he told me he was happy and was not crazy when he was in spirit-life, but that when he materialized he had to take on the old earth conditions and was crazy. "I'm crazy now," he said, and suddenly, and quite unexpectedly to me, he touched, or rather struck me on the head. Perhaps I should state that this insanity was of such a nature that ordinarily he could hold an intelligent conversation. After inquiring for father, and requesting me to write to the folks at home, he retired, and Mr. [Concluded on page 318]

"BROTHERHOOD OF LUXOR."

Their Position Criticised.

ERO. JONES.—In the Spiritual Scientist there is contained an article signed, "The Brotherhood of Luxor," under the caption, "Impertinent to Spiritualists." The third clause in said article consists of just such "stuff" as ever enables me to find time and means for a response. Not that I have so much as an ill thought toward the author, nor the good brother, editor, Mr. E. G. Brown, but because said clause is wide from expressing the truth, and is calculated to present the subject of American Spiritualism, to unthinking minds, in phases of disrepute, rather than in the light of its own moral force and true character. It would seem that the article alluded to was intended for a standing representative of the claims or status of American Spiritualism. I will give it verbatim, which is as follows: "It is the standing reproach of American Spiritualism, that it teaches so few things worthy of a thoughtful man's attention, that of few of its phenomena occur under conditions satisfactory to men of scientific training; that the propagation of its doctrines is in the hands of so many ignorant, if not positively vicious persons, and that it offers in exchange for the orderly arrangements of prevailing religious creeds, nothing but an undigested system of present and future, moral and social relations, and accountability."

Now, who the "Brotherhood of Luxor" may be, I know not, nor do I know whether it is composed of spirits in the body or out of it. But one thing there is, I do know, that while such language is quite befitting a Rev. Mr. Moody, a Hammond, or a Talmage, whose squirt-gun artillery is aimed to be directed against the hosts of heaven's army, it certainly befits not the argument of a committee of wise philosophers, whose mission is to supersede and substitute for the stale mythological dogmas of a blind faith, an irrefutable demonstrated immortality.

There are four things contained in the clause quoted, that I wish to notice. The first of these is, "If American Spiritualism, teaches so few things worthy of a thoughtful man's attention," pray who would the "BROTHERHOOD OF LUXOR" pronounce a thoughtful man? And what system of teaching would it regard as being worthy the attention of such a man? I would ask the unknown "Brotherhood, what subject in their now known to man that teaches more or even as many vital truths to the human family, as that of American Spiritualism? What subject of investigation has taken a wider range into nature's vast arcana, a deeper inspection of life's mysterious realm, a higher and grander view of the boundless empire of mind? What other system of ethics teaches so eloquently and sublimely the divine philosophy of life, the beginningless and ceaseless evolutions, unfolding and aspirations of the soul of man in its eternal progressive march? What system, creed or ism, teaches more positively and lucidly the grand truths of rewards and punishments as based upon the immutable law of cause and effect, thus showing unmistakably that not so much as a single thought, whether good or bad, can escape its legitimate consequences? What system of science or philosophy teaches more earnestly, logically and conclusively the unity of the origin, the destiny and consequent "Brotherhood of Man?" And what system of religion under heaven, I would ask, teaches less mythology, and more purity and a grander self-sustaining practical humanitarianism than "American Spiritualism?" None, I trust. Who, then, I ask are the "thoughtful," if not those who have given their attention to this great question of questions? And what subject more that, in its teachings, has worthily claimed the attention of the thoughtful? Let the "Brotherhood of Luxor," answer.

But you say, secondly, "So few of its phenomena occur under conditions satisfactory to men of scientific training." Yes, that's it, "scientific training." Who, in the name of common sense are the "men of scientific training?" Are they those who, (with a few exceptions) bearing the title of M. D., the D. D., the LL. D., etc., etc., have already condemned the spiritual phenomena without having even heard so much as a rap, or seen so much as the moving of a chair by spirit power, a single case of entrancement, or even experienced the serene sensation of a spirit impression? Are they those whose business it has been, and is yet, to study the outward effects and superficiality of things instead of the inward moving principles of the same as their causes? Are they to be found among those who, in their hygienic profession, have made the cruder and grosser elements of nature, instead of the more subtle and refined, their acknowledged sense of potency, and their curatives, those of the lancet, the blister and the general exhaustion of the Lumbi system by poisonous drugs, rather than the warm magnetic, life-giving hand manipulations? Are they among the smooth tongued politicians and wise workers in the civil government, who are daily robbing the nation of its wealth, and are fast converting the once best system of government under heaven, into a corrupting and corroding aristocracy? Are they seen among the Rev. D. D.'s, whose highest teachings of science is to induce man to discountenance his own reasoning powers upon subjects most sacred to life, to deny every virtue of justice and self-responsibility, causing him to grope his way through a blind faith and dark incertitudes in search of immortality, and if obtained, unknown to him as to whether he will yet land in Heaven or in hell? Are they those who would delight in and devote more time to inspect the organic structure of a lobster, or the skull of a tad-pole than they would in the temple of a human soul? I ask again, and echo takes up the strain and inquires in authoritative voice, who are the real "men of scientific training?" What is Science but that system of knowledge obtained through the channels of the five senses with the high approval of intuition and enlightened reason? Who has ever become a proficient through any other than these channels? Science, then, in its highest and broadest interpretation being knowledge, positive, demonstrated knowledge; the men of true "scientific training," are those and only those, when pertaining to spiritual phenomena, who have used their senses, their intuitive perceptive and reasoning powers in the investigation of said phenomena.

And it matters not whether they carry with them a sheep skin diploma, whether they possess the long handled title of respect by which they may come in rapport with thinking minds; or even whether they ever smelt the smoke of collegiate gas burning, or rubbed their home spun cloth against the outer walls of the kingly palace. If they have seen with undimmed eye, have heard with unaffected auditory nerve or ear, and handled with unparalyzed hands, etc., they have thus far availed themselves of all the prerogatives that the most fashionable conventional scientist ever has or can possess him of, and ergo he or she is the true scientist who is in possession of these facts, and are justly entitled to credit in their statements on the science of which they have made their investigation, according to their candor and general moral veracity.

And hundreds, yes, thousands of honest men and women have witnessed spiritual phenomena, have seen and heard their full materialized forms, have handled their feet, material hands, and heard their native voices, with no uncertain sound. All these backed up, crowned and sealed with the high signet of reason and judgment; thus making the evidence as palpable, perfect and valid as though it pertained to any object of mundane character, ought to be "satisfactory" to every man of scientific training, both in America and elsewhere.

Oh, but the "conditions" under which these things occurred! There is the trouble, this is what renders them "unsatisfactory" to the "Brotherhood of Luxor," men of "scientific training."

The medium, perhaps, in whose presence hundreds of spirits in America, have been seen, handled, heard to speak loud and long; and fully recognized by not only general outside lines, but by very lineament and feature, relating of past events and incidents of life, "was not, at all times ensnared, manacled or chained down, or sacked up; but consciously situated, being in open cabinet to the fair view and gaze of all the spectators, while the angels or spirits were performing their part of the drama under like conditions.

It is indeed, strange, surpassingly strange, that in the minds of some of the world-be-wise, when two or more personages appear each and all of whom are fully recognized, that such personages can not be distinguished apart so as to enable the beholder to say which is angel and which is human, whether there be really two, one or three, unless some of them (the medium) be chained down or sacked up. What are a man's senses worth to him if he can not discriminate between objects all of which are well known to him? If he can not tell one from two or more; or if he can not tell by the sense of touch a palpable substance from that of a shadow. I do not say but that there are those, pro and con, tampering with Spiritualism, whose moral dishonesty renders them unworthy of all credit, but these are an exception to the rule.

It has been my experience to find much more dishonesty among those who deny the facts of spiritual phenomena, but refuse to investigate its claims, than those of mediums of the profession. I think the conditions wanting are too often on the other side of the house, and consist of moral deficiency and a vacuum in the frontal cranium, rather than a disposition on the part of the medium to deceive.

How does the "Brotherhood of Luxor" distinguish apart the members constituting "The Committee of Seven," whose servants they are. How does it know whether that committee consist really of one, three or seven.

But enough of this; the day is past when one shall be enslaved before he can testify to the value of liberty. Now is there need of one being unmanned or unwomaned in order that a dozen more professing to have brains in the cranium, may be competent judges of what transpires before their external and their internal senses.

grossly ignorant of the laws of health, mental harmony and common decency. But the "Brotherhood" insinuates that the Spiritualists of America are really "vicious." Now Webster defines the word vicious, as applied to man, "addicted to vice, corrupt in principle, or conduct, depraved, wicked." It is indeed be true of Spiritualists in general, pray, what is the actual state or condition of the professional class in the religious and government affairs? Who is more corrupt, depraved and practically wicked than a vast majority of the rulers, both in Church and State? One can not look into a paper now-a-days without having his brain made to reel with pain at the corruption practiced by some county, state or chief official of the government; and what is yet worse, the disgraceful notice of some priestly hypocrite seducing some one virgin of his flock. True, it is, that wrong doing by one party or denomination does not justify another party in committing the same wrong.

Now would I attempt the assertion that all Spiritualists are without sin; far from it, but I do assert on a statistical basis, that, of all professions, the Spiritualists have the fewest preferred charges against them.

The fourth and last claim I propose to examine is that couched in the following language: "It (American Spiritualism) offers in exchange for the orderly arrangements of prevailing religious creeds, nothing but an undigested system of present and future, moral and social relations, and accountability."

"O 'Brotherhood of Luxor,' we can not say of these as the Grecian Sage said of the noble Plato, viz: "Thou reasonest well." No, such can not be said of thee, in this instance. Else why should they say in the sixth paragraph, "To lead us in our fight with old superstitions and mouldy creeds, etc., etc." To whom belong these old superstitions and mouldy creeds but the self same parties of whom thou boastest in thy third clause and fourth paragraph.

What are these "orderly arrangements?" In what do they consist? Is it in their divisions and subdivisions of nearly a thousand contending sects, and that too, upon the same book of revelations? Is it in their unceasing anathemas, hurled with priestly vengeance and bitter venom against each other? Do these orderly arrangements consist in their ceaseless slang, back biting and back sliding, their excommunicating some poor orphan girl for having bartered her virtue for a promise of heaven; and leaving the priestly scoundrel who thus wronged her to run at large; or perhaps, give him promotion for so doing; in the ecclesiastical creeds of "Orderly arrangements," as in the recent Brooklyn Scandal. Or does it consist in the pope and his confederates excommunicating the bread and meat from the mouths of their illiterate victims for pretending to have prayed them out of the jaws of Purgatory? Or in their ceaseless efforts to stimulate the nation into universal warfare by their impudence and non-compliance with the requirements of law and order? Or lastly, is it in their shrewd management, to hold exempt from taxation, \$354,000,000 in church property in which to carry on the forementioned sinful practices; and to teach the myth of born Gods, devil, infinite in power, and sulphuric maelstroms filled with immortal worms and the damned souls of men, women and children; the latter so conditioned for refusing to believe in those hell fire heated, and sulphur-hued dogmas? I ask, is this the system of "prevailing religious creeds and orderly arrangements," that, in the eye of the "Brotherhood of Luxor," so far excels the system of ethics proclaimed by the "American Spiritualists," in which is earnestly advocated the doctrine of immortality, rewards and punishments, upon principles of merit, eternal progression and the communion with the angel world. Let the "Brotherhood of Luxor, or the Committee of Seven," answer.

J. H. MENDENHALL, Cerrito Gordo, Ind.

where are the fraternal associations among women in which she can inspirationally learn concerning the laws of nature, and perceive the works which is to elevate the race through the development of the individual lives of women.

ROSENA E. TERO F. Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Letter from a Prominent Edgewise-Highman.

Sir:—As a stranger, grateful for much kindness received in your city, and who has had considerable experience in the various phenomena which have occurred of late years in England, I wish to bear my testimony to the excellence of such of your mediums as I had the opportunity of testing. I sat first with Mrs. Weeks, who, without being entranced, and without any assistance from me, gave me the Christian name of every relative of mine who has left this earth since I was born, with two exceptions. The number given was five, two of them were so unexpected that I did not at once recognize them. Curiously enough the two omitted were Americans, who died in this country. All those given were English, and died in England, except one, who was an American and died in this country. Four other Christian names were given three of which had a special significance to me; the fourth I could make nothing of. The personal appearance of three of the spirits, as they were in life was minutely accurate, especially my father who died thirty-five years ago. The remainder were mostly mixed up, or partially incorrect as applied to the persons whom I supposed the names to indicate.

As a test, I asked how my father's legs were clad. Presently Mrs. Weeks said: "Oh! that first spirit is calling my attention to his legs, and is flourishing them about and laughing. He has on tight knee breeches, silk stockings, and pumps." My father generally dressed thus, and was very active on his pins to the last, being a famous dancer and skater. Two other almost equally remarkable tests of the same class were given me, one spontaneously, the other in answer to a question of mine. These were the result of a single seance; I had never seen Mrs. Weeks before, and my visit was quite unexpected by her. Then next day I sat with Mrs. Crocker. Before being entranced she told me that she saw a spirit standing by my side who gave the name of William, and that he seemed to be, not a relative, but one of my guides. William was one of the extra family names given by Mrs. Weeks. Mrs. Crocker's description of his personal appearance also corresponded with Mrs. Weeks. Mrs. Crocker was then entranced, and Wild Eagle assumed control. He gave me the Christian names of three of my relatives whose names had been given by Mrs. Weeks. He also gave me a variety of information which if verified would be most valuable tests; but it will be some weeks before any of it can be verified.

The same night I was especially favored with a seance by Mrs. Lord Webb, for whom I am principally indebted to Mr. E. S. Jones, who kindly gave me an introduction to Dr. Lord. Mrs. Webb obtained for me several messages on the slate. She knew nothing of my previous seances, nor of me personally. Some of the messages were signed by my father, and were curiously characteristic of him. Others referred to matters of which I know nothing, connected with England. I have sent them home for verification, and they will doubtless appear in the London Spiritualist, our oldest weekly paper, and one which has always been ably, fairly, and in every way respectably conducted. One message was for Benjamin Coleman, and if he verifies the facts therein referred to, it will no doubt be interesting to many American Spiritualists, who know something of Mr. Coleman.

Three days later I sat with Mrs. Hollis, whom I had never met before. We sat in the dark. Five of the spirits who had been named at the seances I have described, announced themselves again, some of them by direct voice, one or two by showing their names to the medium, written over my head. The medium was not entranced during any part of the time. The voices were all in a faint whisper, but loud enough to enable one or other of the three of us present to make out what was said. My father corrected a statement I made as to his age and the date of his death, and if he turns out to be right, this will be an invaluable test. Samuel Guppy also announced himself. I asked him whether he remembered our last meeting on earth. He did not. I recalled it to his memory, and then asked him whether he remembered anything peculiar that had occurred. He then correctly stated a very remarkable circumstance which had taken place, and which no one present but myself could possibly have known anything about. Samuel Guppy said that John King had put him into rapport with me, and that he had come with me to the seance.

The same day I saw Colonel Cushman's wonderful collection of paintings by W. Star, under control of which I will only say that, in my opinion, there are few living artists who could equal them under any circumstances, and that considering what the circumstances actually were, they probably form the most remarkable gallery in the world.

That evening I was again especially favored, in being allowed to be present at a seance of Mrs. Chamberlain, when we had a most exquisite concert. I am not a practical musician but I can safely assert that I have seldom heard such beautiful harmony, or true time, and certainly never at any spiritual seance. The four direct spirit voices almost rivaled those which come through Miss Showers, being strong, clear, and each one having a very marked and easily recognized individuality. There was also some direct writing done, which I was kindly allowed to take away with me.

I had almost forgotten to mention a trance address by Dr. Maxwell on the text, "After-Death, What Then?" which was very remarkable in every way, and immeasurably superior to nine-tenths of the pulpit utterances of the day. I would also, through your columns, return my warmest thanks to the many Spiritualists who so kindly received me, and answered my various enquiries. AGRICOLA JON. Hon. Sec'y. B. N. A. S. of St. Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London, Eng.

I am right to be righteous, good to be good, and excellent to be holy, and without these qualifications I am unfit for God and man. With whom I am a mocker, and I am almost all to throw away a false teaching of a pretended religion, and to do right, to be right in all things, and then they will have pure and undefiled religion; and that will constitute the elements of heaven here and hereafter. L. BUSH.

A Natural and Safe Medicine.

HULL & CHAMBERLAIN: BOLDER, COLORADO. Friends—Seeing that you propose publishing a Circular of Testimonials, we send you a true statement of our daughter's case, that you may use it if you wish. When our daughter Alice was three and a half years old, she had a dreadful Lung Fever, which lasted some six months. In all that time she could not stand or walk. The consequence was it left her invalid, with the lungs and bowels so weak, that she always had to walk on her toes, and had suffered much pain. She is now 10 years old. Your Powders have cured her. She can now stand on her feet as well as the other. While formerly it used to pain her severely to stand or walk, she can now stand or walk for hours, and it does not hurt her. She says she can't remember ever having a walk like her earliest childhood until she took your Powders. I have suffered severely from sick headache for 40 years, and could find no medical relief until I found your Magnesia and Electric Powders. They have entirely cured me. We would earnestly recommend them to all sufferers. We feel very grateful to you and the kind angels who direct your work for the good they have done to us. Yours truly, LOUISA McLELLIN.

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Press Comments on Recent Publications. For Sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House

STRIKING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—This is the title of a book, the second edition of which has just appeared. Its author, Dr. N. B. Wolfe, has carefully revised the original, and the book as now issued is a model of clear, good press-work, bigly finished plates, and elegant binding. Leaving these exterior and superficial features, to consider the intrinsic merits of the volume as a contribution to the literature of Spiritualism, we find it to be an apparently candid, honest and fair presentation of facts within the author's personal knowledge. There is but little dogmatizing, and less speculative theorizing, but a vast amount of calm, orderly, and so far as we can judge, reliable statement. There is nothing in Dr. Wolfe's tone to suggest that he is the gullible victim of humbug, nor that he is unduly inclined to attribute the manifestations which he details to spiritual causes, where others might be found. As a whole it is a piece of testimony which the skeptics may peruse with advantage. The chapters devoted to a description of materializations seen by the writer are especially interesting. Published by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.—Daily Times (Boston) August 1st

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH.—This portly volume, to which we have heretofore referred in these columns, compels a still more hearty approval of its instructions with careful reading. It is one of those books which are for the times. Its practical object is, in brief phrase, to teach people how to replenish the springs of life without drugs or stimulants. It is profusely illustrated with pertinent cuts and engravings, which greatly assist in impressing its teachings on the reader's mind. An excellent likeness of the author faces the title-page, and there is likewise given an engraving of Hygieia, the Goddess of Health. There are thirty-eight appropriate sections to the book, each of which receives the fullest treatment on advanced minds. The contents were communicated by a band of spirit physicians who occupied a high position in their profession when on earth, and who are now rendered capable of imparting a profound knowledge of the principles and laws which govern physical health. These are among the names of this band: Benjamin Rush, Sir Arthur Clarke, Arago, Meuser, James Bush, Reichenbach, James Y. Simpson, Eliphalet Nott, Valentine Mott, Ira Warren, Luther V. Bell, J. Hughes Bennett, and John Abernethy. They treat on a wide variety of topics, in which are comprehended the whole system of physical care and cure. Among them we mention the brain, the blood, vital magnetism, consumption, oedemic fever, drunkenness and drunks, the stomach, womanhood and maternity, the skin, insanity, the food, the nerves, and so forth. The list is made up of all the points in physical life which ever raise questions and excite speculation; and it is but speaking the simple truth to say that each topic is treated with scientific precision and exhaustively.

Dr. Stone himself contributes of his own knowledge and experience to these pages, treating of subjects which the reader will meet with as he proceeds. The real and sole aim of the New Gospel of Health is to teach every one to be his or her own healer by understanding the rule and reason of self-cure, the means being inherent in the constitution and not outside of it. Above all, it aims to bring to an end the reign of drugs and doctors pills and boluses. It teaches that the amount of vital capital or momentum each person possesses is just proportioned to a sound and well-organized constitution, and normally inherited tendencies, and that this capital is to be continued as the organism is constantly renewed obediently to organic laws which are inflexible. Above all, it instructs one in the power of sympathy as a healing gift, and that natural healers are to be found in every household, and how they may be developed and made self-reliant healers, magnetizers or psychologists. It likewise preaches the doctrine of nutrition as the means of recuperation for the waning vital stamina; and hence that a correct knowledge of the requisite elements of food or primates must be scientifically acquired. And it demonstrates the truth that as mankind more and more tend to the artificial and the false in living, diseases change correspondingly, and defy the treatment of the medical theories of the older times; and that, though physicians multiply in the ratio of diseases, they have continued to miss the secret by not discovering that drug-taking can not compensate for the infraction of plain physical laws. The book is an invaluable thesaurus of curative and preservative instruction for the mass, and a very humblest may take it home to himself, assured that it will help him to make his life long and happy on earth.—Banner of Light.

Ultramontane Cruelty.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE IN HANFERS' WEEKLY.—The recent massacre at San Miguel is only the latest of those enormities that seem constantly to mark the course of ultramontanism, wherever it has the opportunity, as at San Miguel or Acapulco, it spares no one who stands in the way of Roman Catholic rule. San Miguel is or was a populous and flourishing town of San Salvador, and is said to have contained a population of forty thousand. But political Romanism had made its way into the prosperous republic, and it found in the action of the government, which seems to have forbidden the reading of an obnoxious pastor by the Bishop of San Salvador in the churches, by the priests planned a general revolt in the name of religion. They seized upon some discontented among the people to aid their design. All over the republic the ultramontanes were to raise at the same moment; a priest named Palacios preached a violent sermon against the national authorities; the bishop supplied his adherents with a paper insuring them, should they die, and immediate entrance into paradise. This curious document was found upon the dead bodies of the rebels, and ran thus: "Peter, open the gates of heaven to the bearer, who died for religion." signed George, Bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of his episcopal see. On a Sunday evening the ultramontanes, stimulated by the priest's exhortations and the favor of the bishop, rose in a wild tumult at San Miguel. They seemed to have been armed with more effective weapons than a priestly abolition. They seized upon the public prison and set free two hundred prisoners. They next attacked the garrións of the towns. They killed the two generals, Espinosa and Castro. Espinosa's body they cut in pieces, which they threw at each other. They split open the skull of Castro, and threw him over a wall, where he was found by his mother; he died three days afterward. The garrións were nearly all assassinated. Many of the best citizens of the place were killed. At last, in their fierce fanaticism, the ultramontanes covered sixteen houses with kerosene and set them on fire. Pillage, murder, and dismay prevailed throughout the unfortunate city.

An immense amount of property was destroyed, estimated to be worth \$1,000,000; and it was chiefly by the interference of an English man-of-war that San Miguel was saved from a total destruction. The government at last sent troops to the town, who shot down the banditti without mercy. The country has been declared in a state of siege. Martial law has been proclaimed, and San Salvador is safe, at least for the present, from the rage of the ultramontanes. The priests and bishops have been banished, or held in careful subjection, and the enemies of the republic must await a severe retribution. Yet it is doubtful if these horrible scenes at San Miguel will be the end of the ultramontane outrages and disorders. In Mexico recently they roused a whole province in revolt. All over South America they seem to be planning some new assault upon freedom and human rights. In Brazil only the firm and threatening attitude of the government has heretofore held the priests and bishops in tolerable submission, and the angry letters of the Pope to the Emperor might seem almost plain incentives to revolt. In Ecuador, an important and powerful state, the Jesuits have without scruple seized the government, violated the republican constitution, and forced their own President upon the people. It is not yet evident how far an ultramontane conspiracy may be active in South America, or what new revolution may await its various governments from the intrigues of the priests. Yet it is certain that the ultramontane faction is busy in all its cities, and that its priests and its emissaries will be no more merciful when they have the opportunity than the fanatics who at San Miguel cut men in pieces and palmed each other with the fragments, or who sought to burn down a flourishing city with kerosene.

I do not know if the nineteenth century has not already outstripped the eighteenth in priestly cruelty. The progress of humanity seems almost arrested, if not turned back. The worst instance of ultramontane barbarity in the eighteenth century was the judicial murder of Jean Calas and the horrible persecution of his family, but the keen satire of Voltaire and the indignation of Europe avenged on its perpetrators the fearful deed. The Jesuits were not long afterward driven out of Portugal, France, and even Spain. In 1702 the order was abolished in England. Ultramontanism perished for a time, and its spirits were only preserved in the sanguinary scrolls which the priests excited in the Republic of France. But it is impossible to discover in all the annals of the century a religious fury so mad as that of the San Miguel rioters; or an incitement to rebellion so effectual as the passport to heaven signed by the Bishop of San Salvador. The Papal Church has plainly declined in its moral tone, and under the ultramontane rule is fast sinking into a savage barbarism. If South America and the Islands are endangered by its aggressive cruelty, still more so is North America, and the murders at San Miguel may well excite the attention of Cincinnati and New York. What is this strange impulse of ultramontanism that seems to turn even educated men into merciless savages? Are the emissaries of the Papal Curia among us any more tolerant than the Bishop of San Salvador, the priest Palacios, the Jesuits who have captured Ecuador, or the clergy of Acapulco? It is at least a curious thought, deserving attentive study to watch this slow return to barbarism. Possibly the men who lived in the prehistoric caves tore their enemies to pieces like those of San Miguel, but they certainly were provided with no passports to heaven.

All over North as well as South America we may notice this tendency of the ultramontanes to savage cruelty. The publisher or author among us who ventures to denounce it is threatened with personal violence. In an Eastern city recently an ultramontane mob set upon a few helpless men, women and children, and might have stoned them at the cost of the city, but for the interference of the Mayor and his wards. A priest in Philadelphia exposed in language not more stringent than that of Luther and Erasmus, of Chaucer, Gower, and Lindsay, what he asserts to be the prevailing corruptions of the Roman priesthood; he was nearly murdered by a throng of furious ultramontanes. In Quebec and Montreal the same spirit of intolerance is constantly shown; the Protestants, it is stated, have in many instances been forced to leave their homes among the Roman Catholics, and emigrate to districts where liberty of speech and thought is yet allowed; and it is not an improper inference from these facts that should the ultramontanes, by the aid of their Democratic leaders and allies, gain a lasting preponderance in our chief cities, they may employ means to perpetuate their rule not altogether unlike those they have ventured to use in San Miguel and Acapulco.

Nor is this without an example in Europe. Belgium, a neutral kingdom, whose separate existence was guaranteed by the chief European powers for a long period ruled by liberal, although Roman Catholic, ministers. It rose to great prosperity. Its schools, railways, and manufactures flourished under wise administrators. Its press was free and its literature progressive. But recently it has fallen under the control of the Jesuits and ultramontanes, who have seduced the ignorant peasantry into a strict obedience to their rule; a strange and alarming condition of civil discord has followed, and Belgium seems on the verge of religious war. "It is as if the Belgians," says the London Times, June 9th, "were divided into two parties, drawn up defiantly in front of each other, and only waiting an opportunity to come to blows." No liberal can venture into districts ruled by the Jesuits without danger of personal violence. Even incautious strangers have been ill-treated by the fanatical peasantry when they wandered far from the towns. In a fierce riot recently excited by the ultramontanes hundreds of persons suffered severe injuries; the cause of the disturbance was the refusal of a school boy from an Athenaeum to take off his hat to the Host. The ultramontanes surrounded the school, but the boy escaped. Every Belgian liberal may look momentarily for a San Miguel. In Germany and Switzerland the ultramontanes have committed terrible excesses. In Spain they encourage the cruelties of the Carlists; in France their chief newspaper, L'Univers, preaches a universal war for the restoration of this papacy; nor is it impossible that, armed with passports like those granted by the Bishop of San Salvador, the ultramontanes in some sudden access of fury may strive to rend in pieces the chiefs and rulers of Protestantism.

To guard ourselves from the effects of principles and parties so fatal to civilization is the plain duty of American citizens, and the growth of ultramontanism among us is the most dangerous element of our political future. It knows no moderation; it is governed by no well-ascertained laws. At one moment it grovels in the dust in feigned humility, the next it starts up menacing and terrible. It insinuates itself into the homes of the wealthy and the powerful, and waits its opportunity to strike. It pervades the press; it fixes upon leading politicians; it incites enshamings, betrayals. If we would not be Belgium, divided into hostile sections; like France, incapable of freedom; like Mexico or Spain—if we

would defend the Republicanism of the New World, and drive from its fair shores the vengeful Rome—if we would revive and perpetuate the principles of 1776, we must expel from political power ultramontanism, with all its adherents, and crush it before it fastens upon our schools and corrupts the sources of our civilization. Let ultramontanism and its Democratic allies sink before the rage of the people, and North and South America need fear no second San Miguel. The spirit of mediæval cruelty should be banished forever from the New World by the overwhelming vote of all its nations.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

Mrs. Jane G. Swishelm writes to the Pittsburgh Commercial: "A lady met me this morning saying, 'Did you see that receipt for curing hydrophobia in yesterday's paper?' I had not seen it. 'Well,' she continued, 'it is just the cure I wanted you to write about two or three years ago—the old Chester Valley cure. It never was known to fail, and was used in hundreds of cases in the eastern part of the State. I remember of hearing of it as long as I can remember anything. I have told people, and told and talked, and no one would mind me, I tried to get you to write a letter about it, and now you must write, for people will not believe. They will read, and forget all about it.'"

"I remember perfectly her anxiety that I should write to the public and proclaim that cleophrane and fresh milk, are the specific for hydrophobia, and my purpose to repeat the account she gave me of it, but I do not remember why I did not do so. That I may atone for my negligence I now repeat what she told me and what she now urges me to make as public as possible. "In her old home in Chester County, Pa., lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for, far and wide, when any one had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient, carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself had dug in the woods. He milked a pail of milk fresh from the cow, put the root into it, boiled it, gave it the patient, fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way, which she has forgotten his secret transmitted, and the root was known to be cleophrane.

The story, current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn, and applied to the Pennsylvania Legislature for a grant of \$800 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his knowledge should die with him; but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the receipt, making a number of copies, and tried to sell them at \$1 apiece. One of them was offered to my informant's grandfather, who laughed at this vendor of important medical knowledge. He only succeeded in selling two; one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific, that, in his neighborhood, folks were not afraid of mad dogs. His reputation was paraded to that of Dr. Marchant of Greensbury, to whom everyone in this part of the country used to go, or send, when bitten by a mad dog.

"The intelligence and integrity of my informant are beyond question, and I regret that her love of privacy should prevent her giving the weight of her name to her conviction that you have published an unfeeling specific for hydrophobia. The people of Chester Valley are not of a class likely to be misled by superstitious, and she is confident it was a general or universal belief that Jacob Emery never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose had been given, and the patient recovered. She is anxious you should publish the receipt again and again, keep it standing, and call attention to it until everyone cuts out and preserves a copy, and is impressed with the importance of using the remedy at once in case of danger. The medical properties of cleophrane are very powerful. Milk itself is a specific for many poisons; and while the medical faculty knew no cure for this terrible disease, we should open every avenue of light in the dark subject. If the disease is one of the imagination, we want a specific to give confidence and cure by the imagination; but this looks like a real cure of a veritable disease.

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A Card to the Public. As I am receiving numerous letters from people at a distance, making inquiry concerning their cures for development, I am compelled to resort to this method to inform them, that it is necessary to enclose a lock of hair for examination, either for medical treatment, or medicinal development. All letters including \$2 and two 3-cent stamps, will receive prompt attention. I am giving private sittings during the day for development. Those who wish my services can call or address me at 160 Warren Ave., DR. CURRUS LORD. v17n6, 9505

Miscellaneous. The TOLL-GATE! Frisco Electric sent free An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find. Address with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y. v18n252

Dr. J. S. Lyon's HYGIENIC HOME 18 AT SPRINGFIELD, MO. Send for Circular. v18n232

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES, EDITOR. PROPRIETOR. J. R. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

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Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made, and the date to which the next payment is due. It will be mailed, "J. Smith 1 Dec. 1875," if he has only paid to 1 Dec. 1874, it will stand thus: "J. Smith 1 Dec. 4."

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

THE SHORT ROAD TO PARADISE!

Several Foolish Adventurers take Passage Thereon!

The following account communicated to the dailies of this city, shows that many are seeking the short road to Spirit-life through the instrumentality of suicide, the same as Dr. B. P. Randolph did at Toledo, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 1.—A young man named Hooper, a resident of Toledo, went into a gun store to-day, and asked a look at a pistol, and while examining it, the clerk's attention was called elsewhere, when Hooper shot himself. The wound is fatal.

JONESBORO, Ind., Sept. 1.—James F. Langham, one of our wealthiest farmers, living three miles south of this place, while in a state of intoxication committed suicide this morning by hanging himself to a rafter in his house with a clothes line. He was 57 years of age.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 1.—Jacob Hoag, a German rag-picker, was found dead at his residence this morning, hanging by his neck from a rafter. It is supposed he committed suicide, as he had been drunk freely of late.

JOLIET, Ill., Sept. 1.—A convict at the State Penitentiary named Anton Holte committed suicide by hanging himself with his handkerchief to a bar of his cell door this afternoon.

We have received several letters lately endorsing suicide—in order to escape the hardships and ills of life. There are those who see no constitution that they continually look on the dark side of things—they are not appreciated, or misfortunes overtake them, and not having the nerve to face the same, they use cyanide, the revolver, or a hempen cord to break the connection between the spirit and body, expecting to awaken in spirit-life possessing all the pleasures and surroundings necessary to make them perfectly happy. In that, however, they will be mistaken.

The young stippling forsaken by his sweet heart, the business man shorn of his riches, and those who are unfortunate in their undertakings, magnify the difficulties around them, and to escape therefrom, commit suicide. Their misfortunes induced them to consider this side of life a curse, and that opinion will temporarily cling to them in the Spirit-world! An opinion or feeling that will induce a person to destroy his own life, is very intense in its nature, burns keenly, and when the spirit has emerged from its earthly shell, it will be astonished to find that the impulses that prompted suicide on earth, still exist, and that self-destruction is not a panacea—an elixir—for all the ills of flesh, or the misfortunes of life.

Why, if we could escape all the hardships of this plane—its storms, tempests, and misfortunes, and by self-murder, step into the elysian

fields of the Summer-land, it would be well to depopulate this side of life at once! The mere severing of the vital cord, does not relieve you of your responsibility to yourself or others! You eject the spirit from the body under the hallucination that this material side of existence is a curse rather than a blessing—that it is not what it ought to be, and you thus become judge of the "fitness of things," and considering your surroundings productive of unhappiness, you impugn nature, condemn God, and raise the offensive arm against the existence of that which was wisely conferred upon you.

The physical organization is given to each one for a wise purpose, and he who destroys its life—vitality—rises in rebellion against one of the ordinances of nature, and must suffer therefrom. As well destroy the earth in consequence of its grasshoppers, cyclones, inundations, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, epidemics, etc., as your own life because you are crippled, or devastating misfortunes sweep over your business affairs. Better starve, better die by inches in a dungeon, or be racked with pains, than impugn the laws of nature and God, and destroy the body that has been conferred upon you.

At the present time there is a large number of suicides being committed. Cowards, imbeciles, and uneasy dissatisfied characters, rise in their dignity above the ordinances of nature, take the law in their own hand, and in so doing, instead of banishing their troubles, they augment the same. You can not escape the effects of a burn by plunging the smoldering hand into coals that burn still more brightly than those that first injured you. None but a fool would try such an experiment. Nor can you escape the feelings that harass you here, by ascending to a locality where those feelings are, from the very nature of things, intensified and keener in every respect!

The Spirit-world is a real one like this. The higher spheres are ones of complete and perfect harmony, and no person can ascend to them who is so inharmoniously organized that he commits self-murder! It is not in the nature of things, to force your way to perfect happiness and bliss by revolvers or poisons. Nature acknowledges no such process as that!

If the revolver or poison could be made the grand elevating agents in progression's upward steps, the world would soon be depopulated, and all of us would be having a gala time in elysian fields of Paradise.

We say, then, that you Spiritualists who are contemplating suicide, had better relinquish the idea. Your method to secure happiness is barbarous, and defeats the very object you have in view.

Suicide must bring one of two things—happiness or misery. It unavoidably is instrumental in causing the latter. The destruction of an unhappy, inharmoniously organized life by the ruthless hand of a cowardly assassin, does not magic like transform the same into one of beautiful harmony. It would be extremely foolish to smash a clock all to fragments because it would not keep good time, thinking that in spirit it would tick regularly and correctly. To destroy one's life, to attain another that is more suitable to your taste, is an impossibility.

This earth-life is adapted to those who are contemplating suicide, better than any of the spheres of Spirit-life. This is the plane they should remain on until they are so educated that they do not wish to destroy that which has been generously conferred upon them.

We say, then, ponder well this question. Life here is brief, and the misfortunes that are woven around us, make us brave, self-reliant, strong, when considered in their proper light. He who pusillanimously kills himself, retards his future growth and development, and is like a tree that refused to let the water fall on its leaves, or the hot sun to shine on them, or the genial breezes to fan them, because at times the rain came down in torrents, the sun shone witheringly hot, and the wind became a ravaging cyclone—consequently all its branches withered, and it stood a ruin of its former self. As the fierce winds induce the solitary oak to send its roots deeper into the earth, so do misfortunes often make a man more resolute and self-reliant.

John Randolph's Religious Service—Two Novel Scenes in Church.

The Co-operative News gives an interesting account of the eccentricities of John Randolph. It appears from that paper that Mr. Randolph was a great Bible reader, and was deeply concerned with religious subjects. He employed an excellent and eloquent man, Mr. Abner Clopton, to preach every Sunday to his negroes in a large chapel he had erected on his plantation. When at home he invariably attended these services, taking his seat by the preacher on the open platform, from which the preacher conducted the services. On many occasions while kneeling beside the preacher, who was prone to be carried away by the fervor of the prayer, Randolph would slip him on the back and call out loudly, "Clopton, that won't do; that's not sound doctrine. Clopton take that back," and if Clopton remonstrated, Randolph, though keeping himself on his knees, was ready at once for an argument to maintain his point. No one but Mr. Clopton, who knew the eccentricity and honest motives of the man, could have borne with these irrelevant interruptions while in the midst of prayer; but Mr. Clopton, when he found Randolph determined to argue the point, either gracefully yielded or proposed to note the point and argue it at the dwelling house. To visitors at the chapel—and there were many—these scenes were exceedingly curious, and sometimes absolutely ludicrous. But that was Mr. Randolph's way.

It is said that on one cold Sunday in this chapel on Mr. Randolph's plantation, while giving out the hymn in the old-fashioned way, two lines at a time, and it was being lustily

sung by the negroes, Mr. Clopton, the preacher, observed a negro man put his foot upon which was a new brogan, on the hot stove. Turning toward him, he said in his measured voice, "You rascal you, you'll burn your shoes." As this was a rhyme of the exact meter of the hymn, the negroes all sang it in their loudest tones. Smiling at the error, the preacher attempted mildly to explain by saying, "My colored friends indeed you are wrong; I didn't intend that for the song," there it was in again, another rhyme in good measure, so the negroes sang that too in pious fervor. Turning to his congregation, the preacher said somewhat sharply, "I hope you will not sing again until I have had time to explain," but this only aroused the negroes, who sang the last words with increased vigor. Mr. Clopton feeling that his tongue seemed to be turned to rhyme, abandoned all efforts at explanation and went on with his services.

Transfusion of Blood.

We clip the following from the Chicago Times:

"The next case, that of Joseph Hendrickson, residing in Newark, N. J., was still more remarkable. He had had a severe attack of pneumonia in the winter of 1873 and 1874. His lungs were much weakened by this attack and an irritable, nervous cough followed. Careful examination by auscultation and percussion showed that there had been no tuberculous formation.

One night, Mr. Hendrickson was startled from his bed by a large fire near by. He jumped from his bed, and greatly excited, ran rapidly to the fire. Before he reached the scene a blood-vessel was ruptured and several ounces of blood were lost. With assistance he was able to get home. He was very weak, and after he was got to bed he had another return of the hemorrhage by which he lost more blood. A consultation was held and it was decided that Mr. Hendrickson's only chance of life was to go South. His strength, however, was not equal to the attempt, and though fed with the most nourishing and stimulating food his system failed to rally. A consultation of physicians was held and transfusion of blood advocated.

A fine, healthy young goat was selected as the animal to furnish the blood. The connection being established, the bright artery blood was forced rapidly into the patient's system. Between 14 and 15 ounces of blood was transferred from the goat to the patient, and then the stream was shut off. The artery was secured by ligatures, and the goat seemed but little the worse for the deprivation after he had been restored to freedom.

Mr. Hendrickson said afterward that the sensation while the blood was passing into his system was one of exhilaration. His strength seemed to increase. His mind became clearer and his thoughts were more rapid than usual. The feeling continued for several hours, and was followed by a strong appetite and a desire for beefsteak. Mr. Hendrickson improved steadily after the operation, and in two weeks was able to sail for Cuba, where he is at the present time."

The Opal.

It appears from the New York Sun that Mariette Remy, a beautiful girl, who has led rather a gay life, died in Paris the other day. She was known among her friends as Opal, from the fact that she always wore a very handsome opal necklace. This necklace was given her by her first lover, who, at that time, said: "You know that opals are gems which live. My fate is inseparable from these. When you see them become dull and die, I too shall be at the point of death." One day they thought they were weary of each other and they separated. But after he had gone, Mariette found that her love for him was still ardent, and she thought to recall him. It was too late, he had left the country. She consoled herself, however, by looking at her necklace and saying: "The opal still lives. I shall see him again." But about a month since the opals began to grow dull; then, one by one, they lost all their lustre and became dead. A few days ago, but one remained, and that gave only a faint reflection. "He is about to die," thought Mariette. She fell into profound melancholy and said: "Then I, too, must die." And when one evening the last opal gave its last gleam, she took poison and died. The same day this telegram from Luchon reached Paris: "Paul Bordeny, ill here for some time back, died yesterday." Paul Bordeny was Mariette's lover.

The Catholics.

The Chicago Tribune states: "The Catholic priests of Morristown, N. J., are bolder and more outspoken than the great body of their guild throughout the country, are not content with the private and strictly personal exercise of political influence over their parishioners. Last Sunday, by common consent among the priests of that city and vicinity, the church-goes are entitled to vote were enjoined as to their duties in connection with the forthcoming election to decide upon the adoption of the proposed amendments to the New Jersey Constitution. The faithful were duly instructed by their political advisers that it was their sacred duty to the Church to vote against the amendments forbidding the appropriation of public school funds for sectarian institutions. The expediency of this pulpit manifesto is questionable, as its effect will doubtless be to stipulate the Protestants to a general rally to the support of the constitutional amendments."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson has returned from her western tour. She has been instrumental in doing a good work in that section. Her lectures are always well received.

A Dream and its Fulfillment.

It appears from the Southern Standard, a paper published at Arkadelphia, Ark., that on the night of the 13th of August, Maj. J. R. Bennett, of that city, after sitting up somewhat beyond his usual hour, went to bed, and shortly fell into a troubled slumber, in which he dreamed that a face pale and ghastly appeared before him, which presently assumed the shape and appearance of that of his son Frank, who was in Colorado in the quartermaster's department. So tangible did it appear that he at once awoke nor could he compose himself to sleep again that night. So strong was the impression left on his mind, that the next day he telegraphed to the quartermaster with whom Frank was serving, asking how he was. The following day he received the brief answer: "Frank is much better." Maj. Bennett then came to the conclusion that his son had been badly hurt, and in confirmation of that belief he received a letter from the quartermaster, stating that Frank was seriously hurt on the 3d, under the following circumstances: An officer's horse which had been lariat outside of the camp to graze, pulled the iron pin by which the lariat was fastened out of the ground, and went running into camp. On stopping where there was another horse standing, Frank caught hold of the lariat, when the horse began to rear, which caused the iron pin to strike Frank just above the ear, and the end being sharp it penetrated the skull and brain, inflicting a dangerous if not fatal wound. At last advice he was improving, but was not out of danger.

Volume XLX.

With this number, we commence a new volume of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and we believe that the forthcoming volume will far surpass any of the preceding numbers in recording the wonderful phenomenal phases of Spiritualism, and in presenting to the world its true philosophy. We have the promise of another series of articles, on a subject of vital interest to every Spiritualist, by the author of the series of articles on "Death or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-life," and we assure our readers that they alone will be worth the price of subscription. They will be commenced sometime next month.

Other articles have been promised us, which will be announced in due time. Now is the time to send in subscriptions. Extend the circulation of the JOURNAL, which you know has a rock foundation, and by so doing you extend Spiritualism and banish bigotry and intolerance.

Mrs. Maud Lord.

In a previous number of the JOURNAL, we published an account of the wonderful mediumship of Mrs. Kate Fox-Jenken's baby, and then we thought that she was the only mother in the land who possessed such a valuable treasure. Since then we learn that Mrs. Maud Lord's little girl, four years of age, is a splendid clairvoyant, test and trance medium. She sees spirits, talks and plays with them, and makes interesting remarks when entranced. We believe that she has the best child medium in the world, and will eventually equal, if not surpass, her mother in physical mediumship. Saturday evening, Sept. 11th, Mrs. Lord will hold a seance at the Seance Rooms of Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, enabling all who desire, an opportunity to witness the remarkable manifestations given through her mediumship.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

"J. J. Morse then moved that the Social question be the subject for conference the next morning."—Scientist.

Then he is trying to gain notoriety by following in the "distinguished" footsteps of Moses Woodhull! Oh! how the mighty are fallen. He has, however, a right to his opinion, and societies have a right to say whether they will employ him or not. It will be mortifying to his friends in England, to learn that he is in favor of bringing this nasty question up for discussion.

Postal Cards.

Our correspondents when writing us on postal cards should adhere strictly to the rules governing that mode of correspondence, otherwise the postal authorities charge double letter postage. This has become such a tax that we now invariably refuse to receive them when so charged. There must be nothing on the address side, other than the address; upon the reverse there must be nothing but what is written or printed upon the card. Nothing must be pasted on.

Letter of Fellowship.

The Religio-Philosophical Society, on the first day of September, 1875, granted a letter of fellowship, to Bro. Theodore Miller, of Kirksville, Mo., authorizing him to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

Money.

We were never in greater need of our just dues than now, and we respectfully request all who have not renewed their subscriptions and paid up arrearages, to remit the same without delay.

We pay all bills every week, on presentation—to do so, we have to collect from those who owe us subscriptions. We therefore most respectfully ask our patrons to give this call prompt attention.

One Dollar, even, from those who can do no more, is better than no payment at all.

DR. J. K. BAILEY'S address is Palmyra, Neb.

Bro. C. W. Cook gives us in this week's JOURNAL an interesting account of Mott's seances.

There will be a Grove or Basket meeting, in Shoemaker's grove, three miles of Waterloo, DeKalb county, Ind. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11th and 12th, 1875. T. H. Stewart and Dr. G. S. Broyna, speakers.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson donates 100 copies of THE VITAL to the LITTLE BOUQUET Fund. The first 100 subscribers to the LITTLE BOUQUET will be favored with a copy of this splendid little work, free.

TAKE NOTICE.—Persons attending the Minnesota Convention, should, on their arrival in St. Paul, repair to the Commercial Hotel, where will be a person in waiting to assign them to quarters at the several hotels which have consented to reduce fare to from one to one and a quarter dollars per day. The convention will meet in the Unitarian church, Goodrich street.

PROF. F. VAN EYK, of California, will remain East until the 1st of December. The Professor is prepared to deliver a course of lectures on the "Lost Aesop." Other subjects are: "Inner Law of Life," "The World in Search of a God," "The Hollow Globe Weighs in the Balance and found Wanting." Address, 148 West Washington street, Chicago, Illinois.

Contents of Little Bouquet for September, 1875.

The Horror of a Night; Auk; The Portrait of Death; Premonition of Death; The Little Boy Blue; The Baby's Petition; Mary and Her Dove; The Goblin Child; A Family of Lions at Dinner; Just Like Her Mother; The Happy Hunting Ground; Second Sight; Disobedience; What a Dying Child Saw; Rambles in the Forest; Katy did or Didn't; Office and Condition of Little Children in the Spirit-World; The Care of Canaries; Love's Frolic; Interesting Complications; Descending the Rapids; Odd Industries; An Indian Burial in Oregon; Chinese Schools; Speech for the Dumb; About Dragon Flies; Baby Clothes, Mesmerizing a Rooster; An Indian Legend; The Rabbit in the Moon; The Boy; Editorial.—The Philosophy of Life; Angel's Visits; The Littlest Baby; A Blue Picture; Children in Italy.

This number is particularly rich in Spiritual Narrations. Specimen copy 6 cents; \$1 per year. Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE Chicago.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

The Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting has passed and in any point of view was a most glorious success. It was by far the largest camp-meeting ever held by any sect or society in New England. Its session of twenty-six days was very profitably spent. The social question was entirely ignored, the executive committee who had the management of the meeting, being decidedly opposed to its discussion in any shape. The free-lovers under the lead of J. J. Morse, of England, and Susie Willis Fletcher (formerly Susie Willis, and somewhat known in the West, having at one time resided in Mars Hill, Ill.) attempted to fix matters for next year, so that that question should be discussed, but were ignominiously defeated, their resolutions being tabled by a large majority. And the matter was left in the hands of the executive committee who are almost unanimously opposed to the discussion of the dirty subject of free-love. Dr. T. B. Taylor wrote a letter to Dr. Jos. Beals, president of the association, in which the following extract occurs: "I have not the remotest sympathy with Hull or Woodhull, or any of the radical social freedom shriekers—but proclaim myself in your hearing, and the hearing of all a monogamist of the truest possible character." Good for Dr. Taylor.

At the annual meeting of the association, the following officers were chosen unanimously for the ensuing year:

President—Dr. Jos. Beals, of Greenfield. Vice-Presidents—E. W. Dickinson, of Springfield; H. S. Williams, of Boston; Mrs. A. H. Goben, and Mrs. E. P. Morrill, of Springfield; Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Fitchburg; Harvey Barber, of Warwick; Mrs. W. W. Currier, of Haverhill.

Treasurer—Harvey Lyman, of Springfield. Secretary—J. H. Smith. Collector—T. W. Coburn.

Committee on Speakers—H. A. Buntington, Mrs. Harvey Lyman, and Mrs. E. P. Morrill, of Springfield; Dr. Jos. Beals, of Greenfield; M. H. Fletcher, of Westford.

Printing and Advertising—H. A. Buntington, E. W. Dickinson, and T. W. Coburn, of Springfield.

On Tents—Harvey Lyman, W. B. Austin, and Nelson Woodbury, of Boston. Auditing Committee—H. A. Buntington, of Springfield; W. H. Glimme, of Chicopee; Dr. M. A. Davis, of Holywell Falls, Vt.

On R. R. Fares East—H. S. Williams, Boston; E. Gerry Brown, Boston. On R. R. Fares West—Harvey Lyman, of Springfield, and Joseph Beals, of Greenfield.

On Boarding, Renting Grounds and for all purposes, except Tents and Cottages—W. B. Austin, and J. H. Smith, of Springfield; L. H. Brigham, of Coleraine.

On Police and Lighting Grounds—L. A. Brigham, of Coleraine. On Dancing—T. W. Coburn and J. E. Smith, of Springfield.

Post-office and Telegraph—L. Cheney. Collector of Yearly Dues for the Association—M. H. Fletcher, of Westford. On Baggage—Robbins and Lang, of Wilbraham.

The speaking was of the highest order as may be inferred when such speakers as Wm. Denton, Prof. Eccles, F. E. Abbot, N. Frank White, A. A. Wheelock, Dr. Taylor, John Collier, Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham, Mrs. N. J. Willis, and many others were employed. The association will hold another camp-meeting at the same place. This camp-meeting demonstrates one fact that whenever Spiritualists put their foot on the discussion of the Social Question, there and there only can they succeed. Let the lives be tightly drawn and all will be well. Let free-lovers attend free-love camp-meetings, and let Spiritualist camp-meetings alone, and there will be no trouble. Very truly yours, M. H. FLETCHER, Westford, Mass., Sept. 1, '75.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained...

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER-LIFE.

[For some time past my spirit-friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department...

Spirits have expressed a desire that I should not only send forth the communications which they desire...

A Vision of Humanity.

I assumed to be carried to the top of a high mountain, and there stood beside me an ancient man...

The earthly vision faded, and there rolled out before me a wide canopy, all was pure and clean...

After I had feasted my vision upon this scene, my guide said, "Dost thou know that here the ideals of earth are realized..."

There is a very false idea prevailing among mankind that the time will come when it will be easier to lay off the heavy burdens...

In conclusion, my guide said, "My son, give forth these thoughts to the world, and so that as they cannot embody them in their own life..."

Continued from First Page.

Chamber soon appeared, calling for my wife, who, it will be remembered, was his widow...

It will be remembered that on a former occasion Mrs. Kellogg's brother "Dan" had given way for Mr. Chambers...

Shortly after this, Hivens' voice was heard, and the door of the cabinet being opened by Mrs. Mott...

This was the beginning; year after year he went on with apparent success, but each year added heavy burdens which caused him to walk with his head bowed...

Warsaw, Ill.

Terms of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. To new subscribers on trial, postage prepaid at this office...

We understand that Mr. Collier, of England, has been engaged to lecture in this city. Whites Pine County in California does not contain a clergyman of any denomination...

Business Notices.

There is nothing in modern discovery so wonderful and meritorious, as that great labor-saver, Dobbin's Electric Soap...

Stoves.—To get the best, ask your stove dealer for the Domestic Cook, made by Tibbals, Shirk & Whitehead, Chicago.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant—Mrs. C. M. Morrison.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument of organism used by the invisible for the benefit of humanity. The placing of her name before the public is by request of her Controlling Band...

From the very beginning, here is marked as a most remarkable career of success, such as has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person.

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...

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...

Diagnosing disease 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 2919, v19n20:18.

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...

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.

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...

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.

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.

TESTIMONIALS. Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON'S Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectively destroyed my appetite for tobacco.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of the Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve 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.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Healing Psychometric & Business Medium, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

MRS. ROBINSON, under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy.

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 changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$1. Free. J. Francis Ruggie's Bible, Poli, Bronson, Mich. v19n18:5

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WORK FOR LADIES.

at HOME that may be. For a list of particulars to E. Harris & Co., 29 East 14th St., N. Y. v19n18:3

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A Lecture delivered in Washington, D. C., April 25, 1873, by J. W. PIKE, of Vinland, N. J. Price, 20 cents; postage, 2 cents.

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A NEW BOOK WOMAN, LOVE and MARRIAGE. BY F. SAUNDERS. Like the mystic wire that now begets the globe, do not these golden links of Woman, Love and Marriage, encircle us with an electric chain...

SPIRITUALISM AS A SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM AS A RELIGION. AN ORATION DELIVERED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, BY MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, at St. George's Hall, LONDON.

DISCUSSION ON BIBLE-SPIRITUALISM. QUESTION: Does the Bible sustain Modern Spiritualism? R. G. ECCLES—AFFIRMATIVE. REV. F. W. EVANS—NEGATIVE.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN. A CODE OF DIRECTIONS FOR Escaping from the Primal Curse. Edited by H. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor of the "Herald of Health" with an appendix on the Care of Children.

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TO YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of that dreadfully destructive disease, SPERMATORRHOEA, caused by SELF ABUSE, the symptoms of which are Seminal Losses, INDIGESTION, IRRITABILITY, Loss of Manly Power, Frequent Dreams, sensation of falling when asleep, melancholy, self-distrust, confused memory, bashfulness and timidity, palpitation of the heart, at times voracious appetite, swollen complexion, blotches and pimples on the face, loss of solidity, inability to concentrate the mind, AVERSION TO SOCIETY, rendering MARRIAGE IMPOSSIBLE, such should consult the following widely known and celebrated names...

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MOTHERS' RELIEF. For all Female Complaints in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the change of life; during the time of confinement, controlling the pains of labor, and causing a speedy recovery.

A FEMALE REGULATOR. It is a Nervous Tonic, a Pain Destroyer, a Specific for Neuralgia, Head in Bilious Colic, Uterine Inflammation, etc.

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PROF. HOWE'S SEVEN HOUR SYSTEM OF GRAMMAR. For the School room, the Counting room, the Office or Study. Invaluable to many and a help to all.

TRUE SPIRITUALISM. A concise, comprehensive statement of the principles of TRUE SPIRITUALISM as understood by the author, Stripped of Unpleasant Allegories.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit Prescription. For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement.

DISCUSSION ON BIBLE-SPIRITUALISM. QUESTION: Does the Bible sustain Modern Spiritualism? R. G. ECCLES—AFFIRMATIVE. REV. F. W. EVANS—NEGATIVE.

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OUR THIRD MARRIAGE DAY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON

O thanks and praise the day returns
On which our hearts and hands were wed,
My heart with all rejoicing burns
That two such happy years have fled.
They've fled like pleasant dreams of love,
Take early days of youth and grace,
As quiet as stars that shoot above,
And sped as on a heavenly race.
We've grown in goodness all the while,
In closer friendship every day,
And basked in fortune's sweetest smile,
And lived the year in sunlit May!
They may the future years roll round,
And bring us treasures such as those,
And we in growing worth be found,
In higher comfort, joy, and ease.
For love is still the dearest prize,
And wedded life love's blooming flower,
The highest joy to which we rise,
The perfect peace of Eden bower.
Troy, N. Y.

THE SPIRITS AT WORK.

Wonderful Manifestations at Calhoun, Ga. A Ghostly Procession seen in a Mirror.

While in Chattanooga, Ga., a few days since, I read a very interesting article in the Daily Times on Spiritualism. As I am an investigator of truth, I got into conversation with a prominent citizen of the place, who astonished me with accounts of spirit manifestations there.

A POWERFUL MEDIUM.

He informed me that there was a very strong and powerfully developed medium in that quiet little village of Calhoun, Ga., but who was too timid to come out before the world; that her health was bad on account of her resistance to the wishes of the spirits; and that if I could be the means of overcoming her timidity I could confer an inestimable boon on the invisible world and on the entire body of Spiritualists.

A SEANCE

At such time as suited her leisure. She said she would inquire if the house where such meetings were held could be obtained. Permission was granted and that night appointed for our seance.

WHO WERE PRESENT.

These were present—for I am authorized to give their names—the medium Mrs. Tiffany, J. B. Walker and wife, C. S. Winstead and wife, G. A. Ladd, H. F. Boyce, Mrs. H. N. Pullen, Miss Callie Carson and myself, in all ten persons.

MATERIALIZATION OF LUCRETIA BORGIA.

The shawl was now fastened up by our knives in one corner of the room. We all retreated to the opposite corner. Presently a slight rattling was heard, then a face, pale with blue eyes and light hair appeared above the top of the shawl. The medium was now in a trance. I asked, who are you? Answer—"Lucretia Borgia."

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

The spirit then faded away with a smile. We aroused the medium, who was very much exhausted. After an hour's rest and a general conversation, she again covered the slate. We heard the spirits writing very distinctly. It ceased; there was a rap and we removed the shawl. There was written on the slate, "Remove the cover off the piano; I will play—Mary."

cord from a hook in the ceiling. It began to vibrate, when the following Ethiopian airs were played: Dan Tucker, Shoo Fly and Lily Dale. A number of other airs were played and then the music ceased. Then a spirit took possession of the medium. It was the

THE SECOND SEANCE.

The window being closed and the light turned nearly down, we all formed a circle around the table. Inside the circle was the medium and the skeptic, (whom we will call Mr. A., as I can not recall his name, and he left for Atlanta this morning.) Soon the table began to rock and finally swung clear over with its legs upmost. A slate and pencil were then put on the table as it laid, and a shawl thrown over the legs reaching down to the floor. The writing was heard distinctly. Mr. A. held the medium's right hand, and her left hand rested on the legs of the table.

AN UNBELIEVER ASTONISHED.

Presently a rap was heard. Mr. A., with a look of blankest astonishment read on the slate: "Let the unbeliever ask what he will, and it shall be done. His mother is present and would talk with him.—John Davis."

WATER FROM GOBLETS.

We turned our eyes on the face of the clock. The hands commenced passing swiftly around the dial. I asked the spirit to indicate the hour. Immediately the hands stopped at 8:30. I asked the hour I was born; the hands stopped at 4:15. I asked the hour my father died; the hands stopped at 12:25. All of which were correct!

MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.

As on the previous night. Mr. A. carefully examined the piano and stood close by it through all the playing, moving his hands over and under the instrument. A deathly palor was on his cheeks.

LOOKOUT CAVE.

A place I don't know, and expressed the unanimous wish that Mrs. Tiffany visit Chattanooga, in the interest of truth and pure philosophy. He says he is secretary of the Convention and that they meet every Sunday afternoon.

MILLIONS OF SPIRITS.

who met every Sunday afternoon in a splendid room in Lookout Cave, about 44 miles from the entrance. That they often long for their friends in the flesh to meet with them, and hope they will sometime. I promised to meet them next Sunday afternoon.

SHOWER OF FLOWERS.

fell into her lap and a wreath of orange blossoms encircled her brow! Then an angelic hymn was sung. A pause of nearly five minutes occurred when strange harsh sounds were heard. Then followed,

A SUCCESSION OF NOISES.

such as we think mortals never heard before. The furniture was overturned—the goblets thrown to the floor. The light was totally extinguished. When it ceased I relighted the lamp, but the party had scattered. I stood alone with the medium. Mr. A. was in the yard hatless and some of the party had fled to their homes. Those who remained returned to the parlor, but the medium was so exhausted we were compelled to desist.

A LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR OR FIVE YEARS.

her mother one day if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, we must have met."

Comments on the Recent Minnesota Call.

DEAR JOURNAL.—The recent call of the Minnesota Spiritualists for their Annual Convention, has awakened within my soul, a most hearty and thrilling response, as inaugurating a better state of things. I am perfectly aware of the fact that it may awaken a considerable amount of howling, but with the same degree of pluck and heroism on the part of every State, in this matter, what a victory might be won! The Minnesota Spiritualists now have it in their power to lead off in another "departure," which will not only restore the grand old reunions of by-gone days, but most effectually decide the question of our "free platform."

In the hot and fiery zeal which has existed in this controversy, every thing has been supposed by these self-elected leaders to the utter exclusion, indeed of every natural and lawful protection; until the philosophy itself could find no fair and honorable representation upon the very platform it has erected. I hope, however, that we have now reached the crisis, and for one I welcome the position, as a promise of the speedy settlement of a long and protracted controversy. I do not think a repetition of past experiments can profit either party.

I ask, why should not the Socialists have their own classification in our lists of speakers, mediums, etc., the same as Mormons, Catholics, and other bodies of believers? And especially, why should not this distinction be all the more faithfully observed, seeing that dissimilarity and antagonism of opinion.

I certainly do very sincerely hope that having so long felt the grievous complicity imposed upon us by the perversion and monopoly of our platform in every recent Convention for some years, the anti-Socialist call, and plain protest of our Minnesota friends, just issued, will be gratefully recognized by those whose turn it is now to look on, and grant to the rightful possessors the platform which ought to be and is their own.

What is a "free platform"? Can any one appoint a Convention or meeting which is limited to one day, or to twenty, and virtually make that platform "free" for the discussion of every question in the calendar? It is impossible. And with a specified object or subject for discussion in the call, can offensive questions and seditious speeches be said to be in order, or in any respect admissible, especially, as being hostile to the real and avowed purposes of the meeting?

I am aware that many of the social freedom party will still contend for our spiritual platform as their rightful property; but it is, just as plain to a great proportion of our most correct, upright and devoted adherents, that it is not theirs rightfully, any more than is the platform of Plymouth Church, or of Elder Evans' Shakerian.

In the early growth of our cause, it was never suspected or claimed that we should furnish at our own cost a platform for every individual to mount his own hobby on; neither was it supposed that any subject involving partisan differences should monopolize the time already advertised and promised to the investigation of the spiritual movement, as known to the world. As long as we remained faithful in the proper and legitimate discussion of our good cause, our meetings were profitable reunions, and we came together with all the harmony and good feeling which a spirit of true fellowship inspires.

We had more charity—more of true stoicism and calm philosophy—more of the spirit of the peace-maker, more of tender compassion and faithful love, and may truly say, a thousand times less of this detestable slander, back biting, false swearing and inter-meddling, which has set whole communities and the whole nation, indeed, lighting over the reputations of our most eminent men and women; as in the Beecher-Tilton case.

In all this "grand expose," over which the Grandees of Society smack their lips as over a delicious morsel, I had seen in our bombastic loud voiced, "reformers," any spirit of tender compassion, or of sorrowful pity that our great and noble ones should fall into the vices of sensual indulgence or marital infidelity, I could have thought them honest and sincere. But when I see how Woodhullian hardness the heart, and how many have committed themselves to this merciless system of attacking private character, with a bitterness that astonishes me, in view of the sweet and pitiful spirit of the Nazarene which the angels have taught us, I can see no affinity between this wicked condemnation of individuals and families, and the teachings of translated spirits who have brought down to us their pure and heavenly-born commandments.

We must judge the tree by its fruits. To defend one's self when attacked by this malevolent spirit, and meet this monster-vice which fattens on the blood of its victims, may require severe remonstrance or denunciation, but for "reformers," as they call themselves, to go out pleading "the cause of woman," or the cause of humanity," and at the same time invade as spies and informers every home and family in our land, or claim the right to do so, is contrary to every principle of reform, and undeniable proof that such a spirit is the spirit of sorcery and not the spirit of a pure and saving Spiritualism. It is this wide divergence of the two movements which shows the folly of seeking a compromise as some have evidently hoped for; and I can not but feel that all true Spiritualists are called upon now to run up their protest as the Minnesota State Association has done.

In doing this we have no spirit of retaliation to gratify. It is our simple right, and the only practical course to be taken in order to put our true standard before the inquiring multitudes. No one can justly steal away our own true characters and give us one that is not legitimate, and there was never a greater wrong committed, or a more deliberate and willful assassination of personal reputation permitted than has been cherished in this social freedom warfare. Every right minded person so assailed and robbed of their legitimate place has an interest in this separation, while those who will, may still pursue their own delusions without encroaching upon the territory of others. I can only stand forth my earnest sympathy

thies and powers of co-operation to all those societies, who are ready for a similar declaration, and pray that the spirit which this movement is inaugurated, will be felt in the restoration of that harmonious gathering, and the hearts and lives of our people. How many, O how many, have become so hungered and athirst for the musical flow of the old fountains which sent to us their healing waters in these meetings! Let us once more have peace! What shall prevent? All that is necessary is to preserve our platform for our golden rule—Sermon on the Mount—our meek and angelic Nazarene! Then, and then only, can it be said by all God's people, "Give us a free platform!"

Yours Truly, Wm. M. P. WILCOXSON.

The Bears.

"And he went up from thence into Bethel, and as he was going up by the way, thence came forth little children out of the city and mocked him and said unto him, 'Go up thou bald head; go up thou bald head.' And he turned back and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the woods and tare forty and two children of them."

The careful reading of this text invests it with questions of deep significance, viewed from any other than a strictly Orthodox standpoint. The Biblical apologist with assured complacency gives God the glory, whose mysterious ways (he says) are past finding out, and bolstered with the trite theological syllogism, he abruptly closes the door to further inquiry—thus God can do no wrong—this was the act of God, therefore it is right.

As the text is a random selection from many of similar import the earnest investigator, untrammelled by sect or creed, with profound reverence, fails to accept the painful conclusions of such irreverent theology. God's integrity, his consistency, and eternal goodness must not be questioned.

The text shows the prophet Elisha under good influences, in the name of the Lord healing the poison spring at Jericho, and from thence as he journeyed to Bethel, meeting the little children whose simple playful jeers salute him. All at once his benignant smile vanishes, his holy inspiration is gone; and the demon of hate, blood and murder, possesses him. The forty-two innocents are immolated; he moves on unmindful and under such circumstances, it remains for a God-in-the-Constitution churchman, to reconcile the diverse acts of the prophet and give God the glory in both cases.

On this rational hypothesis and this alone, can we clear away the fogs and mysticisms of the good Book, and it becomes at once a new work, giving views and truths in a new light, all harmoniously blending; the devouring bears were materialized by the wicked angels; the spring was healed by the good angels, each acting in strict accordance with omnipotent law, for as the one had lived just and uprightly in the flesh, so their good influences as angels were shed on the prophet, and he wrought good works, and the evident conclusions as to the influence of the wicked angels, is that in the flesh they were depraved and desperately intent on bloody deeds.

The possibility of materialization is not questioned by thousands who are living witnesses to-day.

W. K. RIGGTON.

That Protective Committee and that Sewed Envelope Again.

There are such believing Spiritualists that no amount of testimony can shake their belief in the pretensions of a favorite medium. In the last number of the JOURNAL we are treated to a long-winded article by a Mr. Wolf, who labors hard to show that the Committee of Protection were too hasty and not careful enough in their exposure of Mrs. Lindsay. Now I, the Chairman of that Committee, answer him, and say to him he was not careful in writing his article. He could have called on the members and collected the facts; he wrote without such a precaution. The consequence is, he has made a number of mistakes, and then reasons on them.

Had he called on Mr. Newton or myself, he could have seen the original pool from which we sewed the envelope, and also the thread that was in the envelope when the letter was returned; and then he would have known that the pretended answer without opening the letter was a fraud. Her thread was smaller and contained sixteen turns or twists more to the inch than our thread; our thread was saturated with a solution of sulphuric acid (not nitric as Mr. Wolf blunderingly describes) and the thread returned to us made no reaction on litmus, while our thread turns it red. The theory that the acid would evaporate is simply nonsense. We have the pool wet on hand and it has not evaporated. Moreover, if she can get an answer inside of a sewed envelope, why not repeat the experiment instead of arguing so much. Mr. Wolf can get any chemist to prepare a thread, with a solution of iron, soda, iodine, silver, zinc, or other material and sew his envelope and out the thread off short, and when the letter is returned the chemist can tell him if it is the same thread, or whether, at least, it contains the same chemicals. So much for Mr. Wolf.

Now I wish to state for the satisfaction of your readers, that ours is not an investigating committee, but a Protective Committee to assist and protect all good mediums. We have already spent a good deal of time and money and made several unfortunate mediums comfortable and prosperous. Because we will not lend our support to charlatanism, is that any reason why we shall be abused? In a recent number of the BANNER we were treated to a two column article of abuse and misrepresentation by Emma Harding, a professed medium, who has some patent medium developing machine. Now these are the very things we wish to obviate. There are many persons claiming to be mediums who resort to fraud in order to make money out of Spiritualists, and there are many who are full of material discoveries given by the spirits. But how few are there who seek and use their powers to

render a blessing on their fellow creatures. And yet how many with even a small show of medium powers prostitute themselves to some speculation. The design of our committee is to lend a helping hand to those who are pure and good, that good works may come from Spiritualism. It may cause a little fluttering among those who practice "humbug," but can it disturb the peace or happiness of those who are pure and noble? We think not. Yours Truly, J. W. NEWBROUGH.

The Louisville Bank Robbery

It appears from the papers that the Planter's National Bank of Louisville, Ky., was robbed of a large amount of money lately. About daybreak the teller of the bank, Louis Rehm, was met near the bank on his way to the police station. He could hardly speak at first, but after a while informed the detectives that three men had taken him from his bed during the night to the bank and forced him to deliver the keys, with money. Rehm alleges that he was chloroformed and stabbed in the side, where there is a slight wound. The bank officials refuse to give any information regarding the affair further than that the depositors will lose nothing. The amount stolen is believed to be nearly \$100,000.

Detective Bligh took charge of Rehm, whom he had known very well as a steady and honest young man. The preceding story was related to Bligh, who regarded it as very weak, and had Rehm locked up at a hotel. The directors of the bank met, and after consultation came to the conclusion that Rehm's story was a fraud and his the robber. The President so informed him, but Rehm asserted his innocence time and again. Being told that all regarded him as the robber, he asked for an hour's sleep and retired. On awakening he confessed to the detectives that he had robbed the safe the preceding night before 12 o'clock, carrying the contents home and burying them under his house. An examination by the detectives revealed all the money tied in a sheet under a gymnasium in the rear of Rehm's residence. He was arrested, and is now in jail. Previous to the robbery Rehm was regarded as honest as any one about the bank. He says himself that he doesn't know why he took the money, and now realizes the improbability of being taken from bed as stated.

The time has come, in the providence of nature, when the jurisprudence of the country as well as the people will begin to look deeper for causes, in cases like the above. The science of clairvoyance, with an intelligent understanding of its principles, will know just the best way to treat such unfortunate. This trustworthy bank clerk, by his own story, is evidently and clearly the victim of undeveloped, unseen influences, by reason of his possessing a strong mediumistic element, and being ignorant of his own nature. This young man in his present condition, is an unsafe person to go at large, but the question of the kind of treatment he should receive is what we wish to consider. At present there are no public institutions adapted to such cases, and it is quite natural that there will be none except as the result of agitation. An institute for the development and instruction of the clairvoyant and magnetic "sense," is one of the greatest immediate demands and needs of the world. Judge Edmonds was possessed of the means, and had he only been possessed of the conviction, he could have founded just such an institution. As he did not, it is probable that some other person or persons will, at a day not far distant. Instruction will supersede punishment.

E. W. BALDWIN.

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