

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO  
PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XIX.

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NO. 26

## IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

An Open Letter to the "Devil," alias His "Satanic Majesty," "The Adversary," "Old Scratch," "Lucifer," etc., etc.

DEAR DEVIL:—Permit me to address you in this informal way, that I may, for the time being, partially forget my own incoherence in the presence of so august a personage as your self, and thereby, express myself more understandingly to you. From your conversation with the first lady of creation, I gather that you are a gentleman of few words, but much wisdom, and that you are truthful. This fact is the principal one emboldening me to write you. The further fact that you selected a woman to reveal a great truth to, leads me to hope you are yet unprejudiced against them, and that you may pardon me for being the first to open up a direct correspondence. With this preface, I will enter at once into business.

There is, as you possibly know, a warm discussion going on at present, as to the probability of your decease, and some anxiety is felt by the public to get at the facts. To ascertain them, Chicago starts out with a large reward, which will doubtless be greatly increased by the Materialists, Spiritualists and Orthodox. The former argue that, if you are dead, there is nothing more of you; you are gone, done, and forever out of the way. The Spiritualists declare this an erroneous idea, and say you have only dropped your horns and hoofs, and outside fixtures, and are as good as new in the Spirit-world; while the Orthodox weepingly affirm that they can not do without you; that they have faith to meet you yet, "where con gregations never break up, and Sabbaths never end." Then, there is a class of very wicked people, who would rather not meet their dues at your hand, and another class of good ones who want justice done. All, you see, equally interested in your whereabouts, and all inquiring, "Is the Devil dead?" As I wish facts, I come to you, and ask, are you dead, or are you not? If dead, do, Mr. Devil, dispatch a word to that effect; if not, write and say how you escaped. If dead, say what you died of, whether disease, envy, suicide, fire, water, or "fever'n ague." If not dead, what cured you?

Do not think mercenary motives prompts me to these inquiries, for I assure you, dear sir, should I by chance get the reward, I will make it the corner-stone of a donation toward your monument, nor rest till your parentage, birth and death be properly recorded; and a touching epitaph be written to your memory.

I wish to suggest that you correct any misstatements that may exist regarding your personal appearance, habits or location. For centuries, pious and profane people have endowed you with (what seem to me) unnatural and unwarrantable characteristics. As the descriptions of you in sacred history, are so contradictory, as are also those of individuals claiming to have seen you, I am at a loss to know which to accept. Indeed, I will confess, that while I write, I am continually hesitating in my mind, about addressing you as a person; and yet I feel less like using language to a serpent; a snake. Some of the ugliest and most forbidding people I ever saw, who seemed but caricatures on the human race, have been said to look like "the Devil before day," or "the Devil on stilts." Whether you change your appearance "before day," or whether you ever walked on stilts at all, are yet questions in my mind. From the impression you made on Mother Eve in the orchard, you surely could not be very horrible, or she would have scampered back to her husband, and told him her frightened story; and he would have brushed you out with his garden hoe. And now, since we are on the garden subject, let me ask if you were, and are truly and really, nothing but a serpent; and if the beasts and fowls and animals of all kinds ran at large in the garden, or if none were there but you? If all were outside but you, how, pray, did you get in? Were the cherubim asleep on guard? How did you move? Did you, unlike all other snakes, walk upright like a man? Or, did you hop like a toad, swim like a fish, fly like a bird, or—now I think of it, was you the "Divil on stilts"? Surely some of these, for you did not creep or crawl. That style of locomotion was given you as a curse for telling the truth to Eve. If you were a serpent, how came you with the organs of speech, and what language did you speak? Perhaps French, or German, or "Irish-blarney," perhaps none of these, but some of the dead languages. I was going to say you possibly used the deaf and dumb alphabet, but then you'd heed hands for that? Oh, dear! I don't know how to fix the matter to make it seem entirely rational!

Respected Beelzebub, who named Eden? It was already Eden before God planted it, so who named it—did you? If you named it, is it not barely possible that you were a "quarter" there, and had a pre-emption claim for an interminable length of time before the place was put under cultivation? What became of you when Adam's family left there? Were they, as the story runs, turned out of their beautiful home because you deceived them, and you left in full possession because of your cunning? Or were you permitted to go with them? Or, are you kept inside the garden, as they out, by the cherubim with the "flaming sword"? Or, did you retain what was already yours, and put the cherubim to hoing your garden? Perhaps after all, you have kept that place for a summer retreat, and are cultivating fruit and flowers extensively. If that case, let me inquire, in this season of overflows, if those four rivers in Eden have been over banks, and if, my dear sir, your small fruits

have been under water? Will it be a good year for peaches with you, or did the "cold snap" catch them, or are the curculionids? It is singular that we have not heard from the vicinity of Eden for so long; I would regret to learn that the fences are down, and the place turned out to grass.

Can you inform me why, when a gardener was made for Eden, he was not made strong enough, and willing enough to do the work without some one to help him? A man unwilling to raise "garden sass" for himself, (with nothing else to do) hadn't much energy. What became of all the dust, that the helpmeet had to be made of Adam's rib? Suppose the poor old fellow had died, and never came out of that "deep sleep" he went in, and his wife been left to bury him by herself. Just think of it! Who named Adam, and why have we no account of such an important circumstance? If you were not a serpent, but a man, as is sometimes supposed, you must be older than Adam, although he is the first one we have any positive (?) knowledge of. As your genealogy is somewhat disconnected, may it not be that there is, or was, a Mrs. Devil, who was made of bone of your ribs? If so, was she the original painfult, or were you entranced, or were you chloroformed?

When the Lord told the gardeners if they ate the forbidden fruit they wouldn't "surely die," how did you know they wouldn't? Did the Lord know that you knew this, and that you would tell it? If he didn't, and didn't know where Adam was till he called him, and didn't know the gardeners would not die, was he infinite in wisdom?

The Bible says, "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." What cut of coats did he make them, and why coats at all, when gowns, trousers or wrappers would have been so much easier made, and more becoming to wear? Were they made by hand, or were there machines of any kind at that time, of which we have no account? Single thread or double, chain or hemstitch? At what date did Mrs. Adam begin doing her own sewing?

After God "repented" that he made man, and decided to drown everybody but Noah's folks, (who were saved in the ark) what became of you? Were you one of the beasts in the ark, or were you drowned, or were you in an ark of your own, where no one could see you, or were you in some dry place where the waters couldn't reach you? (Some ministers now say, the flood which was intended to wash away every living thing from the face of the earth, was only local.) If you were in the ark, didn't you find it a little crowded, and wasn't the ventilation rather poor with only one window? Who fed you, and where did they get the dust you ate? If on board, did the dampness affect it any? At best, it must have been monotonous there for one of your temperaments.

When but a very little girl, dear sir, I used to hear our old minister tell most wonderful and horrible stories of you and your kingdom. His mind seemed full of just such fiendish pictures of eternity, as are described by Rev. J. Furness. Nothing in language seemed too extravagant, revolting or terrific for him to attempt in the way of descriptions of hell and of yourself. I was too young to read, but I studied the pictures of you which embellished our family Bible. That one was a seven-headed looking beast, with hoofs and horns, a long tail and fiery eyes, and a demoniac, expressive face, neither human nor beast. (You were superintending a hot bath for some sinners, in a sulphur and brimstone lake of fire; and your sub Devils had your victims fastened on long forks, punching them through the flames for your entertainment. In my frightened dreams I would hear you roar and bellow, hear the fires crackle and hiss, see the dragons dance in wild delight, hear the little children cry and wail for their parents, and see the re-vengeful God the preacher described, look down and laugh at their despair. So you see, respected Beelzebub, when I should have been happy and thoughtless, I was burdened with the stories of your wickedness and crimes. I grew out of that trouble eventually, but I have dear friends who rather incline that way; and I know of little innocent children who hear very much such stories as I heard, and have perhaps the same dreams. I know dear, good people, who think it wicked to be happy, and who believe you to be at the beginning and ending of everything not strictly solemn and distasteful. But, it is not my wish to post you on these points, but rather to gain what information I can from you.

There is another feature in your history which needs some light. In Job, we read: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also. And the Lord said unto Satan, 'whence comest thou?' Then Satan answered the Lord and said, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'" Who were those "sons" of God (who is supposed to have given his only begotten son to save the world) and how came you on such familiar terms with them? Where were you prior to that "presentation," that God could not know of you; and how dared you to tell him that you would when he commanded you to crawl? How could you walk in the earth, even admitting you walked at all? Were you so ethereal that the compositions of earth were no impediments to your movements? That you could glide right through coal mines, iron beds, and strata of rock without barking your limbs, or cracking your skull? Come, now, doesn't it seem that your story to God was a little crooked, and isn't it barely possible that you were bragging a little? Were you walking or crawling to the reception mentioned? After all, when I come to think of it, you surely

didn't wriggle along on the ground, with such company as you were in; it really seems you would have been ashamed to do so, unless the "sons" crawled too. It may be that I'm unjust to you, but I really am trying to be impartial and fair in my conclusions.

Were you one of the two thousand devils cast into the swine by Jesus, or were you two thousand in one, or where did more than one devil originate? Why, when you were "choked in the sea," have you appeared again, and how could you return when you were drowned? If you had the power of realizing two thousand deaths by drowning, didn't it give you a distaste for water?

In St. Luke (X chapter, 18 verse) the Lord says, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

Now, I feel an intolerable curiosity, most wonderful Satan, to know how you got into heaven after what transpired on earth, and what could have hurried your departure from there so much? As I understand it, you came down by telegraph, without stopping at any way stations. Did you light on your feet or your body; and were you shocked by the fall? If your visit was pleasant, why did you not take your baggage and remain ten or twenty thousand years, as you would have plenty of time left. Possibly your household affairs required your attention—the fuel might have run short and the fires gone down.

When you tempted Christ by offering him all the kingdoms of the earth, did he think they belonged to you? If he did not, wasn't a temptation? Could you see them all from where you stood? Did you look with the naked eye, or use a telescope? If a telescope, would you mind loaning the instrument a few days? If the kingdoms of the earth be yours, are not also the inhabitants? Could you claim even one of these souls without Jehovah's consent? If you could, are you not more powerful than Jehovah himself? If you are infinite in power and wisdom, should we not respect you? If you are on earth, why does history declare that your home is in the infernal regions? If you are there, can you be here? If there and here, are you not omnipresent? If omnipresent, are you not in heaven? If in heaven, are you wicked? If the wicked are there, would it be a nice place for the righteous? If you are in any of these places, or all of them, if you are "everywhere," as we are told, can we escape you, and are you not obeying a higher command? If you are, have we any right to object to you?

Having no personal acquaintance with you, I am, of course, unable to judge fairly or correctly the questions under consideration. Outside of sacred history, as in it, the harshest terms are used against you, and all evil deeds and all manner of wickedness is considered legitimately yours. Careful thought has led me to doubt this, and to consider you but the excuse that others have for their own sins. Many who believe strongly in your personal existence, do so in a manner of sin, and say you tempted them; trying to shirk the blame which properly belongs to themselves, and give it to you. This, to say the least, seems unfair. All progression comes in your name; all new discoveries of consequences, all new inventions for the benefit of the world, are labelled "Devil" when first received. All philosophers, astronomers, geologists, inventors, or advanced thinkers of any kind, have been met at every step, and hounded in every effort by the shout of "Devil!" This outcry arose from the priests of all nations, and was, and is yet, echoed by intolerance of every grade. They are the stumbling blocks to progression, and have, from all time, heaped the fiery faggots around the luckless soul, who struggled to be free from their bondage. When, however, a great truth is carried, and its uses and popularity have been established by its martyrs; intolerance steps forward, and desires a holy patent on what it first declared—"the Devil." It begins at once to "harmolize" (?) this great truth with the Bible; which is happily so written that one contradiction can at any time be proven by another, thus verifying (by a proper use of the word "figuratively," almost any argument. When skeptics ask for an explanation of peculiar passages in the Bible, they are told often, that "it is not for us to understand," yet the unbeliever is held responsible for his conclusions, and is commanded by the righteous to search the Scriptures. If essential to our salvation, why was the book not written so we could understand it? Or of what use is it to read without understanding? As sensibly command a blind man to copy a picture; or a deaf man to enjoy music which he has never heard.

Since you, respected Old Nick, have been first in all improvements, and since you have so often been in conversation, and in association with the Lord, (as known in the Bible) let me urge you to one more good deed. Unravel the mysteries of the Bible, and write up a plain, simple and correct history of its meaning. Tell us among other things, why you were created. If you were designed, for what purposes designed? If not designed by the Creator, did you make yourself, or were you co-existent with God? If he created you for a certain purpose, has it been thwarted? If not, are you not doing precisely what he intended you should? Should you be blamed for doing his will? If you are permitted to perform all manner of heinous crimes; to gambol all over the world in the very ecstasy of devilry and malice, without check or punishment, will it be honorable to eternally damn ordinary human beings? Is it reasonable and just that they will be handed down to hell for your delinquency, their cries sad wailing and despair, your delight forever? Are you to be pampered and fed eternally on the shrieks and prayers and wails and misery of men, women, and children?

Shall your abode be perfected and beautified by human torture? The boiling lakes and furious flames in which your victims plunge, create your landscape; their groans of torment, pain and anguish be your household music; their burning, crisp forms be the odors of your garden; their tears of utter wretchedness and endless woe, the jewels shining in your crown of happiness? If so, then where is God and justice? Where is God and mercy? Where is God and love? Tell me not of a loving Father who made man without his consent; hell for his eternal home and punishment, and you to enjoy it. Would a merciful God permit you to sink humanity in an eternal pit of damnation, if he could prevent it? If he have not power to control you, is he infinite? If he be not infinite, are you not his equal in power and wisdom? If you are his equal in these, had we not better "make friends" with you? If you are too wise for serpent, too wicked for human, too powerful for a God, is it not possible, Mr. Devil, that you are just right for a *medium*?

And now, dear sir, as age may have dimmed your eyes, I will bring my hurried questions to an end, nor tax your patience longer.

With great respect,  
Mrs. JACOB MARTIN.

Cairo, Ill.  
P. S. As I am a woman, it is my privilege to finish with a postscript. I wish to beg an early reply regarding your death. If it really has occurred, you can send me a message by "table-raps," as I understand you yet have the patent on Spiritualism. Mrs. J. M.

## IS THE DEVIL DEAD?—LET US BE HONEST.

In the following I desire to frankly acknowledge an error, and to recount some personal experiences which have led me to see said error, all of which has more or less bearing upon the mooted question of "Devil" and "evil spirits." I have for some time contemplated the duty I am about to discharge, and am now quickened to the task by the careful and candid perusal of a communication in the *Journal* of Feb. 12th, 1876, by D. G. Mosher. While deliberating upon the subject he therein treats upon, it occurred to me that I had at some previous time called in question some of this gentleman's published views, and in looking over my file of *Journals*, I found that in the issue of January 2nd, '75, I had "taken him to do" for assuming that "Devils" and "Diablas" are "imaginary personages." Therefore I now frankly admit that he was, and is right, at least in my humble opinion. Space will not allow at this time a complete rehearsal of all the events and circumstances by which I have been forced to admit the truth and to discard my former absurd views upon what now bids fair to prove an issue of the vital importance to the cause of Spiritualism. So deeply am I convinced of this truth, so firmly has it been impressed upon my mentality, and so conclusive and indisputable are the evidences gleaned from various sources, that I can no longer remain an idle spectator while the inspirational fire burns within me.

Soon after exchanging blind faith for positive knowledge, I formed the acquaintance of a man who claimed to be a Christian Spiritualist, and whose head had grown grey in the service of the angel world. I was tarred into his society almost daily, and had really begun to congratulate myself upon having such an experienced counselor, when it suddenly was revealed to my mental consciousness, that by the subtle power of psychology I was being led captive a subject of his will. I had had no power to resist, while he drew me away from the harmonious developing circle of which I was a member, and to some extent alienated my affections from other members, nor was my spiritual perceptions suitably developed to warn me of his true character, until he began to dose me with his theories concerning "evil spirits."

So absurdly ridiculous were his arguments and sophistry, with such uncharitable, contemptuous, and bitter opposition did he maintain his views, that I could but renounce the doctrine which in its mildest form was simply damnable. He argued that there were spirits in the spirit-land almost perfect in deception and iniquity; that it was almost always, sometimes utterly, impossible to tell whether impressions and communications we received purported to be from our spirit friends, were really from them or from "deceiving spirits"; that "evil spirits" were ever on the watch, and would personate our friends at every opportunity. He claimed also that man at death carried all his animal passions and propensities to the spirit-world with him, to prove which he said he had had them (evil spirits) threaten to take his life; that he had often visited the spirit world and seen the dark and dingy work-shops where those who had gained a livelihood on earth by the labor of others, were doomed to toil. Thus in various forms did he portray the condition of every class of individuals from whom he chose to differ, thereby presuming to have reached a finality from which nothing, human or divine, could move him. Once loosed from his power, all the hideous and asked deformities of his character became painfully, vividly real and apparent. At times, with all the cunning and adroitness of a wily serpent, would he seek to entangle me in his psychological meshes, and at every turn would he be defeated. The mask once torn away, it took but a short time for true character to come to the surface. Free-love tramps were housed and fed, quarrels at home and quarrels with neighbors and others such to more congenial spheres flash the picture, and a scene in real life, and is one of the proofs palpable

that "evil spirits" are clad in veritable flesh and blood, and not disturbing the pure and good or deceiving those who seek some message from their spirit friends, unless the medium of communication is unacted with evil. That man carries to the spirit world his animal passions and propensities, is a proposition at once preposterous in the extreme.

These passions belong to the animal body from which, thank God, the spirit escapes at the transition period. What, in the name of reason, is there to feed those passions in the spirit-world? Must the spirit be tied to a living death, as it were? Is it not enough that these brute passions have held dominion while on earth, predominating and causing the soul to enter its spirit home dwarfed and undeveloped? Is it not a fact—an uncontested fact—that these passions are inherited, and the innocent are thus caused to suffer the effects of their workings while on earth, cumulated with the animal form? And is there infinite wisdom manifest in the working of the law that would cause the innocent to suffer through time, and the illimitable ages of eternity?

Forsooth! But I do not deny that man, by giving free way to the brute passions within him, may so dwarf and obscure the germ of immortality with which the Divine Mind has blessed him, that he will enter the spirit world as helpless as a newborn babe. But the animal kingdom is as much a separate kingdom from the spiritual, as is the mineral or vegetable kingdoms. My inmost soul revolts at the suggestion of such chaotic conditions in the spirit-land as must inevitably obtain were such monstrous doctrines true. In my close observation, and indefatigable search after truth, together with a careful scrutiny of communications from advanced spirits, I am totally unable to find a single argument or fact which can be relied upon as an indubitable proof that there are "evil spirits," "devils," or "demons" in spirit-life. True, I once thought differently, but my mind had not then dwelt upon the subject to any extent, and to the law of intellectual entombment am I indebted for the more rational, reasonable, and truthful solution of this great question. To assume that evil or undeveloped spirits can or do communicate as readily as the more advanced, is to admit that immutable law does not exist in spirit-life.

And I hereby assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that in maintaining the theory of the existence of "demons" in the spirit-world, we place ourselves in direct juxtaposition to those immortal truths and principles which the angel-world is laboring so unrelentingly to bring to the knowledge of mankind. Instead of recognizing these angel visitants as ministering spirits sent from God, we are too prone to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-diffidence, refusing to accept any truth that may differ from our preconceived views, and, the while, accusing God with having filled the world of spirit with tormenting devils. The individual referred to above may have been honest though deluded; but a huge pile of communications in manuscript which he claimed to have received through the same medium for the space of twelve years, attested no progressive development or a higher intellectuality at the last than at the first. He once sneeringly scouted the idea of a six months' old spiritualist daring to oppose views which he had cherished nearly a life time; and, should this reach his eye, I desire to assure him I bear him no malice, and most sincerely hope that he may be able to burst the fetters by which he is bound, and, discovering his error, be as frank to acknowledge the same as I have been. Let us be honest.

E. D. WARREN.

Brooks' Grove, N. Y.

Says Sergeant Cox: "I have seen a sentence of twelve words, every letter being distinctly and perfectly formed, written in the twinkling of an eye, by a mere sweep of the pencil, that is to say, as rapidly as the hand could be passed across the paper. In another experiment, fifteen clearly legible lines of small writing (being a passage from the *Speakeer*), which, with all possible speed, I was unable to copy in less than ten minutes. It was written, or rather flashed upon the paper, in 35 seconds. I know a psychic, who, in the state of trance, always writes backwards ten times more rapidly than Jean wrote in the usual fashion. Her normal state she is unable to write a word thus, save as slowly and with as much difficulty as others could to write."

In these days of retrenchment the plan of employing spirits as newspaper conductors seems to be just the thing. No salaries are required, of course, nor even the traditional saw-dust padding being necessary for the sustenance of the ghost. But, after all, is it exactly fair for these spirits, who have had their day, to come back in this way, and take the business of life out of the hands of the living? It is only through one generation dying off that the next is able to get on at all. If the dead are coming back what is to become of the living? If this thing goes on, not only editors, but doctors, lawyers and ministers are likely to find their occupations gone.—*Portland Transcript*.

Emmanuel Swedenborg has scarcely a follower or believer in all Sweden, and at Stockholm, his home, he was looked upon as a half-crazy christian. The house in which he lived is occupied by tenants of the poorer class of people, and is not easily found, so little is his memory cherished.—*Dustin Herald*.

All great minds, in their most exalted moments have felt themselves constrained by some power outside of themselves, which was speaking through and directing their wiseness.—*Rebecca*.





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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1876. \$750 REWARD. Is the Devil Dead? The "Evil Eye" and its fascinating Influence.

NUMBER XIX

There is a current of events traversing the history of the past, that shows conclusively that there is a wonderful potency in the human eye...

The "Evil Eye" and its fascinating Influence.

NUMBER XIX

There is a current of events traversing the history of the past, that shows conclusively that there is a wonderful potency in the human eye...

The Bible takes cognizance in plain language of the direful effect of the eye under certain circumstances.

Of course there is a vast amount of ridiculous foolishness and superstition connected with what is termed the "evil eye," but that there is a potent influence connected with the organs of vision...

"I do not know," she replied; but she did not take her eyes from his face all the while.

"Come away, Belle," said Ella. "He will think you have fallen in love with him."

"I have," responded Belle, with the utmost simplicity. "He is my hero, and he is my destiny."

"Hear the child talk!" exclaimed the elder sister. "He is, and I know it!" persisted Belle, now turning her face towards us...

tense fear as she clasps her babe to her breast, as though to save it from some impending danger, while through the open door of the tent we see the innocent cause of her alarm...

We well know that there is a vein of superstition connected with the "evil eye," which will, no doubt, make some believe that it does not possess the wonderful potent influence that we have ascribed to it.

The influence of the "evil eye" is exhibited in the following narrative from the Phrenological Journal.

The influence which some people possess, almost unconsciously, over others is so marked as to be undoubted. There are people so constituted that their opposites in temperament seem to have a perfect control over them...

Some twelve years ago, in a small city in northern Wisconsin, resided a McCann family, the proud but poor descendants of a once famous house of Scots.

After the marriage of her sisters, Belle found her home lonely. Mrs. McCann mourned over her lost wealth and station, and was so harsh that she became an un congenial companion for her children.

"There he goes!" one evening she said, glancing up from a novel she was reading.

"Who?" I asked. (They were neighbors of mine, and I had "run in" for a short call.)

"I do not know," she replied; but she did not take her eyes from his face all the while.

"Come away, Belle," said Ella. "He will think you have fallen in love with him."

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him. He "minds me of a snake, and charms like one. He has his 'evil eyes' on some of you, likely; and if he has, you may think him splendid."

She struck into a gay tone, never noticing the uneasy expression on Ella's face. For my part, I was mystified.

"I am going home; can't you bear me company, Mary?" I asked. I wanted to tell her about Belle's strange conduct.

"She will rue the day that she ever saw him," was the response. "I knew one poor girl that he drove to ruin, despair and death. A hero, indeed!"

A week later Belle informed me that she had met her hero at the house of a friend, the previous evening, and had had an introduction to him. He was a "duck" of a man, and she was already in love with him.

The following Sunday, Williams walked uninvited into Ella's parlor. John Wilson was there, and so were Mary and I.

"Introduce me!" said Williams, in a commanding tone to Belle.

"My husband," she said faintly. The consternation of the party can better be imagined than described.

Half an hour later, Belle came to us with the information that her sister had ordered her husband and herself out of the house, and that Williams had gone for a carriage in order to convey her to his mother's residence.

At last we found that our friend was ill-treated by her husband. Her life had become one of torment, hopeless and aimless.

We advised our friend to break her chains, and begin a new life away from the tyrant; but she told us that she could not do so.

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ceeded in reducing to their own standard or level those who were pure, innocent, and actuated by the best of motives. The "evil eye" has an existence, and if the reader will think closely, he will recognize the same in some person he has casually met.

The National Organization.

The prophet, Chauncey Barnes, insists that great and terrible calamities await all Spiritualists who do not give aid and comfort to the Centennial Show, which he insists shall continue four weeks, by spirit direction...

For our part we should much prefer to stand our hand and risk consequences, than to mix with the prophets who will conduct the proposed centennial spiritual exhibition for four successive weeks—more or less.

The Prophet Chauncey, in speaking of those who do not affiliate with his views altogether, says:

"It is a great wonder that there are not more of them to drop dead. A house divided against itself can not stand, and now is the time for Spiritualists and all of the Spiritual papers to become more in harmony with each other."

"I am organizing circles for a higher development, I have called a medium convention at San Jose, which we have just finished today. I called one to be held in San Francisco the first three days in March; then in April I intend to travel East, on my way to Philadelphia."

MRS. HARDY IN A SACK.

The Paine Hall Materialists Confounded.

Such test conditions as these are well calculated to confound skeptics. The Boston Herald says:

"Mrs. Hardy being much beset alike by incredulous Materialists and doubting Spiritualists to give a moulding seance under 'test conditions,' appeared at Paine Hall, last evening, enveloped in a sack, and sat upon the platform before a large number of spectators with a view to producing the mould of a spirit hand under circumstances which would preclude the editors of the Investigator and the Spiritual Scientist from alleging that she 'did it with her feet.'"

The seance was introduced by Mr. John Hardy, the husband of the medium, by a well-written and compact history of the origin and growth of the materializing phenomena attending the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy...

Mr. Seaver and another gentleman in the hall wanted Mrs. Hardy to also enclose the paraffine and water in a bag or screen, but for reasons best known to the medium and those conversant with the subtle conditions of mediumship, this was declined...

Complimentary.

The Rockford, (Ills.) Journal contains the following well-merited compliment to Doctor DUBB:

WHEREAS Dr. E. C. Dunn has delivered a course of five lectures in our midst upon his recently completed trip around the globe, which have been very entertaining, instructive and elevating in their character...

BROOKLYN has had a new and disagreeable "sensation." The Rev. E. C. Lergly, while preaching to his congregation, fell dead in the pulpit. This is conclusive evidence that Spiritualism is of the Devil—oh! we mean Christianity.

Bastian and Taylor.

The seances of the above remarkable mediums, are crowded nightly with a company of refined and intelligent persons of both sexes, drawn to see the marvelous manifestations occurring through their combined powers.

The dark circle, with the clairvoyant descriptions of spirits by Mr. Taylor, while they, materialized through Mr. Bastian's forces, across, shake hands and greet them in affectionate manner, is peculiarly interesting and convincing. The light seances, however, with the plain and perfect materializations of hands, faces and full forms of spirits, large, small, and of both sexes, continues to be the principal attraction.

One evening last week a spirit materialized in the presence of the sitters, growing from a luminous cloud or body, into the tangible and perfect form of a man fully six feet in height, before the eyes of a large company, many of whom were strong skeptics.

Charlotte Cushman.

This distinguished lady, who, on the stage, was unexcelled as a personator of Lady Macbeth, Meg Merrilies and Queen Catharine, was a Spiritualist. Her transit to Spirit life was effected under a full knowledge of the glorious truths of the Harmonical Philosophy...

Dr. J. K. BAILEY, since last report, has lectured at Breedsfield, Middleville, Oilsco, Greenville and Ionia, Mich. At the former place, we learn, the friends, through his efforts, roused up to the work of regular Sunday conference meeting, which we hope, will be continued, and be a means of much good.

Mr. FRANK A. HUNTOON, late of Boston, a well-recommended medium for remarkable physical manifestations—spirits walking out into the room, in the presence of the audience—has taken rooms at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING...

HON. GILES B. STEBBINS gave us a fraternal call just as we were going to press with this paper. He reports having filled a series of pleasant and profitable engagements in Nebraska and Iowa.

Mrs. MONSE writes us that she has been lecturing to crowded houses in Keithsburg, and goes from there to New Boston, then to Aledo. She says she has during the last five weeks spoken in many country places, to good houses.

Mrs. BULLNER, an eloquent trance speaker occupies the rostrum, morning and evening, at the hall corner of Green and Washington Sts.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture in Indianapolis (Academy of Music), Ind., March 5th. At Martinsville, Ind., March 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Furnished Rooms.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, can be accommodated with elegantly furnished, warmed and lighted rooms, at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$1.25 per day, at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 127 Fourth Avenue, two blocks South of the New Custom House.

Mrs. E. F. JAY BULLNER, trance speaker, will accept invitations to lecture in towns adjacent to Chicago, during week day evenings, through the month of March only.

Contents of the Little Bouquet for March, 1876.

Christmas Eve; A Visit to the Chicago Tunnel—The Spirit-world, (Illustr.); The Promptings of a Good Angel—Old Lewis; O Dolly Dear, Good Bye; The Spirits Find Entrance There; The Views of a Mormon Lady on Training Little Children; A Dream that Came True; Our Saturday Night; Uncle Gram and the Fairies; Thomas Paine; Oriental Jugglery; (Illustr.); Three Sublime Angels on Board; Items for Young Theologians; Varieties; A Child Carried Off by an Angel; and how it was Saved, (Illustr.); Boy's Course; Fast or Slow; Fairy Good Nature; Geraldine; Beyond; A Chinese Home; Arthur's First Buffalo; A Brace of Dog Stories; The Philosophy of Life; Donation.

The LITTLE BOUQUET is only \$1 per year. Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

WHAT IS MANT

Man Physically.

SECTION VIII

THE MUSCLES.

The muscular tissue is that which constitute the flesh of animals; it is usually of a red color, though in some animals it is white, and in others it is dark, almost black. It is a fibrous tissue, and has the power of contractility under certain stimuli, which may be conveyed to it through the nerves. Animals are dependent upon this tissue for all their powers of motion and locomotion. It is composed of bundles of fibres, each of which is very minute, the muscular tissues of man, and the higher animals have been divided into three classes, the voluntary, the involuntary and the mixed; the voluntary or those which are subject to the action of the will, and are moved under its direction. The involuntary muscles are those which are used in standing, walking, running, for the movements of the arms and hands, the head and neck and the vocal organs. They are not moved in a healthy condition of the body, except by the action of the will, through the nerves. The fibres of a muscle when contracted are thrown into a zig-zag direction, and when relaxed, are straightened out. The rapidity and accuracy of the motions of the voluntary muscles, is very wonderful. It is by means of these that man has been enabled to construct the architecture and machinery which constitute the triumphs of civilisation. The ease and facility with which the voluntary muscles are moved, especially in their regular motions, as in walking, is so great that we are scarcely conscious of any will-power being exercised. The wonderful feats of the movements of the fingers in the execution of music, seem also to be mechanical, and yet they require a constant succession of mental efforts to be conveyed through the nerves. The same is true of the vocal organs, the sounds of which are modified by the action of the muscles under the control of the will. The voluntary muscles are mostly on the exterior of the body, being used mainly for the purpose of locomotion in the lower limbs, and for skill in the mechanical arts with the hands and arms. We shall speak of the involuntary and mixed muscles in our next.

Comprehensiveness.

This is one of the most important elements of human character. There is such a tendency in man to be one-sided, that we seldom find a whole man. In early life, and while in ignorance, there are continued limitations; often combined with wonderful conceit. Men of learning, either on the political, scientific, or religious plane, are very apt to hold fast to some narrow limitations; of precedent, of authority or of dogma. The politician, instead of being a statesman with broad and universal sympathies, and that profound and righteous integrity which will withstand all temptations to wrong, is too often mercenary narrow and limited, yielding homage to such false notions as, "Our Country, Right or Wrong." The scientific man mostly has his limitations; he is afraid of the bubble reputation; he allows prejudice to dim his vision in the investigation of certain subjects; instead of mounting the ladder of science and looking around in all directions for truth, his eyes are turned in a particular channel, and he can see nothing out of that line. In too many instances love of ease, and fear of losing caste or position have their influence. Human life is too short for man to be struggling against apparent innovations.

The worst of all is the dogmatic religionist; bound by his creed, he can never see anything beyond it. The sectarian religionist may be compared to the silk worm; after it has been fed for a time, it spins cocoon around itself and soon shuts itself entirely out of sight; its natural tendency is to escape from this and become a butterfly, but if we desire to use the cocoon it must be soaked in something that will dissolve the gum, and then the silk threads must be drawn out and used. So religious sects must be well soaked, and the threads drawn out before they will be of much use.

Spiritualism comes to the world to introduce broader ideas, and grander conceptions of life and its possibilities. It demands that comprehensiveness of character which gives to every child of God the right to think and act for himself, or herself. With a wide, cosmopolitan sweep it extends across the domain of mind and gathers up all the truths that are scattered along life's pathway; it not only sees a brother or sister in every human being, but it learns something even from the lowliest of these, and treasuring up the lessons of all times and conditions, it brings them into the grand store-house of mind for the benefit of all: Spiritualism then, as a science and philosophy, meets the demands of the age, and the individual alike, and leads man out into the broad fields of the universe where he may see and feel and realize whatsoever of truths he has a capacity to comprehend; it teaches the noblest charity, the broadest liberality, the wisest statesmanship, the most profound philosophy, and the purest and most universal religion that the world has ever seen; yet how few there are who are able to comprehend it in its true grandeur and beauty, since all are compelled to measure it according to the standard of their attainment, and few have learned the important lesson of comprehensiveness which is to fit them to become truly great men and women.

DEATH'S TIDAL WAVE.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS

Ruma's tide-wave of death, flows o'er our land, Aye! worse than death-tide, it sweeps o'er the soul And all that is fair, and noble, and grand, Forever is hid where its black waters roll. On its bosom it bears all that's lovely in youth, It blots from young life every beautiful thought, And it sweeps every vestige of honor and truth, From the poor helpless soul its current hath caught. O the wrecks that are strewn where its waters have swept, O the hopes that lie buried 'neath its terrible tide, O the tears that the eyes of the mourners have wept, As down its swift stream their beloved ones glide. Who can measure the depths of this terrible wave? Who tell of the souls it hath borne to their death?

When no helping hand was extended to save— No loving one near to receive their last breath!

O our beautiful land is shadowed with woe, And all its fair future, seems mantled in gloom.

The talent of Hum's poison wherever we go, Destroys its sweet flowers, and withers their bloom.

Shall its death-chilling waters continue to lave, The evergreen shores of our God-given land? Shall the blessings that He so lavishly gave— Be wrenched from our grasp, by the rum-sellers hand?

Forbid it High Heaven! and show us the way; That its shadow no longer enfold us in gloom, God's power we invoke, and ever we'll pray, To escape from this curse and its terrible doom.

West Gloucester, Mass.

Is There A God?

BY PROF. F. F. R.

Doubt is the first natural and necessary step towards knowledge. In after ages, if not in this, minds that deny and question will be regarded wise. To-day, those who profess to believe many things they do not know, tell us,—"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" and from the same authority teaches, that in order for a man to become wise, he must first become a fool.

Now, to intelligently moot this question, "Is there a God?" we must first agree on what constitutes that Being. Without dispute, goodness, power and intelligence are the essential attributes of God; yet these, in order for their manifestation, are dependent on a medium of some kind, for by and of themselves they can do nothing,—being spiritual, yet, notwithstanding this dependence, these attributes are regarded the superior power we call God.

Now, if the advocates of a personal God, do know what specific ideas they intend to convey by this phrase, we fairly conclude that as intelligent minds, they can explain it so clearly, present it in so lucid a manner that the way-faring man, though a fool, could distinctly see it.

When we talk of a triangle, mankind universally agree to set forth the idea of a figure with three angles and three sides; when we speak of an equilateral triangle, we refer to a figure having equal angles, etc. Now, our geometrical triangle is no article of faith, but a fact we can demonstrate to the perfect satisfaction of all, its angles constituting its attributes. Can the advocates of the God idea present it with the same demonstration? We think they can, if governed by the same logic.

We find that a triangle exists by merit of the necessity of its three angles; without these, the idea can have no palpable existence; it being the image only of this fact, it would be preposterous for us to believe in the idea, only in connection with the drawn fact; and finding in nature but one idea of the equilateral triangle through the medium of its attributes, these three equal angles, our respect for truth prevents us from assuming there are two—one inside and the other independent of nature.

So likewise, in the true sense, the idea of God ceases to be a postulate, when we regard these attributes ascribed to him, superior, to the idea.

Not only is goodness, power and intelligence included in this, but they are indispensable to the existence of the idea of God, therefore being the essentials, they constitute its essence, and are indispensable to even the life of faith respecting such existence.

In universal nature, we can demonstrate also those divine angles of goodness, power and wisdom, with the same accuracy and facility as we can those of the triangle. If so, the only point to agree upon is, are these attributes the essence of God? Does the religious mind admire and worship these, or do they prefer to worship the blank idea disconnected from them if it were possible? If the former, then God ceases to be an object of faith, and becomes an added part of knowledge in the mind. If such a thing was possible for these essences of God to exist outside of this boundless universe, that would form a precedent where spiritual essences could exist, independent of a medium of manifestation, and in addition to being a contradiction of the common order of nature, be also superfluous.

We have, however, no use for, and are made incapable of discovering but one triangle or one God—(the assumption of theology to the contrary notwithstanding). The latter disseminated not only in the universe, but pre-eminently in its microcosm the little world of human beings permeated with these attributes.

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 arrears, to remit the same without delay.

ANCIENT BAND. Photographs of the Anderson drawings of these ancient spirits, are for sale at the office of this paper; also, the Descriptive Catalogue. Price of the latter, 25 cents.

Passed to Spirit Life.

My companion, Mr. CURTIS, passed to spirit-life, on the 18th ult., after a short illness of two months.

He was ripe and ready for the change. He longed for the time to come when he could see his dear wife to him. He had been a believer in Spiritualism for nearly twenty-five years, and was very inspirational.

Passed to her home in the Summer land, on Monday, Feb. 16th, 1876, Mrs. LEONA COOK, daughter of Jonathan and Susie A. Cook, L. Roy, Mich., aged 5 years, 8 months and 7 days.

Spirit forms surrounded her bed, waiting to welcome her to the home of the angels, as evidenced by her placing in the arms of the room where there was no object visible, and asking, with childish simplicity and animation, "Who is that, Ma?" and "Of Papa, who is that?"

We mourn the loss of our darling; but the knowledge that she is a bright little angel of light in the Spirit-land, and that we shall, some day, meet her in that bright abode where—"No" sends torment, no Christians thirst for gold—mitigates our sorrow and enables us the better to bear our burden of grief. Were we Orthodox, what hope could we have that we shall ever see her again?

A GENTLEMAN writes that he noticed in the Journal of Jan. 29th, an expose of Mattie Hulet Parry. He didn't notice any such thing. He had better look again.

Business Notices.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

The Medium and Daybreak is the name of an interesting English weekly paper published by James Burns, London, and devoted to Spiritualism. Price \$3.50 per year, specimen copies five cents. Subscriptions received and specimens furnished by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, n261.

The Voices.

We have in stock a small number of copies of the fifth edition of "The Voices," which are in every respect equal to the sixth and last edition, except that they do not contain the "Voice of Prayer." In order to close them out, we will send a copy to any address, post paid, for eighty-five cents; at which price they are a decided bargain.

Wonderful Success in Healing the Sick.

The cures performed in all parts of the country through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, are no less remarkable than those recorded in the Bible. A lock of the sick person's hair, sent in a letter, and held in her hand enables her to accurately diagnose the disease and prescribe the remedy. One of her spirit guides go in person to every patient and often make their presence known.

During the years 1874 and 1875, Mrs. Robinson treated 6443 patients by letter, and over 2000 of these cases had been given up as incurable by the regular attending physicians—most of whom speedily recovered under Mrs. Robinson's treatment, without a change from the first prescription.

Testimonials.

The Spirits Defined the Disease through a Lock of the Patient's Hair, when the Attending Physician could not.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, MEDIUM.—My wife was taken about six days ago with a pain in her thumb, like as if a splinter had got into it. In about three days it increased to a very severe pain, extending to her body in bad strokes. The pain had somewhat subsided, but the swelling continued unabated. We do not know whether there is any splinter in it. Enclosed find lock of her hair, and three dollars. She seems nervous and a little flighty at times; her arm is twice as large as it usually is; her age is 58.

JACOB A. FLOURNOY, Marionville, Mo., Jan. 16, '76

Mrs. Robinson, under spirit control, diagnosed the disease and prescribed the remedy, and here follows the first report, made ten days afterward:

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, MEDIUM, Chicago.—Yours of the 18th was received in due time. My wife is still living and promises to get well. Her arm has been opened in four places; is now discharging considerably. The swelling has subsided a good deal. Your diagnosis and prescription, which I submitted to the attending physician, who took it very kindly. You was the first that called it erysipelas, which is now agreed to be correct by all. I think your band of spirits can assist us much in effecting a final cure.

JACOB A. FLOURNOY, Marionville, Mo., Jan. 30, '76.

A Spirit Physician Materializes and Cures His Sick Patient.

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

Yours respectfully, Mrs. H. I. PACK, Topeka, Kan., April 19th, '76. Box 551.

Old Cancerous Sore of Five Years Standing. Cured by a Spirit Prescription.

A. H. ROBINSON, MEDIUM, CHICAGO.—I wish you to make an examination of my head and try and see if you can give me any relief. I have a sore on my left temple, which came about five years ago, and is now getting in to the edge of my eye. Some physicians think it is a cancer and others the reverse. I am a man in my thirty-sixth year; have been under the treatment of several different physicians, both in California and in the eastern states, but have derived no benefit. My head did never pain me until I had the sore cut out in San Francisco last year; since then I have something like neuralgia in my head at times, and more frequently darting pains from one temple to the other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Mrs. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence, or in the office, which she visits when she accomplishes the same. If necessary when the application is by letter, a written statement of the case, as far as possible, is very desirable, not only in the healing art, but as a permanent record of the case. Terms:—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$4.00; each subsequent one, \$1.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, \$4.00. Answering business letters, \$1.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply. Hereafter, all charity applications, to insure a reply, must contain one dollar, to defray the expenses of replies, consultations, and postage.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON will hereafter give no private readings to any one. If privacy is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee, and terms above stated, or by strictly complied with, or no notice will be taken of letters sent.

Mrs. ROBINSON'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE. The above named cure, remedy for the appetite for tobacco in all its forms, is sold at the office, sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of \$4.00. It is warranted to cure the most inveterate user of the weed, when the directions on each box are followed. Newspaper clippings will be sent you, but this antidote is made from gentian root. It is false. Gentian root is no remedy for the appetite for tobacco, but it is injurious to health to use it. Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote tones up the system and restores it to its normal condition, as it was before imbibing the baneful desire for a poisonous weed. It is a remedy prepared by a band of chemists long in spirit-life, and is warranted to be perfectly harmless.

This House will pay one thousand dollars who will, upon analyzing this remedy, find one particle of gentian root, or any other poisonous drug in it. Address: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., either for wholesale orders, single boxes or local agencies.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

TESTIMONIALS. Mrs. E. T. WYMAN, of Waukegan, informs me that she had used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and that she is entirely cured of all desire for the weed. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box. D. H. FORBES, Oshkosh, Wis. For sale at this office, \$1.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Agents wanted, to whom it is supplied for twelve dollars per dozen, but the cash must accompany each order.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the past two years Mrs. Morrison's Medical control has given 2887 diagnoses by lock of hair; and in the past year over one thousand patients suffering from chronic and complicated diseases have been cured with her magnetized vegetable remedies.

SPICIFIC FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 103 Westminister St., Box 2613, v1912115.

New Advertisements.

PSYCHOMETRICAL TESTS. MISS JENNIE ROUSTON, Psychometrist, 145 West Washington St., Chicago, for 50¢ will send further notice, when a positive full and reliable answer to three important questions, relating to health, business or marriage. v1912114

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We have just purchased 1000 First-class Pianos and Organs for the Spring TRADE, and will sell them at the largest discount from factory prices ever offered—Terms of payment, \$25 to \$100 cash, remainder quarterly. REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 21 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL. (Cut this out and enclose it to your letter.) v1912113

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MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANCE. MISS OVERIDER will diagnose and prescribe for the sick only asking sex, with lock of hair, or autograph. Will send diagnosis with magnetized paper or 15¢ of hair, on receipt of \$1.00. Miss Overider has been a medium over 21 years. Business sitting daily. 117 W. Madison St., Chicago. v1912114

Mrs. S. F. PIERCE, 47 Eagle St., Cleveland, Ohio, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healing Medium, located at 47 Eagle St., on receipt of \$1.00. Agents Wanted. Put up by spirit direct. Spirit identify themselves, give advice on business and all relations of life. Hours, from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Consultations \$2 each. v1912114

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by the planet of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense"—nearly 1,000,000 copies sold, by Dr. E. B. FOSTER, of 130 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author, in person or by mail, free. Price by mail, postage prepaid, \$1.25. Copies of this free Agent Wanted. MURRAY HILL, 75 LIBERTY ST., CHAS. P. JAWORSKI, MANAGER, 130 East 25th St., N. Y. v1912115

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REMONSTRANCE.

TO THE HONORABLE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:—The undersigned citizens of California, learning with alarm, that there is a Bill before your honorable body for a law entitled, "An act to regulate the practice of Medicine in the State of California," and fully appreciating the fact that said Bill, if passed, will be nothing less than class legislation for the benefit of a portion of the members of a profession to the prejudice of another portion, and in its very nature intended to curtail the natural rights of every citizen of our beloved State, to employ such schools of practitioners, and such health restoring remedies as each individual shall deem expedient—rights which every American citizen boasts of with pride, and rights which philanthropists throughout the world, cite as incident to free government only.—therefore we protest against it.

This is an age of progress, in which different schools of medical practitioners vie with each other in the development of remedial agents for curing the sick, and removing mental and physical ailments, as well as in all other branches of scientific research. THE OLD DECATING SYSTEMS of practice alone, call for class legislation to crush out new developments in the healing art. As well might the ancient relics of Judaism call upon your honorable body to legislate against Christianity, or the Doctors of Divinity to legislate against heresy.

THE FREE-BORN CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA spurn the least attempt at class legislation of every kind; believing that honest competition in every department of business leads to a healthy growth financially, and to a high state of mental culture. Hence we most respectfully REMONSTRATE against the passage of the Bill referred to, and as in duty bound, etc.

The Old Fogies Ask for Special Legislation in California.

For several years last past the old school physicians have looked with horror upon the various new schools of practice in medicine, which were yearly becoming popular among the people.

The founders of the new schools have been bold innovators, who feared not to proclaim such facts as they had discovered, notwithstanding the cry of quackery, and the sneers and jeers of a class of men, many of whom had few other qualifications, than those conferred by virtue of sheepskin diplomas, dubbing them M. D.'s.

It is a fact worthy of note that the great lights in the medical profession have been men whom the feeble lights, (too weak to get a living by their merits, hence seek special legislation,) would to-day call quacks and irregulars.

We here quote the testimonials of many of the most distinguished medical men known in modern times, to show the fallacy of special legislation, to put all power into the hands of boards of examiners, composed of men who yearly poison and bleed millions of their victims to death; all of which is tolerated simply because it is done secundum artem.

DR. ASKINETHY, the renowned, said: "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion."

DR. BENJ. RUSH: "We have done but little more than multiply diseases and increase their fatality."

SIR BENJ. BRODIE, M. D.: "If the arts of medicine and surgery had never been invented by far the greater number of those who suffer from bodily illness would have recovered nevertheless."

DR. J. H. MASON GOOD: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicines on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except that they have already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined."

MAGENDIE, M. D.: "Let us no longer wonder at the lamentable want of success which attends our practice, when there is scarcely a sound physiological principle among us."

SIR ARTHUR COOPER, M. D. declared: "The science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder."

SIR WM. KNIGHT, M. D.: "Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its afluity."

DR. ANDREW COMBE: "As often practiced by men of undoubted respectability, medicine is made so much a mystery, and is so nearly allied to if not identical with quackery, that it would puzzle many a rational looker-on to tell which is the one and which is the other."

PROF. CHAPMAN, M. D.: "To harmonize the contradictory medical doctrines is, indeed, a task as impracticable as to arrange the floating vapors around us, or to reconcile the fixed and repulsive antipathies of nature."

DR. CHEVRE: "Minerals are the most destructive to animal bodies that malice can invent; beyond gunpowder or even spirituous liquors, for not only nature has provided none such, but as poisons in venomous creatures, to kill their enemies. They become bristles, nails and lanceot, darting perpendicularly into the solids of the body, so as quickly to tear and destroy; and can, therefore, never be proper for food or physic."

MAGENDIE, M. D.: "The physician mixes, combines and jumbles together vegetable, mineral and animal substances, and administers them, right or wrong, without considering for a moment the cause of the disease, and without a single clear idea as to his conduct. Owing to such ignorance, he suggests the trusting of the patient to Nature's resources, rather than to take the "obvious risk of hastening his end of our patient."

DR. BRACH: "Is it not as dangerous to employ one of our regular mineral and butchering doctors as it is to jump into the dock, take poison, or to hazard life in any other way? And, may we not regard such practice among the same calamities as pestilence, earth-quake or famine?"

DR. MACKINTOSH, of Edinburgh: "No better evidence can be offered of the ignorance of the profession generally, as to the nature and seat of any disease, than the number and variety of remedies that have been confidently recommended for its cure." In the treatment of epidemic cholera, he cites a catalogue of nearly one hundred remedies, among which is ordinary bleeding; bleeding from the artificial siniae injections into the veins, etc., etc., equally as murderous or unphilosophical and devoid of reason.

SIR THOMAS WITHERS, M. D., relating a cure of dropsy, the result of the patient's self-will, he said: "Now, so man upon earth, in his sense, would have prescribed such a water course to cure a dropsy; which shows how little we know of nature, and the great uncertainty of art. Water treatment is the only liable agency for cures in dropsical affections, and the reason why can be made plain to a common sense perception."

DR. ADAM SMITH calls universities the "dull repositories of exploded ideas."

HARTMANN, M. D., of Vienna: "Taking the general run of practitioners, we can convince ourselves that the most of them evince nothing but the rudest empiricism under the cloak of science."

DR. MADDEN: "In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed and the patients continued to die."

DR. REID: "More infantile subjects are continually destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims to the Herodian massacre."

DR. TH. L. NICHOLAS: "If medicine were only as wise as surgery! When a man has a

broken bone the surgeon is content to put it in its place, prescribe rest and a moderate diet and leave nature to mend it. But when it is the liver or lungs that are disordered, the doctor bleeds, blisters, doses, gives alteratives, cathartics, opiates, and does more mischief in a week than nature can remedy in a year. I confess I have no patience with the folly of patients, or the ignorance, to call it no worse, of physicians."

PROF. JACKSON, M. D., of Philadelphia, says: "There must be a medical reform." The eminent author and physician, Dr. DAWSON, retired from practice many years before his decease, and about the year 1840 expressed his increasing want of confidence in medical practice in conversations with Dr. BOURNE.

DR. HOFFMANN: "Few are the remedies whose virtues and operations are certain; many are those which are doubtful, suspicious, fallacious, false."

DR. HOBERTON: "Modern water cure took its origin at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine (so called) was rapidly sinking into a decline—not to say a decay, of its own powers."

DR. DICKSON: "The ancients endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, but failed! The moderns, with more success have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

BY H. T. TRALL, M. D.

The people are asked to believe that it is necessary for regularly educated physicians of the drug system to examine all who propose to practice the healing art, in order to ascertain their competency, and in this manner protect the people from being killed by ignorant quacks. This argument would be weighty, and perhaps conclusive, provided the drug doctors could agree among themselves. But it happens that the practice that one physician approves as curative, another condemns as a homicide. We could easily fill the *Science of Health* with quotations like the following:

The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become to the virtues of medicine.

PROF. ALEX. H. STEVENS, M. D. Drugs do not cure disease; disease is always cured by the *vis medicatrix nature*.

PROF. J. S. M. SMITH, M. D. Blisters nearly always produce death when applied to children.

PROF. C. R. GILMAN, M. D. Digitalis has hurried thousands to the grave.

PROF. DAVID H. SACK, M. D. More harm than good has been done by the use of drugs in the treatment of measles, scarlatina, and other self-limited diseases.

PROF. ALVARO CLARK, M. D. Bleeding in pneumonia doubles the mortality.

PROF. H. G. C. X. M. D. The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever and measles, kill more than those diseases do.

PROF. B. F. BARKER, M. D. As we place more confidence in nature, so less in the preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes.

PROF. WILLARD PARKER, M. D. Opium increases the nerve force.

PROF. B. F. BARKER, M. D. Opium diminishes the nerve force.

PROF. E. H. DAVIS, M. D. We do not know whether our patients recover because we give medicine, or because nature cures them.

PROF. F. J. W. CARSON, M. D. The action of remedies is a subject entirely beyond our comprehension.

PROF. F. J. BECK, M. D. Of the essence of disease very little is known; indeed, nothing at all.

PROF. S. D. GROSS, M. D. The medical practice of our day has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence.

PROF. EVANS, M. D., F. R. S. I fearlessly assert, that in most cases the patient would be safer without a physician than with one.

PROF. RAMAGE, M. D., F. R. S. I visited the different schools of medicine, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects killed their patients.

PROF. BILLINGS, M. D., of London. Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick room.

PROF. FRANK, M. D., of London. The language of medical science is a barbarous jargon.

JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S. It is my firm belief that if the medical profession, with its prevailing mode of practice, were absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer.

FRANCIS COWSWELL, M. D., Boston. I declare as my conscientious conviction founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-widwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.

JAS. JOHNSON, M. D., F. R. S. Editor of the "Medico-Chirurg. Review." Such is the system as judged by its own teachers and practitioners, that the Legislatures of the different States are asked to enforce on the people by special statutes. No wonder the profession wants protection. The people have not petitioned for protection. All of these efforts to perpetuate the drug system by law, under the hypocritical and knavish pretense of protecting the people, originate in medical societies, and mostly with those members of the medical profession, who have so little practice that they have plenty of time for planning schemes of benevolence and prosecuting enterprises of charity and philanthropy; provided always, they are calculated to benefit the business and perpetuate the power and influence of the party of the first part.

DR. HENRY GIBSON, of San Francisco, Editor of *Pacific Medical and Surgical Jour*

nal, read up the "literature of quackery," before the State Med. Soc. He says: "The imagination of an adroit liar is capable of supplying the certificates. These require a professional varnish, however, and for this purpose it is customary to hire some threadbare doctor—some child of genius and misfortune who has fallen by the wayside in the battle of life, and who sells his soul to save his body from starvation." Plenty enough of that sort, and the quacks can always get them to help out any scheme of fraud.

"That the medical profession has not realized the world's expectation is lamentably true," said the State Hospital Committee of the California Legislature of 1853, all of whom were allopathic doctors.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH: "Conferring exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians, and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge, under severe penalties, from practicing medicine within certain districts of cities and countries—such institutions, however sanctioned by ancient charters and names, are the bastles of our science."

[Quoted from the Manifesto of the AMERICAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.]

"It is wholly incontestible that there exists a wide-spread dissatisfaction with what is called the 'regular' or old allopathic practice." Again: "Too many candid, ingenious and competent members of the profession have left it already in disgust and despair. The science and art of medicine must be reformed from within—those alone are competent to the task who are cognizant of its errors and deficiencies. \* \* \* Multitudes of people in this country and in Europe exhibit an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. The cause is evident—erroneous theory, and, springing from it, injurious, often, very often, fatal practice. \* \* \* In one word, medicine must be reformed, and it must be reformed by the healing art, or perished. Such, we have no doubt, is the inevitable determination of the large public; and this is no hasty verdict, no passing cloud, no mere temporary popular ebullition. The feeling widens, deepens, is ineradicable." Quoting many eminent medical writers, the "Manifesto" continues: "Enough! Judged and repudiated by its most illustrious authors, those best acquainted with it, and, of course, best qualified to judge; discarded and scorned by a large, intelligent, and influential portion of the people, old school allopathy is dying of marasmus; it will linger for some time longer, but is moribund. The most eminent of the faculty has pronounced its doom, and soon it will go down to the tomb of the Capulets, without hope or possibility of resurrection!"

And such is the language of the AMERICAN MEDICAL SOCIETY, reproduced and addressed to the Legislature of the State of California, to assist it in placing a proper estimate upon the medical practice.

DR. TRALL, in the February number, 1876. *Science of Health*, says: "The fault is with the system itself [Allopathy]. The great error consists in the principle of poisoning people because they are sick. The system of drug medication is wrong in theory, and hence cannot be otherwise than disastrous in practice. Drug poisons kill or damage as certainly when administered by the learned professor as when prescribed by the ignorant pretender. Poisons are just as damaging to vitality when recommended by the physician of vast experience and world-wide reputation, as when given by an empiric of no scientific knowledge on any subject. The burning irons along the spinal column (m. x.), the crystallizing morphine, and the deadly broths of potassium, which hurried Sumner and Wilson to their graves, were no less injurious, because sanctioned by the great name of Brown Sequard. Very young doctors, whose reputation is not established, are, on the whole, the safer for the patient. They dare not experiment with the more heroic potencies, as older physicians can do, without being questioned. In one sense only do the patients have a better chance for life in the hands of the old doctor. As a rule, the older physicians become, the less confidence they have in medicine, and many of them have learned by much disastrous experience that the more dangerous the disease is, the more dangerous it is to give medicine of any kind. But in all cases the benefit, or rather safety to the patient, is measured exactly by the mildness of the medication. It is not the fact published to the world a hundred times, that hygienic physicians are successful in treating those diseases which are so fatal under drug medication worth a little more consideration? We can not expect the mediator to pay any attention to any method of medication, except that of dosing the patient with drug poisons. The rival schools will go on blowing their loud trumpets, for medical students, degrading and turning out all the young doctors who will foot the bills, as long as the people will tolerate the drug system and swallow the killing poisons. But the people will certainly see through this terrible delusion, not to say imposition, sooner or later, and they the whole drug system will be recreated as one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted humanity."

The old school (Allopaths) first organized to resist all innovations, through special legislation several years since.

Finding themselves too weak alone, to accomplish their object, they hobnobbed with other schools so far as they could on a mercenary basis, inducing them to co-operate for legislation, with the promise that they should have their due proportion of the Boards of Examiners.

The poverty-stricken imbeciles of other schools, in some cases, listened to the honeyed words of their inveterate and sworn enemies, and united they have from year to year beset the several State legislatures to make laws for punishing all so-called "quacks and irregulars," as they in their simplicity, thought such laws would bring all sick people to an acceptance of their nostrums.

If they had been men of good practical common sense, they would know that such legislation, if they could obtain it, would like legislation upon religious subjects, cause millions of free-born American citizens, to utterly and totally reject all such laws as a downright innovation upon individual rights, and contrary to the genius of American institutions. Like the attempts of fanatics to "put God in the constitution, and declare Jesus Christ the civil ruler of our government"—the monstrosity of the attempt is sufficient to arouse the people to repel the effort as unjust and infamous.

About five years ago, a united effort was made by the medical schools throughout the North-west, to procure such special legislation. Bills were introduced into the legislatures of the several States like the one now before the legislature of California.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, always true to the principles of eternal justice, and fearless in exposing error, no matter where its ugly head presents itself, at once published a remonstrance like the one at the head of this article, and requested its subscribers—in those States where such bills were pending—to cut them out and paste them on to the head of a sheet of paper, and circulate the same for subscribers, among their neighbors—no matter of what religious faith—orthodox, liberal or skeptic—all would sign it. The result was magical. Our advice was followed, and all of the legislative bodies then in session throughout the North-west were flooded with remonstrances against class legislation for the benefit of poor old effete allopathy.

In every instance, where such bills were pending before the legislative bodies, then in session, they were at once rejected as unworthy of becoming laws.

We, in behalf of the rights of all people, ask our readers, one and all, in California, to carefully peruse this article, and to cut out and circulate the remonstrance without the least delay, and send it to the members of the California legislature, now in session, with an urgent request that they speedily place it before their legislature.

All that is required by your members to induce them to act promptly, is to show them that their constituents are alive to this, their most sacred right to employ whoever they please to treat them in sickness—be the physicians of the regular schools, irregulars, magnetizers, healing mediums—or the disciples of the Gentle Nazarene, who promised his followers, that greater miracles than he did in healing the sick, etc., should be done by them, if they were true in the faith.

The same spirit that crucified Christ, now seeks to crucify all believers in his wonderful powers, and would fine and imprison those who presume to heal the sick without a license from a Board of Examiners, often made up from supercilious simpletons, with no qualifications, and only tolerated because they have a sheepskin diploma and special legislation to back them in awarding punishment to all who do not subscribe to their faith, by fine and imprisonment.

DON'T FAIL to make it your first business, to cut out the remonstrance at the head of this article, and circulate it among your neighbors, and send it to your representatives. If you can't get a single soul to unite with you, send it with your own signature.

Dr. George M. Bourn, of the San Francisco Water Cure Infirmary, is making a strong fight, almost single handed and alone, against the passage of the nefarious bill. See to it, friends, that you promptly go to the rescue, by making yourselves felt, and your opinions respected through your remonstrance.

The Albert Peace Fund.

This fund is for the purpose of effecting the release of Albert Peace, the only Spiritualist in the Auburn Penitentiary. Only \$125 is required to secure his freedom.

- John S. Hensley, of Manchester, N. H., sends \$3 10, and Addie Curtis, \$1 25, for him to this office.
Rev. Mr. Walt, of Milwaukee, \$ 25
E. W. Baldwin " " " " 50
Mattie E. Baldwin " " " " 50
A. T. Richardson " " " " 25
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Dr. J. H. Skinner " " " " 50
H. S. Benjamin " " " " 50
Mrs. Stoddard " " " " 1 00
Mrs. Case " " " " 50
Wm. Z. Hatcher, of Birmingham, Conn 50
Whole amount contributed directly to Mr. Peace \$29 50.

Who will be further inspired to help the poor fellow? Do not send remittances to this office, but send directly to him, in care of the warden of the Penitentiary, Auburn, New York. This saves trouble on our part, and unnecessary delay. He will report every cent received.

BROTHER A. O. BARNES writes—"Please state in the JOURNAL that Bro. Little is exonerated by holding cabinet seances, so much so, that it is useless for any one to write me or him with the expectation that he will be able to visit them and hold seances for spirit materialization in the future, unless, after his exhausted energies are recuperated, further notice shall be given. Permit me to say, too, that no "expose" of Bro. Little's mediumship has been made, and only one reported, and that was in my absence, an expose of *spiritance* of the parties claiming an expose. His mediumship is genuine."

BROTHER E. M. DAVIS, of Des Moines, Iowa, endorses the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart. We have given the Committee of Terre Haute a hearing in her defense, and their article contains substantially the same that many others do, sent to us for publication. Our faith in her mediumship, from the evidence of *many credible witnesses*, remains unshaken.

OPIMUM HABIT CURED.

READ THIS. They Tell of Hearts and Homes Made Happy by Dr. Collins.

LaPorte, Ind., Nov. 17, 1869. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, 1869.

By JOSEPH C. DARROW. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 800 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, '71.

JOHN B. HOWARD, M. D. FIREBROOK, Ind., March 17, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '72.

DR. W. HAYES. GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 30, '72. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '71.

THOMAS AND FANNY MOSS. HICKORY, Ind., May 13, '71. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since March, '71.

JOHN J. PATTERSON, M. D. UNIONVILLE, Ind., Sept. 30, '72. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '71.

JOHN MOLAIN. FIREBROOK, Ind., Nov. 7, '72. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '71.

ROBERT M. NEIL. PROSPERITY, Ill., Dec. 2, '72. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 850 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '71.

WM. SANDERSON. MRS. S. P. SANDERSON. SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Jan. 27, '72. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 400 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '71.

T. M. ENDICOTT. BRANTFORDVILLE, North Adams Co., Mass. March 3, 1874. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 900 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '71.

JOSEPH COOPER. UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, BY LOUISA, Md., March 19, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 700 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '71.

GEO. T. ALLEN, M. D. ALTOONA, Ill., May 13, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,000 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '71.

JAMES HANLEY. NEW BRUNN, N. Y., July 10, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 540 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '71.

CHARLES BRADSHAW. TARRANTON, O. N. INDIAN TERRITORY, July 27, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 450 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '71.

JAMES S. PRICE. GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 27, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 420 grains of opium per month; have been cured since March, '73.

HOMER C. CLARK. MARIETTA, Cobb Co., Ga., Nov. 4, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,000 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '71.

JAMES S. BUTTS, M. D. SANTA CLARA, Cal., Dec. 30, '73. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 720 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '71.

W. B. FARWELL. CRAWFORDVILLE, Ind., Jan. 29, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 240 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '71.

HARRIET TOWNSELY. KINGSTON, N. I., Feb. 1, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 3,000 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '71.

MELISSA C. CLARK. COTTLE LANDING, Red River, La., February 4, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since March, '71.

JACOB HAIDY. NASHUA, N. H., Feb. 21, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 500 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '71.

JOSEPH COLLIER. GREENVILLE, Ill., March 19, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,400 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '74.

WM. F. BROWN, M. D. HACKETTWOOD, Williams Co., Tenn., April 10, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 750 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '71.

H. ZELINER. FERRYBURG, Pa., May 13, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,000 grains of opium per month; have been cured since May, '74.

WM. AUGUST. EMBASS CITY, Mo., Sept. 7, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used an equivalent of 1,440 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Aug., '74.

R. H. SPALDING. TROY, N. Y., Nov. 30, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 800 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Jan., '74.

MAR. US F. NORON. FAYALTON, O., Dec. 10, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 900 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, '73.

WM. SHEPHERD, Banker. FRANKLIN, Ga., Jan. 30, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '74.

MOLLIE E. DURR. LLOYD, Wis., Feb. 19, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 2,040 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '74.

MARY H. MCCORKLE. FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., March 2, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 950 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '74.

JOHN BURLINGAME. BROOKLAND, Potter Co., Pa., May 19, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Dec., '74.

MRS. S. A. HAMILTON. CLARKSVILLE, Ia., April 14, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 600 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '73.

MARTIN NEFF. HART, Mich., Dec. 18, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '73.

CARLIE EDSON. JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 29, '75. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 800 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '75.

S. F. GUIN. EVANVILLE, Rock County, Wis., April 8, '74. Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.: I used 300 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '74.

SOPHRONIA PALMER. REWARD.

For each and every name of a patient, used as a reference; and for each and every testimonial of such patient, published in this paper, the original of which, signed by the patient, can not be produced, Dr. Collins binds himself to pay to any person making such discovery, the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars. All Orders and Communications addressed to

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LA PORTE, IND., WILL BE PROMPTLY ANSWERED, AND ALL INQUIRIES, VIA MAIL