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Truth Bears no Mask, Hides at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor.

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NO. 19

THE PICKERING SENSATION.

A Singular Revelation.

[From the Vox Populi, Lowell, Mass.]

On several occasions, during the past year, accounts have appeared in these columns (copied from other papers) of the marvelous physical manifestations, by spirits of the departed, in the presence of Mrs. John R. Pickering, of Rochester, N. H. Shrewd and intelligent men, well known to us—residents of Lowell and elsewhere—have visited Rochester and with all their senses alive and awake have witnessed these manifestations, and, unable to account for them on any rational theory, have accepted of them as manifestations of spiritual forces. The Pickeringings have been engaged in the necromancy, at Rochester, about three years; and apparently so completely had they succeeded in their deception that they ventured abroad, not without earnest inducements for them to do so, from those who had visited them, we can well believe. But away from their own home, their career has been brief and ignominious. The story is easily told.

About two weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Pickering arrived at Westford, where they stopped with M. H. Fletcher, a life-long resident of that place and a well known Spiritualist. There several sances were given, so far as we know with the same apparently wonderful results as elsewhere. Quite a number of our citizens visited Mr. Fletcher's and were present at the sances. We do not know that any of them recognized the forms or features of departed friends, but if they did not, others did; and the wonder grew, and the fame of the medium increased.

After a week or ten days, the interest flagging in that vicinity, the Pickeringings came to Lowell, and found hospitable entertainment at the residence of Francis Goward, No. 89 Summer street. Mr. Goward has for several years been a member of the Board of Assessors, is an intelligent, shrewd business man, and a man whose character is without blemish. He has for years been a firm believer in Spiritualism, but would be the last man to encourage or countenance deception or fraud. Quarters at Mr. Goward's on Monday, the 17th, the Pickeringings were ready for a sance on Tuesday evening, which was given in the presence of quite a number of people. Another was given on Thursday evening. Both were conducted in the usual manner, and both were pronounced successful. We should state that with the Pickeringings goes Miss Meserve, who is a pianist and plays and sings during the entertainment.

The third sance in Lowell was given on Saturday evening, the 22nd inst., at Mr. Goward's, as before. About thirty tickets were sold at \$1.00 each. The sances took place in the dining-room. Across the corner of the room, extending five feet, perhaps, each way, was drawn a screen, or rather were suspended three curtains, made of dark velvet. In the middle one was a sort of a fly or pocket opening. The curtains were so constructed that they could be drawn aside, or raised, exposing to view figures as large as well-proportioned men and women. In this small narrow space was a cane-seat chair, and nothing more. The window was fastened, and there was no means by which a person could be aided by confederates from the outside. This constituted all there is of the "cabinet" from which have in times past issued the forms of men, women, children, infants, Indians, &c.

On Saturday evening the company assembled as usual, and were seated in the common way.

On the extreme left at one end of the screen was a marble-top table, on which were flowers. Next to it sat Mr. Pickering; with him began the inner row of spectators, forming nearly a half-circle, the other end of which terminated at a door leading to the parlor; at this end was burning a kerosene lamp and lantern, both turned down low, making a rather dim, shadowy light; and about the centre of the circle, against the wall, stood the piano, at which, her back to the circle, sat Miss Meserve. Outside of this circle was another of the same form; and every chair was filled—probably half the number being ladies. Quite a number of these present are well known at Lowell.

About 8 o'clock the company was invited to be seated. Mrs. Pickering came in, passed through the room, and after a general introduction, went behind the screen, which we should add, had previously been carefully examined by a committee appointed for that purpose. A. B. Plimpton, a well-known and much respected citizen, made a few impressive remarks, enjoined all to be quiet and orderly and patiently await developments. At this time, or shortly previous, Mr. Pickering left his seat and calling Mr. Goward aside, asked who the men were that were in the front line of seats, near the centre. He was told that one was Abner A. Jewett, and the other Alfred Clark, who came with Jewett; Mr. Goward said—"Jewett is all right; I know that he would not bring an improper person here." But Pickering insisted that Clark, who sat nearest him, should be given another seat; because without the presence of "our friends" near the cabinet the influence would not be so good. Mr. Clark was sitting beside Mrs. Goward, whose husband went to him

and said—"I believe I must claim the right of sitting next my wife; I shall have to ask you to take another seat." "Certainly," said Mr. Clark; and following Mr. Goward he was put at the extreme end of the circle, so that he was farthest from Mr. Pickering and the cabinet. He had noticed the movements of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Goward, and saw the former point at him, so when requested to change seats, he interpreted the conversation as relating to himself; though he had not by act or word, at that time or any other, expressed the slightest intention of interfering with the proceedings, nor had the thought to do so entered his mind.

The company, according to custom on such occasions, was requested to join hands; Miss Meserve played lively airs, and there was more or less singing. It must be understood that Mrs. Pickering, on entering the cabinet, took her seat in the chair, the curtains fell or closed, but did not entirely conceal the skirt of her dress. This was all the time in sight. Twenty minutes or more elapsed before there was a "manifestation." The first figure to make its appearance was that of a woman, of the height of the medium. It did not remain long, and no one recognized it as the shadow of a departed friend. The next was that of a man, but ill-proportioned. The third figure was like-wise that of a man but considerably taller than the one which had preceded it. Mr. Clark says that on its appearance his scepticism, which had continued up to this time, was somewhat shaken, because it varied considerably from the figures which had preceded it. Still there were the same peculiar movement of the arms, bending of the back and turnings about, indicating to him that the substance beneath the exterior was the same in all the figures. Other forms appeared at intervals, until about 10 o'clock, when convinced that the performance was a fraud, he got up from his chair, went back to where Abram Bacheider (in whose company he came) was sitting, where they conversed in whispers—exchanging views in relation to the proceedings, both agreeing that they were being "bamboozled." "I have seen enough," said Clark, "let's go home." "Hold on!" was the reply; "I want to see the show ended," and Clark went back to his former position. About this time Bacheider said to the young lady who stood near the light, and seemed to have it in charge, that he would like to catch one of the spirits. "To this the young lady replied—"Don't you dare touch one of them!" having in mind, she says, not the welfare of the spirits, but of the man himself, for she had heard Pickering say he would shoot any person who attempted to touch one of them.

Clark had taken up his old position. The pianist played John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, and out came a figure supposed to represent the defunct gentleman whose "soul is marching on." But here again the same peculiarities of the form were observed. However, the shade was allowed to depart in peace; and after more patient waiting the bright, airy form of a young girl, in perfect white, appeared dancing to the lively strains of "Fisher's Hornpipe." The figure was graceful and beautiful, and elicited exclamations of delighted surprise from a number. Up to this time the idea of making a raid on the spirits had not entered Mr. Clark's mind; but he thought he was sure that there was more substance than spirit even in the beautiful maiden, and if there was to be an expose of the fraud now was the time to do it. The thought had scarcely occurred to him when quick as lightning he sprang across the space that intervened between him and the cabinet and caught the spirit in both arms! He had gained such an impetus that had not the figure in his embrace drawn that way, probably he could not have saved himself from going into the cabinet. As he partially drew the figure forward, he said something which sounded like—"Here is your fraud!" but preceding this there was a frightened scream from the woman. In an instant, or as quickly as his own movements, he was met by Mr. Pickering, who dealt him a blow, and Mr. Goward came onto him from behind, and catching him by the collar and nape of the neck, hurled him back on to the floor. In this second time, Clark's shoulders, as he turned about in the cabinet, had broken out one large pane of glass in the window, and the cabinet came down upon the floor. The wildest confusion prevailed, and that some were essentially frightened will readily be conjectured. Pickering sprang into the breach, so to speak, in front of the prostrate spirit-girl, who called out to be "covered up;" some shouted for more light; but Pickering said, "Don't bring a light; you will kill my wife." One cried out—"She is a fraud; light the gas;" another, "Don't hurt her." All the time from the black heap on the floor came the groans of the medium, who was "coming out of her trance." Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, the spiritualist lecturer, denounced the woman as a humbug, and offered to forfeit \$500 if Mr. Pickering would allow a light to be brought, if his wife was not found in the white tarlatan of the spirit-maiden. But he was too busy to consider the proposition, and repeated that a light would kill her.

Mr. Pickering was unable to keep back all the excited company. Mrs. Nary, of Newburyport, and Mrs. Geo. H. Wood (Mr. Goward's daughter), of this city, got down where they could reach under and get hold of the medium, and both declared they could feel the tarlatan upon her. This fact

Mrs. Woods at once communicated to her father; but he had seen enough before this to shake his faith. When he jerked Clark away from the cabinet he saw lying in the chair the dress which the medium wore when she went into the cabinet—while the lady herself was in a heap, groaning heavily, on the floor! Mr. Graves, of the Times, claims that he, as well as the ladies, had hold of the woman, at one moment, holding her by one arm, which is probably true. In the confusion some one called for the police. Mr. Goward hushed this call, and in good time the place became a little quiet. Mr. Clark gave his name and place of residence; and Mr. Bacheider assured them that he would be forthcoming at any time, if wanted; and then Mr. Clark, who was bleeding profusely from a bad scratch he received under the left jaw, on the neck, went home. Others soon followed his example. After a time—some fifteen minutes—Mrs. Pickering came out of the trance and made her way to her room. Mr. Goward directed his daughters to follow her and light the gas. Hearing this, she called out—"Don't light the gas! It will kill me." One of the daughters thought no, and was about to do so, when she called for "John," her husband, who rushed to her side and forbade the light being struck, the couple retired to their room and were seen no more that night.

The wreck in the dining-room was cleared away. The party gradually dispersed, and at a late hour, all were gone except those belonging in the house. Then an investigation in a new direction was begun, and the result was most convincing. Mr. Goward locked all the outer doors of his house, proposing to see the end of the expose which Mr. Clark had so daringly begun; and here, it should be added that Mr. Clark had no confederates, assistants, or backers, nor had he previously conferred with any one respecting the matter. The bold dash at the "spirit form" was on the spur of the moment, after having thoroughly satisfied himself that the Pickeringings were the vilest of impostors.

In the corner where the cabinet stood, were found pins, chalkbits of tinsel, &c. other evidences of imposture were discovered. But the greatest revelations came in the morning. Mr. Pickering made his appearance in due time. After the morning salutation, he expressed regret that the sance was interrupted the night before; although appearances were against himself and wife, he said they were abundantly able to explain everything and would do so if allowed to give another. After some earnest talk on the part of Mr. Goward, respecting the manner in which they had become his guests, Mr. Pickering was told that as a beginning of the explanation of affairs, himself and wife must submit to a thorough examination of their persons, and their trunks must also be searched. If no evidence of guilt were found, a further opportunity might be given them to relieve themselves of the stigma of fraud which enveloped them. Mr. Pickering said he was ready to be examined; his wife's room, he thought, was not in proper condition to allow of people being admitted; but he would go and notify her. He went. A few moments later, footsteps were heard going from their room to the bath-room near by, and immediately afterward the water was turned on there. This aroused suspicion. Mr. Goward and Mrs. Nary rushed to the scene; the woman bared her arm to the shoulder and thrusting her hand down the waste-pipe drew from "the trap" a handful of white lace, spangles and gewgaws, which had been used to make up the costumes of the "spirits." Armed with these, Mr. Goward once more confronted Mr. Pickering. Informing him that he had secured further evidence that he was an impostor, he said—"I just give you fifteen minutes to pack up your duds and leave my house! First, give me every dollar you have taken from the people who have been here to see your infamous swindle, or I will prosecute you to the extent of the law." This the man humbly consented to do. Soon after a carriage was procured at Hutton's stable, and shortly the Pickeringings and their confederate, Miss Meserve, were on their way to Westford, where they found shelter at Mr. Fletcher's, to whom they told their side of story, and who was inclined to believe it true. In the afternoon Mr. Goward followed them to Westford and gave the true version of the affair, and there considered his duty in the matter ended. The same afternoon Mr. Plimpton denounced them in a public meeting in Grand Army Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering explain the affair by intimating that it was a "put-up" job by parties who had insinuated themselves into the home of the Goward and arranged things for the purpose of breaking up the sance, to injure them and disgrace Spiritualism—of course claiming that they are honest and their manifestations genuine, but they are most undeniably impostors. Since their hasty departure from Lowell, Mr. Goward has found at least a bushel of material of which the dresses were made in which the woman personated different kinds of "spirits." Lace, colored cloth, false hair, pieces of a wig, a mustache, bronzed paper, silver spangles, imitation bracelets, bits of leather, painted wire cloth for masks, etc.—slashed and cut into numerous pieces, unquestionably with a view of rendering identification impossible—have been taken from the chimney, where they were thrust through the thimble in the room they occupied. Some of the pieces are slightly burned, there having been an at-

tempt to destroy them by burning them in the chimney. The last discovery in the chimney was made on Tuesday afternoon, when about half a bushel of "materializing" material was taken out.

Mr. Goward is paying back the money which people invested in the show, and tells his callers that it is the first investment in a fraud which has ever paid 100 per cent. on the dollar. There is consolation in this.

The Pickeringings are the basest of impostors there is no doubt; that they deserve the severest punishment there is no doubt; and we hope their next sance will be held behind prison bars.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE LAST SUBTLE FUGUE RIDDLED.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering assumed the role of injured innocents, after the astounding detection of Saturday night. They claimed that the disguises found were smuggled into Mr. Goward's house by enemies of the cause of Spiritualism; that Mrs. Pickering was a genuine medium, and they professed to wish an opportunity to redeem their reputation, by holding a test sance under any reasonable conditions that skeptics might see fit to impose. Marcellus H. Fletcher, of Westford, to whom they made these representations, thought only just that they should be given every chance to prove their position. He had seen their manifestations under circumstances where cheating seemed impossible; astute men had in his presence vainly endeavored to solve the mystery; deriders of materialization had been baffled and convinced against their will. He invited the medium to his house to establish the reality of what he considered a sacred and beautiful truth; in the interest of public enlightenment he had opened his home freely to Mr. and Mrs. Pickering and their pianist, Miss Meserve, at all times refusing compensation, helping them substantially by his influence in attracting audiences and bolstering up their pretensions by his own reputable character for veracity and good judgment. With some misgivings, yet with a courage which few possess, Mr. Fletcher determined to know all, even if his comforting faith in the return of spirits should be shattered to atoms. Accordingly he accepted the proposition for a sance at his house under rigid conditions; and Wednesday night it took place.

Eighteen persons were present, besides the three chief actors, several of whom were from Lowell. The parlor was the room chosen for the operations. Diagonally across one corner was hung a dark maroon curtain, which parted in the middle perpendicularly. It reached from wall to wall and to the ceiling. The space was very small behind it—hardly more than large enough for Mrs. Pickering to sit in a chair against the partition. Between her and the curtain was tacked a large piece of white mosquito netting, exactly parallel with the curtain and securely attached to the floor and walls. This was done by Frank Woods, representing the Times of this city. Previous to being thus nailed in, Mrs. Pickering was dressed in her apartment by Mrs. Arthur Abbott, of Lowell, and Mrs. F. L. Fletcher, of Westford. These ladies remained with her more than an hour and escorted her to the cabinet, giving their opinion to the audience, as a result of this careful precaution, that Mrs. Pickering had absolutely nothing about her by which she could simulate spirits. She was dressed in a black suit, but wore white underclothing. But she and her confederate proved too adroit for the committee. All the pictures in the room were turned face to the wall, or covered with shawls, etc. A lamp behind a half-open door cast a ghostly twilight into the room. Miss Meserve sat at the piano, at the left of the spectators,—the length of the room distant from the cabinet. The audience was ranged in three rows in the corner of the room opposite the cabinet. Mr. Pickering sat facing the audience, a few feet from his wife.

At eight o'clock "the circle" got under way. About everybody believed that some excuse would be given for having no forms appear. Having proceeded thus far, Mrs. Pickering might have claimed her entire willingness to submit to anything, thereby convincing many, perhaps, of her sincerity; but she might have represented the spirits as unwilling to be thus humiliated by "conditions," or as disturbed by the presence of so many unbelievers, or the medium herself might have been seized with serious (?) illness. The audacity of the course actually pursued, which was certain to expose the whole trick, is inexplicable.

Miss Meserve sang and played ballads and spiritual songs. They were all of a character having a tendency to awaken memories of departed friends, soften harsh infidelity and inspire pleasing reminiscence of the past, as well as lively hopes of seeing dead friends on the part of those who believe in such things. It may have been twenty or thirty minutes—it was too dark where the Vox representative sat to see the hands of a watch, he having arrived just after the exercise commenced and being seated in the back row of chairs—when the curtain was pushed aside, and a female figure, clad all in white, emerged into the room. Her face was not distinguishable, and she quickly retired. Two others followed quite rapidly the last stepping up to the piano, selecting a flower from a bouquet and tossing it to the audience. Applause burst forth with a gusto. Mr. Fletcher whispered to us in a tone of astonishment—"My God! isn't it wonderful? She's nailed in behind that netting and couldn't possibly get out." Others ejaculated

ed aloud—"Splendid!" "Beautiful!" etc., etc. The choruses were now sung by the audience with more vehemence than before, and the Spiritualists were evidently in a state of exultation at the triumph of their principles. The more is the shame to the heartless perpetrators of this gigantic swindle.

The next three forms were only partial and indistinct. A hand protruding and waving a handkerchief—a face—a foot—always white and ghostlike. Mr. Pickering said, of one of these—"That was a darkey, wasn't it?" as though he had expected such a manifestation; but all the audience agreed that he was mistaken. Then suddenly a young man stepped forth; he was apparently clad in dark trousers, white shirt and black necktie. Zephaniah Goward, of Lowell, inquired, "Is it Frank?" referring to his nephew, a young man who died two or three years ago. The form waved its hands in acquiescence and retired. Mr. Goward anxiously cried after it, "Come out further, Frankie—do!" and the form again appeared, very "strong," as the Spiritualists phrase it—that is, distinct and satisfactory. It was the most successful "materialization" of the evening.

Next came "Bright Eyes"—an Indian girl who has been considered the medium's own particular "influence" or familiar spirit, by whose intercession and efforts the other spirits are supposed to be enabled to appear. She was followed at longer or shorter intervals by two appearances of "Stella," whom some lady recognized, though where we sat, even by the aid of strong glasses, the countenance was not plain enough to be identified as anybody's in particular; it might be that of almost any woman, by the help of a little imagination. Next came a large man, with beard and mustache; he was considerably taller than the medium, which afforded the believers most indubitable evidence of genuineness; but, as only the upper portion of the body was visible (the feet remaining behind the dark curtain), the doubters queried whether some substantial pedestal, or tiptoe position, might not produce this effect. One man said to Russell Stoddard, who was present, "That's your brother, Russ! Our representative suggested to a believer that it would be an excellent test if the spirit would float in the air, rather than walk on the floor like ordinary mortals; but this hint was received with silent contempt. Next came successively "Minnie" and "Julia Wentworth." The latter was quite energetic with her handkerchief. She was the last spirit seen.

Often from the cabinet came execrating groans, and the loud patting of the medium's face and forehead by "Bright Eyes," to relieve the pain. This evidently aroused great sympathy. Mr. Pickering from time to time addressed soothing remarks to the spirits, like: "It's hard on the medee, ain't it?" "Well, I know it must be hard." "We won't keep you much longer." "Any time you want to relieve her you may go," etc. Finally he suggested that a slate be used. By questions and the familiar rapping responses—one for "no," three for "yes"—he drew out a wish to write something. He pretended to be afraid that it would break the netting; but Mr. Woods pertinently suggested that the spirits could come outside the netting to write as well as to show themselves; so the slate was tucked under the curtain, and presently was returned with these words on it: "Can't make it work on light over dark." "Oh," explained Mr. Pickering, "you mean you could do better if there were a blue netting instead of white before the medee?" to which assent was given. But several cried out—"You do splendidly!" "Good enough," "Couldn't be better, etc. Again the slate was put under, and the inscription this time was: "You abuse my medee; we will stand by her always." This was greeted with such exclamations as "That's right!" and "You shan't be abused here." Then came a somewhat prolonged interval, with startling groans, and the announcement followed that the spirits had closed their manifestations.

Mr. Woods and the Vox representative were now invited by Mr. Fletcher to examine the cabinet; and it must be said to his credit that he showed an honest desire to have the most impartial investigation, even if the result should prove (as it did) painful and disappointing to him in the highest degree. Mrs. Pickering at this time was away in her chair, her eyes closed, but occasionally half opening, her face pallid and contorted, emitting groans and clutching the netting in front of her. Mr. Woods soon found that several tacks had been extracted near the floor, making an aperture large enough to permit Mrs. Pickering's exit. The tacks were lying on the floor, and she was trying to conceal the hole by a vise-like grip on the netting. Mr. Woods took it from her grasp. Some dismay appeared, but excuses by a few began to be offered: "That isn't large enough to let her out." "It may have been accidentally made by the feet of the medium, in her paroxysms." "Those tacks would easily come out." However, one and all united in saying: "Let the committee of ladies search her." Of course it was apparent to everybody that, to personate the spirits, Mrs. Pickering not only had to get from behind the netting, but also to be supplied with extra garments not found by the ladies who searched her in advance. So she was led forth from her cramped position; but instead of submitting to the inquest of the ladies, she began to reel around the room, to mutter incoherently and to call "John! John!" very plaintively.

Her husband darted forward and caught her in his arms, as she was about fainting. In

Continued on Fifth Page.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

(CONTINUED.)

I stand reverently on these rocks, from which all that is mortal of me has arisen, and discover that I am not in a stranger world. Into me from the surrounding world have poured the streams of immortal life.

I meet another class of superficial thinkers, who say,—"Are you not liable to forget the emotional part and become too intellectual?" I reply, I believe in emotion, but I do not believe in the sort of emotion to which you refer.

Philosophy is called the love of wisdom, and wisdom presupposes intelligence, and intelligence is eternal. Again: Any phenomenon in Nature which requires intelligence to explain it equally requires intelligence to produce it.

Suppose the Intelligence which produced it be totally unlike the Intelligence which would explain it. Suppose there is some law, some axiom, some substance in that formative Intelligence which is represented by no law or substance in the explaining intelligence.

We explain the world, therefore, by ourselves, and only by ourselves. And if man were not the world arisen and rising into consciousness, immortal progress, as a function of philosophy, were an impossibility to man.

1st. The Intelligence which produced that phenomena is in him suggesting questions.

2nd. Because every single event of the cosmic chronology has been worked up into his personal functions.

The function of Philosophy is, therefore, not so much to put intelligence into ourselves as to call it out into the light of reflection. It is to become conscious of the contents of the indwelling divinity.

I meet the supernaturalist, and he tells me reason is not adequate for the great spiritual necessities of man. It is not an infallible standard of truth even. It cannot be accepted as sufficient authority on the great questions of God, Liberty, and Immortality, for it is carnal—it is enemy against God—is not subject to the law of God, neither can it be.

He got up before an audience of four thousand people, used his own reason, addressing their reason as reasoning beings to show that reason had no business in the premises at all. He gave reasons why reason was not to be trusted, and he used his reason, appealing to theirs, to show that they must not trust their reason.

To what do you address your supernatural revelation but this reason? and can your decisions on the subject of a supernatural revelation be any more infallible than that reason which decides? Just look at the distinction between Philosophy and Theology. Here is the reason, covertly assumed by the supernaturalist to be adequate to substantiate the supernatural revelation of God's will to men.

A creating and informing spirit which is with us and not of us, is recognized in real and storied life. It comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard; it tells us what we must believe; it frames our sentences; it lends a sudden gleam of sense or eloquence to the dullest of us all.

Bishop Foster says, there are 2,000 young men now knocking at the doors of the Methodist Episcopal Church asking places as ministers. Undoubtedly some of them would do themselves, if not the people, better service if they would take to tilling the soil or to some mechanical trade.

The Medium, Prof. Allen, Criticising Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

MR. EDITOR:—An article in a morning paper of June 24th, in the form of an "Address to Spiritualists of Chicago and the North-west," reflecting on the course taken by the JOURNAL, and certain gentlemen by implication in regard to Bastian and Taylor, requires some notice, and as one of the gentlemen referred to, I propose to give it a little attention.

On the Sunday following the meeting of the gentlemen at which the Bastian and Taylor resolutions were adopted, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at the morning service, prefaced her lecture with a most remarkable "protest" against the action of these gentlemen, accusing them of a spirit of persecution akin to that of a hundred years ago which hung people for differences of opinion.

There was an entire and total absence of all feeling of the kind manifested on that occasion, and had Mrs. Richmond or her control been there both of them would have known better than to have made so monstrous and false an accusation. If they were not there, and we know she was not, they had no right whatever, on any kind of pretext or second-hand evidence to give utterance to so serious and absurd a charge.

Look at it so you may, it was a most uncalculated and direct insult to every gentleman who spoke there that night in favor of honest mediumship, and who voted for those resolutions, and was so utterly unjust and baseless, that it is amazing how any honest intelligence could have given it utterance, and one is naturally led to inquire, what could have been the prompting motive?

Why should this lady thrust herself forward unsolicited into a matter already in the hands of gentlemen abundantly able to take care of it without any interference? She was not at the meeting in question, and had not been consulted by these gentlemen about their action, and did not know the drift and spirit of the discussions on that occasion. Under the circumstances, her protest must be regarded by all right thinking minds as a species of intermeddling wholly unwarranted in every fair sense.

But now, as though not satisfied with this public insult to these gentlemen, they were invited to meet at her house where a most extraordinary course of action, was pursued. Her control, said to be A. A. Ballou, not only justified the public misrepresentation of Sunday, but added insult by assuming an air of authoritative superiority and treating these present as though they were without capacity to understand the deep philosophy of our age.

5th. And now comes this singular "Address," sent forth in the name of the First Society of Chicago Spiritualists. As there is no name to this document she feels a little curious to know whether that society really endorses its contents. It is a fair question of doubt whether they do, for it is a virtual endorsement of a course that cannot be looked upon in any other light than as an attempt to excuse and screen fraudulent practices in mediums and to give countenance to dishonest mediumistic pretenders.

Of Mrs. Richmond as a lady and a lecturer, it is not my province now to speak. I would not detract in the slightest degree from her usefulness and influence for good. She has been long in the field and her record is before the public. But when she is used as an instrument to impeach the motives of honorable parties of high character and ability, and to meet them on grave questions with subterfuge, and pettifoggery sophistry and insult, she and her control both must learn that this can not be done with impunity, and that the true cause of human progress, is not in the least subserved thereby. Such is not true philosophy nor true religion.

Chicago, June 27, '78.

COMSTOCK ARRESTED.

Mrs. Dr. Sarah B. Chase's Charges Against the Agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Mrs. Sarah Blakeslee Chase, M. D., resides in quiet quarters at No. 53 West Thirty-third street. During the month of May, it will be remembered, Anthony Comstock made a descent upon the residence of Mrs. Chase, arrested the inmates of the house, and, as is claimed, subjected them to considerable annoyance. Subsequently Mrs. Chase went before the Grand Jury, and Mr. Comstock went too, and told the good men and true that the defendant was charged with the sale of an instrument for immoral purposes. The Grand Jury failed to find, and Mrs. Chase was discharged.

The order is granted on a complaint which contains two causes of action. The first cause sets forth the fact that the defendant, Comstock, unjustly and unwarrantably caused the arrest of the plaintiff, putting her to great inconvenience and trouble, besides disparaging her reputation and destroying her business. In the second cause of the complaint "the plaintiff alleges that at the time of the arrest aforesaid, the said defendant, at the house of the said plaintiff, on Thirty-third street, in the city of New York, took possession of certain rooms of the house, drove the guests of the plaintiff from room to room, and then searched the said rooms and bureau-drawers, clothes-presses, and other places therein, overturning the contents of the same, and that this was done willfully, maliciously, wrongfully, and without legal right or authority to do the same, to the great damage of the plaintiff.

Office of O'Beirn, when the order of arrest was placed in his hands yesterday, proceeded to the office of Mr. Comstock and placed him under arrest. Mr. Comstock was escorted to the Sheriff's office, and on receipt of a note from Elbridge T. Gerry, counsel of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to the effect that he would appear at the Sheriff's office prepared to give bail for his client in the sum required, \$2,500, Mr. Comstock was permitted to go on his own recognizance. The arrest has produced quite a sensation.—New York Evening Express.

"Spiritism, and Spiritualistic Communications."

From the Daily (Melbourne, Australia) Telegraph.

SIR,—Under the above heading your issue of 11th May contains two letters, certain statements in which are so utterly false that I appeal to your sense of justice to grant me an opportunity of denying them. I have neither the desire or inclination to combat the opinions of your correspondents, with whom I have no common ground of argument; seeing that every time they write proves their utter ignorance of the subject they presume to revile, or their reckless disposition to misrepresent the truth; but in evidence of the mendacity of which I complain, I quote the words of your correspondent "Excelsior," who says:—"I have always regarded it as a fatal objection to spiritism, that its seances are all held in the dark," etc. Now the fact is, that very few of the most approved and reliable media ever have, or do, sit in the dark, and this the voluminous literature of the movement, if carefully studied and candidly reported upon, sufficiently proves. Charles Foster, the physical test medium, who visited these colonies a short time since, holds all his test seances in the light. Two excellent and highly-exalting seances held weekly in this city, at which I have the privilege of attending, are always held in the light. Henry Slade, now sitting for a scientific commission at Russia, under the auspices of Prince Emil Whittgenstein and Hon. A. Akasoff, gives all of his marvelous physical manifestations in well lighted rooms. Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, a well-known rapping, writing, and clairaudient-medium of twenty-five years standing, has never, to my knowledge sat in a dark circle. This lady has appeared before hundreds of large audiences, in brilliantly lighted halls, and through those same "raps and voices," which "Excelsior" so confidently affirms are only given in the dark, has afforded to public investigators over 10,000 tests of spirit identity, and that not infrequently by writing in Spanish, German, Italian, French, Chinese, and many other languages, not one of which she has ever been instructed in. Mr. D. D. Home, the protegee, and often the guest of the Emperor of Russia, the late Emperor of the French, and numerous crowned heads and nobles of Europe, has, to my certain knowledge, scarcely ever sat in dark circles, and yet spirit hands, forms, and lights have been seen, delightful music heard, and a vast array of wonderful phenomena produced through his mediumship in brilliantly lighted saloons. The Princess Alice, in Darmstadt, and the Princess Helena, in London, daughters of Queen Victoria, together with scores of their honored friends and acquaintances, sit in light circles to this day. Twenty years ago, I myself, together with the daughters of Judge Edmonds, Governor Tallmage, Professor Mapes, and over twenty other ladies of high social position in New York, gave free services to the public as test mediums. Neither in my own person or that of my companions, was one single dark circle ever held. For the first twenty years of their remarkable public career as mediums, neither of the Fox sisters ever sat in dark circles, and when they have done so, it was at the solicitation of eminent scientists, and in all of certain scientific experiments. Professors Hare and Mapes, gentlemen whose names are held in honor by every scientific body in Europe and America, conducted all their seances, and that with hundreds of the most celebrated mediums of the day, and under the most rigid test conditions, in the light and often in well-lighted gatherings. The reports of the celebrated Dialectical Society of London, and the long and respectable list of noble and scientific advocates of this spiritual movement, from Professors Alfred Wallace and Crookes to the learned Robert Chambers and William Howitt, should make such writers as "Excelsior" ashamed to libel their belief with direct falsehoods, however competent he may deem himself to dispel by the light of his intelligence, any movement which they have endorsed. That dark circles are sometimes, though by no means universally held, is not only certain but is testified to by the denunciations which I have myself uttered against the practice during several of my last two months' lectures on spiritism in Melbourne. And here permit me to add that I have in the past and shall continue to denounce this practice in the future, although I am quite aware of the scientific value of darkness in magnetic experiments; but I object to dark circles, because this is a very unregenerate and wicked age. Spiritism is only thirty years old, and as yet it cannot have had time to convert mankind from that accumulation of sin and wickedness which has been the disgrace of our civilization during the last eighteen centuries, and which, I fear, will take something more than one quarter of a century's experience of curious new phenomena to reduce to such law and order as to justify any company of investigating Christians in sitting together for two or three hours in total darkness. Leaving the rest of "Excelsior's" comments to speak for themselves, confident that they will fully enough define the status both of candor and intelligence with which he approaches a subject so vast and world-wide as spiritism, I beg to offer a similar protest against the dissemination of direct misstatements to your second correspondent, "A Spirit in the Flesh." What he means by his railing intimations, that "the good old Christian doctrine" does not promote "self-indulgence," but spiritism does, I am somewhat at a loss to imagine. A glance at your lively and instructive columns, Sir, especially at the police reports, parliamentary discussions, bankrupt lists, etc., would not present our Christian communities in a very self-denying or ascetic point of view, however exalted may be their status of morals in other respects, but if your correspondent will insist upon confounding Spiritualists with their "ism," and present individuals as illustrations of a belief which finds its representatives in every country, clime and class, of the civilized world, why, then, does he not take one whose control like my own depends not on "self-indulgence," but asceticism, for I positively affirm the lectures which I depend upon the influence of spirit friends to inspire me with, could only be given under the condition of fasting, and self-indulgence (as, no doubt, every reverend minister of Christian doctrine will allow), would inevitably destroy that spiritual atmosphere which Jesus commanded his followers to seek for and manifest in token of their belief in Him. Another of the gross misstatements indulged in by "A Spirit in the Flesh," reads as follows:—"Very many of the mediums now holding professional seances have been trained to the imposture from childhood." How many imposters have been trained to their work from childhood I am unable to say; but from a very extensive acquaintance amongst those professional mediums who are not impostors, I can positively affirm they have never been trained to their work; nay, more, it has been a constant subject of regret amongst the most scientific investigators of Spiritism—that we have no means of training mediums; that most of those holding any position of eminence amongst us have been, as it were, the unwilling subjects of the power that manifests through them, and up to this time the lack of training and scientific method has been one of the most marked obstacles to orderly investigation that we have had to encounter; that obstacle, however, we confidently expect to overcome when we are a little older, and more experienced in obeying the Biblical command "to covet after spiritual gifts," "not quench the spirit," or "despise prophesying," etc., meantime, whilst our pencils and planchettes move without any manipulation or training, and can and do write messages of love, purity, and truth, and beauty, and that in various languages which the untrained media have not studied, it is no wonder that a stranger like myself reads with astonishment the utterly unwarrantable statement in so respectable a journal as The Daily Telegraph, that the intelligence which has commanded respect and credence in millions of the best minds of every country of civilization is measurably due to a system of trained imposture, originated from the childhood of those who are of course under thirty years of age, the movement itself having only been before the world that period of time. Earnestly recommending such of your correspondents as desire to rush into print on the subject of spiritism to spend at least a few hours in Terry's free reading-room and make themselves, to even a limited extent, somewhat better acquainted with the subject they denounce and the people they insult than "Excelsior" or the flesh appear to be.—I am, EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTON.

The Principles of Light and Color.

The Principles of Light and Color, by Edwin D. Babbitt (Babbitt & Co.) is the most remarkable book we have seen in a long time, and one which, if we do not mistake, will cause a flutter among scientists, and lead to new and important developments. The new theories offered by the author will certainly not be accepted without close scrutiny, but they at least deserve the scrutiny, and of our best scholars. They are the result of years of study and experimentation, and if they can be overthrown at all, it will take no little scientific as well as logical skill. The introductory chapter is devoted to the harmonic laws of the universe, the author pointing out this unity of parallelism of all of nature's laws, illustrating by numerous examples in music, architecture, painting, physiology—in fact gleaned from the whole field of nature and art. We cannot do justice in a brief notice to the author's charming illustrations of the principle that perfection in art, as well as nature, consists of a proper combination of gradation and contrast. The division of colors, and the whole discussion of them will delight the heart of the artist, and he must be a dull reader who cannot derive pleasure from a perusal of this chapter. Some of the author's new theories are here stated, as, for instance, that as in music the scale is duplicated indefinitely, so the septave scale of colors is duplicated by a scale of invisible colors. The most of the chapter, however, is given up to showing that nature's great and universal law of harmony is the equilibrium of the principles of Unity and Diversity. In the second chapter the writer shows the insufficiency of the present theories of light and force. Scientists have confined themselves too much to results or external specialties, as Agassiz once admitted; they have failed to find general laws for the causes of things. It is easy to say that the particles of zinc, for instance, are held together by cohesion, and that they are torn apart by chemical affinity when the metal is immersed in sulphuric acid, but no one has yet defined either cohesion or chemical affinity. So it is with electricity, gravitation, and all the forces of nature; we know what they do, but not what they are. The accepted theories relating to them, and also to light, and color, and heat, our author holds to be wrong, and gives some very striking reasons. He holds, also, that the cause of all the false reasoning of scientists is found in their failure to ascertain the atomic constitution of things, and in their ignoring the dull nature of the universe in their efforts to divorce matter from force. It will be seen that Dr. Babbitt discusses many other things besides light and color. In his investigation of these he was led to the discovery of the uniform laws here set forth, and these affect all science. In seeking the sources of light and color, and the laws which govern them, he discovered the Etherio-Atomic Laws of Force, which are here set forth with so much detail and plausible argument, and are shown to harmonize with all the known facts of science. Briefly, the theory is that there are many different kinds of ethers in space, through which the various forces are propagated by a peculiar motion of the atoms about atoms. This motion is uniform, and he makes it account for all the phenomena of the forces. No description short of an essay can do justice to this theory; indeed, it can hardly be criticized at all off-hand. It is ingenious and able, the result of much study and research, plausible, and after the first principles are mastered, easy to accept and difficult to combat. Withal, it is made very interesting, even to the unscientific reader. He applies his theory not only to the phenomena of the earth, but also to the formation, movements, and conditions of the heavenly bodies, and in this portion of the work there is much to interest astronomers. In succeeding chapters, he discusses at length Chromo-Chemistry, Chromo-Therapeutics or Chromopathy, Chromo-Culture of Vegetable Life, Chromo-Philosophy, Chromo-Dynamics or higher grade lights and forces, and Chromo-Mentalism, and a whole chapter is given to Vision. The portion on Chromo-Chemistry is ably written, and that on Chromo-Therapeutics, showing the influence of light and color on mind and body, is full of interest. Some of the statements made under the head of Chromo-Mentalism are startling, but there is very little speculation without logical reasoning. As we have said, it is impossible to do the book justice in a short notice. The field covered is so vast, and the theories propounded so important, that an adequate idea of the whole can only be given in an extended review. It is illustrated by no less than two hundred photo-engravings, and a number of magnificent colored plates. The author's views as to the effect of color upon the eyes are carried out in printing the book on pearl or diluted sky-blue paper.—American Bookseller, New York.

Somewhere.

BY MRS. JACOB MARTIN.

Somewhere, within the Spirit-world I know, I have two little ones yet loving me; A daughter, who was wondrous sweet and fair, A son, as bright and sweet as child could be. Oh, would, that for one moment I might clasp These tender blossoms to my hungry heart! That their sweet presence might illumine it, Through all the weary time we live apart. Somewhere, within their happy home to-day, Perchance they lead each other hand in hand, Through gardens throbbing with the music waves Of sound and fragrance known in Summer-land. Freed from earth's ills, perchance they're spirit clad In gossamer fabric, light as the sea's foam; And changeful as yon brilliant, melting clouds, I idly watch float over my peaceful home. Somewhere, perhaps a spirit mother guides Their tender minds, and grants each fond request, And keeps our memories fresh within their hearts, And soothes our children on her angel breast. That gentle mother's burthens could I bear Too gladly could I but the power employ; And bless her ever could she give to me, The rich possession of my girl and boy. Somewhere, sometime, I know not place or hour, My soul will be disrobed of mortal clay; And enter the unknown where angels wait To guide my waking spirit on its way. 'Till then, I try to wait in patient hope, And hold my mother-love in sweet restraint, I try to do my life-work cheerfully, And hush my heart from every sad complaint. Somewhere, I know, in those ethereal realms, Which seem to mortal sense, alas, so far; Our darlings draw our thoughts, and gather up Our human hopes and bind them in a star.

Spiritualism as a Science.

Spiritualism is not a gospel of dancing chairs and tables, and darkened rooms, and nothing else. If spirits communicated with this world at all they must do so with a holy purpose, with a great work carved out before them of helping mankind to live a purer life here that they may gain a higher life hereafter. Its phenomenal facts were, however, essential to a proper understanding of the question of immortality, and formed its foundation, for in every department men and women were to be found who either openly or covertly doubt the doctrine of a future life, and are materialists at heart. Spiritualism was a science, and led to a reconsideration of all the psychological and metaphysical problems of the present day, besides requiring a re-adjustment of many of the ancient landmarks of physics. (It was more than a science, it was a religion, for, as though the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism information could be gained from the inhabitants of the spiritual world regarding their state and condition, and since that life followed this, we were enabled to profit by their experience, cast aside all seeming virtue and similitude of goodness, take those qualities on us in real life, and be men and women in the purest and noblest sense of the term.—Mr. Morse, Trance Medium.

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The Imagination.

The imagination is a mysterious something which has never been clearly defined. Through its instrumentality bushes and stumps will very often assume grotesque forms—appear like hideous ghosts materialized for an especial purpose, and to the senses they seem to be genuine in every particular, perfect embodiments, seemingly, of a supernatural character.

A distinguished lecturer at Mrs. Bennett's séance in Boston, recognized his own departed wife fully materialized—would swear it was her, but when convinced by overwhelming evidence that a confederate personated his beloved companion, he reluctantly admitted that his senses were completely deceived.

The imagination that can make a stump appear like a ferocious wild beast, or transform a shrub into a human being, or make a hearty, vigorous Irish girl resemble in every particular a refined and accomplished lady long since deceased, is certainly a subject worthy of consideration.

Is the imagination so fertile in its resources that it can work such wonderful effects in the organic structure, without the assistance of drugs? Does the mind cure disease, cause sickness, and harmonize or disturb the organic functions? If the imagination is an outgrowth of the mind, if the latter does not do it, what does? A man, when sea-sick on board of a vessel, was annoyed by the music of a violin, and ever after when he heard music executed on that instrument, he became deathly sea-sick, illustrating in a marked degree the influence of the imagination.

The imagination is certainly the cause of a great deal of trouble in this life; there is nothing practical about it; under certain circumstances it is a builder of air-castles, a sort of will o' the wisp that leads persons astray sometimes; a species of day dream that changes the natures of things, and pre-

sents nothing really as it is. The lady who saw the window fall and crush the fingers of her child, nearly fainting, was immediately taken with a severe pain in three of her fingers; they soon ulcerated, and it required all the skill of her physician to cure her; she, poor sensitive soul, feeling the suffering of her child, materialized a pain of her own, as many at a circle materialize the form of some beloved relative long since deceased, only the former was real.

This imagination, then, as our readers can readily see, is a wonderfully prolific agent in this world of ours. It never, however, succeeds in accomplishing a permanent materialization; its castles in the air all vanish; its materialized spirits are mythical; its wanderings in lands Elysium are mere shadows; in fact, it is the least understandable thing in a man's nature. When a farmer's son dreams that he is being murdered, the imagination has assumed a new role, but none the less powerful, for it loosens the hair on his head, and ever after it obstinately refuses to grow thereon.

However, the imagination we suppose is a necessary characteristic of our nature, but it must be controlled—carefully governed, if not troubles of various kinds arise—materialized spirits are formed at will, and the mind becomes unbalanced. When rightly controlled, however, it becomes a source of development, instruction and pleasure; the poet lives there; reposing on a bed of flowers, inhaling their aroma, and communing with the muses, he gives expression to thoughts that elevate the soul and refine the whole nature. The imagination, if scintillating with pure thoughts; if animated with high resolves, and illuminated with a desire to elevate suffering humanity; if it is the receptacle of that which is in every sense of the word clean, it becomes the garden of the soul, wherein flowers bloom, the aroma of which permeates with its benign effect all the walks of life, and in the hallowed influence of which the angels love to repose.

The Lesson of the Pickering Exposure.

Again the ranks of Spiritualists are convulsed from Maine to Texas, by the thorough and overwhelming exposure of Mrs. Pickering, and we are obliged, distasteful as it is, to open our columns for an account of the matter. We hope the experience gained from this case will complete the lesson the JOURNAL has been so long teaching, and render such impositions hereafter impossible. This is a most singular case, and inexplicable to those who have not carefully studied the whole subject.

No materializing medium has had the prestige of so many endorsers who were supposed to be well qualified to give an opinion. Able men, thoughtful students and chosen committees, have investigated and pronounced her séances perfectly satisfactory. Like Harry Bastian and others, she freely submitted to an examination of cabinet and clothing, and until Mr. Clark clasped the Indian spirit at Lowell, all went well.

From the ex parte testimony of some who investigated Mrs. Pickering's manifestations at her home, it seems impossible, as yet, to avoid the conclusion that she is really a medium for full form manifestations. But in view of the Lowell, and especially the Westford séance, where is the value of those long, enthusiastic and most glowing accounts of the séance at which forms were seen and recognized by the editorial party who went up to Rochester from the Banner of Light office. The "crucial test" (?) applied at that séance was the examination of the medium's clothing by a committee of ladies. Any third-rate juggler would smile with derision at a mate who could not circumvent a committee of gentlemen or ladies under like circumstances.

Any police captain will affirm that it requires an expert to do the apparently simple thing of examining an individual's clothing and person. Our readers have only to recall the case of Jennings at St. Louis, to see what such a test amounts to. It will be recollected that Jennings changed his clothes in the presence of a committee of shrewd unsympathetic men, who were keenly watching him and yet he managed to carry into the cabinet with him a good supply of tarlatan, a french harp, and a bracelet; and gave the most perfect satisfaction in his manifestations. Had it not been for the nerve and unbending resolution of Mr. Jackson, he would have got off without detection, and the séance would have been written up for the Spiritual papers as a most convincing affair, as indeed it would have, on its face, appeared. The recognition of spirits by visitors at these séances is so well proved to be often simply an illusion that such testimony has but little value unless other conditions are perfect. It is quite possible that the editor of the Banner of Light and his party did witness actual spirit materializations; but their accounts must now be discarded as worthless, because there is ground for grave doubt. The oft-repeated assertions of the editor of the Banner in its late issues that what he witnessed was genuine, will not now have a feather's weight in any doubting mind. And many who had accepted as true the account will now consign it to the realm of the doubtful.

A few weeks since in a conversation with a spirit purporting to be A. A. Ballou—through Mrs. Richmond—the editor of the JOURNAL was told that:

"Promiscuous public séances for physical manifestations when continued for a length of time, must inevitably be productive of fraud. In the very nature of the case this must be so. The sitters coming in from time to time all anxious for some manifestation, impel the spirit controls to attempt more than they can legitimately perform; at first they use the medium unconsciously to him-

self, then he is semi-conscious and finally the whole exhibition is fraudulent, the spirits leaving altogether."

This is in substance what the spirit said, and we believe very nearly the exact language. In addition to the statement of Mr. Ballou there are two other causes which tend to produce fraud, viz., the desire for gain and to achieve notoriety, on the part of the medium or his manager.

While we fully believe that if one truth has been clearly established both by ancient history and also by the history of modern Spiritualism, that one is the fact of full form spirit materialization, we are equally certain that in the present development of the world no medium can obtain these manifestations with any certainty at a fixed and regular hour advertised in advance, nor give the manifestations as a business, depending thereon for support.

Every séance stands for and by itself, and the "crucial test" applied at one séance proves nothing with regard to any succeeding séance. The JOURNAL insists on proof conditions for every séance, and declares that a majority of investigators cannot successfully detect fraud, if it is practiced; this may seem a sweeping statement, but it is true. How many readers of this paper can detect the tricks of an ordinary juggler, even in broad daylight? Very few. Let it be acknowledged that medial power for the production of this phenomenon cannot be made merchandise of without vitiating it. Let these promiscuous exhibitions, now no more respected than a variety show, cease. Those mediums who have this gift, should be carefully guarded from all care and anxiety. If Spiritualism is worth anything, it is worth working for; and if it is ever to benefit its believers, they must lay aside selfishness and devote the necessary amount of time and means to sustain the true representative of the angel ministry and provide for the support, comfort and sustaining of genuine mediums. Removing in this way all inducements to deception, cultivating in them all the good, and true, and noble, surrounding them with elevating and ennobling influences. With aspirations raised above the plane of deception, they will attract only the pure and truthful intelligences from the other shore, and through such holy influence Spiritualism will experience a steady and healthy growth, and its influence in elevating and making humanity generally better and happier, will be everywhere more apparent.

General Edwards' Position.

I have no excuse to offer for pretenders, charlatans or mountebanks—let all persons clearly proven to be such be scourged from out of the synagogues of Spiritualism—but I would counsel the exercise of the broadest charity until evidence conclusively arrived at; for we know through experience that there are certain subtle laws governing materializations which as yet are but little understood, and in the understanding of which even the spirits are not as yet perfected. It is well known, for instance, that a person visiting a séance held by a medium whom he believes to be deceptive, and carrying with him a positive frame of mind in this regard, attracts to himself spirits, who cater to his wishes, and lead the unconscious medium into false appearances, directly coinciding with his— the doubter's—belief. These things often occur.—Gen. J. Edwards in Banner of Light for July 6th.

This extract from an essay on the first page in the last Banner, by an old and valuerespondent of the JOURNAL, so pleased our worthy contemporary that it was also printed on the editorial page, and double leaded at that, to make it more binding. Now we have been carefully studying the above to see wherein its especial value exists. Gen. Edwards says, "I have no excuse to offer for pretenders, charlatans or mountebanks." Of course he has not, neither has any other honest man. Like the phrases, "Live and let live," "Honesty is the best policy," "Be kind to the poor," "Virtue hath its own reward," all can agree thereon. When also the General adds, "But I would counsel the exercise of the broadest charity until evidence conclusive is arrived at," he utters a statement with which all agree in the abstract, but when put in practice the widest antagonism exists. The whole difference lies in determining what is "evidence conclusive." There is a class of minds, who, having once become convinced that an individual possesses medial powers, can never have "evidence conclusive" that such medium has supplemented false effects or "assisted" the spirits. This class of Spiritualists will take the unsupported assertion of such medium, however immoral and unreliable may be the general character of said medium, in preference to the united testimony of honest, reputable Spiritualists, who support their statements with proof in the shape of paraphernalia taken from the cabinet or person of the exposed medium. Opposed to this class and largely in the majority, are those who will not take the testimony of a medium thus charged when such person is known to be untruthful, immoral and to possess a questionable character; when such testimony is opposed by that of people of intelligence, good reputation and experience in the investigation of spirit phenomena. The latter class reach positive conclusions as to the guilt of the individual and deem it a charity to the great body of Spiritualists to declare their verdict in no uncertain language. These two classes will never draw any nearer together, one or the other is wrong and must inevitably succumb to the right.

The general further says:—

"It is well known, for instance, that a person visiting a séance held by a medium whom he believes to be deceptive, and carrying with him a positive frame of mind in this regard, attracts to himself spirits who cater to his wishes, and lead the unconscious medium into false appearances, directly coinciding with his—the doubter's—belief. These things often occur."

The above though somewhat vaguely stated, is evidently refers to physical phenomena as is further indicated by the context. Is it well known? The editor of the JOURNAL

confesses he does not know it; he has heard the same statement in different forms for many years, upon cross-examination however, those making the assertion have been compelled to admit they knew nothing about it, but believed it to be true. The editor of the JOURNAL never saw any body who had seen anybody that knew it to be true. He is anxious to arrive at a definite knowledge of the truth of the statement, and to that end suggests that Gen. Edwards, or the editor of the Banner of Light, forward to Prof. J. R. Buchanan and Hudson Tuttle, the proofs in a single case. If those eminent authorities shall unite in declaring that the evidence sustains the assertion of Gen. Edwards, endorsed as it appears to be by the Banner of Light, he will pay Mr. Tuttle and Prof. Buchanan fifty dollars each, for their time devoted to the matter. In case they do not find that the evidence sustains the statement, then he will pay them nothing for their trouble. In the interests of spiritual science, the editor thinks these gentlemen will accept the task. This offer is bona fide, made in all sincerity and good faith, and it is hoped it will be so received.

Hazard and the Jesuits?

As was predicted in last weeks paper the octogenarian calciminer is assiduously engaged in mixing whitewash for the Pickering. Flying to their retreat as fast as the lightning express could carry him, he tarried only long enough in Boston to cheer up the editor of the Banner of Light, and dash off a lengthy communication which appears in the last issue of that paper, headed: "Divide and Conquer"—maxim of the "Society of Jesus."

The old gentleman flounders through a column charging that Mr. C. O. Pole, the "Chicago Junto" as he terms it, and others who do not think as he does, are but the pliant tools of the Jesuits.

The charge that is made by our venerable brother, and which stands forth prominently in his article, that Jesuitic influence has extended its diabolic inroads into the sacred precincts of Spiritualism, and is there insidiously undermining the Harmonical Philosophy, and preparing to engulf in ruin certain trance mediums, is so farcical in its nature, that it will at once excite the risibility of every careful thinking Spiritualist in the land.

Once, on a certain dark night, a thrifty farmer, late in doing his chores, repaired to his barn to milk a cow, but instead he happened to get into the stall of a refractory and malicious mule—and commenced "milking"—alas! for a few moments he saw stars, stars innumerable in various parts of the heavens—double stars—triple stars, and phenomena never before observed by Proctor, Burnham, or any of our advanced and far seeing astronomers; in fact, for about ten seconds he saw luminaries in various parts of the heavens that had never been seen before by mortal eyes, and which will never be seen again, except, perhaps, under similar propitious conditions. Mr. Hazard has placed himself in peculiar relations to something—not a mule perhaps, but something that has enabled him to discern in the spiritual firmament, Jesuits—yes Jesuits! plotting mischief, and endeavoring to undermine trance mediumship, turn our heaven-born philosophy topsy turvy, and inaugurate a system that shall savor of their illiberal teachings. There is not a word of truth in a single statement he has made, in reference to this ancient order, so far as Spiritualism is concerned. It is the hallucination of second childhood, too ridiculous for anything; too childish to be worthy of a second thought.

When the Blisses were exposed, their trap door revealed, their dresses unfolded in which fully materialized spirits arrayed themselves,—and their whole nefarious plans made known to the world, it was charged that the Young Men's Christian Association had cunningly arranged a plot, and put it into successful execution to ruin them. The charge was false, false throughout! The same dastardly cry was raised here when Witford and Huntoon were exposed, but it had no foundation in fact.

Criticism, however, sometimes hurts. The teachings of trance mediums, as well as those of priest and clergy, are open for examination, the same as the wares and merchandise of those engaged in trade; and as sensible people will not purchase rotten apples, decaying potatoes, or defective articles of industry for daily use, neither will they receive pernicious teachings, nor an unwholesome system of morals, though the same emanates from trance mediums. The teachings of the spirits should be carefully scrutinized, their system of philosophy carefully considered and analyzed, and their character, private and public, be open to the inspection of the world at large.

It is only through criticism, though it cuts like a two-edged sword, that the moral atmosphere of Spiritualism can be purified; teaching those who stand before the large body of Spiritualists as instructors, that they are not considered infallible—that, in fact, they are not infallible in any sense of the term, and that while Spiritualists would foster and encourage them in every way possible, the privilege to criticize, to approve or condemn, must remain with them as an inalienable privilege, and that any spirit who wishes to think exclusively for others, should be taught that such a dogmatic course can not be tolerated for a single moment.

We would call the attention of our readers to the instructive lecture of Dr. D. W. Fairchild, that appears on our eighth page.

Is the Editor a Spiritualist?

A prominent medium and inspirational speaker writes us that when soliciting subscribers for the JOURNAL, he is sometimes met by the inquiry: "Is the editor a Spiritualist?" We hardly think any regular subscriber or careful reader has the least doubt on that subject. The editorial page of every issue contains an affirmative answer to the question. The editor of the JOURNAL is a firm and steadfast Spiritualist, the assertions of pseudo mediums and their dupes to the contrary notwithstanding.

He has sublime confidence in a future life and in spirit communion. This confidence is based upon absolute knowledge of spirit phenomena. Possessed of this certain knowledge he is enabled to look calmly and serenely upon the downfall of the huge superstructure of fiction which has been reared by illegitimate speculators in Spiritualism and bigoted ex-church members, who have not outgrown the blind superstition of their early training.

Spirits, who, when on earth, were reckoned among the wisest of men, have the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in charge, and the editor believes every issue of the paper is carefully scrutinized by them before publication. These spirits have for many years been preparing the editor for the work they have for him to do. Years ago they told him clearly and with great minuteness of detail what was before him, and he has been an humble, earnest co-worker with them; never surrendering his own judgment, but always acting up to his highest reason after due consultation and advice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is rapidly rendering it more and more difficult for the horde of vampires who infest the ranks of Spiritualism to palm off their wares upon the public; for this, the editor must, of course, expect, and he is prepared to receive, their most bitter maledictions. Not being able to find a soiled spot in his public or private life, after the most careful scrutiny, the only resource of these pests is to traduce his motives and declare he is not a Spiritualist. To offset this class, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has a large and constantly increasing list of highly intelligent subscribers, and the editor has the very great honor and pleasure of possessing the entire confidence and warm personal friendship of very many of the representative men and women in the ranks of Spiritualism.

In the same mail which brought the letter spoken of at the commencement, there came a short message from one of the most gifted authors and Spiritualists,—a man whose name is familiar to millions, and whose memory will be revered by millions yet unborn. Speaking as one having authority he says:

"I know very well that the fight in which you are engaged is 'the good fight' and I have full faith in your just victory; it will, however, take much time and impose severe trials. BUT YOU MUST GO FORTH!"

Go forward he will and in time hopes and believes that many good people who now fail to understand him, or honestly oppose him, will be numbered among his most steadfast friends. In conclusion he requests that subscribers will confront with this statement those who, honestly or otherwise, assert that the editor is not a Spiritualist.

Never on the Fence.

Whatever else may be said of the JOURNAL, no one can have the hardihood to claim that its positions on all questions are not clear, well defined and easily understood. It has been independent always; neutral never. It never waits to ask what is the public likely to say, but speaks forth with no uncertain sound, that which is deemed right, just and true. The JOURNAL is entirely impersonal in its motives, the question is always, what is for the highest good of the cause; to this all else must bend.

Laborers in the Spiritualist Vineyard and other Items of Interest.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia gave Mr. Peebles a cordial and enthusiastic reception when stopping for a brief time in that city.

Dr. J. M. Peebles has accepted an invitation to be present at the Free Thinkers Convention, at Watkins, N. Y.

O. P. Kellogg, one of the pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism, and one of the most entertaining speakers, should be addressed at his home, East Trumbull, Ohio.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is at work in Kansas. He spoke at Girard, June 16th; at Columbus, 20—23rd; at Oswego, 26—29th; at Fairview, July 3rd. From there he goes to Emporia and Republican Valley.

The First Society of Spiritualists of this city will hold their annual picnic at River Grove, Des Plaines, the 17th of this month. The fare for adults will be 50 cents; children, 25 cents. A pleasant time is anticipated.

J. Tyerman has arrived at San Francisco, Cal., from Australia, and will remain there a few weeks, lecturing, and then come East. Societies wishing his services, should address him at once in care of Mr. Herman Snow, 310 Kearney St.

Prof. Milton Allen and wife propose spending a few weeks in Michigan, and will be happy to respond to invitations to lecture at such places as the friends may designate. Letters addressed to them in care of Judge Wait, Sturgis, Michigan, will reach them. Prof. Allen will receive subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL where he visits.

Continued from Eighth Page
of the circulation, and exactly where need ed, being placed over the liver and stomach and center of the nervous system, which pervades the digestive organs. Another property it has, which is to absorb from the system all bilious, malarious and medicinal poisons into the pad. And if there is any disease in the system, it immediately sets about its work. The question would naturally be asked, how is this possible? It is a fact established beyond controversy that the human body, when at sea, can exist a considerable length of time without food or drink, by occasionally wetting the garments with salt water, and that thirst can almost be entirely satisfied in this manner. Again, if a plaster of wet tobacco be placed for a few minutes only over the pit of the stomach, it will produce deathly sickness. No person would be safe in trying the experiment for thirty minutes even—for the poison of the tobacco will have entered the circulation by absorption. Poulitices and blisters are used to draw or absorb disease to the surface.

Every person knows the danger of rubbing or placing certain poisons on the surface of the body. That in a few moments the entire system could be poisoned unto death. A blister and a poison, can both be applied on the same spot, and at the same time, neither being an impediment to the other; showing, beyond a question, that the body receives and throws off at the same time.

The method of curing disease rather than dragging the stomach is so well understood in England that a committee appointed by the Royal Medical Society to investigate the subject, reported as follows: The activity of nearly every substance that can be used is three, if not four, times greater if given by the skin than if swallowed. Let us understand the reason of this. In the skin and under the skin, and penetrating through all the tissues, and of all the organs of the body, in many places forming a complete network, are fine ducts and small glands called lymphatics. These are the chief absorbents of the body, although absorption takes place by the blood vessels also. It is because of the lymphatics extending from the skin to every organ and every part, that a raw, piercing wind or damp atmosphere pierces through us. This is also why the touch of deleterious matter makes us sick, and contact with poison may cost us our life. For this same reason the proper remedies placed upon the surface have power to remove diseases. If we would heal sickness, make use of these natural outlets—the million little paths God has provided through which evils may be expelled, and good may come to us. Before concluding my lecture I again return to the causes of other diseases not yet mentioned, such as catarrh, bronchitis, throat, lung difficulties, etc. The formation of gas and acids in the stomach and intestines, caused by indigestion, produces great irritation of the mucous membrane lining these organs, which often extend upward to the membrane lining the cavity of the throat causing inflammation and irritable sore throat, also to the cavity of the nose, causing the irritation and secretions called catarrh, also to the membrane lining the air tubes to the lungs, causing bronchitis, chronic inflammation, and ulceration of the throat, chronic catarrh, etc., originate in and are sustained by chronic irritation of the lining membrane of the stomach and blood poison. The Holman Pad will begin to remove the trouble as soon as applied. In cases of malaria in every form, I make this bold declaration, that I doubt if there is a case in existence Holman's Pad will not cure. I use pad in the plural sense. Also, with the understanding that it be adjusted and worn according to directions. If you will give the pad and Holman's Plasters, also, medicated salt-foot baths, that are frequently used, one-quarter the patience and fairness you give any other treatment, will drop everything else and rely entirely on them, they will bring you blessings—health, it has seldom been your privilege to enjoy—provided your stomach is not entirely worn out and destroyed by the use and abuse of medicines. After you are once cured, if you will secure a second pad, and in the Spring-time, when all nature is undergoing a change, would wear it say two weeks; also any time for a few days when you feel any symptom of biliousness, and ten days each malarial month, as a preventive, you will find one pad keeping you in health a whole year—therefore, making Holman's Pad the cheapest, the pleasant, most convenient, the surest and most satisfactory curative, preventive and thorough system-regulator in the world.

This you can rest assured: if it does you no good, it will do you no harm—unlike the Dutchman's cabbage; he, the Dutchman, being very sick, was told by his doctor not to eat cabbage. He disobeyed his doctor, and, to the doctor's surprise, found him improving. He consequently decided that

CABBAGE WAS GOOD FOR EVERYBODY
that had that particular complaint. Soon afterwards an Irishman and Yankee had the same symptoms. He immediately resorted to cabbage as a remedy. The result was, both died. He changed the reading in his memorandum thus: "Cabbage is good for a Dutchman, but death to a Yankee or Irishman." Stop dosing. The pad treats all nationalities alike—is no respecter of persons, but a friend alike to all. It can with truth be said that on the American Continent, south of latitude forty-seven, not one person in five has a sound liver and stomach. And it is my fixed purpose, if my life, strength and talents are spared me, never cease my labors in behalf of this blessed boon, until every man, woman and child has heard of "Holman's Liver Pad." To those of you who are old enough, and free to act for yourselves, if, after all that has been said, you choose to suffer the subject indifferently, preferring to treat rather than yield your prejudice, then let me appeal to you, in the name of humanity, to save your children; for I have drank to the very dregs all that it means to see a household afflicted with sickness; also, the joy, peace and happiness good health brings us.

Facts are stubborn things, meet them as we may. A word to mothers and I am done. I quote the language of Mrs. Dr. Carter, of Philadelphia, who is a mother and physician: "It is now not uncommon to put apparently well children in the care of a physician that their systems may be kept in such a state that they may be in no danger of contracting that scourge of the nursery—scarlet fever. But to do this by medicine is itself reprehensible. The Pad will prevent this disease, being at the same time a source of good and no injury. And these are not mere idle words, or what would be yet worse false utterances; they have been proved repeatedly by actual experience. The Pad has been placed upon one member of a family in which all were equally liable to infection, except for its protection, and this one wearing the Pad would be the only one not stricken down by the contagion. Holman's Pad would commend itself to every mother in the land. And that other disease that adds yearly to the little graves in the cemeteries of every village, town and city in the country—cholera infantum—for the curing of which our physicians have got on no further than the baneful drug called opium, which lays the little innocent head to a fevered sleep, and leads only, in thousands of cases, to a premature

death. You cannot safely give a babe strong medicine of any kind, and carelessness or ignorance in this particular is little short of criminal, for the result, though unintentional and deeply regretted, is child-murder. Lay the Pad upon the stomach of a teething infant upon the first indication of any derangement of that organ. It will draw the fever from the brain, draw the pain from the little writhing body and regulate the bowels just as rapidly as it can be done with safety and more promptly than any medicine that you could dare to give it. Drugging is most pernicious to a child. Opium is injurious. They only suspend pain but do not remove it or its cause. The medical faculty are wrong in using them thus frequently and largely. Do you think I am urging these facts upon you too strongly? By the love I bear my own, which thus far Heaven has spared me, not for one million dollars would I be guilty of misleading you. I tell you, and if these were the last words I should ever utter, they would still be the same, that for children of any age this is the one treatment that should and will supersede every other. For the sake of them, of the little ones confided to your care, which must needs be unceasingly watchful, give this matter your immediate, candid and most serious attention. In conclusion my words to you are, learn to be your own doctor, practicing under the diploma of the FACULTY OF COMMON SENSE."

Wholesale and retail offices 134 Madison St., cor. Clark, rooms 1 and 2, Chicago. Bates & Hanley, Agts. for the Northwest. Consultation free.

Continued from First Page.
that instant Officer Harris, of Lowell (who with Deputy Marshal Favor, was in attendance), saw the woman dextrously transfer something from her bosom to the inside of her husband's vest, and the husband with a movement of his arm pressed it flat. Had this operation failed of detection, some present would not have seen through the sham, so adroitly had everything been managed, and so apparently desirous of a square test had the medium been. But this was not to be. Harris thrust his hands into Pickering's bosom and pulled out a long piece of white tartan! There could no longer be, in any but an idiot's mind, the least shadow of faith. "What do you say to that, Mr. Pickering?" demanded the officer sharply, at the same time taking a stern hold of one arm. Deliberately and with an utterly crestfallen voice the man replied—"It's a—fraud. But as God is my Maker, I have as much imposed on as anybody." This was a novel for any one to believe, even when his wife said that Belle (the pianist) and her husband were not to blame and knew nothing about it. The room was cleared of men, and the committee of ladies proceeded with their search. They reported finding Mrs. Pickering's chemise outside of her skirts, whereas, when they dressed her it was beneath them. This formed the long flowing robe of the spirits. In the heel of one stocking was found a piece of brown silk, with a hole for the mouth; it was used as a moustache and beard, and several pins were in it, by which to fasten it to the head-dress. Nobody longer defended them. The prominent Spiritualists, who have so long been deceived, were the loudest and bitterest in their denunciations, and Pickering joined them, saying repeatedly—"It is a most unholly damnable cheat, hanging is too good for tridding thus with the sacred feelings of men and women."

Mrs. Pickering was treated more considerately; she was not abused, but was questioned by a large number. Fragmentally she made substantially these statements: "I never said I could exhibit spirits in my life; I never sold a ticket of admission to my séances; people volunteered to do that; I know that I am possessed of a mysterious power; what it is I don't know; have helped it along in order to make it more wonderful; I am glad it has come out; now I'm alone in the world, just as I want to be; five years ago I lost my little baby, and ever since then I have wanted to get out of this world and cross the river; I've nothing to live for; I never saw a spirit, and don't believe one ever came back to this earth to make a communication; I'm no more a fraud than all the rest of the mediums—there are thousands of them; I can make more money exposing them than I can by sustaining them."

Not a few were touched by her torments and pathetic words; not the least anger was shown her, all that being poured on her husband. It seems impossible that he has not been a confederate with her; he must have found an opportunity that night, on her way to the cabinet, to give her the tartan which she attempted to return to him. He has been married to her fifteen years, has been with her all the two years and a half of her manifestations, helped conceal her disguises at Mr. Goward's, and in effort has had every opportunity to be familiar with her proceedings. Miss Mcserve may, by a stretch of charity, be acquitted of complicity, though in bad company. A crowd of men and boys gathered outside the house during the séance, looking and behaving unseemly, and afterwards invaded the dwelling, but were turned out.

Mrs. Pickering worked in Lowell mill when about fourteen years old; she is now thirty-five. She exhibited a little levity when speaking of this portion of her career, remarking—"I was a country girl; I boarded on the corporation and never made a mistake by getting in at the wrong door."

Mr. Fletcher demanded the restitution of every cent taken in his house (\$74), and bade them leave his shelter the next morning, which was done.

One phase, at least, of Spiritualism, in this section, has received a rude shock by these disclosures, from which it will not recover readily.

DEATH OF J. CRAWFORD EATON.
Funeral Services by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

The funeral services over the remains of J. Crawford Eaton, the young man who committed suicide on the 4th, took place on Sunday last, at the church of the First Society of Spiritualists. The deceased was the son of J. Collins Eaton, a well known officer of the society. There was little that partook of mourning, and an effort was made to divert the events of the gloom which usually attaches to the performance of the last sad rites over the dead; but the grief of his relatives and immediate friends showed itself, notwithstanding, in a marked manner. The church edifice was completely filled with people. A little before 10.30 the casket containing the dead was borne up the central aisle and placed on the trestles in front of the altar. It was covered with choice wreaths of flowers, and the altar and platform abounded with baskets and bouquets sent by friends of the deceased. The platform was occupied by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who conducted the services, which were opened by singing the hymn
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.

Mrs. Richmond then proceeded to speak taking for her text: The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.—Ps. XXIII: 1, 2

The speaker remarked that they had come to observe the memorial of a youth of scarcely more than 20 years. The suddenness of the blow, and the manner of his taking off, afforded special reason for thought in connection with the teachings of the spiritualistic philosophy, for there is that in this philosophy which teaches that there is no death. In the spirit realm there are none who are cast out, and it is this fact which makes this life glorious. It was apart from that gloomy theology which has made the future life shadowy and indefinite. To Christians, it should be an hour of triumph to witness the flight of another spirit to the spirit land. The spirit passes into the new realm free from the infirmities of the body, but in all other senses it remains the same. With this thought we can strew the graves of our beloved with flowers, knowing that they will have an enduring bloom.

The speaker said that it was difficult under any philosophy or religion to give up those things which we have come to know and love in this world. It is hard for a friend to tear away from the external possession of a friend, but when you come to know that there is no death, and that it is merely the passing from one life into another existence, the cause for grief is lessened. The condition of the spirit on entering the spirit-land is the same as on leaving this, and the same thought and feeling follows one into the other world. There is nothing in the manner of this young man's taking off to cause us to doubt as to the place of rest. Let us remember that no one can escape from himself by passing into the spirit-life. Whatever of feeling and hope you have in this world, you will have in the other. You are not visited with penalty, but you must work out in the spirit-life what you have failed to do in this. The conquest of self must take place there. The spirit must win its own conquest, and the lesson must be learned, that on entering the spirit land you take up anew the burdens which were borne in this. The spirit on awakening feels the consciousness of individuality, and feels elevated or depressed, as may have been the case at the time of its taking flight. It is a place for doing better than which the person failed to do in this; of doing, perhaps, in a better way than which was done here.

"How often," remarked the speaker, "is it said in middle life, 'O, if I had only known in youth what I know now.' So it is upon entering the spirit existence. All the experience which you have now in this world will go with you there." Into the sphere of mental healing enter those whose minds have been troubled, or have become morbid. These persons, on entering upon the new existence find guardian spirits to aid them in throwing off this feeling, and to look more clearly at all things.

The life of the young man whose earthly tutement lay before them, yielded that which was beautiful and grand. He had been a dutiful son, and was true to his friends. In the moment of his madness which prompted him to the rash act, his mind was in a troubled state. Surely this one act could not cause an eternity of agony, and his spirit was now undoubtedly filled with sorrow at the thought of the grief it has caused here. Notwithstanding this, there could be no retracing of the step. The new life is filled with such changes and beauty that there is some compensation for the mad act. The deed is also a warning to young people in the thought that you cannot escape from yourself and the worries of this world by attempting to throw them off in death. It is an admonition to youth in the knowledge that this world is a school to prepare them to enter the higher one, and is only one step toward the higher home. So let there be no undue grief. Let us remember that there is recognition and reconciliation in the other land, and let all those who have departed friends not think that they are far off, and that death is filled with an awful mystery. The lesson of life is fraught to overflowing. Already has the spirit of the departed spoken to the mother to say that he is filled with sorrow for the rash deed. Already is the veil drawn and the mystery cleared.

Upon the conclusion of the address a hymn was sung by the choir, and then Mrs. Richmond recited an impromptu poem. To an understanding of this poem it may be stated that Mrs. Richmond is in the habit of giving weekly receptions, at which a spirit who calls herself "Oulina," gives each person present a spirit name, woven into a poem. In this way all of Mr. Eaton's family had received names, the father being called *Silver Ore*, the mother *Apple Blossoms*, one brother *Westwind*, another *Spirit Vision*, while the deceased was named *Hob-link*.

It was spring-time on the earth
And the *Apple Blossoms* came,
The apple blossoms bright and fair;
How sweet their sacred name;
And the meadows lay the earth along
With their bright sheen of *Silver Ore*;
Where the starry dewdrops sparkling pout,
Their light the leaves among.

The *Westwind* blew across the grass,
Each flower nodding as 'twould pass;
With *Spirit Vision* you might see
All nature smiling visibly.

A joyous bird upon the wing
Came fluttering and chattering,
Singing, "No one so happy as I,
Came singing thus and chattering by.
Is it the *Hob-link* I hear?
Surely no song is half so clear.
A sweet note of triumph and peace
And the dawn of earth's release

But ah, the *Hob-link* is still—
I hear no note, no joyous thrill.
Hath the Pale Huntsman maimed his wing?
For always doth he gaily sing.
Oh, where's the merry, joyous bird
That in the spring we erst have heard?

Oh, foolish *Hob-link*, your eyes
Were blinded by a sad surprise;
That 'gainst the thorn-tree thus you flew
And broke the life God gave to you.
Oh, wounded bird, oh, broken wing,
No wonder that you cannot sing.
But still the grass waves joyously,
And the meadow bloom right cheerily;
Still there are sounds within the air,
Making earth bright and fair.

Fluttering against heaven's gate
What is it that pauseth and doth wait?
A bright bird with a brood of bread,
With trembling wing and blooded crest,
Asking so low, "May I come in?"
And then above the strife and din,
The dismal turmoil of the earth,
The darkened clouds of mortal birth,
A new spring-time arises fair,
New notes of joy are in the air.
The *Apple Blossoms* bloom again,
There's a *Silver* light along the plain,
The *Westwind* breathes a song of joy,
The *Spirit Vision* without alloy,
Shall see and know and hear again
The note of the bright bird freed from pain,
The note of *Hob-link* freed from pain.

Camp Meeting.
The Spiritualists of Central Iowa will hold a camp-meeting in Mill's Grove, one-half mile east of Montour, Tama Co., Ia., on the line of the C. & N. W. R. R. commencing Sept. 1st, and ending Sept. 15th, 1878.
O. H. Godfrey will conduct the meeting, assisted by able speakers from abroad. A general invitation is extended to good mediums and all interested in the promulgation of pure spiritualism. Arrangements will be made for entertaining those coming from a distance at reasonable rates. Bring your tents with you. Hay and wood furnished on the ground.
Speakers and mediums will correspond with O. H. Godfrey, box 113, Montour, Iowa. All other correspondence will be addressed to J. T. McKee, box 115, Montour, Tama Co., Iowa. By order of committee of arrangements:
J. M. WILSON, Chairman,
C. W. MOFFETT,
J. D. H. WILKINSON,
J. T. MCKEE, Corresponding Sec'y.

Business Notices.
Dr. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder has been used for years, and was never better than it is today. It is the purest and best.
The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Holman Liver Pad Company, that appears in another column.
The Unique perfumes made by Dr. Price are exquisite, and are becoming the favorite perfumes for the handkerchief and toilet.
J. V. MANSFIELD, Test Medium—answers sealed letters, at No. 61 West 43d street, corner Sixth ave., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3 cent stamps. Register your letters. 34 15-25-14
SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, 25 E. 14th street, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. 31-231f.

DR. KAYNER, Surgeon and Eclectic Physician Merchants Building, Cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., examines disease Clairvoyantly; adjusts Elastic Trusses for the cure of Hernia, and furnishes them to order. See his advertisement in another column.

SPENCE'S Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. Price, \$1.00 per box. 24 11f.

It is acknowledged by chemists and physicians, that Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts are the purest in the market.

SAFONIERE, see advertisement on another page

DR. G. E. ROGERS, practical, scientific, vitaphetic, electrician and vital magnetic physician, is meeting with great success, and has no peer in the treatment of catarrh, throat, lung and chest affections, dyspepsia, scrofula, rheumatism, paralysis, mental and nervous prostration, general feeblity, cancer, tumors, Cancers and tumors cured without using the knife or caustic, and without drawing blood, with very little or no pain. Turkish, electro-thermal, magnetic, sulphur and fruit baths, are given by Dr. Rogers for the treatment of disease. Headache, neuralgia and all acute pain relieved instantly.
Traveling in Ohio at present. Address in care of the Religio-Philosophical Journal Office. 24 121f

DR. J. A. CLARK, Electropathist, 157 South Clark street, Chicago, has had twenty years' practice, and refers to many of the first families in this city, whose names will be furnished on application. 24 9 26.

MRS. D. JOHNSON, Artist, No. 25 Throop street, Chicago, Ill. Water Color Portraits a specialty. 24 121f

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age.—Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. 23-10-25 9.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT, MRS. C. M. MORRISON, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. MORRISON'S unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and thousands have been cured with magnetized remedies prescribed by her Medical Band.
DIAGNOSIS BY LETTER.—Enclose lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name, age and sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.
Circular containing testimonials and system of practice, sent free on application.
Address, Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. 24 121f

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LECTURE.

Delivered by Dr. W. Fairchild, of New York, at Methodist Church Block, on "Nature's Law; or, The Prevention of Disease and its Cure by Absorption."

The subject for our consideration to-night is so extensive and varied that to follow it in detail to a conclusion would exhaust more time than I imagine you would consent to give. I am therefore, obliged, so far as possible, to confine myself to my manuscript.

You have not been invited here for the purpose of treating you to an intellectual repast. Neither is it my object to utter an unkind word where it is not deserved, or to traduce character, or to wander into any extravagant statements not susceptible of proof. If I know my own heart I am here to tell you in plain and simple manner as I am capable, a series of facts full of wonder and astonishment, and endeavor to make you better acquainted with yourself; also to learn the direct cause of nearly all the diseases man is heir to, and how simple and inexpensive a mode there is for you, not only to prevent, but to cure the same. The question will be treated seriously and fairly, as it deserves. And right here I will take the occasion to say no man living has a higher regard or more thorough veneration for

THE CONSCIENTIOUS FAMILY PHYSICIAN than I. He has devoted his early years to the theory of medical science and the remainder to putting into practice all the best knowledge he possesses. Who can feel more keenly than he the fearful responsibility when his patron and bosom friend has reached the critical moment, vibrating between life and death? He hastens to examine all the best authorities known in his kind of practice. He applies the last resort, and watches with intense interest the result. Such a man is entirely void of selfishness and prejudice. He is a constant student. He keeps pace with every fresh thought advanced; puts into practice most willingly, as auxiliary, anything that proves itself better than he has known. At least he never condemns short of a thorough investigation. Such men are sometimes found. They always enjoy what they so richly deserve, viz, the confidence, love, and respect of all who know them. Such a man will tell you the best of them are groping about in the dark; that it is one continuous round of experiment. The principle of antidotes has proved unsatisfactory—yes, a failure. A. H. Stevens, M.D., says: "The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become in the virtue of their own medicines." Prof. Willard Parker says: "Of all sciences medicine is the most uncertain."—Professor E. H. Davis.

THE VITAL EFFECTS OF MEDICINE are little understood." J. Mason Good, M.D.: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon." Dr. Bostwick, author of History of Medicine: "Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment." Professor Evans, M.D.: "The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophy nor common sense." Professor Gregory: "Gentlemen, ninety-nine medical facts are medical lies." Dr. McClinck: "Mercury has made more cripples than all wars combined." And he adds, the present abuse of soda or potassa in its present various forms, is destroying myriads of stomachs beyond redemption. Sir Astley Cooper: "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder." Oliver Wendell Holmes said before a medical class in the year 1861: "The disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of the cankering minerals, the vegetable kingdom robbed of all its growth, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the conceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of human beings, suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation." This I might enlarge to the extent of volumes, in quoting the long list of physicians' strictures on themselves, in which they tell you that medical science thus far, is not only not beneficial, but absolutely injurious and killing in its effects. Notwithstanding all this, custom and early education ever holds a wonderful power over us, and it matters not however unreasonable and absurd any teachings and customs or habits may seem to us; also, however demonstrable it may have been proved to us that they are injurious and fallacious. Yet it would seem that nothing short of long years of bitter experience, or some sudden mighty power, will ever change the course of most of us from impressions made through early education and example. Yea, we are slaves to habit, custom, and fashion. There is usually a wonderful lack of individuality. For example: we are used to our doctor; we see him daily; we rely upon him; take his medicines; poisons and otherwise; pay his bills; gradually grow worse; do no thinking or acting for ourselves; finally die, and the friends charge it to a dispensation of Providence. Less than thirty-five years ago, millions, up to that period had gone down to their graves begging for even one swallow of cold water. Mothers, sisters, brothers, and the fond lover, had, each in their turn, withheld from the dear one this precious and most natural antidote. This too, when it was apparent that life could hold on but a few short hours at most. Doctors said in those days,

COLD WATER IS DEATH! give them calomel and a spoonful of warm water instead. Those loving friends were made the willing instruments, through early education, to obey literally the doctor's command. Not only was the fever patient denied water, but was drugged, phlebotomized, bled and starved until all reactive power was lost, and he gave up the ghost to the treatment instead of the disease.

I doubt not there are numbers here to-night who know this statement to be true. But to day the patient gets ice-water in abundance. And why this radical change of antidotes? If fire was once the antidote of fire, why should water now be the antidote of fever fire? Simply for the reason that nature always revolts against any system that lacks a supply of nature's natural wants, or that is cruel to itself. In every neighborhood, more or less, there were found persons of strong will power, that decided that they would not die until they had satisfied that intense thirst, and allayed the fire that was burning them up. Many interesting experiences have been told of what these creatures in torment passed through to get water. My own uncle, for one, lay, as was supposed at the point of death. A trusty old colored man, his watchman, was called to his bed about midnight. Speaking just above a whisper, he said, "Abe, I am going to ask of you one last request. Will you get me some water?" "Yes, Massa, anything you ask I'll do." "Take the old

wooden jug, go to the spring back of the barn, fill it with cold water and bring it to me quick." "Oh, Massa, Massa, anything else you ask I'll do; you know what Massa and Doctor said: 'No water, no water.' " "Abe, you go; if you don't and I live, I will shoot you dead." After deliberating for a moment, he says, "Massa, I go. If you die you sartin won't say nothing, and I shant." It was brought him. He drank his fill. By morning every drop was gone. The fever broke. He fell into a quiet peaceful sleep, soon restored to health. And not until then was any one told what cured him. Such examples as these finally changed the present system of treating fevers. In this specific disease, common sense is at last master of the situation. But how about the entire catalogue of nearly every other disease known? Such as bilious disorders, liver complaints, dyspepsia, female weakness, pains in the side, stomach, back, shoulders and muscles, periodical and life-long sick headaches, constipation, bilious diarrhoea, bilious colic, neuralgia, rheumatism, kidney difficulties, paralysis, irregular action of the heart, nervousness, liver coughs—often taken for consumption—periodical drunkenness, and more especially the dreaded scourge malaria, such as intermittent, remittent, bilious, typhoid and scarlet fever, fever and ague, ague cake, malarial fever, and the yearly visitation of yellow fever in the South, a still more violent form of malaria.

The above embraces a long list, and the unreflecting mind would naturally be slow in accepting all these as proceeding from the great cause—the stomach and liver.

We ask the question: Do you remember of ever suffering with any of the above named symptoms while you had a sound stomach and liver? Ask your neighbor the same question.

But little change or advancement in the old practice has been shown during the last 200 years in the treatment of all these diseases, which are, with the rarest exceptions the outgrowth of a diseased stomach and torpid liver, the latter being a consequence of the first. Yet they are each treated specially, as if they were distinct diseases, proceeding from some other cause than those I have just named. These are generally treated with some of the following so-called medicines: First, mercury or calomel—a deadly and insidious poison, which has filled the world with human wrecks; has been taken into the system, it never ceases to rack and poison the sufferer until death steps in to relieve him. Arsenic—a deadly mineral poison, but often used. Strychnine—one sixth of a grain will kill a dog in half a minute, and one grain will INSTANTLY DESTROY HUMAN LIFE.

Think of administering such a medicine as that for fever and ague and biliousness. It is done daily, however. Bismuth—this corrosive metal poison is becoming a favorite for the treatment of disease. It deposits itself in the bones as lead does, and entails permanent symptoms of poisoning. Quinine—this drug is much relied upon by the profession. But we deny that it has curative power. It excites the vital forces to temporary activity. It helps to resist the shock of disease for the time being. It helps the patient over a bad spot. But it will not eradicate poison.

The course of quinine is, as you all know, that its continued use establishes an abnormal condition of the liver, kidneys and stomach, tending to congestion, irritation, torpidity, engorgement and final positive impairment. Who that has ever used this drug freely did not find an increased quantity needed for each succeeding day? As a consequence, deafness and want of memory, fastened in the system; also feelings of horror and wretchedness, but little short of misery personified. Such practice is discreditably to the medical faculty. The theory of poison to cure a poison is fallacious, and cannot be borne out in any illustration in nature. As well might we say benzine is an antidote of fire; or another bite of the dog will cure hydrophobia (not the hair, there is quite a difference between the two); also that green apples are good for the stomach-ache, &c.

Doctors disagree. If we examine further the recorded opinions of physicians, eminent in their profession, we will often find one claiming that the very remedies used by others as specifics are the causes of the diseases they are employed to cure. Thus Dr. Stahl attributes the frequency of consumption to the introduction of Peruvian bark, while Dr. Morton considers the bark an effectual cure for the disease. Dr. Reed ascribes the frequency of this disease to the use of mercury, while Dr. Brillouet asserts that it is only curable by mercury. Dr. Rush says consumption is an inflammatory disease, and should be treated by bleeding, purging, cooling medicines and starvation, while Salvador says it is a disease of debility, and should be treated by tonics, stimulating medicines and a generous diet. Galen recommends vinegar as the best preventive to consumption. Disautil, and others, assert that this disease is often brought on by a common practice of young people taking vinegar to prevent obesity. Dr. Beddoe recommends fox glove as a specific in consumption, while Dr. Pan found fox glove more injurious in the practice than beneficial. In the face of such contradictory statements is it not time to think and act for yourself? And this, my hearers, brings us to the vital question: What is it that causes most of the suffering and disease found at this time in the human system? And why is it that most of the medicines given for a cure give anything but satisfaction to the patient? As before stated, most physicians treat every ill or pain specifically, while they are only each a part of the great whole, proceeding from or growing out of a fundamental cause. First, the stomach; second, the liver.

REGULATE THESE TWO ORGANS, especially the first, so they perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nine-twentieths of all the ills that man is heir to in this or any other climate. Prove this, you may say. The whole thing is in a nutshell. No mystery about it. The first stomach receives the food, with no other preparation than what mastication has afforded, and if the stomach is healthy, gastric juice, which is both a solvent and antiseptic, appears in abundant quantities, mixing with the food, and excites the muscular motion of the stomach, propelling the food from left to right, and back again from right to left, until it is thoroughly saturated with and dissolved by the juice. Or else, in the absence of gastric juice, it must ferment, decompose and rot before it can ever pass into the second stomach, called duodenum. This mass then comes in contact with juices from small glands, and then with the juices of the pancreas, also with the bile of the liver. With the aid of these several and ever-important properties, digestion continues and separation takes place. The digestion of the starch is reduced to a sweetish mass, and the fat to a soapy emulsion, and the bile on the entire mass, preventing fermentation with the formation of gas, also separation of these properties into three

parts: the fatty portion, the albuminous and sugary and the indigestible material. From this condition comes the entire making-up of the body and life. The fluids pass into the system by way of ducts, constituting bones, cartilages, ligaments, cysts, muscles, sacs or bags, tubes, glands, nerves, adipose or fatty matter, membranes, etc. This is accomplished by little villous points which project from the mucous membrane of the small bowel that takes up the aliment, giving up the fatty part of the lacteal (milk substance) vessels, to be by them conveyed to the thoracic, which ascends along the spine. It is then emptied into the great horizontal vein on the left side of the neck. It is here the sugary and albuminous parts are surrendered to the veins, to be by them carried to the liver. The liver, kidneys, lungs and skin are all constantly employed in taking from and carrying off the poisonous, dead, effete matter of the human system.

THE HEART SENDS THE BLOOD out through the arteries into the extreme of the system, and to the surface, where the blood vessels terminate in the smallest possible tubes. In this circle it leaves its vitalizing influences, and returns through the veins to the heart for redistribution. This returning venous blood is dark and poisonous, and needs to be cleansed, purified and revived. The liver should receive a large proportion of this poison, and from it secrete bile, which is nature's cathartic, and an antiseptic and solvent. The kidneys should separate the surplus water; thus preserving a uniform temperature; also remove those poisons having nitrogen in them. The lungs should take from the blood carbon and impart oxygen, through contact with the atmosphere. The remainder of these poisons should pass off through the pores of the skin, and the natural outlets of the body.

THE SPLEEN. The spleen is like a sponge, and susceptible of great expansion and contraction, without injury. It is, indeed, like the air chamber of a fire engine, which serves as a cushion for the water to press against, accommodating itself to the amount of pressure brought against it, and securing a steady, unremitting flow or stream. The blood passes through the spleen. The heart is a double-acting force-pump, forcing the blood out through the arteries, into the veins. When the blood is natural, and the mind free from excitement, and the body from disease, this machinery moves smoothly and beautifully, with regular and uniform pulsations, and without undue pressure upon any of the vessels or organs of circulation. But let the mind be suddenly brought under exciting or depressing influences, such as anger, grief, joy or fear, and how quickly the heart responds, either by its almost ceasing to beat, or by jumping, as it were, into increased vitality and strong, vigorous throbs, and the blood seeming almost ready to break through some of its restraining barriers, under the great pressure. Right here comes the office of the spleen. It expands easily, readily under this pressure (like the air chamber in the force-pump), and the crisis is past without harm, and gradually comes back to its natural condition as the exciting causes give way.

In fever, the same result follows; the fever being the exciting cause. When malarial, the blood is thick with poison, and the heart finds great difficulty in performing its work, especially in the extremities; like the engine forcing water through a small pipe or nozzle instead of open hose. The small vessels are easily clogged, and offer a resistance to the blood circulation, and thus bring into use and make necessary the office of the spleen. It yields and expands under this pressure, which, being constant or so long continued, the spleen having no opportunity to contract at all, becomes congested, and loses its contracting power; hence ague cake or enlargement of that organ. Now, then, inasmuch as the stomachs are the great reservoirs from which the entire system is sustained, it will be readily seen, if the gastric juice in the first stomach lack a sufficient quantity, then fermentation and decay of the food follows as a necessity—forming large quantities of gas, lactic acid and other poisonous substances—and it must pass into the second stomach a vile, vitiated poison. Neither the juices of the pancreas, the bile, nor any other known property can ever restore to the condition nature first intended it; and it is these vile poisons, mixed with the poor fluids chemically changed, that begin their circuit through the system; first attacking the liver, then the heart, thence to the kidneys, and then the lungs, then the skin, and finally permeating the entire system. And it is in this manner you can now begin to understand yourself, and see at a glance why it is your liver becomes lifeless and torpid, and fails to secrete bile, why flutterings and palpitations about your heart; why the kidneys are diseased, also the lungs; why they are sore and irritable, and so liable to colds and pneumonia; why your skin becomes a saffron color; why the nervous centers over your digestive organs are diseased, and cause you sick-headaches and neuralgia; and why you should have rheumatism, seeing as you can the carbon crystallized in the blood, and why women suffer such untold misery and weakness. The ligaments are relaxed; the fluids are weak and insufficient; the whole system is let down. There is want of vitality; a perfect goneness. It was once called laziness. It is now known as a dreadful and hated disease; and why you should have cold extremities, fevers, inflammations and obstructions, spinal disease, and an innumerable amount of pains, and not the least of all these why we have the periodical drunkard. None need our sympathy and deserve the broad mantle of charity extended him more than the periodical drunkard. He will tell you it is not the love or habit that prompts him to drink, neither is it that he does not comprehend the terrible consequences growing out of its use; but that he is attacked at stated periods by gradual approaches, namely culminating with an indescribable, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, and a nervous prostration that pervades the entire system, such as seems to demand without delay a powerful opiate, or, what is more convenient, a glass of whisky, which will, for the time being, appease those dreadful sufferings; but once taken, and the system momentarily braced, he repeats the dose over and over for the same reason, until the stomach is finally unloaded of all its contents, including not only the whisky, but base fermented and decomposed food and dead mucous matter it had previously accumulated.

This and this only was the cause of all the mischief that produced the above-described symptoms; and not until this unloading is completed, and the dormant stomach and torpid liver begin their work of secretion, can be free of this, his periodical, mental and physical disease. Here again the liver and stomach play a most important part in life. A healthy stomach only will save the periodical drunkard. It is high time this question was better understood. Further

on I will tell you a sure preventive. My friends and suffering humanity, this is a vital point for you to understand, and remember that the cause of

NEARLY ALL YOUR ILLS begin at the first stomach. First, obviate the primary cause by avoiding indiscretions. Reduce yourself to a systematic mode of living. Do not eat too much, and never hurriedly. Never swallow your food until it is thoroughly masticated. If you are a clergyman, never eat within an hour before speaking, or within an hour afterwards. Digestion ceases while the brain is very active. And to my young female friends, let me implore you to give your vitals full scope. Avoid tight lacing. Throw your corsets, unnatural instruments, to the four winds, or what is better, let the women throughout the land join hands in cremating them all.—Continuous tight lacing is certain suicide. Millions have already paid the penalty of this crime. Millions more are continuing to suffer the keenest torture of mind and body in consequence of their use. And a vast number are hopelessly beyond restoration. Stop before it is too late. Send good blood, healthy fluids, into the system, and you will soon find your liver works well enough; also the heart, kidneys and lungs, and the entire system. Again I repeat it, the liver is seldom wrong when the stomach is right; and I would add, by way of preface, that no human being ever had a fever, fever and ague, or yellow fever, who had a sound, healthy stomach and liver.—These last two diseases come from decomposed vegetable matter that vaporizes and pervades the atmosphere with its poison, and is taken into the system, but never lodges there while the various organs perform their proper functions. So with any other fevers. So long as there are no obstructions that disease is impossible. But if, on the contrary,—we find ourselves complaining more or less, we rush headlong for a remedy—some poison as an antidote to kill a poison. The disease may be in the form of biliousness, which is a mild type of malaria, manufactured in the stomach, or if it is a fever and ague, a more violent type of malaria, we persevere day in and day out, and, as I have seen for thirty and forty years, using some of the so-called drugs heretofore mentioned, poisons. The result is, we find ourselves saddled with a complexion as yellow as a saffron bag, and a disease that alternates between constipation, diarrhoea, and all other troubles before mentioned. In cold weather we long for the fire. In warm weather a feeling of lassitude. The reasons are you have neglected the original cause,—the stomach, and substituted a medicine, a poison, or a villanous cathartic, to treat all these ills specifically. No both poisons are fastened in the system never to leave you, perhaps, until you feel the welcome messenger, death, unless you seize the opportunity offered you in the principle I am the happy instrument of presenting you, which has proven that it will accomplish what nothing else on earth can. The statements and the charges I have made against the

PRESENT SYSTEM OF ANTIDOTES.

come from one who has felt and known what it is to be a loving father, and have his pets looking beseechingly and piteously for help, when there was no help under that system. I refer to two of my children—a daughter and a son. The daughter had been a constant invalid for over four years, with bilious and malarial poison in the system, settled into some five diseases (we were moved to call them), and consequences growing out of a long and continuous suffering and sickness. My son had the old-fashioned vomiting fever and ague, with the worst case of enlargement of the spleen I ever saw. All the well known remedies had been applied for each of these, especially in my daughter's case. Instead of a cure she was rapidly drifting away, until all hope had disappeared of ever being a well woman again, when, through the kindness of Dr. Fairchild, my brother, living in New Haven, and an uncle, who had each of them seen some remarkable cures effected in their section, she came into possession of "Holman's Fever and Ague and Liver Pad," something she or I had never seen or heard of before. So soon as I had found out its claims, I threw it down, declared it the greatest humbug of the age, and said I would not honor the inventor enough to put the thing on. Something over a week from that time, she says: "Father, I have been using the pad, and there is no denying the fact, the pad is efficacious. All those ugly symptoms I have carried for the last four years have left me." I said, "Nonsense! Wait a little. Those are conditions, most likely, which would have occurred any hour." My good wife, who seemed possessed with better faith and fairness than I, then insisted that I should get a pad for Charlie. After wearing it about one week, I thought him having a worse time than ever. He, however, had put it on, believing most thoroughly it would cure him. But faith didn't help, or cure the chills. At last my wife says, "Charlie, where are you wearing it?" He says, "Here," pointing to his side. She then adjusted it, so that the top of the pad touched the breast bone, pit of the stomach, sewed it to his undershirt tied to his body; and that was the last for over a year I heard a whisper of complaint from either of these children. A near neighbor of mine, who had been an invalid with ague and biliousness for over fourteen years, was then induced to try it. After a reasonable length of time she reported the same results as with my children. This convinced me the pad was good. It brought peace to my family. I began to look well into the principles claimed for the pad. I also hunted up every case I could find who had tried them. At last I decided to see the inventor and owner. I became convinced that the pad was a success beyond a question. I learned by each that where the pad was worn as directed there could be no failure. With this conviction, notwithstanding, I partially comprehended the sacrifice I had to make, absence from my family, opposition from the doctors, and the prejudice, the ridicule and indifference from my fellow-men generally,—yet I decided to return to the city of Cincinnati, where I had lived seventeen years of my life, and there

BEGIN THE PIONEER WORK,

proclaiming a principle that looked like a humbug on the face of it, to a people that never before heard the name of "Holman's Fever and Ague and Liver Pad." If there is any one here who has ever experienced all that it means to make a discovery that, if adopted, would redound to the benefit of man, or has experienced the hope, joy, disappointment, discouragement, contempt, sorrow and labor that fall to the lot of those who attempt to promulgate it, then you are prepared to count the cost of the Holman Liver Pad to date. To those who have not, could with profit read the lives of Galileo, Jenner, Harvey, Fulton and many others who have tried it. Like all new beginners, my commencement was a hard struggle. The first three cases were among the worst chronic played-out ones I ever had. These were the desperate ones. They had exhausted

the whole list of medical science and humbugs. And the poor pad got to come in and be put up as a target for the doctors to shoot at. The first was a case of thirty-four year's standing, notoriously well known. Because the pad did not cure inside of three weeks, the doctors were heraking it all over town. But when he was cured, no one ever heard from them a word of credit or praise, given the pad. The next was a case of twenty-five years, he had but one slight chill after wearing the pad. Also George Krenning. In his case, as all in others, plenty of ridicule. In his case I said to him, "No cure, no pay." In five days he acknowledged himself well; in thirty days he gave me his testimonial, and is now at Fort Recovery, Ohio, selling pads for a living. So with John C. Preston—a case of liver and stomach disease—pain side and liver, constipation, diarrhoea, headache; inside of ten days was well, after being ill for over eighteen years. Dr. Bissell, of Cincinnati, who had suffered a thousand deaths with neuralgia in the stomach for eight years, was permanently cured inside of two weeks. P. A. Moffet, of heart disease and malaria. Colonel Thornton, Assistant Postmaster, Cincinnati; S. V. Curtis, banker, of Middleton, a very old chronic case of malaria and biliousness, who had spent a small fortune to be cured—never aided until he used the pad—and thus it was, one after another, that remarkable cures, covering nearly every form of disease, not excluding nearly every kind of blood poison, also the diseases peculiar to women and children, were being daily reported from every part of the land, until it, this little common sense doctor, has assumed a history of gigantic proportions. Important depots and consultation rooms free of charge are not only to be found in nearly all the important cities of this country, but also in the Canadas and portions of Europe. They have also found their way in smaller quantities to Asia, West Liberia, South America, Mexico, the Bahamas, &c.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with this treatment is that it seldom fails to cure where instructions are literally followed, except in such cases where the coatings of the stomach are destroyed by the use of powerful medicines, or where the short ribs lap over the pit of the stomach, the result of tight lacing. In the language of another, I believe there is no disease that can be kept in subjection, that can be modified by the use of medicine, but can be acted upon in a far more satisfactory manner by the Holman Pad and Plaster and medicated salt-water foot-baths as auxiliaries. I believe there is no disease that medicine will cure but what can be cured more promptly and effectually by this treatment. I do know that times without number diseases universally acknowledged to be beyond the reach of medicine, have melted away under the action of the Holman remedies; and the work was done so quietly, with so little inconvenience to the patient, that in many cases the pain was gone almost ere he was aware. More than a quarter of a million earnest, intelligent, living witnesses bear testimony to the truth of these statements. The experiences that have come under my own observation of the wonderful cures, and hearing it as I do continually from the lips of the grateful patients, I find it a work that transcends every other consideration. Money could not buy me to help suppress it. Think for one moment what "Holman's Pad" will do for the spleen.

PHYSICIANS ONE AND ALL.

will tell you that it is next to impossible to cure a chronic case of enlargement of the spleen—usually called ague cake. By the application of the pad the power to correct the disturbance of this organ will be understood and appreciated, when I say to you that it will begin to remove the enlargement or ague cake almost as soon as applied. An ague cake under the pad is like the ice cake before the sun's rays. I have had repeated cases of this trouble or disease of twenty-three years' to a few months' standing. Thus far I have never known a failure to cure within from two to four weeks. This may seem hard for you to believe. Ocular demonstration will bear me out in these statements. Permit me to call your attention to its antidotal and preventive power. As a preventive and cure the pad is worth many times its weight in gold. It is impossible to compute the value of a discovery which without medicine may be relied on to prevent the most dangerous maladies. "Holman's Pad" will prevent yellow fever, chagras, typhoid, remittent, bilious, congestive, and all kinds of fever. This has been tested and proven in so many cases that we state it positively and without qualification. It will prevent summer complaint by keeping your bowels regular; it will prevent dyspepsia by absorbing all poisons; and arousing nerve action in the stomach and liver. It will prevent and cure heart disease (other than organic). It is seldom we meet with other than functional sympathetic heart disease which proceeded from stomach derangement.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED.

beyond the possibility of a doubt that it will prevent chronic intercal rheumatism and neuralgia. The same may be said of sick-headaches. Also spinal disease and nervous prostration. These are directly traced to a great nerve center that pervades the digestive organs over the pit of the stomach. This is the battery that communicates quicker than thought to every part of the system any disturbance at the stomach. Disease there, means nerve prostration, inaction, inflammation, obstructions. Hence horrors and pains indescribable. These feelings are of course intensified in proportion to mental strain or undue excitement. Also in proportion to the amount of poisonous substances which are absorbed into the blood, that poisons the brain, nerves, muscles, tissues and organs that cause nervousness, dizziness, general debility, gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, and death. The pad, plasters and our medicated foot baths will do more for you in curing these than all the world's treatments combined. In the name of humanity try them. But you are ready to say—you are asking too much for it, to say it will cure and prevent all these. Not so. If it be true that these diseases all come, as I claim, from the same cause, and I will give ample proof that they do, then, if the pad cures or prevents in one, it must of necessity cure the whole. And this it does. Oh! would that the doctors, for humanity's sake, who hold in their hands the lives of so many millions, understood better the fundamental cause, and acted upon it instead of treating all specifically. You are, no doubt, ready to ask—what is the principle by which the pad acts? "Holman's Pad" is made up of a number of harmless vegetable compounds, such as have been found to be an antidote to diseases in the human system. Also just the tonic required, whether it be more or less. Doing its work without any internal medicine, it is two-fold (distinct) in its action. The principle is absorption—Nature's law. A tonic is thrown into the system by way